[005]

Mary Whitall Berenson, I Tatti, Settignano, Florence

[007]

Walker’s No. 9 Desk Diary for 1908 (Leap Year)

Le temps s’en va, le temps s’en va, ma

Las! le temps \_\_\_, mais nous nous en allons.

[023] Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1908

I Tatti, Settignano, Florence.

Warm. Rain.

Algar Thorold, Karin

My cold was so bad that I stayed in bed all day. Karin being at the Coits, I was not needed.

The Signora Triulzi came up and helped me pay the wages, bills, etc. This was hard to bear, as I felt so terribly disinclined for the machinery of life. But it had to be done, and it was, in fact, soon over.

Edmund and Mary Houghton came to say it was too muddy to take Karin back to England by motor. It has been raining nearly seven weeks! I am sorry. I wanted the child to have that pleasure.

I read five sensational novels. I forget their names, and the dull day slipped away. I felt really very ill, with the cold sliding down heavily on my chest.

Bernhard spent the afternoon seeing Herbert Horne’s new acquisitions, and talking with the Serristoris and Rembielinski.

Karin came home at 7, full of the fun she had had with the Coits.

[024] Thursday, Jan. 2, 1908

Warm. Sunshine at last!

Karin, Algar.

Got up and worked on the Sienese painters.

Mrs. Spalding and Albert, her mother and niece came to lunch, and stayed till 3, when Mr. Acton and Lady Inniskillen called. I like Mrs. Spalding. The young people went for a walk by the lake. When the youngsters came back, we looked at Botticelli’s Dante drawings and some true and false Leonardos.

My cold was very bad all day.

[025] Friday, Jan. 3, 1908

Cold, brilliant.

Karin.

Played cutthroat with Algar and Karin. Went to town.

Algar went to the Masons.

I had a letter from Mme. von Heiroth saying she hadn’t seen “Mr. Thorold”, but hoped to do so before he went to Careggi. We know from him that he has seen her every day!! However, it is quite right of people to try to conceal their love-affairs. It is natural instinct and respect for society.

A view coming up the Road “Bandita Berenson”

[026] Saturday, Jan. 4, 1908

Cold. Briulliabnt.

Karin. Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Went to town in quest for a companion for Karin’s journey home. Met the young people in the Uffizi.

Walked with Karin in the woods. She is a very entertaining creature.

The Nowerses arrived for dinner. They seem so *good* after Algar. I like it.

[027] Sunday, Jan. 5, 1908

Cold. Clear.

Karin, Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Mrs. Spalding with Alberto and Irene came for us in the motor and we went to Prato. It was all very beautiful. We motored to Poggio a Caiano and the Peacock Garden, and were home by 4.30.

In the evening Karin and I went down to hear Alberto play, which he did gloriously. Beethoven 7th sonata for piano and violin, Corelli, Mozart, and Brahms’ concerto in G major. He is really a genius!

Entrance I Tatti [with photo pasted down]

[028] Monday, Jan. 6, 1908

Very cold. Clear.

Karin, Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Karin and I went down and shopped. I left her at the Houghtons, who decided to escort her to Paris. They motored her up.

Gronau came to lunch. Mrs. Ross after, and just as she was leaving, Conte Gamba with Poggi and Giglioli. They stayed through all the beautiful sunshine when I was wild to go out and walk and enjoy it. They went late and B.B. and I had a walk. It was beautiful in the twilight.

Karin and I went to the Duomo with Irene and Alberto.

[029] Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1908

Karin, Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Very cold. Clear.

Tried to work, but had dressmaker and endless interviews.

Drove to town and got ticket for Karin.

Went with her and Alberto and his cousin to Pitti (Everything looked horrid!) and then motored up to Gordon Craig’s. He kindly gave us a sight of his “Theatre”, and was very nice.

We all walked down together, and we four had tea at Doney’s.

Karin said Alberto was very hard to talk to, but she made allowances for his hopelessly unconversational milieu. She is very understanding in her judgment of people.

Chatted with Nowerses in evening.

[030] Wednesday, Jan. 8, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Snow. Rain.

Packed for Karin in morning. Drove her down to train. She said, nestling into her furs in a luxurious manner, “I am a real young lady now, aren’t I, Mother?” She is a great dear, anyhow — so gifted for life, so likeable, so sympathetic, so observant and truthful.

Came home and worked, after too many days away from my daily stodge.

Bernhard dined with Agnes Steffenburg, and I had a pleasant, quiet evening with Mr. & Mrs. Nowers. Nice people! They told me about their friend Walter Jekyll who has gone to live by himself, eating nothing but fruit, inland in Jamaica, and they read me a charming letter from him. He never comes home. He likes the climate and the solitude. Yet a man most gifted for society.

[031] Thursday, Jan. 9, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Spring-like again. Fine.

Worked in morning in spite of Constance Alexander’s chatter. I think she is losing her wits, poor thing. It was a ghastly mistake having her, but I can hardly blame her for anything, as she is clearly fighting with nervous depression, and perhaps another person would be broken down.

We walked to and from Gamberaia with the Nowers, and had tea with Florence Blood.

Bernhard and I aren’t on quite satisfactory terms at present. Marriage is so difficult! It seems so flat to be merely friendly and devoted, after romance, that one accepts it with indignation and bitterness — at least I think that is Bernhard’s feeling, although he allows and encourages himself to indulge in **the most romantic feelings towards Aline Sassoon**. I must have the courage to talk it all out with him, for it is a pity to go on with unsaid dissatisfaction and grievances. He wants me to be more devoted than I *can* be.

[032] Friday, Jan. 10, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Warm rain.

Mr. Nowers is ill in bed, so they cannot go away. They are so good. I love to have them here.

Risi Visconti Venosta came to lunch, full of the young man’s despair about “what to do”. He can’t find anything that seems worthwhile devoting himself to.

B.B. called on Palcci and I called on Maud and Mme von Heiroth. Von Heiroth is on his way back after all. She improved the shining hour by lunching with Algar.

Horne came to dinner.

[033] Saturday, Jan. 11, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Bright, cold, very windy.

I had a headache all day, and couldn’t enjoy a thing. I stodged over work. We have begun the Florentines.

Bernhard called on Benn, who is writing a primer of Greek philosophy.

We read Bertie’s capital article in the Albany on pragmatism.

Lo Studio del Signore [caption of photo of Bernhard’s study pasted down]

[034] Sunday, Jan. 12, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Bright, cold, windy.

We walked in the morning after letters came, and surveyed with complacency the the limits of our domain, wishing, however, that they were even larger! Bernhard would like to buy the whole woods!

Nelly Erichsen came to lunch, and stayed till 4 talking about her book on Pisa, for which I gave her the picture notes.

Then Prince Liechtenstein and Mme Narischkine came. We talked about the reintroduction of slavery into Hungary!

[035] Monday, Jan. 13, 1908

Mr. & Mrs. Nowers.

Cold, clear.

Gronau came to lunch. Aunt Janet called. I walked alone while Bernhard received a call from Mr. Jackson (of the consul’s office). He then joined me and we walked further.

Placci was waiting when we got back, full of his reconciliation to Miss Paget.

In the evening we went in to the Spaldings and heard Alberto and Oswald play a wonderful thing of Bach’s and then a sonata by Mozart which was quite divine. Albert also played an andante and fuge (\_\_\_) of Bach’s. What enjoyment!

San Martino a Mensola [caption of photo of the church]

[036] Tuesday, Jan. 14, 1908

Grand Hotel, Siena. Cold and clear.

We came over by a morning train. Perkins met us, and we went to various churches in the afternoon.

It was very cold at night.

[037] Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1908

[no scan of Jan. 15 page - only Burton postcard]

[038] Thursday, Jan. 16, 1908

Grand Hotel, Siena.

A little warmer. Clear then cloudy.

Churches etc. in the morning with Perkins. Met Mr. Breck, and all four drove in afternoon to Poggio Ciupi to see more ruined frescoes, and to S. Colomba ditto. Perkins seems fairly well — sane enough, and is a nice person to go about seeing things with, as he has an eye and cares for things. We have been very careful to touch on nothing personal.

Mme von Heiroth’s “husband” has come back. Algar writes asking me to arrange to have him meet them, *chez nous*, which, for some reason, horrified B.B.!

[039] Friday, Jan. 17, 1908

I Tatti. Cold white fog.

We had a most exciting morning in the gallery, discovering endless Feis and Pellegrinos. We had *never* been carefully through the early Sienese before!

After lunch B.B. bought a Vecchietta crucifix for 300 lire + 5 to Perkins, who is desperately hard up.

Came home. Had quite a talk to clear up our difficulties, and got on well.

[040] Saturday, Jan. 18, 1908

Cold white fog.

Algar.

Worked.

Called on Serristori in afternoon and had a pleasant talk.

Algar, as lazy, charming and irresponsible as ever. He says he has made love for all he was worth to Mme Von Heiroth, and he thinks he has produced an impression. She writes that she is *not* happy, now von Heiroth has returned, and ‘will tell him all when they meet’, but he is not to call, as Heiroth is jealous and suspicious and cross.

Algar says what will he do if the lady suddenly appears ready to crown his wishes and says, “Where shall we go?” For little Algar has no idea of giving up any of his comforts for love. He finds her charming and so attractive that he *has* to run the risks, but he says she is very “feather headed”. I never knew anyone so thoroughly selfish in such an affair as he, though I daresay it’s common enough.

But as I have known loves, their ferocious selfishness is tempered with exquisite *élans* of devotion and self-sacrifice — and he bears all that out, the best part.

Altogether, I somehow despise Algar, though I am not sure I am justified in it.

[041] ~~Sunday, Jan. 19, 1908~~

Cold mist.

This is Monday. ☜

In bed all day with heavy cold. Bernhard working on Giotto, with revolutionary results!!

I read Sherrill’s book on stained glass and some of Lord Acton’s Historical Papers — a lot of French Poetry and finished alas! the darling Abbé Huc.

Placci came to lunch with Bernhard, and they had a walk. He has got over his honeymoon with Vernon Lee.

[042] ~~Monday, Jan. 20, 1908~~

Sunday, Jan. 19, 1908

I Tatti.

Cold mist.

Agnes came to lunch. Alberto and his cousin came at 4 to look at photographs, bringing a still more gushing American lady, Mmiss Pomeroy.

Mather came to say goodbye before going to Sicily. He is thinking of taking the mastership of the Worcester Art Museum.

I felt awfully ill with a cold coming.

Mr. Cannon wrote that if we had left Florence, he would have sold La Doccia! He must care a good deal. How sad and funny that he can give no sign when one sees him!

[043] Tuesday, Jan. 21, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Worked.

Walked with Bernhard in the woods.

Cold worse.

Read lots of novels lent me by Miss Blood.

[044] Wednesday, Jan. 22, 1908

I Tatti.

Walked in woods. Coming back B.B. found the Countess Serristori in the garden and Father Green of Isleworth and Mr. & Mrs. Pott of Fiesole called upon me.

My cold got worse.

I am terribly worried about poor Mother who suffers continuous pain and discomfort from her bladder trouble. She wants to die, and though the breaking of that tie is perhaps the worst of all, I should rather have her die than suffer. After all, how long I’ve had her.

Bernhard has come to some revolutionary views about Giotto, but he is clearly right, though no one will be able to follow, as it is a question of an especially trained eye and you don’t get that except by *training*, and who goes in for that?

[045] Thursday, Jan. 23, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

In the house all day. Cold awful, feeling like devil. What a life! I suffering here, Mother in such pain far away, Karin anxious, poor child, about her ear — what is it all for?

I read *Valerie Upton* a good bad-novel.

[046] Friday, Jan. 24, 1908

Windy. Clear.

Worked. B.B. on Orcagna.

I felt ill, but stodged on. Didn’t go out.

Bernhard had tea with Benn who told him that Vernon Lee and Miss Wimbush had got a sudden violent enthusiasm for Hutchins’ *Spirit of Labour*, on account of the sexual promiscuity therein described! I think that is a man’s interpretation.

[047] Saturday, Jan. 25, 1908

Fine.

Worked. Did not go out on account of my cold, but Alberto and Irene Brown came up to see me, both nice and young. Mrs. Ross came, and Mr & Mrs. Lee Knight. Miss Blood came to dine.

B.B. got into a fearful rage because I could not find a number of *L’Arte* he wanted. He was intensely disagreeable the whole of lunch and Miss Alexander was nearly crying. Directly he went out (at 2) we went to his desk and found it in his drawer.

When he came back from tea at Placci’s with the Serristori and Corradini, I told him, and he *blamed me for that*, said it was because I hadn’t put away the magazines, that he had hastily poked in into the drawer when we went to Siena. I got it out and found it had an article he had asked for on a man he was working at. I lost my temper at this — he had made the day so hateful and inharmonious! — and he rushed out and said he was going to dine in town and never come back.

Perhaps when he thinks he will understand how I feel when he loses his temper, which is about ten times a week.

Bernhard, Mary and Lady Sassoon

[048] Sunday, Jan. 26, 1908

Glorious.

Worked. Lorenzo Monaco.

Drove up to Fiesole and called on Mr. & Mrs. Pott, and walked back over the Caves recalling old times. More or less made up, but we each have grudges and grievances, and what is perhaps the difficulty in the way of full and complete reconciliation, dreams elsewhere.

**I read a letter from B.B. to Aline Sassoon** (a wrong thing to do, but I wanted so to believe him, and yet couldn’t, by instinct, somehow, yet I hoped the letter would be less devoted than the old one), and he said he had thought and dreamed of no one else while he was at Siena, that she must never doubt him, that he was “tuo, tuo *solo*” and so on.

I cannot truthfully say I *could* write like that to anyone, because I am really fonder of Bernhard than anyone else, and Scott, the only male human being I feel much drawn to, is too young. The idea of love of that sort with him is inconceivable, but still I am awfully fond of him and do think about him a great deal. And dreams and preoccupations tell. We are both of [049] us keeping back something — probably very sensibly. But that something is a refuge, and makes it less necessary for us to be full companions. I can’t say I am half as fond of Geoffrey as of Bernhard or Ray or Karin, but still, there it is, a certain element of peculiar interest which these others have only in absence — for of them all I dream in absence.

Literature has nothing but contempt and scorn for old women growing fond of boys, and one reason I do not tell Bernhard about it is because he at once uses these hackneyed forms upon me, and they hurt and disgust me. I could quite as well make fun of his devotion to **the brainless fashionable lady**, but I don’t, for I am sure to him it doesn’t come under that obvious category. It is life and sweetness to him. And when we talk of her, and he runs her down, as he often does, I always say, “Well, she is very winning and very sweet.”

[049] Monday, Jan. 27, 1908

Misty

Today we went to see the Thorolds and found Algar oppressed with domesticity — his wife ill, the boy ailing, and everything going wrong.

[050] Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1908

I Tatti. Warm. Misty.

Worked School Lorenzo Monaco.

The Countess d’Orsay came to lunch. She talked steadily for three hours, sometimes rather amusingly. I drove her to town, and did some errands, and actually paid two calls, on Mrs. Harvey and the Custs!

Bernhard and I rather made up, although he told me awful lies about his having nearly forgotten **Lady Sassoon**, and being too busy to dream of her, etc., etc. But if he wants to keep that side of himself quite secret, he is right to try to do it, and I shall not interfere. One does want one’s dreams, unless one is *quite sure* of sympathy, and he is too conventional in certain ways, and has too silly and stereotyped a view of women to realize that if he were frank and open I should absolutely sympathize with him — and even envy him!!

[051] Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1908

I Tatti. Warm. Rain

Giovanni dal Ponte

Drove Miss Alexander to town. She is waking up a bit, for she asked me what subject she should specialize upon. I suggested the whole Franciscan cycle in all of literature.

The Serristori had tea here, and Cust called — a prompt return!

[052] Thursday, Jan. 30, 1908

I Tatti.

Warm.

Rosello di Jacopo Franco.

Alberto came early and I showed him some Giottos. Then Placci and Lady Isabel Margesson came. We talked a lunch of Colour and Music and Albert was in rapture.

Bernhard and I walked with Placci, and then I called on Mrs. Ross and Nelly Erichsen.

When I got home I found **Giovanni Visconti-Venosta** and the Countess D’Orsay telling B.B. about the grand dinner the Serristoris gave for the Koudaschieffs, and forgot to ask the Koudaschieffs!

Mme von Heiroth and her prospective husband came to dine, and we were very much interested in him as a type of Russian *illuminato* very familiar in Russian literature. He is very earnest and enthusiastic and bursting with half-grasped ideas. But a genius, good person, on a very different plane from the pretty frivolous lady. They are going to get married, on account of the coming baby. He says he is going to try the experiment of the usual responsibilities, but he is not sure a Higher Call will not entice him to Solitude.

[053] Friday, Jan. 31, 1908

I Tatti.

Bicci di Lorenzo.

Poor beloved Karin has another attack of deafness. It breaks me all up.

We went out to the Actons to lunch. Lady Enniskillen was the other guest, to whom B.B. talked, leaving the Actons to me. Consequently he enjoyed it, and I was restive and unhappy.

We went to see some frescoes by Bicci di Lorenzo, and then B.B. called on Miss Blood and Princess Ghyka, and found the latter most unusually charming and intelligent.

Neith writes that Miss Blood has sent them — in spite of their refusals — her portrait of Hutch, which is to be consigned to the wood-shed.

The Signora Triulzi came up this morning and we paid the monthly bills, etc.

[054] Saturday, Feb. 1, 1908

I Tatti.

Neri di Bicci.

Gronau came to lunch. I called on Miss Handley (organist), who was out; on Miss Jones (voice produced), who was in and rather nice in an unspeakable American way, and on Mrs. Spalding and Miss Hutchinson, who were both out.

Did some errands.

Came home to find a letter from Karin full of rage and fury against Jerry Pinsent, who is in love with her. She is pleased to be reassured as to her “attractiveness”, but she loathes him, as I fear most people do at the approach of unreturnable love.

Ray writes greatly excited about what makes a good novel — apropos of my finding *Valerie Upton* not good.

[055] Sunday, Feb. 2, 1908

I Tatti.

Snow and wind.

Agnes Steffenburg and Kitty Margesson came to lunch. I took the latter to Mrs. Ross, where Lady Isabel met us.

Then I joined Bernhard at the Herons, where we passed a very bedulled hour trying to talk unknown tongues with dubious Hungarian and vulgar Italian “artists”.

[056] Monday, Feb. 3, 1908

I Tatti.

Cold. Clear.

Fra Angelico.

Worked. Walked — a long walk. Went down to hear Alberto in the evening. He played with Herr Lilienkrohn and Osvald two trios by Schubert and one by Beethoven.

I am not at all satisfied with the way things are. If I could make my *greatest happiness* here and in my life with Bernhard, as well as having it what it is, the enduring, underlying thing, of course it would make a great difference. I feel this to be normal life, and happy, in its way, and full of interest. But I should hate to give up all hope of *Ausflügen* from time to time, excursions into a new land of youth, such as I had last May and this autumn. B.B. violently resents these outbursts of mine, partly through jealousy and wounded self-esteem but chiefly because he thinks it is a destructive system for me to live on. And to some extent he is right. The quiet routine of unexciting life [057] is spoiled to some extent by the reflection that if I had things my own way, and the people I like to see about me, it would be such joy. But then as I know Mother can’t be here, and the children, and even Geoffrey, don’t want to be, and as I like (on the whole) living here, I really don’t bother much about it. Still there is something amiss with my attitude. **I think if I had another child, I should be quite satisfied**, really. But nothing would induce Bernhard to have one!!

[057] Tuesday, Feb. 4, 1908

I Tatti.

Worked on Benozzo today.

Robert Cust and his American wife came to lunch. She wasn’t as awful as we expected. Then we drove down to San Maroc, and then to a Santa Conversazione with Alberto at Placci’s, where we talked about colour and drawing. Alberto said he liked it, but I think young enthusiasm lent it charm.

[058] Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1908

I Tatti.

Cold. Clear.

Went to Academy and Santa Croce with Bernhard. Had the von Heiroths and Algar to lunch. Went with Lady Isabel and Kitty to the Uffizi. They were puzzling over what Ray could have meant when she said “Pictures aren’t meant to tell a story or paint a moral”, for they couldn’t look at them any other way! I do wonder how much they took in of what I said!

I called on Gordon Craig for a few minutes, and then on my old maid, Leonide, who has a marvellous little daughter of *two* who insists on learning to read!

As Bernhard and I are *foncièrement* fonder of each other than of anyone else in the world we can’t stay estranged long, and especially when he is ill, I am all tenderness to him. He is suffering form some mysterious complaint today, and feels wretched.

Have been reading Ronsard’s poetry.

[059] Thursday, Feb. 6, 1908

I Tatti.

Cold. Clear.

Giusto d’Andrea, Z. Macchiavelli.

Went to lace-maker to consult her about buying some lace, and she explained to me the difference between the *filo a mano* and the *filo a piombino*.

Miss Jessie Handley (Prof. Barrett’s niece), and her friend, Miss Valintine, came to lunch — pleasant, unimportant, good-natured, uninteresting.

Then I went with Miss Blood to call on the Morgans, the Lee Knights and the Thorolds.

Johnson wrote that he would take the Turas for £1,400.

[060] Friday, Feb. 7, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine. Warmer.

Masolino, Masaccio.

Worked. Walked from 3-4.30. Worked again.

It was a beautiful day, and we enjoyed it in spite of Bernhard’s having an unruly liver and my having caught a fresh cold.

I am trying to think over all the hard things he said and see what truth there is in them, instead of instantly flaring up in self-defence. As he says, itis impossible for two people to live together without having endless things stored up against each other for good and evil, and sometimes, with special irritation, the evil comes up more vividly, and sometimes the good.

Read Hookham Frere’s translation of *The Birds* and his Life.

[061] Saturday, Feb. 8, 1908

I Tatti.

Warmer. Misty.

Miss Flora Priestley.

We walked round our estate with the Fattore and Ragioniere all morning. It was rather fun. We saw our cows and oxen and horses and *contadini* and their houses etc. and decided to dig some trenches for vines!

I went to town for some shopping, and Placci came to walk with Bernhard. He was awfully dense, and could not understand the simplest things.

Mrs. Spalding and Albert came to tea, and we had a little talk, which was, however, interrupted by Flora Priestley. She stayed on, and we have been gossiping all the evening.

[062] Sunday, Feb. 9, 1908

I Tatti.

Warmer. Slight mist.

Miss Priestley.

I went all over the place with the Triulzi, the Contadini and the Ingegniere and Fattore, to plan our improvements. Interesting but very tiring.

B.B. worked on Paolo Uccello. He and Flora Priestley walked to Gamberaia and had tea, I called on Mrs. Ross.

Karin is having trouble with her ear, and we are all coming to the conclusion that the damp climate of Cambridge is bad for her. I do not quite know what to do.

Algar and Lady Enniskillen came to dine. Algar had seen Mme von Heiroth, who said that “he” was very *difficile*. He told me that when he and his nice cousin Nora Labouchère were staying with his Aunt and Uncle for Christmas and having a little flirtation (as in Algar’s invariable way), Mrs. Labby set her maid to watch their bedroom doors all night!! Well, I suppose experience justifies her in that view.

Placci was amused to meet again Mme Alexandrowski, who vanished from Florentine Society the moment the Princess Strozzi ceased to need her as a go-between. She used to meet Halpert at the Alexandrowski’s house.

[063] Monday, Feb. 10, 1908

I Tatti.

Warm. Fine.

Miss Priestley left. She is agreeable to be with — nice manners and humour and charm.

Letters from home decided me to urge Karin to leave Newnham at once. It does not suit her health. Poor dear, it is a daily up-hill fight. I simply *must not* think of anything but her courage.

We walked in the woods for more than an hour. It was delicious.

Is there no one in all Florence I care to see? It is perfectly deadly of me to love so few people, to be interested in so few. I know it is my fault, but I do not know the remedy. I like to see Alberto, whom we went down to hear play in the evening. But it is partly because he recalls a happy time and Karin.

But we had an amusing evening with the Spaldings, with all those tabby-cats from American pensions, and sweet Kitty Margesson with her horribly sentimental friend, Miss MacCleod. They played that divine thing by Bach, with the violin in great organ chords.

Then Placci and Osvald and Lilienkrohn came, and they gave the usual Beethoven trio and a Schubert one. They seemed very “pretty” after Bach, \_\_ \_\_\_ much lower plane — a whole world of difference.

[064] Tuesday, Feb. 11, 1908

Castagno.

Glorious day.

Uccello, Domenico Veneziano.

Worked. Walked in woods. Kitty Margesson and her friend came to call. It was not easy to keep off rocks of sentimentality. She is awful. Poor Kitty. But I daresay she is kind.

B.B. is reading Goethe’s *Italienische Reise*, and finds Goethe much interested in S. Filippo Neri. A young Roman swell wanted to join his brotherhood, and as a last test the Saint proposed to him to walk about Rome with a fox’s tail pinned to his coat — quite like an initiation into the “Dicky” at Harvard!   [see message of 15/07/2016]

[065] Wednesday, Feb. 12, 1908

Glorious.

Alessio Baldovinelli.

Worked. Went to Uffizi and renamed seveeral scores of pictures.

B.B. called on Agnes and I shoppped.

We met at Placci’s with Alberto and had rather a scrappy Santa Conversazione, interrupted by Adelaide and Placci’s various notes and telephone calls. Arranged for a quieter one here next week.

B.B. told me that it is a credited and credible theory that what destroyed the ancient civilizations was nothing but malaria — Mosquitoes stronger than Man!

[066] Thursday, Feb. 13, 1908

Glorious.

“Carrand Master”.

Worked. Discovered that a puzzling little picture in the Louvre was by Giovanni Francesco da Riminni, and wrote an article for the *Rassegna* about it.

Bernhard and I called on Miss MacLeod and Kitty Margesson, then on the Burne Murdocks, who are living most squalidly in an enormous old convent-villa, and then on Miss Priestley to hear her niece play, which she did very well, the Mendelssohn Variations and some Chopin, having the usual Litchitzki defect of neglecting the classics.

Then we ordered the dinner for Sunday at Doney’s, and found a copy of *La Grande Grèce* at Loescher’s, to our surprise and delight!

[067] Friday, Feb. 14, 1908

Fine.

44 years old!

It is absurd to be so old, when one doesn’t feel it. But I suppose no one does. I mean to try to *enjoy growing old* … an effort, but it is silly to rebel against the inevitable.

I passed my day suffering from a headache, which became fearfully intense and sent me to bed dinner-less.

Algar, Miss Erichsen, Mrs. Spalding, Mrs. Boardman, Albert and a French-American painter, Haushalter, came to tea.

Myself 26 years old [caption for photograph]

[068] Saturday, Feb. 15, 1908

Mist and rain.

Pollajuolo.

Worked.

Called on the Buttles and on the Labouchères.

Encouraging letters from Karin.

[069] Sunday, Feb. 16, 1908

Well, we got the von Heiroths married! We felt cross and hated going down, but in the end we enjoyed it!

The service was beautiful, but it was amusing to see Algar solemnly holding the crown over Heiroth’s head and knowing that in her heart all he was thinking was how soon he would be able to plant horns there! She looked sweetly pretty, and I could not wonder at Algar.

B.B. and I were the Father and Mother, and Algar, Calderoni, Tutino and Herr Corwegh (a German studying Donatello) were the Witnesses.

We all went to lunch at Doney’s, and it was quite pleasant.

They were rather apologetic for doing such a conventional, bourgeois thing, but assured everyone they meant to get a divorce when the baby was born!

We gave them a Wedding Breakfast at Doney’s, which was not unpleasant, and then we drove up to the Gamberaia and heard Miss Oliphant play Schumann and Chopin. Met a Philadelphia singer Mr. Meigs there.

Nice to get home and read Ronsard in bed!

 [070] Monday, Feb. 17, 1908

Fair-ish.

Verrocchio, etc.

I went to a concert — Oswald, Grieg, Schubert (“Die Farellen”) and then called on the Haushalter, Miss Collier and Mrs. Buttles — the first two out and the last in bed and so on to Aunt Janet’s where I heard the sad news of Caterina Kerr Lawson’s break-down.

Read some more of Horne’s *Botticelli* — full of excellent appreciation exquisitely written, and lots of dull, dull pedantry!

Bernhard has finished reading the *Italienische Reise* and is now reading a book about Rome and Goethe. He is Goethe-mad, and has been for years.

He is also taking up — Physiology!!

[071] Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1908

Rain, cleared, mist.

Botticini.

Good morning of work. Alberto and Placci came to lunch and we had a couple of hours’ *Santa Conversazione* on Music, in which Alberto delighted us all with the clearness and decision of his mind, and  me especially — oh very much! — by showing that he had really understood what I tried to tell him in the galleries and was using the method for his own art. He spoke delightfully of the melodies that suggested their own harmonies as functional line suggests the inevitable modelling.

But all this analogy between painting and music is on the wrong track, I fear.

Miss Alexander stayed in and said just the wrong things.When they cited the song on the boat at the beginning of *Tristan and Isolde* as a noble, harmony-suggesting melody, she whispered to me with an ecstatic look, “Did you ever hear anything so *hungry*?”

Later Schlesinger called and Giovanni Visconti-Venosta.

Albert seems to me to have taken a real intellectual start from knowing B.B.’s aesthetics. He has a shy adoration for Bernhard that is very pretty.

[072] Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1908

Very warm.

Credi, etc.

Worked.

Drove to Thorolds, had tea and walked back.

Algar came part way with us to rage against von Heiroth, who seems to be in the way of his little schemes!

Scott writes describing his life “without a daily paper, without a calendar, without a clock, with a watch I never wind up, without variety, and (just now) without engagements. I prefer it like that! Only the lapse of time will be judged by instinct and will vary with the amount of mental incident that has taken place. As it is, I get up in the morning, go to school, or perhaps don’t, eat, see a few friends, read a little, talk to Murray or play chess with him, and go to bed. When some one tells me it is Saturday I go home for the week end.”

I simply *cannot imagine* it!!

[073] Thursday, Feb. 20, 1908

(Let furnace go out.) Fine. Warm.

Worked.

Calderoni came to lunch. He upheld the view that English women are much more preoccupied with love making and even sensuality than English men. He says that he and his Italian friends when they go to England have the most extraordinary adventures thrust upon them. Algar (who looks like a Southerner) says the same.

B.B. spoke of Guglielmo Ferrero who “picks his conclusions before they are ripe.”

We went down to a reception at the Spaldings — a comic and horrible affair, where they played more dull music by Saint-Saens and Lilienkrohn, and a nice rondeau for piano and violin by Schubert.

Placci was there enjoying the joke hugely — all these old women with grey hair and portentous busts, the sweeping of American pensions. Poor Albert, what a milieu!

It was delicious driving home, so warm and clear, and B.B. so nice. All our estrangement has somehow faded away, and we are happy together. He really is a great dear. There is no one I am *half* so fond of.

[074] Friday, Feb. 21, 1908

Warm. Fine.

Fra Filippo.

Worked.

Went to Schumann concert and did not enjoy it much, though music always sets one’s brain going. Alberto confessed the *Dichterlieder* were “not very musical”

Had tea with Placci. He quoted one of Mrs. Moore’s famous *balivernes*, her description of the ceremony where the Pope washed the feet of the poor men, “J’ai vu le Pope qui avec une grande pompe a donné un lavement à douze pauvres prêtres.”

Tired. One does get so tired. This winter I feel I am growing old.

[075] Saturday, Feb. 22, 1908

Scirocco. Warm.

School of Filippo.

Quiet day of work,with a long walk over the hills. Saw no one except Dr. Giglioli, Miss Alexander and our *fattore*, **Carlo Marilli**.

Am reading a most interesting life of David, who offers a close parallel to Mantegna.

[076] Sunday, Feb. 23, 1908

No furnace. Warm. Fine.

Spent morning discussing alterations and improvement with Ingegniere, Ragioniere, Fattore and Signor Triulzi.

Nelly Erichsen came to lunch, and afterwards Miss Collier and Miss Hutchinson to call, and Mr. & Mrs. Haushalter and Sybil Childers.

B.B. and I had a little walk and called on Mrs. Ross.

Poor Caterina Kerr-Lawson has inflammation of the optic nerve and is threatened with blindness! How awful.

Bernhard said that just as the study of physiology leads to right diet and exercise, etc., so the study of psychology should lead to morals and aesthetics in practise.

Logan sent me some very pretty sonnets he has written, which are all but poetry! But one is so exacting for that art.

Read life of Ingres.

 [077] Monday, Feb. 24, 1908

Warm. Pour. Thunderstorm. No furnace.

“Compagno”, etc.

Worked, but towards noon felt burning at waist and feared another attack of Shingles. I hope not! But i felt very queer the rest of the day, and now, going to bed, I feel queerer still. Our bodies can be troublesome!

The tram strike is still on.

These are the book-plates Craig designed for Ray and Karin. [caption for the book-plates which are pasted in]

[078] Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1908

Worked together very pleasantly (for once!) on Botticelli.

Lady Kitty Somerset came to lunch, a very stupid young woman who thinks she has a peculiar faculty for “getting at the the inside” of clever men, and so spends her life rushing about trying to meet them. The method is to ask lots of questions and not listen to the answers!

Bernhard drove her back to Fiesole and called on Benn, who told him that Winckelmann was a notorious Sodomite and was killed by one of his minions.

Alberto and Placci came to dine. Placci was at his best, most amusing. We talked of Music after dinner.

Alberto is very intelligent. He brought B.B. a present of the novel *Jean-Christophe* which I began to read.

[079] Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1908

Glorious weather.

Worked together over Botticelli school.

It is such a blessing not to have Miss Alexander! She thinks she can’t come when the trams are not running (20 minutes walk!) and we are only too glad to have her stay away.

We had a beautiful walk, and then the Heiroths came to tea brining two of their friends, M. Kettner (a painter) and M. Doebler, a fat, nice poet, who has written a poem of 33,000 verses, which he can’t get published — naturally.

The von Heitroths stayed to dine, and Algar came, but it was all spoiled by von Heiroth, who would talk of occultism, mysticism and his “ideas”, which were all old commonplaces to us. Although we like him — for he inspires confidence – we do find him an awful bore.

Bernhard got terribly cross over the confusion in one of his cupboards, which he blamed me for, but quite wrongly, for I have never gone there except with him. But he nagged on and on and on and was most uncomfortable.

[080] Thursday, Feb. 27, 1908

Colder. Fine.

Sellajo.

Bernhard was still nagging on about that cupboard, hinting that I  had dragged out the photographs in a state of abnormal excitement to show them to Scott and had neglected to put them away. My conscience was perfectly clear, but when he went on to attribute to the same cause a confusion I had made four or five years ago between Amico di Sandro and Alunno, and wouldn’t be pacified, I got dreadfully angry and left the room. How he does ruin beautiful days! And yet he says he wants harmony. And he expects me to be loving and devoted, but you cannot like living with a nagging bad-tempered person — *while* he is that. Fortunately Bernhard isn’t always or even generally so.

Kenworthy-Browne and his niece came to lunch and Mr. & Mrs. Nowers. I drove the Nowerses down after lunch, and called on Lady Enniskillen,who had the glorious company of Acton and Balfour!

B.B. received a call from Mrs. Brocklebank and from Nobili.

[081] Friday, Feb. 28, 1908

Much colder. Fine.

Filippini.

Bernhard in a better humour, so everything seemed pleasanter.

I went to town and to the Uffizi with Miss Collier (whom I liked), and then to tea with the Nowerses and Miss Dildred Davy, and then to call on the Buttles, who have all been very ill.

Read that interesting little book about malaria as the cause of the decay of the Greek and Roman civilizations.

Finished *Jean Christophe*. I do not care overwhelmingly for it.

[082] Saturday, Feb. 29, 1908

Cloudy. Showery with wind.

Paid wages, etc., and did a little work.

Drove down and had tea with Placci and Prezzolini, both wild about Jean Christophe.

Svetchine (Sec. Legation at Constantinople - Russian) came in , full of extravagant admiration for a picture by Pier Francesco Fiorentino at San Gemignano!

Read over our contract in evening.

[083] Sunday, Mar. 1, 1908

Lovely day.

Worked.

Bernhard finished the Raffaellinos, and I printed Amico and School, and Filippino and School, and Sellajo.

Agnes Steffenburg came to lunch. She says Mrs. Cobb went to old Mrs. Riddell, the Baroness von Hutter’s mother, and said, “I think you *ought to know* that everyone is talking of your daughter and saying she has lovers.” The poor old lady has been perfectly miserable ever since. Her daughter is away in Japan. We have always loathed Mrs. Cobb, but never before had any definite reason.

B.B. and Agnes had a walk, and then joined me at Mrs. Ross’. Theresa called on me. She is very anxious about Algar’s laziness — said he hoped he would work when he was with us. I didn’t tell her that he told me he knew he shouldn’t do a stroke of work while he was in love with Mascha von Heiroth!

I am getting positively bored with *Jean Christophe*. It is remarkable how people praise that book.

 [084] Monday, Mar. 2, 1908

Cold. Rain. Snow on Monte Ceceri.

Miss Alexander decided to come back, and her chattering nearly drove me wild! She says she can’t think of anything but Stornelli … it is obvious she can’t think of anything that has to do with her work! But enough.

Mrs. Benn and Miss Collier came to lunch – very pleasant. I drove them home, and was going to Algar’s, but the weather was too nasty. I came back and had a walk with B.B., but felt too ill to enjoy it.

Returned and finished printing Garbo and Carli and wrote some \_\_\_\_\_\_.

[photo of dog on parapet (of Gamberaia?) pasted down]

[085] Tuesday, Mar. 3, 1908

Snow on Incontro. Thunder storm.

B.B. furious with Ghirlandajo and School. He complains of headache, sleeplessness and sciatica. He *loves* work, but it always makes him ill.

Miss Alexander put me in a hole today by asking in her plaintive drawl, “Do you think you will be glad to have had me this year?” Of course I lied. Suppose I had told her we should be glad to pay double *not* to have her!!

Lady Enniskillen and Sir Thomas Dick Lander came to call. Decidedly she affects the company of the “Brotherhood”, for I met Balfour at her house the other day.

Then old Sokolowski of Cracow came bringing Prince Czartoryski. There is a perfect magic to me about those great Polish names. He was a nice old man and seemed to care for pictures. M. Sokolowski said he would get up an Exposition in Cracow, and we should tour about and pull all the Italian pictures out of the old castles. What fun it would be!

It was pouring too hard to have the usual fine festival for “l’ultimo giorno di Carnevale”, but Bernhard and I had a walk in the rain.

[086] Wednesday, Mar. 4, 1908

Varying.

Logan.

The Nowers and Miss Davey came to lunch. I drove them in and met Logan, who comes from the snows of England. He says that the nice, blue-eyed Tolstoian young poet, Freemantle, read Nietzsche last year and felt himself such an *Übermensch* that when he met a music-hall singer whom he liked, he took her off to Naples, à la Shelley and Mary. They lost their trunks on the way, and were turned out of several hotels because they would kiss each other, and would throw things out of their windows onto people’s heads. Then they heard of a revolt in Algiers and bought knives and went there, and gradually drifted on to Seville, where he tried to earn money by giving lessons (he got one pupil) and she by singing for a management that went bankrupt. So they came home, and his brother offered him money if he would leave her — and he had to, and is now in Munich. He came and told Logan, and explained in a grand way, that all this was but preliminary to his Great Scheme — namely to found a company of Strolling Troubadours! In the meantime he borrowed £5.

[087] Thursday, Mar. 5, 1908

Warm. Fine. Rain.

Logan.

Went over “the place” with Logan, planning the garden and improvements.

Miss Fletcher came to lunch. She told us the history of Mrs. Forbes-Morse, who was married to a German officer, and was dreadfully sad at having no children. Presently Mr. Forbes-Morse intervened and she told her husband there was going to be a child, and that to “save her face” he mustn’t divorce her for two years, for which favour she would give him half her fortune and all the family portraits. He consented on condition he got all the family portraits. This was duly carried out, the baby dying in the meantime, but then she found she could not get on with Morse. Finally they lived in two apartments in the same house, he being prohibited from smoking on her side, she from writing poetry on his. When he died, she published a book of effusive poems *à mon bien-aimé*, in which she said she hoped to present him with rosy infants and could only give him pale poems. She is **now** travelling and having “amorous adventures” here and there, while Miss Paget is waiting for her at Maiano.

[088] Friday, Mar. 6, 1908

Damp.

Logan.

Worked.

Prezzolini came to lunch. He is almost too young to talk with. His head is full of ideas like art being only the expression of the artist’s personality, and that genius can’t be kept under. He would not admit that a Genius could accidentally die. Such platitudes appear to be nourishing to some minds, they are held with such extraordinary fervour. But they are dreadfully boring.

Logan and I drove over to the Thorolds, where we found the von Heiroths. Algar was full of an “Elizir of Youth” which a friend of his believes in. Logan and I almost believed in it!

Logan says that everybody, even the Trevys, turned against Miss Weisse when Donald Tovey was not allowed to come to Oxford. She tore over to Berlin when Joachim was dying, and of course no one wanted her, Joachim least of all, and it ended in a fearful squabble, the details of which Logan had promised not to repeat. But they all felt that unless Miss Weisse dies, Tovey is finished. What a tragedy.

[089] Saturday, Mar. 7, 1908

Rainy.

Logan, Miss Collier.

Worked.

Gronau came to lunch.

I called on the von Heiroths — he *is* a bore! — and then brought Miss Collier up here. She is a great dear, and I like her especially for her affection for Ray.

Bernhard is reading with the greatest delight Justi’s *Winckelmann*.

We are trying to persuade Logan to write about Rome in the SVIII century. What a delightful subject!

Dear me, it stirs me all up to talk about Ray. How can I live so much of my life without seeing her? What a beastly thing distance is.

[090] Sunday, Mar. 8, 1908

Rain. Clearing.

Logan.

Worked. B.B. finished Pier di Cosimo, etc.

After lunch I drove with Miss Collier and Logan to the Gamberaia.

B.B. was in to see Prince and Princess Marcel Czartoryski, who motored up.

Logan and I walked home.

Algar and Theresa came to dine, and were amusing and pleasant.

[with photo of Gamberaia]

 [091] Monday, Mar. 9, 1908

Warm. Glorious.

Logan. Perkins.

Logan lunched with the Dodges and Miss Fletcher, and I met him at Villa Imperiale and drove with him to call on Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who showed us some of his collection of book-plates, which I found very interesting.

Mr. Fowler came in, and then Frau von Grunelius from Frankfort.

Left cards on the Brocklebanks, and called at the Spaldings. Alberto received us, and was very amusing, and awfully nice.

 Returned to find Perkins here, poor nervous ship-wrecked being.

Our only nephew, Ralph Perry, Rachel’s son 1 1/4 years old. [caption for photo of Ralph and Rachel]

[092] Tuesday, Mar. 10, 1908

Rain. Clearing.

Perkins.

**Signed the contract for this place and paid the money**, 139,000 francs — 5,000 for the cattle and *arnesi*, etc. and nearly 6,000 for the registration fees, etc. It comes to **six thousand pounds**, which we have borrowed at 6% £3,500 a year, as against £80 we used to pay for rent. It is a big increase. Of course the place brings us something, but then we have taxes and improvements. I think it is a clear £200 more a year to spend. But anyhow we now own the place!

Worked but felt perfect despair because the Vienna Catalogue has gone astray with all our notes!

Called on Miss Priestly, and then on Miss Kelly, sweet-voiced creature.

[093] Wednesday, Mar. 11, 1908

[photo of Albert Spalding]

[094] Thursday, Mar. 12, 1908

Fine.

Logan.

I put that picture of dear Alberto in yesterday. He came up at the same time with Miss Kelly and took us all to the Gamberaia, where we saw the most glorious storm. afterwards it was almost too beautiful. Alberto enjoyed it *à la limité de dilatation.*

Miss Kelly stayed on to dine, and we all liked her awfully.

Today Bernhard had his first *adunanza* at the Palazzo Vecchio. He is on the Art Commission, and the new *sindaco*, a socialist, is terribly keen on making Florence an ideal city. They “sat” for two hours, and Bernhard

[095] Friday, Mar. 13, 1908

[blank]

[096] Saturday, Mar. 14, 1908

Train to Paris

[097] Sunday, Mar. 15, 1908

Paris.

Arrived at 2.20. Billy called. He was awfully nice. Hutchins came and took me out to St. Cloud, where they’re living, to dine.

 [098] Monday, Mar. 16, 1908

London.

Crossed from Paris. Had a Turkish bath.

Scott came and we dined at Dieudonné’s. He was in good spirits, and perfectly enchanted at the idea of travelling with **young Cannon**.

[099] Tuesday, Mar. 17, 1908

Iffley.

Karin came and we met Mrs. Stewart and shopped, and went to Iffley at 4.55. Mother seemed not at all well. I gave an oyster lunch to Karin and Helen and Scott and Keynes and Cecil Pinsent.

Bernhard went to Rome, leaving Logan at I Tatti. He fell into the arms of **Rembielinski**, Pio, the Serristoris, D’Annunzio, Liechtenstein, etc. at the Grand Hotel.

Note that the entries made in Iffley are brief.

[0100] Wednesday, Mar. 18, 1908

Iffley.

Ray arrived.

[0101] Thursday, Mar. 19, 1908

Iffley.

[0102] Friday, Mar. 20, 1908

Iffley.

\_\_\_\_

Walked into Oxford with Ray and Karin.

[0103] Saturday, Mar. 21, 1908

Iffley.

Walked into Oxford with Ray and Karin and out again, along tow-path. Visited Christ Church library.

[0104] Sunday, Mar. 22, 1908

Fierce Rain.

Iffley.

Walked over to Bagley Wood and had lunch with Alys and Bertie. Gilbert Murray came in the afternoon. Karin walked over and came back with me.

 [0105] Monday, Mar. 23, 1908

London.

Ray and I came up to town to shop.

[0106] Tuesday, Mar. 24, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

Emily.

Janet Dodge gave some delicious music in her (my) flat: Couperin. Scott came. He took me first to see his rooms where he lives with his friend Murray Hicks. We also looked into the Cathedral.

Emily came to the music too, and she and I came down together, meeting Ray at the train.

[0107] Wednesday, Mar. 25, 1908

Iffley.

Cold. Rainy.

Emily.

Quiet day with Emily who is still far from well.

[0108] Thursday, Mar. 26, 1908

Iffley.

Emily.

Quiet nice day chatting with Emily and Grandma. The girls always come in my bed in the morning. It is delightful.

[0109] Friday, Mar. 27, 1908

London.

Went up to town with Ray. Shopped, saw her off to Rickettswood.

Scott and I called on Rothersteins. They have a really lovely house. Mrs. R. has just hd her fourth baby.

Scott and I dined at Pagani’s and talked at my flat till nearly midnight. He hopes his parents will permit him to go to Italy to travel with Cannon’s son.

[0110] Saturday, Mar. 28, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

Christina and Mr. Britten.

National Gallery.

Shopped. Lunched with Scott at Pagani’s.

Just caught train here, with Britten and Christina.

[0111] Sunday, Mar. 29, 1908

Iffley.

Cold, some rain.

Mr. Britten.

Walked over to Alys’ in the afternoon.

 [0112] Monday, Mar. 30, 1908

Iffley.

Rain.

Mr. Britten, Christina Bremner.

Mr. Britten left his purse and so missed his train, and he and Christina decided to stay on.

Had a walk in afternoon.

[0113] Tuesday, Mar. 31, 1908

Iffley.

Damp.

Karin and Helen Gardner got off in the morning and I had a quiet day with Mother, which I much enjoyed.

[0114] Wednesday, Apr. 1, 1908

Iffley.

Quiet but very delightful day with Mother.

[0115] Thursday, Apr. 2, 1908

London.

Stayed with Mother till 4 and then came up.

I went with Geoffrey in the evening to hear the Bach Mass in B minor at the Albert Hall — 1,000 voices. It was very grand.

[0116] Friday, Apr. 3, 1908

London.

Endless shopping. Karin and Ray came up to the flat. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Geoffrey’s parents, came to tea. I think it passed off quite well. Mrs. Scott is sweet and kind and good but very discursive!

In the evening we all dined at Pagani’s and enjoyed it quite well. Ray and Karin looked very nice in new dresses. The two boys stayed on at the flat till midnight. On the whole, it was a successful reunion of our jolly old motor-party.

[0117] Saturday, Apr. 4, 1908

Paris with Scott.

Ray and Karin came to see us off at Victoria. It was *awful* parting with them.

The crossing was rough, and I suffered from “deferred sea-sickness” all night.

The train was late and Neith and Hutch were waiting for us. We all went to dine at the Lapérouse, and Hutch gave us a lot of jaw about Topic No. I. Then they insisted on our going to a Café, where we sat very drearily until midnight, when they took the train for St. Cloud, and we went — oh so weary and sick! — to bed. Hutch was a great dear, all the same.

[0118] Sunday, Apr. 5, 1908

Paris with Scott.

Went to the Louvre. Met Hamilton Field there. He had crossed with the Cannons, and liked Harry. Scott’s spirits rose.

I lunched with the Reinachs, who spent the time quarrelling about the telephone.

Scott came at 2 and Reinach took us to see an unimportant private collection, and then to *Les Indépendants*. What horrors!

Then, after a turn in the Bois, we called on the Fields, and then went to St. Cloud and had dinner with Neith and Hutch. Boyce was very sweet. Nothing very interesting was said. Got home at 11, rather tired. I felt very ill.

 [0119] Monday, Apr. 6, 1908

Paris to Milan with Scott.

Got the plasmon biscuits and our sleeping car tickets, and then went to the Louvre, which we had to ourselves. I was suddenly taken very unwell, which quite upset my mind, and I confused hours and lunched (at the Lapérouse) an hour to soon. Really it’s a curse to be a woman!

The train was very comfortable. There was no one else in it and the porter gave us a huge salon to ourselves, fortunately divisible in two for sleeping.

We felt we were accumulating police court evidence, but on the principle of the tipsy Irishman who showed with glee a return ticket and said, “And *I’m not coming back*!”

[0120] Tuesday, Apr. 7, 1908

I Tatti.

Scott.

We reached Milan at 7.20. I was frightfully unwell and did not know how to get on, but somehow pulled through. We went for half an hour to the Duomo. We both slept most of the way to Pistoia. Crossed the Appenines in the rain, but the sun came out for our artival.

Bernhard was at his Committee, and did not get back till after Algar had arrived. We had amusing talk at dinner. Algar is awfully keen on the Elixir “El Zair”.

[0121] Wednesday, Apr. 8, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Scott.

Lunched at Placci’s with Salvemini and Schlumberger.

Bernhard went to Brauer’s and I picked Scott up at the Uffizi.

Chatted in evening.

[photo of the *grotta* and retaining wall at Gamberaia]

[0122] Thursday, Apr. 9, 1908

Scott.

Alberto and Houghton came up to lunch, and Alberto played Bach *divinely*.

The Cannons came in, and a little later, to fetch Alberto, his father and a Mr. MacMillan — a brutish looking American millionaire.

I believe Mr. Spalding is paying heavily for this American tour of Alberto’s, on which he is supposed to get $600 a night! They are evidently determined to advertize the boy. What a shame it is not to let him get any education first, to have so little chance of development.

Miss Elizabeth Sergeant, a friend of Florence’s, came to dine. Rather pretty, rather nice, not very important.

Algar and Douglas Ainslie came to call. Ainslie is an intolerable bore, and the most conceited man I know.

Young Henry Cannon seems very nice. He is reserved, but smiles sympathetically, and has nice blue eyes that meet yours readily.

[0123] Friday, Apr. 10, 1908

Fine.

Frau von Grunelius came to lunch.

I left early to meet Rukhmambai, and then met Scott and Harry Cannon at the Uffizi. **They let me stay for an hour after it was closed, and Scott with me. It was delightful!**

Then we called for Maud, who was enchanted to see again the young man’s “decadent and austere face.” **She said that Lesbianism was unknown in the Turkish harems of the Princesses she visited.** She was rather nice, and we sat up till nearly midnight talking.

[0124] Saturday, Apr. 11, 1908

Scott.

Placci with his friend Count Seebach, the *Hofintendant* of the Dresden Theatre and Opera, came to lunch, also Horne and Alberto.

Alberto played us Bach after lunch — gloriously.

The Cannons came in, *père et fils*.

**Salvemini came to dine. He is somehow the dearest, severest intellect I know.**

[0125] Sunday, Apr. 12, 1908

Fine.

Scott. Rukhmabai.

Count Lanckoronski came to lunch and talked steadily but not unpleasantly for 3 1/2 hours.

Rukhmabai arrived, with her gentle voice and ways, and the silent impressiveness of her character.

The Marquands of Princeton called, and then Cannon in his motor, weighed down (as usual) with Miss Jones & Co.

We all went to the Gamberaia, which was looking very lovely. But the company was *molto peso*.

In the evening Rukhmabai and Scott and I went down to hear Alberto play — one of those deadly receptions so dear to his mama’s heart. Scott was horripilated at the whole atmosphere.  Rukhmabai was wonderful in the midst of that company of overdressed ladies. And she so simply said afterwards, “How grand it was! What a splendid house! How beautifully the ladies were dressed.”

Albert played Mozart and Schubert. Scott got perfectly furious with me for objecting to the Schubert. I was rather pedantic and heavy.

 [0126] Monday, Apr. 13, 1908

Rain.

Scott. Rukhmabai.

We went to Cannons’ to lunch, Rukhmabai and I by tram and Scott and B.B. walking.

Heavy lunch, weighted down by commonplace, fat Miss Jones and her totally deaf aunt, Mrs. Caley. Cannon asked me what he should give Scott and we settled on all expenses from London and ten pounds a week. Scott was awfully pleased when I told him. His first earned money! How well I remember mine — 10/6 for an article on the Marches in *The Woman’s World*.

We talked with Rukhmabai all evening.

O but I forgot. The Serristori and Placci came, and Frau von Grunelius. Rukhmabai was charming with them — so simple and sincere.

[0127] Tuesday, Apr. 14, 1908

Cool damp.

Scott. Rukhmabai.

Chatted with dear Rukhmabai.

Geoffrey went down to lunch with Houghton, where I picked him up and took him to call on Maud. Then we went to the Thorolds, and I ordered the famous Elixir. What is there should be something in it? But I can’t believe it. It would be wonderful to *feel young* again, without losing one’s experience. I can hardly imagine it.

Pastor, the Viennese historian, came to dine. Scott and I sat up talking awhile. He has so few foibles and youthfulnesses it is rather a comfort to find he does like talking about himself!

Bernhard had a sitting of his Committee. It was mostly fine speeches.

[0128] Wednesday, Apr. 15, 1908

I Tatti.

Glorious day.

Scott.

Chatted with Rukhmabai and Scott in the morning. Rukhmabai’s friends, the missionaries, came up after lunch and stayed and stayed —  very boring. Finally they went, and alas Rukhmabai with them.

Then came Alberto, and he and Geoffrey and I drove to Settignano and walked up to the Bagazzano and had tea — such a glorious day, and such views! I sowed the seed in Alberto’s mind about getting out of his horrible family life and spending a year in Oxford. He will think of it a good deal.

When we came back we sat in the garden and watched the golden moon slowly creep around the cypresses, lighting up the garden in an extraordinary way.

In the evening we talked a good deal of our different ways of taking human relations. B.B. and Scott only really want enough of a person to set them dreaming. I am sure it is partly that they have very little energy. Actuality is too tiring.

After Bernhard went to bed, Geoffrey got from me notes of all we have done since London, and also of our motor trip two years ago — just two years.

[0129] Thursday, Apr. 16, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Cloudy.

Geoffrey went at 8, Cannon’s motor coming for him. I *loved* having him, but there is also a pleasure in the freedom now, not to be preoccupied, to have leisure to attend to all sorts of little things that are perhaps dull in themselves, but which become positively annoying if they *aren’t* attended to. And when Scott is here, as I know it can’t be for long, and as I do so intensely enjoy talking with him, I do put everything else aside — and then small, boring things accumulate into a positive swarm of gnats. Still I hate to have him go. I wish he were always here — then I could take him in a more commonplace way.

Mrs. Spalding, very much over-dressed, came to tea bringing her still more over-dressed Mother and sister-in-law, and that brutal Mr. MacMillan.

Corradini also came to call.

[0130] Friday, Apr. 17, 1908

Scirocco. Rain. Clearing.

**Went down in the morning to sign for mortgage for Brauer’s loan of 50000 francs.**

Called on Agnes, who is ill in bed.

“G. Face” — Balfour Gardiner, the composer, and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Austen came to lunch and stayed till 4.

Walked in woods.

The von Heiroths came to dine. Good story of a painter who was dying, to whom the priest said, “*Vous allez voir Dieu le père face à face*.” “*Mais comment?* *Toujours en face? Jamais in profil?*”

Also another tale of the Princess Radziwill (“Bichetti”) who was observed to be very sad at a dinner. Some one asked her why she looked so downcast. “*Que voulez-vous? J’étais placée entre un homme impuissant et un pédéraste*!”

[0131] Saturday, Apr. 18, 1908

Rainy.

Miss Priestley and Col. Burn Murdoch came to lunch.

Florence Blood came, in spite of the rain, and drove me over to La Doccia where Sachem Cannon and Miss Jones were as boring as usual. They have the gift of taking hold of everything by the least significant aspect.

[photo of bowling green at Gamberaia with dog on the grass]

[0132] <Easter Sunday> Sunday, Apr. 19, 1908

I Tatti.

Pouring.

Horrible day. Miss Sergeant came to lunch, but I really can’t see much in her, in spite of Florence Reynolds’ affection for her. I have tried. I took her to call on Aunt Janet.

Algar and Theresa and Douglas Ainslie came to dine. Algar was entirely charming. I warned him that von Heiroth was up to his little game of momentary discretion, and would certainly desert the pretty lady if anything happened and he found it out. Algar said that was just what he feared.

We’re both reading Anatole France’s *Jeanne d’Arc*.

 [0133] Monday, Apr. 20, 1908

I Tatti.

Very cold.

M. J. Rendall

Miss Alexander returned, having done very little in the month, but extremely garrulous about the doings at the Priore’s. She has not asked me a thing about Mother or the Children or anything I did in England, although she overwhelmed me with details (not all of them unhumourous, I must say in her favour) about the Priore and his servants and the priests.

What an *awful* person she is, though! We *have* been sold in getting her. 160 pounds absolutely thrown away, plus endless boredom and nuisance.

The Marquands came to lunch, and Gronau. It was awfully dull. I called on various people in the afternoon — all out — and came back to find the Serristori and Dedo — dear little chap!

Rendall (second master of Winchester) came to dine and sleep, and Miss Blood to dine.

**We spoke (guardedly) of falling in love with boys, which he is evidently much inclined to** — *en toute honneur*, I suppose, but very absorbingly. He adores Raymond Asquith, among others.

[0134] Tuesday, Apr. 21, 1908

snow!!

Mr. Rendall, Perkins.

Houghton, Garrett and Mrs. Andrews came to lunch. Mrs. Andrews told a good darkey story of a young nigger who was keeping company with a  young negress and one day he met her walking down the street with another nigger whose arm was round her waist. He marched up furious and said, “Amanda, tell dat dere nigger to take his arm off round yo’ waist.”

“Tell him yo’self,” she replied scornfully, “de gen’l’man ain a puffick stranger to me.”

I called for Mr. Cannon, but the snow prevented our expedition, so he came here for tea. He is afflicted with long-winded aphasia, poor man.

Later, I went to the Gamberaia and met Mr. Rendall and we watched a snow-storm and a tragic sunset, and walked home in the rain. Rendall is not really interesting, though he seems as if he ought to be.

Perkins came for the night.

[0135] Wednesday, Apr. 22, 1908

Cold but charming.

Perkins.

Mrs. Flower, Benn and Corwegh came to lunch. Dull.

Miss Alexander and I called on Mrs. Stuart and her father, Mr. MacMillan at Rovezzano.

Placci was here when I returned, making plans for the Sicilian trip.

The Lawsons called. B.B. and I dined at Aunt Janet’s with the Markbys.

Karin’s Ball was tonight. I hope it went off well, and that she could hear.

[0136] Thursday, Apr. 23, 1908

Cold. Clearing.

Really did some work in morning. Miss Alexander worse than useless. She can’t even catalogue the books. She comes at 10, chatters all she can, hangs round with guests after lunch till 3 and goes home. She has been an unmitigated failure.

The Erreras (Brussells) came to lunch, he intelligent and pleasant, she too awful for words, the daughter nice. They stayed and stayed.

Kenworthy-Browns called.

The Serristori and

 Rembielinski came early and stayed late. I got awfully tired. He said that Mrs. Spalding’s intimate friend, Mme Alexandrowski, was a cocotte from Odessa (she looks it!), who was *entretenue* for some years by a Milanese draper. She was at one time Halpert’s mistress, and when he began his liaison with the princess Strozzi, he brought her here to keep a *maison de rendezvous* for them. It is amusing to think of her being now *nichée* among all those silly rich blind Americans. For us, of course, her mere appearance sufficed.

Mrs. Ripley and her daughter called.

Quiet evening.

[0137] Friday, Apr. 24, 1908

Cold. Clearning.

Actually worked in morning a little, and grappled much with household matters.

Placci brought Mme. de Cossé-Brissac and her mother and Schlumberger to tea. They were very pleasant.

We dined with Miss Blood and the beautiful Princess.

**Bernhard said he didn’t want Scott here when he came back**, as his presence distracted me from my work. I am awfully sorry. There are so few people I care about, **and I am fond of Scott**. And goodness me, what do a few lists more or less type-written amount to compared to what keeps life going, which is one’s affection for people?

Bernhard doesn’t need to see the people he loves (or thinks he loves), but I do, otherwise it all fades into commonplace. And I care for so few. Yet of course Bernhard is my first care, and I don’t want to make him uncomfortable. But I am awfully sorry he is so selfish about it. If I saw he cared for anyone, I shouldn’t mind a bit having “the regular order of life” somewhat upset. Besides, **he is planning motor trips with Miss Blood and the Serristori**, which are far more distracting than my talks with Scott. But then that is *his*, so of course it seems perfect to him. As for me, I am rather bored with so much Serristori and Rembielinski.

[0138] Saturday, Apr. 25, 1908

Cold. Heavy rain.

Got Venetian photographs in order.

Bernhard went to call on Mrs. Cooper Hewitt and beautiful Mrs. Edward Thomas. Mrs. Cooper Hewitt went to the gallery with him, in spite of having an awful asthma.

Cannon called on me, very affectionate, but afflicted with long-winded aphasia as usual. He stayed till 5.30 and then Britten arrived from Venice.

Heavy snow in England!

[0139] Sunday, Apr. 26, 1908

Windy. Cold. Clear.

Somehow did nothing. Took Britten to Gamberaia where I had a most dull conversation with Mrs. Acton.

The Serristori, Rembielinski, Baron Sturum, Mme. de Cossé-Brissac, her mother and Schlumberger called here.

Went with Britten to this concert. Alberto played divinely. Pugno is splendid.

[concert program pasted down]

 [0140] Monday, Apr. 27, 1908

Cold. Dull.

Worked.

Drove to town. Signed proema for Ammanati.

Called on pretty Mrs. Edward Thomas, then on beautiful Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt who was ill with bronchitis, and then on Agnes, in bed.

Got home hardly in time to dress for dinner. Mrs. and Miss Ripley, Mr. Robinson (a tall, very nice, very young American) and Algar came to dine. They stayed late.

Awfully nice letter from Geoffrey about Paestum. He and Harry are getting on splendidly.

[concert program of Spalding and Pugno pasted down]

[0141] Tuesday, Apr. 28, 1908

Fine day at last.

Packed and settled accounts.

Alberto, Pugno and Mrs. Spalding came to lunch, also Mr. Trent, Prof. of Literature at Columbia. Pugno was most entertaining with tales of Kings and Emperors. He and Ysaye played to the Spanish Court, and the Queen Mother made a sign to her son to go up and be polite to them. So he asked Pugno what was the cross he wore. “From the Sultan.” “What Sultan?” “*Enfin le Sultan — de Constantinople*.” “Ah.”

Then, turning to Ysaye, “*Est-ce longtemps que vous jouez ça*?”

“*Majesté, nous jouons ça toute notre vie*.”

Afterwards we called with Miss Blood on Cannon but were all depressed by old Pres. White, the biggest bore alive, I think, tough a good, nice man otherwise.

In the evening we went to Alberto’s second concert, but did not stay for the Franck. The Mozart was utterly divine! He played (Pugno) a Liszt and a Chopen encore, rotten both.

[0142] Wednesday, Apr. 29, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples.

Fine.

Left at 11.50, Alberto, his Mother, Pugno and Bimboni travelling by the same train. Alberto said he was thinking seriously of Oxford.

Gladys met us at Rome and talked for an hour on the platform. She was radiant, astonishing, super- or sub-human. Alberto was utterly enchanted, exactly as Ray was. He said it enlarged his conception of human nature, that it was enough to have seen her once, to know that she existed. He said he would like to play and play in the vain but fascinating attempt to become a cause in the chain of movements or emotions that made up her life. And he got out his violin and did play for hours on the train, so I vicariously benefited! He fully understood, nice boy, what is meant by amour art, that delicious “third category”.

We reached here on time, and were met by a luxurious motor.

I found a letter from Alys, saying she is to have an operation for a lump in her breast. I felt very anxious.

[0143] Thursday, Apr. 30, 1908

Heavenly.

La Floridiana.

Went to the Museum. Great disappointment — the “antiques” were only too obviously dull copies, and the pictures seemed very uninteresting. B.B. is wild to *approfondir* the local Neapolitan school!

In the afternoon we went to Alberto’s concert. He and Pugno both played delightfully.

Conte Castel Maurigi came with us. He is Ethel Harrison’s “latest”, a handsome young cavalry officer. She was very frank with B.B. about it, and asked if we “minded” his coming along to Paestum. Why should we? She is free and rich and likes having lovers.

[space left for a photograph which apparently was not pasted down]

[0144] XX Friday, May 1, 1908

Hotel de Londres, La Cava.

Glorious.

A terrible motor-ride of 4 hours, over impossible, dusty and jolting roads, till at noon a wheel gave out, and we had lunch in a divinely flowered field near Paestum. What air, what mountains — and what a lunch!

Ethel played with Castel Maurigi’s hair, and they exchanged glances every now and then which clearly meant “Tonight —!!”

We had 3 1/2 hours at the Temples. The one to Poseidon is a marvellous transfiguration of Common Sense, and you feel as if nothing more were needed in the universe by plain, reasonable Weight and Support. Oh yes, and colour too, and light.

We watched the shadows coming, and the rooks, and then came back to this most comfortable hotel to dine and sleep (?). We had the discretion to be tired, and went to bed early. As I was unwell and racked with pain from the awful road, I was very glad to do so.

[0145] Saturday, May 2, 1908

La Floridiana.

Glorious.

*Un jour entre les jours!*

Bernhard and I drove to Corpo di Cava, while the others took a doubtless well-earned morning sleep.

Then we motored to Amalfi, where we had lunch, and then on to Sorrento, where we arrived at the Hotel Tramontano just as Major Davis (Ethel’s father) got there with his yacht, the Nausicaa. We had tea, and then the divinest yacht-ride back to Naples, watching Vesuvius turn from a sinister monster into a glowing amethyst.

[0146] Sunday, May 3, 1908

La Floridiana.

Glorious.

Bernhard and I were driven down to the Museo with Ethel’s Maltese ponies, and we studied the Neapolitan school!

A Mr. Fraser came to lunch and told about a Mr. Beavan who was crazy on 3 points, dancing-pumps, the Royal family and Religion. He would always introduce dancing-pumps into no matter how short a conversation, and generally the other subjects as well. For instance, he went for a drive with Fraser and an Egyptian Judge and began, “Do you wear a fez?”

“Yes, on state occasions I have to.”

“At Court balls also?”

“Yes.”

“And what do you wear on your feet?” …

“With bows or buckles?” the invariable question, followed by an offer to send him a pair from a fashionable boot maker with whom he had a standing account!

In the afternoon B.B. and I went to see Donna Nora Ruffo, who told us all about her quarrel with Ethel. She was very frank and simple, and charmingly ladylike, though she said what *No* English girl could possibly have brought herself to say, that she had had the misfortune to fall desperately in love with a married man!!

 [0147] Monday, May 4, 1908

We had an early lunch (Bernhard went to the Museo with Nora Ruffo), and went in the yacht round Ischia. Too beautiful for words.

The Duke and Duchess Riario Sforza came to dinner. It seemed very dull, but Ethel said it was witty and brilliant for Naples! She herself is not a person who cares for conversation. She cares really for nothing but love-making. Of course she had Castel Maurigi to dine, and we left him with her. He looks very handsome.

[0148] Tuesday, May 5, 1908

La Floridiana.

Fine.

Castel Maurigi came to “see Churches”, i.e., to sit in them holding Ethel’s hand, while Bernhard and I took notes on the pictures. We saw Santa Maria Nuova, the Incoronata, S. Pietro Martire, S. Marcellino (fine cloister), and SS. Severino e Sosio.

The Princess Candriano came to call, very pretty and amusing, looking much younger since the separation from her husband.

Then Ethel and B.B. and I motored up to Camaldoli and walked down by a beautiful path through the woods. Ethel said she was “studying” how to have another baby (which is what she cares for almost as much as having lovers). Unfortunately her husband, in waiving a divorce for a separation, put in the clause that there were to be no more children. It seems a pity, as she is so healthy and rich and so longs to have them!

[0149] Wednesday, May 6, 1908

La Floridiana.

Fine but scirocco.

Saw S. Gennaro dei Poveri in morning, also S. Filippo Neri and the Duomo.

In the afternoon motored to Licola (the Royal Hunting Preserve) along absolutely *the most marvellous* avenue of umbrella pines ever imagined! Passed the Lake of Avernus coming back.

The roads about Naples are horrible, so dusty and full of jolts.

I have read a most silly biography of Lady Hamilton by an idiot called Jeaffreson.

[0150] Thursday, May 7, 1908

La Floridiana.

Fine.

Saw churches with Ethel in morning. She was amused by a 12-page letter from Castel Maurigi, whom she had seen the day before, and was to see again in the afternoon.

How enthusiastic youth it!” she said, rather mockingly. Then she confessed that she had never had a *sentiment* in her life, and burnt all the love-letters she received without the slightest compunction. She likes to get them, as they flatter her vanity, and her one point of vanity is to be sexually attractive. I do not think she cares at all for her children, once babyhood is passed. The only emotions she has are erotic. Yet she is so frank and natural, one likes her.

In the afternoon Nora Ruffo took us to see churches — Monteoliveto and San Gregorio degli Armeni, a rococo convent church, with its old finery untouched, all the gilding mellowed to a delicious richness — one of the most soothing meeting places, as colour, I ever was in.

Curiously, both she and I were feeling very seasick, and I was seized with nausea and diarrhoea when I got back — poisoned by some shellfish we had at lunch.

[0151] Friday, May 8, 1908

Train to Messina

Fine.

I was in bed all day with my “poisoning”. I felt horribly weak and headachey and packing was torture. However, I got it done by bits, and we left by the 7.20 train with Placci. The night was horrible.

Bernhard took Placci, the Princess Candriano to the gallery and returned to lunch with her, Ethel joining them. The Princess said privately that she was delighted to have that chance of rendering hospitality to Ethel without involving any Neapolitans, for Ethel (partly on account of her liaison with the Duca d’Aosta) is no more a *persona grata* in Neapolitan society. Bernhard was shocked, for Ethel had told him that the Princess Candriano was her best friend!

[0152] Hotel San Domenico, Taormina, Saturday, May 9, 1908

Messina. Taormina, Hotel San Domenico.

Glorious.

Arrived at Messina at 9, met by Salvemini. Fresh, lovely day.

We found Messina a very sympathetic town. San Gregorio is in a glorious position, and some of the palatial architecture, especially the Monte di Pietà, was very fine.

After lunch I rested for two hours and then we went up to a military station, over 1,000 m. high, from which we saw Calabria on one side, and Etna and the Lipari islands on the other. It was *most beautiful.*

At 6 we started with Albert Henraux in his motor — **with unpuncturable tyres**! —for Taormina, riding through orange groves of overpowering fragrance. Salvemini came with us, and the luggage followed in Lucien’s motor, Lucien being still in Paris for his exhibition of drawings.

We arrived here at 9.

Baroness French was here, and we chatted a little in the evening.

[0153] Sunday, May 10, 1908

Motoring trip.

Taormina.

Heavenly.

What a place ! What weather! What roses and orange blossoms! One understands what was originally meant by poets (Provençal and in Court of Frederick of Sicily, and copied ever since by Norther poets!) singing of May. This is it, here in the South, where May flings a rich veil of flowers over even the rocks.

Bernhard and I went to lunch with “the most noted Bugger in England”, the Hon. Bertie Stopford. Placci had an attack of virtue and wouldn’t let Albert go, and so couldn’t go himself.

But he was all ears, when we returned, and full of obscene insinuations about “Don Pedrù”, the little boy, brown as a berry, who follows Stopford everywhere like a dog, and also about Stopford’s fat, decadent looking stockbroker friend, Mr. Weylin, who is staying with him.

Placci has chosen **Sodomy** as the “Light motive” of conversation on this trip, and he finds many amusing things to say about it. Stopford solemnly assured B.B. there was no such thing at Taormina except with Germans! Why is it known as “*il vizio inglese*”?

We saw the sunset from the Greek Theatre.

 [0154] Monday, May 11, 1908

Motor Trip.

Hotel Belvedere, Castrogiovanni.

Perfect.

Left at 8.

Mistook Acireale for Catania, but couldn’t make Baedeker fit. Saw Cyclops, and Catania, passed Misterbianco and Licodia, Paternò and Aderico (Norman tower and rococo convent), and entered a *most beautiful* Theocritan valley, leading up to Regalbuto, with a perfectly horrible road for the motor. Fortunately, Albert has the new unpuncturable tyres.

Passed Agira, which looks too lovely from the other side, and Leonforte, and climbed up here. From the hotel there is the most heavenly view of Etna and range upon range of mountains and hills, and a most romantic grey town, Cala<s>cibetta, in the foreground. We are nearly 3,000 feet up. It is a most lovely place!

Placci and I both felt ill with diarrhoea, and I had an awful night, but at least it got me up to see the sunrise, which was glorious.

The say seems like 100 years, so crammed full of beauty and interest. This was the ancient Enna, the centre of the Demeter cult.

[0155] Tuesday, May 12, 1908

Motor Trip.

Grand Hotel, Syracuse

Left at 8. A lovely slide down to the Lago Perguso, where Pluto carried off Proserpina. Thence through flowery meadows to Piazza Armerina, and by a duller road to Calagirone. From there to Vizzini, where we wasted hours trying to see an Antonio da Saliba which is apparently no longer there.

Thence to Militello, where we found a profile by Laurana (in S. Giovanni) and a fine carved portal of his school (S. N. Vetere).

At Scordia we took the wrong turn and got onto a perfectly awful path (it was no more) around the Lago di Lentini. This took us hours, so that we had to rush through Lentini and Carlentini, and reached here only at 9. It is an *awfully* noisy hotel, just opposite the place of embarcation, and they are shipping building stones to Genoa!

[0156] Wednesday, May 13, 1908

Motor Tour.

Grand Hotel, Siracusa.

Perfect.

Saw the town, Lucien arrived.

Motored to the Scala Greca, then to \*\*Euryalos, and then to the \*\*\*Greek Theatre. Too delightful.

It is the best trip we ever had.

[an article pasted down]

[0157] Thursday, May 14, 1908

Motor Tour.

Albergo della Stella, Modica.

Perfect. Scirocco begins.

Went up the Anapus — a perfect se\_\_\_, for they had cut *all* the papyrus, and we were broiled in a dull ditch! But we laughed heartily.

In the afternoon we motored to Modica, stopping at Noto to see the Laurana in the Chiesa del Crocifisso and the Gagini in S. Chiara. Noto is a fine late XVII town.

The inn at Modica is *awful*, noisy, dirty and with incredibly slow service. Bernhard fainted dead away with noise and heat and fatigue at dinner, and afterwards was very sick.

The Marchese Tedeschi, a young man of 27, father of four children, sent us a bottle of wine 61 years old and came to see us.

Fleas awful!

[0158] Friday, May 15, 1908

Motoring Tour.

Hotel des Temples, Girgenti.

Scirocco.

Motored in great heat through Ragusa, Corniso, Vittoria, Terranova, Licata and Palme here. The inn (Trinacria) at Terranova was excellent, but the prices the most exorbitant we ever encountered. They tried to charge us 76 f. for the luncheon, and we could only get it down to 63!

The view between Ragusa and Corniso was *glorious*, and also after Palme, approaching Girgenti. It is the only way to approach this town.

We had lemonade in the Temple. Albert’s tyre was spoiled by the *awful* road.

Alys is doing well after her operation.

I kept Bernhard alive during the day by pouring lavender water down his spine. It is a splendid thing for coolness.

It is useless to speak of those Temples. We enjoyed them unforgettably.

[0159] Saturday, May 16, 1908

Motoring Tour.

Scirocco.

Saw Girgenti in morning.

A little boy with beautiful eyes, who winked at the men in a very provocative way, followed us everywhere. We called him “Pasqualuccio” after Augustus Hare’s little shepherd boy at the Temples. Hare was what Placci calls an “Archi-bugger”.

Went to the Temples after tea. The scirocco suddenly cleared away. The moonrise was most beautiful.

[0160] Sunday, May 17, 1908

Albergo Bixio, Castelvetrano.

Very hot.

Started at 8.30 and saw Sciacca, with a very interesting Madonna by Laurana, very wicked looking, and some Gaginis.

Got to Selinunte for tea, and had gorgeous sunset and view. I felt rather sick, and must have had a *coup de soleil*, for it was frightfully hot, and we did not lunch till 2.

 [0161] Monday, May 18, 1908

Grand Hotel, Trapani.

Cooler.

Got to Mazzara and saw a most amusing church heavily decorated with reliefs. A small boy in the crowd had an absolutely Greek profile, with those eyes set in that marvellous way. It was too wonderful!

We had lunch at Marsala and saw the town and the harbour. Some tombs by Dom. Gagini. Then we went to Salemi and saw a very romantic St. Julian by \*Dom. Gagini — a fascinating and romantic figure.

The road from Salemi to Calatafimi was delicious — actually shaded in parts, a thing extremely rare in Sicily.

Tea and sunset at Segesta ——!

The Garibaldi monument looks exactly like the remains of some cult of Phallic Worship.

[0162] Tuesday, May 19, 1908

Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Cooler.

Saw the Madonna di Trapani, a fine Dom. Gagini dressed from head to foot in a garment woven of offerings of jewels — rings, pins, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, watches, etc. Saw also the Museo which Conte Pepoli is putting in order.

Went up Monte S. Giuliano — fine view. Coast-line marvellous.

Motored through Castellammare (superb view descending from it) to Alcamo, where we found nothing, and then here, arriving late.

Ray’s Tripos began today. She reports herself calm and resigned.

[0163] Wednesday, May 20, 1908

Palermo.

Fine.

Saw Museo. Telegraphed to Ray.

Saw Baron Chiaramonte Bordonaro’s collection in the afternoon, had tea there and then drove along the Marina, and then called on Lina, with whom we had lunched at the restaurant Parigi, Palazzo Rudinì, Quattro Canti della Città.

Wrote letters and talked all evening about Sodomy. The Henraux boys see nothing but low vice in it, ditto Placci, really.

[0164] Thursday, May 21, 1908

Motoring Trip, Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Not too hot. Fine.

Saw the Capella Palatina, the Duomo, and St. Salvadore and the Chiesa del Cancelliere in morning.

Went to lunch with Trabias. Their great palace on the Marina seems to me the most ideal dwelling place I have *ever* seen — such large cool rooms, such flower-grown terraces, such a view! About 12 men servants received us, and the luncheon was very grand. The Princess is a very charming woman but B.B. says she has been miserably unhappy with her husband, who has treated her quite brutally.

The Poetess, Mme. de Noailles was there — *un vrai type* — but full of interesting talk, and rather vital. But she was awful when she began to recite her own poems.

Then we went to Monreale by tram, the Prince coming in his motor to see how we liked it.

In the evening Lina and Aubrey Waterfield came to dine, and Signor Petri to call.

Awfully tired.

[0165] Friday, May 22, 1908

Motoring Trip, Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Fine. Dusty.

Started at 8.30 and motored to Termini, which we explored. Then on to Cefalù with its fine Norman Cathedral, an Antonello portrait in the Liceo, and endless Fleas. We were all scratching and catching.

Then we motored to Castelbuono and saw some dismal Antonio da Salibas, and then tried to find the “Primeval forest of cork trees”, but did not succeed. We doubt if it exists! Then we came back, part of the time by the beautiful road of the “Targa Florio” and partly by the glorious coast. We were dreadfully tired.

I am not sure I should advise most people to do this. They would have to have real enthusiasm to support the boring parts. But I am glad *we* did it.

[0166] Saturday, May 23, 1908

Grand Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Horrible scirocco.

The most awful day! A stifling furnace. We saw Churches, La Gangia, S. Francesco etc. etc., and then went to have lunch with Miss Giuseppe Whitaker. It was deadly as no one really thought of anything else but how soon they could get away and get off their unbearable clothes!

Bernhard however “resisted” and went to the Museo with Salinas, who says that now that he is Director of Belle Arti in Sicily his whole time is taken up trying to get a government grant to put W.C.’s at Girgenti, Segesta, Selinunte, etc.!

Later we motored to S. M. Gesù and the “Castel del Mare Dolce”, and then up to the Garibaldi monument whence we got a glorious view of Palermo and the plain.

[0167] Sunday, May 24, 1908

Grand Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Rain! a miracle at this season.

Very cool — a refreshing contrast.

Saw churches, including the one of the “Sicilian Vespers”.

Called on Trabias.

[blue ink begins to be used here]

 [0168] Monday, May 25, 1908

Motor Trip.

Albergo Progresso, Nicosia

Fine.

We left Palermo rather gladly at 8.30. Our first real stop was Polizzi Generosa. The \*\*road after Cerua was perfect, and very, very beautiful, up and up to over 3,000 feet.

At Polizzi a remarkable Flemish picture, but awful “*picciotti*” (small boys).

The next places were Petralia Soltana e Soprana, then past romantic-looking Gangi to Troina where two little choir boys dressed in red looked at us out of an old tower. Nothing to see there, and a fearful climb. Road superb.

We passed strange-looking \*Sperlinga, full of Trogloditi dwellings, and came to still stranger \*Nicosia, built on pocky peaks like Le Puy, but more of them and more inhabited. Views superb, and hotel fairly good, kept by “Donna Luisa.”

[0169] Tuesday, May 26, 1908

Motor Trip.

Hotel Trinacria, Messina.

Fine.

Left Nicosia early and went along a good road with fine views. Wheel gave out opposite Etna and Bronte.

When we went on we “connoshed” a white, intensely English-looking sort of manor house as Maniace, which it was.

Placci and I had great sport over an imaginary Lady Susan Hatfield who paid a visit to Alec Hood there. Quite like an English country-house party, with that clever novelist, Mr. Hichens, and a Mr. Stopford, who has a villa at Taormina. Dear Alec was so nice with the boys in the neighbourhood. He taught them to take baths, and even scrubbed them himself. He took her to have a picnic, tea, with Scotch scones, just like home, and the agent’s son, such a handsome lad came, and Alec said, you must conform to the customs of the country, and he kissed him. And he has such a good-looking gardener named Pasquale, and another boy as servant who serves sometimes in the army, and Alec makes him put on his uniform and come to tea. He has had photographs taken of some of the boys, who are really like Greek statues, to send to Ronald Gower, his great friend, who does sculpture, you know, and begged him to send him photographs of the best models he could find. The boys all seem so happy and so fond of Alec, it is a real pleasure. Alec is very religious too, though a little too High Church for Lady [0168] Susan. He even keeps a couple of candles burning in front of a picture of St. Sebastian, by the quaint painter Sodóma. Etc. etc. We had great fun with Lady Susan.

Visited Randazzo (only St. Martino to see) and then came over a beautiful \*\*Pass to Milazzo, and over \*another to Messina.

[0170] XX Wednesday, May 27, 1908

Motor Trip.

Palazzo del Marchese di S. Caterina, Diego di Francia, Monteleone Calabria.

Cool. Fine.

\*\*A glorious day!! We left Messina by the 7.20 boat and came to S. Giovanni and took train to Reggio, where we saw a little Antonello in the Museo. Albert had to leave us for his military service.Lucien joined us at Reggio, and we motored round the toe of Italy to Gerace, across innumerable “fiumare” with no bridges. We sometimes had to go through the water on donkeys while the lightened motor rushed it. Once the road was so broken-down that Pierre had to mend it before his motor could go on. But the views were superb!

And after Gerace to Polisthena and on to Monteleone we motored through great forests of olives growing as high as elms, a \*\*fairy landscape imagined by Corot and Gainsborough.

We came to this palazzo where the agent, Signor Genovese, received us and gave us a gorgeous dinner. The second son has just died at S. Domenico, and everything points to his having been assassinated. **They think it was a priest who tried to seduce him**, and then arranged what looked like a suicide. The priest in the neighbouring town of Mileto was poisoned this morning in the chalice and also the acolyte, who tasted the wine after him.

[0171] Ascension Day,  Thursday, May 28, 1908

Motor Trip.

Signor Achille Fazzari’s, Ferdinandea, Stilo (Str. Monasterace)

Rain.

Motored to Serra San Bruno, on a lovely mountain pass. Going on, the Fazzari motor met us, with the son, Spartaco. He took Placci, and in spite of the rain, we all went to Stilo and saw the early Greek churchlet on the mountain side. It was heavenly to be rid of Placci, whose incessant loud chatter drives us nearly wild. He yells out all the things that pass through his head, all the idle speculations, all the commonplace reflections, that most people keep to themselves. One of the enchantments of motoring is the long hours of reverie with a constantly unrolling panorama of beautiful scenery, but Placci won’t let you have a minute of it!

Then we came here, a great big establishment, with 40 rooms always ready for guests, and all the modern conveniences, including a first-rate “Monsù” (cook). Old Fazzari was Garibaldi’s intimate friend, and lived 5 years at Caprera with him. He is a perfect specimen of a hospitable old patriarch, and talks like the Mille Nuits. He always speaks of Liberty, and is of course a frightful domestic tyrant!

[0172] Friday, May 29, 1908

Hotel Brezia, Catanzaro. (A horrible hotel, with exorbitant prices.)

Glorious.

Left after lunch with great regret after 3 hours talk from old Fazzari chiefly about Garibaldi’s love affairs! Mrs. Collins, Giuseppina Raimondi, Battistina, and la Balia Francesca, who became his third wife. We saw Garibaldi’s journal, where he put down the temperature and barometric markings every day, the sowing of potatoes, the \_\_\_\_ of calves, and the taking of cities and winning of battles in brief notes. On the evening of the victory at Dijon he wrote to his wife that they had see the backs of the bravest enemies they had ever encountered; that it was a season of exceptional cold all over Europe, and she must see that the calves are kept warm; that in passing through Marseilles he had seen some nice toys, and she must tell Manlii and Clelia that he would buy them one each on his way back.

We motored through lovely scenery, great chestnut woods, after the immense beach-forest in which Ferdinandea is situated, and through Squillace,a miserable little village, saw the ruins of Roscelleto and came here, where a friend of Fazzari’s met us and showed us the Museum and Church. I had an attack of nausea, etc.

[black ink begins to be used here]

[0173] Saturday, May 30, 1908

Albergo Vetere, Cosenza.

Hot.

A very hot morning, but gradually we climbed up the Sila Grande, and after crossing the highest part of the Pass (about 6,000 feet), we came into the most lovely scenery, like the best of Switzerland, but with wider outlooks. “Very beautiful, but not original.”

The motor began to go badly, owing to poor benzina, bought at that wretched Catanzaro. The part of our road before the Sila was very desolate, like Africa, Placci said, bare mud mounds and scrub-grown earth-heaps, rising to mountains almost.

The descent to Cosenza was very steep, but beautiful. Still, on another trip, I should leave out Catanzaro and this, if necessary.

Placci’s continual chatter is *very* wearing, and we are certainly working up to a quarrel!

We passed through Santa Severina (Castle and Baptistry) and San Giovanni in Fiore, where the women wore a very pretty costume, with this hair in two turned-up braids hanging on their temples.

[0174] Sunday, May 31, 1908

Motor Tour.

Fine.

Albergo Vetere, Casenza (good hotel, though primitive)

Saw the few sights, Cathedral and rivers where Alaric was buried.

Wrote letters. Started late as usual on account of Pierre, who <is> almost as unpunctual as Placci.

Went up the \*Pass to Paola — very lovely.

Then through Bisignano to Acri only to find that the road to Rossano through Longobucco wasn’t finished, and the one through Corigliano was broken. So we had to come back here, sending a wire to Giuseppe, who was waiting for us at Rossano. They say the Longobucco road is very beautiful.

[clipping from *The Daily Telegraph,* May 26, 1908, on Rothenstein’s “Portrait of Bernhard Berenson”, ‘a critic and art-historian of great and well-deserved fame’]

 [0175] Monday, June 1, 1908

Motor Tour.

Albergo Sirino, Lagonegro.

Fine.

Left at 8.30. Our first stop was Terranova. From S. Francesco the \*\*\*view over the plain of Sibari watered by the Coscile and the Crati was too beautiful to be believed — quiet, classic, perfect — worth all the journey.

Placci alas did his best to spoil it, fighting with B.B. who was admirable. It ended up with Placci’s saying very rudely, “*Tu es le maître de l’auto: tu vas ou tu veux, je dois être très reconnaissant que tu mi permets de t’accompagner*” — the sort of thing no well-bred person could say. lucien grew as black as thunder.

We stopped a moment at Spezzano Albanese, but the language and costume was better at \*Lungro. Then we came through Castelvillari over the \*pass to Lagonegro, a beautiful road, beautiful!

[0176] Tuesday, June 2, 1908

Motor Trip.

Albergo Lombardo, Potenza, Basilicata.

Placci apologized very nicely, and peace reigns again!

We left Lagonegro fairly early and came down a lovely mountain road to Padula where we spent hours strolling in the spacious cloisters of the Convento di S. Lorenzo, once the home of 40 rich monks, each with his gib suite of apartment, w.c., garden, open air bath, etc. — the ideal of leisurely, cultivated, spacious life. We revelled in it. It is not a “monument nazionale”, but I think we are the first strangers to visit it since Lenormand.

We came on through Áteba - Brienza to Marsico Nuova, over a pass where an army of caterpillars had eaten bare every oak-tree. No road on, so we had to come back to Brienza. But the motor broke down, and we had two hours of the \*\*most beautiful view of the valley of the Agri, with Marsico Nuova in the foreground, a perfect view! Passed through Tito and reached here about 8.

I found a letter from Scott saying his father died on the 27th and he was leaving at once for England. He was of course very much upset, but I think in giving him his freedom it will be an advantage to him, and perhaps the same for them all, for his father seems to have been one of those good tyrants, whom you can’t resent.

[0177] Wednesday, June 3, 1908

Motor Trip.

Potenza.

Very hot.

Did not get off till after 10, and motored past Vaglio and Trecarico and Grassano and Groppolo to a wretched village called Miglionico, where, in the SS. Crocefisso is a fine polyptych by Cima da Conegliano.

We did not take lunch, thinking to get it there, and in fact there was an albergo and ristorante indicated in the Touring Guide. The albergatore received us, took us up some inconceivably dirty stairs and through a bed-room with a half-naked man dressing on the bed, through a vacant school-room into a large smelly bed-room where a man with his head bound up was lying in bed. *This* was to be our dining-room!

We fled to the picture, and afterwards, about 3, made a meal of biscuits and oranges and some frightful cheese Placci bought, by the roadside. The *pneu* which already at Palermo was reported moribund held out by Santa Caoucharuchio’s aid, till we were returning and in the shade of an oak forest. It has been really *miraculous*!! We got back at our usual time 8.15.

The people here say “Qua si” “Qua no” (Signor). At Siracusa they said always “Scenza di” (Eachunza).

We asked a boy what a ribbon he wore meant. “Dioozcim all’ Ciumo” Dioziamo all’Ecce Homo”.

[0178] Thursday, June 4, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples,

Hot.

Ray’s Twenty-first Birthday!!

Meant to stop at 7, but a cameriera would not let us have benzine, because we had gone to the *other* hotel.

At last, after a fight, got off at 8. This made us late, and we had only a minute at Eboli to see some pictures in the Sacristy of S. Francesco, before we caught the 12.10 train here. Our road was horrible, even after we joined the Strada Nazionale at Auletta, full of cracked stones, with grass growing over them in places. The only town we passed was Picerna, very picturesque.

Lord Grimthorpe, who has a Villa at Ravello, **and visits Alex Hood (!)**, was in the train. A silly man, very English.

Arrived here, and found a telegram from Ray saying “safely through” (her Tripos).

Had welcome baths and tea and chat on the terrace. Of course Castel Maurigi was there. He was the only one who even appeared to take any interest in our adventures! Ethel is a great hand at killing conversation  or even chatter. The evening was — long.

[0179] Friday, June 5, 1908

Fine.

\*Went in yacht round Capri. Most beautiful.

[photo of an elegant room in Palazzo Serristori pasted down]

[0180] Saturday, June 6, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples

Fine.

Lazy. Did nothing. Placci and Maurigi and Lucien and Lady Algy Gordon Lennox to tea.

Finzi to dine.

[0181] Sunday, June 7, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples.

Scirocco.

Dreadful day.

Stayed in bed till 12.

Castel Maurigi came to lunch, and he and Ethel had the afternoon to themselves till 5.

Mrs. Daniel says she has broken her father all up by taking this new lover, who is a handsome, insignificant youth. The Duca d’Aosta of course rather added lustre, and Finzi, being a distinguished man, was borne, but no one will stand this boy, and she has been cut by *tout* *Naples*. She is furious and rages and waps, but won’t change her behaviour. Major Davis is compounded of pride, and feels the slights keenly. Seen closely, it is a wretched household. All the servants are frightfully discontented too, and have come begging us to get them other situations. So much for my fast perishing idea of “living for pleasure”!

 [0182] Monday, June 8, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Fine.

Travelled up from Naples to Florence 8.40-8.25. Placci was with us.

Nora Ruffo met us at the Roman *gare*, and we had a little chat. I think she has been in love with B.B., and still is a little.

I Tatti

[0183] Tuesday, June 9, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Fine.

Massage 7.30-8.15.

Unpacked, etc. Went to town and called on Maud Cruttwell and bought some of her furniture, and called on Mascha von Heiroth who is in the Maternità with her ten days old baby named Algar!

Rembielinski was here when I came back, sitting under the trees talking with Bernhard.

Dr. Giglioli came. Called also on Houghtons. Felt something queer in the air. Cecil and Alice are there.

[0184] Wednesday, June 10, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Fine.

Letters etc. morning.

Houghton and three girls, including Alice, came to call, Mrs. Houghton remaining at home with Cecil. It seems unfortunately clear that she is in love with Cecil, although he is engaged to Alice, but I suppose they will “muddle along somehow”, thus obeying the one immutable Law!

Mr. MacMillin and his daughter Mrs. Stuart and a Mrs. Woolly also called.

In the evening we dined with Cannon, who had the ubiquitous (and dull) Miss Jones, nice Pauline Goldmarck and Herbert Horne. It was not interesting.

B.B. had a happy inspiration. Cannon had some special champagne opened of the “Coronation” mark, he said, only he pronounced it *à l’Américaine*.

“What does Cornation mean?” asked B.B. from the other end of the table. Everyone combined to suppress him, and perhaps Cannon didn’t hear. Miss Goldmarck had a *fou rire* for 5 minutes!

[0185] Thursday, June 11, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Spent morning discussing building, drainage, etc. with the architect, the ragioniere, the fattore and the Triulzi. Paid bills.

Both of us feeling frightfully tired.

Mrs. Ross with Dr. Lindsay and Ch. Lacaita came to dine.

[0186] Friday, June 12, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Massage.

Did Naples notes — very complicated.

Slept after lunch.

Cannon called to say goodbye — very dull.

Dined at Gamberaia with the Countess Serristori and Placci. It was wonderfully beautiful, but we all seemed to me very banal.

[photo of the parterre at the Gamberaia]

[0187] Saturday, June 13, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Agnes Steffenburg.

Ray and Karin are marching in the Suffrage Procession in London, and tonight Ray goes to Amsterdam with Mrs. Fawcett, and Karin returns to Cambridge for a Masonic Ball.

Finished Naples.

Slept 1/2 hour.

The Serristori and Rembielinski called 4-7 on B.B., but I went to town and did errands and ended up by calling on Livingstone Davis and his wife, newly married Bostonians.

I called at Houghtons to say we were going swimming tomorrow, and found that Mrs. H. had taken Cecil Pinsent off by herself for a week’s motoring, leaving Alice and Houghton. It is clear that she is in love with Cecil — Ray and Ellie noticed it last year, but she is certainly wrong in not accepting facts, and causing all this pain to Alice. I have seen it coming for a long time, but refused to look, for it seemed too monstrous, and I have found Mrs. H. generally fine in big things, detestable as she is in small ones. I am afraid Alice is very unhappy over it, as she came out to be with Cecil.

[0188] Sunday, June 14, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Agnes Steffenburg.

**They gave us the key of the Lake at last**. Agnes and I went to swim and Edmund and Alice came also. They said they hoped Mary and Cecil would return today. The water was delicious!

Slept in afternoon, and did some type-writing of Florentine lists left undone.

Leo and Gertrude Stein came to dine. He has become a Fletcherite (chewer), and he spared us no detail of the effect on stomach and intestines. We missed the genial spirit of Sally Stein, and were all rather dull. Gertrude Stein, though she lives in Paris and (in a way) talks French, is reading Balzac in translation. They talked about the love-affairs of Paris models, and I was filled with an infinite (and unwarranted) disgust.

 [0189] Monday, June 15, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Swam with Agnes in morning with nothing on.

The Houghtons came later, Mary looking, I must say, better than I have ever seen her. Being in love is certainly a beautifier.

Dr. Oswald Sirèn and Gronau came to lunch. Sirèn spent six months at Point Loma in California, under Mrs. Tingley, who is known as “The Purple Mother”. He is her disciple, but he gave us no clear account of what it was all about. But that was partly our fault, for we are “animositous and ridiculizing”, and also he speaks English very “stiffly”, as he said.

The Countess Serristori and Rembielinski came in the afternoon, also Placci. It seemed more than I could bear — these hours of continual talk.

[0190] Tuesday, June 16, 1908

Rain. Storm.

Worked.

Dined with Aunt Janet and Dr. Lindsay but in the afternoon Rizi Visconti Venosta came, the Livingston Davises and the Papafavas.

[0191] Wednesday, June 17, 1908

Fine.

Miss Giles.

Bathed with Agnes and Houghton party.

Went to town at 4.30 (Benn called) and called on von Heiroths. I found Mascha very miserable, and her husband, as usual, a sad bore.

Shopped.

Left cards on Marchesa di Francia, whose house we stayed in at Monteleone.

Called for Ellen Giles who has been two years in Sardinia and can speak of nothing else — and scarcely of that, poor thing, as her nerves have all gone to pieces.

The Kerr Lawsons came to dine.

[0192] Thursday, June 18, 1908

I Tatti.

Warm.

Bathed with Agnes and Miss Giles. The Lawsons came afterards, and then the Houghton party, Alice left at home, Edmund and Miss Ellis walking, and Mary and Cecil motoring alone.

Finished typing Index of Places for Florentines.

In the evening the Serristoris, Rembielinski and the Contessa D’Orsay came to dine, and Placci and his brother and Lucien afterwards. They spent 3 1/2 hours speaking evil of the late Prince Strozzi (Checchina D’Orsay’s lover), of Montesquiou, of the Princesse Murat, la Duchesse de Rohan and others. I found it, somehow, *dégoutant*!

Ammanati came and we settled the electric lights.

[0193] Friday, June 19, 1908

I Tatti.

Scirocco.

Bathed with Agnes in morning.

Johnson cabled that he would take the Sodoma and the Costa Madonnas at £500 each. What luck!

Did considerable work.

Countess Ludolf came to call. She deplored her brother’s little villa, Bagazzano, being so near the Gamberaia and said two proverbs apropos of it: “*Dal Bagazzano si vede Gamberaia. Iddio fa due persone, l’Amore fa un paio*” and “*Chi pecora si fa, il lupo la mangia*.”

She evidently thinks Florence Blood as bad as Stephanie.

The doctor came, and then Theresa Thorold to dine. Algar, it seems, is flourishing on the Elixir, “El Sair”, and streams of black roll off him with each application! She said that Dora and Carlo di Rudini were *au pire.*

Miss Blood and the lovely Princess came in the evening.

[0194] Saturday, June 20, 1908

I Tatti.

Rain then fine.

Agnes Steffenburg.

Settled electric lamp-stands, etc. Worked.

Sirèn came and talked lots of rot about “Black Magic”, Reincarnation. Mme. Blavatski etc. — the usual affair. He is a disciple of “The Purple Mother” (Mrs. Tingley) at Point Loma, California.

Houghtons came in morning.

I went to town and called on Ady Placci, Mrs. MacLean (out) and Mascha. Did some errands. Agnes came up with me.

Mrs. Ross came to dine. She said Ray’s name stood very high in the Tripos list!!!

Mrs. Cornell said that, being interested in Natural History, she asked boy to bring her a certain kind of snake, alive. The next day he brought it in a bottle, but it seemed dead when she took it out. The boy protested he had put it in alive. She smelt the bottle, and there was a strong odour of brandy, and she said, “Well, he must be drunk.” “Does he see men?” asked the boy!

[0195] Sunday, June 21, 1908

I Tatti.

Showery — hot.

Agnes Steffenburg.

Swam with Agnes, Miss Giles, Mrs. Cornell and Dorothy Rose and Miss Stein (oh how fat!). Afterwards Stein and von Heiroth went in. We all had lunch at the lake.

The Marchese Antinori called, and talked delightfully about his month in the Canadian forest. He also said that at the time of the recent Wall St. crisis all the bankers etc. came to meet Pierpont Morgan. They began *discorsi* of an eloquent and moving description, but he silenced them and said, “No speeches! Let each of you write on a slip of paper what he will contribute and hand them to me”, and he went to his desk and played Patience until the sums were written down. He aded them up, and then tore up all the paper, and said, “If each of you will contribute twice as much as he has put down and sign a paper to that effect — no speeches! — we shall pull through: otherwise not”, and went back to his Patience. They did it.

It turns out that Ray’s “Equal to 80” means that she was almost at the tail, there being only 83 men!

 [0196] Monday, June 22, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool and Rainy.

Torrini came from Siena, and we spent the morning wrangling about the binding of our books and magazines. Very tiring.

I went to town.

B.B. received the Countess Serristori and Rembielinski, the latter of whom told us of a short story he had read somewhere the point of which was the following: Unexpected meeting of young man and woman at a hotel in a watering place, who had been *amis d’enfance* — touching, *attendrissants* *souvenirs*, she very pleased and friendly. He “*bien naturellement*” (as R. said!!), having a room next to hers, looked through the key-hole to see her at her toilette. But she hung something over the key-hole. Fury of man that she could have thought him capable of such a *bassesse*. “*A d’autres, oui, mais à elle, l’amie d’enfance, quel idée elle a du se former de moi, quelle injustice!*”

We dined with Labouchères. Mrs. L. is trying her El Zair. She said Carlo di Rudinì was the most beastly and unkind husband ever invented. He is carried up dead drunk every night at the Grand Hotel. Dora has made 8 thousand pounds of debts on her own account.

[0197] Tuesday, June 23, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Some rain.

Don Guido Cagnola.

Packed 2 trunks.

Went to town about the exportation of the Sodoma which they don’t want to let pass.

Got back in time to give last instructions to Ammanati, while B.B. was talking to Don Guido, who ran down from Milan to see us. He seemed more cheerful, but was as much of a damper to conversation as ever. It was very noticeable when Florence Blood came to dine. However, she liked him immensely.

[0198] Wednesday, June 24, 1908

I Tatti.

Misty. Scirocco.

Last things.

Called on Mrs. Ross and said goodbye.

The Princess and Miss Blood came in their motor and took us down to see the Cupola illuminated in honour of S. Giovanni. It was wonderfully beautiful, looking surprisingly transparent, like a jewel, flaming with thousands of flickering little oil lamps. They threaten electricity for next year, but that will destroy this weird glimmering, glow-worm effect.

[0199] Thursday, June 25, 1908

Fair.

Train to Paris (Simplon).

Packing etc. Adieu to servants.

Damiano quite ill with chagrin at not being kept on, but he is *too* awful a driver. He ruins the mouths and knees of every horse!

The person I felt sorriest of all to say goodbye to was Agnes. What a pull a nurse or masseuse has in gaining one’s affections!

I read *La Vaisseau des Caresses* which Jules Bois (the author) sent to B.B.

[0200] St. James Hotel, Paris, Friday, June 26, 1908

Fine.

Met Mrs. Baldwin in the train, who old us about a lie a minute. This made conversation very fatiguing. She said Gladys meant to marry a young Austrian philosopher, Kaiserling, *sous le sou*. It seems improbable. The plans were so vague as to permit of her telling us she was going to spend July in St. Moritz, in Norway, in Therapia and in Paris. Ouf — !

**The cherubic-looking young Duveen** met B.B. at the Railway to urge him to undertake the catalogue of Widener’s pictures. Fairfax Murray wants to do it, and no wonder, as he and Agnew have dumped most of their rubbish on him!

At 5 Mr. Joseph Widener came to talk with B.B. about this very thing. He seemed an agreeable young man.

M. St. André also called.

We went to dine at Versailles with Elsie de Wolff and Bessie Marbury and Miss Pierpont Morgan — very pleasant, as usual.

Mr. Munsey was there — founder of six deadly magazines and four newspapers — an eminently successful and depressing man. His secretary, young Crowninshield was a friend of B.B.’s boyhood. They brought us back in their motor.

[0201] <Paris> Saturday, June 27, 1908

Called on Brauer and Duveen and lunched with Glaenzer.

Then we went to Baron Lazzarani’s and found that the Botticelli portrait Venturi published really was Botticelli!! A great pleasure.

**B.B. then called on Mme Lambert, who at once attacked him for going to his friends at Versailles, people of the worst reputation (Lesbian), who have seduced Miss Pierpont Morgan, and into whose house no decent person enters, etc. Odd from her, whose reputation as a Lesbian is notorious!**

Then he called on Widener, who has the whole first floor of the Bristol Hotel (Place Vendôme), and had 1 1/2 <hour> chat, and liked him.

We dined with the Sherrills, who were most embarrassing in their flatteries. Mr. Sherrill talks real American idiom. “When he came to, he didn’t: etc. He admires Roosevelt immensely, especially for not standing again. Roosevelt is going to Africa to shoot big game, and *Collier’s Weekly* is going to pay him $20,000 for articles on what he shoots. That is the “American Cincinnatus.”

[0202] Sunday, June 28, 1908

Hotel St. James, Paris.

Fine. Hot.

*Noah bu et devient tendre*

*Et puis il fut son gendre*

— one of Reinach’s chaste quotations.

Went to Art Dec. and then Louvre, where we met John Robertson — nice man!

Billy Taylor came to lunch, and later went with us to have tea at Elsie’s at Versailles. He was looking thin and handsome, and his speech has improved. He has been ferociously in love with a girl of 20 named Bird, from Boston. She refused him and he was really ill for months, and thought he would die. Now he is doggedly waiting for her to come round. He has really taken it very hard.

We dined with Reinach, who had the unfortunate idea of asking Mr. & Mrs. Jastrow, and then spending the time reading us XVII <century> lewd rhymes upon the Court, etc., which they certainly could not understand, and we didn’t want to.

He is writing a book to be called *Orpheus*, companion to his *Apollo*, with the History of Religions. It ought to be very good.

 [0203] Monday, June 29, 1908

Fine.

I lunched with Glaenzer and B.B. with Mme Lambert and Mrs. Rowland. He called on Mme de Luche and dined with St. André and Cardman. I called on Mrs. Baldwin, but did not see Gladys, who is ill with gastric fever. Dined alone.

William James said, “When you climb on a man’s back, refrain from the temptation to spit on his head!”

[0204] Tuesday, June 30, 1908

Hotel St. James, Paris.

Heavy and hot.

Shopped a little.

Bernhard went to Duveen’s. They were most flattering, and if 1/10 of what they say is true, a future of affluence lies before us! **They said they would never touch an Italian picture but on his advice, and would give him 10% of their profits on sales!**

We lunched with Mrs. Baldwin at the Ritz, a frightfully simple lunch for which she paid 54 francs!

Bernhard called on Mrs. Peabody Rice, who was not at home.

We went to Montesquiou’s house (95σ rue Charles Lafitte, Neuilly) and saw *the most beautiful* interior we ever saw. The only false note was the modern pictures, Boldini etc.

M. is clearly in love with Bernhard, he could not keep his hands off him.

We had tea with Mrs. Ripley and Crowninshield at the Pré Catalan, and dines with lovable, boring Reinach.

[0114] Wednesday, Apr. 1, 1908

Iffley.

Quiet but very delightful day with Mother.

[0115] Thursday, Apr. 2, 1908

London.

Stayed with Mother till 4 and then came up.

I went with Geoffrey in the evening to hear the Bach Mass in B minor at the Albert Hall — 1,000 voices. It was very grand.

[0116] Friday, Apr. 3, 1908

London.

Endless shopping. Karin and Ray came up to the flat. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Geoffrey’s parents, came to tea. I think it passed off quite well. Mrs. Scott is sweet and kind and good but very discursive!

In the evening we all dined at Pagani’s and enjoyed it quite well. Ray and Karin looked very nice in new dresses. The two boys stayed on at the flat till midnight. On the whole, it was a successful reunion of our jolly old motor-party.

[0117] Saturday, Apr. 4, 1908

Paris with Scott.

Ray and Karin came to see us off at Victoria. It was *awful* parting with them.

The crossing was rough, and I suffered from “deferred sea-sickness” all night.

The train was late and Neith and Hutch were waiting for us. We all went to dine at the Lapérouse, and Hutch gave us a lot of jaw about Topic No. I. Then they insisted on our going to a Café, where we sat very drearily until midnight, when they took the train for St. Cloud, and we went — oh so weary and sick! — to bed. Hutch was a great dear, all the same.

[0118] Sunday, Apr. 5, 1908

Paris with Scott.

Went to the Louvre. Met Hamilton Field there. He had crossed with the Cannons, and liked Harry. Scott’s spirits rose.

I lunched with the Reinachs, who spent the time quarrelling about the telephone.

Scott came at 2 and Reinach took us to see an unimportant private collection, and then to *Les Indépendants*. What horrors!

Then, after a turn in the Bois, we called on the Fields, and then went to St. Cloud and had dinner with Neith and Hutch. Boyce was very sweet. Nothing very interesting was said. Got home at 11, rather tired. I felt very ill.

 [0119] Monday, Apr. 6, 1908

Paris to Milan with Scott.

Got the plasmon biscuits and our sleeping car tickets, and then went to the Louvre, which we had to ourselves. I was suddenly taken very unwell, which quite upset my mind, and I confused hours and lunched (at the Lapérouse) an hour to soon. Really it’s a curse to be a woman!

The train was very comfortable. There was no one else in it and the porter gave us a huge salon to ourselves, fortunately divisible in two for sleeping.

We felt we were accumulating police court evidence, but on the principle of the tipsy Irishman who showed with glee a return ticket and said, “And *I’m not coming back*!”

[0120] Tuesday, Apr. 7, 1908

I Tatti.

Scott.

We reached Milan at 7.20. I was frightfully unwell and did not know how to get on, but somehow pulled through. We went for half an hour to the Duomo. We both slept most of the way to Pistoia. Crossed the Appenines in the rain, but the sun came out for our artival.

Bernhard was at his Committee, and did not get back till after Algar had arrived. We had amusing talk at dinner. Algar is awfully keen on the Elixir “El Zair”.

[0121] Wednesday, Apr. 8, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Scott.

Lunched at Placci’s with Salvemini and Schlumberger.

Bernhard went to Brauer’s and I picked Scott up at the Uffizi.

Chatted in evening.

[photo of the *grotta* and retaining wall at Gamberaia]

[0122] Thursday, Apr. 9, 1908

Scott.

Alberto and Houghton came up to lunch, and Alberto played Bach *divinely*.

The Cannons came in, and a little later, to fetch Alberto, his father and a Mr. MacMillan — a brutish looking American millionaire.

I believe Mr. Spalding is paying heavily for this American tour of Alberto’s, on which he is supposed to get $600 a night! They are evidently determined to advertize the boy. What a shame it is not to let him get any education first, to have so little chance of development.

Miss Elizabeth Sergeant, a friend of Florence’s, came to dine. Rather pretty, rather nice, not very important.

Algar and Douglas Ainslie came to call. Ainslie is an intolerable bore, and the most conceited man I know.

Young Henry Cannon seems very nice. He is reserved, but smiles sympathetically, and has nice blue eyes that meet yours readily.

[0123] Friday, Apr. 10, 1908

Fine.

Frau von Grunelius came to lunch.

I left early to meet Rukhmambai, and then met Scott and Harry Cannon at the Uffizi. **They let me stay for an hour after it was closed, and Scott with me. It was delightful!**

Then we called for Maud, who was enchanted to see again the young man’s “decadent and austere face.” **She said that Lesbianism was unknown in the Turkish harems of the Princesses she visited.** She was rather nice, and we sat up till nearly midnight talking.

[0124] Saturday, Apr. 11, 1908

Scott.

Placci with his friend Count Seebach, the *Hofintendant* of the Dresden Theatre and Opera, came to lunch, also Horne and Alberto.

Alberto played us Bach after lunch — gloriously.

The Cannons came in, *père et fils*.

**Salvemini came to dine. He is somehow the dearest, severest intellect I know.**

[0125] Sunday, Apr. 12, 1908

Fine.

Scott. Rukhmabai.

Count Lanckoronski came to lunch and talked steadily but not unpleasantly for 3 1/2 hours.

Rukhmabai arrived, with her gentle voice and ways, and the silent impressiveness of her character.

The Marquands of Princeton called, and then Cannon in his motor, weighed down (as usual) with Miss Jones & Co.

We all went to the Gamberaia, which was looking very lovely. But the company was *molto peso*.

In the evening Rukhmabai and Scott and I went down to hear Alberto play — one of those deadly receptions so dear to his mama’s heart. Scott was horripilated at the whole atmosphere.  Rukhmabai was wonderful in the midst of that company of overdressed ladies. And she so simply said afterwards, “How grand it was! What a splendid house! How beautifully the ladies were dressed.”

Albert played Mozart and Schubert. Scott got perfectly furious with me for objecting to the Schubert. I was rather pedantic and heavy.

 [0126] Monday, Apr. 13, 1908

Rain.

Scott. Rukhmabai.

We went to Cannons’ to lunch, Rukhmabai and I by tram and Scott and B.B. walking.

Heavy lunch, weighted down by commonplace, fat Miss Jones and her totally deaf aunt, Mrs. Caley. Cannon asked me what he should give Scott and we settled on all expenses from London and ten pounds a week. Scott was awfully pleased when I told him. His first earned money! How well I remember mine — 10/6 for an article on the Marches in *The Woman’s World*.

We talked with Rukhmabai all evening.

O but I forgot. The Serristori and Placci came, and Frau von Grunelius. Rukhmabai was charming with them — so simple and sincere.

[0127] Tuesday, Apr. 14, 1908

Cool damp.

Scott. Rukhmabai.

Chatted with dear Rukhmabai.

Geoffrey went down to lunch with Houghton, where I picked him up and took him to call on Maud. Then we went to the Thorolds, and I ordered the famous Elixir. What is there should be something in it? But I can’t believe it. It would be wonderful to *feel young* again, without losing one’s experience. I can hardly imagine it.

Pastor, the Viennese historian, came to dine. Scott and I sat up talking awhile. He has so few foibles and youthfulnesses it is rather a comfort to find he does like talking about himself!

Bernhard had a sitting of his Committee. It was mostly fine speeches.

[0128] Wednesday, Apr. 15, 1908

I Tatti.

Glorious day.

Scott.

Chatted with Rukhmabai and Scott in the morning. Rukhmabai’s friends, the missionaries, came up after lunch and stayed and stayed —  very boring. Finally they went, and alas Rukhmabai with them.

Then came Alberto, and he and Geoffrey and I drove to Settignano and walked up to the Bagazzano and had tea — such a glorious day, and such views! I sowed the seed in Alberto’s mind about getting out of his horrible family life and spending a year in Oxford. He will think of it a good deal.

When we came back we sat in the garden and watched the golden moon slowly creep around the cypresses, lighting up the garden in an extraordinary way.

In the evening we talked a good deal of our different ways of taking human relations. B.B. and Scott only really want enough of a person to set them dreaming. I am sure it is partly that they have very little energy. Actuality is too tiring.

After Bernhard went to bed, Geoffrey got from me notes of all we have done since London, and also of our motor trip two years ago — just two years.

[0129] Thursday, Apr. 16, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Cloudy.

Geoffrey went at 8, Cannon’s motor coming for him. I *loved* having him, but there is also a pleasure in the freedom now, not to be preoccupied, to have leisure to attend to all sorts of little things that are perhaps dull in themselves, but which become positively annoying if they *aren’t* attended to. And when Scott is here, as I know it can’t be for long, and as I do so intensely enjoy talking with him, I do put everything else aside — and then small, boring things accumulate into a positive swarm of gnats. Still I hate to have him go. I wish he were always here — then I could take him in a more commonplace way.

Mrs. Spalding, very much over-dressed, came to tea bringing her still more over-dressed Mother and sister-in-law, and that brutal Mr. MacMillan.

Corradini also came to call.

[0130] Friday, Apr. 17, 1908

Scirocco. Rain. Clearing.

**Went down in the morning to sign for mortgage for Brauer’s loan of 50000 francs.**

Called on Agnes, who is ill in bed.

“G. Face” — Balfour Gardiner, the composer, and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Austen came to lunch and stayed till 4.

Walked in woods.

The von Heiroths came to dine. Good story of a painter who was dying, to whom the priest said, “*Vous allez voir Dieu le père face à face*.” “*Mais comment?* *Toujours en face? Jamais in profil?*”

Also another tale of the Princess Radziwill (“Bichetti”) who was observed to be very sad at a dinner. Some one asked her why she looked so downcast. “*Que voulez-vous? J’étais placée entre un homme impuissant et un pédéraste*!”

[0131] Saturday, Apr. 18, 1908

Rainy.

Miss Priestley and Col. Burn Murdoch came to lunch.

Florence Blood came, in spite of the rain, and drove me over to La Doccia where Sachem Cannon and Miss Jones were as boring as usual. They have the gift of taking hold of everything by the least significant aspect.

[photo of bowling green at Gamberaia with dog on the grass]

[0132] <Easter Sunday> Sunday, Apr. 19, 1908

I Tatti.

Pouring.

Horrible day. Miss Sergeant came to lunch, but I really can’t see much in her, in spite of Florence Reynolds’ affection for her. I have tried. I took her to call on Aunt Janet.

Algar and Theresa and Douglas Ainslie came to dine. Algar was entirely charming. I warned him that von Heiroth was up to his little game of momentary discretion, and would certainly desert the pretty lady if anything happened and he found it out. Algar said that was just what he feared.

We’re both reading Anatole France’s *Jeanne d’Arc*.

 [0133] Monday, Apr. 20, 1908

I Tatti.

Very cold.

M. J. Rendall

Miss Alexander returned, having done very little in the month, but extremely garrulous about the doings at the Priore’s. She has not asked me a thing about Mother or the Children or anything I did in England, although she overwhelmed me with details (not all of them unhumourous, I must say in her favour) about the Priore and his servants and the priests.

What an *awful* person she is, though! We *have* been sold in getting her. 160 pounds absolutely thrown away, plus endless boredom and nuisance.

The Marquands came to lunch, and Gronau. It was awfully dull. I called on various people in the afternoon — all out — and came back to find the Serristori and Dedo — dear little chap!

Rendall (second master of Winchester) came to dine and sleep, and Miss Blood to dine.

**We spoke (guardedly) of falling in love with boys, which he is evidently much inclined to** — *en toute honneur*, I suppose, but very absorbingly. He adores Raymond Asquith, among others.

[0134] Tuesday, Apr. 21, 1908

snow!!

Mr. Rendall, Perkins.

Houghton, Garrett and Mrs. Andrews came to lunch. Mrs. Andrews told a good darkey story of a young nigger who was keeping company with a  young negress and one day he met her walking down the street with another nigger whose arm was round her waist. He marched up furious and said, “Amanda, tell dat dere nigger to take his arm off round yo’ waist.”

“Tell him yo’self,” she replied scornfully, “de gen’l’man ain a puffick stranger to me.”

I called for Mr. Cannon, but the snow prevented our expedition, so he came here for tea. He is afflicted with long-winded aphasia, poor man.

Later, I went to the Gamberaia and met Mr. Rendall and we watched a snow-storm and a tragic sunset, and walked home in the rain. Rendall is not really interesting, though he seems as if he ought to be.

Perkins came for the night.

[0135] Wednesday, Apr. 22, 1908

Cold but charming.

Perkins.

Mrs. Flower, Benn and Corwegh came to lunch. Dull.

Miss Alexander and I called on Mrs. Stuart and her father, Mr. MacMillan at Rovezzano.

Placci was here when I returned, making plans for the Sicilian trip.

The Lawsons called. B.B. and I dined at Aunt Janet’s with the Markbys.

Karin’s Ball was tonight. I hope it went off well, and that she could hear.

[0136] Thursday, Apr. 23, 1908

Cold. Clearing.

Really did some work in morning. Miss Alexander worse than useless. She can’t even catalogue the books. She comes at 10, chatters all she can, hangs round with guests after lunch till 3 and goes home. She has been an unmitigated failure.

The Erreras (Brussells) came to lunch, he intelligent and pleasant, she too awful for words, the daughter nice. They stayed and stayed.

Kenworthy-Browns called.

The Serristori and

 Rembielinski came early and stayed late. I got awfully tired. He said that Mrs. Spalding’s intimate friend, Mme Alexandrowski, was a cocotte from Odessa (she looks it!), who was *entretenue* for some years by a Milanese draper. She was at one time Halpert’s mistress, and when he began his liaison with the princess Strozzi, he brought her here to keep a *maison de rendezvous* for them. It is amusing to think of her being now *nichée* among all those silly rich blind Americans. For us, of course, her mere appearance sufficed.

Mrs. Ripley and her daughter called.

Quiet evening.

[0137] Friday, Apr. 24, 1908

Cold. Clearning.

Actually worked in morning a little, and grappled much with household matters.

Placci brought Mme. de Cossé-Brissac and her mother and Schlumberger to tea. They were very pleasant.

We dined with Miss Blood and the beautiful Princess.

**Bernhard said he didn’t want Scott here when he came back**, as his presence distracted me from my work. I am awfully sorry. There are so few people I care about, **and I am fond of Scott**. And goodness me, what do a few lists more or less type-written amount to compared to what keeps life going, which is one’s affection for people?

Bernhard doesn’t need to see the people he loves (or thinks he loves), but I do, otherwise it all fades into commonplace. And I care for so few. Yet of course Bernhard is my first care, and I don’t want to make him uncomfortable. But I am awfully sorry he is so selfish about it. If I saw he cared for anyone, I shouldn’t mind a bit having “the regular order of life” somewhat upset. Besides, **he is planning motor trips with Miss Blood and the Serristori**, which are far more distracting than my talks with Scott. But then that is *his*, so of course it seems perfect to him. As for me, I am rather bored with so much Serristori and Rembielinski.

[0138] Saturday, Apr. 25, 1908

Cold. Heavy rain.

Got Venetian photographs in order.

Bernhard went to call on Mrs. Cooper Hewitt and beautiful Mrs. Edward Thomas. Mrs. Cooper Hewitt went to the gallery with him, in spite of having an awful asthma.

Cannon called on me, very affectionate, but afflicted with long-winded aphasia as usual. He stayed till 5.30 and then Britten arrived from Venice.

Heavy snow in England!

[0139] Sunday, Apr. 26, 1908

Windy. Cold. Clear.

Somehow did nothing. Took Britten to Gamberaia where I had a most dull conversation with Mrs. Acton.

The Serristori, Rembielinski, Baron Sturum, Mme. de Cossé-Brissac, her mother and Schlumberger called here.

Went with Britten to this concert. Alberto played divinely. Pugno is splendid.

[concert program pasted down]

 [0140] Monday, Apr. 27, 1908

Cold. Dull.

Worked.

Drove to town. Signed proema for Ammanati.

Called on pretty Mrs. Edward Thomas, then on beautiful Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt who was ill with bronchitis, and then on Agnes, in bed.

Got home hardly in time to dress for dinner. Mrs. and Miss Ripley, Mr. Robinson (a tall, very nice, very young American) and Algar came to dine. They stayed late.

Awfully nice letter from Geoffrey about Paestum. He and Harry are getting on splendidly.

[concert program of Spalding and Pugno pasted down]

[0141] Tuesday, Apr. 28, 1908

Fine day at last.

Packed and settled accounts.

Alberto, Pugno and Mrs. Spalding came to lunch, also Mr. Trent, Prof. of Literature at Columbia. Pugno was most entertaining with tales of Kings and Emperors. He and Ysaye played to the Spanish Court, and the Queen Mother made a sign to her son to go up and be polite to them. So he asked Pugno what was the cross he wore. “From the Sultan.” “What Sultan?” “*Enfin le Sultan — de Constantinople*.” “Ah.”

Then, turning to Ysaye, “*Est-ce longtemps que vous jouez ça*?”

“*Majesté, nous jouons ça toute notre vie*.”

Afterwards we called with Miss Blood on Cannon but were all depressed by old Pres. White, the biggest bore alive, I think, tough a good, nice man otherwise.

In the evening we went to Alberto’s second concert, but did not stay for the Franck. The Mozart was utterly divine! He played (Pugno) a Liszt and a Chopen encore, rotten both.

[0142] Wednesday, Apr. 29, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples.

Fine.

Left at 11.50, Alberto, his Mother, Pugno and Bimboni travelling by the same train. Alberto said he was thinking seriously of Oxford.

Gladys met us at Rome and talked for an hour on the platform. She was radiant, astonishing, super- or sub-human. Alberto was utterly enchanted, exactly as Ray was. He said it enlarged his conception of human nature, that it was enough to have seen her once, to know that she existed. He said he would like to play and play in the vain but fascinating attempt to become a cause in the chain of movements or emotions that made up her life. And he got out his violin and did play for hours on the train, so I vicariously benefited! He fully understood, nice boy, what is meant by amour art, that delicious “third category”.

We reached here on time, and were met by a luxurious motor.

I found a letter from Alys, saying she is to have an operation for a lump in her breast. I felt very anxious.

[0143] Thursday, Apr. 30, 1908

Heavenly.

La Floridiana.

Went to the Museum. Great disappointment — the “antiques” were only too obviously dull copies, and the pictures seemed very uninteresting. B.B. is wild to *approfondir* the local Neapolitan school!

In the afternoon we went to Alberto’s concert. He and Pugno both played delightfully.

Conte Castel Maurigi came with us. He is Ethel Harrison’s “latest”, a handsome young cavalry officer. She was very frank with B.B. about it, and asked if we “minded” his coming along to Paestum. Why should we? She is free and rich and likes having lovers.

[space left for a photograph which apparently was not pasted down]

[0144] XX Friday, May 1, 1908

Hotel de Londres, La Cava.

Glorious.

A terrible motor-ride of 4 hours, over impossible, dusty and jolting roads, till at noon a wheel gave out, and we had lunch in a divinely flowered field near Paestum. What air, what mountains — and what a lunch!

Ethel played with Castel Maurigi’s hair, and they exchanged glances every now and then which clearly meant “Tonight —!!”

We had 3 1/2 hours at the Temples. The one to Poseidon is a marvellous transfiguration of Common Sense, and you feel as if nothing more were needed in the universe by plain, reasonable Weight and Support. Oh yes, and colour too, and light.

We watched the shadows coming, and the rooks, and then came back to this most comfortable hotel to dine and sleep (?). We had the discretion to be tired, and went to bed early. As I was unwell and racked with pain from the awful road, I was very glad to do so.

[0145] Saturday, May 2, 1908

La Floridiana.

Glorious.

*Un jour entre les jours!*

Bernhard and I drove to Corpo di Cava, while the others took a doubtless well-earned morning sleep.

Then we motored to Amalfi, where we had lunch, and then on to Sorrento, where we arrived at the Hotel Tramontano just as Major Davis (Ethel’s father) got there with his yacht, the Nausicaa. We had tea, and then the divinest yacht-ride back to Naples, watching Vesuvius turn from a sinister monster into a glowing amethyst.

[0146] Sunday, May 3, 1908

La Floridiana.

Glorious.

Bernhard and I were driven down to the Museo with Ethel’s Maltese ponies, and we studied the Neapolitan school!

A Mr. Fraser came to lunch and told about a Mr. Beavan who was crazy on 3 points, dancing-pumps, the Royal family and Religion. He would always introduce dancing-pumps into no matter how short a conversation, and generally the other subjects as well. For instance, he went for a drive with Fraser and an Egyptian Judge and began, “Do you wear a fez?”

“Yes, on state occasions I have to.”

“At Court balls also?”

“Yes.”

“And what do you wear on your feet?” …

“With bows or buckles?” the invariable question, followed by an offer to send him a pair from a fashionable boot maker with whom he had a standing account!

In the afternoon B.B. and I went to see Donna Nora Ruffo, who told us all about her quarrel with Ethel. She was very frank and simple, and charmingly ladylike, though she said what *No* English girl could possibly have brought herself to say, that she had had the misfortune to fall desperately in love with a married man!!

 [0147] Monday, May 4, 1908

We had an early lunch (Bernhard went to the Museo with Nora Ruffo), and went in the yacht round Ischia. Too beautiful for words.

The Duke and Duchess Riario Sforza came to dinner. It seemed very dull, but Ethel said it was witty and brilliant for Naples! She herself is not a person who cares for conversation. She cares really for nothing but love-making. Of course she had Castel Maurigi to dine, and we left him with her. He looks very handsome.

[0148] Tuesday, May 5, 1908

La Floridiana.

Fine.

Castel Maurigi came to “see Churches”, i.e., to sit in them holding Ethel’s hand, while Bernhard and I took notes on the pictures. We saw Santa Maria Nuova, the Incoronata, S. Pietro Martire, S. Marcellino (fine cloister), and SS. Severino e Sosio.

The Princess Candriano came to call, very pretty and amusing, looking much younger since the separation from her husband.

Then Ethel and B.B. and I motored up to Camaldoli and walked down by a beautiful path through the woods. Ethel said she was “studying” how to have another baby (which is what she cares for almost as much as having lovers). Unfortunately her husband, in waiving a divorce for a separation, put in the clause that there were to be no more children. It seems a pity, as she is so healthy and rich and so longs to have them!

[0149] Wednesday, May 6, 1908

La Floridiana.

Fine but scirocco.

Saw S. Gennaro dei Poveri in morning, also S. Filippo Neri and the Duomo.

In the afternoon motored to Licola (the Royal Hunting Preserve) along absolutely *the most marvellous* avenue of umbrella pines ever imagined! Passed the Lake of Avernus coming back.

The roads about Naples are horrible, so dusty and full of jolts.

I have read a most silly biography of Lady Hamilton by an idiot called Jeaffreson.

[0150] Thursday, May 7, 1908

La Floridiana.

Fine.

Saw churches with Ethel in morning. She was amused by a 12-page letter from Castel Maurigi, whom she had seen the day before, and was to see again in the afternoon.

How enthusiastic youth it!” she said, rather mockingly. Then she confessed that she had never had a *sentiment* in her life, and burnt all the love-letters she received without the slightest compunction. She likes to get them, as they flatter her vanity, and her one point of vanity is to be sexually attractive. I do not think she cares at all for her children, once babyhood is passed. The only emotions she has are erotic. Yet she is so frank and natural, one likes her.

In the afternoon Nora Ruffo took us to see churches — Monteoliveto and San Gregorio degli Armeni, a rococo convent church, with its old finery untouched, all the gilding mellowed to a delicious richness — one of the most soothing meeting places, as colour, I ever was in.

Curiously, both she and I were feeling very seasick, and I was seized with nausea and diarrhoea when I got back — poisoned by some shellfish we had at lunch.

[0151] Friday, May 8, 1908

Train to Messina

Fine.

I was in bed all day with my “poisoning”. I felt horribly weak and headachey and packing was torture. However, I got it done by bits, and we left by the 7.20 train with Placci. The night was horrible.

Bernhard took Placci, the Princess Candriano to the gallery and returned to lunch with her, Ethel joining them. The Princess said privately that she was delighted to have that chance of rendering hospitality to Ethel without involving any Neapolitans, for Ethel (partly on account of her liaison with the Duca d’Aosta) is no more a *persona grata* in Neapolitan society. Bernhard was shocked, for Ethel had told him that the Princess Candriano was her best friend!

[0152] Hotel San Domenico, Taormina, Saturday, May 9, 1908

Messina. Taormina, Hotel San Domenico.

Glorious.

Arrived at Messina at 9, met by Salvemini. Fresh, lovely day.

We found Messina a very sympathetic town. San Gregorio is in a glorious position, and some of the palatial architecture, especially the Monte di Pietà, was very fine.

After lunch I rested for two hours and then we went up to a military station, over 1,000 m. high, from which we saw Calabria on one side, and Etna and the Lipari islands on the other. It was *most beautiful.*

At 6 we started with Albert Henraux in his motor — **with unpuncturable tyres**! —for Taormina, riding through orange groves of overpowering fragrance. Salvemini came with us, and the luggage followed in Lucien’s motor, Lucien being still in Paris for his exhibition of drawings.

We arrived here at 9.

Baroness French was here, and we chatted a little in the evening.

[0153] Sunday, May 10, 1908

Motoring trip.

Taormina.

Heavenly.

What a place ! What weather! What roses and orange blossoms! One understands what was originally meant by poets (Provençal and in Court of Frederick of Sicily, and copied ever since by Norther poets!) singing of May. This is it, here in the South, where May flings a rich veil of flowers over even the rocks.

Bernhard and I went to lunch with “the most noted Bugger in England”, the Hon. Bertie Stopford. Placci had an attack of virtue and wouldn’t let Albert go, and so couldn’t go himself.

But he was all ears, when we returned, and full of obscene insinuations about “Don Pedrù”, the little boy, brown as a berry, who follows Stopford everywhere like a dog, and also about Stopford’s fat, decadent looking stockbroker friend, Mr. Weylin, who is staying with him.

Placci has chosen **Sodomy** as the “Light motive” of conversation on this trip, and he finds many amusing things to say about it. Stopford solemnly assured B.B. there was no such thing at Taormina except with Germans! Why is it known as “*il vizio inglese*”?

We saw the sunset from the Greek Theatre.

 [0154] Monday, May 11, 1908

Motor Trip.

Hotel Belvedere, Castrogiovanni.

Perfect.

Left at 8.

Mistook Acireale for Catania, but couldn’t make Baedeker fit. Saw Cyclops, and Catania, passed Misterbianco and Licodia, Paternò and Aderico (Norman tower and rococo convent), and entered a *most beautiful* Theocritan valley, leading up to Regalbuto, with a perfectly horrible road for the motor. Fortunately, Albert has the new unpuncturable tyres.

Passed Agira, which looks too lovely from the other side, and Leonforte, and climbed up here. From the hotel there is the most heavenly view of Etna and range upon range of mountains and hills, and a most romantic grey town, Cala<s>cibetta, in the foreground. We are nearly 3,000 feet up. It is a most lovely place!

Placci and I both felt ill with diarrhoea, and I had an awful night, but at least it got me up to see the sunrise, which was glorious.

The say seems like 100 years, so crammed full of beauty and interest. This was the ancient Enna, the centre of the Demeter cult.

[0155] Tuesday, May 12, 1908

Motor Trip.

Grand Hotel, Syracuse

Left at 8. A lovely slide down to the Lago Perguso, where Pluto carried off Proserpina. Thence through flowery meadows to Piazza Armerina, and by a duller road to Calagirone. From there to Vizzini, where we wasted hours trying to see an Antonio da Saliba which is apparently no longer there.

Thence to Militello, where we found a profile by Laurana (in S. Giovanni) and a fine carved portal of his school (S. N. Vetere).

At Scordia we took the wrong turn and got onto a perfectly awful path (it was no more) around the Lago di Lentini. This took us hours, so that we had to rush through Lentini and Carlentini, and reached here only at 9. It is an *awfully* noisy hotel, just opposite the place of embarcation, and they are shipping building stones to Genoa!

[0156] Wednesday, May 13, 1908

Motor Tour.

Grand Hotel, Siracusa.

Perfect.

Saw the town, Lucien arrived.

Motored to the Scala Greca, then to \*\*Euryalos, and then to the \*\*\*Greek Theatre. Too delightful.

It is the best trip we ever had.

[an article pasted down]

[0157] Thursday, May 14, 1908

Motor Tour.

Albergo della Stella, Modica.

Perfect. Scirocco begins.

Went up the Anapus — a perfect se\_\_\_, for they had cut *all* the papyrus, and we were broiled in a dull ditch! But we laughed heartily.

In the afternoon we motored to Modica, stopping at Noto to see the Laurana in the Chiesa del Crocifisso and the Gagini in S. Chiara. Noto is a fine late XVII town.

The inn at Modica is *awful*, noisy, dirty and with incredibly slow service. Bernhard fainted dead away with noise and heat and fatigue at dinner, and afterwards was very sick.

The Marchese Tedeschi, a young man of 27, father of four children, sent us a bottle of wine 61 years old and came to see us.

Fleas awful!

[0158] Friday, May 15, 1908

Motoring Tour.

Hotel des Temples, Girgenti.

Scirocco.

Motored in great heat through Ragusa, Corniso, Vittoria, Terranova, Licata and Palme here. The inn (Trinacria) at Terranova was excellent, but the prices the most exorbitant we ever encountered. They tried to charge us 76 f. for the luncheon, and we could only get it down to 63!

The view between Ragusa and Corniso was *glorious*, and also after Palme, approaching Girgenti. It is the only way to approach this town.

We had lemonade in the Temple. Albert’s tyre was spoiled by the *awful* road.

Alys is doing well after her operation.

I kept Bernhard alive during the day by pouring lavender water down his spine. It is a splendid thing for coolness.

It is useless to speak of those Temples. We enjoyed them unforgettably.

[0159] Saturday, May 16, 1908

Motoring Tour.

Scirocco.

Saw Girgenti in morning.

A little boy with beautiful eyes, who winked at the men in a very provocative way, followed us everywhere. We called him “Pasqualuccio” after Augustus Hare’s little shepherd boy at the Temples. Hare was what Placci calls an “Archi-bugger”.

Went to the Temples after tea. The scirocco suddenly cleared away. The moonrise was most beautiful.

[0160] Sunday, May 17, 1908

Albergo Bixio, Castelvetrano.

Very hot.

Started at 8.30 and saw Sciacca, with a very interesting Madonna by Laurana, very wicked looking, and some Gaginis.

Got to Selinunte for tea, and had gorgeous sunset and view. I felt rather sick, and must have had a *coup de soleil*, for it was frightfully hot, and we did not lunch till 2.

 [0161] Monday, May 18, 1908

Grand Hotel, Trapani.

Cooler.

Got to Mazzara and saw a most amusing church heavily decorated with reliefs. A small boy in the crowd had an absolutely Greek profile, with those eyes set in that marvellous way. It was too wonderful!

We had lunch at Marsala and saw the town and the harbour. Some tombs by Dom. Gagini. Then we went to Salemi and saw a very romantic St. Julian by \*Dom. Gagini — a fascinating and romantic figure.

The road from Salemi to Calatafimi was delicious — actually shaded in parts, a thing extremely rare in Sicily.

Tea and sunset at Segesta ——!

The Garibaldi monument looks exactly like the remains of some cult of Phallic Worship.

[0162] Tuesday, May 19, 1908

Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Cooler.

Saw the Madonna di Trapani, a fine Dom. Gagini dressed from head to foot in a garment woven of offerings of jewels — rings, pins, necklaces, bracelets, ear-rings, watches, etc. Saw also the Museo which Conte Pepoli is putting in order.

Went up Monte S. Giuliano — fine view. Coast-line marvellous.

Motored through Castellammare (superb view descending from it) to Alcamo, where we found nothing, and then here, arriving late.

Ray’s Tripos began today. She reports herself calm and resigned.

[0163] Wednesday, May 20, 1908

Palermo.

Fine.

Saw Museo. Telegraphed to Ray.

Saw Baron Chiaramonte Bordonaro’s collection in the afternoon, had tea there and then drove along the Marina, and then called on Lina, with whom we had lunched at the restaurant Parigi, Palazzo Rudinì, Quattro Canti della Città.

Wrote letters and talked all evening about Sodomy. The Henraux boys see nothing but low vice in it, ditto Placci, really.

[0164] Thursday, May 21, 1908

Motoring Trip, Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Not too hot. Fine.

Saw the Capella Palatina, the Duomo, and St. Salvadore and the Chiesa del Cancelliere in morning.

Went to lunch with Trabias. Their great palace on the Marina seems to me the most ideal dwelling place I have *ever* seen — such large cool rooms, such flower-grown terraces, such a view! About 12 men servants received us, and the luncheon was very grand. The Princess is a very charming woman but B.B. says she has been miserably unhappy with her husband, who has treated her quite brutally.

The Poetess, Mme. de Noailles was there — *un vrai type* — but full of interesting talk, and rather vital. But she was awful when she began to recite her own poems.

Then we went to Monreale by tram, the Prince coming in his motor to see how we liked it.

In the evening Lina and Aubrey Waterfield came to dine, and Signor Petri to call.

Awfully tired.

[0165] Friday, May 22, 1908

Motoring Trip, Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Fine. Dusty.

Started at 8.30 and motored to Termini, which we explored. Then on to Cefalù with its fine Norman Cathedral, an Antonello portrait in the Liceo, and endless Fleas. We were all scratching and catching.

Then we motored to Castelbuono and saw some dismal Antonio da Salibas, and then tried to find the “Primeval forest of cork trees”, but did not succeed. We doubt if it exists! Then we came back, part of the time by the beautiful road of the “Targa Florio” and partly by the glorious coast. We were dreadfully tired.

I am not sure I should advise most people to do this. They would have to have real enthusiasm to support the boring parts. But I am glad *we* did it.

[0166] Saturday, May 23, 1908

Grand Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Horrible scirocco.

The most awful day! A stifling furnace. We saw Churches, La Gangia, S. Francesco etc. etc., and then went to have lunch with Miss Giuseppe Whitaker. It was deadly as no one really thought of anything else but how soon they could get away and get off their unbearable clothes!

Bernhard however “resisted” and went to the Museo with Salinas, who says that now that he is Director of Belle Arti in Sicily his whole time is taken up trying to get a government grant to put W.C.’s at Girgenti, Segesta, Selinunte, etc.!

Later we motored to S. M. Gesù and the “Castel del Mare Dolce”, and then up to the Garibaldi monument whence we got a glorious view of Palermo and the plain.

[0167] Sunday, May 24, 1908

Grand Hotel des Palmes, Palermo.

Rain! a miracle at this season.

Very cool — a refreshing contrast.

Saw churches, including the one of the “Sicilian Vespers”.

Called on Trabias.

[blue ink begins to be used here]

 [0168] Monday, May 25, 1908

Motor Trip.

Albergo Progresso, Nicosia

Fine.

We left Palermo rather gladly at 8.30. Our first real stop was Polizzi Generosa. The \*\*road after Cerua was perfect, and very, very beautiful, up and up to over 3,000 feet.

At Polizzi a remarkable Flemish picture, but awful “*picciotti*” (small boys).

The next places were Petralia Soltana e Soprana, then past romantic-looking Gangi to Troina where two little choir boys dressed in red looked at us out of an old tower. Nothing to see there, and a fearful climb. Road superb.

We passed strange-looking \*Sperlinga, full of Trogloditi dwellings, and came to still stranger \*Nicosia, built on pocky peaks like Le Puy, but more of them and more inhabited. Views superb, and hotel fairly good, kept by “Donna Luisa.”

[0169] Tuesday, May 26, 1908

Motor Trip.

Hotel Trinacria, Messina.

Fine.

Left Nicosia early and went along a good road with fine views. Wheel gave out opposite Etna and Bronte.

When we went on we “connoshed” a white, intensely English-looking sort of manor house as Maniace, which it was.

Placci and I had great sport over an imaginary Lady Susan Hatfield who paid a visit to Alec Hood there. Quite like an English country-house party, with that clever novelist, Mr. Hichens, and a Mr. Stopford, who has a villa at Taormina. Dear Alec was so nice with the boys in the neighbourhood. He taught them to take baths, and even scrubbed them himself. He took her to have a picnic, tea, with Scotch scones, just like home, and the agent’s son, such a handsome lad came, and Alec said, you must conform to the customs of the country, and he kissed him. And he has such a good-looking gardener named Pasquale, and another boy as servant who serves sometimes in the army, and Alec makes him put on his uniform and come to tea. He has had photographs taken of some of the boys, who are really like Greek statues, to send to Ronald Gower, his great friend, who does sculpture, you know, and begged him to send him photographs of the best models he could find. The boys all seem so happy and so fond of Alec, it is a real pleasure. Alec is very religious too, though a little too High Church for Lady [0168] Susan. He even keeps a couple of candles burning in front of a picture of St. Sebastian, by the quaint painter Sodóma. Etc. etc. We had great fun with Lady Susan.

Visited Randazzo (only St. Martino to see) and then came over a beautiful \*\*Pass to Milazzo, and over \*another to Messina.

[0170] XX Wednesday, May 27, 1908

Motor Trip.

Palazzo del Marchese di S. Caterina, Diego di Francia, Monteleone Calabria.

Cool. Fine.

\*\*A glorious day!! We left Messina by the 7.20 boat and came to S. Giovanni and took train to Reggio, where we saw a little Antonello in the Museo. Albert had to leave us for his military service.Lucien joined us at Reggio, and we motored round the toe of Italy to Gerace, across innumerable “fiumare” with no bridges. We sometimes had to go through the water on donkeys while the lightened motor rushed it. Once the road was so broken-down that Pierre had to mend it before his motor could go on. But the views were superb!

And after Gerace to Polisthena and on to Monteleone we motored through great forests of olives growing as high as elms, a \*\*fairy landscape imagined by Corot and Gainsborough.

We came to this palazzo where the agent, Signor Genovese, received us and gave us a gorgeous dinner. The second son has just died at S. Domenico, and everything points to his having been assassinated. **They think it was a priest who tried to seduce him**, and then arranged what looked like a suicide. The priest in the neighbouring town of Mileto was poisoned this morning in the chalice and also the acolyte, who tasted the wine after him.

[0171] Ascension Day,  Thursday, May 28, 1908

Motor Trip.

Signor Achille Fazzari’s, Ferdinandea, Stilo (Str. Monasterace)

Rain.

Motored to Serra San Bruno, on a lovely mountain pass. Going on, the Fazzari motor met us, with the son, Spartaco. He took Placci, and in spite of the rain, we all went to Stilo and saw the early Greek churchlet on the mountain side. It was heavenly to be rid of Placci, whose incessant loud chatter drives us nearly wild. He yells out all the things that pass through his head, all the idle speculations, all the commonplace reflections, that most people keep to themselves. One of the enchantments of motoring is the long hours of reverie with a constantly unrolling panorama of beautiful scenery, but Placci won’t let you have a minute of it!

Then we came here, a great big establishment, with 40 rooms always ready for guests, and all the modern conveniences, including a first-rate “Monsù” (cook). Old Fazzari was Garibaldi’s intimate friend, and lived 5 years at Caprera with him. He is a perfect specimen of a hospitable old patriarch, and talks like the Mille Nuits. He always speaks of Liberty, and is of course a frightful domestic tyrant!

[0172] Friday, May 29, 1908

Hotel Brezia, Catanzaro. (A horrible hotel, with exorbitant prices.)

Glorious.

Left after lunch with great regret after 3 hours talk from old Fazzari chiefly about Garibaldi’s love affairs! Mrs. Collins, Giuseppina Raimondi, Battistina, and la Balia Francesca, who became his third wife. We saw Garibaldi’s journal, where he put down the temperature and barometric markings every day, the sowing of potatoes, the \_\_\_\_ of calves, and the taking of cities and winning of battles in brief notes. On the evening of the victory at Dijon he wrote to his wife that they had see the backs of the bravest enemies they had ever encountered; that it was a season of exceptional cold all over Europe, and she must see that the calves are kept warm; that in passing through Marseilles he had seen some nice toys, and she must tell Manlii and Clelia that he would buy them one each on his way back.

We motored through lovely scenery, great chestnut woods, after the immense beach-forest in which Ferdinandea is situated, and through Squillace,a miserable little village, saw the ruins of Roscelleto and came here, where a friend of Fazzari’s met us and showed us the Museum and Church. I had an attack of nausea, etc.

[black ink begins to be used here]

[0173] Saturday, May 30, 1908

Albergo Vetere, Cosenza.

Hot.

A very hot morning, but gradually we climbed up the Sila Grande, and after crossing the highest part of the Pass (about 6,000 feet), we came into the most lovely scenery, like the best of Switzerland, but with wider outlooks. “Very beautiful, but not original.”

The motor began to go badly, owing to poor benzina, bought at that wretched Catanzaro. The part of our road before the Sila was very desolate, like Africa, Placci said, bare mud mounds and scrub-grown earth-heaps, rising to mountains almost.

The descent to Cosenza was very steep, but beautiful. Still, on another trip, I should leave out Catanzaro and this, if necessary.

Placci’s continual chatter is *very* wearing, and we are certainly working up to a quarrel!

We passed through Santa Severina (Castle and Baptistry) and San Giovanni in Fiore, where the women wore a very pretty costume, with this hair in two turned-up braids hanging on their temples.

[0174] Sunday, May 31, 1908

Motor Tour.

Fine.

Albergo Vetere, Casenza (good hotel, though primitive)

Saw the few sights, Cathedral and rivers where Alaric was buried.

Wrote letters. Started late as usual on account of Pierre, who <is> almost as unpunctual as Placci.

Went up the \*Pass to Paola — very lovely.

Then through Bisignano to Acri only to find that the road to Rossano through Longobucco wasn’t finished, and the one through Corigliano was broken. So we had to come back here, sending a wire to Giuseppe, who was waiting for us at Rossano. They say the Longobucco road is very beautiful.

[clipping from *The Daily Telegraph,* May 26, 1908, on Rothenstein’s “Portrait of Bernhard Berenson”, ‘a critic and art-historian of great and well-deserved fame’]

 [0175] Monday, June 1, 1908

Motor Tour.

Albergo Sirino, Lagonegro.

Fine.

Left at 8.30. Our first stop was Terranova. From S. Francesco the \*\*\*view over the plain of Sibari watered by the Coscile and the Crati was too beautiful to be believed — quiet, classic, perfect — worth all the journey.

Placci alas did his best to spoil it, fighting with B.B. who was admirable. It ended up with Placci’s saying very rudely, “*Tu es le maître de l’auto: tu vas ou tu veux, je dois être très reconnaissant que tu mi permets de t’accompagner*” — the sort of thing no well-bred person could say. lucien grew as black as thunder.

We stopped a moment at Spezzano Albanese, but the language and costume was better at \*Lungro. Then we came through Castelvillari over the \*pass to Lagonegro, a beautiful road, beautiful!

[0176] Tuesday, June 2, 1908

Motor Trip.

Albergo Lombardo, Potenza, Basilicata.

Placci apologized very nicely, and peace reigns again!

We left Lagonegro fairly early and came down a lovely mountain road to Padula where we spent hours strolling in the spacious cloisters of the Convento di S. Lorenzo, once the home of 40 rich monks, each with his gib suite of apartment, w.c., garden, open air bath, etc. — the ideal of leisurely, cultivated, spacious life. We revelled in it. It is not a “monument nazionale”, but I think we are the first strangers to visit it since Lenormand.

We came on through Áteba - Brienza to Marsico Nuova, over a pass where an army of caterpillars had eaten bare every oak-tree. No road on, so we had to come back to Brienza. But the motor broke down, and we had two hours of the \*\*most beautiful view of the valley of the Agri, with Marsico Nuova in the foreground, a perfect view! Passed through Tito and reached here about 8.

I found a letter from Scott saying his father died on the 27th and he was leaving at once for England. He was of course very much upset, but I think in giving him his freedom it will be an advantage to him, and perhaps the same for them all, for his father seems to have been one of those good tyrants, whom you can’t resent.

[0177] Wednesday, June 3, 1908

Motor Trip.

Potenza.

Very hot.

Did not get off till after 10, and motored past Vaglio and Trecarico and Grassano and Groppolo to a wretched village called Miglionico, where, in the SS. Crocefisso is a fine polyptych by Cima da Conegliano.

We did not take lunch, thinking to get it there, and in fact there was an albergo and ristorante indicated in the Touring Guide. The albergatore received us, took us up some inconceivably dirty stairs and through a bed-room with a half-naked man dressing on the bed, through a vacant school-room into a large smelly bed-room where a man with his head bound up was lying in bed. *This* was to be our dining-room!

We fled to the picture, and afterwards, about 3, made a meal of biscuits and oranges and some frightful cheese Placci bought, by the roadside. The *pneu* which already at Palermo was reported moribund held out by Santa Caoucharuchio’s aid, till we were returning and in the shade of an oak forest. It has been really *miraculous*!! We got back at our usual time 8.15.

The people here say “Qua si” “Qua no” (Signor). At Siracusa they said always “Scenza di” (Eachunza).

We asked a boy what a ribbon he wore meant. “Dioozcim all’ Ciumo” Dioziamo all’Ecce Homo”.

[0178] Thursday, June 4, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples,

Hot.

Ray’s Twenty-first Birthday!!

Meant to stop at 7, but a cameriera would not let us have benzine, because we had gone to the *other* hotel.

At last, after a fight, got off at 8. This made us late, and we had only a minute at Eboli to see some pictures in the Sacristy of S. Francesco, before we caught the 12.10 train here. Our road was horrible, even after we joined the Strada Nazionale at Auletta, full of cracked stones, with grass growing over them in places. The only town we passed was Picerna, very picturesque.

Lord Grimthorpe, who has a Villa at Ravello, **and visits Alex Hood (!)**, was in the train. A silly man, very English.

Arrived here, and found a telegram from Ray saying “safely through” (her Tripos).

Had welcome baths and tea and chat on the terrace. Of course Castel Maurigi was there. He was the only one who even appeared to take any interest in our adventures! Ethel is a great hand at killing conversation  or even chatter. The evening was — long.

[0179] Friday, June 5, 1908

Fine.

\*Went in yacht round Capri. Most beautiful.

[photo of an elegant room in Palazzo Serristori pasted down]

[0180] Saturday, June 6, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples

Fine.

Lazy. Did nothing. Placci and Maurigi and Lucien and Lady Algy Gordon Lennox to tea.

Finzi to dine.

[0181] Sunday, June 7, 1908

La Floridiana, Naples.

Scirocco.

Dreadful day.

Stayed in bed till 12.

Castel Maurigi came to lunch, and he and Ethel had the afternoon to themselves till 5.

Mrs. Daniel says she has broken her father all up by taking this new lover, who is a handsome, insignificant youth. The Duca d’Aosta of course rather added lustre, and Finzi, being a distinguished man, was borne, but no one will stand this boy, and she has been cut by *tout* *Naples*. She is furious and rages and waps, but won’t change her behaviour. Major Davis is compounded of pride, and feels the slights keenly. Seen closely, it is a wretched household. All the servants are frightfully discontented too, and have come begging us to get them other situations. So much for my fast perishing idea of “living for pleasure”!

 [0182] Monday, June 8, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Fine.

Travelled up from Naples to Florence 8.40-8.25. Placci was with us.

Nora Ruffo met us at the Roman *gare*, and we had a little chat. I think she has been in love with B.B., and still is a little.

I Tatti

[0183] Tuesday, June 9, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Fine.

Massage 7.30-8.15.

Unpacked, etc. Went to town and called on Maud Cruttwell and bought some of her furniture, and called on Mascha von Heiroth who is in the Maternità with her ten days old baby named Algar!

Rembielinski was here when I came back, sitting under the trees talking with Bernhard.

Dr. Giglioli came. Called also on Houghtons. Felt something queer in the air. Cecil and Alice are there.

[0184] Wednesday, June 10, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Fine.

Letters etc. morning.

Houghton and three girls, including Alice, came to call, Mrs. Houghton remaining at home with Cecil. It seems unfortunately clear that she is in love with Cecil, although he is engaged to Alice, but I suppose they will “muddle along somehow”, thus obeying the one immutable Law!

Mr. MacMillin and his daughter Mrs. Stuart and a Mrs. Woolly also called.

In the evening we dined with Cannon, who had the ubiquitous (and dull) Miss Jones, nice Pauline Goldmarck and Herbert Horne. It was not interesting.

B.B. had a happy inspiration. Cannon had some special champagne opened of the “Coronation” mark, he said, only he pronounced it *à l’Américaine*.

“What does Cornation mean?” asked B.B. from the other end of the table. Everyone combined to suppress him, and perhaps Cannon didn’t hear. Miss Goldmarck had a *fou rire* for 5 minutes!

[0185] Thursday, June 11, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Spent morning discussing building, drainage, etc. with the architect, the ragioniere, the fattore and the Triulzi. Paid bills.

Both of us feeling frightfully tired.

Mrs. Ross with Dr. Lindsay and Ch. Lacaita came to dine.

[0186] Friday, June 12, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Massage.

Did Naples notes — very complicated.

Slept after lunch.

Cannon called to say goodbye — very dull.

Dined at Gamberaia with the Countess Serristori and Placci. It was wonderfully beautiful, but we all seemed to me very banal.

[photo of the parterre at the Gamberaia]

[0187] Saturday, June 13, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Agnes Steffenburg.

Ray and Karin are marching in the Suffrage Procession in London, and tonight Ray goes to Amsterdam with Mrs. Fawcett, and Karin returns to Cambridge for a Masonic Ball.

Finished Naples.

Slept 1/2 hour.

The Serristori and Rembielinski called 4-7 on B.B., but I went to town and did errands and ended up by calling on Livingstone Davis and his wife, newly married Bostonians.

I called at Houghtons to say we were going swimming tomorrow, and found that Mrs. H. had taken Cecil Pinsent off by herself for a week’s motoring, leaving Alice and Houghton. It is clear that she is in love with Cecil — Ray and Ellie noticed it last year, but she is certainly wrong in not accepting facts, and causing all this pain to Alice. I have seen it coming for a long time, but refused to look, for it seemed too monstrous, and I have found Mrs. H. generally fine in big things, detestable as she is in small ones. I am afraid Alice is very unhappy over it, as she came out to be with Cecil.

[0188] Sunday, June 14, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Agnes Steffenburg.

**They gave us the key of the Lake at last**. Agnes and I went to swim and Edmund and Alice came also. They said they hoped Mary and Cecil would return today. The water was delicious!

Slept in afternoon, and did some type-writing of Florentine lists left undone.

Leo and Gertrude Stein came to dine. He has become a Fletcherite (chewer), and he spared us no detail of the effect on stomach and intestines. We missed the genial spirit of Sally Stein, and were all rather dull. Gertrude Stein, though she lives in Paris and (in a way) talks French, is reading Balzac in translation. They talked about the love-affairs of Paris models, and I was filled with an infinite (and unwarranted) disgust.

 [0189] Monday, June 15, 1908

I Tatti.

Fine.

Swam with Agnes in morning with nothing on.

The Houghtons came later, Mary looking, I must say, better than I have ever seen her. Being in love is certainly a beautifier.

Dr. Oswald Sirèn and Gronau came to lunch. Sirèn spent six months at Point Loma in California, under Mrs. Tingley, who is known as “The Purple Mother”. He is her disciple, but he gave us no clear account of what it was all about. But that was partly our fault, for we are “animositous and ridiculizing”, and also he speaks English very “stiffly”, as he said.

The Countess Serristori and Rembielinski came in the afternoon, also Placci. It seemed more than I could bear — these hours of continual talk.

[0190] Tuesday, June 16, 1908

Rain. Storm.

Worked.

Dined with Aunt Janet and Dr. Lindsay but in the afternoon Rizi Visconti Venosta came, the Livingston Davises and the Papafavas.

[0191] Wednesday, June 17, 1908

Fine.

Miss Giles.

Bathed with Agnes and Houghton party.

Went to town at 4.30 (Benn called) and called on von Heiroths. I found Mascha very miserable, and her husband, as usual, a sad bore.

Shopped.

Left cards on Marchesa di Francia, whose house we stayed in at Monteleone.

Called for Ellen Giles who has been two years in Sardinia and can speak of nothing else — and scarcely of that, poor thing, as her nerves have all gone to pieces.

The Kerr Lawsons came to dine.

[0192] Thursday, June 18, 1908

I Tatti.

Warm.

Bathed with Agnes and Miss Giles. The Lawsons came afterards, and then the Houghton party, Alice left at home, Edmund and Miss Ellis walking, and Mary and Cecil motoring alone.

Finished typing Index of Places for Florentines.

In the evening the Serristoris, Rembielinski and the Contessa D’Orsay came to dine, and Placci and his brother and Lucien afterwards. They spent 3 1/2 hours speaking evil of the late Prince Strozzi (Checchina D’Orsay’s lover), of Montesquiou, of the Princesse Murat, la Duchesse de Rohan and others. I found it, somehow, *dégoutant*!

Ammanati came and we settled the electric lights.

[0193] Friday, June 19, 1908

I Tatti.

Scirocco.

Bathed with Agnes in morning.

Johnson cabled that he would take the Sodoma and the Costa Madonnas at £500 each. What luck!

Did considerable work.

Countess Ludolf came to call. She deplored her brother’s little villa, Bagazzano, being so near the Gamberaia and said two proverbs apropos of it: “*Dal Bagazzano si vede Gamberaia. Iddio fa due persone, l’Amore fa un paio*” and “*Chi pecora si fa, il lupo la mangia*.”

She evidently thinks Florence Blood as bad as Stephanie.

The doctor came, and then Theresa Thorold to dine. Algar, it seems, is flourishing on the Elixir, “El Sair”, and streams of black roll off him with each application! She said that Dora and Carlo di Rudini were *au pire.*

Miss Blood and the lovely Princess came in the evening.

[0194] Saturday, June 20, 1908

I Tatti.

Rain then fine.

Agnes Steffenburg.

Settled electric lamp-stands, etc. Worked.

Sirèn came and talked lots of rot about “Black Magic”, Reincarnation. Mme. Blavatski etc. — the usual affair. He is a disciple of “The Purple Mother” (Mrs. Tingley) at Point Loma, California.

Houghtons came in morning.

I went to town and called on Ady Placci, Mrs. MacLean (out) and Mascha. Did some errands. Agnes came up with me.

Mrs. Ross came to dine. She said Ray’s name stood very high in the Tripos list!!!

Mrs. Cornell said that, being interested in Natural History, she asked boy to bring her a certain kind of snake, alive. The next day he brought it in a bottle, but it seemed dead when she took it out. The boy protested he had put it in alive. She smelt the bottle, and there was a strong odour of brandy, and she said, “Well, he must be drunk.” “Does he see men?” asked the boy!

[0195] Sunday, June 21, 1908

I Tatti.

Showery — hot.

Agnes Steffenburg.

Swam with Agnes, Miss Giles, Mrs. Cornell and Dorothy Rose and Miss Stein (oh how fat!). Afterwards Stein and von Heiroth went in. We all had lunch at the lake.

The Marchese Antinori called, and talked delightfully about his month in the Canadian forest. He also said that at the time of the recent Wall St. crisis all the bankers etc. came to meet Pierpont Morgan. They began *discorsi* of an eloquent and moving description, but he silenced them and said, “No speeches! Let each of you write on a slip of paper what he will contribute and hand them to me”, and he went to his desk and played Patience until the sums were written down. He aded them up, and then tore up all the paper, and said, “If each of you will contribute twice as much as he has put down and sign a paper to that effect — no speeches! — we shall pull through: otherwise not”, and went back to his Patience. They did it.

It turns out that Ray’s “Equal to 80” means that she was almost at the tail, there being only 83 men!

 [0196] Monday, June 22, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool and Rainy.

Torrini came from Siena, and we spent the morning wrangling about the binding of our books and magazines. Very tiring.

I went to town.

B.B. received the Countess Serristori and Rembielinski, the latter of whom told us of a short story he had read somewhere the point of which was the following: Unexpected meeting of young man and woman at a hotel in a watering place, who had been *amis d’enfance* — touching, *attendrissants* *souvenirs*, she very pleased and friendly. He “*bien naturellement*” (as R. said!!), having a room next to hers, looked through the key-hole to see her at her toilette. But she hung something over the key-hole. Fury of man that she could have thought him capable of such a *bassesse*. “*A d’autres, oui, mais à elle, l’amie d’enfance, quel idée elle a du se former de moi, quelle injustice!*”

We dined with Labouchères. Mrs. L. is trying her El Zair. She said Carlo di Rudinì was the most beastly and unkind husband ever invented. He is carried up dead drunk every night at the Grand Hotel. Dora has made 8 thousand pounds of debts on her own account.

[0197] Tuesday, June 23, 1908

I Tatti.

Cool. Some rain.

Don Guido Cagnola.

Packed 2 trunks.

Went to town about the exportation of the Sodoma which they don’t want to let pass.

Got back in time to give last instructions to Ammanati, while B.B. was talking to Don Guido, who ran down from Milan to see us. He seemed more cheerful, but was as much of a damper to conversation as ever. It was very noticeable when Florence Blood came to dine. However, she liked him immensely.

[0198] Wednesday, June 24, 1908

I Tatti.

Misty. Scirocco.

Last things.

Called on Mrs. Ross and said goodbye.

The Princess and Miss Blood came in their motor and took us down to see the Cupola illuminated in honour of S. Giovanni. It was wonderfully beautiful, looking surprisingly transparent, like a jewel, flaming with thousands of flickering little oil lamps. They threaten electricity for next year, but that will destroy this weird glimmering, glow-worm effect.

[0199] Thursday, June 25, 1908

Fair.

Train to Paris (Simplon).

Packing etc. Adieu to servants.

Damiano quite ill with chagrin at not being kept on, but he is *too* awful a driver. He ruins the mouths and knees of every horse!

The person I felt sorriest of all to say goodbye to was Agnes. What a pull a nurse or masseuse has in gaining one’s affections!

I read *La Vaisseau des Caresses* which Jules Bois (the author) sent to B.B.

[0200] St. James Hotel, Paris, Friday, June 26, 1908

Fine.

Met Mrs. Baldwin in the train, who old us about a lie a minute. This made conversation very fatiguing. She said Gladys meant to marry a young Austrian philosopher, Kaiserling, *sous le sou*. It seems improbable. The plans were so vague as to permit of her telling us she was going to spend July in St. Moritz, in Norway, in Therapia and in Paris. Ouf — !

**The cherubic-looking young Duveen** met B.B. at the Railway to urge him to undertake the catalogue of Widener’s pictures. Fairfax Murray wants to do it, and no wonder, as he and Agnew have dumped most of their rubbish on him!

At 5 Mr. Joseph Widener came to talk with B.B. about this very thing. He seemed an agreeable young man.

M. St. André also called.

We went to dine at Versailles with Elsie de Wolff and Bessie Marbury and Miss Pierpont Morgan — very pleasant, as usual.

Mr. Munsey was there — founder of six deadly magazines and four newspapers — an eminently successful and depressing man. His secretary, young Crowninshield was a friend of B.B.’s boyhood. They brought us back in their motor.

[0201] <Paris> Saturday, June 27, 1908

Called on Brauer and Duveen and lunched with Glaenzer.

Then we went to Baron Lazzarani’s and found that the Botticelli portrait Venturi published really was Botticelli!! A great pleasure.

**B.B. then called on Mme Lambert, who at once attacked him for going to his friends at Versailles, people of the worst reputation (Lesbian), who have seduced Miss Pierpont Morgan, and into whose house no decent person enters, etc. Odd from her, whose reputation as a Lesbian is notorious!**

Then he called on Widener, who has the whole first floor of the Bristol Hotel (Place Vendôme), and had 1 1/2 <hour> chat, and liked him.

We dined with the Sherrills, who were most embarrassing in their flatteries. Mr. Sherrill talks real American idiom. “When he came to, he didn’t: etc. He admires Roosevelt immensely, especially for not standing again. Roosevelt is going to Africa to shoot big game, and *Collier’s Weekly* is going to pay him $20,000 for articles on what he shoots. That is the “American Cincinnatus.”

[0202] Sunday, June 28, 1908

Hotel St. James, Paris.

Fine. Hot.

*Noah bu et devient tendre*

*Et puis il fut son gendre*

— one of Reinach’s chaste quotations.

Went to Art Dec. and then Louvre, where we met John Robertson — nice man!

Billy Taylor came to lunch, and later went with us to have tea at Elsie’s at Versailles. He was looking thin and handsome, and his speech has improved. He has been ferociously in love with a girl of 20 named Bird, from Boston. She refused him and he was really ill for months, and thought he would die. Now he is doggedly waiting for her to come round. He has really taken it very hard.

We dined with Reinach, who had the unfortunate idea of asking Mr. & Mrs. Jastrow, and then spending the time reading us XVII <century> lewd rhymes upon the Court, etc., which they certainly could not understand, and we didn’t want to.

He is writing a book to be called *Orpheus*, companion to his *Apollo*, with the History of Religions. It ought to be very good.

 [0203] Monday, June 29, 1908

Fine.

I lunched with Glaenzer and B.B. with Mme Lambert and Mrs. Rowland. He called on Mme de Luche and dined with St. André and Cardman. I called on Mrs. Baldwin, but did not see Gladys, who is ill with gastric fever. Dined alone.

William James said, “When you climb on a man’s back, refrain from the temptation to spit on his head!”

[0204] Tuesday, June 30, 1908

Hotel St. James, Paris.

Heavy and hot.

Shopped a little.

Bernhard went to Duveen’s. They were most flattering, and if 1/10 of what they say is true, a future of affluence lies before us! **They said they would never touch an Italian picture but on his advice, and would give him 10% of their profits on sales!**

We lunched with Mrs. Baldwin at the Ritz, a frightfully simple lunch for which she paid 54 francs!

Bernhard called on Mrs. Peabody Rice, who was not at home.

We went to Montesquiou’s house (95σ rue Charles Lafitte, Neuilly) and saw *the most beautiful* interior we ever saw. The only false note was the modern pictures, Boldini etc.

M. is clearly in love with Bernhard, he could not keep his hands off him.

We had tea with Mrs. Ripley and Crowninshield at the Pré Catalan, and dines with lovable, boring Reinach.

[0205] Wednesday, July 1, 1908

Members’ Mansions, London.

Fine.

Crossed. Karin met us at Charing Cross and we found Ray at the flat. Ray left at midnight for her Suffrage caravanning trip with her five College friends. She had a white blouse with “Votes for Women” embroidered on it.

Here is a little thing she wrote:

Hector

ὣς ὅι ἀμφίεπον τάφον Ἕκτορος ἱπποδαμοιο

“And thus they accomplished the burial of Hector, tamer of horses”

With a sigh of relief he shut the book. There! that was over he wouldn’t have to search through his Lexicon again till after the holidays — and that was a long way off.

So he felt glad, and rushed out of the house just for the pleasure of rushing.

Next day his tutor went away on his holiday. The boy danced a solitary \_\_\_pipe behind a haystack.

And yet he couldn’t get out of his head, “Hector, tamer of horses”. The phrase came back again and again, Ἕκτορος ἱπποδαμοιο. What a jolly old boy he must have been, that far off chap — δίος they called him and θρασυς. What a shame to drag him about by the heels. What a pity to have to burn him up! Ἕκτορ ἵπποδαμος! and yet he was dead and buried. Poor [0206] wretched boys had to puzzle over his story, and old fogeys said he was mythical, whatever that might be. Yes, he was dead and gone, with the horses he had tamed; it wasn’t any use bothering about him. He must have been a nice chap though, for they made such a fuss over his death, his father rolling in the mud and all!

Sometimes he murmured to himself, “Alfred, tamer of horses”, but it didn’t go so well as Hector.

And no one could understand why the boy tried so often, that summer, to teach his pony tricks.

[0206] Thursday, July 2, 1908

Iffley.

Fine. Hot.

Shopped. Mrs. Campbell called and showed me how to use Elzair. Came here. Swam. Talked with Grace and Mother.

Bernhard went to the B.F.A. and met Roger, and to South Kensington. He lunched with Mrs. Harrison and dined and went to the Opera to hear *Carmen* with Lady Sassoon.

[0207] Friday, July 3, 1908

Court Place.

Fine.

Went swimming.

Walked over with Grace and dined at Alys’ with George Moore and Santayana.

Bernhard lunched with — Humphrey Ward!

[0208] Saturday, July 4, 1908

Court Place.

Rain. Damp.

Emily, Britten.

Bernhard came down to lunch, and Emily afterwards.

The Rowlands (Philo.) came to tea.

Britten came later. He told a story to cap one of the festa at Paola of the local saint, where to an accompaniment of clanging church bells the populace shouts, “*Evviva San Francesco da Paola!* *Abbassa San Francesco d’Assisi!*”

This story was of a priest heading a pilgrimage and praying, “*Notre Dame de Lourdes, Priez pour nous! Notre Dame de Loreto*,” etc., etc., till at last he worked himself up into a frenzy and struck his beard and cried, “*Toutes les Notre Dames, priez pour nous*!”

[0209] Sunday, July 5, 1908

Court Place.

Grey.

Emily, Britten.

Swam. Chatted and laughed. Bernhard and I walked over to dine with Alys and Bertie and George Moore and Margery Strachey.

 [0210] Monday, July 6, 1908

Court Place.

Grey.

Swam.

Talked.

Bernhard came up to town and dined with the Sassoons.

[0211] Tuesday, July 7, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Cool. Fine.

Swam.

Emily and I came up together.

Bernhard lunched with Mrs. Hewitt.

[0212] Wednesday, July 8, 1908

[blank]

[0213] Thursday, July 9, 1908

[blank]

[0214] Friday, July 10, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Came up late from Oxford, after a quiet day, sitting and sewing and chatting with Grandma and Grace.

Dined with Gutekunsts, who made us look at a terrible album of Caruso’s sketches and listen to his voice on the gramophone.

[0214] Saturday, July 11, 1908

Copseham Esher.

Fine.

Went to B.F.A. to see the exhibition of Miniatures. Scott joined me there.

B.B. hurried off to Duveen’s, and then to lunch at the Sassoons where he met at last Rinaldo Hahn, whom he liked.

Scott and I went to South Kensington and had lunch there, and got awfully tired.

Then Bernhard and I came here. Cook has improved, and Marnie would be quite charming if she didn’t bang on the piano nearly all the time, making talk almost impossible.

She told a good story of two tramps about to enter a house, but holding back because of a fierce dog. No.1 said, “Go along! Don’t mind the dog. You know their bark is always worse than their bite.” No. 2 “Yes. You know it, and I know it, but the question is whether the dog knows it.”

[0216] Sunday, July 12, 1908

Copseham Esher.

Fine then Rain.

Marnie banged on the piano all day, and made it difficult to talk, but still we did  have some interesting chat with Dickinson and Schiller.

Bernhard said the real Pragmatic hymn was the type of the one an astonished congregation to whom Beecham’s had given a free set of hymn-books, found themselves singing: “Glory be to God, our King! Beecham’s Pills are just the Thing!”

 [0217] Monday, July 13, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Came up with the Cooks.

Lunched at Monds.

Bernhard did various social things.

I had tea with Mrs. Stewart.

Bernhard dined with Mrs. Cooper Hewitt at the Ritz, and was nearly massacred by the music.

Keynes came and dined with me, rejoicing in having thrown up the India Office to devote himself to Cambridge and poverty.

[0218] Tuesday, July 14, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Cool. Rain.

Shopped and shopped and shopped with Mrs. Stewart.

Bernhard took Robert de Rothschild to the National Gallery with Holroyd, and lunched with Mrs. Leslie.

We dined with the Rothensteins and a Mr. and Mrs. Bell, young and nice, he paradoxical, and she earnest and good — a daughter of Leslie Stephen.

[0219] Wednesday, July 15, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Cool — a little Rain.

I went down to lunch at Darent Hulme, where Geoffrey lives, and talked with his mother and met two of his sisters. The country is very lovely, and the place has most wonderful views.

Bernhard lunched with Lady Sassoon and went to Bridgewater House with a Captain — ?

Jack Burke came to dine. We are fond of him, but he has let himself gradually sink down and down to a very middle-class man of business.

[0220] Thursday, July 16, 1908

Iffley.

I came down here.

[0221] Friday, July 17, 1908

Iffley.

Bernhard came down. Lovely weather.

[0222] Saturday, July 18, 1908

Iffley.

Fine Weather.

Algar Thorold, Janet Dodge.

Mr. Conybeare came out to tea to meet B.B.

[0223] Sunday, July 19, 1908

Iffley.

Algar and Bernhard went over to Bagley Wood to lunch.

 [0224] Monday, July 20, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Bernhard went to Kit Turner’s in Yorkshire.

[0225] Tuesday, July 21, 1908

Went to see “Lady Frederick” which was very amusing.

[0226] Wednesday, July 22, 1908

Took Scott to have tea with the Rothensteins. Frank Darwin and his nice frumpy daughter were there. We all went to see Isadora Duncan in the evening.

Lady Ottiline and Logan were there, and Logan introduced Scott to Lady Ottiline and they made great friends.

[0227] Thursday, July 23, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Gave luncheon at Dieudonné’s to Algar and R. Ross and Scott. It went off very well.

[0228] Friday, July 24, 1908

[blank]

[0229] Saturday, July 25, 1908

Iffley.

Came down for the night.

[0230] Sunday, July 26, 1908

[blank]

 [0231] Monday, July 27, 1908

[blank]

[0232] Tuesday, July 28, 1908

[blank]

[0233] Wednesday, July 29, 1908

[blank]

[0234] Thursday, July 30, 1908

[blank]

[0235] Friday, July 31, 1908

[blank]

[0236] Saturday, Aug. 1, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

Trevy, M. Strachey, the Milhollands, Billy, Rukhmabai.

Chatting and loafing.

We motored to Ewelme and Dorchester and Newington, Logan, Trevy, B.B. and Rukhmabai and myself. Very pleasant

[0237] Sunday, Aug. 2, 1908

Iffley.

Warm.

Trevy read us the first part of his *Sisyphus*.

The Elgoods came to tea and to swim.

*Lovely* weather!

 [0238] Monday, Aug. 3, 1908

Iffley.

Fine warm weather.

Trevy, Marjorie Strachey, Billy, Rukhmabai.

Loafed and talked.

Trevy finished reading his *Sisyphus*.

[0239] Tuesday, Aug. 4, 1908

Iffley.

Fine warm weather.

Trevy, Marjorie Strachey, Billy, Rukhmabai.

Trevy left.

Went in to see galleries with Sirèn and Billy.

Sirèn came to lunch and dinner.

We swam and looked at photographs and talked with Sirèn about “The Purple Mother” whose disciple he is.

[0240] Wednesday, Aug. 5, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Went up with Karin and Bernhard, saw Dr. Heath.

Bernhard packed.

Hamilton Field called.

[0241] Thursday, Aug. 6, 1908

Members’ Mansions <London>

Bernhard left at 11. I did hate to have him go. I am really fonder of him every year of my life.

I did various errands, and then picked up G.S. and carried him off to lunch with Mrs. Perkins, Roger, and Mr. Kent at South Kensington. We then went to a meeting on “The Use of Museums” at which Roger and I both spoke. But it was dreary, and Scott and I escaped and went to the Zoo, and saw the baby chimpanzee and orangoutangs who nestled in our arms. Sat up rather late talking.

Dr. Heath has sent in a bill for £290. I shall try to pay him £250. It seems awfully much when poor Karin is left deaf.

[0242] Friday, Aug. 7, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

2 Keynes, M. Strachey, Scott, Billy.

Brought Scott down by the 1.45. Were met by Karin and Keynes.

Came back by launch. They played “Bleeding Grab” in the evening, and we looked over *The Germ*, which Bain is trying to persuade me to buy at £23.

[0243] Saturday, Aug. 8, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

2 Keynes, M. Strachey, Scott, Billy.

We all went in to Oxford in the morning and saw the Christ Church gallery. Billy’s sole interest is now technique, and this makes him (to me) very dull. He is heavy and self-absorbed. Karin and Mary like him though.

Games and jollity fill up the time

[0244] Sunday, Aug. 9, 1908

Iffley.

Fine.

Maynard and Margaret Keynes, Scott, Margery Strachey.

Worked a little on Index.

Young people all very jolly.

 [0245] Monday, Aug. 10, 1908

Iffley.

Showers. Fine.

Maynard and Margaret Keynes, Scott, Margery Strachey

Went in to Oxford by launch.

Shopped and hired a piano.

Drove out with Grace and Scott.

The whole party motored in afternoon to see Dorchester and Ewelme.

In evening we all went to see the melodrama “The Destroyer of Men”, most frightfully amusing.

Some of them (Ray, Karin, Scott and Babe) went to swim by moonlight, though it was turned very cold.

St. Moritz: Bernhard had McIlwait to lunch, and had a walk with Mrs. Hewitt and called on the Wonders, and dined with Mrs. Platt.

[0246] Tuesday, Aug. 11, 1908

Members’ Mansions.

Lovely but cool.

Worked a little on Index.

Came up to town with Scott and Billy, who rather made friends.

Motored to Virginia Water by moonlight.

St. Moritz: Bernhard spent morning with Matilda Serao and then called on Mrs. Thomson, and then went to the Hotel Suisse and found the Hofmannsthals, Contessa Serristori, Placci and Gladys.

Tea on Meierei with these and Nostitz from Weimar.

[0247] Wednesday, Aug. 12, 1908

London.

Fine day.

Met Logan and Bryson Burroughs at Roger Fry and Scott at lunch at Dieudonné’s, and we all motored to Dulwich and saw the pictures. The best is the Rubens lady in green and blue. A fine portrait of himself by Reynolds, some good Gainsboroughs, two Watteaus, etc.

Dined with Houghtons, Scott and Cecil. Mrs. H. has dyed her hair. She is rather awful. Got on rather sadly with Scott.

St. Moritz: Bernhard had a picnic at Sils with Montesquiou, Serao, Carlo, Gabriac, etc.

[0248] Thursday, Aug. 13, 1908

Court Place, Iffley.

Cold.

Volney Dyer, Marjorie Strachey.

Called on Ross and saw his portrait of Oscar Wilde.

Took Scott to see Holland House.

Came back here.

[0249] Friday, Aug. 14, 1908

[blank]

[0250] Saturday, Aug. 15, 1908

[blank]

[0251] Sunday, Aug. 16, 1908

[blank]

 [0252] Monday, Aug. 17, 1908

[blank]

[0253] Tuesday, Aug. 18, 1908

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[0254] Wednesday, Aug. 19, 1908

[blank]

[0255] Thursday, Aug. 20, 1908

[blank]

[0256] Friday, Aug. 21, 1908

Iffley.

Kelly, Billy, Miss Cox, Miss Bakewell, Miss Boyce.

Kelly played.

Tom Morton and his idiot child Polly came for the day. He was handsome and nice, but he confessed to me that he felt like a finished man and looked forward to spending the rest of his days with Polly as his only companion. He said he could speak to no one so freely as to me, as I had been so much his wife’s friend. He feels a mental weakness in himself that makes him afraid to go on with the practice of medicine, in which, however, he had done so brilliantly as to make everyone expect great things of him.

Neith’s sister, Faith Boyce, came for the night. Kelly played us the Schumann, *Etudes symphoniques*, the *Appassionata*, some Bach (a partita) and some things of his own.

[0257] Saturday, Aug. 22, 1908

Rain. Fine.

Kelly went, thinking of nothing else but Christian Science to the last.

Miss Boyce and I talked for hours, and I found it boring but supportable.

Miss Bakewell came for the day.

[0258] Sunday, Aug. 23, 1908

[blank]

 [0259] Monday, Aug. 24, 1908

[blank]

[0260] Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1908

[blank]

[0261] Wednesday, Aug. 26, 1908

[blank]

[0262] Thursday, Aug. 27, 1908

Gave dinner to Kelly, Tom Spring-Rice, Scott and Bobby Trevy at Dieudonné’s, and we all went in Kelly’s motor to Queen’s Hall to hear “G. Face’s” Symphony (Balfour Gardiner). It was alas boring, but the Debussy *L’Après midi d’un Faune* was quite enchanting.

[0263] Friday, Aug. 28, 1908

Give notice of non-renewal of Kingshott lease.

[0264] Saturday, Aug. 29, 1908

[blank]

[0265] Sunday, Aug. 30, 1908

[blank]

 [0266] Monday, Aug. 31, 1908

[blank]

[0267] Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1908

London.

I went to see Mounteney. It was *too awful*. He has been paralyzed, and lives in agony, and *so changed*. I do not see how he can live. His face haunts me.

[0268] Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1908

[blank]

[0269] Thursday, Sept. 3, 1908

[blank]

[0270] Friday, Sept. 4, 1908

[blank]

[0271] Saturday, Sept. 5, 1908

[blank]

[0272] Sunday, Sept. 6, 1908

Court Place.

Called on Saidie and brought her out to tea. She seemed much nicer, once the horror of her appearance was got over.

 [0273] Monday, Sept. 7, 1908

Court Place.

Last shopping. An awful day.

[0274] Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1908

Court Place, Iffley.

Packing.

[0275] Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1908

Boat to Harwich.

*Awful* night.

Packed all morning. It was awful to say goodbye to Grandma.

[0276] Thursday, Sept. 10, 1908

S.S. Marquette.

Grace with Mary and Harold, I with Ray and Karin and Ellie Rendel

Reached Antwerp two hours late and had an awful struggle to get the trunks over in time. In fact, the steamer waited awhile for them. We started at 12.10.

[0277] Friday, Sept. 11, 1908

Awful.

[0278] Saturday, Sept. 12, 1908

S.S. Marquette.

[0279] Sunday, Sept. 13, 1908

S.S. Marquette.

 [0280] Monday, Sept. 14, 1908

Storm.

S.S. Marquette.

[0281] Tuesday, Sept. 15, 1908

Storm.

S.S. Marquette.

[0282] Wednesday, Sept. 16, 1908

S.S. Marquette.

[0283] Thursday, Sept. 17, 1908

Storm.

[0284] Friday, Sept. 18, 1908

Storm.

S.S. Marquette.

Grace, Mary, Harold, Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

[0285] Saturday, Sept. 19, 1908

[blank]

[0286] Sunday, Sept. 20, 1908

Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

S.S. Marquette. Horrible.

 [0287] Monday, Sept. 21, 1908

Vendome, Boston.

Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

Got in at one. Customs 2 1/4 hours. Awful.

Came here. Ate too much.

[0288] Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1908

Vendome, Boston.

Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

[0289] Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1908

New York.

Ray, Karin, Ellie Rendel.

Lunched with Mrs. Gardner who told us that Mrs. Chadbourne had let her things in without telling her as a pleasant surprise. It was Mr. Chadburne who told, wishing to make it unpleasant for his wife. Mrs. Gardner had to pay $71,000 fine, and her things are confiscated. She is liable to $150,000 more and imprisonment.

We came by the 4 train here and kind Mr. Cannon was waiting on the platform to drive us to the hotel. He came in and paid a long call, when we refused to go to supper.

[0290] Thursday, Sept. 24, 1908

New York.

Called on Florence.

Grace and Mary came to lunch.

Shopped and called on Putnam’s.

Went to Grace’s to tea to see Sarah Harlan and Bessie Taylor but was awfully sea-sick.

However, I was better by 7 and we all were taken by Cannon to dine at Delmonico’s — but very good strange food: clams, chicken gumbo, bass, broiled turkey, ice cream.

He came in and stayed, till we were nearly *dead*.

[0291] Friday, Sept. 25, 1908

Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

Wrote letters. Lunched with Bessie Taylor, all of us, even Ray! I spent the afternoon with Florence, while the girls went out in her motor. She is a *dear*.

Mr. Cannon took us to have a Fish Dinner at Burns’, and then to the Hippodrome. When we came back, we were all so uncomfortable that we took warm water and salt and got rid of the Crab à la Burns that lay heavy on our chests!

Mr. Cannon was really friendly, and almost as affectionate as in his letters. Generally he is so stiff and Sachem-like.

[0292] Saturday, Sept. 26, 1908

Germantown.

Packed. Came here. It is worse even than I remembered. Aunty Lill is deafer and dottier and more hypocritical and requires more lies than she used to, although it was horrible enough five years ago. Alban is really very kind and good.

[0293] Sunday, Sept. 27, 1908

Germantown.

Fine.

Ray and I went with Aunty Lill to Quaker Meeting, where I used to go so often 27 years ago, chiefly in the hope of seeing Walter Cope, but sometimes with a sort of religious mystic ecstasy. Everyone looked *good* but hopelessly narrow and uneducated and provincial.

In the afternoon Aunty drove me to West Laurel Hill and made me shed crocodile’s tears over the graves of all my relations. She is *too* awful. My language gives out.

 [0294] Monday, Sept. 28, 1908

Bryn Mawr.

Rainy \_\_\_\_.

Left Germantown as early as we decently could, half crazy with the atmosphere Aunty Lill creates.

Came here. Carey gave us lunch, and we unpacked.

I dined with them (the Deanery is full of workmen, so I cannot stay there), and Ray came in to discuss her courses.

Carey was so positive about the superior value of a life of culture that she got Ray to give up her Mathematics and Engineering and take Greek and French and “English” instead!

[0295] Tuesday, Sept. 29, 1908

Bryn Mawr.

Fine. Cooler.

Setting the girls in and arranging their classes.

Lunched with Carey, dined in hall.

[0296] Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1908

Bryn Mawr.

Divine weather.

Still grappling with rooms. There seems to be no one to consult, no one to take care of one. All the departing girls have left their things, and no one knows what to do with them. It is a strange, unexpected chaos.

Lunched with Carey and Ellie came over to talk about her courses, but showed so clearly her utter contempt for Bryn Mawr ways, and the system taught here, and seemed so cross and ungracious that Carey and Miss Garrett were perfectly disgusted with her. Even Ray said that she deplored Ellie’s behaviour and saw how inevitable it was that Carey must think her disagreeable and unpliable.

[0297] Thursday, Oct. 1, 1908

Bryn Mawr.

Divine weather.

Shopped at Wanamaker’s with Ray and Ellie, the latter most cross and furious and *black*. She exudes a black “aura”, if anyone ever did! Karin and Mary are very angry with her. They say I have behaved like an angel to her, and indeed I have tried, for Ray’s sake. But she is the most ungracious, selfish, self-absorbed, unresponsive being I ever came across — except Janet Dodge! She is making Ray quite miserable, and she sticks to her all the time. Ray, of course, has no chance to make any other friends.

Karin is getting on splendidly, and enjoys everything and everybody.

[0298] Friday, Oct. 2, 1908

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[0299] Saturday, Oct. 3, 1908

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[0300] Sunday, Oct. 4, 1908

[blank]

 [0301] Monday, Oct. 5, 1908

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[0302] Tuesday, Oct. 6, 1908

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[0303] Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1908

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[0304] Thursday, Oct. 8, 1908

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[0305] Friday, Oct. 9, 1908

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[0306] Saturday, Oct. 10, 1908

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[0307] Sunday, Oct. 11, 1908

Lilac leaves from Walt Whitman’s “door yard”.

Grace and I motored in Mr. Cannon’s motor to Huntington and had lunch with Mrs. Vollmer and her bedulling sister, on a farm they are running.

We had tea with Mrs. Bacon at Sunken Meadow.

 [0308] Monday, Oct. 12, 1908

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[0309] Tuesday, Oct. 12, 1908

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[0310] Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1908

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[0311] Thursday, Oct. 15, 1908

The Sprague’s, 810 West Ferry St., Buffalo.

Came here with Grace and Ray and Karin. Ray has gone to stay with Ellie at the hotel where all the women delegates are assembled.

[0312] Friday, Oct. 16, 1908

Buffalo.

Saw over Pierce’s motor factory.

[0313] Saturday, Oct. 17, 1908

Buffalo.

Fine.

Saw over Larkin’s Soap Factory, where remarkable provisions are made to ensure the comfort and improvement of the employees. They have an Educator, a Systematizer, a Welfare-Worker, a Y.M.C.A. lady, a nurse, etc. It was weird to see sons of girls with tubes in their ears type-writing from distant phonographs, which they turn on slowly.

Lunched at the XIX Century Club with College representatives.

Went to Art Museum and to tea with Mrs. Norton.

College meeting in evening at which Ray spoke.

Karin and I were amused at the comments — “She looks so sweet, it doesn’t matter what she says.” “No *wonder* the Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates form suffrage societies” etc. Ray would have been *furious*.

She spoke fairly well, and had a great ovation, being forced to get up and bow.

Carey was pleased. *Her* speech was really very impressive.

[0314] Sunday, Oct. 18, 1908

Glorious.

Train from Buffalo to New York, 9.21 p.m.

We spent the day at Niagara, where the kind Spragues took the whole lot of us, Mary and Ray and Ellie as well as Grace and Karin and me, in two motors.

Ellie informed us on the way that if there was ‘anything she loathed it was Women’s Congresses.’

Ray said that the Rev. Anna Shaw had asked them to go West with her and see the women vote in Colorado. I encouraged her to accept, and so did Carey. Ellie decided to give up her scholarship and go with her.

 [0315] Monday, Oct. 19, 1908

Grace’s.

Fine.

8 a.m. Reached here pretty tired. Rested most of the day, after seeing Karin off, having bought her a dress.

Poor Mr. Cannon is quite ill and cannot leave the house.

[0316] Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1908

New York.

Grace’s.

Ray writes “The die is cast, and Miss Shaw will take us with her. We start on Saturday from here and go first to Detroit I think … I have been deluged with requests to speak. Today I went to the High School here — a magnificent building with 1,600 girls and boys. I was asked to speak to the girls’ debating society, and it was very successful. I am to go and speak to the whole school tomorrow morning, and also to all the employees of Larkin’s Soap Factory!! Then on Thursday Ellie and I go to Rochester, where we are put up by Mrs. Garnett and have two meetings, coming back on Friday and leaving on Saturday with the Rev. Anna. It is really *very* exciting, and very delightful — though you may find this hard to believe, Ma.”

I lunched with Lucy and Bryson at the Museum. It was only too easy to see he was in love with her.

Called on Bessie Taylor. Lucy came to tea. She is very airy and irresponsible.

[0317] Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1908

New York.

Grace’s.

Spent day with Edith Burroughs in their house in Flushing. After fencing several hours, she began to speak of Lucy with hatred and bitterness. Her whole position seemed to me violent, unreasoning, embroiled. I tried to play Family Straightener. She made me promise I would tell Lucy nothing. She did not want to have Lucy posing to Bryson as martyr to a jealous wife.

Grace and I talked it over later. She is a delicious companion.

I met Florence and had tea with her. She wrote to Ray about Ellie.

[0318] Thursday, Oct. 22, 1908

New York.

Grace’s.

Warm. Fine.

Wrote letters. Packed. Telephoned. Lunched with Grace.

Went to Bank in Wall St.

Shopped at Altman’s.

Grace and I went out to dine with Mr. Halsey, one of the Directors of the Stock Exchange, and owner of a marvellous collection of early American furniture, silver, china, etc. He was very dull. If it had not been for Bryson I should have cried with ennui. Bryson is deliciously subtle and sympathetic.

Cannon was there, affectionate and platitudinous. He looked very ill. It was his first outing.

I had just sent off a long letter to Edith telling her to meet Lucy’s charm with greater charm, etc. I wondered how much Bryson thought I knew.

**Mounteney Jephson died.**

[0319] Friday, Oct. 23, 1908

Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

Warm. Rainy.

Wrote to Algar, Mother, the children.

Went to Museum and saw Lucy and delivered my mind. She was almost as full of hatred to Edith as Edith was to her. She said she meant to see less and less of Bryson. But she was somehow not satisfactory. You couldn’t bring her to a point.

Lunched with Mrs. Sherrill, whose American voice and ceaseless talk alas makes me uncomfortable. I wish I could like people.

**Established myself here to wait for Bernhard**.

Miss “Mysta Leonna Jones” called. I wish I liked her as much as I admire her.

Edith telephoned loving thanks for my letter.

**I went down to the dock to meet Bernhard**, whose boat, La Provence, was to come in at 7.30. It arrived at 9.30 and we sat cursing the Customs till 12.15!

It was nice to have a rational person to talk to again!!!

[0320] Saturday, Oct. 24, 1908

Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

Went to Museum to see Bryson, who at once telephoned for Lucy to lunch.

Cannon came and bedulled us for a couple of hours, poor man.

Bernhard called to see Florence’s massage doctor, who promises a cure.

We called on Grace and on Bessie and Frank Taylor, whom we persuaded to allow Billy another two years at the Beaux Arts to complete his architectural course.

We dined with Bessie Marbury at the Colony Club. B.B. uses tremendous adjectives about her, but it must be partly because she really adores him, for she did not seem to me interesting, though she is kind and energetic and free-minded. But she is not educated enough to avoid very dull *lieux communs*, which seem to her new truths.

[0321] Sunday, Oct. 25, 1908

Park Avenue Hotel, New York.

Spent the day at the Burroughs’ at Flushing. Edith told me the whole truth, which culminated in her having to get an illegal operation performed on Lucy, and nurse her through the miscarriage that followed. Lucy, she says, took about $4,000 from Bryson this last year. It is too ghastly, as he is a poor man. Edith doesn’t know what to do. Unfortunately she has never loved Bryson physically, and never can — which is some excuse for him. But for Lucy to take his money ——! I cannot see any solution for them, unless Lucy goes away, and even they they won’t be happy. It is heart breaking.

We dined with Florence and Jim Reynolds — very pleasant.

 [0322] Monday, Oct. 26, 1908

Dorchester.

Engaged rooms at the Webster for January.

Bernhard called on the Duveens who are scared blue over a bust they sold Widener as a Verrocchio, which B.B. thinks may be a fake. They want Widener to send it back to them. All the dealers are quaking at the idea of Bernhard’s doing Widener’s Catalogue.

We took the Knickerbocker Express at 1 and arrived in Boston at 6. Abe met us, and took us out here in a taxi-cab. It is more comfortable than we could have hoped.

Ray is having a gay time in Chicago.

[0323] Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1908

Dorchester.

Spent a quite quiet day, unpacking, chatting, etc.

Bernhard felt very ill.

Rachel and Ralph came to dinner.

[0324] Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1908

Dorchester

We came in to engage rooms and Isabella joined us and we talked for two hours.

They we were ill-advised enough to go out to hear Dr. Bigelow lecture on Buddhism, but the dullest, most primeval sort of lecture. It nearly killed us!

We had a glimpse of the Fogg Museum beforehand and met Joseph Breck.

[0325] Thursday, Oct. 29, 1908

Dorchester,

Rain.

Bernhard and Ralph Perry went to a lecture by Barrett Wendell.

I went to Rachel’s and played with her jolly baby. We had lunch there. I came home feeling very ill with a cold.

Bernhard called on Miss Norton.

[0326] Friday, Oct. 30, 1908

Boston.

Rain. Cold.

Dorchester.

I am fighting a cold. Bernhard went to the Art Museum with Isabella Gardner and gave her lunch at the Somerset.

Miss Hal, Mrs. Hooker and Miss Whitney came to tea. They had all aged fearfully in these five critical years. I daresay they were thinking the same of me!

Reading Anatole France’s latest, *L’Ile des pingouins*.

[0327] Saturday, Oct. 31, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

48. Cold. Clear.

Corrected proofs and then went to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Adams at the Old House, Quincy. A Miss Law and a Mr. Abbott of Wellesley were there. Agreeable people.

We then came here and unpacked. Mrs. Gardner called.

[0326] Ray writes from Boone, Iowa. Such an incredible day! Such people! I can’t tell you how wild and western and amusing they are. no description could possibly reach its wonders and strangeness. From the moment when we got out of the train at Boone, we were in a new world, surrounded with friendly, energetic and intensely funny people, who took us by the arm, joked us, [0327] kissed us, sprung speeches upon us and generally behaved in an incredibly unexpected way. We were rushed into a carriage and driven to a house fairly creeping with delegates and rocking with laughter, and loud exclamations. We hastened into our evening clothes and were rushed off to a YMCA reception where we were suddenly called upon to speak, and were forbidden to mention politics! … Then followed a tremendous reception feature with ice-cream. Today we got up prepared for surprises, and we have had ’em. … I can’t tell you what fun it all is! I simply love the West and these Westerners. This is the most amusing small town in the State of Iowa I am sure.”

[0328] All Saints, Sunday, Nov. 1, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Fine. Cold.

I have a bad cold and so stayed in all day.

Mrs. Benson called and Joseph Breck and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Ives Gilman.

Bernhard went with Isabella to the High Mass in the cast-iron Gothic Cathedral, lunched with her and saw the procession of 45,000 black-coated Catholic men walk by. I saw them too, from my window. What a leaven for this “new” country, all that mass of old superstition and usage!

He called on the Wendells.

 [0329] Monday, Nov. 2, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Fine. Ice on Pond.

Corrected proofs.

Ralph Curtis called and carried us off to lunch with him and Mrs. Curtis and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lowell. He is the Astronomer who believes that Mars is inhabited.

Bernhard went to the Library and read the art magazines, and then called on the Gays.

[0330] Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Jessie (Morse) Berenson took me to a concert where I heard Debussy. Jardin or something on the piano and liked it very much.

We lunched with her and her husband at the Touraine.

Bernhard pain some calls and i had my hair treated by Gersumky, who promises to make it grow again as of yore. These promises to aging parvus!!

[0331] Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Lunched at the Hales. Old Edward Everett was in splendid form, full of interest in everything. Grand old figure.

Dined at Dorchester.

[0332] Thursday, Nov. 5, 1908

Willowbrook Cottage, Beverly.

Came here by the 12.30 train. John Tyler met us. Old Mrs. Tyler looking very well.

We motored to Salem in the afternoon and saw all the Hawthorne places, etc. Chestnut St. is still lovely. Charles was very amusing in the evening, telling about lawyers and their ways. One firm of three divides their work in this way: Mr. A. thinks of the campaign. Mr. B plans how to carry it out. Mr. C. tells them how far they can go without being put into jail.

[0333] Friday, Nov. 6, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

Came up from Beverly in the train de luxe with Charles Tyler, who is really great fun.

Met Mrs. Gardner and went to the house of Mrs. B.B.

Perkins (by Jamaica Pond), who took us to see the Millets at Quincy Shaw’s. Wonderful pictures!

I felt ill and went to bed, but Bernhard went to Cambridge and lunched with the Perrys, had tea with Breck and Post, and went to William James’ lecture.

Dr. March came twice to see me, but said nothing much was the matter.

[0334] Saturday, Nov. 7, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

Rachel Perry came to lunch, and then she and I went to Gersumky’s.

When I came back I went with Bernhard to call on the Curtises. Ralph Curtis called Isabella Was-a-Bella — rather cruel!

We dined at the Brandegees’ with Isabella, Prof. Morgan and Sen. and Mrs. Lodge. Lovely luxurious house and nice host. The amiable hostess looked very canaille, in spite of her pretty dress. The portrait by Sargent was too awful. Also the sham XVIII Engllish pictures on her walls. Still it was so luxurious and *comme-il-faut* that we enjoyed it. They sent us home in their motor.

Miss Hale and the Livingston Davis called.

[0335] Sunday, Nov. 8, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

We lunched with Miss Robins, Santayana and a Miss Hartshour. Santayana was delightful — a most amusing and sympathetic man to talk to. B.B. was fearfully bored by Miss R. because he could overhear scraps of our fascinating talk.

The Nelson Gays of Rome called.

Bernhard dined at Dorchester and I grappled with my speech.

 [0336] Monday, Nov. 9, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

Mrs. Gardner came to lunch, and went out with me to Rachel’s, where I gave a lecture her friends on “American Art Collections.” About 80 “squaws” came.

Mrs. Longyear sent her motor for us at 6.30, which took us to their palace at Brookline, where we dined. She has evolved a remarkable system of housekeeping, which consists in having every servant’s duties set down in writing.

The daughters were nice, except Abby, who sings well but is somehow detestable. She is going to be married soon and live in Marquette with *one servant*, in spite of her father’s millions and millions!

[0337] Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

I lunched with poor Salome Warren, whose husband is dead, and who is growing deaf.

Called on James’, Miss Norton, Mrs. Gilman, etc.

Bernhard spent the morning with Isabella and lunched with her.

The Kneisel Quartet played in her music room at 8. Among other things they gave a dull concert of Courtlandt Palmer’s, who played it, and was very pleased, as were also his mother and sister.

[0338] Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1908

Rabbi Fleischer and Rachel came to lunch.

Rachel came with me to the Dana House School, where, to please Miss Alexander, I gave the girls a talk on Sicily.

We dined with Helen Hopekirk and her husband, such nice people. They take a very despairing view of the Burroughs situation. They say Edith doesn’t even yet know her own mind.

Helen played to us on the new harpsichord Mr. Dolmetsch has just given her.

Bernhard called on Mrs. C. B. Perkins in the afternoon.

[0339] Thursday, Nov. 12, 1908

Isabella met us at the Museum at 10.30, and we saw the Greek Throne, which was probably a Tomb.

We lunched with the Brandegees, who came for us in their motor. Mrs. Thayer, a beautiful woman, was there and brought us back in her motor to receive calls from the Crams (delightful people), the Livingston Davis’, and Mr. and Mrs. Gale.

We dined with Mrs. Gilman at Cambridge. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were there. She was a Miss de Bunsen, daughter of <her> father’s friend. He is lecturing on Napoleon at the Johns Hopkins.

[0340] Friday, Nov. 13, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston.

Went to William James lecture. I paid some calls first, and then to tea with Santayana. He said that at a dinner party at C. E. Norton’s the man on the other side of his lady failed to appear. They ask her whom she would choose out of all the world to fill the vacant place. She said *Goethe*, and then Norton said, “I scarcely think so, my dear Mrs. X. Goethe was hardly a Gentleman!”

We dined with the Dolmetsches, who were wild to talk London gossip. He is working for Chickerings, who have given him *carte blanche* to make old instruments. He is very happy. They have three of the loveliest babies. She is a sister of Sir Harry Johnston.

[0341] Saturday, Nov. 14, 1908

The Plymouth, Northampton.

Senda and Mr. and Mrs. McCallum met us at Springfield with a motor, and took us to the Country Club for lunch, and the motored us to Northampton, very beautiful.

Senda gave us a dinner with Professors and a large reception. I enjoyed meeting my old Professor of Chemistry, Mr. Stoddard.

[0342] Sunday, Nov. 15, 1908

Northampton.

The McCallums motored us to Amherst in the snow. It was beautiful. Had tea with them, and dinner with the Professor of Art, rather a nice man. He said he saw a house building which looked very nice and he went up and asked who the architect was. “Oh, we’ve only built it so far. A man is coming down next week from Boston to put on the Architecture.”

 [0343] Monday, Nov. 16, 1908

Boston.

Bernhard lunched with Judge Grant at the Tavern Club.

I lunched with Mrs. Hooper at the James’. Mrs. James was disgustingly bitter and venomous about Alfred Hodder and Mary Gwinn. I do think her attitude is *inexcusable*.

We dined with Arthur Berenson’s family in law, the Morses, terrible anthropological people, who think of money and eating and the Family.

[0344] Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1908

Hotel Somerset, Boston

Went with Miss Morgan, Bessie and Elsie to Fenway Court and saw the pictures. Lots of jolly talk.

Dined with Mr. Swift, who had Isabella and Mr. and Mrs. John Gray.

B.B. wrote to Miss Fairfax: … “this rather womanless town. Of course there is a great abundance of females, and they are very distinguished, very cultured and imposing. But they seem to have carefully rid themselves of all feminine charm. I have noted but one faintest smouldering of something else.

We dined with a bachelor friend, no longer young. There was a very talkative lady, but something in the air made me remark to Mary afterwards that if we were not in sacred, puritanical Boston, but in wicked Europe, I should have believed that my bachelor friend and the talkative lady were, or rather had been, lovers. Mary was naughty enough to assure me she had no doubt they were. I feel a sort of *tendresse* for them, as the only human couple in Boston. Of course human nature, particularly man’s part of it, must out, here as elsewhere. I understand that the *cocotte* flourishes in this sacred city. But here she too becomes, nay is a Bostonian. She is very cultured, very musical, and for all I know very philanthropic. Boston has the glory of reviving the Greek *hetaira*.”

[0345] Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1908

24 Greenough Place, Newport.

Proctor came to lunch, and of course Isabella brought him and took him away. She hardly lets him stir without her!

I went over to Newport and spent the night with my old friend Sophy Buffum, who remembers simply everything of our youth with a detail and vividness that shows how empty her life has been since. Her husband has grown very deaf.

Bernhard dined with Ralph and Prof. James and Mr. Holt at the Perrys.

[0346] Thursday, Nov. 19, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Came up from Newport and paid innumerable calls. Bernhard lunched with Clayton Johns. We met at Miss Hopkinson’s at tea, and she gave us a reception.

We dined with those delicious people, the Crams. She is so pretty and charming. He is what they call in England “quite mad”, a frightful High Churchman and wild gothic enthusiast and Renaissance hater. It was great fun.

Albert wrote saying he would not go to Oxford.

[0347] Friday, Nov. 20, 1908

Somerset Hotel, Boston.

Miss Elizabeth Sargent came to see me at 11, earlier Miss Moffat came, chattering unchanged.

Bernnhard lunched with Dr. Marks and met that interesting Dr. Prince of the “Dissociated Personalities” studies.

I lunched at Miss Yerzas’, very dull.

We consoled ourselves with dining again at the dear Wilsons. They had in a pretty red-haired woman to sing.

I forget to say we had tea with the Peannains. Their son is engaged to Brush’s daughter.

[0348] Saturday, Nov. 21, 1908

<Somerset Hotel, Boston.>

We spent the morning exploring old Boston houses with Mr. Appleton and his sister. Some of them were lovely.

We lunched with the Curtises who had the Brandegees, and had one of those tea-and-dinner visits to Dorchester which are so tiring. But this was alleviated for me by taking Ralph off to a Symphony Concert, where we heard only the Fifth Beethoven symphony.

[0349] Sunday, Nov. 22, 1908

<Somerset Hotel, Boston.>

A most delightful lunch at Fenway Court, with the Morton Princes and Santayana. Dr. Morton Prince told us about a new and more satisfactory case.

After lunch Senda and Ralph Curtis turned up. We went on to a crowded noisy tea at the Wendels, and had supper at the James’ *en famille*.

I mustn’t forget Prof. James’ lecture to the Heptorian Club of Ladies!

Also the different Presidents at the Gate of Heaven, Washington modest, Lincoln painfully humble, so conscious of having made lots of mistakes, and then a resounding Rat-tat-tat and a loud voice, “Tell God it’s me” from Rooseveldt.

 [0350] Monday, Nov. 23, 1908

Called to see a Gagini.

Lunched with Mrs. George Gardner and Isabella. I spoke of Henry Adams’ *Education* which William James lent me, and said how interesting it was, but that I didn’t dare to tell the name of the lender. Isabella promptly said, “I keep the copy he gave me under lock and key. No one even gets a glimpse of it.” We all knew, somehow that she *hadn’t* a copy!

Tea with Joseph Breck, and then I went on and had tea with Mr. Ole Bull and met Miss Alice Longfellow.

[0351] Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1908

Went again to Fenway Court and got complete notes of the pictures — at last!

Mrs. Gardner and I paid many calls in Cambridge in a motor — Fairchilds, Scofields, Miss Longfellow, Toys, Alleyn, Gilmans, James, Miss Norton and goodness knows who.

We dined with the Sullivans who had Mr. and Miss Blake and the Barrett Wendels. The latter talked to me a great deal about Logan.

[0352] Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1908

We lunched with the Percival Lowells, who had the Bowlkers.

Called on the Morton Princes, Summers, etc.

Had tea with a Mrs. Bradley and young Hopkinson came in.

Dined with the Fiske Warrens, Isabella the Beazleys and various other people. I like Mrs. Fiske somehow.

[0353] Thursday, Nov. 26, 1908

Thanksgiving.

Packed.

It was awful. Had our farewell tea-and-dinner at Dorchester. Karin came in in the morning and went with me (later than Bernhard) to Dorchester. She is staying with the Perrys.

[0354] Friday, Nov. 27, 1908

c/o Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt,

Tuxedo Park <New York>

Arrived here at Tuxedo Park about 5.30 and were made very comfortable in Mrs. Hewitt’s cosy house.

Mr. and Mrs. Tams came to dine.

[0355] Saturday, Nov. 28, 1908

c/o Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt,

Tuxedo Park <New York>

Had a long drive and saw the architectural glories of the place! Heavens!

Mr. and Mrs. Griswold arrived for lunch and were very pleasant. They are also staying here.

Dined with Chambers. He has just been defeated as Governor for New York.

[0356] Sunday, Nov. 29, 1908

c/o Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt,

Tuxedo Park <New York>

Motored to lunch with Dr. Prince, Prof. of Hebrew at Columbia.

Tea with Hewitts at Ringwood. The “Hewitt girls” are too queer for words, especially Sally Hewitt.

Young Robinson and the Tams came to dine.

 [0357] Monday, Nov. 30, 1908

The Webster, New York.

Got to town about 2.30.

We dined at Bessie’s and Elsie’s, a largish party, Mrs. Dana Gibson, Dr. Elliott Gregory, Mr. Kent, Cotney, Mr. Frank Martin, Miss Pierpont Morgan, and Mrs Wolcott beside whom B.B. was placed to his infinite despair.

We then went on to see “The Blue Mouse” a play adapted by Clyde Fitch, and so fearfully vulgar that we got home in absolute despair and gloom.

[0358] Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1908

The Webster, New York.

Went up to the Museum and lunched with Bryson and **the inevitable Lucy Perkins**.

Called on Florence Reynolds and told her an awful gloom over that play.

Dined with Reynolds.

[0359] Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1908

The Webster, New York.

Lunched with the Griswolds and Mr. Gregory at the Plaza.

Called on Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Perry Belmont, etc.

Grace and Mr. Cannon to dine.

Bryn Mawr

[0360] Thursday, Dec. 3, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Came to Bryn Mawr. Found Ellie still gloomy and oppressive, but Ray calm and Karin jolly.

[0361] Friday, Dec. 4, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons’.

Gave my first lecture, with slides, on “Art Study”.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders to dine.

[0362] Saturday, Dec. 5, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons’.

[0363] Sunday, Dec. 6, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons’.

Mr. and Mrs. Da Laguna to dine. He very remarkable.

 [0364] Monday, Dec. 7, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons’.

[0365] Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons’.

[0366] Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

B.B. went to Johnsons’.

I worked on my lecture.

[0367] Thursday, Dec. 10, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Gave my second lecture on “Art Values”, rather a good one.

[0368] Friday, Dec. 11, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

[0369] Saturday, Dec. 12, 1908

Elkins Park.

[0370] Sunday, Dec. 12, 1908

Lynwoode Hall, Elkins Park.

 [0371] Monday, Dec. 14, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

[0372] Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Johnsons in morning.

Lunched with Mrs. Kirkbride and Dr. and Mrs. Anderson (he a brain specialist at work in Wistin Institute).

Came in again with Carey to dine with Mr. Johnson.

[0373] Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Ill in bed.

B.B. went to Johnsons’.

Miss King came to see me. It was delicious having Ray and Karin dropping in and out all day.

[0374] Thursday, Dec. 17, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

B.B. at Johnsons’ in morning.

I stayed in bed.

[0375] Friday, Dec. 18, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Rain.

Went in with Miss MacMahon to Johnsons’. We took our last notes.

[0376] Saturday, Dec. 19, 1908

The Deanery, Bryn Mawr.

Cousins’ Reunion.

I gave my third lecture to ten of Karin’s friends.

[0377] Sunday, Dec. 20, 1908

Washington - Germantown

Packed. Bernhard went to Washington.

Karin and I came to suffer at Aunty Lill’s.

Washington, D.C.

 [0378] Monday, Dec. 21, 1908

New Willard Hotel, Washington.

Bernhard called on that awful German Jew dealer Mr. Fischer, who at once telephoned to the White House to know when Mr. Rooseveldt [*sic*] would see them! There is a naive simplicity about society here which reminds one of a necklace on the body of a naked savage!

B.B. lunched with Henry Adams.

I shopped, went to Bryn Mawr and packed my hat bag, and came here in a *roasting* car that gave me a terrible headache.

[0379] Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1908

New Willard Hotel, Washington.

Saw the St. Gaudeus exhibit — didn’t care much for it. He over-uses drapery in sculpture as Andrea did in painting, only it’s real drapery, in stone, and futile and ugly.

Lunched with Henry Adams. There was a heavy snow-storm, so we stayed in the reset of the day.

[0380] Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Had an interview with our country’s chief (and chief sight), this morning. Mr. Fischer took us to the President’s Cabinet, where many senators and admirals, *coiffés ou homme de génie*, were waiting. Presently Rooseveldt pushed open the folding doors and came in. He shook us warmly by the hand.

“Delighted to meet you, Mr. Berrington. No, Mr. Fischer, the name of Berrington needs on introduction. His fame is world wide. Delighted to meet Mrs. Berrington too”, and chatted in a jolly way for exactly five minutes.

We then went to the Congressional Library and lunched with Mr. Parsons and looked at prints. Then we called on Mrs. Converse and Mrs. Boit and ended up with supper at the Hales. Edward Everett Hale said he considered the *invention of matches* the most important thing that had happened since 1830.

[0381] Thursday, Dec. 24, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Corrected proof.

Lunched with Henry Adams. Had a pleasant, pessimmistic talk.

Called in afternoon on Mrs. Stickney, the Lodges, Mrs. Slater and Comtesse de Martel of the French Embassy.

Miss Lea called.

Arthur and Jessie Berenson are here, and we dined with them. He always says the wrong thing. They are both hopeless.

[0382] Friday, Dec. 25, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

It seems useless to try to recapture all these lost days, but I will make an effort.

We went over to Baltimore today to have lunch with the Harry Thomases, and to see Mary Gwinn Hoddere, who is living still entirely in the St. Alfred legend. Ray and Karin were there.

There was also a Christmas Tree at Margaret Carey’s, with more relations and relations of relations.

[0383] Saturday, Dec. 26, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Called on a Mr. Archibald Hopkins to see some rotten pictures.

Went to Corcoran Gallery to see Exhibition of American Art.

*The game is up!* We’re in for colour photography. I think our stock of Visual Imagery is entirely smashed.

Lunched with Henry Adams and a Mr. Munroe Ferguson, M.P. An Irish painter, Mr. Barrett, came in later.

Dined with the Fischers — it was *awful* though the dinner was good.

[0384] Sunday, Dec. 27, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Corrected proof.

Mrs. Converse and Mrs. Harlow called in a motor and took us to the Chevy Chase Country Club to lunch, quite a party — a nice Miss Parker who studies painting in Boston, and Mr. Huntington Jackson engaged to Miss Converse, who drove me home through the pretty park. He spoke of a house we passed as “an odd line of architecture”, and of an apartment house so flimsily built that you could hear the man in the next flat change his mind!

Bernhard and I called on Mrs. Slater, who wasn’t receiving (though she had asked us!), and walked on to see the perry Belmont monstrous mansion.

Dined at Mr. Parson’s, a most awfully pleasant dinner, though we didn’t like her. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Aldis from Chicago were *charming*, and Mr. Putnam of the Congressional Library came in afterwards.

I forgot to take off my overshoes!

 [0385] Monday, Dec. 28, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

A most lovely day.

Called on Mrs. Rae and saw her pictures.

Then met Mr. Barrett and the Aldises at the Corcoran Gallery and railed against the pictures. Mr. Barrett took us to see Mr. Ralph Johnson’s house, and had an *assonant* lunch at the de Martels!

Paid various calls in the afternoon, and dined with the Lees, charming Catholic people. I sat by nice Dr. Lee. Mrs. Randolph was there, who played the piano, Chopin of course. It is a *crime*.

[0386] Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Rainy.

Nice lazy morning, but wrote about 100 letters.

Went to lunch at Senator Lodge’s. His sons are interesting. One has just written a long poem called *Herakles*.

They lent us Henry Adams’ novel (1880) called *Democracy*, which he denies having written. It is not good.

Paid calls on Mrs. Fischer, and Mrs. Parsons, and met Nellie Hale who took me to call on that Miss Aldis we met at the Parsons’. She was out.

Called on Mrs. Cameron, whom B.B. doesn’t like.

Dined with the Stickneys. Sat by Rear Admiral Capps. Bernhard had a Mrs. Harlan, whose husband told me of a Cashier who knew from people’s signatures just how they were in health and spirits. A Mr. Acland was there, very pleasant.

[0387] Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Went to see the North American Indian Totem Poles at the Smithsonian.

Lunched with Henry Adams, who was very pessimistic about the future. Miss Margaretta MacVeagh was there.

I went to the Library to get my *List of Italian Pictures Worth Seeing* copyrighted.

I also saw Mr. Putnam and told him if they wanted to employ some one to work up their collection of Italian photographs I knew the person (Geoffrey Scott). **B.B. doesn’t want him to be working on it this Spring, when we’re so busy**, but maybe he wouldn’t mind later. Anyway the Library doesn’t want it just yet.

We dined with the John Boits. Mr. and Mrs. Thoron was there. It was very pleasant.

[0388] Thursday, Dec. 31, 1908

New Willard, Washington.

Heavenly weather.

Packed.

Went again to the Smithsonian. We were petrified to behold in the Ethnological section, beside Papuan sacrificial gongs and other relics of savage religions, an erection labelled

“Catholic Altar. This altar formerly belonged to a Roman Catholic church in Hildesheim. It is constructed in a mixture of Gothic, Renaissance and Rococo styles, and probably dates from the XVII century. The lower painting represents the Assumption of the Virgin Mary; the upper, St. John the Evangelist, holding the chalice of the Lord’s Supper. No. 207743.”

Near it was a glass case with a partition, on one side of which hung the vestments of Dancing Dervishes, and on the other side the habits of Dominican, Franciscan and Carthusian Friars !!!

Nellie Hale and her brother, the teacher at Union College, Schenectady, lunched with us.

We called on the Leas, Converses, Lodges and Stickneys.

Dined alone.