

Ethelinda Deering Frey
Book 7, Prague (March 8, 1910) to Florence (March 29, 1910)

[p. 0]

Part of the inscription on the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson

"Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Give us courage and gaiety, and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends; soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath and in all changes of fortune. And do it to the gates of death. Loyal and loving to one another."

[p. 1]

March 8, 1911, Wednesday

"Time and tide wait for no man," is the old saying, and I never found it so true before. It seems as though time is born on the wings of a hurricane, while we poor mortals endeavor to catch it on foot.

The morning went quickly, for our packing took up quite little time. By twenty minutes past ten everything was all strapped up, and we still had some time on our hands.

Helen wished to go see the clock strike at twenty minutes of eleven, so we three put our things on, and walked hurriedly off, leaving Katharine monarch [p. 2] of all she surveyed.

For all our rush, we had to stand for quite a few moments before the hand crept around to where it pointed twenty minutes of eleven, then the doors opened and the procession passed, St. John saluting, and St. Peter making his bow.

I don't know whether we were so engrossed in watching the figures, or whether that part of the clock is not in working order, but the figures around the clock dial should move — a skeleton, a muser, etc.

On the way back, we stopped in to a store to buy some postal cards, so that when we got to the hotel it was time to get in to our carriage and be driven to the [p. 3] station, for the eleven twenty-five train to Vienna.

Cook's man, at Dresden, had kindly told us that there was no dining car, so we had a lunch put up at the hotel, and good gracious but they gave us enough. We had enough to each feed another person, and both have plenty.

The scenery from the car windows was uninteresting, the land being flat, so we read until about seven, when we began to look for the lights of Vienna. All in good time (half past seven) our train pulled in to the station, and we were in Vienna.

We drove to the Imperial, situated on the Ring Strasse and got good rooms.

[p. 4, A train map of sleeper car routes from Berlin to Wein, "Internationale Eisenbahn-Schlafwagengesellschaft / Direktion Berlin, Unter den Linden 57/58"]

[p. 5]

March 9, 1911, Thursday

"Early to bed, and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

The early to bed is all right, but the early to rise is quite a different matter, though in cases of extreme necessity it can be accomplished.

We succeeded in getting up in decent time, and after breakfast went out to view the town. The broad Ring Strasse stretched away on either side, clean and beautiful. We followed it to the left, and in a few minutes walking came to the opera house – a beautiful building, but surpassed by Dresden – we thought. [p. 6] One of the principal thoroughfares led past its side in to the heart of the city, so we quitted the Ring Strasse to follow it. On both sides it was lined with attractive shops, so that our progress was slow – but in the end sure, for we came out on a square on which rose St. Stephen's church.

The corner building upstairs was Thomas Cook's office, and in we hustled for our mail. There wasn't an overabundance, but what there was, was received by us all with joyous acclamations. When Mother was through with her business there, we went out and took a carriage, since [p. 7] Katharine did not feel much like walking.

The Ring Strasse was our order, and off we started, our eyes wide open to see the sights. The first part of the drive was not very beautiful buildings came so fast that our heads had to bob first from one side to the other. The Votive Kirche, built by Francis Joseph in commemoration of his delivery from assassination, stands in a large square with a park before it. Its two spires form a mark of location which can be seen quite a ways off. Near it is the University, and the [p. 8] house of Parliament, built in the style of old buildings in Athens, surmounted by statuary. A beautiful statue, forming a fountain, stands before the main entrance.

The Art Gallery, and Natural history museum, are opposite to the palace of Emperor Francis Joseph, and between these buildings and the Parliament building, is the Rathaus, a big building with a park in front of it. The tower is another high landmark in Vienna.

As we came in front of the palace Mother remembered a street that she would like to see, so we told the driver to [p. 9] go through the "Graben." In order to get back to the centre of the city, he took us through the palace grounds, thereby giving us a chance to see the famous equestrian statue in the courtyard.

We caught only a glimmer of the stirring figure of the man seated with ease on the lively horse. A flag was in his hand, blown as if by a breeze, or the motion of his riding. He was half turned in his saddle, as if to encourage lagging troops on to face the fray.

The horse, I believe, is the wonderful part of the [p. 10] statue, for it is poised, rearing on its two hind feet without its tail touching. Almost always when a statue is executed thus, it is necessary to have the tail down, in order to keep the proper balance. It gives much more life, and energy, to the horse though, to have it up; and this one looked as though he was filled with the high spirits of his master.

It took only a moment to see this, and we were whirled on through highways and byways, until we came out on a short street called the Graben. Every building is a shop, and the displays were varied and [p. 11] beautiful. We spied out "Kersch's," the same firm as that of which we bought our garnet things in Prague.

In the centre of the Graben rises a monument; to whom, what for, and what it is I don't know, but I do know that it is the queerest looking thing I have ever seen. Possibly it was meant to represent clouds bearing angels and saints etc., but the whole thing is quite a puzzle. From here we were driven back, for it was getting near lunch time, and we were getting hungry.

In the afternoon, we started [p. 12] out taking a taxi to the Liechtenstein Gallery. In the guide book it said it was closed during the winter, but the hotel porter told us that if we rang and showed our card, that we might gain entrance. We followed his instructions, and after endless waiting at the gate, someone appeared. He told us that the gallery was closed, by when Mother went to make her explanation and had to break forth in English, he at once opened the gate wide and said "Why didn't you say you were Americans?" [p. 13] Evidently it made a difference. We walked through the garden, and were left at another door, where we had to practically go through the same performance. It ended by our at last getting in to see some of the rooms.

The rooms themselves were beautiful; containing not only pictures by famous masters, but also bronzes and antiquities. Of the pictures we did see, I think that Sassoferrato's "Saint Mary" colored with his blue tints; Van Dyck's "Marie Louise of Tassis," Rembrandt's picture of himself, [p. 14] with two plumes in his hat, making us think of the picture of his wife in Dresden with a plume in her hat; Frans Hal's "William of Heythuisen," for which an American offered a fortune, but which he did not get, Ruben's "Picture of a Child," and last but not least, the original, by him, of his two sons. Until we saw this original, we did not realize how far short the one in Dresden fell, but this one was much better, especially the expressions of the faces. It was the gem of the collection, and the trouble we went [p. 15] through was worth just seeing this picture alone.

[In between pages 14 and 15, a dried leaf and stem, possibly some kind of oak.]

We took car "D" to the opera house, from where we struck in to various streets, until we came out once more on the Graben. "Kersche's" was not hard to find, and without any hesitation, we walked in. Mother remembered it as a store at which she had bought garnets "twenty three years ago," and struck up old acquaintances with an old man, who was ticked to pieces to think she had remembered his store for such a long time. [p. 16] Helen and Katharine and I all bought pins, and Katharine blew sixty crowns for a garnet picture frame, for her grand-mother.

Leaving here, we stopped for a few minutes to see the "Isen Stock," while Mother told us the legend of how a maiden was under a spell, from which she could be delivered when a certain wooden stock was filled with nails. Many suitors came and

each one drove a nail into the stock, until one fine day, it was full of nails and the maiden was set free from the spell.

[p. 7] The Isen Stock, as it is called, is in a little building in a corner where everyone passing may look.

We started toward home by the main street, of course looking in the windows. A big crowd passed us, all following a woman. We did not get a chance to see why, but I think it was most likely a woman with a harem skirt.

We spent the evening very quietly, going to bed early.

[At the top of p. 7 is colored prayer card, with an illustration of a saint on one side and a prayer printed in German on the other. Written on the back: "A prayer given by a monk to whom we gave money."]

[Following p. 7, a series of tipped in pages, mostly un-numbered, of various artworks, all in sepia tone: "Sassoferrato, St. Maria"; Van Dyck, "Marie Luise von Tassis"; two unlabeled views of the interior of the art gallery; "Frans Hals, Willem van Heythuisen"; "Rembrandt, Selbstbildnis von 1635"; "Rubens, Bildnis ein Kindes"; and, "Rubens, Die Söhne des Künstlers"]

[The next page is numbered 26, although it rightly should be 16. There do not appear to be any missing pages, so it was probably just a numbering error]

[p. 26, Two stacks of postcards. Top, both in black and white: "Parlament mit Pailas Athene-Brunnen. Wien 1" and "Wien IX/3, Probst-Pfarrkirche z götti. Heiland (Votivkirche). Maximilianplatz." Bottom: a color panoramic postcard of the Maximilianplatz with important buildings labeled.]

[p. 27]

March 10, 1911, Friday

We started out quite early, that is, we left the hotel about nine.

First, we went to the palace, to get tickets for the treasury, for to-morrow, and somehow we managed to fool away a lot of time, for we had to have a card to present, and of course we didn't have one. An old man led us across to a stationery shop, where we wrote one, and so managed to get the business done. The royal carriages were waiting for somebody, but all we could make out from the old man was, that the dead Kaiser was [p. 28] coming out, and of course that couldn't be.

We waited for a few minutes, but gave it up in despair, at last, and walked over to the monument of Marie Theresia, on the opposite side of the Ring Strasse, from the palace gate. Mother told of how she had climbed up by the scaffolding to the head of the veiled monument - "twenty-three years ago."

The building at the left was the art gallery, so after a few minutes—in we went. The building itself is perfectly beautiful, and on the landing, to which a broad flight of [p. 29] steps lead, is Canova's "Thesus killing the Minator." It is very fine, for a more

modern sculptor, and for quite a few minutes here, and on the landing above, we stood to look at it, for it is worth the look.

The first room we can in to, was the Rotunda, in which, were modern works of sculpture. The new Carrahra marble is so beautiful in itself that one cannot help liking it. The rooms at the left, contained pictures by the old masters, so it was through the left hand [p. 30] door that we entered. One of the first pictures we noticed was the original Correggio, "Jupiter and Io," a copy or duplicate of which we saw in the Berlin gallery. The representation of Jupiter coming to her in the form of a cloud, was much better shown here, but I like the flesh tints of the other better. They looked more to me like Corregio.

On the opposite wall was Raffael's "Madonna in the Meadow," a beautiful picture, but lacking the touch of reverence and holiness given to the Sistine. [p. 31] Most likely, it was done in the days when Raphael had turned from his youthful feeling of reverence, and so this lacked the inspiration. On the right of it, hung a Madonna by Perugino, the Umbrien teacher of Raphael. One could see that it was the work of a great hand, and the coloring was very fine; – but, the pupil surpassed the master. In the following rooms were some very fine pictures, especially some by Titian, but to name the ones that I shall remember the most of all, I [p. 32] should pick out from those we saw – Coreggio's "Jupiter and Io"; Raphael's "Madonna in the Meadow"; Perugino's "Madonna"; Velazquez "Infantin Maria Theresia," of which there were two different ones; Allori's "Judith"; Ruben's "The little Christ with Saint John and two other children" and Murillo's "St. John the Baptist as a child."

There were many other very fine ones, but those are the ones I picked out to try and remember. I like the two pictures by Velazquez, because he portrays such little [p. 33] people with such grown up dignified manners. In the two pictures of Maria Theresia, she looks as though she were a child who never got in to any mischief, that she must conduct herself, as is becomely of a princess of royal blood. These two pictures, as well as Murillo's "St. John the Baptist," were in the side rooms. I fell in love with the "Saint John" done in Murillo's beautiful tints of browns. He pictured the great evangelist, as a small boy, with brown [p. 34] curly hair, and the biggest brown eyes, full of mystery, that you have ever seen. He was clad just with a camel's skin, according to the Bible story, his little brown feet bare. In his left hand he held the cross – his sign – while the other he had embracing the neck of a small wooly lamb. He was the dearest, most lovable, little child, with his big brown eyes, and his curly brown locks!

Ruben's picture of "Christ, Saint John and two other children" was worked out [p. 35] in a most life like manner, for the little children seemed to be amusing themselves quite like ordinary infants. Especially the little child trying to lift the lamb, for he had a most mischievous gleam in his wide open eyes.

The last rooms, we walked through; for it was getting toward two o'clock, and we were hungry, and tired.

We took a car back to the hotel, where we got lunch, and then started out again, to get some of the nice air, and warm sun-[p. 36] shine. Our feet led us on to the street going by the opera house, and all in good time we got to Cooks.

The Church of St. Stephen, we went in to, for we wished to be sure to see the interior, and we have found out that, if we keep putting off a thing, we don't always get to see it. The interior is dark and gloomy; the massive pillars supporting a high vaulted roof are placed for the shadows to play hide-and-go-seek around.

We walked to the end of the [p. 37] cathedral and looked down the central isle. All the gloom was unbroken, save where a woman knelt before a picture of the Virgin, in front of which, she had filled all the stand with lighted candel. A little group of people had gathered around her, some in curiosity, some to do reverence with her. Their faces – for the most part dark, and many of them wrinkled with time, and hard work – were lighted by the candel light, forming a picture of reverence and human life and light in the [p. 42] gloom of the mighty building around them.

As we stood at the far end of the south isle of the nave, we looked straight up to a beautiful stained glass window, at the far end. It was in keeping with the rest of the building, for the dull rich colors blended with the soft grey of the stone, and seemed a part, one of the other.

Quietly we went out on to the street, to the sudden change from gloom to bright sunshine.

For a while we walked [p. 43] along the Graben, looking in the shop windows, but in a short time we turned, and made our way slowly back toward the hotel.

We began to dress slowly for "Lehengrin," and about six o'clock went down to have part of our dinner. The opera house was a very short way off, so we walked and got there in very good season.

At seven o'clock, the orchestra began to play the music I love so well, and after the long overture the curtain rose. I think we enjoyed it [p. 44] this third time, fully as much as we did the first. The man who took the part of "Lohengrin," was good, but after having heard Barry's rich voice, one could not wish for better. I like his voice the best of the male tenor voices we have heard. "Elsa" was very good also, but I would not say that she excelled Ostend in the part. "King Henry" and "Frederick" were about as good as Zottmar and Plaschke, but as to Ortrude, she was simple magnificent. [p. 45] Even though I like Wittich so well for her personality, the most prejudiced person would have to admit, that Frauline Hilgermann was equally as good, if not better. She looked the part; for her hair was black, and she had dark eyes, and heavy eyebrows.

In the scene in the courtyard she was perfectly wonderful, and at the end of the solo, the house simply broke into cheers, and not a person hissed. Then, when the bridal procession came, she looked wonderfully well, with [p. 46] her black hair and orange velvet robe, which had a very long train.

The scenery of course, was not the same as that in Dresden, and one or two little points which we had liked, – we missed. At the end of the first scene, when Elsa and Lohengrin are carried by the people on the shields, there was no waving of green

branches; then another thing, when morning dawned in the courtyard, there were no maids coming to draw water.

[p. 47] On the whole, I don't think that Lohengrin as we first saw it, can be much better, except that I should like to hear this Ortrude in Wittich's place.

We got back to the hotel rather late, and found the rest of our dinner waiting upstairs for us. Opera certainly gives one an appetite.

[On the bottom of the page, a series of continuous miniature postcards of buildings in a cover printed in German. The handwritten inscription in the back reads: "Ethelinda D. Frey / given to me at the / store where Helen / bough her writt- / ing pad."]

[Following p. 47, a series of tipped in pages with sepia-toned postcards of artworks, most pages un-numbered. "Canova: Theseus besiegl den Minotaurus"; "Jupiter and Io by Correggio" (hand labeled); "Raffael. The Madonna in the Meadow. (Imperial Gallery, Vienna.)"; "Murillo's 'St. John the Baptist in the Wilderness'" (hand labeled); "Velazquez. Infantin Margareta Theresia"; "Velazquez. Infantin Maria Theresia"; "Ruben's 'Christ, Saint John and two other children'" (hand labeled); and, p. 55, "Kaiserin Maria Theresia Monument"]

[p. 56]

March 11, 1911, Saturday

We quite naturally were sleepy, and we didn't wake up until nearly nine o'clock, when we hurried in to our things, and down to breakfast. We girls take chocolate in the morning, here, for Vienna is famous for its chocolate. It is the best we have had, and this is just in a hotel. There is no telling what it would be like in a café. Next time we come, we must try.

The royal treasury is only open from nine to twelve, so we made our movements rapid, and about ten o'clock walked under the palace [p. 57] gate, past the equestrian statue, through the next courtyard, to a door on the right of the rotunda.

Men inside with gorgeous uniforms, directed us upstairs, and passing through the ante room, we were in the treasury.

In cases, in the centre of the first room, were many interesting things. The sword, the crown, and the scepter of Charlemagne, a wonderful golden collar of the order of the golden fleece, a tooth of John the Baptist, carefully preserved in a golden case, & a big piece [p. 58] of the holy cross, only excelled in size, by the piece at Rome. In another golden case was preserved a piece of the tablecloth which was on the table for the Last Supper, and in the centre of a sword, is carefully fastened a nail from the cross.

Behind the centre cases, were wall cases, in which were hung kingly robes, some of them coronation robes, others robes worn by the king, when he was declared head of the order of the golden fleece.

In the rooms beyond, [p. 59] were some of the crown jewels, and if the jewels in Dresden amazed us, these fairly took our breath away. I never supposed that I should see so many jewels together, and some of them such huge ones.

Every kind of stone was there, in all shapes, sizes, and in many uses. A great many of them, at one time, belonged to Maria Theresa.

There was one of the famous diamonds there, simply huge in size, and of a slightly yellowish tint. Oh the sparkle and the [p. 60] glimer, and the gleam of them, was enough to dazzel anyone.

Here also, in wall cases, were beautiful robes. In one case, were Napoleon's robes, when he was crowned king of Italy, in another, a dear little princesses christening robes, whether of Maria Theresa, or not, I am not sure.

In the last room of all, in wall cases, were the robes of the heralds; while at one end of the room, stood the cradle of Napoleon, or his son – don't for pity sakes ask [p. 61] me which.

About ten minutes past twelve, we left the treasury & passed through the rotunda, in the hopes of finding Saint Augustine's church, where so many of their royal highnesses are buried. Helen went to the policeman to ask where it was, but came back with the news that it was no use to go, since it had closed at twelve. Such is fate!

We wandered around a bit, until we struck through to Cook's where we did our last business [p. 62] and hustled back to the hotel for lunch.

After lunch, Mother made inquiries about Schonbrun, and since the sun was shining brightly, we decided to go out, just for the fun of it.

We took car 63, by the opera house, and were banged and rattled for nearly an hour, until we were set down by the palace gates, about three o'clock. On entering, we asked (or rather Helen did) whether the palace was open, or not. It was just our luck, that the Kaiser, who [p. 63] stays here, getting up to reach town by eight, and coming back at four, did not go to town to-day. When the Kaiser is "in residence" the palace is not shown at all.

We had to console ourselves with wandering about the gardens. They are laid out in the French style, and so are very conventional. From the back side of the palace, a broad path stretches to the foot of a big fountain, in which goldfish were gaily swimming. The path branches [p. 64] into several others, one of which, led up to the Gloreiette, and which we followed, up the hill till we reached that building. I don't know what the original purpose of this building was; now one may buy tickets for ten centimes, in a slot machine inside, and by means of these tickets, gain access to the roof, from which one procures a good view(?). There was so much smoke hanging over the city, that we could not distinguish many things, [p. 65] but on a day when the sun was higher in the sky, one might be able to see quite a little.

Mother, who did not go up, was slowly walking down, and just to be foolish we girls trapsed down by a path on the other side. She had not seen us come down, so we thought we would go the other way and come up in front of her. That plan might have worked very well, if there had been a path connecting ours and hers, but there was [p. 66] none, so when we found this out, we made endeavors to attract her attention, which we at last succeeded in doing.

As it was, when we met her at the big fountain, she said she was quite surprised to see us way off where we were, instead of on the top of the building.

We walked around some of the smaller paths for a while, then turned to make our way back to the gates.

The trees bordering the paths are so funny, [p. 67] for the tops are cut, so that as you look along the sky line, you see a perfectly straight line, which looks peculiar. They must be a peculiar kind of a tree, or else, are trained so, for all the branches grow on the side facing the paths; none toward the garden plots.

When we got back to the hotel, we packed and distributed fees right and left, until we were sick and tired of the old business. We had to pay twenty crowns or \$4 for our rooms [p. 68] and meals a day, and then, there was a good bit of money to pass around to people in general. The evening we spent very quietly, going to bed quite early.

[At the bottom of the page, two color postcards: "Wein, Erzherzog Karl-Denkmal" and "Wien-Schonbrunn, Parterre und Gloriette"]

[p. 69]

March 12, 1911, Sunday

A rap on the girls' door startled us out of a sound sleep, to the consciousness that it was half-past five, and we must get up. So out of our nice comfortable beds we got, drew the curtains, for the people in the next house had been having an all night party, and put on the lights. We did not have to hurry, so very very much, but then we "depech" ed ourselves. Our breakfast we sent to the room about six, and at half-past we climbed in the carriages, and drove away. [p. 70] The drive to the Sudbahnhof took about twenty minutes, and on the way, we saw the sun climb over the roofs of the buildings to say "Good Morning."

We got the trunks weighed, and then went to the platform to get seats in the train. To our great surprise, most of the seats were taken, and we were obliged to divide up. Helen came in with word later, that two seats were vacant in their compartment, so we went in, bag and baggage. [p.71] A man and woman had control of the windows, which were all tightly closed, and to add to the fact that we were squeezed in quite compactly, after the train started, she produced a little dog!!!

The scenery was to the left, and since all the curtains were pulled down in our compartment, we were obliged to stand at the end of the passage-way at the door.

We thought we were going toward sunny Italy, but instead of warmer weather, we [p. 72] climbed among snow clad mountains, or our train with a shriek, disturbed the peace of some little village, buried in snow, the toot of the engine jarring harshly with the soft chime of church bells, the noise, doubtless, long prolonged, after we were buried in some dark tunnel. For a moment the peace of the mountains would be restored, but only for a moment, for we would come rushing out from the side of the mountain, leaving behind [p. 73] a trail of smoke, which floated off in the blue air.

The fourteenth tunnel we went through, was the Semering tunnel, and in fact the name of the whole pass was the Semering Pass.

Luckily for us, we had looked our tickets over, so, when the conductor took out an extra one, we were aware of the fact, and remonstrated. We wished to go only to Villach, while he thought we were going straight through to Venice. If we hadn't discovered his error, it might have been most unfortunate [p. 74] for us.

An hour was taken out of our long time by lunch, and it was one we were very thankful for; not only because we got a chance to sit down where it was comfortable, but because we were good and hungry.

Our train passed a little lake, with boat houses galore along its edge. It would be a delightful place to stop off sometime. (?)

Only a little farther on, our train pulled in to Villach, and we thankfully jumped out.

[p. 75] Hotel de la Poste, was the one recommended by Cook, and the only one that had a hotel bus. We were put in, bag and baggage, and for about five minutes rattled over uneven pavements. The rooms we got were clean and good, but we did not stop long to examine them. We washed our hands and faces; I for one seemed to have collected every scrap of dust and dirt on the train — then we went down to wait for a carriage we had ordered.

[p. 76] We were obliged to possess our souls in patience, for a time but all things come to those who wait for them — that is, those things that they can't bring, or go and get themselves. The drive of an hour, out in the cool clear mountain air, did a great deal to refresh us. The cities are all very fine, and it is in them, that one finds a great many educational things, but give me the country, the snow clad mountains, the cool clear air and the feeling of freedom — and I am happy.

At six we had dinner and directly afterward went to our rooms — and to our bed.

[At the bottom of the page, two color postcards: "Verlag Caspar & Poltnig, Villach" and "Pörtschach am See".

[p. 78]

March 13, 1911, Monday

We were called at practically the same time this morning, as yesterday, for our train left a little earlier than 7.25, that is, it left 7.10. Again we saw the sun rise, all round and red, to begin its circuit once more.

We were out on the station platform in very good season, but we did not waste a moment, for no moment in which we could breathe the pure cool air, was wasted.

A crowd of workmen piled out of the train, as it came to a halt, and [p. 79] we piled in. Luckily, we got a compartment all to ourselves, and it didn't take but a few minutes to get the window down.

During the ride we bobbed first from one window to the other, for the scenery was first on one side and then on the other. Mostly it was on the left and of course

today the passage came on the left. I think we saw some of the grandest mountain scenery we have seen, certainly it would have been a shame to have gone through [p. 80] by night. The sun had not climbed very high in the sky, so that the mist was not all cleared away, but it made the tops seem loftier and grander, with this cloud of mystery hanging over them.

At Pontebba, the Italien frontier, we took our lives in our hands, and Helen and I took down the four suit cases from the racks, and unfastened them, while Mother and Katherine sallied forth to claim their trunks. An official came saunter-[p. 81]ing along, looked us over from head to foot, asked severly if we had any tobacco or cigars, and passed along to the next victim.

It was as much as our heads were worth to try and get the suit cases back on the rack, but the feat was accomplished after a time.

Leaving Pontebba, the train skirted the banks of the Fella, (which by the way, at this time, was two thirds bare rocks and one third a stream of water) by means of two tunnels and cuts. Twice it crossed [p. 82] the river, keeping us busy trying to see all the scenery. Not there—but farther back, we had seen far up on a snow clad mountain top, a church with a group of houses clustered around it. They were all buried in snow, and seemed far away from the human life in the green valley below. I wonder if it was a hospice or monistary. Maybe.

The mountains that we were passing here, had practically no snow, but often through cuts we could see snow- [p. 83] clad ones lifting their head proudly.

At some station or other, we had lunch brought in to us, for the conductor had previously come around, and by dint of eating his fingers and talking Italien questioningly, had made us understand, that he wished to know if we would like something to eat. Of course, we nodded and said "Oui," "Yah" and "Yes" before he understood that we mean "Si." Anyhow, somewhere, we got something to eat, and some [p. 84] vile red wine to drink, and at that time, that was the principal thing that mattered.

A little after two, our train crossed a long viaduct, and we came in to Venice, "the queen of the Adriatic." We had reached there at least, after two days of travel, and after having passed through about fifty (for I counted) tunnels between Vienna and Venice.

The hotel porters were at the station, and at a sign from our "fachino" the porter of the Grand Hotel too us, and [p. 85] our baggage, in charge, bringing us down the steps to the waiting gondola. The station is at the end of the Grand Canal and after we, and our trunks were packed aboard, we started up it. Nearly opposite is the church of the Barefoot friars, a big marble building with a good sized dome. To our great disappointment they turned, in a very short time, to make their way by small canals.

We were delighted with the motion of the boat, and in looking at the houses and narrow alley ways we passed. When we [p. 86] came to the junction of two canals, or a sharp turning, the first gondolier called out in his musical Italien tongue, to give warning.

At length we came out once more on to the Grand Canal, by the palace of the Doge Foscari, as our guide told us. It is a red brick building, made in the Gothic style. The marble decorations around the windows, formed in to the Gothic arches, were very beautiful, against the red of the bricks, making the one beautiful because of its connection with the other. [p. 87] Just a little beyond it, is the big, grey stone, Renaissance palace Rezzonico, where Robert Browning died in 1889.

The gondolier kept us busy, looking first one way, and then the other, until he brought us to a stop at the foot of the steps belonging to Palazzo Ferro, or the Grand Hotel. Our rooms had been reserved, and although they were on the third floor, they overlooked the Grand Canal, and were quite comfortable. They open out of each other, and in one, there was a little open fire crackling.

Almost the first thing we [p. 87] did was to rush to the window, push aside the curtains, and look out upon our new world. Just opposite, is the church of Santa Maria della Salute, its marble exterior richly ornamented, and its big dome all bathed in sunshine, which welcomed us to this land of past glories, and fanciful dreams.

We could not waste such a beautiful afternoon, so hurried through the necessities of life, and in a short time were downstairs, where we asked the way to Saint [p. 89] Marks. The directions were, to walk keeping always to the right.

Trusting that we would come out right, we walked, stopping when we got on to the larger streets to look in the fascinating shop windows. Here, we were not left in peace, for no sooner did we stop to look in a window then someone would come up and say "Wouldn't you like to see my lace shop?" "The entrance is absolutely free," etc. We did not stop; but kept on to our aim, and at length it was reached.

We came out on the Piazza of [p. 90] San Marco, and what we saw there overwhelmed us with its beauty, and its reminder of the one time glory of Venice.

The square is about one hundred and ninety yards long, and from sixty to ninety yards broad. At the far end of this long distance stood San Marco, while bounding the square on the other three sides stood the buildings, once the residences of the nine Procurators. Arcades run all around, and shops display their wares in the old palaces.

[p. 91] We walked (on the paving partially of marble) toward Saint Mark's, gazing on it, and stamping the impression deep in our minds.

Before us, rose one of the most beautiful buildings we have seen; with its five gilded domes, gorgeous marble façade, decorated with mosaics. The gothic and also round arches, were supported by numerous small white marble pillars. The golden domes and towers, the white marble of the exterior, and the rich coloring of the mosaics, made a color combination simple [p. 92] yet with all most dazzelingly gorgeous. It seemed more like an oriental creation, than a building raised by the Venetians.

Over the central doorway are four bronze horses; and Mother told us of how her former guide said these were the only horses he had ever seen. That may be true with more people than one.

To the right of San Marco, is the Campanile which is being rebuild exactly like the old one which collapsed in 1902. It was nearly finished except for the [p. 93] removal of the upper scaffolding.

It gives on an idea of how the original square looked, "in days of old."

The pigeons of Saint Mark's were quite in evidence, and we bought corn of the old man with his stand. They all crowded up to us, pushing one another to reach our hands. Then, after a minute, we stood erect, and the birds flew up and perched on our hands, and arms, until they were driven away by fresh arrivals. It did not take very long for the corn to be eaten, and as soon [p. 94] as that was gone, our greedy little friends forsook us for other people.

We continued our walk past the Doges Palace, which is close beside San Marco, to the right. The lower part of the building is enclosed by two arcades of pointed arches one above the other. The second is especially beautiful because of the elaborate marble tracery. The two columns of red porphery in the second arcade mark the place where the sentence of death was pronounced by the officials of the Republic.

The capitals of the pillars [p. 95] supporting the lower arcade are carved in varied and beautiful style.

Near the Lagon are the two oriental columns; one, crowned by a statue of St. Theodore, and the other, by the winged lion of St. Marks.

From this square, we got a fine view across the water, and out toward the Lido. Opposite the Doge's palace, is the old library, now a royal palace. Some, consider it the finest secular building in Italy, and it well merits the name.

We walked along the side of the Doge's palace, facing [p. 96] the water, until we came up on a small bridge spanning a small canal. From here we got a perfectly fine view of the Bridge of Sighs, connecting the palace and the prison. We have so often seen pictures of it, that it seemed like greeting an old friend, but as we saw it in truth, could we imagine we heard the sighs of doubt, of dread, the long shuddering sighs of the doomed, and the thankful sighs of the freed. One would think that the bridge would be well-nigh weighted down with them.

We turned back, after we had looked on this and [p. 97] walked toward the square of St. Marks.

As we did so, the clock facing us on the building of one of the Procurators began to strike, and we stopped to watch; for a bronze figure of a man with a hammer in his hand, moved his body and struck the bell a certain number of times. After a short pause, the man on the other side of the bell, in his turn, struck with the hammer, and then settled back to rest for another quarter of an hour. We did not stand and wait for the hands to creep around the next quarter, for by this time we were hungry [p. 98] enough to each most anything.

We went in to one of the numerous tea shops under the arcades, where we quickly satisfied, to a small extent, our appetites; then, we wended our way back to the hotel, to get a little more settled in our rooms, and to get ready for dinner.

Rain started in and continued, so there was no hope of a moonlight ride. We have two more chances though. We went to bed early for we were quite tired.

[p. 99, Three black and white images: "Venezia, Piazza e Basilica S. Marco," "Venezia, Torea dell'Orlogio," and "Venezia, Canal Grande Palazzo Rezzonico (Browning)"]

[p. 100, A color postcard: "Venezia, Ponte dei Sospiri"]

[p. 101, A color postcard: "Venezia, Panorama da S. Giorgio e Gondola"]

[p. 102]

March 14, 1911, Tuesday

It was a beautiful sunshiny morning when we opened our eyes, so we conquered our sleepiness, and got up, and eventually got our breakfast eaten.

The porter called a gondola for us, and gave the order, "San Giorgio Maggiore." It was not very far off, and in spite of the billowy waves raised by the steam boats, we made our passage (!) safely; and telling our gondolier to wait, we went in to the church.

The façade is of marble, the portico being upheld by four marble pillars. [p. 103] We wandered around undisturbed, looking at the altar pieces, many of them the works of Tintoretto, and reading from Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." They are quite a little darkened by the burning of the candles before them, but one could get quite a little from them. One of the best, was over the altar in the left transept, called "the stoning of St. Stephen." This was one that Ruskin went crazy over, but we understand that he is prejudiced.

The choir stalls, were most beautifully carved, and we strolled around looking [p. 104] where, and how we pleased. Then a monk came to us, to ask if we wished to go up in to the Campanile; and of course we did.

The climb was a long one, but in place of steps the stairs were merely a gradual incline, making it quite easy.

When we did reach the top, we got a fine view out over the city, and beyond the Lido to the Adriatic. Everywhere we looked, we saw church domes and spires, rising above the level of the houses. Italy is a land of many churches [p. 105] and before we get through, I am afraid we will have a bewildering mass to remember.

We did not stay up very long, for our gondolier was waiting, and time was hurrying.

It was such a beautiful day, that when we were once more on level ground – or should I say water – we told the gondolier to take us for a ride through the Grand Canal, telling us the palaces as we passed them.

We had our Baedeker, which gave the names very well, so with that, and [p. 106] the gondolier's information, we got along very nicely. Practically every building is a palace, and the Renaissance palaces and the Gothic palaces were both beautiful in their

own style. In one on the right, Lord Byron lived for some time, and some of them are now owned by English and American people.

After gliding along for some time, we came in sight of the Rialto, that beautiful bridge spanning the canal by a single arch, which is made [p. 107] famous by Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." We could not see the shops from the canal, but resolved to use our feet sometime and get up on top. On the left, is the landing place for fruits etc. and beyond that is the fish market. On the right, nearly at the end of the Grand Canal, is the big stone house in the Renaissance style, where one of the greatest of men died – an exile from his native land. Richard Wagner died here, leaving behind such music as [p. 108] will make his name immortal.

It was getting near lunchtime, so we told our gondolier to take us back, going by the smaller canals. The Grand Canal is indeed grand, but it is in the little side canals, with the houses rising directly on either side, that one sees the real life of Venice, and the houses of the poorer people. Though they don't live in palaces, how happy they seem! Almost always as one passes, one hears a song, or sounds of [p. 109] merrymaking.

All too soon it seemed, we were brought to our door, but when we were once inside, it did not seem any too soon for we had monstrous appetites created within us.

After lunch we set out on foot, going first to the square of St. Marks, and after fooling around, going under our tower with the clock, and on in to the Mercier. It is the chief business street of Venice, and is not only crowded with shops, but crowded with [p. 110] people. It is very narrow and twists and turns in all sorts of miraculous ways.

We reached an open square from which we entered the church of "San Salvador," a building of peculiar construction, with its three flat domes and gloomy darkness. Over the third altar in the right isle was Titian's "Annunciation" and the high altar piece was also by him. Both, are greatly damaged by the burning of candles. We continued along the Mercier, to the right, and [p. 111] after passing through an open square, turned into a side street, which brought us directly on to the Rialto, in truth, lined with quaint old shops, invisible from the canal. I wonder which one was owned by Shillock? They none of them looked small enough, or dingy and quaint enough, to have belonged to him.

We followed the street on the opposite side, which was crowded with stands, where every namable article was displayed; until we came out on the market square. We knew some-[p.112]where there ought to be the granite column, from which the laws of the Republic were read; but could not seem to see it, anywhere. At last Katherine spied it, in behind one of the temporary market stands at the left side. It was surrounded by an iron railing, but we got near enough to see plainly, the graceful keeling figure, which supported the steps leading to the flat top.

Drops of rain had been warning us all along of a deluge, and in a [p. 113] short time, they began to come faster. We turned to retrace our way, and by walking briskly, soon reached the shelter of one of the arcades facing the Piazza of San Marco. There was a most fascinating tea shop, and of course we simply had to go in.

When we left there, we walked slowly, looking in the windows and rebuffing the proprietors (?) of the various shops, with their insistant "Would you like to see my lace shop, lady?" I think it is mighty funny, if the people who own the shops, are out [p. 114] parading the streets all the time. We did go it to one lace shop, however, where Mother bought some Byzentine or "Cluny" lace, for Helen, and one or two medallions to set in to dresses.

The things they had were very beautiful, but I do not think it was by any means the best shop in Venice.

Leaving here, we continued along, until another man hauled us or invagled us, in to going to his lace manufactory. He walked along with us, carrying his umbrella [p. 115] over Mother, all the time telling her to stop on the way to the hotel. His manufactory was "Melville & Ziffer" Camp San Moise 1463 and when he got us inside, he handed us over to a man who showed us the differed processes, as the girls were doing it. Each girl had a big pinafore with her name across the front, and the ages of the girls (not the pinafores) were very mixed. In one room, there were girls of about twelve or younger, who were learning how.

Of course this ended [p. 116] by our going in to a showroom, and his showing us different things.

The man certainly was a born salesman, for he was neither too persistant, nor was he uninterested. He showed Mother a collar of beautiful lace, and the minute she turned to talk it over with us, he went to another part of the room. Mother decided she would buy it, and then he brought out cuffs to match it. Of course if she had the collar she must have [p. 117] the cuffs, and it ended, by her handing over a hundred lire.

He took us through room after room, where were the most beautiful laces in all devices, and all qualities, and quantities. I never supposed there could be so much lace, all in one place, as there was there.

We left the place, with a big hole in our pocket book.

The weather did not clear up, for a moonlight ride, but there is still one more chance left to us.

[p. 118, Two color postcards: "Venezia, Isola di S. Giorgio e Bragozzo" and "Venezia, Ponte di Rialto"]

[p. 119, Three postcards: a color card, "Venezia, Canal grande"; a black and white card, "Venezia, Panorama Generale"; and, a black and white card, "Venezia, Panorama dal Campanile di S. Marco"]

[p. 120]

March 15, 1911, Wednesday

The Achademy was our aim this morning, so Helen and I offered to guide them, by means of our bump of direction; and we did; getting not more than two or three

times, into streets ending in nothing, or a canal. We came out by the iron bridge; and so crossed across to the Achademy.

The building once belonged to the brotherhood of Santa Maria della Carita, but now contains among other pictures, several master pieces.

Everything here in Italy [p. 121] costs, and we paid a lire a piece to get in.

We went up the stairs, coming in to a room, which is much in the style when the building was used by the brotherhood. We did not stop to examine things specially, and after a short pause, continued our way toward a door in the farther end. We stopped, and sat down on the seat where we could see Titian's famous "Assumption."

The upturned face of the Virgin, to me, expressed more rapturous bliss, [p. 122] than any picture on this subject I have seen. She is absolutely carried away with exultant reverence, and bliss. I cannot say it, but to me, her figure throbbed and seemed almost ready to burst forth in her rapture.

On either side, were groups of angels in mad jubilation, while below stood the apostles gazing in great awe.

In this same room, were several other good pictures; one, by Bellini, "Madonna enthroned with Saint Sebastian, St. Domenic and a bishop, Job, Saint Francis and John the Baptist" is, I know, considered of great merit, but after that glorified vision of Titian's, the face of Mary and the Child seemed almost expressionless. Another thing, in this case, I disliked a great deal so many people being put in to the picture. The child had a far away look, as if looking far ahead in to the future, but try as I could, I could not make myself like the picture extreemly.

On the entrance wall, to the right, was a Madonna enthroned which I liked [p. 124] only for the singing angel, at the foot of the throne. The dear little angle, her whole attitude one of extreme concentration. One foot was crossed above the other to help hold in her lap the very large banjo. (?) Her hair hung straight around her face, which had the most intent expression upon it. One hand rested with the finger tips on the strings while the other looked in active movement.

[Between pages 124-125, a dried yellow flower.]

I think the picture was done by Carpathius, but as [p. 125] to that I am not sure.

On the right wall, were two pictures by Tintoretto, one "St. Mark rescuing a slave" and the other "the death of Abel."

In the first the figure of St. Mark, as well as that of the slave, were very fine, their positions being difficult to execute but very fine in the execution. Saint Mark, coming from the sky, is almost upside down, or nearly standing on his head, while that of the slave is lying, with his head toward the outside, his feet toward the in. The freedom of movement, and [p. 126] drapery is excellent.

We passed through a door and in to a room of lesser importance. The best picture was one by Ribera, but this like several of his was a horrible conception, and it makes one fairly sick to look at them.

A room leading from it had quite a few sketches by famous masters but we did not spend very much time there (though we wish we had). [The parenthetical comment seems to have been added later and is in a slightly different colored ink.]

We returned to the second room, and passed through the end doorway. The pictures were not special ones, so after looking around we walked in to one of the side rooms to Palma Vecchio's "Holy Family [p. 127] with Saint John the Baptist and Saint Katherine." We are getting quite used to seeing Palma Vecchio's familiar face. The robe of Saint Katherine was done in beautiful reds and greens. In a long room, was one of Paolo Veronese's big pictures, in fact, I believe it is his biggest. The measurements are, I think thirty nine feet long, and eighteen feet high.

The scene is supposed to represent "Christ at the house of Levi," and was done quite in the masters brilliant style. The scene does not impress one as a biblical scene, and it is not in the first impression, [p. 128] that one takes in the figures of Christ and John the Apostle, for Veronese has not made everything centre around them. Indeed, it seems more like a scene from any man's life, in that period.

Each one seems intent upon their own pleasure, and that pleasure is to see how much they can get to eat, and drink. For some time we looked at the picture, but we could not quite agree as to which man was Levi.

In the foreground was the figure of man, uttering a command to someone. We looked at him from different [p. 129] views, and each time we got in to a discussion, as to whom he was looking, and point at. We could not decide.

The another point for discussion, was the two figures of Christ, and John, the two who seemed to have nothing to do with the other people, and the other people nothing to do with them.

John had his face turned toward Christ, but his eyes seemed to be fixed on the dish of food before him.

Christ, "we three," thought was talking to John, but here Katherine disagreed, and we were obliged to leave the point. [p. 130] The bright coloring of the costumes, and the customary group of children, and an animal or animals, were quite decidedly Veroneses style, as well as his idea that the people continued at the tables beyond his limit of the picture. The table being set in an open loggia, gave the master his chance to put his bit of landscape painting in, with Venice for its representation.

In this same room, were several pictures by Tintoretto, quite a few portraits of his patrons, and their patron Saints, in devotional pictures. At first, we did not recognize [p. 131] by whom they were painted, since the name was signed "Robuste" — his real name.

In the next room, were several treasures; five pictures by Bonifazio, being good for their representation of real life. Opposite on the right wall, was one by Paris Bardone "A fisherman presenting the ring received from St. Mark to the Doge," being good in the contrast between the ragged old fisherman, and the magnificently robed Doge.

Two other pictures here were better than all the rest together. One was Titian's "Pieta," the last picture he did. [p. 132] He started it in his ninety-ninth year, and it was finished by Palma Giovane. Of course, it was not so fine in detail, as many of his pictures, for naturally in his old age his eyesight and steadiness of hand, could not have been as they were, once upon a time. Yet, there is a grand sorrow expressed in this little group of Mary, holding the dead body of her son. She grieves over him as her son, and not as the death of a Savior. On the right is Joseph of Arimathea, on the left, Mary Magdalene.

From a distance, one gets [p. 133] the full beauty, and the strong feeling, in this pathetic, and grand group.

There was still another picture here, one taken from room XX, while that is being restored. It is one of Titian's Materpieces, "The Presentations at the Temple." The head of Mary was quite familiar to us, having hung in Helen's room, for time immemorable. She is the dearest little figure, mounting all alone, the long flight of steps, to where two priests await her.

Her hair is braided in along plait down her back, her right hand lifts her dress, to enable her to climb, the other hand is [p. 124] raised in a dignified manner. A glory of light surrounds her. The whole picture centres around this figure, the group of people at the foot of the steps, and the wrinkled old egg woman, are all watching her, as are also the two priests at the door of the temple.

Titian has given a great deal of care to this picture, working out each figure, and clothing his people with colors, which he alone knew how to paint. A little bit of landscape in the background to the left gives an added touch.

We went on to the other rooms presently, where we saw interesting, [p. 135] but amusing pictures, by Gentile Bellini. The pictures were not supposed to be amusing at all, but in one for instance, "The Miraculous finding in the canal of a fragment of the Cross," to see the priests dressed in richly embroidered robes, swimming around on top and under the water, and all the people in the canal, was really funny, if that side happened to strike you. Bellini's faces are almost droll in form and that combined with their actions was, well, laughable.

The other pictures we saw, of value, was one by Mantegna, and several in a room all by themselves by Giovanni Bellini. [p. 136] "The Madonna of the Two Trees," by him, I like better than the one in the first room, but I supposed that is where I show my ignorance. Hard luck!

We still had a little time left, before lunch, so we endeavored to make our way to the church of Santa Maria della Salute.

The sacristan tried to show us the interior, which was all marble, and very well lighted by windows. It was built to commemorate the awful plague of 1630.

In spite of its being better lighted than some of the churches, there was little that one could [p. 137] make out of Titian's picture, "the Descent of the Holy Ghost," on the first altar to the left. It seems a shame, that so many pictures are spoiled by the smoke from the candels, but such is fate.

In the sacristy, are several good paintings, one especially fine, of Tintoretto's "The Marriage at Caane." Mother had brought Ruskin with her, and read quite a little from him, much to the disgust of the man, who wanted to have a fee, and get us out of the way. The perspective of this picture is excellent, for the long table stretches from the foreground, way in to the background.

At the farther end of the table, [p. 138] sit Christ and Mary; to the left, is a long line of seated men; and to the right, is a long line of seated Venetian women. In the very front of the picture one woman has risen, her glass in her hand, and leans across toward one of the men, as if to show the wine in her glass. The light from the windows at the side, falls full on the long line of women's faces, which Tintoretto has spent much care over. Their attitudes are varied, but all express wonder at the miracle.

The figures of the bride and groom are not distinguishable, but according to Ruskin, the bride is the third [p. 139] woman from the Virgin, wearing a very rich headdress.

Again quoting his opinion, the fourth woman is the most beautiful; in fact, the most beautiful woman drawn by this master, with the exception of the "Flight into Egypt."

The effects of the light and shadow, the rich bits of color, and the arrangement of the whole group, is most remarkable and fine for the master. "He has Titian's coloring, and Rembrandt's treatment of light and shade."

There were other good pictures here, one a blue Madonna by Sassoferrato, but we spent our time, and the sacristans, by looking at the Tintoretto. [p. 140] Ruskin says it is a picture not to be known short of six months study. We therefore do not know it, for we spent but half an hour.

When we came out of the church, the rain was coming down in sheets, and the canal alone separated us from the hotel. We were not going to walk, so took a gondola right across, landing on the steps as the luncheon bell was ringing.

After lunch, we took a gondola to the church of Saint Toma, where we paid 50 centimes for admission ticket for her, and the Frari.

The pictures belonging to the [p. 141] church of the Frari are here, during the restoration of that church. The two principal ones, are one, by Titian, and one by Giovanni Bellini.

The Titian was the "Madonna of the Pesaro family," one of the finest church pieces Titian ever did. The Madonna, holding the child, has her head turned, so as to look downward, at the kneeling people below. The face is very beautiful in modeling, and tint, but lacks a great deal of expression. The artist has had no great inspiration, and so the Virgin is merely a beautiful woman, without the customary expression of reverence, [p. 142] sweetness, and far-sightedness. The child is merely a dear little child, kicking his feet gaily in his innocent child happiness.

For modelling, draftsman-ship, and coloring, the picture is truly great, lacking only the inspiration, with which, it would be a masterpiece, but without which, it is nothing more than pleasing for a glance.

The Bellini "Madonna enthroned with Saints and angel musicians," on the contrary, is a picture throbbing with life, and reverence, and wisdom. The two little angels [p. 143] at the foot of the throne, are all intent upon their music, one little one, puffing his cheeks way out, his head bent, all his breath and strength going in to the trumpet notes. The other, is quite equally intent upon his tambourine, or an instrument of much the same shape.

The church itself, had not so much of beauty, and after studying the pictures for a while, we left to go to the church of the Frari. A little boy, very eager and persistent, tried to act as our guide in spite of our refusing to promise him anything. We got to the church, whose bare brick exterior [p. 144] was waiting, and has waiting it facing of marble, for many years.

The interior is bare, and greatly shows the restorations it is going through, for the brick work looks quite new and bright.

The Canova monument is, I believe quite famous, and the figures in many ways, are beautiful. One very much like it, the better of the two, is in Vienna, but we did not see it. Among other monuments, which adorned the walls, was one to Titian, with alligorical figures of the fine arts, and reliefs from some of his [p. 145] famous pictures.

We looked around quite by ourselves, until we had satisfied our curiosity, then started, led by a couple of little boys to the Scuola di San Rocco.

We didn't know we had struck the right place, until we had gotten inside, and were called upon for a lire a piece. We were in, so we paid the money, and proceeded to get our monies worth from it. The interior of the downstairs hall, contains large wall paintings by Tinteretto; and with the help of funny glasses, a card with the names of the pictures, Baedeker & Ruskin [p. 146] we got quite a little of out them. They are quite faded, and the room is ill lighted, so we had to study each carefully, for some minutes; but, we did not spend the time Ruskin demanded, for that would have been days and months.

They depicted scenes from the sacred history, and these as well as those in the upper room, must have once been wonderful in modeling and coloring, as one or two pieces, still light, show.

His Crucifixion we were told is considered the best, so when we saw it, we were [p. 147] greatly disappointed, for there was practically nothing to be seen, except for dark shadowy forms, some on horseback, some standing, sitting or kneeling, and the three crosses in the foreground. It represents the moment when the sponge has been dipped in the vinegar, and offered at the end of a reel, to Christ. The Christ head was hanging in a natural position, and from a print we could tell that the face was very beautiful – but we could not see it at all in the original.

We paid a few centimes to go up in the treasury and were [p. 148] glad we took the time, for the robes of the Doges all embroidered with pearls and heavy gold braid, were very gorgeous. In a large case in the centre of the room, in tiny separate cases, were bones, or pieces, of nearly every Saint the church can have. How they ever got them all, is the greatest mystery to me. It makes me a little skeptical to see all these

pieces of Saints and parts of the Holy Cross. I should like to know where they all came from.

The weather was unpleasant, so we took a gondola back to the Grand Hotel. [p. 149] Sorrowfully, we dressed for dinner, for there seemed no chance of a moonlight ride in Venice.

After dinner, we went in to the reading room, to while away the evening. Helen happened to go to the window to look out, and cried out the news that it had cleared off.

We went out in to the hall, and on to the steps, and sure enough, the sky was quite clear and the moon was shining. Of course the question arose—Should we go or should we stay? Katherine and Mother were in the negative, and Helen and I in the affirmative. Needless to say, we told a gondola to be ready in twenty minutes. My but we rushed upstairs, [p. 150] and bundled up.

The gondola was No. 273, whom we had on Tuesday, and liked very much.

First, we started out toward the Lido, the moon full in our faces, and bathing the church of Santa Maria della Salute, the Custom house, the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, & the Doges Palace in a soft silvery light.

Out in deep water, the big hulk of Kaiser Wilhelm's private yacht, loomed up silently.

After a time we turned in to the silent side canals. They were silent, yet alive with noises. [p. 151] The dip of the oar, the splash of the water, sometimes the soft rubbing against another boat, a movement which started the rats, making them run with swift steps, until they disappeared in some hole under a building, were the only sounds we caused; but, each house as we passed gave forth different noises. Sometimes it would be a shrill childish voice, sometimes a deep man's voice raised in angry discussion, often we heard gay laughter of children, sometimes coarse laughter of men, engaged in drinking or sport. The rattle of dishes which the wife was washing after the evening meal, and yet again [p. 152] the sound of singing, either from the lips of men, or the mother's lullaby, were all a part of this world through which we were gliding.

Each sound passed to give place to new ones, as we moved, under dark bridges, & around sharp corner, ever keeping onward.

The light of the moon did not fall between the dark houses, where candles flickered in little windows, but at frequent intervals, the quaint lamps cast their light, and reflection in to the silent water.

So we went, until at length we came out again on the [p. 153] Grand Canal, just by the Rialto. The moonlight falling full upon it, effaced the black of time, and weather, making only the pure whiteness of the stone glisten. Many moons have passed, since the first moon fell on this arch, spanning the dark waters below, but never a moon has made it more beautiful, and enchanting to the eye, than this did to us.

The Grand Canal by moonlight, is one of the most wonderful sights we have seen, for the palaces show no marks of time. They look as they must have in days of old, and I felt almost as if we were [p. 154] passing through some fairy land of ancient

times, for one could almost hear the ghosts of bygone days hovering around these old buildings. The Foscari Palace looked wonderfully, for the beautiful marble tracery stood out in all its grace of line, and form, against the dark bricks.

All too soon the gondolier stopped us before the steps of the hotel, and we came back to a world of reality, with a big jump.

We have seen Venice by moonlight, and I can ask for no more.

[p. 155, A sepia toned postcard a young child playing a lute. See p. 124 for an artwork described by Ethelinda, a Madonna Enthroned, with an angel playing a stringed instrument.]

[p. 156, A sepia toned postcard of "The Feast in the House of Levi," by Paolo Veronese, Galleria dell'Accademia, Venezia, 1573. Ethelinda refers to it as "Christ in the House of Levi."]

[p. 157, A sepia toned postcard, "Venezia, R. Accad, La Vergine, dettaglio del quadro la Presentazione al Tempio (Tiziano)]

[p. 158, A sepia tone postcard, "Venia, Chiesa della Salute, Le Nozze di Canaan (Tintoretto)]

[p. 159, Three black and white cards: "Venezia, Rio e Palazzo dell'Angelo"; "Venezia, Monumento Canova Chiesa dei Frari"; and, "Venezia, Canal Grande de calle Vallaresso"]

[p. 160, A color postcard, "Venzia, Chiesa di S. Maria della Salute"]

[p. 161, Two printed admission tickets, one for the Chiesa dei Frari and the other for the Chiesa di San Rocco.]

[p. 162]

March 16, 1911, Thursday

We made our way directly to the Doge's Palace, this morning, for we knew there was quite a little to see, and every moment is precious.

We passed under a richly decorated door, — over which was a lion of Saint Marks, one paw resting on a book, and before him a kneeling figure, — to the Courtyard, around which ran an arcade.

We walked up the Scala dei Giganti, called so, because of the very large statues by Sansovino of Mars and Neptune. On the upper land, gay scenes used to take place, for the Doges were crowned [p. 163] there.

The courtyard below must have been packed with people in those times.

We bought our tickets, and then continued our climbing, this time up the Scala d'Oro, the grand staircase only accessible to the Nobles entered in the Golden Book. To think, we were allowed to climb the steps used by people of royal blood and distinction. Times have changed greatly!

The first room, was merely an antichamber; but to people knowing the history of Venice – which we didn't – the portraits of the procurators would have [p. 164] been interesting. However, we could look at the ceiling with some small degree of intelligence for it was by Tintoretto.

The next room was the Sala delle Quattro Porte, containing some large wall paintings. In fact, every inch of bare wall was painted.

On the entrance wall, in the centre, was a very large picture by Titian "The Doge Grimani kneeling before Religion" which Ruskin very much ran down, but some times ignorance is bliss; for when you don't know too much about a thing, you can like [p. 165] it, or dislike it, just as you please. The ceiling was ornamented with a great deal of stucco work, and the painting was by Tintoretto. Strange to say, Ruskin had nothing to say about these two ceiling paintings of Tintoretto.

We went through the door at the left, in to a small room called the Anticollegio, in which were hung several pictures (among others) of worth.

Paolo Veronese's "Europe" was especially fine. He represents the moment when Europe has seated herself – around with flowers – on the bull. Her laughing companions surround her. Especially good is the bull, [p. 165] with head down, muscles quivering, waiting for the moment when she is more firmly seated, and he can run. You can see the mischief in his eyes.

Tintoretto, had among other pictures, a very good one of Bacchus and Ariadne. The figure of Ariadne is poised so gracefully, and the movement of the drapery is so light and free, while the Bacchus crowned with a crown of grape (?) leaves is a merry old (?) god, is he.

A door leading from this, brought us in to the Collegio, the room, where the council [p. 167] met – the doge presiding. Over the throne, is a large picture of the Battle of Lepanto, by Paolo Veronese, and the ceiling is by this master too. The ceiling is very gorgeous, and in one of the little spaces, was a picture of one of the fates (?) I believe, her face upturned, and above, a spider spinning in the centre of its web. It was a beautiful figure, but the conception was a little puzzling to us.

On the right wall was a picture of Tintoretto's "The Marriage of Saint Katharine." Particularly good, was the [p. 168] manner in which the sky showed through her veil. A door in the right wall brought us in to the "Sala del Senato," where the senate, which consisted of the council and the high official of the Republic – met.

Over the throne, was a large picture of the "Descent from the Cross," by Tintoretto, and on the walls were large pictures by Palma Giovane. A low door at the right of the throne, led to the Anti Chiesetta, where were two of the finest Tintoretto's we have seen. The one on the entrance wall, was of Saint [p. 169] Andrew and Saint Jerome. The picture was done in very dull colors, mostly brown, the only color being

where the grey sky had a tint of blue, and a wee patch of dull color in Saint Jerome's robe. The scene represents Saint Andrew, standing, holding a great wood cross against the grey sky.

St. Jerome, lies at his feet against a rock, over which grow some fig and olive leaves, which, by the way, are worked out very carefully. Nearly everything is brown. The fig and olive leaves, are brown, the cross is brown, [p. 170] the faces and robes are brown, and it is a altogether beautiful brown picture.

Opposite is one equally as good, of Saint George and the dragon. It is a new conception of this oft repeated picture. Here, one notices the beautiful princess astride the dragon's neck. In her hand she holds a silken bridle, which bridels him.

Above her, stands Saint George in grey armour, his hands held over her head as if to bless her or to keep the dragon quiet by divine aide. To the right stands a monk looking quietly on. [p. 171] The princess is not riding the dragon, she is placed there by Saint George, to show her full power and victory over her most cruel aggressor.

As to the dragon, he has no sign of life, except two slits of white light in his eyes, but these alone give him the most ghastly, devilish expression anyone could express.

These colors are also dull, being mostly greys – a greyish brown opposed to grey, black and a warm russet.

These pictures alone, are worth going to the Palace to see.

The Chapel just beyond [p. 172] does not amount to much, compared to the little room.

We returned from the Chapel through the "Anti-chiesetta," the "Sala del Senato," and the Salla delle Quattro Porte, from which last we passed in to an anti room, and then on, to the Sala del Consiglio dei Dieci" – the room where the Counsel of Ten met to discuss matters appertaining to the Republic – After the 16th century this council degenerated in to a tyrannical body of people, and the awful inquisition came on.

The guide unlocked a small door in the wall and showed us the [p. 173] Lions Mouth, where the names of people could be inserted to be called upon for trial, as enemies of the Republic, or any other trumped up cause. No, I have made a mistake, that was in the Sala della Bussola, from which the stairs just outside, lead down to the Middle Story.

Going back to the room of the Council of the Ten, there was one very fine ceiling pannel by Paolo Veronese, at the right back, of an old man and a young woman. The comparison was very striking.

Adjoining the last room, was a small room formerly [p. 174] hung with tapestries, where the Council met for secret talks. In the time of the Inquisition, it was used as the Torture Room, but the instruments of torture have been taken out, for they are so terrible they are not shown.

We went down stairs, the first room being the "Sala del Maggior Consiglio." It is very large, and is decorated on all the walls, and on the ceiling, with paintings, many of them representing battle scenes.

High up, above the wall paintings, is a friez of seventy nine dogs, dating from 801 [p. 175] 1559. To the left, in the row on the back wall, the second place is vacant. A black painted curtain is there, marking the place of the Doge Marino Faliero, who was beheaded.

At the end of the room, over the throne, is Tinteretto's "Paradise," the largest oil painting in the world, being seventy two feet long, and twenty three feet high.

Christ and Mary are the central figures. Around them, are a multitude of people, about five hundred in number. The appearance, however, is not of a confused mass of people, for not one [p. 176] figure interferes with another. The whole picture is worked out in semi-circles, according to that law of art. It is a wonderful piece of coloring and study.

It is about this picture that Ruskin says, "The picture is on the whole wonderfully preserved, and the most precious thing that Venice possess. She will not possess it long, for the Venetian Academicians, finding it exceedingly unlike their own works, declare it to want harmony, and are going to retouch it to their own idea of perfection." [p. 177] It is true. The picture has been in process of restoration since 1904.

We went to but one more room, the "Sala dello Scrutinio," or Voting Hall. It is decorated richly, in the same style as the preceeding room. On the wall to the right, as we entered, was a Tintoretto "The Siege of Zara," a battle piece, in which the figures, like arrows are put in by the score! The bust, at the end of the room, is of Doge Francesco Morosini. We went out on the balcony, from whence we could see the library across the way, and the big square below. [p. 178] We returned to the larger room, gave back (?) our wooden glasses, and went out on the balcony. The view out over the Lagons was very fine.

Two of the windows here at not same size, as the others. From the outside, the difference in position and decoration is quite noticable, but it is not so much so from the inside. This was the last room we went in to, so when we left, it was to leave the ducal palace.

From the exit, the entrence to the prison was very near, so in we walked – for we [p. 179] had bought our tickets way back at the ticket office, before we entered the palace.

We had to go down steps, until it seemed as though we must be underground, it was so dark. A guide pretty soon got hold of us, and hauled us out of a cell, where we were making vain endeavors to read the guide book, by the light there.

We wern't an too unwilling to let him guide us, and tell us what little there was to tell, in a mixture of French and Italian.

One of the cells, he pointed out as the one where Lord Byron [p. 180] spent a night, in order to get the right inspiration for a poem he wished to write. One or two of the cells we entered, nearly bending double to get under the low doorway. There were no windows, and if it hadn't been for the lantern light, it would have been pitch dark.

One of the last things he showed us, was the place for secret executions, in the passage. The block was put down, the prisoner kneeled, one stroke of the axe, and it

was over. A hole in the floor let the blood in to the canal. [p. 181] The worst part about it is, that they use cells just like these now, in this very prison. It is the worst prison in Italy, and all the worst criminals are sent here.

The morning was nearly gone, when we came out in to the open air and bright sunshine, so we went back to the hotel for lunch.

After lunch, we took a gondola to the Arsenal, where we were allowed to stroll around in our own sweet way. The principal thing of interest was a model of the Doges golden barge, or gondola, used when he went to wed [p. 182] the sea, with a golden ring, on every Ascension Day. Secondly of interest, on this first floor, were pieces of the Doge's golden gondola, all with most beautiful carving on them.

Besides the model of the "Bucintoro," there were models of other ships, among the most interesting, being the galleys.

Upstairs, was a good collection of arms of all sorts.

Leaving here, we made an endeavor to find our way to "Santi Giovanni e Paolo," but somehow we didn't seem to make much progress toward it, so we [p. 183] started for the Grand Canal, and a gondola.

On the way, we saw a church, which from the street signs, we judged to be San Zaccaria, so we popped in. The church was all decorated with the Lental purple – we would call it red – even the columns were covered, to some extent. The color and the grey stone combined very well together, but I like the plain stone interior as a general rule.

We were about to leave, for we didn't know whether there was anything to see, or not, but the verger came up and told us to hand over fifty [p. 184] centimes apiece. We couldn't exactly say we didn't want to see anything, for we had already seen the interior of the church, so we complied with his demand. Then we thought we might as well get our monies worth, so we hunted it up in Baedeker, and walked around, looking at the pictures.

Over the centre alter, to the left, is a very fine Bellini, and I believe I may be getting a little more educated, for I like this one quite well.

When we left we went out on the Molo, the long [p. 185] quay running beside the Canal, where we got a gondola engaging it by the hour.

Rain was threatening and through "San Giovanni e Paolo" was not far off, the drops began to patter before we were landed in front of it.

The first thing to catch our eye, was the famous equestrien statue in memorium of Colleoni. It is wonderful for the spirit and energy expressed in every line and curve. The prancing horse is alive with life and movement, while the figure seated upon it is erect, trim and warlike. The features [p. 186] of the man are clear cut, and firm especially so, the chin which shows the stern unswerving nature of the man, riding so masterfully forward, as if to meet some foe. The statue is inspiring, but what must have been the real man whom it represented!

The church, is built in the style of the old Roman basilica with its rows of big columns dividing the centre in the three parts. Overhead was the beamed ceiling. The

interior of the church has all been recently restored, but in time, the new look will wear away.

[p. 187] An interesting old guide took us around, showing us the monuments, and alter pieces. Mother had Ruskin with her and read aloud about the various things he spoke of. The man was tickled to pieces. He said Ruskin's "Stone of Venice" was the best book about the city. And he went on to tell of his remembering Ruskin when he used to wander around the church climbing up to examine all the details of each monument.

Many of the tombs are those of the doges, among the most interesting, was that of Doge Morosini, whose lay figure on the tomb seemed lying at such [p. 188] perfect rest. I prefer it much more when the people are represented in such quiet rest and peace.

In the sacristy are old carvings many of them greatly damaged by the fire but still wonderful in their damaged condition. In a few years they will most likely be restored.

Our gondolier took us next to the church of Santa Maria Formosa. A meeting was being held, and the church was nearly packed, for the speaker seemed to be delivering a very stirring address. Luckily, the Saint Barbara was over the first alter to the right, which we [p. 189] managed to reach. I will never forget that scene, the dark church with the dim candle light, the stirring voice, and the kneeling people before that wonderful picture. The light from a window near by fell on it, showing the beauty of the gentle, quiet face. It is the same face as is in most of Palma Vecchio's pictures but here in this place it seemed to be a figure inspired, a figure to be worshipped and loved.

With this impression in our minds we left the church to the worshippers and started for home.

By the time that we got back [p. 190] to the Molo the rain was coming down hard, so we were landed at the Doge's Palace where we walked under the arcade. We crossed to the other arcade and were tempted to go in to a picture store. Mother got a beautiful picture of the Saint Barbara in a brown, carved, wooden frame. It is a beautiful reminder of a very beautiful thing.

We had tea and toast, in the shop just before we turn in to the narrow alley leading to the hotel. We laid in a supply of candy and went back to the hotel to our cosy little fire and dinner.

[p. 191, A color postcard, "Venezia, Palazzo Ducarte"]

[p. 192, Two sepia toned postcards, "Venezi, Porta della Carta" and a view of the Scala d'Oro at the Palazzo Ducale.]

[p. 193, At the top of the page, a stack of three sepia toned postcards: two interior scenes of "Venezia, Palazzo Ducale, both with handwritten notes on the back in pencil; and, "Venezia, Palazzo Ducale, Marin Falier." At the bottom of the page, a stack of two

sepia toned postcards: "Venezia, Palazzo Ducale," an interior scene; and an unlabeled card an exterior view through an arcade at the Palazzo Ducale.]

[p. 194, A sepia toned postcard, "Venezia, Chiesa di S. Maria Formosa, Santa Barbara (dettaglio) / (Palma il Vecchio)]

[p. 195, A color postcard, "Venezia, Il Molo"]

[p. 196]

March 17, 1911, Friday

Saint Marks was our aim today, and about nine o'clock we reach the Piazza. Helen and I bought corn (four apiece) – and had a grand big blow out while Mother and Katharine went to Cooks.

When we, and they, were through we turned our steps toward the great arch of San Marco and passed under the lofty portal. The vestibule is, in outward appearance, all marble, but in truth like the whole of the building, the marble is only thin slices put over the brick. The mosaic work is rich and beautiful being both quality [p. 197] and quantity. The representations are of bible scenes.

In the pavement are three red slabs which mark the spot of the reconciliation of Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III. How I should have liked to have seen that scene; the Pope seated in magnificence, and the haughty king bowing on his knees before him to ask for pardon. Then the pride and the masterful air of the pope as he placed his foot on the neck of the great king. What concealed wrath he must have felt when the king with an upward toss of his head nearly made him lose his balance, and the muttered [p. 198] words between them.

When we went in to the interior of Saint Marks this time, it was to do industrious sight seeing, and not to wander around enjoying the rich display of costly marbles and priceless mosaics.

After the blinding brightness of the sun outside, the interior is dark and shadowy. At first, the impression is of a vast structure in whose corners lurk the shadows, and around the pillars, which support the gilded roof, ghosts of by gone days are waiting to spring forth. The incense makes the air heavy and aids the shadowy effect. Before the choir, through the [p. 199] round dome high up, the sun beams make a futile attempt to lighten the interior and a golden rift of light comes streaming from above.

In the side chapels and before the great high altar the candels were burning, while the deep dull chanting of the monks came soothingly to our ears. We had stepped in to a different world from the sunshine, the laughter, and gay life of the great piazza, and the change was very restfull.

We turned our faces up to look at the roof and a bewildering mass of color was before us, out of which we picked [p. 200] dragons and birds of prey, doves and other symbolic creatures, figures of prophets, angels and deciples. Everywhere we turned

was the Cross, the great symbol of the death of our Savior. The figures may have been grotesque in modeling but it was that which they stood for, not that which they are, that truly counts.

The mosaic representation in the great central dome is of the Ascension and those to the left are scenes from the Passion of our Lord.

The sacristan with his jingling keys let us in to a little side chapel leading [p. 201] from the right aisle. He unlocked the door and after we had passed through, locked us in again and went off.

"We are in a low vaulted room, vaulted, not with arches, but with small cupolas starred with gold, and chequered with gloomy figures: in the centre is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs, a small figure of the Baptist standing above it in a single ray of light that glances across the narrow room dying as it falls from a window high in the wall, and the first thing that it strikes and the only thing that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed; for it [p. 202] is like a narrow couch set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained, so that it might seem, but that it is some height above the pavement, to have been drawn toward the window, that the sleeper might be wakened early; only there are two angels who have drawn the curtain back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead for ever, and dies away upon his breast.

"The face is of a man, in middle life, but there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like the foundation of a tower; the height of it above is bound by the fillet of the ducal cap. [p. 203] The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp, perhaps the sharpness of death added to that of the natural lines; but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep serenity upon the whole countenance. The roof of the canopy above has been blue filled with stars; beneath, in the centre of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin and the border of it all around is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep, as of in a field in summer.

"It is the Doge Andrea Dandolo, a man early great among the great of Venice; and early lost. She chose him for her king in his thirty sixth year; he died [p. 204] ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe half of what we know of her former fortunes.

"Look around the room in which he lies. The floor of it is of rich mosaic, encompassed by a low set of red marble and its walls are of alabaster, but worn and shattered, and darkly stained with age — almost a ruin — in places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brick work is seen through the rents (for you must know that underneath all this gorgeous marble and mosaic work the walls are all brick) but all beautiful; the ravaging [p. 205] fissures fretting their way among the islands and channeled zones of the alabaster, and the time-stains on its translucent masses darkened into fields of rich golden brown, like the colour of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea.

The light fades away into the recess of the chamber toward the altar and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ: but on the vaulting of the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles one surrounded by the Principalities and powers in heavenly places: of which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massy line, [p. 206] "Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers." and around the other, the Apostles, Christ the centre of both; and upon the walls, again and again repeated the gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his life and death; and the streams of the Jordon runing down between their cloven rocks; the axe laid to the root of a fruitless tree that spring upon their shore.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire. "Yes, verily: to be baptised with fire or to be cast therin; it is the choice set before all men. [p. 207] The march-notes still murmur through the grated window, and mingle with the sounding in our ears of the sentence of judgment, which the old Greek has written on that Baptistry wall. Venice has made her choice.

"He who lies under that stony canopy would have taught her another choice, in his day, if she would have listened to him; but he and his counsels have long been forgotten by her, and the dust lies upon his lips."

Standing in this chapel, and reading this description, gave us a most beautiful impression and we carried away with us a beautiful picture.

[p. 208] The sacristan took us in to the sacristy where are some very fine wood carvings and some good reliefs by Sansovino (1556). The treasury is not open until eleven so we (50c) went up to the gallery from which we came to see the mosaics very well and from where we appreciated the beauty of the floor we had heedlessly been trampling over. An old man took us out on the front balcony and we walked around by the four horses. The view of the piazza was very good.

The treasury was open when we got down and the sacristan showed us the wonderful [p. 209] treasures.

Over the high altar, under which the remains of Saint Mark are said to repose, is a dark green marble canopy supported by four marble columns, on which are perfectly marvelous reliefs of the eleventh century. One can imagine, or begin to, the amount of work and care which must have been put in to this church, for these columns alone of all that great structure, must have taken years in finishing. The Pala d Oro is enamel work down on plates of silver and gold with precious stones set in to nearly every tiny space of room. The sacristan held a candel and as he passed it before the [p. 210] glass, rubies, pearles, emeralds, topazes, and every conceivable stone sprang to life as if at some magical touch. The altar piece, if that is its use, was made in Constantinople in 1105. The amount of work is so great that it was two hundred years in completion. Behind the high altar, is another altar, with four spiral columns of alabaster. The guide told us that they came from King Solomon's temple but one often must question a statement like that. He held the light behind them and it showed right through in a most marvelous manner.

This is not I believe called [p. 211] the real Treasury which contains a variety of rare articles, among which, we noticed the old episcopal throne of the seventh century, the beautiful Byzantine book covers and the rare and valuable church plate. Precious stones and jasper were strewn around in reckless extravagance, to the present uses of them.

We turned at the doorway as we were about to go out, for a last look at this gorgeous building, to give a last smile at the funny old priest who shook his box of pennies and his prayers, as we passed under the curtain dropping it behind us, until some time in the future we [p. 212] hope we may lift it again and once more look on the beauties of this Venetian temple.

A man actually beguiled us in to going to the glass manufactory and we went much to our disappointment, for we had hoped to see the glass blowing, but the real manufactory is out of Venice where they have room for the big buildings.

Then we went home (?) to lunch. From the Piazza San Marco we took the steam boat in the afternoon, out to the Lido, a ride of not more than eight or ten minutes. We passed quite near to the white yacht of the Kaiser, [p. 213] and farther out, we passed several grim, grey painted Italian war vessels.

The sun shone warmly on us so that we were glad to have taken the trip. From the steam boat landing we took a car which carried us through the town, & out to the Hotel Excelsior. We got out here and walked down on to the beach. A man with all sorts of curios way-laid us, and we got the dearest little sea horses I have ever seen. A message from the depths of the Adriatic.

We walked along the sand in the sun picking up seashells and dodging the waves quite [p. 214] as we would have at Old Orchard, until we reached the pier. We sat down on the steps and looked out across the green waters of the Adriatic and dreamed dreams as one always does at the seashore. We have so much to dream about now and to build air castles on.

We stayed for about an hour taking the tram back to the steam boat station at the end of that time.

It was a delightful trip marred only by the cruel, wicked, shooting of gulls, or some birds tied, to be fired at.

From the landing place at Venice we took a gondola for [p. 215] a fast ride down the Grand Canal, between the ancient palaces of the ancient city of Venice. Way to the end we went, looking for the last time on the places of this ancient world.

We told our gondolier to take us back by the little canals for we knew it was shorter. He did as we said, but he took us the long way of the little canals, and before we got back to the Grand Canal and Grand Hotel we were nearly frozen through.

We were qll quite a little tired, and all cold, so after dinner we rang for our hot water bottles to be filled!!! and went to bed.

[p. 216, A color postcard, "Venezia, Basilica di S. Marco"]

[p. 217, A color postcard, "Venezia, Interno di S. Marco"]

[p. 218, A color postcard, "Venezia, Canal Grande, Palazzo Franchetti"]

[p. 219, A color postcard, "Venezia, Rio delle Torreselle"]

[p. 220, Four sepia toned cards. Top: "Venezia, Palazzo Sanudo-Vanaxel" and "Venezia, Palazzo Contarini-Fasan." Bottom: "Venezia, Gondola in Bacino di S. Marco" and "Venezia, Canal Grande e Palazzo Ca' d'Oro"]

[p. 221, At the top of the page: a colored church card, "Immagine Della B. V. Detta La Nicopeja, che si venera neila insigne Basilica di S. Marco in Venezia." Bottom, two black and white photographs, presumably of Ethelinda and/or her travel companions. They both appear to have been taken in the Piazza San Marco; in both photographs the women are surrounded by doves.]

[p. 222]

March 18, 1911, Saturday

Most of the morning we spent in packing, but we got through in good season and went to pay one last visit to the Piazza San Marco and our little friends. Katharine went to Cooks to leave the order about the mail; and when she came back we all fed the doves for the last time. I wonder if any of them can be left from those that father fed or wonder if there will be any of the old ones next time we come. We will not recognize them, if there are.

We had early luncheon at quarter of eleven and a little time after we were through; [p. 223] we were once more put on board a gondola for our last gondola ride. The ride was all too short for we were trying to say goodby to all the places grown familiar to us in the last few days. Some how there is something sad in leaving a place that you have read about and dreamed about and then loved in reality. Unless you have plenty of money and can plan definitely when you will come back it makes you sad to say goodby to a place you may never see again.

However, let that pass; Venice is a wonderful city, a city of past glories and [p. 224] with ghosts of olden times flitting about felt, but not seen.

But:

"Though nothing can bring back the hour
of Splendor in the grass or glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind."

We were seated in the train fully fifteen minutes before it started but then it is better to be too early than too late.

The scenery was not grand but the little towns nestled down in groves of olive trees were charming and picturesque. The first part of the way we had two men in the

compartment but they both got out before the end [p. 225] of the journey and no one else got in.

Our route was by way of Padua and Verona both towns of quite big size and both well known from the Saints coming from them namely Saint Antony of Padua and Saint Veronica.

The train got in to Milan about seven-thirty and in a very short time after arriving we were put in the bus of the Hotel Europa and taken through the streets of Milan. Of course it was quite dark so we saw nothing but lights and dark. It is a fearful nuisance to have to take our trunks with us to the hotels when we are stopping such a [p. 226] short time, but one does not dare to trust them in the station here in Italy.

We got very good connecting rooms for our Cooks coupons, series C and the dinner we had was quite as good as we have had anywhere.

Of course we had dinner late, so that when we were through we went directly to our rooms and soon to bed.

[p. 227]

March 19, 1911, Sunday

I woke up with a fearful cold, the worst I have had for a long time but that is a regular item in our party so that we have learned how to deal with it.

After breakfast we started out to go to the Cathedral which was only a very short distance from the hotel.

Suddenly coming out from the narrow dirty street we stood in a big square in the centre of which rose the mighty cathedral. The effect is as if one had suddenly come on a building belonging to the works of the fairies and as if some one had caught sight of them when their work was finished and they had fled [p. 228] too disturbed to utter the magical word that should make the building vanish.

The fact that the building is constructed entirely of marble is one fact which tends to give this appearance; another is many little turrets rising up everywhere that one looks. The outside is ornamented with two thousand marble statues and all in all the Cathedral is a creation worthy of the fame it boasts.

In one respect only can I say anything against the outside appearance. In plain words it looks squat; for its great width it has no high point [p. 229] which serves exactly to give it an air of loftiness.

As we passed under the curtain guarding the door a blast of cold air struck us making the shivers creep and crawl. The air was much colder than outside.

The interior is most impressive for unobstructed by any high choir rail or confessional the great length of four hundred eighty six feet is unbroken. Way at the far end candles were burning before the high altar and a dark mass of people were either kneeling or standing. The service seemed miles away from us as we stood at the far end of the nave and looked down. [p. 230] The width at the transept is two hundred and eight-eight feet and the area of the building is one hundred and twenty six thousand

square feet. This Cathedral is excelled in size only by St. Peter's at Rome whose area is one hundred sixty two thousand square feet.

Further more – The high arched Gothic roof is supported by fifty two pillars, each sixteen paces in diameter. Such is the size of this vast building. Since we have seen the great stone Cathedral of England I have not seen a church I like so well.

[In between pages 230 and 231 is a faded photograph of a group of men and women in costume (or perhaps ethnic dress). On the back is printed: "-arantella de l'Hôtel Cocumella."]

[p. 231] In many ways the interior of this building reminded me of the great English Cathedrals. True they are made of brown and grey stone while this is made of marble. But the effect produced to-day, perhaps partially because there was no sunshine also because there were few windows and yet another reason because the marble is dulled with the ware of time, was of a vast dark interior. It is a church in which the most hardened soul would feel like kneeling and pouring out his heart if any church could so affect him.

Who knows but what behind the shadows nearly hiding the roof a group of angels might be [p. 232] hovering and the singing be the joyous singing of their voices.

We stayed in the church until the singing began but finally we left to go back to the hotel for more wraps. The others went out again directly but it was ordained that I should stay in especially as it had begun to rain.

I spent the entire afternoon in the hotel as did the others also.

We always find plenty to do when we stay in and we never tire of each others company.

[p. 233, At the top of the page, two postcards: a color card, "Milano, Piazza del Duomo" and a black and white card, "Milan, Sopra Duano Dettagli"]

March 20, 1911, Monday

"The day is dark and cold and dreary. It rains and the rain is never weary."

We took a carriage to the Brera Gallery passing on the way a very good statue of Leonard di Vinci; to-day however drenched with rain. Poor man to have to stand always in all kinds of weather.

[p. 234] In the centre of a courtyard which we entered first stands a statue of Napoleon as a diety. His form and features were much idealised. We went up a big flight of steps to a door in a corner which was the entrance.

Of course there was an admission of one lire for things have to be paid for.

You might say:

"Earth gets its price for what Earth give us" substituting Italy for earth. Italy has so much to give that in consequence it must get a lot.

The pictures I remember most and therefore like best are Francesco Albani's "Adoration of [p. 235] Christ" and his dear little cupid dancing. They were so carried away with their joy and love of pleasure.

There was a small picture by Corregio "The Adoration of the Magi" which was a perfect gem—just the right size to slip under your coat and carry off. Lorenzo Lotto was represented by several portraits which were very fine from an artistic stand point but his people did not look like nice people, at least, one especially, of a gentleman looked as though he were wicked.

In a side room near these was a Madonna encircled by a cloud of angels by Mantegna [p. 236] which was excellent in many ways.

There was a Tinteretto which we puzzled over a great deal called "Finding of St. Mark." The mystery was unsolvable to us. Titian had two portraits one of which was worked out to the very very finest detail. Van Dyk's Princess of Orange showed the lady of high degree, as always, and really was very fine. In the same room was a portrait by Rembrant an easel picture of great merit.

For the first time we saw some work by Bernardino Luini "The Madonna of the Rose." [p. 237] He seems to paint one face for most of his models.

Having mentioned these works I come at last to the great picture of the collection Raphael's "Wedding of the Virgin" or "Sposalizio." It was painted in 1504 in the twenty first year of his life and is quite a little like the Nuptials of the Virgin painted by Perugino. But the rich golden light, the animated dignity of the graceful attendants and the rejected suitors breaking their shriveled wands makes it a picture quite individual. Then too the temple in the background is not the same. Perugino's picture is at Caen but we became familiar with it through Herr [p. 238] Professor.

One other picture I must not forget to mention is a head of Christ by Leonardo di Vinci. I am not absolutely sure whether it is the same one that we have the big picture of, or not but the difference is very slight, if any, and it is beautiful though greatly damaged.

We took a carriage back to the hotel and had luncheon, then we started out again.

We took a taxi cab to Santa Maria delle Grazie to see Leo. di Vince "Last Supper." We went in to the entrance door and wandered around the church looking in vain [p. 239] for anything that looked like a Last Supper. At length we resorted to asking questions and were guided out of the church door to the street and in to a building connecting with the church on the left. This was what we were after so we gave over our money and went in the turnstile which let us through to the Refectory.

One of the greatest pictures that has ever been painted was before us but oh the pity of it. It is nearly destroyed. It has been restored, not repainted, but still the lines are hard to trace and the figures are indistinct. In the centre sits Christ who [p. 240] is the centre of all things. To his left is James the Greater, behind him Thomas while Phillip has risen his hands on his breast as if to say I am innocent Lord. The next grouping of three is Matthew, Thaddeus and Simon.

On the right of Jesus is John Judas and Peter then the last group is Bartolmeo, James the Minor and Andrew. Christ has just uttered the words "One among you shall betray me" and the effect is varied and individual to each disciple.

What a marvel this must have been once and what a [p. 241] ruin it is now!

Through all ages this picture will be immortal even after it has completely faded away in to nothingness.

We walked to a tram line and took a tram back to the Cathedral. Then we paddled up the street toward the hotel. I went in to a stationers shop just opposite and got some postcards a new diary book and a fresh bottle of ink. I was then well equipped to keep up the struggle of maintaining my diary.

Note—I might say that I am writing this day from my notes April 29th. Some call it hopeless but not I!

[p. 242, A color postcard, "Lo Sposalizio, Raffaello, Pinacoteca di Brera, Milano"]

[p. 243, A color postcard, "La Vergine Delle Rose, Bernardino Luini, Pinacoteca di Brera, Milano"]

[p. 244, A color postcard, "Ritratto Della Principessa D'Orange, Van Dyk, Pinacoteca di Brera, Milano"]

[p. 245, Two postcards. Top: a black and white card, "Milano, R. Pinacoteca di Brera, Amorini che danzano (F. Albani)." Bottom: a color card, "Milano, Piazza della Scala"]

[p. 246, Two stacks of black and white postcards. Top: "Milano, Tempio di Santa Maria delle Grazie constuita nel 15 Secolo"; "Milano, Antico Refettorio di S. Maria delle Grazie, Il Cenacolo, Celebre affresco di Leornado da Vinci": and, "Milano, Genacolo di Leonardo da Vinci." Bottom: "Milano, Cenacolo di Leonard da Vinci" and "Milano, Cenacolo di Leonard da Vinci." Both are details of the "Last Supper"]

[p. 247, At the top of the page, two black and white postcards, both details of da Vinci's "Last Supper." "Milano, Cenacolo di Leonard da Vinci"]

March 21, 1911, Tuesday

On account of my cold I stayed in all the morning getting my packing done early and then just resting. The train for Genoa left at twelve fifty and we were at the station by twelve fifteen. We had more than enough time to get settled in our seats before the train came around. The conductor [p. 248] looked at our tickets and immediately began to say things. We were in the wrong division of the train and had just three minutes to change. Naturally we began to hurry and as there wasn't any porter we just had to push pull and drag the things out on to the station platform. A porter and the train guard came to our rescue and breathlessly we tagged after them to the front division of

the train. There, the guard turned out six men who were in a women's compartment and put us in. There were two other American women who had been in the wrong compartment too and they were bundled in with us the [p. 249] door locked, and the train started. We were in the right division but what a muddle of big baggage and little baggage we were in!!

Naturally having two other American women with us we got to talking and the result was that we talked all most all the way. Before we passed the divide and as we were passing the hills and mountains had snow on them so that we were glad that we had not attempted the Italian lakes because of the cold and snow and rain. By a long iron bridge we passed over the Poe which at this season was more pebbles than water.

On the other side of the divide the evidence of warmer wather [p. 250] was noticable in the flowers and little green leaves on the trees.

The hotel in Milan had given us the address of a "Hotel des Princes" in Genoa and we and the two American ladies went to it. It was almost in sight of the station so the drive was not a long one. We were both surprised and delighted with the aspect of summer Genoa gave for the palm trees, the green grass and flower beds were a welcome change.

The rooms we got were on the first story and a half but though they were so peculiarly situated they were comfortable and Helen's and Katharine's double room [p. 251] opened with my single room. Mother had a single room beyond but it was not connecting.

More-over there was a nice private bathroom adjoining the girls' room. After dinner we made use of the bathroom and about nine o'clock went to bed.

The drivers outside on the street must have been up all night for anytime that one woke up you could hear the snapping of whips and the yells of the drivers. Another time we would know enough to ask for inside, quiet rooms.

[Written in the bottom left corner of the page: "May 7, 1911"]

[p. 252]

March 22, 1911, Wednesday

We were obliged to be up in very good season for Mother had decided to join a Cooks' party which started at nine forty-five. We were the only women folks in the party, the rest being three English men.

We started out walking to the Municipal buildings which were not far off. In the central vestibule are, put up on the walls, old frescoes from the church of St. Lorenzo. They were transferred here because of the decayed state of the church.

We continued up a flight of stairs across the courtyard and up another flight, turning to the left. The first room was a big one, but almost all the space was filled by the seats and [p. 253] desks of the Counsil members who meet here every Friday.

[Between pages 252 and 253 is a black and white, "David-Michelangiolo," with an image of Micheangelo's "David," a map of the old part of Florence, and an advertisement for "Florentina Ars," at the Palazzo Antinori in Florence, which contained an "exhibition of works of art"]

To the left was a big mosaic of Columbus honoring him after the honor would not be known by him. At the far end were modern statues of the King and Queen of Italy. In a room to the right was a marble bust of Columbus. In a safty compartment in this bust are some original letters written by Columbus to the king of Genoa. They are not shown but prints of them may be seen.

In the same room in a glass case is preserved the violin of Paganini. The guide told us of the competition between Paganini and a French violinist. The French violinist [p. 254] played a tune with two strings and said "this is the way Frenchmen can play." Paganini immediately cut all of his strings but one and said "Yes, but an Italien can play with one." And don't know as I should have cared about hearing the tunes.

To the left of the first hall are a series of room. The first one is hung with tapestries and the ceiling is painted with the old painting. The chandelier was a beautiful one as our guide showed it to us with all the electricity turned on. It was made of Venetien glass. The next room and the one following had paintings or tapestry representations of the twelve months. [p. 255] In the first room was a statue of a seated old lady put there in her memory because of the money and property she had left to the city of Genoa among other things a big hospital for the people of Genoa.

In the room beyond was a statue of another old lady who had given money for free lunches to the school children of one of the public schools. There were one or two little bronzes taken from Pompeii which are of course very old.

Leaving the Municipal buildings we went to the White Palace which was very near by. First we went out into the garden where the long grass and weeds grew rank and luxuriant but yet kept off from [p. 256] the grand paths by the keeper. The rooms opening from the garden contained relics found in a newly discovered Roman tower. We were not given over much time to look but we had fully enough. In other rooms were old maps of Genoa a very different place from now-a-days for all the noble families used to have a tower on their houses but these were all cut down but one in after years because of the city regulations as to the height of buildings. It seems almost too bad for it would have made Genoa seem much quainter.

There were upstairs several pictures by old masters which of course were good but far [p. 257] fell short of many of their pictures. [Inserted above this is brackets and a different color ink: "old bed-room of the lady & a thing ? hanging on the wall containing some ashes of a great many saints"] The old inlaid tables, the china, and the small objects were interesting and many of them very beautiful. Downstairs were banners and medals, of course each with its history and interesting tale to those who know about such things—but we did not and if we did we should not have had the time for close examination.

We took the automobile from here and were bumped and jounced around to the church of St. Lorenzo. This church like many others suffered at the time of Napoleon's invasion and the walls were treated to a coat of white wash. New frescoes and decorations are being discovered continually.

The choir ceiling and part of the nave have been restored in their former gorgeous style by a big expenditure of money and this little bit together with the remains of the old mural decorations shows what the former church must have been like.

In the left isle is a chapel to St. John the Baptist in which are what are said to be the remains of St. John. There is a little stone box which we could see through the grating in which the precious relic was found. They have been placed now in a beautiful golden box. It was perfectly funny to hear our guide talk and [p. 259] his story here was more than amusing, as reported to me, for I had a coughing fit and kept it up for a good while. No women are allowed to enter this chapel under punishment of excommunication because women brought about the death of St. John.

The church suffered greatly when Louis XV bombarded Genoa. Our guide said "Louis XV, he very silly man. He throw 13,000 bomb and some of them she hit the church.

The choir stalls are most beautifully carved the work being all the labor of two men. The inlaid work was very fine. The stall occupied by Paganini was carved with a violin. [p. 260] The treasury which is only open Mondays and Thursdays contains many rare articles among which is an oriental vessel claimed, with how much authority I know not, to be the Holy Grail. One cannot tell how much to believe and how much not to.

We rode around the city some but of course not in the old quarters for it would have been quite impossible for a big automobile to get in to the narrow dingy streets which are the most interesting, passing the first bank in the world, the old bank of Genoa on the way. We called at but one place, the Jesuit church, where we were obliged to knock for entrance.

[p. 261] The exterior, which is very plain and quite unfinished, does not give one any preparation for the gorgeous interior which is startling in its richness. All gilt and paintings is the general impression that one gets and our guide wished us to be quite impressed. He had not words enough to express his admiration and we had to call up all our enthusiasm so as to please him. It was not hard in calling up but I could enthuse with much better grace over any of the stone cathedrals. Never mind it was beautiful in its own way.

[p. 262] We were taken back to our various hotels for lunch and a short rest.

The other three went out to do business at the White Star Line office but on account of my cold I stayed in and wrote until two-thirty when they called for me having picked the others up on the street.

Our first stop was on our own street at the royal palace. The rooms were beautiful, of course, and there were some good pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, Guido

Reni, Strozzi and Tinteretto. The masters of these pictures have received fame from their pictures but often we find that one picture by a master [p. 263] far falls short of the level set by his other pictures.

The private chapel of the queen was a dear little thing small, but beautiful. She could hear mass from her room with the priest officiating in the next room. Her suit of private rooms were very dainty with their color sceme of light blue and silver. The king had his private chapel also where he attends mass every morning when he is in Genoa. In each of the private dressing rooms were marble bath tubs which looked most narrow and uncomfortable in spite of the good materiel employed. [p. 264] The coronation room and breakfast room were two others which were shown before we left to go in the automobile to the cemetery.

The cemetery was quite queer and wondrous place unlike anything we have seen but I hope never to see anything like it again, for I think it is perfectly horrid. Money, money, money! The niches are sold at exorbitant prices and thousands of dollars are expended on the statues.

The materiel for the statues one cannot help liking but as to the statues themselves some are quiet atrocious. The poorer people goodness knows what becomes of them. The cheapest lots are [p. 265] sold for \$5 I should say but this is with the understanding that in five years the bodies may be removed to make room for others and the bones all put together and done something with. It seems shameful.

The automobile took us lastly to the Lido where we walked around in the gardens of the casino and then had tea while watching the roller skating. We had nearly three quarters of an hour here and when we left it was to return to the city.

We were left at the office of the White Star Line where we paid the balance due for our state rooms. Mother found [p. 266] she had too much money on hand so we went across to the American Express office and she desposed of it in checks. When we returned stopping only to buy some candy at the very very nice place near us, we felt that we could go to bed and sleep in spite of the cracking of whips, shout [The remaining line is obscured by a color brochure for the Hôtel des Princes Fürstenhof, which is glued to the bottom of the page. A small note in the upper left hand corner of the page reads: "May 18, 1911".]

[p. 267, Written in the upper right corner of the page: "May 18, 1911"]
Thursday, May 23, 1911

I spent the morning writing and by so doing caught up with any correspondence. We had lunch at eleven + for our train left at one o'clock. We were in our seats in good season and very luckily for the train soon filled up. The track lay for quite a while by the shore of the blue, blue Mediterranean which we caught glimpses of whenever we came out of one cut or tunnel before we reached the other. In many ways the trip was very tiresome for we were warm and crowded and the passing through so many tunnels made it impossible to keep the windows down for long.

[p. 268] About three or four o'clock we came to Avenza at which point we got a good view of the Carrara quarried three miles distant. The mountain looked as though covered by snow in spots and at first we could not believe that it was marble but Baedeker finally convinced us. By no means did it look pure white for a great deal must still have been beneath the soil and mineral deposits stained some of the rest of it.

Coming in to Pisa we had a very fine view of the leaning towers showing very clearly the position as outlined against [p. 269] the grey of the evening sky. We looked at it long and well for who knows whether we will get another opportunity!

The train waited for quite a little while in the Pisa station and quite a number of people got on. On the platform outside was encamped a whole Italian family I should judge from the number. One little girl with curly golden hair was just as cute as she could be. The eldest brother was amusing her by teaching her how to smoke. She had a straw and evidently had already learned her lesson well for she rubbed her hand on her dress as if lighting a [p. 270] match then put it up to the straw to light the cigarette in her mouth. It was to comical for words to watch her pretend to puff away sometimes taking it out to spit in the most manly fashion. She was too dear for anything and someone from the train who had chocolate held it out for the eldest brother to come and get. The child immediately turned and gave it to her mother who however took none. The she gave a piece to her big brother and she ate a piece. The same people or other gave some more which this time she gave to her little brother and sister. She [p. 271] was altogether the sweetest, most unselfish little child I have seen for a long time.

The train got in to Florence at eight and after the preliminary screeches for fachinos we were well on the way to the hotel bus. As usually the man called out in a mighty bellow the name of the place we were bound for. His calls of Trollope, Trollope which were caught up by the other porters met with no answer so he went prowling around the find the bus. It was not there so we got in to a carriage with our suit cases and drove there. On the way our driver whistled to a man [p. 272] who immediately turned from his direction toward the station and ran after the carriage. He had a good run but he took short cuts and was waiting at the door when we dismounted. The manager said he had told the man to meet us with the bus but evidently he had not obeyed instructions. We got good rooms (43-44) on the second story which were of good size and we connecting.

We were just a little hungry, yes indeed but after our hunger was appeased we found that we were also quite tired and so we went to bed.

I think we went through some 80+ tunnels in all.

[p. 273, Written in the upper right corner: "May 18, 1911"]
Friday, March 24, 1811

Our first day of Florence was a rainy one so we took a carriage to Cook's office on Via Tournabuino to get the mail (which wasn't very much!!) and to have our trunks sent from Montreux, here sent to the hotel. This took a very short time and we took a carriage back so that we did not see much of Florence.

We immediately proceeded to unpack everything we had in the trunks with us and when the others arrived everything in them so the result was quite naturally confusion which we didn't get out of much before dinner time.

We played a game of Bridge after dinner [p. 274]

[p. 274, Written in the upper left corner of the page: "May 20, 1911"]

March 25, 1911, Saturday

To-day was the feast of the Annunciation so everything was closed except the churches. Two English ladies told us this, and said that they were going to the Church of the Annuciata, so we asked permission to tag on behind them.

We followed blindly for we hadn't the faintest idea of the direction of anything.

Every body, apparently, was out walking the streets of Florence and the whole city was dressed in holiday attire. The booths along the street displayed a variety of wares all temptingly laid out to induce purchase. The stands most in evidence were those of the cookie makers. I sort of fancy that the little thin cookies were something eaten especially during lent or perhaps just on this one day. How we longed to buy some but the process of making and the makers were before our eyes as well as the cookies and thought we had better refrain.

There were crowds of people outside the church of the Annunciata and we made a slow progress to the interior. The huge church was simply packed solid with people who were constantly moving to pay tribute to the different alters. As to the church itself, it was all hung with the Lenten purple. Over the arches were great [p. 276] loops of it edged around with a heavy gilt fringe. The air was heavy with incense burning in many receptacles while the whole church was one blaze of candel. There must have been hundreds almost thousands. Before each altar was a big candelabra full of little candel which seemed to be duplicated in the glitter of the crystal glass of the candelabra. These hung from the arches of the altars. Big and little candel burned at the high altar and the Chapel with incense burning in all the silver votive vessels and candel put in every conceivable spot was only a little [p. 277] gayer than the other less important ones.

For some time we waited to hear the music but it was so long in beginning that after we had heard a little we went out in order that we might not quite smother.

It was useless to try to do any sightseeing in the church and anyway we were so completely twisted around that we couldn't find anything that Baedeker spoke of, so we gave it up, for then.

We followed the drift of the people, where we knew not, until suddenly we came out at the back door of the Duomo. [p. 278] We walked to the front and stood by the Baptistry, looking.

How good it was to greet an old friend, a friend we had loved unseen but a friend now that seen we loved the more and more.

Some things impress one person more than others but I as I looked I fairly wanted to cry. In that moment I opened a new room in my memory and put in to it this

remembrance of Florence. From hence forth Florence side by side with Dresden will be my favorites.

The building is a mighty edifice: mighty in conception, mighty in proportion, mighty in [p. 279] detail, and mighty in impression on the minds of mankind.

Might in the loving contribution of the people who raised this church, mighty were the number of men employed in the building and above all mighty was the volume of thought coming from all classes of people who wished to do some honor to their Lady, the Virgin.

The façade is composed of many various precious marbles set in to different conventional designs and all giving a most rich, and beautiful effect. The Campanile although separate from the Duomo by a few feet seems a part of it for the decoration is quite similar. One never thinks of the Duomo without the Campanile or the Campanile without the Duomo for two such friends should never be parted even in thought.

The effect of the whole interior was marked by the huge curtain hung from the centre of the height of the pillars forming a sort of canopy over the people. This is put up for the Lenten services so that the people and the preacher may all assemble under the canopy and the service be better heard.

It was so unearthly cold inside that we did not stay long or else we would have simply [p. 281] frozen stiff. Outside was much warmer.

We crossed across to the Bapistry, another old friend, whose fame is part and parcel of that of the Duomo and Campanile. The shape was like that of all the Bapistries and the façade was composed of marbles like that of the Duomo.

But the doors! They are like nothing the Duomo, Campanile, or any other church possess. Can one not imagine standing here that should these doors open they would reveal a sight that the eyes of mortal have never looked upon. They are "the gates to Paradise." On their surface is told histories from [p. 282] the Bible there by setting as a truth the teachings of the Book. On the doors to Paradise are set forth the deeds whereby men may gain for themselves the right to pass through these doors and on into the beyond.

The inside was a little gloomy and cold and bare but for all its lack of gaud and show it contained a great treasure. Donatello's "Mary Magdalene" stood at the altar to the right. Gaunt and wrinkled, her clothes hanging in rags, hardly any skin covering the bones, she presented a picture indeed of a repentant Magdalene who had fasted and undergone great privation. One could not help but think of the comparison (not in workmanship but in conception) between this wooden figure of the worn, wrinkled old woman and the Correggio in Dresden where she lies in a cave clothed in a dark blue robe, young and fair, and beautiful, supposedly repentant but apparently lying on the ground reading some holy book.

While we were looking at this two women came in one of them carrying a baby which they wished to have baptised. We stopped to watch the ceremony for two priest were there to perform it. I don't know whether the baby was given anything to [p. 284]

make it keep still but it didn't utter a sound all through the ceremony even when his head was all wet. He just kept his eyes wide open and stared around him.

This ended the morning for us and we went home finding our way by aid of the map to the square of San Marco, the Church of Savonorola. Quite a number of people seemed to be in the square around a man who was standing on something. He had the whole skeleton of foot and leg and seemed to be selling slivers from it to the people. I wonder which Saint he said it belonged [p. 285] to, or what its miraculous powers could be.

We bought violets and lilies of the valley from a man who had bunches of them. For fifty centimes we could get a bunch of violets about the circumference of a bread and butter plate while for a franc we could get them big enough to cover the face of a dinner plate. Just imagine it!!

From this square we soon reached the hotel.

Katharine didn't feel like going out this afternoon so we three started forth by ourselves. By high way and by way we got to the Piazza dell Signoria [p. 286] another place made familiar by pictures and books.

Before the Palazzo Vecchio to our surprise stood what we knew to be Michel Angelo's "David." Baedeker quickly told us that it was merely a cast of the original placed here to show the original place where the Masterpiece stood. The colossal statues on the fountain and at the sides of the Palazzo Vecchio did not appeal to me at all for they look so crude and unshod.

Before the fountain at the left of the palazzo is a bronze tablet marking the spot where Savaronla was burned to death. [p. 287] It is merely a small round tablet inserted in the pavement, covered with dust and dirt where carriages and foot prints has passed heedlessly over, but it served its purpose of marking the dread spot; and though people wishing to do homage (in thought) to the great preacher, must hunt to find it, the reward of standing on the spot and letting your memory travel back through years long past is worth the labor.

Bounding the piazza on the right is the Loggia dei Lanzi. It is a big open hall used to serve as a stage for popular ceremonies and afterward as a guard hall [p. 288] in the time of Grand Duke Cosmo.

The sculptures are interesting and very valuable. The chief ones are "The Rape of the Sabines" at the right under the archway. On the left "Perseus with the head of Medusa," one which Stoddard made familiar to me last year. I was disappointed though for I didn't like the expression of the face. Toward the side street running down to the river was "Judith & Holifernes," a bronze work by Donatello.

The others were good too but these three seemed the best. It seems too bad to leave them to the tender mercies of [p. 289] the weather but I supposed they cannot be as valuable as some or they would be taken away.

One way, it seems a shame to take things away from their original surroundings. Another way it seems too bad to leave them in their natural surroundings and perhaps have them greatly damaged.

We did not go inside the Palazzo Vecchio for we did not wish to do any strenuous sightseeing without Katharine. However we could see that the first courtyard was very pretty.

From here we turned down the street running by "Judith [p. 290] and Holifernes" which led us between the buildings of the Uffizi Palace and out on to the water front.

We came out just a little beyond Ponte Vecchio but as we walked toward it we could see how really quaint it was. The back sides of the shops with their little windows were painted different shades of different colors. The wood work was quite irregular so that the whole appearance was really quite old and quaint to say the least.

We walked across stopping in the centre to look down in to the Arno and wonder how Tito liked to jump in to [p. 291] the muddy water. One would think it quite unpleasant.

We turned back after we were all the way across and after reaching the other side again walked along the water front looking at the embroidery and jewelry shops.

We turned off at length to go to Cooks and lo and behold there stood the statue of Justice with which a legend in Longfellow's Evangeline is connected. We must have taken our carriage from Cook's yesterday just at the foot of this statue and we didn't once see it! Blind people!!

[p. 292] After doing our business at Cook's we continued up Via Tornabuoni where are many of the best shops. Just a little way beyond was a nice little tea shop and it was just tea time so we went in, of course. When you tramp the streets all day it is only naturel that you are hungry.

We went home by way of the Duomo and Pizza dei San Marco stopping on the way at a nice little candy store to take some home to the Katharine part of us family.

In the evening we wrote and read all by our lonesomos.
[Written in the top left corner of the page: "May 20, 1911"]

[p. 293 is blank]

[p. 294, Written in the top left corner of the page: "May 20, 1911"]
Sunday, March 26, 1911

We did not leave the house all day long. They had a library here so we got books and spent the time reading and writing.

Monday, March 27, 1911

We wished to reach (Via) Borgo Ognissanti in order to hunt up some addresses Aunt Bella had given Mother, so we went down Via Nazional, Via Avelli (past Santa Maria Novella), Via d. Belle Donne and V. de Fossi the last of which brought us right out at one end of the Via Borgo Ognissanti.

We walked quite a good way on it passing many [p. 295] embroidery shops, besides others. We came to an open square where there seemed to be quite a few hotels

and we then went out on the water front and walked toward the Ponte Vecchio so that Katharine might see the shops and the bridge.

This time when we crossed the bridge we walked directly along the street which continued it until we got to the Pitti Palace. Aunt Bella had given one address just opposite the palace and we went in but found nothing that we wished for.

The morning was advancing fast so we went back across [p. 296] the bridge then to the Piazza della Signoria and from there home for lunch.

At the hotel we got an address for a milliner which we hunted up the first thing in the afternoon. I wished for a panama but they didn't have one, so I said I would come back tomorrow when they would have some.

In the mean while we went off exploring by ourselves and found another hat store which we went in to on Via Curretani "Carrini Aguzzi."

They didn't have panamas but I tried on a leghorn which were very reasonable [p. 297] and which I decided to take. The leghorn was but eighteen francs and all trimmed with one or two roses and some velvet the whole hat was to be twenty seven francs.

We walked along this street until we reached Piazza Santa Maria Maggiore then took Via dei Vecchietti turned to the left in to Via Strozzi which brought us on to Piazza Victor Emanuel with that gentleman's equestrian statue in the centre.

From where we entered the piazza we cut across it to a street leading from the farthest right hand corner. This street took us straight [p. 298] down to the hat market on Via Calimara. It was held under a loggia, open at the sides but covered overhead. The various stalls were arranged here.

We went just for curiosity but I happened to see a peanut hat so I priced it. They were more expensive than at home so naturally I didn't wish to buy it.

After seeing a peanut hat it was an easy step to asking the price of a big panama of which they seemed to have plenty. The first price was thirty and we put our price at twenty. We haggled the thing up and down until she [p. 299] came down to twenty six then we started it all over again by asking how much for two. That was fifty and we said forty. She came down to forty six but we left telling her we might come back the next day. When we got through I felt as though my strength was all gone we were so earnest about it. We really wanted them very much but we did not want to be roasted alive on the price and we knew that they would try to roast us.

We went home by way of the Duomo, San Marco etc.

[Written in the top right corner of the page: "May 20, 1911"]

[p. 300, Written in the top left corner of the page: "May 20, 1911"]
March 28, 1911, Tuesday

I put on my red suit so as to have the roses match it and all in good time we started out going to the first miliners we had been to. Of course, having decided to take the other hat, I could not be satisfied with anything they showed me and I wouldn't have been anyway.

Katharine, however, looked at hats and paid fifty five francs for a leghorn, trimmed with black underneath and with a whole wreath of beautiful pink roses all the way around. It was a very pretty one.

Leaving here, we went to my miliners store. There were several customers in the store so we [p. 301] were obliged to wait. We spent the time trying on hats already trimmed and I was busy putting one of these back when I heard exclamations and familiar voices and who was it the Barrs!!! They looked just as naturel and nice as when we said good-bye to them in Heideberg with the arrangement to meet the next day in the castle and which failed to bring us together. They were walking by looking in the window when they saw us and walked in to say "Good morning" again. Oh! I think it is perfectly fine that we met them again. Katharine hadn't received my card sent [p. 302] from Venice to Nashua to be forwarded to them but I hardly expected that.

We were sure to exchange addresses this time for once having found each other we didn't want to lose ourselves.

They left us after we had talked for a few minutes and in a short time I got the matter of the roses arranged and we left to go to the hat market. We did not waste much time in further bargening but offered forty five lire, for the two hats and got them at that price (\$9) or \$4.50 apiece.

We also bought bands for the hats made of some [p. 303] queer stretchy stuff – but they are pretty.

The man at the stand where we got our panamas gave Mother a bad lire which she unsuspectingly took but she attempted to pay for the hat band with the same lire and the man at that stall of course wouldn't take it. He seemed to think it a big joke to be able to turn it back on the other man who Mother gave it back to, to get a good one.

One has to be very careful.

We went through to the Piazza delle Signoria and on to the Lungarno to look for an adresss for an embroidery [p. 304] shop given us by our chance acquaintances on the train from Milan to Genoa. We knew the name to be Virginia somebody but that was all except that it was near a pension Lucchesi.

We walked quite a way and finally found it a little store between the Piazza Mentana and the Ponte alle Grazie on the Lungano d. Borsa.

The things were very cheap and very pretty so we bought several things and promised to come back on another day when she said she would have more things for she does not have as much one day as she does another. [p. 304] Leaving here, we turned and walked quite in the other direction, past the Ponte Vecchio and on beyond to a jewelry shop where Mother had seen an enamel hat pin she thought would go well

with Helen's hat. Helen bargained for it go it leaving it to be shortened and called for in the afternoon.

Then we went to Cooks, Helen stopping at an embroidery shop on the corner just two places before Cooks to buy a brown shirt waist ruffle which is to be put in to a binding for her and called for this afternoon.

We were more than ready [p. 306] to go home to lunch by the time we left here.

We had made our appointments to get things rather late so the first part of the afternoon we had time to waste. Therefore we walked and looked in the windows along the Lungano.

Promptly at two we called for Helen's hat pin and then crossed across the Ponte Vecchio taking the first street to the right Via S. Spirito Borgo S. Iacopa which led to Coppeni's shop. The street was a dirty dingy street and when we paused outside No. 11 (?) we were not sure as we quite wanted to [p. 307] go in, it looked so unattractive. We saw nice looking people in there though so we went too. The things they had we fine and anything you called for they would be sure to produce of the best quality and the cheapest prices. The prices were all fixed and it was well so for you might have offered more than they had fixed if it were left to you.

After a while we left — left in more than one sense of the word for we left them some money and they left us some nice little boxes. Everyone was very polite and bowed nearly to the floor when we [p. 308] went out making us feel like some prince of the earth.

Leaving here we went next to get Helen's ruffle and then on to try on my hat for the last time. I think it will be quite satisfactory at least I hope so.

All our errands were satisfactorily accomplished so from the Piazza del Duomo we took a carriage and drove to the Casino. It is a beautiful big park with nice carriage rides, paths for horse back riders and woods where children can enjoy themselves. For an hour and half we rode around but, all too soon went back to the hotel. In the evening we tried on each others things and went early to bed.

[Written in the top left corner of the page: "May 20, 1911"]

[p. 309, Written in the upper left corner: "July 2, 1911"]

March 29, 1911, Wednesday

We were so tired from our yesterdays shopping that we got up pretty late and in consequence took a carriage to the Pitti in order to be on time for our appointment with Miss Evans at ten o'clock.

We were on time but she was about ten minutes late. When she did appear she was the dearest old lady! White hair, a wrinkled but keen face and the merriest laughing eyes which could however sober down quickly. She was dressed entirely in lavender and charmed us at once.

We had a long flight of steps to climb before we got to the top for the pictures are all placed in the upper part of the building where the light is best.

She led us into the first room [p. 310] and we stood in front of a picture of the Assumption by Andreas del Sarto while she gossiped for a long time about the present king and why he didn't come to Florence much. That sort of prejudiced us against her but finally she turned to the picture and what she told us was very good.

The picture was painted in 1520 for the church of Saint Nicholas so that patron saint was put in with the group of the apostles. He held in his hand the three golden ball—his symbols. She explained the legend connected with them thus: There lived in a little village a poor girl who had no dowery so no one would [p. 311] marry her. One day as she sat crying an old man knocked at her door. She took him in and gave him all the fruit she had so that she herself had nothing to eat. All day she took good care of him and it was not until night fall that he took his leave. Outside he picked up three stone and threw them in to her window and they changed into gold. The girl then was the richest marriagable girl in the village and could marry her lover. So Saint Nicholas the patron for those starting life is always represented with his three golden balls.

The colors red and blue are translated the first as love and the second as faith. The Madonna then [p. 312] by a decree made by the church in 600 AD is always clothed in red and blue. Mary represents humanity raised up while the little cherubs floating around are each one supposed to represent one of the many things around us.

Thomas, the doubting, is holding up his hand—a beautiful hand in modeling and texture—to receive the girdle which the Virgin is about to drop to him. In a small church in a small town in Italy is most carefully preserved a small piece of red cord some ten hundred years old. It is claimed that the crusaders procured it from the Mohammedans who told them it was a piece of the girdle the Virgin threw down to Thomas. [p. 313] Certain it is that it is very old but—

The apostles are all gathered around miraculously appearing at this time. Behind Thomas stands Mary Magdalen in a nuns dress. The Virgin's robe is red with shades of pink in it. The head scarf is white. The blue in the robe is dark with many light shades.

This was a very fine picture by the "Painter without fault." He first began to "daub" when he was 9 or ten and soon showed wonderful talent. A man once praising Raphael to the skies telling him there was not his equal then, before and after. To this compliment Raphael returned the reply "You wait a little while. There [p. 314] is a little scrub running around Florence" meaning Andreas del Sarto.

In this picture of the Assumption it was interesting to note the repetition of circles in the cherubs and the groups of apostles.

The next picture she spoke of was one by Perugino (1446-1524) the Umbrien teacher of Raphael and one of whom he learned an enormous amount. This picture was the Holy Family. She called our attention to the landscape behind the group for Perugino, who was very very pious, was the first to see the beauty in the landscape and to put it to use as a background. He lived in a beautiful country with green rolling hills and flowery meadows so it was very natural [p. 315] for him to put that which he saw every day of his life in to his pictures.

Miss Evans explained in this picture something that we have often seen. When the child has its finger on its lips it means "I am the word." To us that was very interesting.

In the corner was a portrait of Phillip II of Spain by Titian. It was painted in most beautiful silvery tones making a picture very unlike many of his with his rich reds and blues. I liked it ever so much and it showed that he could do most anything he pleased with his brush.

The next picture which she stopped [p. 316] before was "The Marriage of St. Catharine" by Fra Bartolomeo.

Miss Evans began by telling us a little of the history of this painter for when one knows the man behind the brush it is often easier to understand the work of the brush. Bartolomeo loved Savonarola and his teachings. Often this great preacher turned his speech against painting greatly condemning pictures of dressed up ladies, neuds and those dealing with classical subjects. Bartolomeo therefore under the inspiration of these words burned all his pictures that were not strictly religious.

When Savonarola was killed Bartolomeo went nearly mad [p. 317] with grief for he compared himself to Peter who denied his master. When the mob broke down the doors and came to seize Savonarola, Bartolomeo turned and fled. For this act he never forgave himself and for two years after Savonarola's death he prayed constantly and inflicted all sorts of penitences on himself. At the end of this time the monks commanded him to resume his painting and everything which he painted has a wonderful feeling in it.

He and Raphael were great chums as far as that he might be because the minds of each of them were so pure. From Raphael he learned geometry while Raphael learned [p. 318] about drapery from him.

Bartolomeo had the inspiration so that he always had a variety in his symmetry which was a very great thing. Before he painted any picture he always retired by himself to pray, and meditate upon the subject until he received his inspiration. For this reason his pictures have an almost unfathomable feeling in them.

The Madonna – the centre of nature – is seated holding with her hands, but not restraining, the Christ Child. One interpretation is that Christ is trying to climb down to the dear little playing angels for Christ hears the music of the universe. On his way to the [p. 319] world – which is another interpretation of his descending, he slips the ring on Saint Catharine finger – who holds his hand.

The Madonna is clad in a dark blue robe with just a touch of red where the sleeves show. Above her are four little cherubs holding up the corners of the canopy. One can tell by the manner with which they perform their task that the canopy is really a weight. Around are the saints each with his symbol. Saint Benedict has a dark cowl over his head. Saint Stephen has a stone on his head and Saint Vincent is clad in armour. There were others but she did not name them all.

[p. 320] We asked why it was that each saint always had its symbol painted with him or her and she told us that very few people could read or write in those days, so

that it was necessary to have some mark in order that they might distinguish one person from the other.

As we came around to the third side of the room the picture that she next called our attention to was the "Musical Concert" by Giorgione. Particularly she called our attention to the pressure of the fingers on the keys for this action made the muscles stand out very clearly. It was the central figure that was playing and his face was slightly turned backward to the [p. 321] person at his left as if to say "Don't you see?" "Isn't that right?" The face is a beautiful one of a young priest, calm and smooth. The look passing from his eyes to the eyes of the other man is strong. It seems as though you can understand and see the interchange of thought. The robe of black is trimmed with fur to distinguish him as a musician.

High up was a small picture by Veronese of John baptizing Christ in which was a bright glowing red a truly Venetian red with light and life in it.

In the next room she stopped us before Raphael's Grand Ducal Madonna and except for the [p. 322] wonderful coloring it seems very familiar to us. Florence has a great many old friends with whom we are making actual acquaintance.

This was Raphael's first picture after he had seen the Florentine work and in it one can see the direct descent from Perugino's training but aside from Perugino's influence it is quite distinctly Raphael for it has a statuesque beauty about it that one always finds in his Madonnas.

After Raphael left Perugino and went to Florence he painted thirty two Madonnas in four years. This Grand Ducal Madonna is the connecting link between his Umbrian period and his Florentine period. One thing certain about Raphael – [p. 323] Whatever he did he never could be common place.

The beauty of the Madonna was statuesque? Yes; but she was dignified, gentle and sweet and in the almost imperceptible smile on the lips you could almost think she was trying to suppress a smile of pride for the dear little baby in her arms. What a dear little chap he was! clinging with his tiny hands to his mother, his cheek pressed against her – (there-by making it bulge) – his little toes wiggling. Quite like any other ordinary baby you might have said; but not at all! If you look in to his face you would not think him ordinary. Those serious, unfathomable depths [p. 324] out of which he looked in to the future reading what it held in store for him and never swerving, never faltering, even though he saw the shadow of the Cross, in what baby have you seen such a look?

The outer robe of the Madonna was a greenish blue; the waist and sleeves were red with a thin strip of black at neck and waist. Below the waist was a lighter green than the outer robe. A white veil was over her forehead and a yellowish white scarf was wrapped around the Child a fold of which was caught in her finger.

Dear, grave, little Child and sweet proud mother you have given us much to thank you for and we will not forget you.

Directly opposite was the Madonna of the Chair a work after he had been in Rome. Some say that he had lost his inspiration when he painted this picture but Miss Evans says he had only laid it aside. He was pushed from the divine to the humane.

One day as he was walking past a charcoal shop he saw a women cuddling her child and under this inspiration he seized a piece of charcoal and sketched the outline for the famous picture. Famous it is indeed for nothing could be superior to the modelling the coloring and the arrangment but where is that unseen [p. 326] force that one feels when standing before the Grand Ducal or that overpowering sensation when one looks at the Sistine Madonna? The mother's face is smooth and perfect in modelling but where is the feeling? She looks boldly out of the picture cold, proud but not modest pride for the child it is more pride in herself. The child is nestling close to her and seems very happy. His eyes are wide and innocent. He is the common child wise in his innocence but no more so than any child.

John the Baptist alone seems to be reverential and but for him one might not guess that this was a picture of three great religious peope. [p. 327] I made a note of the colors in my notebook and this is the way they were. The Madonna's robe is of course red and blue. The blue on the mother's lap has a strong light on it and the red of the sleeve has a strong light on it. A Roman scarf is over the Virgin's shoulders the colors being green with touches of yellow & pinkish red. The Child's garment was yellow.

Oh Raphael why did you lay aside your inspiration. Or this you might have made a picture nearly equal to your Sistine for is not the woman the same only in the latter case glorified into a being exalted, uplifted above and apart from all [p. 328] humanity! But what is, is.

There was still another picture in the room by Raphael – a portrait of a cardinal – a very worldly man as I fear many of them were.

She called our attention next to a picture of a young cavalier by Susterman. The painting was very minute in detail, the pattern in gold wrought on the armour was most carefully painted. Across his breast were two strips of silk, blue and white, perhaps his ladies' colors. A broad lace color was around the neck and covered the shoulders. The face was feminine with long curls framing it in but it was earnest and with the hope of youth written upon it.

[p. 329]

"And what is writ, is writ –

Would it were worthier!"

Byron