

# 1885

## *Saturday March 28th*

We passed a kind of moat fortified on both sides which separated Holland from Germany and soon after we stopped at Emmerich, where there was rather a trial as the arrangements were completed and I could not find my way back to the train for a good while nor find the carriage I had been in. When I did; however, a custom house officer got me out of my difficulties. When we reached Koln it was nine 30 and I had to wait for an hour for the Bonn train. We reached Bonn at 11.30 and it was a relief to find Mr Bischof<sup>1</sup> waiting for me at the station. We got into a cab and drove to the house where Mrs Bischof<sup>1</sup> met us in the hall and brought me into a room where supper was ready for me. She spoke English, but her husband mostly German. After supper she brought me up to a nice little room which she said I was to occupy (has that word two pps?) for a few days till my own was ready. I went straight to bed.

## *Sunday*

It took me some time to realize clearly exactly where I was, dressing turned out a slow process as it was hard to find anything. Mrs Bischof brought me down to the parlour and introduced me to the family, there were Mr Bischof, a tall rather thin man with dark hair. Mrs Bischof very like Mrs Dunne. *Albrecht* (I learned all their names in the course of the day) about 17 has very broad shoulders, exceedingly strong I should say. *Gustav* about 15, *Walter* about 13, looks as if he would be up to a lot of fun. *Isabella*, 11 a nice little girl, very fair, and *Guido* 8 or 9 much in Tommy Crean's style, but better looking, they cut his hair too short.

After breakfast Mrs Bischof and I went to Mass which we heard only in the sense that we were under the same roof with the priest who

---

<sup>1</sup> Albrecht Bischof

<sup>2</sup> Fanny Trevelyan

was saying it. We dined at 1.30 and in the afternoon I went to Benediction with Isabella and tried to talk a little on the way with small success.

When benediction was over we went to the terrace over-looking the Rhine, whence we had a beautiful view. I felt muchly that I was in a foreign land. Before supper I was introduced to old Mrs Bischof,<sup>3</sup> the mother of Mr Bischof. She is a nice old lady, but as Louis once remarked to me it is a terrible thing to be old – more terrible far though to anyone who looks at it from Louis' point of view. Two girls called, the Miss Peachs,<sup>4</sup> both pretty, the younger wore her hair short. We had supper about 8.30 and afterwards prayers, soon after I went to bed.

### *Monday March 30th*

Up at 7o'clock. we breakfasted at 8.30. I went to old Mrs Bischof's room and read aloud to her, under the inspection of one of the boys, who corrected my pronunciation, I can't imagine how she bore it, if any one read English to me as badly as that I should be quite distracted. In the afternoon I went under the guidance of Walter and Isabella to my first German lesson, from one Dr Geirse (I forgot to say that we settled about the matter yesterday) he seems nice, and certainly does not expect me to know too much. I found the children waiting for me down the St when the lesson was over and we went back to the house, rather slowly though as Walter amused himself with all kinds of tricks on the way. Before supper I read again to old Mrs Bischof and after it went to bed.

### *Tuesday*

Studied a little. Read to the *mater* as before. Had a headache in the afternoon. A certain Mademoiselle Hachette called about my French lessons. Went with Mrs Bischof to visit the Mademoiselles Peach, they were out but we saw their brother and a friend of his. I shook hands when going away, which I believe is quite wrong here, both the young men seemed surprised. Supper and bed as before.

### *Wednesday April 1st*

Got a long letter from Bessie, telling all the Dublin news – how I wish I were there.

---

<sup>3</sup> The widow of Karl Gustav Bischof (1792-1870)\*

<sup>4</sup> Most likely the Misses Pesch, daughters of Peter Heinrich Pesch, who owned a restaurant at Weberstrasse 42.

Studied a little. Read again to the *mater*. After dinner remained in the house. Showed some card tricks to the juniors; I am beginning to know them somewhat better, but not the two elder boys, somehow I feel afraid of them, especially the eldest, who is quite a young man. Supper and bed at 10o'c.

I moved into my own room today, and settled my clothes there.

#### *Thursday*

A letter from Mrs Crean<sup>5</sup> with more news of the dear dirty city. Got up at 6o'c and went to the Munster church<sup>6</sup> to Mass, the rest of the family had gone on before.

Back at 8o'c to breakfast. Studied a little. Read for the *mater*. Miss Peach called. Played cards with Walter and Guido and did Frank Kelly's trick of *mutus dedit* etc for them. Guido is always laughing, a jolly little fellow just like Tom. I have not made much acquaintance with the elders yet. Supper and bed.

#### *Friday*

Went again to Mass at 7o'c and at 8.30 or nearly 9 when the ceremonies were nearly over went about the town with Mrs Bischof marketing. It was bitterly cold and when we returned at 10.30o'c to breakfast the pain of my hands was almost unbearable, they felt as if they had been flayed.

After breakfast I talked to the children for a while and then did some Iphigenie. All the afternoon I had neuralgia, owing to my having had no breakfast for such a long time this morning, that is the one thing which always upsets me completely. Immediately after supper I went to bed.

#### *Saturday April 4th*

Went to a few of the ceremonies in the morning, but did not wait for long. Returned home to breakfast. Found my way to Dr Gurst, *sola*, of which I was proud. Studied. Went shopping with Mrs Bischof and got some gloves and other trifles for a small party at Mrs Peach's next week, which party I feel somewhat afraid of, because besides it being very awful to try to talk to people on such an occasion a language which you don't know, I feel certain I shall get confused and do all sorts of rude awkward things. Mrs Bischof went to confession and we were not back till supper time. Walter presented me with a bunch of violets. Bed at 10o'c.

---

<sup>5</sup> Emma Crean, wife of a Dublin barrister, a cousin, and mother figure to the diarist since her parents' deaths.

<sup>6</sup> The Munster-Kirsche, Basilica of St Martins, a Romanesque building completed in 1230.

*Easter Sunday*

The children, the elder boys and Mr Bischof went to early Mass and Mrs Bischof and I went to 11o'clock but separately. There were a great many soldiers in the chapel. After dinner Mr Bischof, Isabella, all the boys and three other boys friends of theirs went for a walk towards the mountains. From one point we had a grand view of the Rhine and of the villages on its banks. It was about 5.30 when we returned.

After supper Mr Bischof produced a bowl of a kind of cup made with wine, oranges etc and we sat drinking it and talking till 10.30, an awfully late hour for Germany. Before supper the two elder boys sang a good many songs, they have fine voices, Albrecht particularly. I taught Walter *Mutus* etc before we went to bed.

*Monday*

Went to early Mass at the Jesuits church with Mr Bischof, Isabella and the boys. Later I went to the town and bought an Easter egg for Annie<sup>7</sup>. Studied after dinner. Miss Murray, an English lady came to spend the afternoon, and later Herr Bocher (I suppose that isn't a bit the way his name is spelt) an immense man, bigger than Frank, and the Miss Peachs came so we had quite a party at supper. Of course I could only listen to the talk.

Albrecht mastered *Mutus*, it is really extraordinary what an interest they seemed to take in such a stupid old trick; they did not seem to think it at all beneath them as English lads would.

The people left at 10.30. I smashed the glass of my watch this morning.

*Tuesday April 7th*

Studied a little before breakfast, but the advent of Isabella cut short my labours. Went to Dr Giers at 10o'clock and had my lesson. Studied a little. Dinner at 1o'clock, in the afternoon I had a chat with the *mater*. Dressed and started for Miss Peach's at 7.30, I feeling miserably uncomfortable and longing to stay at home with the children and the boys.

It was an eating party, by which I mean not that we eat too much, but that we eat all the time. We sat at the table and course succeeded course in slow succession. I sat between Herr Bocher and Herr Peach (brother of the Miss Peachs), a handsome young fellow about twenty, very clever I believe. Herr Bocher spoke English almost like an Englishman, which made me disgusted with my bad grammar.

Herr Peach discussed exams with me. I managed somehow, owing to the impossibility of explaining myself to make him think that I knew

---

<sup>7</sup> Annie Ryan, at this time 15 years old, an orphaned cousin of the diarist's and her legal ward.

a lot of maths, then I felt bitterly ashamed and tried to set things right but could'nt. Human nature is much the same everywhere; the Miss Peachs flirted and chatted with my tall neighbour and another man, just as English girls would. I had had an idea that the proprieties on the Continent would not admit of that. At length *edimus satis alque bebimus* and it was *tempus abire*. I was not sorry, as all around me a buzz of wholly unintelligible conversation was going on, and I could scarcely keep awake. It was 2o'c when we returned, poor Mrs Bischof was very tired.

### *Wednesday*

Slept till 8o'c and breakfasted alone as Dr Bischof had gone out and his wife was not yet up. Tried to help Walter with his Latin. Have managed I find in six months to more than half forget what it took me about six years to learn.

Studied till dinner time.

Walter brought me up to the boys' sanctum up stairs and showed me Albrecht's collection of eggs and butterflies and birds alive and dead (the latter stuffed by himself) also his dumbbells, huge ones which I could barely lift, and his foils and guns and tools and books.

Studied till coffee-time.

Fraulein Hachette did not come, she sent word that she had a cold. Herr Peach and one Herr Imphoff called. Only Isabella and I were in the room, and she never asked them to sit down, neither did I, because I did not know the German for it – so they remained standing.

I had been in all day and therefore was glad to go with Walter to leave a parcel for the Peachs. Before supper Albrecht and Gustav exhibited for my benefit a series of chair gymnastics, and then Albrecht took Guido and lifted him up and put him over his shoulder and turned him head over heels and all sorts of things. I am beginning to know the elders better now, and to feel more at home with Albrecht, why on earth I was afraid of him I can't say.

Where am I? And what am I? And who am I? Let me answer. I am at Bonn, am a great fool, still myself.

### *Thursday*

I remained in the house studying all the morning and so when coffee was over felt pretty well tired. Herr Peach called. I wish he would not be always appearing before me, for by some fatality it invariably happens that I make a fool of myself in some way when I meet him. Isabella and I went for a walk down by the Rhine, it was beautiful down there. When we

came back the boys were going to spend a couple of hours at Mrs Dulong's next door, and Isabella and I went with them. Mrs Dulong showed me a lot of pictures. Mrs Bischof came afterwards and I went in to the children. It was 8.30 when I returned to supper. Guido found a salamandar, a hideous brute, and has put it in a tank in his room.

*Friday April 10th*

Was up at 6.15 and studied till Isabella was dressed. After breakfast I went to Dr Giers, then met Mrs Bischof and Isabella and went shopping, home to dinner. A letter from Annie, really a nice one. In the afternoon I studied, then learnt from Isabella the German method of spinning tops. At 5.15 Mademoiselle Hachette gave me my lesson and afterwards I sat with the mater till Gustav came in to read to her. He is an awfully good boy really. The two juveniles were in trouble about their lessons and rather cross. As I was going up to bed I met Albrecht with his gun and asked him was he going to shoot and he said yes, early in the morning – didn't I envy him, just.

*Saturday*

As I got up and dressed at 6 o'clock I thought of Albrecht out shooting in the fresh air, up on the hills perhaps, O how grand it must be.

A dose of the *Bride of Messina* occupied me till Isabella was dressed. After breakfast I studied. Before dinner in came Guido in a great fuss to say that one of Mrs Dulong's sons had dug up a gold coin on the bank of the river. He brought it in afterwards and it certainly was a grand find, gold, with an inscription on one side CONSTANTIVS PRIM. FAUS and a head, and on the other a figure of Victory and an inscription of which I could only make out VIC.

The children resolved that they would go gold seeking too, and at 2.30 Isabella and I went. I did not expect to find any coins, but I did expect that Isabella would know where the other had been found, but when we reached the Rhine I discovered that she had not the faintest idea, so we both returned to hear from the lucky youth himself that it had been found on the other side of the river. Talked to the mater and read. Before supper there was rather a row, brought about partly of course by the ever unlucky Guido. This morning Mrs Bischof met a frog and a lizard walking down stairs, so she very summarily confiscated Walter and Guido's entire collection and ordered them to be thrown out. Albrecht however thought he would like to keep the salamandar, which is uncommon, so he made Guido give it to him. This evening when I came

down stairs Guido had the luckless brute in a bottle on the parlour table. Presently Mr Bischof came in and asked what it was but seemed satisfied with the explanation which he received and went away but Mrs Bischof appeared afterwards and seeing the beast asked Guido why it hadn't been thrown away as she had directed. Guido said he had given it to Albrecht and she then questioned the latter. He was playing the piano and gave rather short answers, it was rare and he wanted to keep it and give it to the zoological gardens. His mother insisted that he should give it up, he said his father had told him he might keep it, but when the *pater* came he seemed to say (I didn't understand) that he did not say it. The *mater* insisted still and carried her point. Albrecht handed her the bottle and sat down to his supper without a word. I pitied the poor fellow; of course it was all well enough to say that he ought to have asked leave, but it was a mere trifle at best, and he is almost a man; at all events it was hard to take it from him when he wanted to keep it so much and there was no harm in the thing in itself. I must say that I admired his good temper, for though his mother found fault with him during supper for something else he had quite recovered his equanimity before it was over. Most youths would have sulked for hours. I'm sure I would.

Bed at 10.o'c.

*Sunday April 12th*

Went to 8o'c Mass with Mrs Bischof and the children. Received a Freeman<sup>8</sup> with an account of the Prince of Wales arrival in Dublin, I suppose from Mrs Crean. Went before dinner to pay a visit with Mrs Bischof and afterwards Mrs Bischof, the four boys, Isabella and I went gold-seeking.

We crossed the river in a steamer and found that the *divina (?) auri sitis* had attracted to the place where the coin was found. I believe others had been found there before – about seventy people who were digging away with shovels and trowels or in many cases with their hands. We all joined them, except Albrecht who sat on a stone and jeered at our efforts, but I soon got tired and gave up. The others persevered for a good while. We crossed the Rhine as before and were home at 6o'c. I fiddled at scribbling of various kinds till supper time, and after supper went to bed.

By the way I was admiring today the way in which German men take off their hats. They do not, as the men at home do, just raise them,

---

<sup>8</sup> The Freeman's Journal, the Dublin newspaper.

but lift them quite off with a sweep of the arm, bowing at the same time, it looks much better. Today when Mr Bischof saluted some one he knew all the boys took off their hats, and I noticed that when Albrecht called at a house he took off his hat and held it in his hand all the time he was speaking to the maid, even the two little boys when they leave a shop lift off their caps, bow to the shop woman and say “Adieu Fraulein”.

### *Monday*

Isabella took it into her head to get up early so that I did not do much work before breakfast, for which I was late.

Worked before dinner and did a little Latin. In the afternoon the two elder boys went on a flower-gathering expedition across the Rhine. I should have like to go too, but propriety forbade; German propriety is very awful, there are endless things which seem to me quite harmless which you must not do, yet it does not seem likely that the men and girls here are worse than at home. I hate proprieties from the wall of separation they seem to make between woman’s narrow sphere and man’s full freedom; I hate them just as I did the high convent wall at Paris which I perpetually was longing to climb. Not that I’m going to climb the German proprieties, that would be foolish to the highest degree – its bad enough to be a girl or woman – I’m getting rather *stale* for *girl* now) anywhere, but than God I’m not a girl living on the Continent.

I visited the Miss Peachs and had a walk with the elder, we spoke a mixture of English and German. Her English is nt much but is better than my German, being more grammatical. She is a nice girl, I wonder does she ever feel inclined to kick against the proprieties. Later I talked to the *mater* and she introduced me to a Professor who called to see her; he talked to me about Anglo Saxon and told me the best way to learn it, very kind of him. Why on earth will Mrs Bischof (*mater*) presist in praising my progress? God knows I’m bad enough without encouragement.

Supper and bed. As I was undressing I heard Guido yelling awfully about something upstairs.

### *Tuesday April 14th*

Up at 6o’c. Studied, breakfasted, went to Dr Giers, studied, chatted about postage stamps with Guido. It was not proper at all to play “catch” with the children, and I was sorry for doing it afterwards. In the afternoon studied again. Mrs Carey’s brother and his wife called to see me, as I did’nt know them it was rather hard to talk and Mrs Bischof’s appearance was a relief.



Medemoiselle Hachette came, my French was awfully bad. Mrs Bischof was talking about the girls' exams and the boys', everything is thorough in German education apparently, no sham, no cram. The boy remains eight years or ten in the Gymnasium and works up a class a year, and much the same is the case with a girl. How different it is at home; for my part I never was taught anything except Latin properly, and now I feel bitterly that the gaps can never be filled. Before tea I walked up and down the road slowly with Mrs Bischof, this made me cross. Guido had been bold in the morning and was in his room in disgrace most of the afternoon. Tea and bed. As I write Gustav and Albrecht are singing students' songs in their room, they have good voices and I've opened my door to hear better. Albrecht sings [illegible] to some English air with great effect.

*Wednesday.*

Isabella was up woefully early.

Received a letter from Annie and two Irish papers, I do not know from whom. Before dinner Mrs Bischoff and I had a stroll, I cannot say I enjoyed it, perhaps from the atmosphere of propriety in which I live I feel in a most rebellious mood and would have loved to run about the road and shout and romp like a very school boy, but strolling with a parasol (on Mrs Bischof's head) irritated me to the last degree. In the afternoon we went to 5 o'clock tea to an English lady, a Mrs Knocker. There were some other visitors, all English, and I heard only my native tongue. There is a girl staying with Mrs Knocker who seems rather jolly, she goes canoeing on the Rhine, Mrs Bischof doesn't approve.

Before tea we had another irritating stroll. I am ashamed of myself for disliking them. Wrote some Latin, atrociously.

In the evening we had cup and cake in honor of Mr Bischof's birthday.

I should like being here so much better only for the propriety. This evening Albrecht offered to teach me to fence, and I longed to accept with thanks, but his mother would think it awful.

*Thursday April 16th*

The elder boys went for a long walk and were absent all day. After breakfast Guido, Isabella, Mrs Duloeur's<sup>9</sup> son and niece and I went up to the exercise ground to see the soldiers drilled. It was interesting to watch them all moving like machines and the sun shining on their helmets but it was awfully hot and when I came home I felt quite sick.

---

<sup>9</sup> Properly 'Dulheuer'.

Late in the afternoon Mrs Bischof and I went to Miss Murray's to tea; she has a wonderfully dainty, pretty, English looking drawing room. Mrs Bischof came later and there was much chat. I wonder does Miss Murray feel lonely.

Back at 11.30o'clock. Read some Horace.

### *Friday*

Up early, studied. A long letter from Bessie, they are having great fun. The M's gave a dance, also there were a couple of other ones. She and Louis went to the top of Nelson's pillar. Then there was the reception of the Princess of Wales at the R.U. and the brooch she gave the Chief. I must say Eff<sup>10</sup> is very lazy not to write.

Had a lesson with Dr Giers, he praised me. I wish he would not, the very most that is wholesome for me in that way is a simple *good*, or *very fair*, or *not badly known* or some such as Mr Henry McIntosh used on rare occasions bestow on us and which was something to feel proud of. Coming home I received a partial shower bath from a hose from the hands of Master Gustave Duloyer,<sup>11</sup> a youth one would imagine from the elegance with which he takes off his hat far too polite to contemplate such an outrage.

Late in the afternoon I had a lesson from Mademoiselle Hachette and walked afterwards over to the Coblentzer Strasse with her. Mrs Bischof had a sore foot and could not get up all day. Miss Murray came to see her and stayed to supper.

### *Saturday*

Studied. Helped Mrs Bischof to put up some pictures. Did some of a Berlin wool gymnastic belt for Gustave. Mrs Bischof has not much time to spare for it and he is in a hurry to have it done.

In the afternoon I went to confession to a priest who understood English. Then chatted for a while with the mater. Before I went to bed found that I had done all the belt wrong, crossed the stiches the wrong way. I never remember feeling more annoyed, at least about a trivial matter. Undoing the belt was more tedious than doing it had been. It was 11o'clock when the last stitch was out and I went to sleep in a savage temper.

---

<sup>10</sup> Euphemia McIntosh, had been a fellow student of the Diarist's in Dublin.

<sup>11</sup> Gustav Dulheuer (born 1870).

*Sunday*

Felt exceedingly cross. Went to the Minster Church to 8o'clock Mass. Before dinner wrote to Annie and visited the Peachs with Mrs Bischof. Received a long letter from Mrs Crean and one from Nelly.<sup>12</sup>

In the afternoon I did some writing, then went to pay visits with Mrs Bischof. Albrecht and Gustave had a party of youths in their room upstairs so they did not come to supper. I wonder had they had fun and what they talked of.

Guido is in a high state of excitement at the prospect of going to the gymnasium for the first time tomorrow, he was only at an elementary school [illegible word] before.

All the children and the boys are going back to school tomorrow, I wish I were too with all my heart.

*Monday*

Was up at 5.30 and did some work and a bit of the belt before breakfast. The younger members had gone early to school and the house was very quiet. I certainly got more studying done but still was sorry. They all appeared at dinner however and after it the boys bolted off again. I studied till 4o'clock and then had a walk, it was awfully hot. Back to a lesson with Mademoiselle Hachette. Afterwards went to the Peachs with a message.

Mr Bischof and the children went to the town to buy some books about 8o'clock so Mrs Bischof, Gustave and I had supper together. Guido is still in a state of excitement and delight that will soon cool, there is a zest in learning the lessons for the first day at a new school which one doesn't find when one comes to the hundred and first. Bed at 10.30.

*Tuesday*

Up at 5.30 and called Walter, he is preparing for his First Communion and must be in the Church each morning at 6.30.

Did some work before breakfast, then went shopping at 11o'clock with Mrs Bischof and got a bathing suit and a hat. It was awfully tiresome, especially the hat I was so sick of it that I would have willingly taken a coal scuttle trimmed with ropes in the end. Mrs Bischof was very kind to take so much trouble. The afternoon was lonelier than yesterday because Isabella went to school after dinner as well as the boys. I studied a couple of hours and had a lesson with Dr Giers at which I was kept rather late. The two elder boys brought their books even to supper. Studied till 11o'clock.

---

<sup>12</sup> Eleanor Crean, a cousin of the diarist's, daughter of 'Mrs Crean'. This Crean family were in some ways, at this stage, the diarist's adopted family.

*Wednesday April 22nd*

Up again at 5.30, but did not get much done. Studied till dinner time, this was a half holiday (as is also Saturday) and there was no afternoon school. I was tired and not fit for much. Paid a long visit to an English lady in the afternoon with Mrs Bischof, talked to the mater till supper time. Mrs Bischof and I sat at the open window for a good while looking at the moonlight and listening to nightengales. Some ladies are coming to afternoon tea to-morrow, rather a bore.

I wish I could go up stairs and study all the afternoon as Gustave and Albrecht do, visiting and shopping are abominations. I wish too I were reading old Herodotus instead of Schiller – though I used to hate him last year bitterly enough, such is human nature.

*Thursday*

Up as usual at 5.30, am getting rather done up from not having enough sleep, a letter from Aunt Kate.

Had a lesson with Dr Giers.

After dinner did some settling in preparation for the ladies. They came, about a dozen of them, and sat and talked, and drank coffee and cup and eat cakes, ugh, stupid all. I was in what Josie<sup>13</sup> would call “the Devils own temper” and wanted much to sit down on the floor and howl for very crossness. It was nearly supper time when the ladies went. After supper I studied a little and went to bed at 10.30.

Read a little Horace to compose my temper as I thought but the ode which I tried turned out stupid and incomprehensible so it made things worse.

*Friday*

Up again at 5.30. Crosser than ever. Walked part of the way to school with Isabella. Came back, studied, did a little of the belt. Gustave watches its progress with interest. Went to Dr Giers, came back to dinner, studied. Dodged about the house waiting for Mademoiselle Hachette, and finally marched into the parlour in a rather untidy state to find Herr Rothen there with Albrecht. I made a prompt exit. After my French lesson I had a chat with the *mater*. Studied till pretty late.

*Saturday April 25th.*

Up early as usual. Studied, went with Mrs Bischof to the town and got my head curled; back at 12.30.

---

<sup>13</sup> Josephine McGouran, the diarist's best friend in Dublin. She was to become a concert singer and the inspiration for 'Molly Bloom' in James Joyce's 'Ulysses'.

Poor Guido was in great grief at dinner because first his mother had insisted on washing his neck before he came to table and secondly some of the boys at school had teased him; “le beau sixieme” said Albrecht and Guido thereat began to cry, in which employment he occupied so much time that little was left for eating.

In the afternoon I was too sleepy to be fit for much work; before supper I had another chat with the *mater*, who showed me some pictures of Scotland.

Only the two big boys were at supper, and the talk was mostly of birds. The children had gone to take baths up in their rooms. X [sic]

I am to dine tomorrow with the Pattersons at the Hotel du Nord and they are to call for Mrs Bischof and the boys to go for a walk afterwards.

### *Sunday*

We went to 80’c Mass at the Minster Kirch; it was the Gymnasium Mass and the boys occupied the middle benches and sang during part of the service.

On our way back we passed the encampment of the American Circus which arrived in the town this morning; they were just getting things in order and the four elephants, two camels, three or four dozen horses and ponies with tents, vans and men, women and children collected all in a small space made a pretty scene of confusion. To this the spectators, chiefly school boys added, by running under the horses legs, offering hay to the elephants and staring at everything. We stood watching the proceedings for a good while. After breakfast I read some light literature, and wasted my time till 12.30 when I went to Mrs Pattersons. We all dined at the Table d’hote, Mr and Mrs Patterson, a girl of ten (Margaret), a boy of five and a little girl of three, the two elder boys did not appear; the little boy and elder girl spoke German and English apparantly with equal ease, while the baby spoke only German though she understood English. After dinner we went out to the Allee and got a glance at the grand march past of the circus. The elder boys appeared, Robert, aged fourteen, immensely tall, but made in proportion and not at all *stalky*, a fine, handsome, dashing looking lad, and Hartly<sup>14</sup> two years younger, and a well built fellow too, though not so handsome as his brother.

We started for the Konigstrasse, and picked up the Bischofs; we were a somewhat formidable party, Mr Bischof with his four boys and one girl, Mr and Mrs Patterson with two boys and one girl, and myself.

---

<sup>14</sup> The Patterson children.

We had a good walk over the hills, the boys soon fraternised, and the girls *soirised* if I may coin a word.

Gustave talked to me for a while and began to tease me about the gymnasium and made sundry offers to conduct me there in the morning and introduce me to the director. When we returned we called for Mrs Bischof who came to the Hotel to tea with her husband and also Walter and Isabella. The elder boys were going to the circus so poor Guido had to spend the evening alone; but like most children who are habitually unlucky in such matters he is blessed with a very cheerful disposition.

We had a rather jolly tea, everyone petted and made much of the baby who bore her honours meekly and really was very good. Towards the end of tea Malcolm Knocker came in and sat down after a general salutation to all at the very end of the long table, but would not eat anything. As soon as little Davy Patterson saw him, he gave a yell of delight and charged at him, jumped on his knee, hugged him, put his cheek against his and generally mauled him. Mr Knocker not only took the thing good humouredly, but even seemed to like it and ignoring everything else conversed with Davy. At length he put him down and inobtrusively slipped away. I thought of what I once saw in a novel "There is always some rare good in a boy who loves a baby" and wondered if this odd, rough looking youth really had this rare good in him.

The juniors and I went upstairs and the young Pattersons brought out two tame white rats which greatly amused Walter; they let themselves be hauled about everywhere and never attempted to bite. Walter and Isabella went home, escorted by the Patterson boys and we stayed nearly an hour longer, till 10.30.

#### *Monday April 27th*

Not a particularly nice day. I stayed in bed till pretty late, and studied till dinner time. After it my back ached so horribly that I had to lie on the sofa and do nothing till four o'clock.

Mademoiselle Hachette came at 5.30 and after the lesson I walked down to the castle with her. The evening was very uncomfortable; poor Gustave had got into disgrace somehow, I think he had given his mother *cheek* at his music lesson, and both she and the *pater* had given him a great scolding, so he sat in a dark part of the room and would not come to supper; I pitied the poor fellow, but after I had in vain tried to interest him in the progress of his belt and asked him would'nt he eat something, I did not at all know what to do. Then Guido had torn a big hole in per-

fectly new trousers, and finally Albrecht did not come in till supper was nearly over; he caught it too, but did not seem much effected and eat a good supper by himself. I think Mrs Bischof (if I may venture an opinion) is rather too hard on the boys, always finding fault with them, and showing them more her severity than her affection, after all a mother ought to sacrifice a great many little points to make her children love her and show them that she loves them; and to make children see love even in punishment is not easy, of course it is very well to talk but far different to do. I got myself into disgrace too by laughing at prayers, why I cannot tell, then Isabella began to laugh too and Mrs Bischof was exceedingly disgusted.

After prayers I took myself off like a naughty child straight to my room.

### *Tuesday*

Up early and did a good deal of German before breakfast. Went into town early to get some things for Mrs Bischof and back again at 11 to Dr Guirs. After dinner I called for Miss Peach and had a walk with her, but it was wet and we could not go far. Studied till supper. The boys took their canoe down to the Rhine to launch it as they intend canoeing tomorrow, they put it on a little cart and went tearing along the road as fast as they could go. It was a lovely moonlit night and I should much have liked to go too, but that German propriety forbade; not that I should have inflicted myself on the poor lads in any case. Bed at 11.30.

### *Wednesday April 29th*

To day was a holiday, some kind of Protestant one instituted by a former king of Prussia and celebrated by the Catholics as a feast of St Joseph. We went to 8 o'clock Mass at the Minster Kirk, and when we came back I received a long letter from Mary<sup>15</sup> which contained a sad piece of news, Frank Comber<sup>16</sup> has been killed out in Algeria and Charlie is dying of consumption, poor Mrs Comber is certainly to be pitied, losing her two boys almost together. As to Frank it seems a sin that so clever and well educated and really good young man should have flung away his life in that mad way. I can remember him distinctly as he stood on the platform at Bray station on the regatta night long long ago, poor boy I am very sorry for him.

Dr Trench<sup>17</sup> has become a Catholic, every one said for a long time that he intended doing so. Studied a little before dinner; really Mrs

<sup>15</sup> Mary Crean, another cousin and member of the diarist's 'adopted' family.

<sup>16</sup> The Comber family, formerly of Prince of Wales Terrace, Bray.

<sup>17</sup> Richard Chevenix Trench (1807-1888), Dublin born Anglican Archbishop of Dublin and Professor of Theology in King's College, London. A philologist and poet, he was instrumental in the creation of the Oxford English Dictionary.

Bischof is always finding fault with the boys, they never please her, and she certainly is wholly absorbed in her children, why can't she sometimes shut her eyes to little shortcomings?

In the afternoon Mr Bischof, the younger boys, Isabella and two little friends of hers went out to walk to *Phensburg* (spelling here phonetic) with Mr Patterson, Hartley and Margaret. It was not such a pleasant walk for me as the one on Sunday, for I felt kinder *left out*, the gentlemen's talk did n't interest me, and a good deal of it I did nt understand, the boys would'nt be bothered with me nor the girls either, and moreover I wouldn't be bothered with the latter, they were gathering flowers, a messy, tiring, stupid occupation, for which I never had the least fancy. The two little Pattersons came home with the children and stayed till 8o'clock.

Gustave was not well and his father went up to the boys study and spent more than an hour helping him with his school work, he is certainly very good to his children.

I went to bed rather early.

Friday is Walter's birthday and I asked Guido what present he would like, he thought a stamp album would be best, so I am to meet Guido in the town tomorrow and go with him to buy it. The possession of this grand secret made Guido giggle and nod over at me all supper time.

#### *Thursday*

Up at 5.30 as usual. Worked at German till breakfast time, studied again. Went out at 10.30 and met Guido in the Market Place, brimming over with excitement, and looking very scholarly with his knapsack strapped on his back. We bought the album, a brilliant red, and then I left Guido. Had my lesson with Dr Giers, back to the house. Dinner, studied, had a walk in the allee with Mrs Bischof, studied again, supper. Went up to Mrs Bischof's room and talked to her for a little time, when Gustave came out of his study in high indignation that our interruption had made him make a mistake in his composition and he would have to write it all over again. I had nt had any idea that all the boys were not in bed or I should never have talked so loud.

#### *Friday May 1st*

Up at 5.15. Was exceedingly sleepy at my work, actually dreaming over the French grammar.

Studied again after breakfast. Gave Walter his album when he came home from school, he was pleased with it.



Worked till dinner. After it worked again. Had a short walk before Mademoiselle Hachette came.

After tea while we were at prayers the Pattersons called to know could I go for a ride to morrow with them. I shall D.V. if it be fine. They remained till 11o’c and we had a “bowl”<sup>18</sup> of Rhine wine and some singing.

In bed at 12o’c.

### *Saturday*

I am not in a mood for writing so will not say much though to day was rather eventful. I had my lesson with Dr Giers, and after dinner went to ride with the Pattersons, it was great fun to me and a complete novelty. the country too was pretty and un-English, we did not return till 6.45. After tea Mr Bischof and the elder boys went down to the cellar to bottle wine and I went to watch them.

Albrecht has got into a great row for shooting a pet pigeon belonging to one of the neighbours sons, his father was more angry with him than I ever saw him yet, and said it was a cruel, dishonourable, ungentlemanly act, I must say it was a great shame, the poor little boy cried bitterly about his pigeon and Albrecht ought to have considered what he would think if anyone shot his birds.

Mrs Bischof was not well, I sat with her for a while, she is greatly annoyed about the pigeon.

### *Sunday May 3rd*

On our way to 8o’c Mass Mrs Bischof felt so sick that she had to return to the house and go to bed. I returned with her and went to Mass later. Mr Bischof is quite fretted about Albrecht, particularly as he has made no sort of apology, Albrecht on his side is cool and unconcerned. Gustave is knocked up with a headache, things are not gay today. Mrs Bischof stayed in bed till nearly tea time. Mr Bischof and I had a walk; we went to the old churchyard and saw the graves of Schumann, Schiller’s wife, Niebuke, and (Death levels all) judge Keogh, a handsome Irish cross stands on the grave of the last. What pleased me most was a monument erected to the soldiers, natives of Bonn, who fell in the -70 war. A beautiful figure of Germania supports a dying warrior. We walked down by the medical schools and the hospital to the Rhine and so back. Poor Gustave was worse and had to go to bed. Guido had tired himself so much by a long walk that he cried and wouldnt have any tea – he is absurdly given to tears

---

<sup>18</sup> A spiced wine.

considering his age. The pigeon affair seems to be done with, it has not passed without a good deal lowering my opinion of Albrecht, not because of the thing itself, which was only a boy's trick, rather thoughtless and cruel, but because of the way he took it. He is to buy another pigeon for the child.

*Monday*

Up pretty early, but from various causes got little done before breakfast. studied all the morning and after dinner till 4o'clock.

Had coffee with the *mater* and read a little *Iphigenie* with her. Mademoiselle Hachette came at 5.30 and found my work not as well prepared as it ought to have been. Walked with M.H. to the Weber Strasse and had a turn on my own account round by the Minster church before going home. Idled till tea time. Guido related in a rambling way some story about wine which he ought not to have related of course, he is a most unlucky child. Did a little work; bed at 10.30.

*Tuesday May 5th*

Up early, studied, went to my lesson. Dr Giers gave me a new kind of exercise. That wretched pigeon rose up like a spirit again to plague its destroyer, he had given the little boy money to buy a new one and his mother returned the money per the servant, it certainly was a stupid thing to do, he ought to have bought the pigeon himself and given it to him. I remained in the house till 6o'clock and then had a short walk with the Miss Peachs who called.

Albrecht is in another row, about studying, he was told to stay in his room all the evening, but Gustave saved him from the pangs of hunger by taking him up two buttered "brodchens", those two lads always hang together. I admired Gustave's fraternal devotion too much to think of his disobedience. Just after Gustave had safely landed the spoils his mother came down and insisted on searching his pockets, of course she found nothing, and Gustave, the children and I had much difficulty in not laughing.

Poor Gustave got into trouble himself at tea, and happening to come into the room later I found him receiving a lecture from his mother; poor lad it is very hard. Mrs Bischof is to be pitied too, she worries herself fearfully about everything done by the boys, who are excellent boys to all appearances if she would'nt *badger* them so much; she does it all from conscientious motives.

Neuralgia and early bed.

*Wednesday*

Up early, the two hours study before breakfast are horrid, the worst of the whole day, but without them I should never get my work done. Had a short walk with Mrs Bischof. It was wet in the afternoon and the children, who had a half holiday (there is no afternoon school on Wednesdays nor Saturdays) did not know what to do with themselves. I had a game of catch with Walter, which was good fun, but “hide and seek” turned out a failure. When I went to my work the two boys continued romping about the stairs and making an awful row, so I was not surprised to hear Albrecht’s study door open, his voice raised in angry remonstrance and then a yell from Guido. Mademoiselle Hachette did not come, probably by reason of the inclemency of the weather. After tea there was quite a fuss about Walter, his father wanted him to go to bed before prayers but his mother made him stay. Bed at 10o’c. Lely’s photo came to-day.

*Thursday May 7th.*

Up early. studied, breakfast, studied again, went to Dr Gier’s, dinner, studied. Wrote a long letter to Mary Murphy, which really was a praiseworthy act as I should have preferred a run. Poor Gustave was in trouble again all round, only because he stopped out a little too late; he was doing some Algebra and I tried to help him but could not, chiefly because I could’nt understand what he wanted done. I should be perfectly miserable if I were always in hot water in that way, but no doubt the lads let off steam by grumbling. Poor Mr Bischof had hard times for the *Mater* did not come to tea and the two boys kept up a chorus of complaints about Mama’s injustice, at length he cut things short by a severe lecture to Gustave on disobedience and disrespectful language – which it seemed to me was delivered more because he felt bound to support his wife than because he thought his son very culpable to begin with. Gustave certainly did speak disrespectfully, but it really is hardly surprising under the circumstances, when one is worried and teased and perpetually found fault with they generally dont stop to think of their words.

I had a bath before going to bed.

Mrs Bischof came and talked to me for a while when I was in bed, I wonder why she is so easy with me and so hard on the boys, because she thinks it for their good perhaps, but that I cannot believe to be true. Of course I have no practical knowledge and have little doubt that children with whom I had anything to do would be woefully spoiled, for

I should be far too weak-minded to control them, but still it doesn't seem right that this eternal jarring should go on, that no allowance should be made for the little faults natural to youth, that the lads should be provoked into opposition and disrespect, that their mother should be continually presented to them merely as a severe judge. "Love thy mother, boy, there is no fairer love among men", and for that very reason it is sad when a mother from actions really prompted by love of her son fails to win his love.

*Friday*

Up early. Mr Bischof talked to me at breakfast about Gustave, and said what was quite true that he gets into such a state of nervous excitement that he does not know what he is saying, he pitied him very much he said, and so certainly did I, for if ever a boy looked miserable he did last night.

Mrs Bischof and I went into town and spent the whole morning shopping and paying bills, it really was awful, I would far rather have suffered a flogging. O I loathe shopping and felt inclined after returning from it to take all the clothes out of my drawers and trample on them. You certainly do realize the punishment to which Adam was condemned when you are in a milliners.

Studied till Mademoiselle Hachette came.

In the evening I actually tried to do an exercise of Albrecht's in Geo.prop. Of course I failed.

*Saturday May 9th.*

Slept till 6.15. Studied, went to German, home to dinner, went to con, to the town with Mrs Bischof, studied, tea.

Am disgusted with myself for my tempers, disobligingness, and general misconduct.

Gustave tried to show me the Algebra, he is certainly good natured for he did his best and kept at it explaining for nearly an hour but all in vain. When however he had gone to bed and I tried to do the thing alone it turned out to be an easy division of fractions, only written in the German way. I did it, to my satisfaction.

*Sunday*

Went to early Mass, studied for a couple of hours, then visited the *mater*. Dinner at 1.15. Albrecht has got a new suit and had his hair cut, he looks much smarter and older now. He might be taken for 20.

In the afternoon the *pater*, the three children, Gustave and I went for a walk, but Gustave and Walter turned back home, the latter to prepare for a general confession to morrow. He is to make his First Communion next Sunday. Mr Bischof and I philosophised about a proverb “Ende gut, alles gut” on the way back. At supper Guido was awfully done up, he wouldn’t eat anything at first and had to be almost forced to do so. I do’nt exactly know how it was but I got into a very gloomy fit; seeing how Mr Bischof petted Guido (he certainly is devoted to his children) and how when Gustave came to wish good night he patted his cheek and asked him why he was so hot, it suddenly came into my head how alone I was, how never any more was there for me father or mother to say good night to, no more petting, no home. Of course it was silly enough, and ungrateful for all I have to want more, and silly too because I am no more a child and so must expect no more “the things of a child”. And once I had a good father, never had any one a better, and him God took away for his good and mine, for all His works are good. So now for bed. Covet not thy neighbour’s goods nor his parents nor his brothers and sisters nor anything that is his.

*Monday May 11th*

The day seemed long to look forward to when I got up at 5.15, but it passed fast enough. I studied all the forenoon and after dinner till 3.30o’c then I wrote to John<sup>19</sup> offering to “let old things pace” if he would, but he probably thinks himself the injured person, perhaps he was too, it is not easy for me to judge myself impartially.

Talked to the *Mater*, Mademoiselle Hachette came and after the lesson I walked up to the castle with her. She reminds me somewhat of Miss Calaghan except that she is more a grumbler. the weather is always too hot or too cold, the streets too muddy etc, yet she is really good and kind for all that. Albrecht got into a scrape for going out during his study hours, to visit a friend who has sisters his mother says, if so he won’t care to be interfered with. Walter is wonderfully subdued for the last few days. Guido cried and said he was tired at tea, but got no petting to-night. I think he rather fancied all the attention he received yesterday, when Albrecht held his tea cup, and his father made sandwiches for him.

A pair of new boots came for Walter, but the united forces of the whole family proved insufficient to get them on him.

---

<sup>19</sup> John J. Hayden, Mary’s older brother in Dublin.

*Tuesday*

Morning study as usual. An amusing letter from the Conans<sup>20</sup>. Went to Dr Giers, back to dinner, studied, had a walk with Mrs Bischof and left her in the church, she asked me to see that the boys studied, but when I came back Guido was not to be found, and did not turn up till late. Isabella cut her hand at tea and retired to bed in tears.

Of course there were complaints of the youths. Albrecht had had a friend with him all the afternoon and had smoked with the friend. Gustav had gone out (only for about half an hour) and so on, why cannot she take things less seriously?

When the lads told stories of little funny things which had happened at school, she looked quite grave; perhaps she thought the way they spoke of their teachers disrespectful, but that is only to be expected, did ever any boy speak of his teacher as respectfully as *to* him. Albrecht told the story of a little rather clever, perhaps slightly pert thing which one of the boys said in class, and she said she did not think such things should be laughed at.

*Wednesday May 13th*

Up somewhat late. Study all the morning. After dinner Isabella and I went into town to buy sundry articles; she is a rather annoying child to deal with, or possibly the true secret of the matter is that I was cross. Studied again, Mademoiselle Hachette came. Mrs Bischof had been sewing all day and was too tired to come to tea, Isabella did not come either, she is going to walk in procession with the communion children to-morrow and had her hair in curl papers- so possibly she feared the laughter of her brothers. To tell the truth tea was pleasanter without the usual fault-finding, and growling, the mater's accusations, and the boys' defences. After tea Gustave helped me a little with Iphigenie through the medium of Latin; he really is a good fellow. We are to get up at 5 tomorrow.

*Thursday.*

It was a bitterly cold morning and everything looked comfortless and miserable enough when Mrs Bischof, Isabella and I turned out at 6.30. Isabella looked very pretty in her white dress, which her mother made last week, with a crown of white flowers and her hair crimped, holding a long white lily in her hand in the church she really was quite impressive; yet for all her good looks she is not as nice as the boys, any one of them.

The ceremony was very grand, the children came in procession from the school house; first a lot of tiny girls in white, with pink and blue

<sup>20</sup> The Conan sisters (cousins of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle) were fellow students of Mary's in Dublin.

wreaths and sashes and carrying baskets of flowers, then some bigger girls in white with lilies and then the communion children, the girls in white, the boys all in black, each with a white flower and a rosette of white ribbon pinned to his breast, all carried candles.

They came up to the communion rails after Mass, six at a time, six boys and six girls alternately, and certainly were edifyingly steady in their demeanour, there were about three hundred altogether.

I was exceedingly tired when we got home at 10o’c, and had a sleep after breakfast. In the afternoon Isabella went to the Church again and Mr Bischof, the boys and I went for a walk in the woods to look for birds nests. First Albrecht found a little one very cleverly concealed and took one egg out of it, then two more, from one of which he took an egg, and lastly a woodpeckers nest. It was the best fun of all for the boys had to climb the tree and enlarge the hole in the wood with a little axe before they could get at the nest. There were nine eggs in it and they took them all, because once the hole is made big the bird will not return to the nest; but it seemed cruel, how miserable the poor bird must have felt when it came back.

Coming back Albrecht would pass the house of the Peters (the girls he went to see on Monday) but no one was visible there. His father remarked to me “Albrecht wanted to see his friend, we need not tell his mother” added he, “it would worry her” so no word of the Peters reached the maternal ears. Mr Bischof sympathises with the lads twice as much as his wife, in such a case she would have said something to Albrecht which would only have annoyed him; the *pater* merely smiled and let things be. I had neuralgia and went to bed after tea.

### *Friday*

Morning study as usual. Was the whole forenoon in the town with Mrs Bischof shopping; I felt awfully savage, though much of the shopping was for me. Studied till Mademoiselle Hachette came.

Walked to the Coblenzer strasse with her. When I came back asked Albrecht to show me his collection of eggs and went up to his study where he exhibited all his properties, eggs, nests, stuffed birds and animals and fox traps. It was very interesting because he was so thoroughly up to everything and could tell all about the habits of the birds, the nests they made and everything, moreover he was sympathetic about them and seemed quite fond of the “arme Thierchen”, I said to him that it was a pity to take all the woodpeckers eggs and he was at great pains to explain how it wouldn’t have come back, then he showed me some eggs which

had young ones in them and said he wouldn't have taken them if he had known; altogether I concluded that egg collecting was not such a cruel thing as I had thought. After tea I finished Racine's *Iphigenie*, compared with Goethe's which I finished this morning it is "as water unto wine".

Bed at 10.30.

*Saturday May 16th*

Up rather late, studied, went to Dr Giers, met Walter afterwards and went to the hairdressers with him. Mr Patterson called to ask me would I go for a ride but *regina pecunia* forbade. Had a game of catch with Gustave. Studied. Spent the latter part of the afternoon with the *mater*, she told me a great deal about the difficulty she had in bringing up her children Catholics because her husband was a Protestant, and how he did "everything to make the children Protestants too". I don't wonder now at Mr Bischof's being so much attached to his religion. The *mater* is not pleased with the two big boys, she says they speak very disrespectfully of their mother, in the kitchen to the servants, it is a shame for them, but not surprising at all.

Albrecht says he won't stand it much longer. The very best thing for him would be if he left home and went somewhere where he would be under surveillance and yet be treated like a man. And it is altogether a pity, a mother who did care for her children half as much would get on perhaps better with them.

The children went early to bed and we settled out the table for Walter's presents and cake before tea.

The *pater* read Albrecht's composition for next week, and suggested improvements in it, he seemed far more interested in it than the author, who apparently was only thinking of getting to bed with all the expedition possible.

Bed at 11o'clock.

*Sunday*

I called Mrs Bischof, Albrecht, Walter, Regina (the maid) and Isabella at 5.15, then went back to bed myself and remained there till nearly 6.

At 6.30 Mrs Bischof, Walter and I started in a carriage for the church. Walter looked very grand in his black clothes, with a rosette of white ribbon and a white flower pinned to his coat and carrying a candle almost as big as himself. The ceremony was much the same as on Thursday, little boys with blue silk scarfs and carrying lilies and palms headed the procession, there were 46 first communicants. When we



returned at 10o’c. Walter received his presents, a gold chain and silver watch, three prayer books, a box of drawing materials, a crucifix and a ship (the last from Gustave Duloyer). I studied a little after breakfast, then the Duloyers came and we had some of Walters cake and some wine. At dinner Guido got into disgrace for the second time today and retired howling. Gustave was cross and Isabella upset a whole tumbler of wine over the clean table cloth. In the afternoon Mr Bischof and I went to the devotions at the Church and for a short walk.

About 6o’c Miss Peach and her brother called and we all sat talking, eating cake and drinking “Mai-bowle” in the mater’s room till 8.30. Walter eat there too in his grandeur, perpetually pulling out his watch.

Tea was rather late, Gustave teased Isabella and made her cry, as Guido had already wept three times since morning, the joyful occasion was somewhat moistened by tears.

Walter has a holiday to morrow, and he and I, D.V. if the weather is fine intend to go up the Drachenfels, Albrecht says he will come too, but his mother evidently does’nt approve, from motives of propriety I do believe; for my part I am neutral, only three is’nt company proverbially, so I hope that both the lads will come if Albrecht does.

### *Monday*

The morning looked doubtful. I had given myself a whole holiday so I only got up in time for breakfast. Spent most of the morning at Gustave’s belt which is nearly ready now. Walter and I dined at 12o’c and soon after started. Albrecht said nothing more about coming. We were on the boat before 12.45 and it started at 1. We had a nice run down to Königswinter. Walter met a friend and chatted to him most of the way. At Königswinter we got two rather ancient steeds to ride up the Dranchenfels, the men kept worrying me to go here, there, and everywhere, in order to get more money of course. I must confess that I felt that Albrecht or some man would be a convenient addition to the party to take the burden of continual replies off my shoulders. We went on foot up to the ruin and saw the view, a wide-stretching one, with many little towns and villages, must make a German feel patriotic. We had some beer and cakes and walked down, then had some coffee and took the ship back at 5.30.

I was late for Mademoiselle Hachette. Worked at the belt till tea-time. I laughed at the prayers most disgracefully, because there were two drunken men in the garden and when Albrecht wanted to go and turn them out, his mother said “can’t you let the communion children alone”

(she had been reading about communion). Albrecht's stare of astonishment was too much for my gravity.

Bed at 10o'clock.

To morrow is my birthday. I hate to think of it, it seems dreadful to be drifting on into middle age, and not to be able to stop yourself, to look at the German girls and lads who were tiny children when you were almost a woman. I wish, I do heartily wish that I knew how long this would go on, when will come that day after which I shall not get old any more.

### *Tuesday May 19th*

Up early and studied. To my surprise Mrs Bischof presented me with a pretty little work case from herself, the materials for a gymnastic belt from the big boys, a flash of eau de Cologne from Walter and sweets from the two youngest – that was very kind of them. I had a lesson from Dr Giers. At dinner the boys and Isabella each solemnly said “congratulire”, in fact a good deal more notice was taken of my birthday than would have been at home; I suppose John never recollected it at all; he has not answered my letter. Got a note from Cissy<sup>21</sup>, chatty and amusing.

I had coffee with the *mater* and a chat. Went up afterwards to the boys study and was invited by Gustave to try fencing, afterwards Albrecht came in and after seeing the two having a couple of insets I made my attempt. It is quite a different kind of fencing from the one we used to have long ago at home, and the swords are very much heavier. Of course my success was not brilliant. Albrecht advised my practising the wrist movements a little alone, he did'nt laugh which showed noble self restraint.

Before tea Gustave brought me an Algebra sum which he could not do. We kept at it till tea and after that till 9.30, then Gustave went to bed and I hammered on alone. Poor Mr Tinckler's labours dont seem to have produced much in me. At length I got some sort of an answer, took it up to Gustave and handed it over to him, then went to bed.

Now I'm 23, quite an old-young lady, how pleasant.

### *Wednesday*

Rather late up. Studied before breakfast and after. Practised a little with the foils, they are unmanageable articles to me.

Gustave said that the Algebra sum was nearly right, the remainder or something was wrong. I finished Gustave's belt.

---

<sup>21</sup> Cecilia McGouran, young sister of one of the diarist's friends, Josephine, mentioned earlier.

Albrecht sallied out after dinner looking so very spruce that I suspect he was going to visit the Miss Peters.

Began Mignet's French Revolution, there are 400 pages in it and I took  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour to read 6.

Studied till 4o'clock then settled the wools for my belt and dodged about till 6o'clock. Wrote to Aunt Kate, an awfully ill composed letter, with quite occurring six times in it.

Mademoiselle Hachette came at 6.15, on her way down stairs she met Gustave and discoursed to him for over twenty minutes, then she insisted that I should accompany her as far as the *Allee* and that Gustave should come to see me home, the unfortunate lad could not refuse of course, so he came.

We raced lunch in a most disgraceful way and met the Miss Peachs, which was exceedingly disgusting. We were somewhat late for tea. Just as I was going to bed the Pattersons called and I had to go down to see them. They are only gone now and it is 10.30. Ugh, I am awfully tired and have nothing ready for Dr Giers to morrow.

The Pattersons asked me to tea tomorrow. I must work like a steam engine so as to have time.

#### *Thursday May 21st*

Studied, wrote an anecdote in German into which I managed to compress more orthographical and grammatical faults than ever perhaps before were seen within the compass of two pages of a small copy book. Went to Dr Giers. studied after dinner. Went to the Pattersons at 7o'clock. There were there a Mr and Mrs Baker and a Major White, all English of course. We had supper, meat and salad and Rhine wine, and I thought once or twice of what a funny position I was in among a party of English people in Bonn. Afterwards we had "bowle" and cake, and singing and music. Mr Patterson saw me home at 11o'clock.

Found misfortune in the house. Albrecht had lost his newly written composition and Guido had left his satchel and books he did not know where. I am sure he had received an awful lecture, poor child. Had a lot of that lingua barbarorum, Anglo Saxon to do and was not in bed till late.

#### *Friday*

Though I slept till 7.15 I was so seedy and done up all the morning that Mrs Bischof said I looked as if I had "Katsenjammer"<sup>22</sup> and suggested the students remedy of a raw, salted herring. Had a stroll with Mrs Bischof

---

<sup>22</sup> A hangover.

before dinner, and dragged over my work all the afternoon till Mademoiselle Hachette came.

Albrecht had an encounter with his mother after dinner, apropos of a party to which he wanted to go, she made some objections, and he ended by losing his temper and saying "why am I kept so much more strictly than the other fellows? They go where they please, if I always must tell them I am not allowed to do this or that, what will they say of me?"

"It is just the same to me what they say" said his mother, and I certainly thought the reply unkind, for what does a young man care for more than the opinion of his companions, and indeed at no period of our lives is it at all a trivial consideration.

Before and after tea Gustave helped me with the *Bride of Messina*. I do'nt know whether the process amused him, but it certainly did me, When there was a German word of which I did'nt know the meaning Gustave told me another of similar meaning if he could find one, if not, or if I did nt know the second either, he gave me an equivalent in Latin or French or Greek, when all failed he looked at the dictionary. Gustave is thoroughly natural, without a bit of affectation, therefore with him I feel quite at my ease. Albrecht had gone to the spree and was not home till 11.

Albert, the eldest son, is coming home to morrow to spend Whitsuntide with his family. I observe from the way that his mother speaks of him that he is her pet, also from the way the lads speak of him that they consider him unduly favoured.

Guido found his books.

*Saturday May 23rd.*

Was miserably seedy, and did hardly anything. Went to Dr Giers. After dinner went to bed and stayed there till 4o'c. Received a letter from Eff, she is working awfully hard, I wish I'd Greek to do instead of German.

Walter came and solemnly lectured me on the wickedness of studying too much and making oneself ill.

The four lads and Isabella went to the railway to meet their brother. I felt curious to see him. About 7.30 he came and I was introduced and received a bow. He is certainly the best looking of the family, something like what Guido will probably be in ten or eleven years; fair, with dark eyes and a small fair moustache, he is taller than Albrecht but not so broad, rather slight indeed. He was dressed with great precision and neatness, altogether a nice fellow to look at, and making the other two

appear somewhat rough by contrast, but – I do’nt think I shall get on with him, he seems rather proud, and particular, and nothing of a boy. It was kinder a relief when he went away and Gustave and I commenced a trial of each others muscles, and various balancing of chairs and liftings about of Guido and Isabella. Gustave brought me upstairs and after telling me I was’nt to mention its existence to anyone, showed me a young owl which a boy had given them some days ago and which they were keeping in a lumber chest and feeding with mice; it was an odd little beast with great staring eyes, but it seemed to know its owner quite well and opened its beak for something to eat at once.

Albert came to tea; he is certainly the pet, quite differently treated from the others. I have left the whole party in the parlour; the two lads in a corner rather. By the way *my lad* wrote to me yesterday a letter which was as stiff as starch, as cold as a cucumber and as empty of all “matter” as a soap bubble; he has “become a vegetarian” forsooth. I do not know what he can be thinking of at all; it is such a worry to think of him that I rarely do it.

### *Sunday*

We all went to 8o’c Mass. Herr Albert went to visit a friend so I did not see much of him till dinner time.

Albrecht showed me the young starlings which he had got yesterday, it was quite funny to see how he fed them with the end of a skewer with bread and milk, and how they gaped for the food all together and opened mouths which seems ridiculously large in proportion to their size; he promised me one to take home with me. After dinner the four boys, Mr Bischof and I went down to the Rhine.

Albrecht got his canoe out of the boat house and had great fun on the river, Gustave took a turn afterwards. The Miss Peachs and their brother were in the *Mater’s* room when we came back, also Herr Rothen (who is a “Freewilliger” now) in the uniform of an under officer of dragoons; big in ordinary attire he looked now perfectly huge, the uniform was handsome, green faced with silver and white, a spiked helmet with a silver lion in front and a beautiful sword ornamented with a gilt lion’s head which had red eyes, the coat however fitted badly and he wore his belt too loose. I tried on the helmet and found it really not much too large. We all went out for a turn and back, and sat in the *mater’s* room again (except Herr Rothen who had to go home). It was somewhat elegant party and I rather felt I should prefer to be up with the

boys in their study feeding the owl and the starlings or trying to fence. Albrecht's entrance was "a touch of nature". Certainly there is very little resemblance between him and his elder brother. I imagine somehow that their mutual sympathies are small, that Albert rather looks down on Albrecht as boorish while Albrecht considers Albert a drawing room ornament; the former is more in my line, I think.

The Peachs stayed to tea, the children were not bidden to the feast, nor Gustave, which was rather hard, I imagined him upstairs in solitude reading, as to Walter and Guido they were no doubt rather pleased than otherwise to have tea in the kitchen removed from maternal supervision. Isabella had been bold and was sent to bed in disgrace.

The *mater* came out and sat at the head of the table. Herr Peach was beside me. He is a nice young fellow, very clever it is said. The Peachs left at 11o'clock.

I was talking on the stairs to Mrs Bischof for some time, and Herr Albert stood in the hall apparently waiting for something. I could not imagine for what till his mother told me in English that he had taken off his boots and was ashamed to pass me in his stocking feet (it was nearly dark). "How ridiculous of him" said I "and how petty-minded to bother his head about such a trifle". Rather to my disgust she translated the remark to the object of it.

### *Whit Monday*

This was a horrid day. I had neuralgia, which instead of only plaguing myself as usual was a "*fons et origo malorum*" to the entire household. I only got up at 8.30 and went to 11o'clock Mass with Mrs Bischof. A walk had been planned in the afternoon; we were to go to the other side of the Rhine in a steam boat, then Mrs Bischof and Mrs Peach were to go by train to a place called Cassel and the rest of us, viz Mr Bischof, Albert, Gustave, the three children (Albrecht said he would not go) Herr Peach, his sisters, Herr Rothen and I, were to walk. At Cassel we were to have coffee, dodge about generally and return; this project was stopped by – my neuralgia. I really felt so sick that I said I would not go, never dreaming that anyone else would think of not going on that account. Then Mrs Bischof said she would not go, then Mr Bischof that he would not. Then I insisted that I would go, went upstairs and dressed, returned and found that Mr Bischof had gone to tell the Peachs that we would not go. Albert was awfully annoyed plainly. I went up stairs disgusted with the whole world, pitched my jacket, hat and dress on the floor and got into bed.