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Villa Isole
Stresa
Lago Maggiore

28th April 1895.

My dear Pippa,

I think you are rather willing
not to have sent me an account of the wedding.
However let that pass. We are now settled at
Stresa in an exquisite Renaissance Villa
decorated inside with dark oak & Gobelin
tapestries. Outside is the view across the lake
to the St. Gotthard with Pallanza & Laveno
on little green peninsulas stretching into
the water. The weather is very unsettled still.
we arrived in floods of rain at Locarno.
found that the boat did not reach Stresa
till 10 o'clock at night. This was a Tuesday
& we remained in the hotel till Thursday.

surrounded by groups of wild English tourists who, raddened to desperation by the continuous rain, spent their time in reading Chopin's Impromptus at first sight with great rapidity. The result was perhaps not altogether satisfactory to the hearer. On the boat we found some friends of the Siemens. Mr. Mrs. Magans who were going to Pallanza, the great resort of the Germans. She was in goath a celebrated Austrian actress; yesterday we all went over to lunch with them in the hotel. to my extreme joy I was taken for Marie's governess! I also for the first time tasted Chianti hoping that it would be something strange but alas! it would quite as nasty as any ~~other~~ ordinary wine.

I will now go swiftly through the St. Gotthard tunnel, past Zurich, the Voralberg railway - arrive in Vienna.

Marie. I had thought that as her Siemens would be at his business all day, we should be able to scow the town alone. To our honor ~~then~~ we found on arriving at the station in Vienna Mr Bauer (who is connected with the Bank) - his daughter Therese who was with me at Allenswood. Therese was to accompany Marie, we to all the nights while Mr Siemens & Mr Bauer did their business.

After conversing ~~with~~ on the platform for about five minutes Therese produced two large bunches of flowers which she presented to Marie & me. We were then hustled into a cab & driven off to our hotel. She insisted on remaining in the room while we did our hair & washed our heads, exclaiming all the time upon the beauty of our personal appearance. She at last departed being unfortunately unable to accompany us to the theatre as she

was in mourning. We however went:
to a little wee theatre called The
Theater an der Wien where they were
acting a little operetta Die Karlschüler.
The next day at early dawn Therese
arrived. Drove as off ~~to~~ the Museum
where to our disgust we found that the
Dutch school was shut up for repairs.
There were some very pleasing Italian
among others the Raphael Madonna in
green but we scurried through at such a
pace that we didn't really half see them.
We then drove to St Stephens which
Marie & I had gone into for a second
the night before. It is rather disappointing.
I think it must have been restored a
great deal; it is very large & rather bare
& the windows are ugly & modern. However
being high & broad it was also imposing.
Our next move was to the Bauers house
whither Mrs. Baker had invited us to

track. Never have I seen such a family!
 Mrs Bauer was small, oily, thoroughly
 stupid: Mr Bauer also small, oily -
 looking as though he never washed his
 face: Mr Leopold Bauer a young man
 of about five, twenty, a perfect villain
 with the manners of - or rather with
 no manners: Mr Carl Bauer the second
 brother, about 20, far the best of
 the crew in behavior though being
 deformed it was hardly possible to look
 at him: Therese, two children of 13
 & 15. And to explain - Jews. Leopold
 clung to me most of the time as he wanted
 to air his English: he told me he had
 spent two years in England & had
 often stayed with Lord Rosebery in Scotland.
 No doubt, ^{this is the explanation of} Lord R.'s softening of the brain.
 I think they meant to be kind but
 their conduct was weird. In the middle

of lunch more flowers were handed round to us by carmenes & servants dressed in white woollen gloves.

After lunch as we were drinking our coffee many strange Viennese ladies came to call upon Leopold as it was his birthday.

We did not escape till nearly half past three: still escorted by Therese we got into an open cab, took a drive in the Prater which is a most fascinating place - must be exquisite later on in the year. We then went to an exhibition of modern artists where we had tea after which Therese left us. That night we went to the Hof Theater to see a comedy *Shall den König*. The Theater is the most splendid place between the acts we walked round a large promenade which is hung with portraits of all the great actors.

Next day we were again fetched by Therese & carried off to the Crypt of the Capuchin monastery where all the emperors are buried: also Marie Louise - the Pri de Rome. We were shown round by a merry gony Capuchin with a black beard who presented Marie with a laurel leaf culled from a wreath on Prince Rudolf's grave, sent by the German Emperor. We then paid a visit to the Emperor's riding school where we saw some very pleasing horses. At the Natural History Museum I spent such a long time looking at the butterflies that Therese became bored & went home: & soon as she was gone Marie & I fled to the hotel. Thanks to the Siemens presence of mind we were spared returning to the Bawers of whom we thought we had seen the last: but about an hour before

we left Vienna that evening Mr Bauer
there were ushered into our sitting
room bearing suspicious looking white
parcels. These they presented to us
in Maria's were a fan - a little box
containing two brooches: in mine a
little tortoiseshell paper cutter & a
box with 3 brooches an anchor, a
cross, a heart - faith hope - charity.
We then bade them a fond farewell &
parted. The Siemans being a big-wig
Mr Bauer wishes to tack himself
on to him: hence his expression. It
is impossible that it should be from
love of us as he has never seen or heard of
us before. It was a very amusing episode
but I never wish to see any of them again.

I must now stop though much remains
to be related. Love to the family

Yr Dorothy that
Yours loving

I am reading Sudermann's latest. Pernel. 1034