

**FROM THE OTHER SIDE:
STORIES OF
TRANSATLANTIC TRAVEL**

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From the Other Side: Stories of Transatlantic Travel by Henry B. Fuller

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HENRY B. FULLER

**FROM THE OTHER SIDE:
STORIES OF
TRANSATLANTIC TRAVEL**

From the Other Side

Stories of Transatlantic
Travel

By

Henry B. Fuller

Author of *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*
With the Procession, etc.



Boston and New York
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FROM THE OTHER SIDE

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Yes, I think I may say that in general my portraits are rather well thought of. By "my portraits" I mean, not those that other people paint of *me*, but those that I paint of *them*. Stanhope, too, shares the common opinion, though what we artists think of an opinion that is purely literary everybody knows. He is constantly referring to my "art." I seldom refer to his. That piques him. But I do not acknowledge that literature *is* an art, — except, perhaps, in some secondary, subsidiary sense; for of late, it is true, "we others" have rather favored that *métier*. But we must frame our pictures.

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My portraits, yes. My *Trois Vieilles Femmes* received honorable mention at the last Salon; my *Woman of a Certain Age* is just now causing considerable comment at Burlington House.

All accounts agree; all strike the same note: it is always and ever my "eye for character." The unified voice of appreciation never falls below "penetration," and often enough it rises even to "divination." Stanhope, in his "art," tries for the same things, but he wastes a great many words, for his medium is wholly wrong. Sometimes I "probe a complicated nature to its depths;" sometimes I "throw a flood of light upon the" — And so forth, and so forth.

Very well; let them keep it up; let them employ their "art" to glorify mine.

I

I became acquainted with Madame Skjelderup-Brandt rather suddenly. But

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that is the way things go in Sicily, especially at Girgenti, where people feel as if they had about reached the Ultima Thule of the South, and where there exists, therefore, something of a disposition to hang together. Perhaps this comes from those last few hours in the train, where everybody seems to carry a gun or a revolver as a matter of course; perhaps from the necessity of huddling together through the evening in the hotel, from which no one thinks of issuing to the town on the hill above, or even to the humpy and betufted environs of the house itself; perhaps from the fact that there is a single well-established route through the island for travelers, one and all, and from the feeling that it is better to make one's acquaintances near the beginning of it than near the end.

I made the acquaintance of Madame Skjelderup-Brandt near the beginning (not that I learned her name till I met