

*The family continue in the settled routine they have established in Florence. Susan devotes time to the study of gems at the Uffizi, when not interrupted by talks with Migliarini, and studies the histories of the Florentine palazzi. The family meet more local figures, such as the Marchese Cosimo Ridolfi, receive regular visitors and attend parties, like that at the home of the Marchese Laiatico. The sisters shop, sometimes with their mother, converse with shopkeepers, attend the opera at the Pergola and receptions at Palazzo Vecchio. As always, the sisters walk, stopping off at galleries and churches.*

Saturday 1 February

I woke with a tiresome toothache not very bad. It is caused by the damp, relaxing weather of the last few days, and I foolishly sat an hour in damp boots. The air mild, and streets muddy.

I got to the Uffizi by eleven, and had a good quiet two hours and a half work at my gems beside Professor Migliarini who was not inclined to talk. Soon after my return the Marchese Cosimo Ridolfi called. He had a long geological talk with Papa. He was formerly tutor to the sons of the Grand Duke, and took a prominent part in 1848. He is very pleasing. He is President of the Committee for the Florentine Exhibition. An official catalogue will soon appear – a sort of historical record of the state of arts and manufacture in Italy at this period. The Marchese Ridolfi regretted much the small space which will be allotted to the Italian productions in the coming London Exhibition.

I was occupied all the afternoon making a sketch from the head of Savonarola for Papa. After dinner I nursed dear baby, till I gave her up to Joanna, who disputed with me as to her future profession. Mamma and Joanna went today to the Boboli gardens, and were charmed with it, and with the soft air. They tried the Pitti gallery, but were driven out by the cold.

Professor Villari spent the evening with Papa, looking at his translation. We talked with him about the murder of Dr Macarthy at Pisa which is a case might have happened anywhere. He was murdered by a convict just set free who carried his luggage from the railroad. They had a dispute about the fare. Dr Macarthy struck the man, and he stabbed him. It is a dreadful case, but the man has been arrested, tried and condemned for murder. All was done that could be, and would be in England, but the English have made a case of it, to appeal for protection.



Last year Professor Villari was in the crowd near the Duomo when, upon the death of Cavour, Prince Corsini and the codini party, decorated with Austrian ribbons, attempted to enter in procession. The host was allowed to pass and then the crowd made a rush and closed the door, leaving the Prince and his followers outside. Their hats were knocked off but they received no serious injury. A Priest was closing the Baptistery doors, and an old man came up, and asked him what it was all about. The priest from fright or anger struck him on the head with the keys, and wounded him. The mob got excited, and wanted to murder the priests, but Dolfi the baker, who is a Capo del Popolo, advanced waving a white handkerchief, and called upon the people in the name of Victor Emanuel to do no mischief. They were at once calmed, and Professor Villari heard those surrounding the wounded old man exclaim; we ought to kill these priests, they are so bad; but we are un popolo civile, and we will be quiet.

Sunday 2 February

A perfect spring day – the clouds gone, the mist rising from the distant hills – scarcely any snow remaining – a soft pleasant wind, no fires. Mamma and I went up stairs to the American church, which we both liked. It was Mamma's wish, and she means to go every Sunday. Joanna kindly took charge of baby and let Mrs Zileri go to church.

Mr Sloane paid us a long visit after church. He told us much of what is doing for the completion of the façade of Sta Croce. The architect is on the commission, and accepts no more pay than for the shoes he expends on it as Mr Sloane expressed it. He talked much of the Torrigiani family. He says the father who is dead was un grand Seigneur of which none now remain in Florence. The old Marchese Torrigiani spent a great deal too much money, and the property is much embarrassed. He had six daughters and two sons. All the daughters are married, and one of them is the mother of the minister Meruzzi.

A procession passed under our windows; a demonstration of sympathy with that which has lately taken place in Rome. Some thousands passed, almost all well dressed, marching in an orderly manner, with bands of music and red green and white flags, and mottos such as Viva Italia, Viva Vittor Emanuele – Libertà di coscienza e di culto – Abbasso il Papa Re.

Monday 3 February

I accompanied Mamma to buy a cap. We returned at twelve, and I went to the Uffizi as I wished to draw the head of Savonarola from the gem for Papa. I met Signor Campani in the Corridor and I told him what I wanted, and in a few minutes he came to tell me the Marchese Feroni was disengaged, and I could see him. I asked him about the likeness of Savonarola, and he told me he had a copy he had himself made from a picture by Fra Bartolomeo, which he would lend me.

After a little talk with the Marchese Feroni, I went back to Professor Migliarini who being inclined to converse, I had not much work. He shewed me a work the King of Denmark had just presented to the Uffizi on coins and gems found at Cyrene. He talked to me on the Persian Tree of Life, which he believes to be connected with a tree called Hom in Persian. He brought me engravings and a book he advised me to get in London.

Joanna and I walked to Cammelli to look out for a Roman Catholic Bible to compare with Deodati, but it was too dear. We walked down the Porta Rossa to a confectioner as I wanted a cake, and I had a political talk with the man serving. He said, "We do not want to do away with the Pope – only he ought not to have the power of life and death". He added that the Archbishop of Florence was unfortunately of a different opinion, but a great many of the Priests were against the temporal power of the Pope. He said there were too many frati and convents, and they were too rich.

We proceeded to Vieusseux where I wanted to find books on Venice, and found young Vieusseux very civil. Joanna wanted to go to a cast shop recommended by Mrs Bracebridge in the Borg'Ogni Santi. She bought a lovely cast of a work by Donatello. The man had been in England, and had seen Flaxman – "un piccolo Gobbo" – but he was quite enthusiastic for him as an artist.

We walked home by the Lung'Arno, and found the Marchesa Torrearsa calling on Papa and Mamma. They were both quite charmed with her. She speaks beautiful English and is such a motherly sweet person. She spoke with such admiration and love of the Fransonis as such a

united family – she, as such a good musician, and all so accomplished. The Marchesa Torrearsa brought us the key of her box at the opera to which we shall go tomorrow night. Papa, Mamma and I went to the Marchesa Laiatico's. Joanna did not go as her new gown was not ready. The room we were received in was very large, lined with crimson satin, and hung with good pictures, all brilliantly lighted and furnished like an English drawing room. A large fire of wood and a table in the middle of the room with tea service, cakes, sandwiches etc. A smaller room beyond was lined with pale blue silk, and the liveried servants and whole appearance of the house much on the scale of Lansdowne House. The Marchesa Laiatico and a few others were dressed in demi toilette but others as in a London dinner party. There were between forty and sixty persons. The hostess was most polite to all her guests, animated and pleasing in her manner. Her daughter had in the morning been seized with a mild smallpox so did not appear, but we were rather surprised that we had not all been put off.

The pretty Roman daughter-in-law (a Barberini) helped to entertain. She is an innocent happy young creature of nineteen – not clever – she has two children and the whole family seem to live in the most domestic way. Her husband, the young Marchese Laiatico, or properly the Duca di Cassigliano has a long narrow face like one of Velasquez's pictures. He is intelligent and speaks English as they all do perfectly. I spoke with Signor Passerini and with Baron Gaetano Ricasoli, whose wife we were introduced to. She is a sister of Prince Corsini and sister-in-law of the Marchesa Laiatico and looks very like an old housekeeper, fat and commonplace, but is I believe a good woman. Her two daughters are plain and commonplace women, very unattractive.

Tuesday 4 February

Joanna and I went to Powers and I was photographed in my evening dress.

I hurried to the Uffizi at twelve, and copied from the gem of Savonarola in the room of Professor Migliarini, enlarging it. I worked steadily until three. On my return home as I felt I wanted a little exercise, Joanna and I started across the Ponte Vecchio, along the Arno up the river, then through some dirty streets to the Prison of the Murate – once the convent where Catherine De' Medici was brought up – to the Porta della Giustizia, out of which criminals walked to their place of execution, before the Tuscan code abolished the punishment of death, then back to Sta Croce, and into the old church. We then discovered the Old Refectory which is close by and now a Carpet Manufactory: here we saw Giotto's splendid fresco of the Crucifixion and Last Supper. A large green red and white flag with a little marble tablet below commemorated the visit here of Victor Emanuel and the Prince of Carignano and Baron Ricasoli.

Wednesday 5 February

Dear Baby better. I went to the Uffizi at 11 and worked two hours at the head of Savonarola. What a wonderful gem it is! Studied my gems an hour. Professor Migliarini told me the bronze casting here is finer even than in Russia. It is a Government establishment. Mr Holford has had the *Perseus* cast here, the size of the original but finer, as Benvenuto Cellini's is in separate pieces, the body, the Medusa and the accessories, also copies of the *Mercury* of the Uffizi.

Talking of the celebrated *Praying Boy* at Berlin Migliarini told me he doubted its being really ancient from the attitude, but without an examination, he could not pronounce. There is a bronze figure here, resembling it in some respects, really antique and finer I think, the hand extended to receive presents, which Migliarini tells me is a common action in Greek idols, alluded to by Aristophanes and by Cicero.

In the afternoon Mamma and I walked down the Via Maggio, and I pointed out to her all the Palaces, which history I have been studying in the *Osservatorio Fiorentino*. We crossed the Ponte di Trinita to one or two shops, then taking a cab in the Piazza San Gaetano we drove to a Countess Cottrell in the Via del Maglio to inquire the character of our maid, Annunziata, then to a photograph shop, and lastly to the church of the Apostoli, a beautiful little basilica, the oldest in Florence A.D. 775, 8 black marble columns and arches. Two fine tombs of the Aldoviti by Ammanati and Rovezzano, and a beautiful Altarpiece by Luca della Robbia. Brunelleschi made this church his model for the Santo Spirito.

The Strozzi had called, whilst we were out. In the evening Joanna and I called on the Bracebridges, but they were out, and we then drove to the Parlatores, and sat half an hour with them. Lastly we called on the old Marchese Feroni, but she was ill in bed. Got home by ten.

Thursday 6 February

Accounts. All the afternoon drawing from the cast of the gem of Savonarola. Mamma and Joanna out. Mrs Zileri went to Mr Macdougall to see his wife's nurse who is there for Mrs Macdougall's confinement, and to consult her about baby.

Friday 7 February

Joanna and I called on Dr and Miss Daubeny, and on Miss Fullerton, a friend of the Macbeans, who lives with her brother and sister-in-law near the Porta Pinti. We inquired for the Signorina Laiatico, and then shopped, walking from eleven to two.

Papa and Mamma took a walk in the Boboli Gardens. Mamma is so well; she has not required to take brandy for weeks, or any kind of stimulus. I finished my head of Savonarola for Papa. The Marchese Frasoni called and paid us a nice visit, whilst Mamma was still out. She always reminds me of Made Pulszky. She told me she wished to visit England, but her husband's father who lives at Genoa is 83 and has no other son, so they do not like to go so far away, whilst he lives.

Monday 10 February

A cloudless sky and brilliant sun, but a very cold wind. Baby thriving on arrowroot and little milk, no screaming, but beautiful like a little angel. We like Annunziata, a wonderful rapid workwoman.

I am delighted with a little pamphlet of Professor Villari on Italy, or rather on the Philosophy of History and on Races. I was at the Uffizi, finished my catalogue of ancient Intagli. Signor Migliarini lent me a curious Italian translation of an Arabic work on gems or stones.

Joanna and I shopped for Mamma. We visited the Baptistery. It was so light that we saw the grand old mosaics well. We saw three or four babies christened with warm water. We met the Marchese Feroni near the Hotel d'York, and talked with him about the origin of the Marzocco.

Hurried home to dress for the opera. The Marchese Torrearsa had sent us the key of her box. Mamma Joanna and I went, Papa staid at home. The Pergola theatre is very pretty. In each box were little parties chatting and amusing themselves. But the opera *Maria Roban* by Donizetti was poor, and the ballet wretched.

Thursday 11 February

A quiet morning at home. At half past one Joanna, Mamma and I took a drive. We called at the Marchese Capponi's door to inquire about him; we also inquired for Mrs Smith who is said to be dying, then to the Marchesa Torrearsa to return the key of her box and then to Fiesole to call on the Fransonis but they had all gone into Florence. We left our photographs, and have got theirs. The views so lovely, under such a brilliant sky, but very cold. Then to the Strozzi's, the Marchese in town, and his family at dinner. We admired the splendid view of Florence from their villa.

Drove to shops. Mamma set Joanna and me down in the Mercato Nuovo to shop, and we ordered a beautiful Florentine frame for my drawing of Savonarola for Papa.

Wednesday 12 February

I bought myself a black net dress. Letters from home, Chambers has accepted my little translation. The old Marchesa Feroni called this evening, just as we were dressed for the festa at the Palazzo Vecchio – She returned a copy of my translation of Colletta Papa had borrowed for her. She said in going out "It is not amusing, for I am an Italian, but deeply interesting." She is a remarkable old lady. She has every pamphlet published here since 1848.

At ten we went to the Palazzo Vecchio. Very few had arrived when we came. I spent most of my evening walking about, with the Marchesa Frasoni. Papa had a long talk with Mrs Wilson and left before us. The Marchesa Frasoni talked to me of her father Prince Pio who is only 60 but is obliged to live retired, because he suffers from bronchitis. She pointed out to me the Piedmontese General Sonnaz, distinguished in 1848; the editor of the *Gazzetta del Popolo*; a Russian lady who crowned with white roses looked like a death's head, but whose story was interesting, her husband having died in Siberia where she was for years; a beautiful Mrs Waddington said to have had three husbands in succession, and now dancing in search of a fourth. The Marchesa Frasoni introduced me to a young man, a cousin of hers who was last year in England, Scotland and Ireland, and who I found intelligent. We had excellent ice, and tea and got home soon after twelve.

Thursday 13 February

Joanna accompanied me to the Uffizi to see the gems. Campani shewed us those in Rock Crystal: a magnificent casket by Valerio Vicentino made for Pope Clement VII as a bridal present to his niece Catherin de' Medici; an exquisite rock crystal vase with a jewelled cover made for Diana of Poitiers; and columns of rock crystal for the altar of S. Lorenzo now finishing at the Pietra Dura Manufactory.

I then went to Professor Migliarini, and completed my catalogue of modern Intagli, and he read me part of his reminiscences of art during his lifetime which he wished translated and published in England.

I returned home soon after two, and found the Parlatores had been calling. Joanna wished to finish a pelisse she is making for baby, so Mamma and I went out on a shopping expedition. Just as we returned the Marchese Gino Capponi called, and paid us a long and interesting visit. Papa spoke of the late demonstrations, which the Marchese Capponi does not approve of. He dislikes outdoor pressure on the Government, believing this to have been the cause of the ruin of the good cause in 1848. He says the Tuscan people are so intelligent and quiet he is not afraid of them, but it is dangerous in other parts of Italy, and if once divisions begin, Tedeschi follow.

Friday 14 February

A raw wet day. Joanna and I again at the Uffizi. We staid a little while in the Tribune looking at the pictures, and at the Venus de' Medici, and then she returned home, and I went to Professor Migliarini. I worked an hour and a half at the catalogue of the Cameos. We spoke of modern sculpture. He has a great admiration for Gibson. He spoke of photography as a beautiful invention but that and lithography destructive of good art.



Baby grows so like Titian's picture. Her large violet blue eyes with dark lashes, her thick black hair and beautiful nose and such a little mouth. She laughs sweetly now and begins to crow and look so wise. Even Papa thinks her different from common babies. Mamma has crotcheted a counterpane for her of green red and white.

The Marchesa Laiatico sent us her box for the opera, not better pleased than before. We saw in the distance the Prefect, and Signor Settembrini. We also saw the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani as we came out.

Saturday 15 February

Attended a lecture of Professor Parlatore on the Nembulo or water lilies represented in sepulchral art by the ancients, much interested. Dr Daubeny sat just before me.

I talked with Made Parlatore and her sister, who is lively and clever. Professor Parlatore having been a personal friend of the Grand Duke and a mild character takes a gloomy view of all the late political changes.

Papa and Mamma called on the Marchesa Laiatico this afternoon. Joanna and I went to Vieusseux in search of some books, and then took a historical walk home. The Marchese Strozzi called when we were out, and left Papa a present of his work on fossil plants. Professor Villari called in the evening and worked with Papa at his translation, also the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani.

Papa went on with his work and we talked with the Marchese Torrigiani until tea, when we had much agreeable conversation round the table. He is much occupied with preparations for his evening Schools; they are to be opened on 6 March. Professor Villari told us he had been engaged by the Government in establishing evening schools in Bologna last year but they had the advantage of the use of an educational fund left to the Municipality who came forward very liberally. In a fortnight after they had started there were 700 pupils.

Sunday 16 February

Professor Villari told us the Marchese Capponi did not like the principles of Niccolini's *Arnaldo da Brescia* which are opposed to the temporal power of the Pope. Few perhaps are so clear, original and candid as Capponi but he too must have his bias. There is union of dignity and simplicity in his character. I should call him a republican conservative, cautious and opposed to depriving the Pope of his temporal sovereignty.

Monday 17 February

It poured all day and we could none of us get out till the afternoon, when Joanna and I trudged under umbrellas to the Natural History Museum, and she looked at fossils and I at the specimens of precious stones. We shopped a little, and I read a work on Venice on my

return home and wrote letters. A nice letter from Mr Gibson, Mrs Jameson's bust is finished.

Tuesday 18 February

Papa walked to the Duomo and back and felt a pain in his side which makes him uneasy. He was quite well in the evening and he, Mamma and Joanna went to a party at Mr Sloane's. I had a little threatening of headache and went to bed. They met Monsignor Frescobaldi, the codino Archbishop of Florence.

Wednesday 19 February

A fine morning and deliciously warm, all our windows are thrown open, and our fires are let out. We went at twelve to the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani by appointment to see his brother's pictures. He forgot he had said twelve, and sent over at eleven to know if we were coming. We saw a beautiful Raffaella, duplicate of the *Madonna* of the Bridgewater Collection, Titian *Interment of Christ* painted after he was ninety years of age with wonderful force, interesting Pinturicchios, an excellent portrait of Lorenzo Credi etc.

The Marchese Torrigiani also took us through some rooms hung with silk from China, beautifully painted and embroidered, put up on his brother's marriage, twelve years ago. We looked out of the windows on the Arno which is now very full, and dashing along, as rapid as the Tiber. We also saw some fine garlands by Luca della Robbia, once on the ceiling of the former Palazzo Torrigiani in the Via Porta Rossa: fruit, flowers and insects, reminding me of Palissy, were in a large scale. They had been put up by a former proprietor of the Palazzo of the Via Porta Rossa, the Bartolini Salimbeni, and contain their motto, the Poppy with, 'We never sleep', meaning it was by constant vigilance they had made their fortunes. Thus we are always reminded of the old mercantile days of Florence.

After we left the Marchese Torrigiani, Papa returned home, but we two with Mamma walked across the Ponte alle Grazie to Sta Croce, and visited the Refectory and Giotto's frescoes. We also entered the Cloisters, and saw the beautiful Pazzi Chapel, with the Luca della Robbias, and then part of the Church; the Angelo Gaddis behind the altar, the Sacristy again, and the Crypt. But it was so cold in the Church, we were glad to get out, and to get into a Cab home, to warm soups.

The evening was lovely; the clouds beginning to rise from the mountains. We like our house so much, we shall be sorry to leave it, and shall have many pleasant recollections of it.

Thursday 20 February

Another lovely day. I went to the Uffizi in the morning, and whilst looking for the custode, to give up my umbrella fell in with the Marchese Feroni, and sat a little while with him whilst he gave me the history of his picture of Savonarola which I am copying. Instead of my catalogue of gems I sat down to begin drawings from the marble reliefs of the Luca della Robbias in the little Corridor leading to the office rooms. I hope to draw the whole series. I finished the outline of one group.

After I returned home Joanna and I went to the Borg'Ogni Santi to look for Mattei, a sculptor who is engaged upon the stone for poor Mr Clough's grave. We had not taken our parasols, and the sun reflected from the houses on the Lung'Arno gave me a headache.

In the evening we all went to the little Theatre of the Borg'Ogni Santi to see Stenterello, the traditional Clown of Florence, and were much amused. Every box was crammed with children, some dressed up for the Carnival, but the mass of good humoured, happy

intelligent faces in the pits was a sight in itself. This is one of the people's theatres, the price in the pit 3d a piece and the boxes 2 shillings each.

Friday 21 February

Dr Wilson called, and said Papa's pain in his side is only from a feeble circulation but no fault in the liver. He thought baby improved, but not fat enough. He was surprised at her intelligent look, more, as he said, like six or eight months than two. She has a small head well formed, but is always moving it about, and he says the skull is nearly closed, unusual at her age.

I went to Vieuxseux to look at books on Venice. Young Vieuxseux talked to me of the Venetian Tommaseo who is here. He says he is too bigoted a Catholic to agree with the present Government. Pouring rain all day.

Saturday 22 February

A perfectly English summer day. Cool for exercise yet warm enough to enjoy an open window, and a fire in the evening, with an Italian bright sun and sky and a light air such as we never enjoy in England. I went to the Uffizi soon after breakfast and drew from the Luca della Robbia from 11 to 2. The Marchese Feroni joined me in coming out, and allowed me to leave my drawing in his room. He then took me out through some curious old passages, across the bridge, which connects the Uffizi with the Palazzo Vecchio. I was surprised to find myself in the old Medici rooms at the top.

Mamma and Joanna had taken Mrs Zileri and baby a drive to San Miniato which they had all enjoyed much. After luncheon Joanna and I walked to the Carmine, and looked at the beautiful frescoes of Masaccio, the Lippi and Masolino in the brilliant light of the afternoon. Next to San Frediano, and then along the Arno to a Tower in the wall, where is a fresco by Ghirlandaio, but it was, unfortunately, covered up. We then took a survey of the lowest part of Florence, where we saw what is rare here, plenty of dirt but no beggars. Beggars are forbidden in Florence and we see few. We skirted the Torrighiani Gardens on our way home.



Sunday 23 February

Attended Mr Hall the American clergyman's service upstairs. Mamma and Joanna who went, were much pleased.

Monday 24 February

At half past two I joined Mamma and Joanna, seeing them from the window in an open carriage below. A lovely balmy bright day. All so bright and gay, and the

colouring of town and country beautiful. Mamma kept on her fur cloak, and we are still in winter garb, though relaxing. Mamma sat in the carriage, and enjoyed the airing, and Massimo was most useful as a pioneer.

Tuesday 25 February

Raining, though mild. Mamma, Joanna and I went to the Pitti this morning, but the rooms still cold. Joanna went on to Professor Parlatore's lectures, Mamma went home, and I went on to the Magliabecchian Library. A long room with tables on each side, and gentlemen

reading; in the middle hot wood ashes. Professor Atto Vannucci was very obliging helping me to books about Venice.

Joanna and I went to some shops, but the streets were so muddy, it was wretched walking. A band was playing under the Loggia de' Lanzi, and a good many of the peasantry and poor people were hanging about; little boys sitting astride on the Lions. We had a party of Daubenys, not very congenial, very good-natured, Made Parlatore, Professor Parlatore and Miss Crippa. We had a little music, and I had a good Italian conversation with Miss Crippa.

Wednesday 26 February

Poor Joanna has a nasty sick headache. She sat chatting with Mamma, discussing which of Dr Daubeny's nieces is Miss Daubeny. I went by myself to Goodban to buy chalks and to Vieusseux for a book.

A brilliant party at the Palazzo Vecchio but the Marchesa Feroni was absent, so I did not enjoy it as much as usual, we had not seen her for a fortnight. The Marchesa Torrearsa sweet as usual in her manners. We spoke to Baron Gaetano Ricasoli, to Cavaliere Boniani, Miss Fullerton, Mr Silvester Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich who introduced Papa to the Pisan Professor of Mathematics.

Thursday 27 February

A beautiful day. We ordered our carriage too late to get one, so missed the amusements of today's Carnival. I began to copy the Marchese Feroni's picture. Joanna read aloud some of Napier and of the *Gazzetta del Popolo*.

After luncheon we three took a cab to the Torrigiani Gardens, intending to mount the Tower, but the gate was locked. We saw Camelia bushes in the open air, in full blossom. The birds were singing and we watched a hawk flying overhead. We then proceeded to the Boboli, and got on a height from whence we had such a lovely view. All the fogs and clouds cleared away, and the hills so lovely, as well as the beautiful town below. Some tumblers in the Piazza Pitti amused us. We saw several carriages starting for the Corso, the French Consul in a beautiful equipage with four horses.

Friday 28 February

I was at the Uffizi and made progress with my drawing. When I came in today poor baby was crying, she stopped at once on seeing me, and began to laugh. She knows us all so well now. She looks almost too wise, and is so beautiful.



Papa, Mamma and Joanna met me today at the Uffizi at half past two, and we went to the Palazzo Vecchio to see the Medici room, and the chapel painted by Domenico Ghirlandaio again, and then up to Savonarola's cell, where Cosimo the Pater Patria was once confined. It is a little cell with a brick floor high up in the Tower. Papa and Mamma both mounted up with no apparent fatigue. Papa afterwards walked to the Piazza del Duomo to the Bookbinder Paoletti, and we took a cab to a shop or two and called on the old Marchese Feroni. She was in bed, but got up and dressed for us. She lends us the *Illustrated News*.