

The family see in the New Year at Palazzo Vecchio. Susan appears preoccupied by the health of her parents more than in previous months, and the entire family shows concern over the new baby come among them. Susan continues her round of visits to people and monuments, taking in the Torrigiani Gardens, lectures, visits to schools, an opera (they hear the celebrated Medori in Norma) while continuing her study of gems at the Uffizi.

1 January 1862

We all feel well and happy – Our dear little baby was christened by Mr Macdougall – Joanna Horner Zileri – I arrayed all the room with flowers – Massimo gave the cake and wine for his child; Professor and Signora Parlatore and Signorina Crippa called to wish us a happy New Year – Mrs Zileri laid on a sofa, whilst the ceremony was performed. Just as it ended, the Marchese Feroni called and paid us a pleasant visit. A charming letter from dearest little Lizzie for my birthday – A beautiful bouquet sent us by the old Marchesa Feroni – of carnations, roses and geranium leaves, and the *Illustrated News*.

After dinner I dressed dearest Mamma for the festa at the Palazzo Vecchio, whilst Joanna put the dear baby to bed – Mamma looked lovely, ten years younger than on the 1 January 1861. Her new cap very becoming, and I made her wear the white lace shawl over her grey brocade silk dress, and over all, her white moiré silk tippet. The broad grey satin ribbons edged with white blonde fastening her cap under her chin by her pearl brooch and her clean white gloves for which I had a contest supported by Papa and topaz bracelets, all looked so pretty – We exhibited her to Mrs Zileri, who was charmed – After tea we two dressed in a scramble, good Caterina helping us. We were ready by nine. Joanna looked very handsome in her white silk dress and Genoese gold necklace and scarlet wreath. I wore my lilac moiré lilac wreath and pearls.

The rooms of the Palazzo were brilliantly lighted with wax shewing the frescoes by Vasari in the rooms of the different Popes to the greatest advantage. It is a sight quite unique, and all having been lately fitted up under Baron Ricasoli's administration in the best taste, the furniture is worthy of the paintings. The Marchesa Frasoni introduced us to the Marchesa Torrearsa. She is a Sicilian, a ladylike pleasing person. Her husband, the Prefect, was in uniform like that of our Ministers, only much more gold lace. At first the company was chiefly composed of English, but gradually the Italians, who are generally late in their hours, arrived. I sat much with the Marchesa Frasoni. She then walked about the room with me, pointing out to me various persons. We lost our way going out in that labyrinth of rooms. We did not get to bed until two.



2 January

At 11 the Marchese Torrigiani arrived with a large carriage, and took us to see his gardens near the Porta Romana. We did not get home till three – We went over twenty four acres of garden, all beautifully laid out with shrubs, flowers and statues, and a high tower in the midst, which Joanna and I ascended with the Marchese Torrigiani to see the beautiful view.

Papa and Mamma drove in the carriage over most of the garden and only ascended half way up the tower. Though the sky was a cloudless blue there was a misty veil over Monte Morello, Fiesole etc. Lemons and oranges were hanging from the trees in the orangeries, and cinerarias, roses, salvias and heartsease

were all in blossom; cactus and camelias and other flowers just coming into blossom. The numerous evergreens too make any winter garden look pretty. Every thing in perfect order. A statue to his father by Fedi, leaning on a youth, emblematic of filial piety.

We proceeded to the studio of Hiram Powers, to whom the Marchese Torrigiani introduced us. We spoke with him of the war in America. He shewed us a beautiful statue of *America*, another of *Eve* which he is modelling in plaster by a new method and with tools of his own invention. The Marchese Torrigiani next took us to Fedi's studio, where we saw a fine group of Polyxenes carried off. Late in the evening Professor Villari called, but we were all so sleepy, Mamma Joanna and I went to bed and left him to a chat with Papa.

Friday 3 January

This morning the Marchese Torrigiani sent us an admission to his gardens for the rest of the year, and the plan of it and of the Tower. We went to the Palazzo Pitti to see the plate, some of which is by Benvenuto Cellini, and there is also a splendid piece of Niello work by Maso Finiguerra, the composition by Antonio Pollaiuolo. We saw the rooms formerly occupied by the Medici Grand Dukes, painted in fresco by Giovanni de' Giovanni, and several good statues.

Sunday 5 January

Quite a spring day, a cloudless sky, and all so lovely. The very sight of the bright glow on the wall, against the blue sky has a charm. Mamma is perfectly well, and Papa never looked or was better, only he is imprudent in small ways, and has an occasional attack of indigestion, though not so bad as those he has had at home. He is generally very cheerful, but after the ball at the Palazzo Vecchio he was imprudent to walk as much as he did at the Marchese Torrigiani's garden. Mamma more prudently kept in the carriage, but Papa walked almost as much as we did from eleven to three; and would hardly be persuaded not to mount the Tower. He sat too much over his book all yesterday and ate Sardelle in oil which caused a stomach attack this morning. Chesnuts and bonbons too hurt him. Martha Somerville has sent us letters of introduction to the Marchesa Torrearsa and the Marchesa Laiatico. The Somervilles are in Turin. Mamma is in capital spirits, and likes the prospect of a little gaiety.



Hiram Powers the sculptor



*Attilio Frosini, the Marchese Laiatico
and a sculptor in Rome*

Monday 6 January

Finished my translation of the story of Attilio Frosini – A sharp frost this morning Twelfth night and one of the greatest holidays in the year – All the shops closed.

After luncheon, Joanna and I escorted by Massimo, walked to San Miniato. The afternoon was brilliant. The grass round San Francesco (the Bella Villanella) literally bathed in sunlight with the long shadows of the tall cypresses crossing it. The view from San Miniato beautiful as ever – The sky a deep cloudless blue; the City, Churches, plain and hills, woods and villas, and mountains far away – such a panorama! We could hardly tear ourselves away. Within the lovely church itself, we stepped among wreaths and nosegays of roses,

heliotropes etc placed on every grave – the perfume delicious. We stopped to look at Giusti's monument, and admired again the magnificent green and white columns supporting the nave of the church, with their antique capitols. We looked at the half effaced frescoes of Buffalmacco, and stopped to rest in the beautiful little Chapel of the Cardinal of Portugal – and to look at that tranquil figure and the angels of Lucca della Robbia above. We descended to the crypt where the tombs were likewise covered with sweet flowers, and where there are some fine modern monuments. We ascended the broad marble staircase from the nave to the Choir and looked at the richly carved marble screen, so oriental in character, and at that solemn and grand mosaic above the apse, and the long alabaster windows; then after a glance at the paintings of Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi we returned to look again at that exquisite view of nature from the doors of the church.

We walked past home, and I was quite proud of my walking powers, as Joanna could hardly keep up with me; but she is a little exhausted by her labours in nursing Mrs Zileri and baby. The air here has certainly a wonderful effect on me, and even Papa remarks it, and all those at home would scarcely know me.

Tuesday 7 January

Mamma has not been sleeping quite so well as usual for two or three nights; last night however she slept well, and she is very cheerful. Joanna and I are surprised she should be as well considering the fatigue of the evening at the Palazzo Vecchio followed by that morning with the Marchese Torrigiani; but she is almost angry if we say there was any fatigue. Called with Mamma on the Marchesa Torrearsa. Papa and Joanna at Professor Villari's lecture. Mrs Zileri not so well and in bed.

Wednesday 8 January

Joanna and I walked to Sta Croce a little before 11. We went along the Arno in search of a monument to a horse by a Venetian in the 16th century. There is certainly no church in Florence more interesting than Sta Croce. We were some time in the Sacristy and in the Rinuccini Chapel looking at the beautiful frescoes of Taddeo Gaddi etc. An intelligent friar with much enthusiasm for his monastery showed us all over it. The Lucca della Robbias beautiful – A fine modern monument to Bartolini. Also works by Mino da Fiesole and Donatello Orcagna and Giotto.

Thursday 9 January

Still rather damp. I went to the Uffizi – glad of a good fire – but I sit at the other end of the room, and do not care to approach it – I began writing a catalogue of the gems in the Uffizi – Migliarini talked to me of the conventions of Egyptian and Greek mythology – Mamma Joanna and I went in a carriage to the Cemetery to look at Mr Clough's grave, and afterwards to see Mrs Bracebridge.

Friday 10 January

We had planned going to the gallery of the Marchese Capponi, but poor baby was in a sad screaming state, and we could not leave her. Papa called on Professor Villari, and on the Marchese Capponi and told him we should come at one. We therefore started, dropping Joanna at Dr Wilson's, who told her we were giving baby too rich food.

Mamma and I proceeded to the Marchese Capponi, and found a servant waiting for us, a nice old man, who was very obliging, but the gallery being uninhabited was too cold for enjoyment at this season. There are some fine pictures – an interesting portrait of Pier Capponi by Cristoforo Allori, a small picture by Masolino, the gem of the gallery, the last sacrament, a miniature picture by Filippino Lippi and a portrait by Andrea del Sarto of his

wife. A beautiful casket of old Florentine raised Pietra Dura, a rich little crucifix of gold and silver work of the 17th century. We saw the other half of the Palace, which is inhabited by the Marchese Capponi's married daughter. There is a magnificent staircase with a statue of Pier Capponi. The Palace is the largest next to the Pitti in Florence.

We drove home, where we found Joanna arrived, who relieved our minds about baby, who had had a sound sleep. I went upstairs to call on Mrs Hall, the wife of the American Chaplain, who had been very kind to us about Baby. When I came down again I found Mrs Macbean (the wife of the English Consul at Leghorn) and the Marchese Capponi calling – and I had a pleasant talk with this last about the pictures in his gallery as well as about books on Venice. After the Macbeans left the Marchese Capponi had a most agreeable conversation with Papa, on the state of manufactures here. Joanna and I remarked how very young Papa looked beside him, and yet he is really ten years older than the Marchese Capponi.

In the evening we went to the Pagliano Theatre to hear *Norma*. There is a celebrated singer in this, Signora Medori, who the Marchesa Frasoni had recommended our hearing, but we did not much like her. We thoroughly enjoyed the music, and Mamma liked a great deal of it, but Papa was always asking when it would be over, so we three intend next opera to go alone. The ballet was horrid (Faust) Mephistopheles jumping about like a cow.

Saturday 11 January

Baby has been well all today and looked so pretty and happy in her bath. Papa and Joanna went to Professor Parlatore's lecture and were much pleased. Mamma staid at home, as the weather felt raw.

I went to the Uffizi at 11 and worked till half past two – with an interval of half an hour's talk with Migliarini – who gave me useful information on stones and gave me the curious history of the companion to the Koh I. Noor [sic] diamond – That and another large diamond, now in Russia were once the eyes of an Indian idol. An Armenian merchant contrived to conceal himself all one night in the Temple, and to steal one of the eyes. In the morning he mingled with the crowd of worshippers, and having reached his home in safety he determined to conceal his treasure by making a gash in his own leg, inserting it there and bandaging the wound. When search was made for the diamond, he was supposed to be ill from a wound, and he thus escaped. On his way to Odessa he was shipwrecked and lost all but this diamond. At Odessa he offered it for sale, but could find none to make so great a purchase. Nearly starving he reached St Petersburg where he offered it to the Czarina Catherine. Much as she coveted the possession, she did not dare to make the purchase at the high price demanded, but the Armenian merchant was at last constrained by necessity to part from it, at a price much below its value, to the Prime Minister who presented it to the Czarina on her fête day.

Soon after my return home the Countess Karolyi called. I found her very pleasant – Mrs Zileri has tried her strength too soon, and is not so well. Baby flourishing again.

Sunday 12 January

Baby looks like a little Holy Child with her long hair, and lovely face. An embroidery woman called, just as we were going to read prayers, and we thought we never should get rid of her.

Mr Sloane called – a quiet shrewd looking old gentleman in a scratch wig – He was an English tutor here who obtained a large fortune partly by a piece of good luck, and partly

by his own ability in taking advantage of it. The lady he has married is said to have been a servant girl and both having turned Roman Catholic. He has bought up many villas and much property in the neighbourhood of Florence, but he always resides in the town. He has largely contributed to the façade of Sta Croce – He is accused of having acted a shabby part and even of being a spy. He is clever enough not to give out any extreme opinions to those who differ from him. Indeed I should hardly have guessed that he disagrees from ours.

Mrs Bracebridge called next. After she had left, Mamma and I took a stroll in the Boboli gardens. We ascended to the great central fountain, and sat long on a bench talking. The air is quite warm, almost oppressive from the rain of the past days – Quite like an English day. I felt so depressed I must return to my Quinine – I have given up all wine, and it is only in these English days, I return to medicine. Mr Sloane told us last year at this time they could



not get in the ice as no cold came until March, but already they have more ice than is wanted, and the early winter makes them anticipate an early spring.

Papa took a carriage and paid some visits, to Signor Caruel, the Marchese Torrigiani, the Marchese Feroni, Signor Begazzi and the Cavaliere Passerini. The old Marchese Feroni sent us another *Illustrated News*. In the evening the Marchese Torrigiani called, very pleasant as usual – he has promised to take us another

expedition on Thursday. He has undertaken at the request of the Municipality to organize evening schools (Scuole Serali) in Florence. We spoke with him of the Charitable Institutions of Florence especially of that of the Frate della Misericordia, to which he, with most of the respectable inhabitants of Florence, belongs. It is an institution for the assistance of the sick and the poor, and for conveying all persons who need it to the Hospitals. The Members meet once a week, with their Captain, and carry the sick concealed by a black dress and hood.

Monday 13 January

Pouring rain. I got out a short time to buy things for a basket for Baby which is my christening present to her. At twelve I went with Joanna to Powers, as she had appointed to sit for her photograph in her evening dress. Mrs Bracebridge was also sitting for her likeness, and I helped to arrange her dress. We did not get away until two – After luncheon Joanna and I went to a sculptors to see the marble copy of the hand of poor Mr Clough which is to be sent to England immediately. We have received an invitation to the receptions at the Palazzo Vecchio for every Wednesday until Lent. Mamma and Joanna took Mrs Zileri and baby their first drive.

Tuesday 14 January

I went to the Uffizi again from twelve to half past two. Professor Migliarini rather doleful about everything – and when I left said to me, “The ideal is much happier than the reality of life – all low morals and wrong.” Joanna and I went in the afternoon to buy a portfolio for Papa for his birthday.

Wednesday 15 January

In the evening Professor Villari came to tea, and at half past nine we went to the Palazzo Vecchio. We were all under dressed (demi toilette) believing a reception meant a quiet party, but we found everybody full dressed, and we were rather distressed at not being sufficiently dressed for the occasion. There was dancing in one room. The rooms looked beautiful – such splendid nosegays of flowers everywhere. Far more beautiful than Lansdowne House, though that style of party – a great mixture of people, and many English. Mamma was in her black velvet – I in my black and red. We came away at half past eleven, just as most people, and especially our own friends were arriving – but Papa and Mamma do not enjoy these parties, and Papa especially spoke to no one, and did not get on with the Marchese Torrearsa, who is in fact, so much occupied with making himself agreeable to all, and especially the Florentines, he could hardly attend to any one person, especially a foreigner.



The Marchesa Frasoni was lively and most agreeable – I was a good deal with her, and we talked to her husband, who is lively. Also a few words to the Marchese Feroni, the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani, and Colonel Vincenzo Ricasoli but we were in such a hurry to leave we could not say much to any. The Marchesa Frasoni introduced us to the Marchesa Laiatico, who has an attractive manner, and is in appearance stylish, rather like Mrs Henry Rich. She had with her a lovely young daughter-in-law a Roman, one of the Barberini.

Thursday 16 January

A cold grey morning – Mrs Zileri’s strength returns but slowly – The Marchese Carlo Torrigiani is to take us a round of sights tomorrow. Drove to see a beautiful Villa, with a lovely garden. The gardener presented us with flowers – Villa Caprini.

Friday 17 January

Dear Papa’s 77th birthday – Marchese Torrigiani called in a carriage. We drove with him to his Palazzo where he shewed us the mask of Dante, which has been long in his family. Most interesting. It is as if seeing the man. It is placed in a room painted with Arabesques etc.

We drove next to the Bargello, now a Museum. The Marchese Torrigiani remembers visiting the present Gonfaloniere the Marchese Bartolommeo when a prisoner here in 1849. We saw the Chapel with the fresco of Dante etc. We drove next to the Manufactory of Pietra Dura – many magnificent works. Rather an expensive toy – with some works of real art. Papa very cold and tired, did not feel quite well, and returned home.

We proceeded to the Riccardi Palace to see again the beautiful frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Chapel. We all admired the angels which are favourite paintings of the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani. As I was anxious to see some paintings in the Bigallo we drove there – Some very interesting small pictures in the Chapel.



Saturday 18 January

I studied books on Venice till 12, and then went to the Uffizi – Joanna and Papa went to the Scuola Superiore to hear Professor Villari lecture. I had a pleasant two hours with Professor Migliarini, reading a German pamphlet on the Apollo. I afterwards went to the Tribune and also to one of the Tuscan rooms, and got home to Mamma a little after two. We had some chocolate and went out in a carriage, taking Massimo. Mrs Zileri has been exerting herself too much and is not quite so well, so kept her bed all day.

Mamma and I drove to Achill Paris to buy photographs from the drawings made by the engraver, from the pictures in the Uffizi. We left the newspapers at the old Marchesa Fransoni, books at the Palazzo Pio, and called on the Marchesa Torrearsa. Joanna and Mamma in the Boboli – Mr Villari drank tea with us. Joanna took me a tremendous walk along the Lung Arno and then up to the Belvedere.

Monday 20 January

A fall of snow in the night – but soon gone – The wind cold and piercing, but still I never feel cold in the mornings as in England and we have hardly even a fire in our bedroom. Mamma Joanna Mrs Zileri and baby went out driving, and afterwards took a walk in the Boboli. Mr Villari spent the evening here, and we had some conversation on styles in Italian composition, which appears to be in a state of transition; authors divided, into the Purists who follow the old style pedantically, and use words now almost obsolete, and those who adopt the French style, which is that of the newspapers. A terrible case has occurred at Pisa of an English doctor stabbed by a convict just released.

Wednesday 22 January

All Florence gay with flags from the news of a demonstration having taken place in Rome against the temporal power of the Pope. The Marchese Torrigiani called and Mrs Bracebridge having arrived Joanna and I went with them a round of the schools. Papa and Mamma meantime drove to the Villa Forbici, and called on the Marchese Strozzi.

The Marchese Torrigiani first took us to the girl's school, which was established under the old government, and with which he has nothing to do – It is inefficient, but the children are very clean and well clothed, the rooms very airy, and the absence of all smell or closeness very remarkable, and unlike our English schools. It did not feel cold either, though there was no stove on fire, except the scaldini. The children are so clean in their persons, one can approach them without having one's nose offended in the slightest degree. The hair beautifully tidy. Each has her separate little chair and a basket like that for baby's clothes to contain her work, with a handkerchief over it, to preserve it from dust. A little box or drawer attached to the table before each child for her materials, and a cushion for pinning the work to, which is beautifully done.

Too much time however seems to be devoted to needlework. The children learn also to cut out but except a little reading, writing and arithmetic they learn little but needlework, to which they sit four hours in each day. In an upper room some of the elder girls were learning to weave silk, which is done for commissions, the pupils getting part of the profits and twenty scudi when sent out. The little ones in a separate room were learning to knit.

We proceeded next to the Municipal school for boys, which is under the direction of the Marchese Torrigiani. They were equally airy, clean and free from smell. All the instruction in writing is after a plan of his – They pass gradually through the stage from strokes to full words, and then write exercises in grammar and on the verbs, thus learning to write grammatically, before being taught the rules. They write to dictation. Little groups of monitors and their pupils were collected about the room learning arithmetic. This system is here called the Scuola Reciproca, the master presiding – In the next room was the Scuola Simultanea where another master presided, and where the head boys wrote a sum on a board as the others called out the numbers – and then there on the benches made the calculation and were ready when called on unexpectedly to give the answer.

Rules for the occupation of each day hung on the walls, where we learnt that linear drawing geography etc were taught. We were much struck with the intelligent bright faces of the children. The Marchese Torrigiani was so kind in his manner to them, as if perfectly understanding the ways of children. As it was near breaking up time, they were all marched and marshalled to their places in the larger room.

A very beautiful prayer in Italian composed by the Marchese Torrigiani, was recited by the children – He told us the school had been persecuted partly on account of this prayer not being in Latin, but he had insisted the children should not pray in a language they did not understand. The Lord's Prayer followed, also in Italian and a short prayer to the Virgin – they then crossed themselves which was the end.

The Marchese Torrigiani is now wholly occupied with the organization of evening schools, chiefly for adults. His time is so much occupied with labours for the poor that he seldom leaves Florence even in summer, except for a run to Leghorn, and a change necessary for health. He is so anxious for the heart and moral training of the children, and recollects that it is not only intellectual culture which is to be attended to. No corporal punishment allowed, only separation from companions. As the good method has only been revived the last two years, there is great difficulty in finding or training competent teachers. The Marchese Torrigiani has to compose the books, the poetry and the music and to train the teachers all himself – Then there is the usual difficulty of enforcing regular attendance by the children. It requires all his energy to encounter and overcome these difficulties.



After luncheon Joanna and I proceeded to the Duomo, and walked about in it a little while, and next looked at Giotto's beautiful Campanile taking some of the reliefs in detail – those

representing the various trades, near the foot – That, and the Baptistery looked so beautiful against the clear blue sky and in this light air. Baby is so well, and looks so wise – Papa is astonished at her intelligent little face, and so pretty – We all, including her father and mother, feel as if some wonderful creature had fallen among us, contemplating, and discussing her. Mrs Zileri is too nervous about her, and we scold.

Thursday 23 January

A wet pouring day. They say rain has been so much wanted, this is a very good season for the country. It cleared a little before 12, and Mamma and I started in a carriage to pay visits, and Joanna for Mr Parlatore's lectures. We first drove to the Marchese Capponi, who we had not seen for some time. We sat some time with him, and found him as agreeable as ever.

After leaving the Marchese Capponi we left cards for Mrs Sloane. We left cards also for the Marchesa Torrearsa and called on Mrs Wilson, who we found at home. She was reading Robertson's sermons, just published by Tauchnitz. We called on the Marchesa Laiatico but she was engaged, and on the Countess Karolyi. We sat some time with her. She is very clever. We talked of the Kossuths and Pulszkys. We called at Goodban's to inquire if he had a copy of Mrs Barbauld's hymns in Italian.

Joanna played and sang, and Mamma has got a new piece of work for the wet weather. Papa writes in the room adjoining the drawing room. Baby is well and getting into regular ways, eating and sleeping – She begins to follow us with her eyes and to smile – Mrs Zileri is much better – She is able to rub Mamma's feet. Mamma's toes are very tiresome just now and she is not sleeping so well – I believe owing to the damp weather – She is otherwise well. Papa is well and very cheerful. He has been to the Pitti Library today, and talking Italian to the Librarian Paladini.

Friday 24 January

I looked over some of Papa's translation from Savonarola with him – Mamma and I dressed in our evening dresses to sit for Powers. Mrs Sherwin (Mrs Jameson's sister) and her niece came in whilst we were sitting. Mamma wore her new cap, her light moiré dress, white lace shawl, and we made her talk until the last moment, and so she has a smile. Papa went to Signor Cocchi's lecture.

After some soup Joanna and I sat on a wall to warm ourselves after my sitting in an evening dress all the morning to Powers. We went to a shop for Mamma, then across the Via dei Calzaiuoli to the Piazza del Duomo by the Borgo San Lorenzo to the Church of San Lorenzo.

There was no one in the church but ourselves. It is one of the finest specimens of a basilica here; beautiful in proportions, large and lofty. It has all lately been repaired and renewed; the fresh gilding and whitewash are not pleasing. The centre nave is very lofty – flat ceiling divided into square compartments – cassettone as they are called – all gilt. The two aisles nearly as lofty – wagon roofed – divided by beautiful columns – We went in search of an altar over which is a beautiful little statue of the Gesù Bambino by Donatello. It is the same which was borne in the procession of children instituted by Savonarola to beg for and then destroy in a bonfire all the vanities of Florence. Near this altar on the right of the high altar a heavy porphyry sarcophagus in honour of the first wife of the Grand Duke. We looked at the two splendid bronze pulpits supported by columns. One by Donatello very fine. Old Cosimo's name is on a slab on the pavement before the high altar. In the North transept the

tombs of Lorenzo, Giuliano, and Piero de' Medici. The high altar inlaid with Pietra Dura, and the pavement of the church in mosaic.

After leaving this church we walked to the Duomo, where we entered. It was very dark, but we wandered round the North transept, looking at a few frescoes, and the richly coloured glass windows made by the Frati de' Pinti, whose monastery was once outside the Porta Pinti. We lingered near Michael Angelo's grand and touching Pietà, behind the high altar and looked at the Lucca della Robbias representing the Resurrection over the gate of the Sacristy, where Lorenzo de' Medici took refuge when his brother Giuliano was murdered by the Pazzi – We found the gate of the altar before the apse open, and went up the steps to look at the bronze shrine of San Zanobio by Ghiberti – very beautiful. It is delightful to wander about that vast Cathedral in the evening light – Its beauty grows on us daily.

Just as we reached home the Marchesa Laiatico called with her daughter – very pleasant. She is very animated – She has invited us to her Monday evening receptions. They told us of a Charity ball to be given at the Crocetta for the Infant Asylums here. The weather is milder. Signor Villari came in the evening, to look through Papa's translation. I have now gone through nearly three volumes of the *Osservatore Fiorentine* with notes, and I am reading a work of Passerini on the Charitable Institutions of Florence, lent me by the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani – I read some of it aloud in English to Mamma about the Asili Infantili, for which the ball is to be given.

Saturday 25 January

I have caught a little cold sitting for Mr Powers yesterday. Papa and I walked together to the Magliabecchian Library in the Uffizi. The founder Magliabecchia was a goldsmith on the Ponte Vecchio in the last century. At 40 years of age he took to reading or rather devouring books, scarcely eating or sleeping – but keeping reading, and remembering all he read. At his death he left his library to the city. Since then, it has been greatly increased, and is placed in a very fine room, with the odd laughing profile in relief of Magliabecchia at the door.

Papa wanted to consult a work of Dugald Stewart and as I had been there before I acted as guide. We met with the usual courtesy – A priest who has charge there gave me a scaldino while Papa did his business. We then went to the gallery where I introduced Papa to old Professor Migliarini – As there was an adunanza we could not see the Marchese Feroni. After Papa left me Professor Migliarini talked with me of gems and then on the forms of the capitals of the columns in San Lorenzo and of the column commemorating the persecution of the Paterini – leaves below and animals above – Emblematic animals typical of the Gospel, first introduced into Europe by the Crusaders, especially by the Knights Templar – He said they were a horrible set. Many of these emblems had a meaning too bad to explain and there has only been recently discovered in their secret archives that crimes and horrors were practised by them, mocking at religion itself. He then spoke of the beauty of Eastern religions and quoted some beautiful lines from a Persian poet.

Monday 27 January

Quite well – I accompanied Mrs Bracebridge to the Scuola Normale Superiore of the Signora Paladini, who was most polite. The school is admirably conducted – Mrs Bracebridge speaking of the schools under the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani remarked the monitors were better trained than with us. We went to the Charity ball at the Asili Infantili, more for the charity than anything else, as we merely walked round it and came away. We had a few words with the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani. A long agreeable visit from the Marchese Capponi.

Tuesday 28 January

Yesterday the Marchese Capponi had a long antiquarian and geological conversation. I went later on to the Uffizi whilst Mamma and Joanna walked in the Boboli. They said the birds were singing so sweetly and the spring flowers coming out. I had a quiet two hours with Professor Migliarini, who talked to me a good deal on Etruscan history and language – I went over about twenty more gems and then went to the Tribune to wait for Joanna, and looked at all the pictures carefully – I was especially delighted with the Angels watching the Star over the Infant Christ in the picture by Andrea Mantegna.

At half past two I left the Uffizi and found Joanna at home, as Mamma had detained her. She and I started on a walk, across the Ponte Vecchio to the via Mercato Nuovo, turning down the Borgo dei S. Apostoli to visit the old church – the oldest in Tuscany A.D. 778. One of the finest basilicas in existence, which Brunelleschi copied even to its defects in the Church of the Santo Spirito. It was closed so we proceeded to S. Stefano the next oldest, off the Mercato Nuovo. This was also closed, so we walked along the Via de' Morti, so called from the tradition of a lady having been buried alive under the Duomo and waking escaped from the tomb and walked down this street in search of her home.

We mounted to the top of the Campanile, as we had Massimo with us. This is a harder ascent, though not so high as the Cathedral. The view very lovely from the top – The day bright and sunny – The distant mountains covered with snow – After we came down we met three of the closed biers for sick persons borne by the Frati della Misericordia – Joanna fancied she recognised in one of them the Marchese Torrigiani and stood in a broad grin, whilst every body was taking off their caps to the procession – I was quite ashamed of her.



We then went to the Mercato Vecchio – such a dirty place, but the oldest part of Florence, where the houses of the great citizens once stood. We walked through dirty narrow streets, full of strange high houses and blacksmiths and leather dressers shops, past the old piazza where the church of San Miniato fra le Torre once stood and the Towers which mark what once was the first circuit of

walls and past San Biagio, the old Church which once held the relics of stones from Jerusalem, brought by the Crusaders, when the Pazzi planted the first Christian banner on the walls of the Holy City. The relics are now preserved in the S. Apostoli.

Wednesday 29 January

Five columns of the *Nazione* of today are given to a report of the building Society by the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani he being the Secretary – This Society was instituted in 1849 for building dwelling houses for the Poor, and appears to have been so judiciously managed, that their finances are in an excellent state, and the houses already provided have answered admirably – the rents are punctually paid and there is no interference on the part of the Society with the occupiers, except as to respectability of character, and that no one shall

cause annoyance to his neighbours. One of the great aims of the Marchese Torrigiani is that there should be as much independence as possible, and each man master in his own house. Not to encourage beggars or a spirit dependent on charity, but a spirit of honest independence and comfort in home of men who should not be necessitous, though belonging to the labouring classes.

Joanna and I went to see a poor woman she is employing as a workwoman. We came in quite unexpectedly. The woman was distressed that we should have come up the two pair of stairs. It was whitewashed all the way. The beds so clean and neatly made – everything in such order, and the windows open each woman or child with her scaldino, and all solidly tidily dressed – In the evening we had a pleasant visit from the old Marchesa Feroni. She has a terrible cough, but is a clever agreeable old lady. She began German about three years ago, and always talks English – very lady like, with beautiful hands.

Thursday 30 January

A fog – Baby flourishing and sleeping in her basket in the drawing room – Joanna scolds me for sneezing for fear I should wake her. I was at the Uffizi.

Friday 31 January

Cloudy, and muddy streets, but soft spring air. Papa and I went to the Uffizi to present a letter I had for the Marchese Feroni to the librarian of the Magliabecchian library, Signor Vannucci – As he had not arrived Papa and I went on to the Gallery to see the gem of the head of Savonarola by Giovanni delle Corniole. There is so much life as well as beauty in this gem and has the sweet sensitive nature expressed in it which the casts from it do not give. We then went back to the Magliabecchian library and saw Signor Vannucci. Nothing could exceed his kindness and obliging manner – We spoke chiefly on Venice.

Papa and I parted after this, he remarking to me what a city this was comprising all wanted for study and pleasure and all so easy to access. He returned home, I went to Cammelli the bookseller in the Piazza della Signoria – The streets crowded as they are every Friday with peasants come to market. We have got a new maid Annunziata, who was once maid to Mrs Browning. The Marchese Carlo Torrigiani spent the evening with us – He wanted assistance to read a note he had received from Mr Bracebridge. It was two or three sheets full upon schools. There was a letter from Mr Chadwick included – very presumptuous – and anxious to teach the Italians how to manage their own schools. The Marchese Torrigiani talked with us about his plans for evening schools, and his hopes on the subject. He says he finds none to take the same interest with him on this subject. He has engaged three masters for each school and enlisted the services of sixty volunteers including his own nephews. There is a want of good elementary books of instruction on physical science, but an eminent Professor of Chemistry has offered his assistance.

