

*Spring has come. The family take many more carriage rides out into the countryside, enchanted by the beautiful landscape and the profusion of flowers. There are visits to Villa Demidoff (San Donato), Villa Salviati and Villa Capponi. In the city Susan continues her regimen at the Uffizi and she and her sister Joanna both draw. Baby is taken to the Boboli and shown off to anyone who will watch her. The King visits and the Horners hang out of their apartment windows to see him arrive at the Palazzo Pitti. Friendship grows with the Halls and the Gonzagas, families living in the same building. A note of disquiet surrounds mention of Susan's mother; Anne Horner has developed double vision.*

Tuesday 1 April

Mamma Joanna and I went to the Egyptian Museum, and saw the Cena by Raffaele in the former Refectory. From thence we went to the Palazzo Martelli where Donatello was brought up. We saw a statue by him of St John and a bust and some beautiful pictures. We proceeded to the Badia for Mamma to see the Luca della Robbia and the picture of Fra Filippo Lippi we had so much admired. We sat there some time in great enjoyment. We called on Baby's wet nurse, and found her and her five fine children living in a stable. They were expecting us. They are from Lucca, rather rough but kind-hearted people.

Wednesday 2 April

I called on the Marchesa Torrearsa, stupidly denied by a boy who declared she was not at home. I was tired and walked to St. Mark's Cloister, to wait for Mamma and Joanna. I sat before Fra Angelico's beautiful fresco and the good-natured fat lay brother promised me to watch for them, so I fell fast asleep. They had been calling on the Marchesa Laiatico who had amused them with her account of their adventures in 1849. She shewed them her garden. We visited some churches.

Thursday 3 April

We visited the Villa Demidoff, Villa San Donato as it is called. A low villa with a splendid suite of rooms, containing every object of art which riches can buy; too much – loads of Malachite and Gold. After it, though tired we walked through a great extent of hothouses, an English gardener shewing us everything. It was too much for all of us. A fine morning, a violent shower on the way back spoiled my new cloak by the water running off my green silk parasol.

In the evening I was too tired to go to the Sidney Brookes's and went to bed. I tried to persuade Mamma to stay at home, but though she looked very tired, she would not allow it and went. They met Mr Powers the sculptor, and found it very agreeable.

Friday 4 April

Mamma very tired. Drove to the Villa Salviati, but were refused admittance; then to the Villa Capponi from whence there is a splendid view of Florence and the country round – nothing particular to be seen in the house. We went to a few shops, but Mamma was much exhausted by the expedition of the day before, though she would not acknowledge how much.

Saturday 5 April

Mamma did not feel well. She, Joanna, Mrs Zileri and baby took a drive into the country to the Eastern part of Florence following the Arno to Settignano. They saw young corn, olives, Tulips, Hyacinths, roses and star of Bethlehem.

After dinner Papa and Mamma strolled and I sat with Mrs Zileri and Baby in the Boboli. The Marchese Feroni sent me two of his pictures to keep while here, *Il Primo Furto* and the

portrait of a little girl. I went to the Uffizi. I went to see Mrs Ropes picture which promises well. The Marchese Feroni lent me a copy of a work on Prato out of the library. I got on with my drawing. Professor Migliarini came to me and I saw Marsili just returned from Turin, delighted with Mr Pulszky's collection.

Joanna went to Pettrini a frame seller for Mrs Greig, and called on Countess Cottrel. We dismissed the carriage and walked to the SS Annunziata. It was so lovely – crowds of people about. It became too quickly dark to allow us to see the pictures we were in search of.

In the evening I made up my summer bonnet and Joanna read aloud. Papa's deafness is already improved by Zanetti's treatment. Mamma has lost the mark on her nose, and is going to be photographed again. We are resolved she shall not try her strength again as she did at the Demidoff villa and she is now convinced she must give up seeing *everything*. If she had given up the hothouses she would not have been over fatigued. She thought I *wanted spirit* in not going to the Sidney Brookes's, but she has felt the fatigue ever since and is only gradually recovering, but it is wrong to play tricks with her restored health.

Sunday 6 April

Mamma and Joanna attended Mr Hall's church. I read prayers to myself and wrote some of my translation of Professor Migliarini's pamphlet. After dinner Papa went to the Boboli; we meant to follow him but the streams of people from the Via Guicciardini all hastening thither deterred us.

We took a carriage and drove to the Cascine. We saw hundreds of open carriages driving about, and collected near the large milk house where the band was playing – such a lovely view! Such lights and shades and colours on Monte Morello and on the opposite side of the river Monte Ulivetto etc., and all the trees coming into bright leaf, and the birds singing. Plenty of gay bonnets and flirtation. We drove across the suspension bridge and outside the walls towards the Porta Romana. The crowds were ever increasing till we found the Poggio Imperiale one mass of heads, thousands, and then learnt it was the Lent Fair.

After our return Joanna and I paid a visit to the Gonzagas, and found all at tea. We sat some time; they are such nice people. The Princess Gonzaga is niece to Count Borromeo of the Isola Bella. She is such a sweet, gentle and accomplished person. He is a lively pleasant little man, and as liberal as anyone. We talked a good deal of art and politics, in which we were very well agreed.

The Marchese Carlo Torrigiani called in the evening; he read us some of Giannina Milli's poetry aloud, and we shewed him some of the books we were reading. Papa is still sometimes pained with that side, and Mr Zanetti is coming to see him tomorrow.

Monday 7 April

Zanetti called and agreed with Dr Wilson the pain is owing to want of circulation on the liver and has given him an ointment to rub on, and prescribed nourishing plain food, and to take short walks. Mrs Wilson called and saw Baby and was delighted with her. I went to the Uffizi and had a good Drawing – returned the book on Prato to the Marchese Feroni, who lent me another. He shewed me a beautiful piece of byzantine wood carving offered for sale to the Uffizi. Migliarini brought me the last part of his MS. It was past three when I returned home.

After dinner Papa, Mamma, Joanna and I took a most lovely drive along the banks of the Mugnone, into quite a wild hilly country with a little bright dashing river below us. On our

return we sat Papa down at a cake shop to walk home, and we called on Countess Karolyi who is suffering from the effects of an upset in a carriage. A glorious sunset. Baby begins to clutch hold of things now. She is always aiming at Mamma's cap, and making such comical faces, but cannot manage to get hold of it. She is so animated. The Gonzagas drank tea with us. Mamma and Joanna talked chiefly to the Princess Gonzaga and liked her much. Papa to Don Dall'Oca and to the Prince.

Tuesday 8 April

A delicious day. We left Florence at twelve by the train for Prato. A good deal of wind – the lights and shades on the mountains lovely, and the plain so fresh a green with the mulberry trees coming into leaf and the young corn. We passed Petraia and Castello, Sesto and Rovezzano, and reached Prato about one. We took a carriage and drove to the Cathedral. It is small but very beautiful with the Campanile attached to it, in a large open Piazza.

The façade of the Cathedral black and white striped, over the doorway a fine Luca della Robbia, a large clock, a bell, and two statues crowning all. At one corner is attached a marble and bronze pulpit by Donatello. Little angels dancing round, and a rich canopy of marble above. A statue of St Stephen at the top. From the pulpit, the Cintola della Madonna, the Virgin's Girdle (the celebrated relic of Prato) was exposed in former days. Three or four steps round the Cathedral and Campanile raise them from the Piazza. Three Naves within, divided by magnificent black and white columns with curious grotesque capitals. Three steps, the whole width of the Church, lead to the Choir, which is in the transept. The Columns support round arches, and the roof is high; the Church being narrow in proportion. Six steps again lead to the high altar and apse with a beautiful black marble balustrade on a white marble wainscoting, richly carved.

Behind the altar there are beautiful frescoes by Fra Filippo Lippi (who long worked here) of the life and death of St Stephen; this last most beautiful and containing portraits of the painter, and of his friend Fra Diamante, both of them pupils of Masaccio. The other frescoes are from the life of St. John the Baptist. Two little Chapels on either side of the high altar contain frescoes by painters of the school of Agnolo Gaddi and Giotto. Also a beautiful and richly carved monument to one of the family of the Ingherami's, benefactors of Prato. A richly carved marble pulpit by Benedetto da Majano and Cosimo Rossellini in eight reliefs, containing the story of the Virgin and St Stephen, supported on marble sphinxes in the nave. We saw pictures in the Sacristy of the celebrated priests Prato has produced, among them, Martini, the Catholic translator of the Bible. In another room beautiful silver lamps. We were led through a corridor, where were large reliefs by Giovanni Pisano into the Chapel consecrated to the Girdle of the Virgin, which is surrounded by the most exquisite frescoes by Angelo Gaddi. The iron railing by which it is enclosed is the design and work of Simone, the brother of Donatello, boys shooting arrows, birds and fruit, flowers, snails etc etc.

We drove to a booksellers shop, and then Joanna and I walked, and Papa and Mamma drove, to the great Piazza or Market Place. We found the picture gallery did not open until later, and as we were very hungry they handed to us eggs etc. out of the carriage, and then told us they would take a drive round the town and return to us. They were away an hour and half. We did not know what to do in a strange place. We took a walk, and came to the Dominican Church where Savonarola once preached and found a beautiful Cloister; we also visited the Church of San Francesco, built in the lifetime of St Francis, and on return to the Piazza del Comune, sketched the fountain in the midst with a little figure of Bacchus; but we had such a crowd round us and no means of escaping from them, it was rather unpleasant,

and the more so as we were both very tired and hungry, the provisions having gone off with the carriage.



We bought some figs at a dirty stall, and sought a seat in the Cathedral. Joanna undertook to make another stroll in search of the carriage and as it was vain we mounted the Campanile, from whence we had a most lovely view, as far as Florence. When we descended we returned to the Piazza del Comune, and visited the Gallery which was then open. The guide there was quite enthusiastic about the Fra Filippo Lippi's, and he was shewing us an old medal of Savonarola when Massimo appeared to tell us Papa and Mamma were waiting below. We drove to the Convent of Ste Margherita, opposite to which is a little enclosed tavoletta or shrine, a lovely fresco by Fra Filippo Lippi, the portrait of the nun of this same convent, with whom the

painter fell in love after painting her, eloped with and married. When away from us Mamma had persuaded Papa to visit a manufactory of straw hats with her.

On our return we found Baby and her mother at the Boboli as usual. We call the Baby Bobolina. They soon came in, we were so glad to see them again. It is the first time we have left Baby so long. She was much admired in the gardens today by some young English girls who paid Mrs Zileri the bad compliment of refusing to believe she could be the mother of so beautiful a child. Papa has had no pain in his side for two days and is very cheerful and is every day more fond of Florence, the people and country, as we are. Beautiful as the country round Prato is, we are all agreed as to the superiority of Florence, which looked a perfect Paradise on our return. It is wonderful how little Mamma feels fatigue, but she was really tired after the Demidoff day, and shall not do so much again.

Wednesday 9 April

I was at the Uffizi. In the afternoon the Marchesa Torrearsa paid us a long visit. We all four went to see Santarelli's studio afterwards. I like his sculpture better than any I have yet seen. Joanna and I shopped and called on the Sidney Brookes's but they were out. A cloudy day, and rain in the morning.

Thursday 10 April

Joanna and I went with Massimo to Sta Maria Novella to hear a sermon from Padre Maggi a famous Palermitan preacher, but though half-an-hour before the time found the Church so crowded we were obliged to give it up. We were strongly recommended to go and hear him by the Marchesa Torrearsa, and were much disappointed.

We visited the Corsini Palace, and looked at the beautiful drawing by Raffaello for his portrait of Pope Julius 2nd and a fine Seb. del Piombo, also two interesting portraits of Macchiavelli by Salviati and of Calvin by Holbein. The most celebrated pictures here are the

Carlo Dolces and Fortune, called by Michel Angelo, very unlike his hand. There is a pretty picture of the present Prince Corsini as a child with his brother, the late Marchese Laiatico, and his two sisters, the Baroness Gaetano Ricasoli and one now dead riding on a dog. What curious changes age makes! Also a portrait of the only son of Prince Corsini who died in 1850, and on whom Giannina Milli wrote some charming lines, describing his parents preparing for his marriage and having to mourn his death.

We then shopped, and I bought some photographs. The walk in the sun on the Lung'Arno gave me a pain in my head and neck, and I kept quiet the rest of the day, mounting my drawings and dawdling. A shower fell later. We have hardly twenty four hours without a shower, and much wind.

In the evening, Papa Mamma and Joanna took a drive which they much enjoyed, among hedges, and they came home enchanted with the roses, white thorns, and lovely views – I slept on the sofa and danced baby.

Friday 11 April

Papa and Joanna went to Leghorn. Mamma was particularly well all today, and seems at last to have got over the fatigue of the Demidoff day. After breakfast I went to the Uffizi for a couple of hours and began my fourth Luca della Robbia. Mamma called for me at twelve, sending up Massimo to let me know she was waiting in a carriage below.

We drove to the Forbici and saw the blind Marchesa Strozzi and her two daughters. I did not much fancy the girls. Such a splendid view from the balcony of their house. The Marchesa Strozzi, who is English, a Miss Strickland, assured Mamma we need have no fear of heat until the end of June – a few hot days perhaps – but nothing continuous. Joanna heard the same today from Dr Stewart.

Dear Baby had not been well this morning, but she was lively, and sweet this afternoon. I took an oil sketch of her for Joanna. Her limbs are nice and round. She is a perfect picture. Papa and Joanna returned to tea at seven. Soon after their return Don Dall'Oca and his pupil Ferrante Gonzaga called and sat half an hour. They brought Mamma a little book, the life and death of the priest Tazzoli, which the Princess had promised to lend her.

Saturday 12 April

Mamma rose with a singular sensation of weight on her eyes, and seeing double. She and Joanna went to Powers to be photographed. I went to the Uffizi and made great progress in my drawing.

Mamma, Joanna, Mrs Zileri, Baby and I went to the Boboli Gardens. The horse chestnuts are in splendid blossom, and everything so lovely. We watched the sunset among the mountains, looking over that beautiful plain, broken by Monte Uliveto, all wood-covered hills and seen through a foreground of cypresses, and that one beautiful stone pine in the Boboli garden. As it was a private day, there were only children and nurses about, with gardeners and masons. We spoke to the little Wilsons and Halls at play there, and compared babies.

Prince Gonzaga came in about half past six and sat three quarters of an hour chatting with me. He only talks Italian. Mamma said a few words and joined in the conversation with a little help from me. Papa took him for Dr Alvisé and received him rather stiffly sitting down again to his Savonarola, until Professor Villari came in and then Papa discovered his

mistake. Professor Villari was most agreeable. We talked much with him on the state of religion here.

Sunday 13 April

Baby looking lovely. Papa and Mamma are very fond of her. She holds out her arms to Mamma to take her. Mamma and I went to Mr Hall's Church, and heard a very good sermon.

It poured with rain all the morning, but in the afternoon it cleared and we took a charming drive. We found warm shawls very comfortable. There were grand clouds and lights and shades. We drove out of the Porta S. Niccolo and across to the falls or weir of Rovezzano, then over the suspension bridge there to Santa Croce, and so home. The cherries are now formed on the trees, the corn grown very tall though still green, clover, so fresh and lovely. Charming villages, churches and villas, and always those beautiful hills and mountains. Crowds of people everywhere, well-clothed, taking their walks. There is such order every where, and the land cultivated like a garden.

Monday 14 April

I went to the Uffizi and drew. Joanna called for me, and we went to Costoli's studio together where we saw a beautiful statue of one of the Theban heroes executed by him in Rome. A lovely little Cupid too with Butterflies sold to the King. The King is expected here.

Joanna played Garibaldi's hymn on our return with one hand, holding baby with the other, who watched her fingers attentively. Mamma, Joanna and I speculated on the advantages of taking a home at the Brompton end of London when we return home.

Tuesday 15 April

Joanna and I visited the studio of Dario Angiolino to see a beautiful copy he has made of the 'Madonna della Seggiola', which he offers for sale at 45 Napoleons or 36 pounds. It is taken from the original at the Pitti.

Joanna dropped me at the Uffizi, and went on shopping under Massimo's escort. I had a good drawing from twelve to two. It is quite cold – such a sudden change from the heat – it affects everybody. We sat at home all the afternoon. Mamma is troubled with dimness in her eyes, which we attribute to eating some cheese. Papa has a return of the pain in his side yesterday, but today he has taken a very long walk without pain or fatigue.

We sent Baby up stairs to be exhibited to Costanza Gonzaga; she was unusually bright. She crows and screams for fun, and is in such a state of animation she rolls herself almost off the sofa. She laughs and enters into a joke like a child of a year old. Her large deep blue eyes look so merry when her tiny mouth breaks out into a smile or laugh. She is not fat, but firm and beautifully made; a wiry little thing with such a spring and so strong. She sits bolt upright, drawing up her little neck and her dark hair standing a couple of inches on end from her round beautiful forehead. She looks like a fairy. People exclaim at her beauty. She has beautiful hands and feet. Costanza Gonzaga is a very nice child, very simply brought up. She came down to see us in a high tartan frock and pinafore like an English child. Mamma did not feel well, so Joanna sat with her in the bedroom.

Wednesday 16 April

I went to the Uffizi and drew until the Marchese Feroni sent Campana to shew me the view from the balcony over the Loggia de' Lanzi at the end of the Uffizi.

Mrs Powers the wife of the sculptor called on us this afternoon. Afterwards Mamma, Joanna and I took a charming drive, though farther than we intended. It is still cold, and there is a sprinkling of snow on the distant hills, but the day was brilliant with clouds over part of the sky. The fruit is formed on the figs, cherries and peaches. The roads are lined with china roses etc in full blossom; loads of white may, large purple irises like a garden flower in England, clover etc etc. The delight of flowers here is that everybody can gather.

We drove towards Majano, and passed near an old castle where Charlemagne once was, then skirting the side of hills we drove along to Fiesole. The roads are all excellent. We looked over a glorious view. We were all very merry, though Mamma was half frightened at our steep descent.

Thursday 17 April

Mamma has a tiresome affection of her eyes seeing two objects instead of one, but not constantly. When this goes off she has a weight on her eyelids and a glazed feeling in the eyes, as if seeing through water. We sent for the Homeopathic Doctor.

In the evening Mamma wanted to see Mrs Hall to talk about the Doctor. Whilst Mamma talked to her, I talked to her brother Mr Mallan of Geneva. Joanna and I then went up higher to call on the Princess Gonzaga and sat a long time with her and her children, and Don Dall'Oca. This last came down stairs with us, and I had some more interesting conversation with Papa about the translations of the Bible. Papa has had a most interesting day visiting St Mark's with Professor Villari, and told us all about it. He read us out part of Gladstone's excellent speech on Italy. Papa is very well and in excellent spirits.

Friday 18 April

The Homeopathic Doctor called, and ordered Mamma Belladonna. Mamma, Joanna and Mrs Zileri with baby walked in the Boboli, and Papa and I took a stroll in the Torrigiani Gardens, which are brilliant with flowers.

Saturday 19 April

I went to the Uffizi. Papa, Mamma and Joanna with Massimo went to the Cathedral to see fireworks and a dove descend on a string, emblematic of the Holy Ghost. In spite of her double vision Mamma was feeling full of spirits. She stood holding one hand over one eye to see it better. She lost her purse in the crowd. The spring weather has returned.

Sunday 20 April

I finished my first twenty pages of translation of Migliarini's pamphlet with a slight sketch of his life, the material for which I have obtained from the Marchese Feroni.

Easter Sunday. Mamma was much annoyed by the affection of her eyes, seeing double and begins to feel uneasy or rather puzzled about them. She and Joanna and I walked in the Boboli gardens in the evening. As she and I were walking down the terrace towards the obelisk we saw a man, woman and child descending by an opposite path, and she told me she saw double of each, and when I asked her which was which she said both visions were so positive, she could not tell. Near objects she sees quite correctly.

The Princess and Costanza came to our rooms to see Baby washed. They afterwards with their children and Don Dall'Oca spent the evening with us. Mamma sat on the sofa and talked much with the Princess Gonzaga, and I told stories of Harry's soldier life in India to Ferrante.

Monday 21 April

Mamma sat all day in a darkened room. A lovely morning. Joanna went early with Mrs Zileri and Baby to the Boboli, and sketched. Mamma, Joanna, Mrs Zileri, Baby and I took a delightful drive in the evening towards Settignano, across the suspension Bridge, and home by the Porta San Gallo.

Tuesday 22 April

Not so bright a day. Papa and Mamma drove in the Cascine. Mr Alvise the Venetian, formerly secretary to Manin, called on us and talked much with me about Venice. He promised to take us to see Tommaseo. Mamma put on a green veil which she found a relief.



Wednesday 23 April

Darling Baby was not quite well. Mamma, Joanna and I took Costanza Gonzaga with us to see the races in the Cascine. The Prince and Don Dall'Oca were in another carriage. Mamma was in very cheerful lively spirits. I thought she had lost the double vision till on my questioning her she told me she had seen well by holding one hand over one of her eyes, and with the protection of the veil helped her to see and enjoy the sight.

The King had arrived at the Pitti at 12. I was busy painting for the Marchese Feroni, so, with my card at the other end of the room only rushed backwards and forwards to the window. Joanna, Mrs Zileri and Baby stood at one window, and at the other Mamma stood watching for the arrival of the King holding her veil close and looking with one eye. He drove up quickly. He had made a wrong turn in the city and had disappointed the National Guards who had been drawn up in a certain line hoping to see him all the morning. There was not a great crowd therefore in the Piazza Pitti. We afterwards saw him very well at the races. He looked like a mail coachman, good-natured and not so ugly as his photographs represent him.

The race ground, the wood of the Cascine, the distant lovely view of Monte Morello, Petraia, etc and the crowd of carriages and gay dressed people made it a lovely scene. An English horse won to Mamma's delight, who enjoyed herself very much in spite of her eyes, and indeed she saw all right at first, she said, the double vision coming on again latterly.

Thursday 24 April

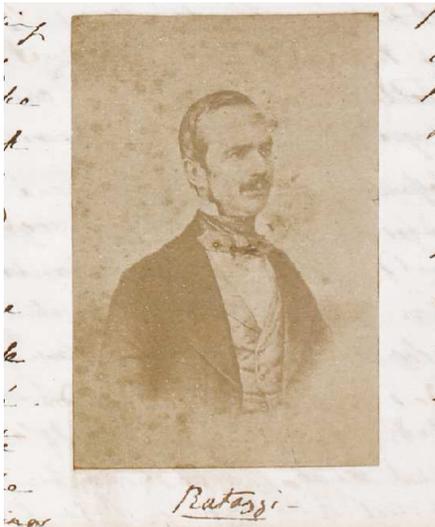
Mamma's eyes much the same, not worse for straining them yesterday. We could hardly persuade her not to go to the Ball tonight, and had the King been going, I do not think we should have succeeded. She is full of spirits, and very cheerful. Papa is rather melancholy as Villari has not been here for more than a week which annoys him; but he wrote yesterday to say he had had a brother staying with him, but would call on Sunday. Papa had a cold too yesterday, so got a hot bath, and as his appetite was very good we were not uneasy. He feels influenza-ish today.

Papa called on Powers with Mamma and Joanna, and walked in the Torrighiani Gardens. After dinner he and Mamma both took a nap. She walked quite well, Joanna says, in the Torrighiani Gardens. Joanna called on the Sidney Brookes's and had a long talk with them about Mamma's eyes.

We asked Princess Gonzaga if she would chaperone us to the Ball this evening, as Papa and Mamma are both better at home. She came down herself to say that she was going to spend the evening quietly with a friend, but that the Prince would be happy to take us. Mrs Zileri took Baby to Dr Wilson this morning and she is better this afternoon and looks lovely; she jumps in our arms and smiles, but she was very obstreperous against a dose of rhubarb ordered by Dr Wilson.

I bought lovely roses from the one eyed man at the foot of the stairs at the Uffizi for us to go to the Ball, six for about an English three pence, splendid tea roses. The sky today is cloudless, such a lovely evening, and a yellow glow on the ilexes in the Boboli, and the Belvedere seen from our windows.

When the Princess Gonzaga was calling this morning Mamma felt her eyes glazed, and as soon as she left she saw quite plainly again. This looks like a nervous affection. In spite of her eyes annoying her Mamma accompanied Joanna and me in the evening to the Sidney Brookes's to bid them goodbye. Papa staid at home to nurse the remains of his cold. The Marchese Carlo Torrighiani is likewise laid up with a severe cold. Mamma was in very good spirits, and quite enjoyed her hour at the Sidney Brookes's. We met there Powers, Mrs William Wadsworth, the Sloanes etc. They are so good-natured, admiring Joanna's and my dresses for the ball. Mamma spoke to Mrs Sloane a good deal about the beauty of fireworks in Pisa and Florence, but on an allusion to the Grand Duke Mrs Sloane turned away her head, as if overcome by the recollection, which so amused Mamma that she imitated her to us in the carriage as we drove back.



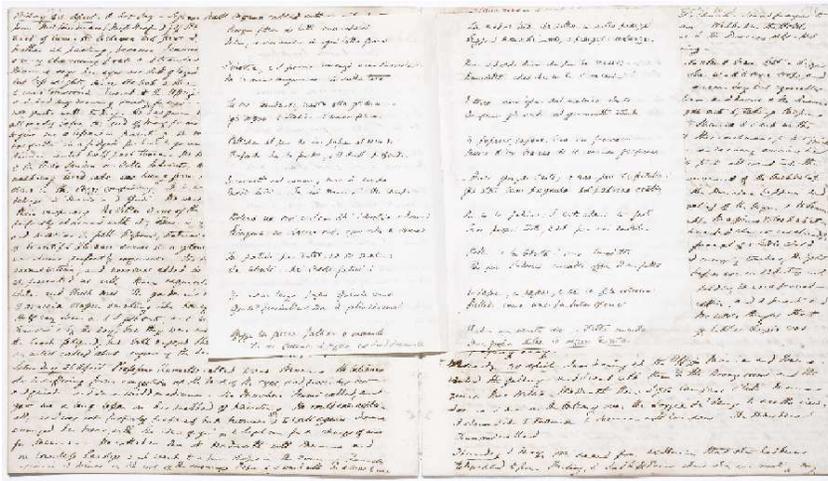
We reached home before ten, when down came Prince Gonzaga punctually to take us to the festa. He was capital, never quitting us, and was so good-natured. We were rather amused at the Marchesa Torrearsa asking him if he was acting as our father, as he must at least be ten years younger than me. I had a great deal of conversation with him, about the history of the old Gonzaga family, his ancestors, whose history he is engaged in compiling. Mrs Wilson caught hold of me, but I found her very gossipy. Joanna had a long talk with the antiquarian Passerini in Italian. I had some talk also with Professor Vannucci, who is a very interesting person. The Prince was so very good-natured, always patiently standing by when we wanted to talk to anyone, and looking quite happy.

Passerini told Joanna that Ratazzi was in the room, so we went in search of him. He has a pleasing face, much better than his photographs. They call him the *Signora* because he tries to make himself agreeable to everybody. Joanna looked very nice in her pink wreath and white silk and pink and real sweet roses. I wore my lilac moiré gold necklace and the gold bracelet sewed onto the black velvet tiara on my head. Mamma said she liked my headdress particularly and my new Roman earrings.

Friday 25 April

Signor Dall'Ongaro called. He staid an hour and we were very tired of him. He is clever but forward, and told me to look on him as a brother at parting, because I consulted him about Venice. He is however a very charming poet and translated some of Mrs Brownings.

This morning Mamma says her eyes are still glazed – like water on a glass before them, but less weight since she took a blue Pill. We have however sent to Zanetti to come tomorrow. I went to the Uffizi. Campani saw me coming from the window and had my drawing ready for me. I saw old Professor Migliarini, but he was not quite well today. He has given me some more MS and says he will have all ready before the end of May for me. The Marchese Feroni is coming tomorrow to give me a lesson in painting.



We all took a drive to the Villa Candia or Villa Salviati, the Villa where the Archbishop Salviati lived, who was hung from the windows of the Palazzo Vecchio for his share in the Pazzi conspiracy. It is now likewise called Villa Mario, as it belongs to Mario and Grisi – we were shown the room

where the Pazzi planned their conspiracy. The Villa is one of the loveliest we have yet seen. Papa was perfectly charmed with it. There is a lovely garden with thousands of roses, and acacias in full blossom, statues etc. The panorama from the Villa of beautiful Florence seen in a glowing sunset and those grand distant mountains perfectly exquisite. The house old and battlemented – old vaulted rooms within, and new ones added in excellent taste. Very civil servants who presented us with three exquisite nosegays as we drove away, of red white and blush roses. The gardener's daughter brought us a large bunch of acacia blossom smelling like honey. The drive homeward most lovely. Half way Joanna and I got out, and with Massimo walked. Neither Papa nor Mamma was the least fatigued, but both enjoyed themselves exceedingly. In the evening an artist called about engraving the head of Savonarola for Papa's book.

Saturday 26 April

Professor Zanetti called to see Mamma. He believes she is suffering from congestion of the back of the eyes, and prescribes rest and quiet and some mild medicine. The Marchese Feroni called, and gave me a long lesson on his method of painting. He could not explain all, as I was not properly prepared, but promised to call again. Joanna arranged her boxes, with the idea of going to Leghorn for a change of air for Mamma. Papa and I went with M. Alvise to see Tommaseo – a most interesting visit – he is quite blind.



Sunday 27 April

Joanna went to Mr Hall's Church – I read prayers to Mamma at home. Her eyes were troublesome. Walked in the Boboli Gardens. Papa, Mamma and Joanna drove to the Doccia Hill. Hot in the day, but delightfully cool in the evening.

Monday 28 April

Mamma troubled by her eyes. She went to some shops, and in the evening walked in the Boboli Gardens, a warm day but agreeable.

Tuesday 29 April

We dined rather earlier and drove to the Quarries at Fiesole all together. Papa and Joanna got out and, taking Massimo with them, went to examine the Quarries. Mamma and I sat in the carriage and talked to the *man* as we call this coachman, to distinguish him from the *boy* a younger driver. Mamma was very anxious he should find some hay for his horse.

We first all went into the Cathedral and looked at the beautiful monument of the Archbishop of Fiesole by Mino da Fiesole of which the Marchese Capponi had spoken to us. The infant in the opposite relief of the Virgin and St Leonard so like our baby that Mamma made us call Massimo to look at it. We took a long drive along the hills and descended when it was already late by Poggio di Castello. We met the funeral of a little child – the coffin was borne by girls in white and carrying torches, the lights of which we saw from the hill above, before we could distinguish what it was, but we asked Massimo who told us it was a funeral. A large wreath of flowers lay on the little coffin and a priest and young man bearing a cross preceded it.

Wednesday 30 April

I was drawing at the Uffizi, Mamma and Joanna visited the gallery – and I went with them to the Bronze room and the gems. I got Campani to take Mamma, Joanna and me on the balcony over the Loggia de' Lanzi to see the view.

