



servants. The porter looked very venerable with his white dress and cowl and bald head, and black beard – a handsome youngish man with graceful gentlemanlike manners.

We had a long talk whilst Papa was away, with an old peasant woman and her daughters. The mother looked ninety, hollow, wrinkled and grey, with remains of beauty, but told us she was fifty six. They were all much astonished when I told them Mamma was seventy five – “so young! so pretty!!” and, “Look at her beautiful teeth!”. They were equally surprised at Papa’s youthful appearance.

As we descended the steep descent the mother walked by my side chatting. She told me how she had been in this convent when a child when it was occupied by the French. That in a convent near there were three nuns, two of whom had been born in India where, they told her, they never wanted a fire. She said things had become very dear now, and these were hard times, one of her daughters weaves straw hats and another linen.

Monday 2 December

Signorina Giarré told us, speaking of the sacrifice for the war, that a Genoese lady who lost her husband in the war of ‘48, brought her five sons to Garibaldi, and told him, “General, take them, I gave birth to them for Italy.” A poor woman at Leghorn whose husband had been killed, took her two sons on board ship for Genoa for the war – One cried in parting with her, when she exclaimed “No tears; revenge your father’s death on the Austrians.”

I went with Papa and Mamma to the photographer’s for Papa to sit for his portrait; Papa was taken by Alinari, with his head resting on his hand – After parting with him Mamma and I walked to the Corsini Palace – A fine suite of about ten rooms – with a great many pictures, some very fine – the most interesting is a drawing by Raffaele for his portrait of Julius 2nd with all the prick holes, to rub the black powder through on the canvas.

We returned to luncheon, and then Joanna and I took Massimo to the Duomo. The sun was bright and hot, a brilliant blue sky and soft air tempted us to mount to the top. It is an ascent of 530 steps – We came out once upon the gallery which runs round the interior of the Dome of the Cathedral, close to the gigantic figures of the frescoes of the Last Judgement by Vasari. The staircase after that became very narrow as we climbed between the double dome with the great chain round the interior one as placed by Brunelleschi – We at length emerged from a hole, much as King Solomon is represented coming out of the grave in Orcagna’s fresco of the Last Judgement in the Campo Santo at Pisa – Massimo pulling us out and representing the angels.

We found ourselves on a wide marble platform, divided into six or eight compartments under the arches which form the crowning dome which supports the cross. A slight railing divided us from the world below and we crept cautiously along close to the wall. Under each arch a different view or picture of exquisite beauty presented itself. The country with its olive covered hills, soft yet vivid in colour, the blue Arno winding along through town and country, and the white sparkling houses from the town and the villas all around. The people were distinctly seen below and the hum of voices and movement reached us.

This evening the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani spent an hour with us. As the business of the Exhibition is over, and he has leisure, he promises to take us to see his gardens soon. He is at the head of a Committee for improving the lodging houses for the poor. As soon as the poor receive the key of their apartments they are entire masters of their homes – and it is only if something wrong occurs that they are turned off.

Friday 6 December

The day was so threatening and grey, that we had to give up a pleasant project of an excursion with the Marchese Torrigiani to his gardens. The day became sunny and bright towards the afternoon and Joanna and I made an expedition by ourselves. We shopped along the Mercato Nuovo and Vacchereccia to the Piazza della Signoria and I bought some books at Cammelli's shop; then along the bustling Via de' Calzajuoli for mitts for Mamma, and in a window we saw a photograph of Passaglia just arrived from Rome, which Joanna gave me.

Thence we proceeded to the Via Ricasoli on the other side of the Cathedral, where we had a vain search for the house of Giotto. To the Badia, the old church opposite the Bargello, into which we stepped for a few minutes. The door of the Bargello was closed – we proceeded across the Piazza della Signoria by the Uffizi, and along the Arno to the Ponte Vecchio, where we fell in with Mr Bracebridge, who walked with us stopping at every jeweller's shop, and also to look at the view. The Carrara mountains were in a glow with the setting sun, whilst the hills on the opposite side towards Vallombroso were white with snow against the blue sky.

Saturday 7 December

We stopped at the Church of Ogni Santi to look at Giotto's Crucifix, and at two small frescoes by Ghirlandaio and Botticelli, also a fine altar piece, now in the Sacristy by a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi. Mrs Zileri accompanied Joanna and me and Mamma escorted by Massimo met us in the church. We found her seated in the middle of the church on a bench.

In the evening about seven the old Marchesa Feroni called. She is a remarkable person, with great remains of the beauty for which she was once celebrated. She speaks capital English, but has so low a voice Papa could hardly understand her – She takes a warm interest in politics, and is delighted with all at present going on in Italy. She said the priests in general were against the temporal power of the Pope. She is peculiar, in bad health, takes snuff and coughs but is very refined in look and in manners and richly dressed.

Sunday 8 December

I went to the Italian Church, and Mamma Joanna and Mrs Zileri to the Scotch – Blanch and I went to Mrs Bracebridge to talk over the stone she is erecting to her husband's memory. She walked back with me afterwards from the Hotel de la Ville to our house. Harry Stewart called and Mr and Mrs Macbean from Leghorn. The Marchese Torrigiani sent me Champollion's work on Egypt as Blanch wanted me to take a drawing from the winged figure of the Divinity for Mr Clough's tombstone.

The windows at the Pitti all lighted up for a grand reception given by the Prince Carignano. A soldier's funeral has just past our windows.

Monday 9 December

I have a head ache – the first I had since my arrival in Florence – A brilliant day – another cloudless sky, and the snow has all disappeared on the hills. Blanch called at ten, and I went with her to Marsili, about a ring in memory of her husband – Mrs Bracebridge met us there.

Mamma and Joanna called for me, and we called on the Marchese Gino Capponi. We found him at home, but he was quite shocked that we should have mounted up 115 steps to his rooms at the top of his Palace. He thought it was Papa, and did not mean him to come up so high again. He was in his dressing gown, cap and slippers and inhabits a suite of small rooms, with little furniture, so he can grope about without risk. His servants appear very

kind to him, but it is a sad fate. His voice and manner were cheerful as usual and he always has such a dignified appearance; the look of a perfect gentleman. He pointed out to us in his rooms some fine drawings by the Florentine artist Sabatelli, who had been patronised by his father, and was pleased at my observing the cast of a dead warrior's head he had had taken from a monument at Ravenna.

Tuesday 10 December

My headache well. Papa and Mamma had a lesson from Signorina Giarré. Joanna and I went in a cab with Massimo accompanying us to the Marchese Torrigiani to take back his book. Leaving Massimo with the book we walked across the Ponte alle Grazie – A cold morning and fog over the Arno, and the distant hills, but above our heads a blue sky and sun bright, always brighter as the day advanced.

We walked along the Arno to the Uffizi which we reached about twenty minutes past eleven, and were surprised to find the Gallery closed, and a number of people waiting. We at last discovered among them old Professor Migliarini, who told us that twelve o'clock is the usual hour when the Gallery opens on Tuesdays, and that an exception had been made for the Exhibition.

After luncheon Mamma, Joanna and I, with Massimo left cards at the banker's Mackay, who had sent us an invitation for the season, and called on Mr and Mrs Macbean (the Leghorn Consul) now in Florence for a short time, and lastly the old Marchesa Feroni who was ill. We then proceeded to Madame Parlatore. They live up at the highest storey of a house in the Via Cerretani, leading to the Hotel York. She is a charming person, and her sister Signorina Crippa also, but not so pretty. Signora Parlatore is about three or four and twenty, and very pretty and refined, with a charming expression; very fair, like one of Leonardo Da Vinci's angels – graceful and sweet in her manners. She might be an Englishwoman so fair. Her husband is in bed with a cold. He has to give his first lecture today.



Florence is of itself so attaching – so soothing in its loveliness, and yet not the dead feeling of a country town in England – Life everywhere, in the sun, in the river, in the hills with their thousand villas – in the living present – in the living past. The great families of Florence are not like the noble families in Europe like a caste apart, but are a part of the Florentine people. There is much republican equality and brotherhood of feeling.

Wednesday 11 December

Papa and Mamma quarrel over the Infinitive Verbs in the morning. Mamma lies awake talking Italian to herself – Both work so hard. Today she walked with Papa from the Ricasoli Palace home, only sitting down once for a little while at the Apothecaries – She took a little nap on the sofa for half an hour. She ate a good dinner, and then listened to Joanna singing Garibaldi's hymn and a Neapolitan song – She is bright cheerful and well, as if she had had no walk.

We went all together to the Riccardi Palace and saw the Library, but as the Librarian, to whom we had an introduction from Professor Parlatore, was out, we only saw a few books,

the most interesting being the Bible of Savonarola, with all his marginal notes. We also went to see the Chapel painted by Benozzo Gozzoli – so very beautiful. We only staid a short time as Papa had cold feet. We had a letter also to Signor Bigazzi the Librarian of the Accademia [sic] della Crusca – a character who appeared to us in a red worsted cap. He was very polite and took us to see a ceiling painted by Luca Giordano.

Thursday 12 December

A lesson from Signorina Giarré. She told us much about a Normal School for girls instituted in Florence by a very clever superior woman, Signora Paladini – There are about 200 girls, half little ones the rest between the ages of ten and twenty, all training for school mistresses. It was established in 1859. The teaching gratis, but a certificate required of the honesty and respectability of the parents and that the pupils can already read and write Italian.



We met Signorina Giarré by appointment to see the school. We were much struck by the grace of manner and politeness of the pupils and mistresses. They teach History, Cosmogony, Natural History, Drawing, the Elements of Geometry, Map Drawing, French, plain Needlework and all kinds of Embroidery. An infant school is attached to the Normal School, in which the pupils learn the art of instruction.

On our return we found the Cavaliere Passerini calling, and speaking of schools led to the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani. He says there is no one here so beloved by the poor, and that he is

always labouring for schools and benevolent institutions. He also spoke of Professor Zanetti, the surgeon, who is now appointed chief physician to the King. He has long attended the poor gratis, and even paid for the medicine he has ordered. He is a strong liberal and took a prominent political part in 1848, a very noble character.

Friday 13 December

I heard from the Marchese Feroni, offering to take us next Thursday to visit some of the Antiquities in Florence. Joanna and I called on the old Marchesa Feroni to see her gallery of pictures, some of which are very fine, especially a head of an angel by Carlo Dolce, the finest I ever saw by that master.

The servant handed us each a scaldino, or China basket full of hot wood ashes, but we did not know what to make of it. People here hold it in their hands or place it near their chairs or under their feet and the warmth is very pleasant in this weather, and in rooms where there is no fire. Soon after our return Signora Parlatore and her sister Signorina Ida Crippa called. They are from Milan, and have been here two years but this is the first year they have seen a fog in Florence, which still continues. Professor Parlatore is appointed a Commissioner for next year's exhibition in London.



bed. Dr Wilson says the baby is like Moses with Pharaoh's daughter. It is a lovely little fat round quiet thing.

Monday 16 December

The Marchese Carlo Torrigiani called – and was much surprised to hear what had happened. He came in full dress in the evening on his way to the Prince of Carignano in the Palace. We in our morning dresses, very tired. He told us much of a school he took an active part in, founded by Prince Demidoff, and of his travels to England France and Germany in 1842 to study the system of schools abroad. He aims at training the working man mentally and physically for his honorable vocation. He published a report in 1847 which he offered to send us of the Demidoff school. The school has now fallen into the hands of monks and nuns and the Marchese Torrigiani has ceased to take an interest in it. He told us the Municipality is building 100 new lodging houses for the poor.

Tuesday 17 December

A busy morning with baby – Papa and I went to the Scuola Superiore, a sort of Royal Institution, and heard a beautiful lecture from Professor Villari (the author of the life of Savonarola) on the philosophy of History. He is quite a young man, and speaks very rapidly, too rapidly for Papa, though his enunciation is very clear, and his pronunciation and composition very beautiful.

I am taking Quinine for the fogs. I had to get a new mourning bonnet – the third bonnet I have got this winter, but we are obliged to put on mourning for Prince Albert – Joanna and I shopped for baby's clothes. We have an English maid Amelia (the wife of an Italian in the hospital) recommended by Dr Wilson to help and nurse Mrs Zileri – She says in the seven years she has been in Florence she never saw such fogs as this winter. Mamma is quite well, but longs to get out, but cannot while the fogs continue.

Mrs Zileri wishes the baby to be named after Joanna. Massimo was rather inclined to have her christened in the Baptistry as I was, but Dr Wilson said the cold would kill her. Mamma has been laughing heartily over all the events of Sunday with us – But she is unhappy at being kept in doors by the weather. She has no pains and is very well. Papa has not been quite happy since the cold set in, that he cannot sit in his little room without a fire, and in the drawing room he is so often interrupted by visitors, and now about the baby, and we have to take all our meals there instead of the drawing room as we have given up the dining room to Mrs Zileri, who is very cheery, poor soul and very patient. We have however arranged to have a good fire in Mamma's room for Papa with an armchair and table.

Quinine has quite restored me. I have made up a cap for Mamma, and am reading the pamphlet on the Demidoff school sent me by the Marchese Torrigiani. Little Baby looks so pretty – I rocked her up and down to Katherine's Indian song, and Joanna and I dispute who can put her soonest to sleep. She is very plump.

Thursday 19 December

The fog has cleared away and Florence is as brilliant as ever, such a lovely sky and not very cold, though we see a sprinkling of snow on the distant mountains. With the return of sunshine Papa and Mamma are quite cheerful again. Mrs Zileri and Baby have had an excellent night, but Amelia having suddenly left us we have had much trouble looking out for a woman to replace her. As Mrs Zileri cannot nurse Baby has to be bought up by hand, which increases our difficulties.

After luncheon Joanna and I took an hour's drive to leave books we had to return at various houses, and to some shops – buying a beautiful little gold Etruscan ring for Papa to present to Mamma on her birthday. I bought her a clasp of Milanese work and Joanna a photograph of Florence.

Saturday 21 December

Dearest Mamma's seventyfourth birthday. We took a drive to Mozzi or Villa Spence as it is called – Nearly to the top of Fiesole. Such a brilliant day. The views recall to me those of Mr Williams in Greece. I counted seven ranges of hills in the direction towards Rome, from the plain round Florence and the Arno to the far distance.

This Villa is that in which the Pazzi first determined to murder Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici. There still remains the Arcade or Loggia where Lorenzo used to walk with Politian and Ficino, looking over that glorious Panorama from the Carrara mountains to Vallombrosa, and down on that lovely Florence, which is described by Mr Hallam. The Villa with its pretty gardens is very comfortable – not too large. The walls of the rooms painted in frescoes, landscapes and Arabesques and many beautiful pictures, ancient sculpture and curious pieces of furniture such as large chests painted, for the trousseau in old days.

Dearest Mamma is looking so well; at least ten years younger, and when Papa and we were planning an ascent to the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio to visit the cell of Savonarola she was eager to be one of the party, saying "she saw nothing." On our way back we called at the Villa Ombrellino, but the Fransonis had all gone into Florence. Mamma gathered one of the beautiful roses which are in blossom in thousands in the hedges, and brought it to Mrs Zileri, laying it on her pillow. The Baby is a perfect love, and Massimo never forgets his duty to us in his attention to his wife. Caterina our cook is most obliging – and we have the milkman's wife Annina in to help.

Sunday 22 December

The Marchesa Frasoni called, and paid us a nice visit. She and her husband have both been ill, and now her son has the mumps, but she came to inquire if we had had an invitation from the Marchesa Torrearsa to the ball at the Prefecture for the 1 January – the Capo d'anno –.

In the evening whilst we were at dinner we heard Mrs Zileri's voice at our drawing room door – Massimo went out, and gave such a cry on seeing his wife and child at the door, and the whole dining room in a blaze. A piece of burning wood had fallen from the fire on the basket of wood which Massimo had placed near the fire as a support for the plates warming for our dinner. Annina had been sent out – there was no one there – Mrs Zileri saw the light of the fire as she lay in her bed, and crawled out on hands and knees with the baby through the room to us. Massimo managed with all our help to extinguish the fire and carry his wife back to her bed. I held baby in the drawing room, till Joanna and Mamma had seen the mother safe and composed, which her own self-command helped soon to restore.

Monday 23 December

Another brilliant day. Papa has received a very flattering letter from the Marchese Torrigiani containing the introduction to Professor Villari he desired.



After luncheon Papa Mamma Joanna and I all went to the Pitti Palace to see the private apartments for which we had a special order. They are very gorgeous, and contain some beautiful things – One room of old Florentine tapestry as fresh as if manufactured yesterday. This is equal to Gobelin, and from beautiful original designs. The subject is the seasons, and above are frescoes by Cosimo Rosselli – Beautiful specimens of Pietra Dura in tables etc. The Florentine woodcarving is especially remarkable for taste composition and finish –

gorgeous lustres of enormous size of carved wood gilt. The bedroom in which Pius IX slept in 1859 preserved as it was then fitted up. A bed of rich white satin embroidered – on one side an exquisite Pietra Dura relief of the Annunciation, and a picture by Carlo Dolce in a Pietra Dura frame; another picture surrounded by a massive silver wreath of flowers by Benvenuto Cellini.

Papa and Mamma afterwards returned home, but we walked down along the Lung'Arno to Marsili and then to call on Mrs Bracebridge at the Hotel de la Ville back by the Vigna Nuova to the Irish baker to buy oatmeal, and to the English Chemist opposite the Corsi Palace – by the Via Porta Rossa to Corsini our grocer, to inquire about a maid for Mamma, then back to the Lung'Arno and across the Ponte Vecchio home.

Poor Papa found his new Dictionaries soaked in oil on his table from a dripping lamp, and startled me, as I sat on my sofa writing letters by his exclamation of horror.

Tuesday 24 December

Papa called on Professor Villari, and had an interesting conversation with him. He speaks English perfectly and corresponds with Mr John Stuart Mill who resides at Avignon. I went to the Uffizi. I found Professor Migliarini there. He told me much of his speculations regarding the true action of the Apollo Belvedere, which he does not believe to have been that of shooting an arrow. He spoke of minds beyond the age they live in, of Shakespeare, Homer, Dante and Flaxman. He remembered Flaxman in Rome, and has the greatest veneration for his genius, which he does not yet think sufficiently valued. He said Flaxman like Raffaele had the rare quality of being able to note down his thoughts as they ran in his mind, stereotyped, as it were, there – Raffaele had had the superior education and Flaxman therefore being unassisted genius often draws with a certain stiffness, from the desire to avoid the opposite extreme prevalent with his contemporaries.

Joanna and I went in the afternoon to buy Christmas presents. Every body seemed to be engaged in the same occupation, and all looked so gay. We left the *Illustrated News* at the old Marchese Feroni. She lends us them constantly – We called on Signora Parlatore and sat some time with her and her sister and saw the baby. We like them much. They are

attending Professor Parlatore's lectures three times a week, where they say many ladies attend. They are as much educated as English ladies, graceful and very pretty. While we were out Papa and Mamma had had the Marchese Capponi with them, and had given him an account of the baby's birth at which he exclaimed, "C'est une chose unique!!"

Wednesday 25 December Christmas Day

This morning we gave dear Papa his ring from all his children – Mamma gave him a box of almond paste for his hands from the Spezeria of Sta Maria Novella – I gave Mamma Cedar Pomade from the same. Mamma gave us each a pretty little pair of coral earrings set in the Etruscan manner. Then we rang for Massimo, and gave him some trifles for which he was very grateful. They were chiefly for his child and he said "Baby can't thank you and I can't for I have not words." The sweet Baby is most winning. We gave Caterina her presents for which she laughed most merrily, and when we gave Annina hers I received a kiss on my cheek for which I was not prepared.

Joanna and I drove to Professor Villari, to leave a packet from Papa, and then called on the Marchese Capponi as he had regretted not seeing us the day before, and we hoped to wish him a Merry Christmas. He had gone out, but we left cards and our good wishes and proceeded to the S.S. Annunziata to hear mass. It was unluckily just one and we only came in time to see the crowds pouring out. In pulling out my handkerchief I lost my keys and a pair of gloves, but when on our way home and long out of sight of the church, a young man brought them to me – I was surprised at his discovering their owner, but I suppose foreigners are unmistakable.



Found Dr Wilson calling on our return. He had been frighting [sic] Mrs Zileri about her baby and most needlessly – The child is fair fat and lovely – Joanna washes dresses and tends it as well as its mother.

Thursday 26 December

Mamma Joanna and I visited the beautiful Church of Or San Michele – Andrea Orcagna's shrine is most exquisite in workmanship and in composition. On our return we found an invitation from the Marchesa Torrearsa for the festa at the Palazzo Vecchio for the Capo d'Anno. Joanna and I immediately started to Ville de Lyons where I bought a lilac watered silk for the occasion.

In the evening Professor Villari drank tea with us. He is a young man with a very fine head, but too short a figure. He is full of genius, and with large and liberal views and opinions, and very agreeable, but not so graceful in manner as the Tuscans – He is a Neapolitan. Professor Villari remarked himself to us, what we have remarked, that Tuscany professes more than any part of the world men who are gentlemen from the highest to the lowest, with a perfect republican equality.

Friday 27 December

Mamma has ordered herself a new cap for the Festa – Grey satin ribbons.

Saturday 28 December

Mamma walked in the Boboli gardens – We found a part new to us full of statues – The birds singing.

Sunday 29 December

Engaged a new Italian maid for a month. Mrs Zileri was able to move to Mamma's room for a little while. Went to the Duomo in the afternoon – Examined the Bas relieves [sic] by Ghiberti.

Monday 30 December

Mr Bracebridge called. Papa and I went in the evening to the Parlatores, and walked home by moonlight. Mamma not quite well.

Tuesday 31 December

Mamma better. She went with Joanna to the Egyptian Museum – She did not sit up for the New Year though she heard the Duomo toll 12.



*The Ponte Vecchio and the way to the Uffizi*