

Safe in the confines of their carriage, the family joins in on carnival celebrations. Other carriage rides during the month take them to the Strozzi villa, towards Fiesole and around town. Visits to churches continue: Susan's reaction to Pontormo's work in Santa Felicità shows how tastes have changed. Great interest is taken in the development of the Marchese Torrigiani's schools, and Susan visits a school run by the Signora Paladini. Susan presents a copy of a Century of Despotism in Naples and Sicily, her 'sketch' of Colletta's history of Naples. Susan continues to be industrious, and fills the rest of her time with visits, concerts and the theatre. Her father is examined by Zannetti for his selective deafness, while on the first day of spring her mother has a fall, foreshadowing what is to come.

Saturday 1 March St. David's Day

Pouring all day. I went to the Uffizi in a carriage to finish my drawings but after sitting at work four hours found it impossible. Baby begins to look very wise, and smiles and even laughs at Papa and Mamma. Her mother calls her a witch – Joanna made her sit on the piano whilst I was singing and she joined in so comically. She roars when taken in to a dark room. We have got a wet nurse for her. Mrs Zileri gave Joanna a beautiful Pietra Dura broach. Graham Stewart sent arrowroot from Leghorn.

Sunday 2 March Carnival Sunday

A beautiful day – We took a carriage and drove along the Corso joining the string of carriages, three or four deep which passed round the Piazza Sta Croce and all along the Arno. Some dresses and masks – carriages full of flowers, especially where there were young men, to throw at their friends, besides some bonbons thrown. A dog in a carriage with a paper in his mouth with the Pope's words.

We saw among our acquaintances, Baron Gaetano Ricasoli and his family, Mrs Wilson, the Marchesa Laiatico and all her children and the Fransonis – She jumped up so suddenly and threw a handful of bonbons at us and flowers, but they flew right and left and bending our heads we lost sight of their carriage. Made Parlatore and Ida Crippa were looking down from an upper window.

On the Lung'Arno a splendid Camelia was thrown, as we supposed at Joanna who handed it to Mamma – but it turned out to be Marsili the jeweller throwing it at me, which I thought very impertinent. Soon afterwards, when Mamma's head was turned the other way, a boy jumped on the step of the carriage and snatched the flower from her hand, at which she was much vexed, as she meant to take it to Mrs Zileri. A boy from a window threw down a bonbon in a curl paper which hit Mamma's nose – It is really dangerous sport. We longed for the children at home, who would have enjoyed the fun.

Monday 3 March

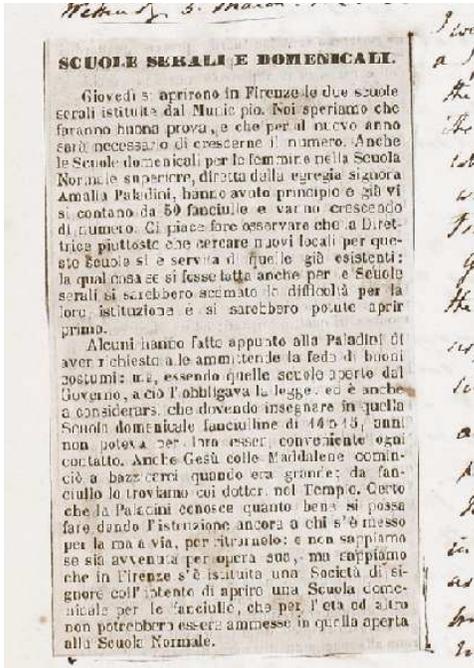
Mild but damp. Baby and Mamma had quite a game of play – Both putting their heads suddenly forward and baby squeezing up her eyes and laughing so funnily. She is perpetually working hands, arms and legs.

Mamma Joanna and I went to the Guadagni Palace in the Piazza di Santo Spirito, to see the fine Salvator Rosa's – A smell of a dirty stable which annoyed Joanna who had a headache. The air thundery – Great clouds, and rain falling every now and then. We are so sorry to hear Ricasoli has resigned. Ratazzi will be too subservient to Louis Napoleon.

We went to the Laiaticos – expecting their usual Monday evening receptions, but they have none tonight. Just before starting the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani called, but Papa hurried him away, so we lost both. The Marchese Torrigiani will not be able to come and see us

again for some time, as he will be engaged with his evening schools, so it was the more unlucky Papa was in such a hurry. I read him my letter from Turin about the Torre del Greco School.

Tuesday 4 March



The Marchese Torrigiani sent Papa his Programme for his Evening Schools. Mamma, Joanna and I walked to the little Church of Sta Felicità, close to us. It is built on the site of an ancient cemetery. Beside it is a school and inserted in the wall many old monuments. In the little Piazza in front is a column commemorating the fight when the Paterini or Heretics were defeated and driven out by Peter Martyr.

In the Church the first Chapel on the right is by Brunelleschi, with a slight dome-shaped roof, and a feeble picture by Jacopo di Pontormo. Two Chapels further down a Crucifix by Andrea Pisano with much beauty – beyond that, an interesting picture by Giotto – a Madonna and Child with the saints full of dignity and beauty. We asked leave to look into the Sacristy, and were most politely bid to enter by a Priest. Another Priest was reading his Breviary and went on, undisturbed. The Sacristy is also by Brunelleschi – Dome shape again prevailing, and a

frieze of cherubs' heads and a curious and interesting picture of Sta Felicità with angels by Spinello of Arezzo, and a Madonna by Lorenzo Credi.

We then walked to Or San Michele, and Mamma sat down in the Church, whilst I sought out the Sacristan. We looked at Andrea Orcagna's beautiful shrine, and asked to see the Archives, but this being Carnival time it was closed, as was also the Chapel of the Fratelli della Misericordia in the Piazza del Duomo, and the Opera del Duomo, for both of which we tried – Maskers and holiday people about. We sat a little while in the Cathedral – A large awning has been put up for the Lent sermons.

As we came out the rain was pouring in torrents, and Joanna alone had brought an umbrella, so Mamma and I squeezed into a half open carriage, and protected by our parasols, got home – In the afternoon I had a long drawing of Savonarola and finished it, and read a little on Venice and helped to take care of Baby, whilst Massimo took his wife to see something of Carnival – Papa busy with his translation.

Wednesday 5 March

We read over the Marchese Torrigiani's projects for his schools. I went again to the Uffizi and finished my group from the Lucca della Robbia – The Parlatore called whilst I was out. They want us to know the Prince and Princess Gonzaga who occupy the apartments above us, where the Cloughs lived. They say they are such very nice people. Mrs Sidney Brooks has arrived in Florence – and sent us books they have brought for us from England – They are at the Hotel de la Ville – A Mr Bache called, a young musician from Birmingham, with an introduction from Mrs Schwabe.

Mamma and Joanna had been to the Accademia, but found it too cold to remain. Joanna and I went a shopping expedition – Wrote to the Marchese Capponi an Italian note, and sent him a copy of my Colletta – Also to the old Marchese Feroni – Sent back the picture of Savonarola to the Marchese Feroni.

Thursday 6 March

Mounting my drawings all the morning. We drove to Barbèra, the publisher, also to Dicci the music shop where Papa left us to go to Paoletti the bookbinder – and we went to Bernoud, one of the first photographers here, and bought the late Marchese Laiatico, Mammiani, Sauli etc and Mamma bought Stenterello. Next to Cammelli, the bookseller, and Philpott the photographer on the Lung'Arno, I bought from Philpott for Caroline Lyell beautiful views of the Medici palace and the Torrigiani Gardens and the staircase in the



Bargello – reached home at half past two. Mamma, Joanna and I walked in the Boboli Gardens to sun ourselves – We met Mr and Mrs Macdougall.

Friday 7 March

The Marchese Gino Capponi called when I was out. He came to thank me for sending him a copy of my *Century of Despotism*. He sat an hour with Papa Mamma and Joanna.

Saturday 8 March

We three drove to the Palazzo Strozzi outside the walls, but not having a permission were refused entrance, and accordingly drove across the suspension bridge to the Villa Palmeria, but could not see that, and so home by the English Cemetery. We took Mrs Zileri and baby. Mamma Joanna and I went to Blumenthal's concert in the evening – Very beautiful – met Professor Villari.

Sunday 9 March

We were at Mr Hall's service – The Marchese Frasoni and her daughter called. Mamma Joanna and I walked in the Boboli Gardens and went to the Belvedere, where we sat and admired the view some time. The shadows on Monte Morello beautiful – Mrs Zileri and Baby accompanied us.

Monday 10 March

The Marchese Frasoni, and Maria called. She was suffering from deafness from an abscess in her ear. We walked in the Boboli Gardens. I was two hours in the morning again in the Uffizi and saw the Marchese Feroni a minute when I asked him for an order to see Petraia, and then went to Professor Migliarini's room, and got on with the Catalogue of Cameos and a work on Chiusi, which we hope to visit. He had a long talk with me on politics etc. Mr and Mrs Sidney Brooks called – Joanna and I went to the Tornabuoni to buy some music before dinner.

We were all at a party at the Marchesa Laiatico – Rather dull to us, as we met no one but the family that we knew. Papa was introduced to the Librarian of the Corsini Palace in Rome. One English lady there besides ourselves. About forty or fifty people, officers etc all

very lively and happy and easy. A profusion of flowers. Papa pleased with Ratazzi's speech last night – but the Italians say – all words.

Tuesday 11 March

Joanna and I attended a lecture of Professor Parlatore – We met the Prince and Princess Gonzaga, and their son and daughter there, and saw them drive off in the cab of the driver we call the Boy. We had baby's nurse's husband to drive us today. Mamma, Joanna and I called on the Countess Karòly, Miss Chesney and Mrs Hopkins, Miss Fullerton and the Parlatore's – all out – A piece of dust in my eye spoilt all my pleasure.

We returned to take up Papa and drove to the Boschetto, the Villa of Prince Strozzi, where Michael Angelo used to visit. It is most lovely. The hill on which it stands is divided between the Villa and the Benedictine Monastery of Monte Uliveto – where there are only six monks – No Palace in England can exceed the beauty taste and riches without gaudiness of this Villa – Frescoes on the ceiling with incidents from the life of Luigia Strozzi and Michael Angelo. We went up to the old Chapel, and past the stables, through the woods where the paths are decorated with busts and statues, and over a bridge to the Monastery – One lovely view after another bursting upon us over the plain and distant hills, and down upon the loveliest of cities.

Papa and Mamma would not lose a thing, and went up hill and down, and in the evening after our return far from being tired, Papa read and Mamma worked – We finished our walk by sitting in the Orangery of the Villa Strozzi amidst oranges and lemons, Camelias and Primulas in blossom, and the whole decorated with statuettes – Three nice dogs followed us about, and though the Gardener's boy who shewed us about had to run more than once for the keys, he would hardly accept any money. I suffered from the dust in my eyes all the way home when we made a little round by the Suspension Bridge to the Cascine. I called on Mr Macdougall, and had a long talk with him about the sale of the book for the Neapolitan Schools. I found him very enlightened and liberal in his views.

Wednesday 12 March

A couple of hours drawing in the Uffizi, nearly finished the outline of the second drawing from the Bas Relief of Luca della Robbia. The Marchese Feroni came to me very kindly, and



gave me order to see the Buonarrotti gallery etc. Professor Migliarini took me to the room where those gems are put aside, not shewn to the public. He shewed me a beautiful portrait of Bianca Capello; the only portrait of her taken in the days of her beauty.

Joanna and I walked and drove to Sta Maria Novella. There was no one in the Church but ourselves, and a young man sketching from the tomb of Filippo Strozzi, and twenty or thirty monks who were engaged

in the afternoon service. Twenty kneeling in the nave, ten on each side. It was a very picturesque sight, and striking from associations with the past. The singing was

inharmonious. As we left the Church a thunderstorm began, and we got into a street carriage, just as heavy drops of rain began to fall.

Professor Villari was with us in the evening – very busy with Papa over Savonarola, but we had likewise some interesting conversation. He told us the favourite caricature at Turin just now is the King of Prussia plucking the petals of a daisy and saying, “Io la riconosco, Io non la riconosco”, alluding to his hesitation in acknowledging the Kingdom of Italy. We also spoke of the evening Schools; Professor Villari urging Papa to advise the Marchese Torrigiani not to attempt too much – He told us elementary works on history are much wanted.

Thursday 13 March

At a little before eleven we all four drove to the Casa Buonarrotti to see Michael Angelo’s House with the order we had received from the Marchese Feroni. The last of the family is dead, and has left it to the city of Florence. We saw some curious specimens of Etruscan Vases from land near Chiusi where the family of Buonarrotti had possessions. Also a model in wax by Michael Angelo of his David. His slippers and the sticks he used when old, to walk about Florence. Scraps of his poetry, and frescoes and a statue by Rovella with a bronze bust of him by Giovanni di Bologna, full of life, adorn the rooms. Other works of art likewise adorned the rooms, Greek, Roman and Etruscan, a Madonna by Luca della Robbia or his scholars and a few good pictures, among them a very beautiful Titian.

We then drove to the Scuola Maestrale where I was set down, as I wanted to call on the Signora Paladini, the head of it, to speak about the Torre del Greco school. She is one of the remarkable women of Italy, very like a young Mrs Jameson. She is very deaf, but has carried out all this scheme of education, and her example as well as her writings are cited as an authority. Her manner is at first somewhat reserved and cold, but when she finds you really interested in what is going on she is very friendly. She told me the two girls she is sending as school mistresses to Torre del Greco are among the most competent of her pupils. Made Paladini is anxious for a branch Committee being established at Florence.

One of the young training girls took me to the playroom of the infant school where there were about a hundred little girls at play – I was struck with the absence of all disagreeable smell, though these children belong to the lowest families in Florence. As the day turned fairer than it promised the large glass doors of the playroom were thrown open and out ran the whole tribe jumping and skipping into the garden, they were provided with plenty of skipping ropes etc.

Mamma and Joanna called for me in about a quarter of an hour, having dropped Papa, and conveyed me to the Marchesa Torrearsa where they left me. I was shown into her private room where there was a beautiful half-length portrait of Garibaldi which she told me was taken of him at Palermo, and also a picture of Ruggiero Settimo. Whilst I was waiting for her, her father the old Duca di Serra di Falco came in, very kind and polite. I had a most agreeable visit to the Marchesa Torrearsa; she is so very sweet, and sensible and agreeable, and speaks excellent English. We talked about the schools, and then about politics. I was glad to find she appreciated Kossuth and Garibaldi although the warmest adherent of the present system of government. She told me Ruggiero Settimo had been like a father to her from a child, and she shewed me a model with his head. We talked of Rome. She said if the French leave the Pope says he would at once go to Austria, which would complicate matters dreadfully. People are a little anxious how Garibaldi will act.

On my return home I found a letter from the Duchess Bevilacqua La Masa promising me more programmes about the schools. Dr Stewart called to inquire about the schools, and promised his support. Mamma and Joanna have been shopping. Baby began rusk today. She is so very sweet. I drew her and nurse's baby yesterday – rather a caricature of the last, but the mother thinks it like.

Friday 14 March

Victor Emmanuel's birthday – A goodly display of flags from the windows – Various circumstances have made him less popular just at present however and among others the dearness of provisions caused by last year's hot summer having destroyed the olives – I began modelling a little head of baby and Joanna read us the American news.

A lady and her daughter with an introduction from Lady Monteagle called on us. About half past twelve Professor Villari called with Signor Alvisè the former secretary of Manin, and I had some useful conversation with him about Venice. He has promised to introduce us to Tommaseo who is here, poor and blind. Poor Annunziata in great trouble about a sick sister. Joanna has had my drawing of Savonarola photographed by young Powers.



Saturday 15 March

I went to the medal and coin room with Professor Migliarini, and had a most interesting lesson of two hours from him. The collection begun by Lorenzo de' Medici is one of the finest in the world. The Brit. Mus. collection only dates from 1750. I was shewn the Etruscan Boar, a most splendid coin. Only two such in existence. A gold coin of Neptune seated (like Jupiter) with his trident for a sceptre fine as a work of Phidias – Neptune's son behind him, a lovely boy springing towards him. Most interesting Etruscan coins. A Medusa's head etc all in wonderful preservation.

Mamma and Joanna had meantime been driving to Careggi, the former country house of the Medici – Mamma said this second visit was a little disappointing, we have seen so many more beautiful villas since. Papa had been to the Nat. His. Museum and met Professor Cocchi and Dr Daubeny.

After luncheon Joanna and I called on Dr Bertelozzi to inquire about Annunziata's sister – He has such a nice sensible manner, and speaks English. Joanna and I made our way to the little Piazza and Church of S. Martino where Dante was married – so quiet and curious a spot. We saw the door of the house he lived in. The Church is very interesting and curious, surrounded by paintings by the scholars of Masaccio. Here too the society meet who provide for the *poveri vergognosi*, for those who are ashamed to beg. Over a box outside is written in a very old inscription, that those who drop in half a franc will receive indulgence for one thousand eight hundred years, a favour Joanna and I willingly bought. As we passed through the Piazza della Signoria a military band was playing under the Loggia de' Lanzi. It sounded so pleasantly.

We have been weighing baby, who has gained four pounds in two months. Joanna practised some of Blumenthal's music. Baby was vaccinated two days ago and weighs 14 pounds Italian (12 ounces in the pound). The old Marchesa Feroni called in the evening, bringing a Signor Pazzi a sculptor.

Sunday 16 March

Mamma Joanna and I attended Mr Hall's service. In the afternoon we all three went to the Boboli gardens, and then Papa and Joanna went to the Nat His Museum to see some fossils with Signor Cocchi and photographs of bones going to the London exhibition. Papa heard from the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani, thanking him for his advice about the Evening Schools. Joanna and I got some delicious bonbons fruit strung on sticks and dipped in candied sugar – They are sold in the streets.

Monday 17 March

Drew at the Uffizi. I had an interview with the Marchese Feroni on various matters. He is recommending me a copyist for a picture for Mrs Ropes.

Tuesday 10 March

At Petraia – A stormy day – Splendid views – Black clouds with bright gleams over Florence. A lovely fountain of Venus wringing her hair by Giovanni da Bologna – Fine flowers and ilex trees 300 years old. At Castello we saw the Child on goose and January mentioned by Sir Charles Bell. Papa, Mamma and I at Mr Sloane's in the evening.

Wednesday 19 March

A wet day – Marchesa Laiatico called – St Joseph's, Garibaldi and Mazzini's day. Joanna and I went to see the Church of S. Felice – Professor Villari spent the evening with us.

Thursday 20 March

The Sidney Brookes and the Miss Delon drank tea with us. We took Miss Delon to see Baby asleep. She said she never saw so beautiful a child; like an angel.

Friday 21 March

I was again at the Uffizi, and visited the coins again with Professor Migliarini. He shewed me chiefly those of Asia Minor, and lent me a little book he thought might be useful to me. When I returned home I found Mamma and Joanna just returned from Mr Powers, where they had been to sit for their photographs. Joanna had had hers taken but poor Mamma had been prevented by a disagreeable fall over a step at the entrance of Powers room. She has knocked the skin off the top of her nose, but does not suffer much from it. She only consented not to go out again this afternoon with great persuasion.

Joanna, Mrs Zileri, baby and I drove up to the Frasoni's, as Mamma had already ordered the carriage. The servant told us they were out so we drove to a Villa near built on the site of Dante's Villa, where a well is still preserved of his house, and the garden being the same where he walked, we looked at the lovely view of Florence below and thought what he must have thought. The weather showery, and grand clouds over Monte Morello, reminding us of



Scotland. We are still in our winter dresses and find a close carriage comfortable. In the evening I had a note from the Marchese Frasoni, so vexed at her man having denied her to us.

Saturday 22 March

In spite of her nose Mamma went with Joanna to the concert, and would shop afterwards. Her face is a little black now, and I think she ought to keep quiet, as she feels a little tired. I went to the Uffizi and I settled about a copyist for Mrs Ropes picture, Edoardo Marchioni. I staid late drawing, and Professor Migliarini gave me the key of his room to lock it up when finished. Showers all day.

Professor Villari had been calling in my absence, as well as Marsili who wanted to shew me some gems. Massimo and Mrs Zileri took baby to see Dr Wilson – He says he would take her for a year old, she looks so wise. She is always smiling and sweet tempered. Massimo and Mrs Zileri bought such a beautiful pair of China vases for Mamma, and an inkstand for Papa and a taper for me. I have got the life of Garibaldi sent me by Mrs Schwabe, which Mamma has quite enjoyed reading.

Sunday 23 March

Mamma had a capital night, and is feeling much better this morning, though the bruise spreads over her cheeks, and with the wound on her nose, it looks worse than it is. She is well and cheerful, and has made a wonderful escape. Papa went to Zannetti today about his deafness. He heard Professor Parlatore's lecture quite well, yet, when we speak to him, we have to repeat the same thing over and over again; Mamma and I thought it quite a mistake for him to be in the same town with one of the first surgeons in Europe and not consult him; and Mamma wrote to the Marchese Torrigiani for an introduction to Zannetti. He sent such a very warm and flattering note, saying it was a privilege to know a man like Papa. Zannetti received Papa most kindly.

I read prayers to Mamma, whilst Joanna nursed baby and let Mrs Zileri go to church. After church, the Marchesa Frasoni with her nice daughter and son called, and paid us a long visit. Papa, Mamma, Joanna and I drove to Arcetri to see Galileo's house, and whilst Papa was taking down the inscription, we had a chat with such nice cottagers opposite the house.

We then drove to San Miniato, and walked about the cemetery and the Church – all crowded with well dressed people, fathers, mothers and babies, lads and young girls and women, and groups of merry boys, and all but a few beggars, clean and well dressed: the children with broad fat rosy faces. We are much struck with the great cleanliness of the people and the rosy healthy look of the children. Very orderly, and the land cultivated with so much neatness, fields, gardens, all in order.

A lovely day, and cloudless sky after all the rain we have had. The corn a bright green, a foot high, the hedges white with blackthorn, and the cherry and pear trees in full white blossom mingled with the grey foliage of the olive, the ilex and dark cypress, and this with the country thickly studded with sparkling villas over hill and plain is a beautiful combination. The wide plain bounded with the distant mountains, the undulating hills round Florence and that beautiful Monte Morello and the grand forms of the many ranges of mountains as far as the Carrara mountains make the view so inexpressibly lovely especially in spring, and in the tints of the evening sun, shining down upon the Cathedral and City and the Arno winding its course along past the woody Cascine. We see large scarlet and purple anemones on the banks now. The Church of San Miniato smells so sweetly of flowers laid on the tombs.

Monday 24 March

At the Uffizi finished my second Luca della Robbia. I wrote catalogue for an hour – Mamma and Joanna paid me a visit. In the afternoon Joanna and I shopped. We went to the Badia and saw one of the most beautiful pictures we have seen here. It is by Fra Filippo Lippi and represents the Virgin appearing to St. Bernard. In the same Chapel a beautiful Luca della Robbia. Two fine monuments in the Church by Mino da Fiesole and a very sweet Virgin with St. Laurence and St. Leonard. I found a note from Mr Macdougall on my return about the schools – Lord Harrowby has arrived in Florence.

Tuesday 25 March

The feast of the S.S. Annunziata. I wasted my morning in a vain attempt to make up a bonnet. In the afternoon we walked in the Torrigiani Gardens, and admired the Camelias and Cinerarias in full blossom. In the evening we went to the Alfieri Theatre to see Don Bucefalo a musical farce, the author and chief actor is a man of the name of Buttero. A musical Bouffé most amusing, who kept us in fits of laughter – but so graceful and gentlemanlike. He plays splendidly on the piano, and equally well on the violin.

Wednesday 26 March

At the Uffizi – started my third drawing, Mamma and Joanna called for me and we drove to Pazzi's studio and saw his figure of Dante, making for Ravenna. It is too theatrical. We then shopped. Whilst Mamma and Joanna were in a shop buying gloves in the Via Calzaiuoli, I sat in the carriage and was looking at the beautiful statues outside the Church of Or San Michele when the Marchese Feroni came up, and stood talking with me until they came out. The Parlatores had a party in the evening to which we went, and met their sister and her children and the tutor of the young Gonzagas and Costanza and Ferrante Gonzaga etc.

Thursday 27 March

In the afternoon Mamma, Joanna and I drove out shopping, and called on Countess Cottrell (Sophy Tulk) who received us very sweetly. She has a charming boy of the age of our Leonard and very like him in look and manner. Mamma was much interested in him, and amused by his looking so interested in the accident of her nose, which she related to him. He brought us his little sister to see.

We afterwards drove to the Casa della Misericordia, and saw some interesting Luca della Robbias and a beautiful picture of a Madonna, which the man exhibiting it called by Andrea del Sarto, but we thought more like Raffaello's work. The finest Luca della Robbia there could not be shewn this day. The place was filled with Fratelli putting on their dresses to carry some sick person to the Hospital.

After our return, Mamma and I went up stairs to see the Princess Gonzaga, who we found extremely pleasing, and I was as much pleased as I had been the evening before with the priest and tutor, who is an accomplished liberal minded man. In the evening the Marchese Torrigiani came in for an hour; he cannot spare more time now, as he is so much occupied with his schools. We had Lord Harrowby, his son Mr Ryder, his daughter-in-law and Mr Macdougall. We had much pleasant conversation on schools, art, photographs, Italy etc.

Friday 28 March

I was at the Uffizi looking over coins with Professor Migliarini, I was there three hours. It poured with rain all the afternoon, but we had a delightful visit from the Marchese Capponi, and afterwards from Lord Harrowby. We had Mr Esmeade with us in the evening. He was very agreeable.

Saturday 29 March

I had a nasty headache all day. Read Giannina Milli's poetry lent me by the Marchese Torrigiani. Deluges of rain. Joanna got out in a fair gleam as far as the Via Garibaldi, to settle some business of Blanch's about photographs. She called on the Sidney Brookes's. She was very wet when she reached home. We were disappointed of a promised visit from the Marchese Feroni this evening. He sent us an order for the Villa Demidoff.



Sunday 30 March

Mamma and Joanna went up to Mr Hall's to read prayers. I read prayers to myself. Signora Parlatore and Miss Crippa called to bid us goodbye, as they are just starting for England. Papa, Joanna and I went to the Ponte Vecchio to see the Arno, as it is much swollen, and our visitors had told us it was quite *spaventosa*, but we were rather disappointed as there is still space under the arches. The river is coursing along at a great rate.

We went into the old Church of S. Stefano, the oldest in Florence.

Here Boccaccio lectured on Dante. As the air was delicious after the rain, and the sky a clear blue, we persuaded Mamma on our return to take a cab, and drive up to a Villa beyond the Poggio Imperiale to call on Miss Chesney and Mrs Hopkins, introduced to us by Mrs Sabine. They are living at a great height amidst fields now covered with large scarlet anemones, and tulips – yellow, red, white and pink – sweet smelling jonquils, white like a garden hyacinth, and fruit trees in full blossom; the green corn so fresh and lovely. We found both ladies very pleasant.

Monday 31 March

Papa and I called on old Mr Kirkup – a singular character here, introduced to us by Lord Harrowby – He lives in a house close to the Ponte Vecchio, once the residence of the Knights Templar – A strange room full of furniture – a grand piano, a large table covered with oil paints and brushes, and every imaginable article; clever drawings and paintings, in frames of all description, on the walls – A great coat, or cloak or something on every chair. Three parrots in cages, and on poles, a robin and a sparrow flying about the room. Mr Kirkup himself like an old astrologer – and quite deaf. He received us very politely, and shewed us an interesting relic of Savonarola in a box which once held his ashes, and containing a coloured portrait of him. It belonged once to the Gherardi family.

Papa went afterwards to call on Lord Harrowby, and I went to the Uffizi, and had a good morning of drawing. Mamma and Joanna called for me a little before three, in spite of rain, and we made a round of visits. Mamma and Joanna wished to hear Gavazzi in the evening, and Papa had to attend a lecture at the Marchese Torrigiani's evening school. Gavazzi does not however lecture on Mondays; poor Mamma was so disappointed, as the carriage was ordered, and so we determined instead to go to the play, and see Stenterello, the Florentine clown. We got a box without any difficulty costing only four francs and a half and Massimo allowed to stand gratis in the pit. But the piece was stupid, and we were glad to come away. The house was not at all full, except in the pit.