

In November Susan and Joanna begin taking Italian lessons with Signorina Giarré and Susan has a near disaster with her petticoat. The family become acquainted with Professor Parlatore of the Natural History Museum and the Marchese Gino Capponi. They continue to visit galleries, and make repeat visits to the Esposizione Nazionale. One amusing evening is spent at the Pergola for a performance by the 'improvisatrice' Giannina Milli, and another at Palazzo Vecchio for a Lottery. Clough's sister arrives on 10 November and a few days after this the poet dies.

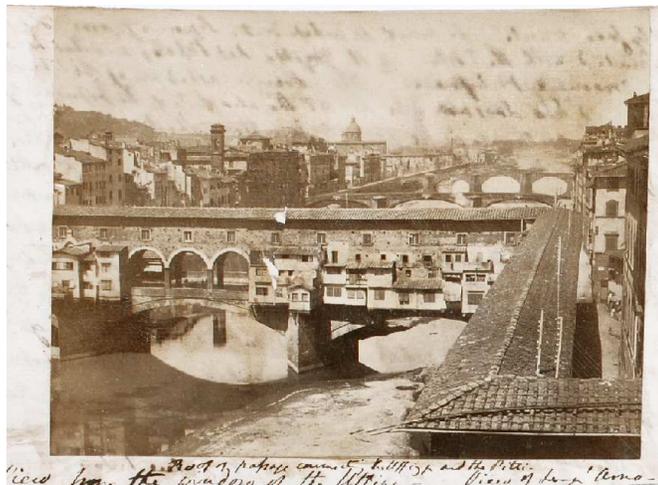
1 November All Saints Day

All the Galleries and shops closed. Professor Parlatore called – We think him very agreeable. He told us the Marchese Sauli has given away all the income he has received as Governor of Tuscany to the Infant Asylums and other Charitable Institutions – His office is now abolished, and a Prefect is to be appointed in his stead – so he will leave Florence and return to Genoa or Turin.

Professor Parlatore is a Sicilian and knows the Admiral Ruggiero Settimo, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms. He cautioned us about the sources of information on the state of Italy, as he said, men were much carried away by party spirit, and told us both the *Nazione* and *Gazetta del Popolo* were paid by the Government – The *Europa* is the Republican Paper, the *Armonia*, the organ of the clerical party. He shook his head about the state of matters – said, the Government had mismanaged the Provinces, and in Sicily though all hate the Bourbons, there is not one man for the present Government – Thousands have lost their means of subsistence, and the Sicilians do not like to be reduced to a Province of the Italian kingdom.

Professor Parlatore said the spirit against the priests was increasing, that he himself felt the day for monasteries was past. But he felt the dislike to priests and want of respect for law was dangerous. He said Garibaldi was everywhere beloved, and all Sicily looked to him, and he alone could unite all Italians.

We spoke of the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani, for whom Professor Parlatore has the highest esteem and we spoke of the Abate Lambruschini who Dr Stewart had told me has done so much for schools here. Professor Parlatore told us he is old now, and not actively engaged, but continues to write for the Journal he started, chiefly for children *La Famiglia e la Scuola*.



After Professor Parlatore had left we proceeded to Blanch Clough – Mr Clough is better, he had been up – Papa saw him in bed a few minutes, and was surprised to see him look so well. Joanna went with Massimo to send a message for Blanch by telegraph to England, to ask Miss Clough and a maid to come to her. Professor Parlatore sent us quite a supply of books – and the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani others – We parted with our maid Luisa, who is dirty and takes snuff. Miss Wilson invited us to go to the opera with her but we refused.

2 November

Papa Mamma Joanna and I went to the Natural History Museum at 11 by appointment to meet Professor Parlatore. He shewed us all over the botanical department, and we admired

the wonderful method and arrangement. He pointed out to us the Papyrus of the Mediterranean and the old Papyrus of Egypt which he told us is extinct in Egypt, and is a tropical plant, brought into old Egypt from Abyssinia. Mamma and I sat down part of the time, as we were both fatigued with standing, and lost part of this interesting lecture. The wax copies of plants are most beautiful.

Professor Parlatore also took us in the same building to the Tribune of Galileo a sort of temple adorned with inlaid marbles and figures in relief, and with a fine statue of the philosopher at the end. His telescope is preserved in a glass case. We were here joined by a little old gentleman Count Borromeo from Milan, the descendent of Carlo and Federico Borromeo. He is a member of the Geological Society of London, and was quite pleased to see Papa.

We returned to luncheon. Professor Parlatore sent me a large work on Venice to look over besides some numbers of Lambruschini's work *La Famiglia e la Scuola*, and a volume on Sicily.

Sunday 3 November

Joanna and I did not go to church, as we feared it might rain but read Prayers with Mamma, and a Sermon of Theodore Parker. After luncheon Joanna took a walk with Mrs Zileri, and Papa, Mamma and I drove to the Piazza dell'Indipendenza, and called on Blanch – We took her with us a drive. Mr Clough was suffering from indigestion and the pain in his leg which we fear is a more dangerous symptom than Blanch is aware of, and is connected with the pain at the back of the head which Dr. Wilson considers spinal.

We drove to Carreggi where both Cosimo and Lorenzo de' Medici lived and died. It has lately belonged to the present Lord and Lady Holland who patronised our painter Watts. He studied long at Florence, living at Careggi and has painted a fresco here representing a traditional murder of the physician who attended Lorenzo in his last moments – He is supposed to have been accused by Lorenzo's servants of having poisoned him, and that they waited for him when coming down the stairs from the room, (the stairs are all now painted out,) and threw him into a well, (likewise shewn) in spite of the remonstrances of Savonarola.

The house and land now belongs to Mr Sloane. It lies near Fiesole on a different road. A great part of the drive there is between high walls. We saw a sprinkling of snow on the distant Appenines and we were glad to draw our shawls around us. The weather was bright after the morning's rain. All the old part of the Villa remains as in the time of the Medici, and the additions made by Mr Sloane are well done. Outside the house is a cube shaped mass of stone with an outside balcony with machioliations and crenelated top as in the Palazzo Vecchio. From this covered outer balcony all round the top there is a splendid Panoramic view of Florence and the country round; plain and hills – The gardens are laid out formal and trim; all in admirable order, as indeed all cultivation appears in this country.

The people even seem to exceed the English in order and arrangement, cleanliness and neatness of person and of house and garden. The streets of Florence however oddly enough are an exception for they are generally dirty and untidy – except in the large open Piazzas – We were shown the room in which Lorenzo died – the bed of Cosimo, and the sitting room they occupied and where they were visited by the remarkable men of that period, opening upon the garden.

4 November

At 11 Papa Mamma Joanna and I drove to the Church of S. Lorenzo to the Sacristy where are Michael Angelo's statues, and to see the Medici Chapel – No fees are now allowed to be given – All is thrown open to the public. Papa left us there, and after enjoying these glorious works of art, we walked to Blanch and took her with us in a carriage to the Exhibition, where she remained about an hour, but we staid till three, and took our luncheon in the refreshment room.

We met the Marquis Sauli who was very pleasant. In a few days he leaves Florence for Genoa. Papa had sent to him my little volume on Naples. We were remarking to him how well the people behaved here, so much being thrown open, and nothing injured – “It is quite true,” he said, “the Florentines have so much common sense; they are a good people.” We afterwards visited the Pietra Dura and statues in the Exhibition. One of the finest statues here is *Sappho* by Dupré; French by name but Italian by birth and a “codino” – Another by Magni a Milanese, attracts still more attention, though of the Natura Vista school – *La Leggitrice* – a girl reading on Italy.

5 November

A brilliant day though cold. I spent the morning in the Uffizi looking at the beautiful bronzes, whilst Mamma and Joanna were looking at the pictures. On our way there, Mamma bought herself a gown, and I ordered myself boots at Chiostrì. I visited Professor Migliarini and I talked with him on bronzes and vases. As I was going to him, the Custode who was conducting told me that his son had this morning destroyed himself – I was afraid of intruding but meeting Signor Campara he told me that I was not supposed to know what had happened, it might be useful to him to see me, and talk of other subjects.

He was very shakey and excited in his manner, taking snuff frequently – but he seemed glad to see me, and at once began talking of antiquities. He gave me an unusually interesting lecture, standing most of the time. I have since heard his son was very ill, and on being left alone a few minutes, shot himself. He made me sit in his chair, whilst he stood before me, and took out rare and curious works of art to shew me. He gave me a very interesting lecture on the Pelasgian, Etruscans and Greeks.

I afterwards joined Mamma and Joanna, and after spending a short time at the pictures we left and visited two photograph shops, foolishly wasting our time, and thence to Marsili to look for a ring for Papa. I spent the evening with Blanch. In my absence the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani spent the evening with Papa, Mamma and Joanna and gave them much interesting information on schools. In 1848 when the Grand Duke left Tuscany the Marchese Torrigiani and others were appointed to manage the schools, but on the Grand Duke's return they were displaced, but are now reappointed.



6 November

Joanna and I called on Dr Wilson to learn the real state of Mr Clough – We then went by appointment to Marsili to look at rings. He gave me some information on stones. The pure Etruscan Nicolo or sardonyx black and blue – He gave me some specimens of stones.

We returned to the Piazza Pitti, and were joined by Mamma and from thence to the SS Annunziata where we visited all the beautiful Andrea del Sarto. I liked the Madonna del Sacco better than when I saw it in 1848. On our return we had a visit from Signorina Giarré recommended by the Marchesa Franzoni to give us lessons in Italian. We feel the cold more from want of warm clothing than from want of sun, as our winter garments have not yet arrived. We see snow on the distant mountains.

7 November

Joanna and I had our first Italian lesson from Signorina Giarré. She is an ardent patriot and poetess. We asked her if it was true that the *Nazione* is paid by the Government, as we had been told by Professor Parlatore. She told us, on the contrary the Editor was a man of high and independent spirit. Signorina Giarré told us also she was acquainted with the Editor of the *Gazetta del Popolo*, and that he was equally free from government influence.

When Joanna asked her if she liked Garibaldi, she exclaimed, 'Who does not like him?' She also spoke of the popularity of the King, and of his importance in the present juncture. She described to us the departure of the Grand Duke with his head down, but the Duchess looking proud and insolent as ever. She says the whole family is detested except by a few, such as Professor Parlatore who was a personal friend, and who had received great kindness from him. Signorina Giarré's brother was sixteen in 1848, and was one of the youths who fought at Curtatone.

After Signorina Giarré's lesson, I went to the Uffizi – Joanna went to the Piazza della Indipendenza to sleep with Blanch, as Mr Clough is alarmingly ill, and Dr. Wilson hardly thought he would survive the night. Professor Parlatore called, and sat with us a couple of hours in the evening. We talked of the fine libraries and Museums of Florence.

8 November

This morning Mamma and I went at twelve o'clock to Blanch, and spent an hour with her and Joanna. We took Joanna with us to St Marco's, where I sketched the head of Savonarola in the Cloister. Joanna then returned to Blanch and Mamma and I went home. Papa had been at the Exhibition.



The Marchese Gino Capponi

Soon after Papa's return we had a very interesting visit from the Marchese Gino Capponi – He has just come to town. He is stone blind, as he has been for twenty years – He is the last representative of a family who have since the fourteenth century stood up courageously for the independence and liberty of Florence. His own life has been worthy of his ancestors. In 1847 there were two parties of liberals in Tuscany – One party believed themselves justified by the restraint placed on the Press and on freedom of speech, in using secret means to defeat the acts of the Government; at the head of this party was Professor Montanelli of Pisa, a remarkable man, the friend of Capponi and Giusti – The other party, whilst equally feeling the oppression, believed that the acts of the Government ought only to be opposed by open means, and within the limits of existing laws. At the head of this were Gino Capponi, Bettino Ricasoli and the

Marchese Cosimo Ridolfi, then tutor to the sons of the Grand Duke, and all three, men of different calibre in talents, as well as character.

The Marchese Gino Capponi had the respect of his countrymen, from the history of his family, from his unswerving rectitude and patriotism, from his varied learning and the modest simplicity and dignity of his mind and manner. To this are added a majestic appearance, and the long and fearless friendship he has maintained with liberals of every shade of opinion, who he received at his home, which had thus become the centre of political discussion, in a time when elsewhere all were under restraint. Domestic misfortunes and the loss of sight from the failure of an operation by a French surgeon rendered him more fit to aid the cause by moral influence than active assistance.

The Marchese Capponi talked to us of Colletta's history, and my translation, which had been mentioned to him by Baron Poerio. The Marchese Capponi said that in his private opinion Rome was not well calculated to be Capital of Italy – from geographical position and the character of the people. This afternoon a fresh set of books arrived from Professor Parlatore. I read an interesting pamphlet by Professor Migliarini on vases.

9 November

I went to the Uffizi this morning, and was some time looking at the Medici vase in the room of portraits. It represents the sacrifice of Iphigenia – I met Signor Campana, who went a message for me to Professor Migliarini – I walked to the end of the long gallery to look at some statues by Michael Angelo and by Donatello; the intoxicated Bacchus and an unfinished Apollo with a splendid Adonis dying (once in the Poggio Imperiale palace) by Michael Angelo; St John the Baptist and David by Donatello – a sleeping Cupid – black stone antique. I then visited the vases, and afterwards went to the little corridor to look at the beautiful marble works in relief by Luca Della Robbia, Matteo Rossellino and Rovezzano.

I was also some time in the Venetian room, where the paintings are a perfect feast to the eye. Two magnificent portraits by Titian of the Duke and Duchess of Urbino, especially the last, one of the finest portraits I have seen. I took a survey of the Tribune and Tuscan rooms and sketched from the picture of the first Cosimo de' Medici, by Jacopo di Pontormo.



supporting an Arcade, with curious capitals.

I returned to Mamma and drove out with her and Papa. We drove to the Bargello, and walked over it. It was formerly the Palace of the Bargello or Chief Office of Police, whence its name, and is older than the Palazzo Vecchio. It has long been used as a prison, but is now cleaning out, and being converted into a Museum of Antiquities. In the Chapel we saw Dante's portrait by Giotto – in a large fresco representing many other characters. There is one magnificent vaulted room, but the most interesting part is the Inner Court and staircase – a lion seated at the end of the balustrade, and the arms of various Podestas inserted in the walls – Octagon columns

We then drove to a shop nearly opposite in the Via del Palagio, and ordered a camp stool for Mamma; after which, we drove to the Piazza dell'Indipendenza and found poor Miss Clough just arrived with Blanch's maid Jane and the Courier. The day is warm, almost sultry – A

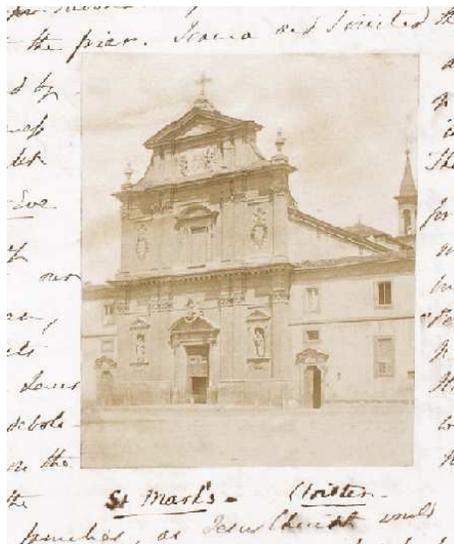
funeral passed our windows by torchlight; Benedictines carrying the body, and chanting as they went.

Sunday 10 November

Joanna brought a bad report of Mr Clough last night, when she returned home. Dr Wilson had objected to Miss Clough seeing her brother for fear of agitating him, but at night he told Blanch roughly it could do no harm now. Blanch was much agitated. Joanna overheard Mr Clough say to Dr Wilson when he went in after Miss Clough, and felt his pulse, "I daresay it flutters, after the surprise I have had."

Joanna and I went this morning to the Italian church, and heard a good sermon on the repentance of St Peter – Our ears have now got accustomed to Italian we had no difficulty in following the preacher. We drove afterwards to see Blanch, who had had a miserable night. The nurse did not come, so all depended on Blanch and Miss Clough, and Dr Wilson had said everything depended on giving Mr Clough port wine and strong soup at intervals all night – Happily Dr Wilson finds him better this morning – the pupils of the eyes more natural, and at times he is quite collected.

Blanch took a walk with us. We took her to St Mark's. On the way I felt an odd sensation at my feet and saw my steel petticoat coming down. I got my hand into my pocket, and held it up until we reached the cloister of St Mark's when I rushed in, as two boys rushed out to hear a military band playing in the Piazza. I had just time to drop it pick it up and tuck it under my shawl, and thus we proceeded to the Church of the SS Annunziata, which we likewise wished to visit.



11 November

Mr Webb Smith called. He is father to Mrs Codrington. His wife is dying of some painful complaint. He has lived fifteen years in Florence and is a pleasing sensible mannered gentleman. He scarcely appears to know any Italians in society, but is much interested in the Protestant schools. He told us all was going on so well – that the great benefit of the Exhibition has been in bringing Italians together from all parts of Italy; for it has been the policy of all the petty Italian States to keep them apart, which has had a most injurious effect on trade and manufacturers. The Italians themselves have been surprised to find articles produced at home, which they believed could only be procured from England or France.

Mr Smith spoke in the highest terms of Baron Ricasoli, and said the annexation of Tuscany to the Italian kingdom was all owing to his extraordinary firmness. Mr Smith also told us much of the old Madai affair, and of the former persecutions of the Protestants. He said the Waldensian preacher in Leghorn is a very remarkable young man. The priests preached against him, but he went to hear them, and replied to their accusations from his pulpit. They printed a paper against him to which he again replied by a printed paper. They then plotted to assassinate him, but some young Scotchmen with others armed themselves for his protection, and guarded him to the Church and back. The populace then took up his cause, and followed him in numbers, to see that no harm should befall him.

We went to the Church of the SS Annunziata and visited the frescoes of Andrea del Sarto, which Papa had not yet seen, and which he was much delighted with. We also looked at the row of lovely swaddled infants by the Della Robbias in front of the Foundling Hospital in the Piazza – An Augustine friar with a fine intelligent countenance and graceful manners shewed us an interesting little Chapel belonging to the Artists of Florence. Here they bury their dead, and have the services for the dead – Benvenuto Cellini, Bartolini and others lie in the Vault below, and frescoes and sculpture of artists of the 17th century adorn the Chapel above.

We called on Blanch and left Joanna there. On the way Mamma said; “how much she liked Florence, everyday something to see.” It is so much milder we hardly feel the want of our winter clothes, which have not yet arrived. Mamma has caught a little cold and is drinking barley water – She escaped all through the late cold winds, when we had colds, but has her turn now. Her new gown which is very pretty is now with the dressmaker.



12 November

We sent Massimo up to inquire about Mr Clough – He had a violent shivering fit today – It lasted half an hour and they sent for Dr Wilson – I fear it is a bad sign. We have nearly warded off Mamma’s cold with camphor, and persuading her to stay at home by a bright wood fire all day – The day was grey not cold. Mamma had her dressmaker in the morning. At twelve Joanna and I went for a couple of hours to the Uffizi to look at Michael Angelo’s statues at the end of the gallery, and at some of the pictures in the Venetian room. Then I went to Professor Migliarini’s room to look over the catalogue of vases and bronzes, but as they were old and confused, and I could not understand them, he kindly accompanied me himself to the vase room. There are some singular black vases with high but barbarous reliefs on them which are genuine Etruscan, some of which he had himself brought from a tomb at Chiusi. They were utensils used at the funeral feasts, which were celebrated in the first chamber as you enter the tomb.

Professor Migliarini drew my attention to two curious cups like our butter coolers of red clay, which he said were extremely rare and much prized even in the days of the early Romans. He pointed out some real Corinthian Vases with animals on them. We looked some time at the great Crater lately found, on which are representations in consecutive circles around the Vase of mythological and allegorical subjects. This was also found at Chiusi.

I joined Joanna in the Tribune, and we returned home. We found that Baron Gaetano Ricasoli had been calling on Papa and Mamma – He was very kind but took a melancholy view of affairs, but we must remember that until lately he had been reactionary in his politics. Soon after our return the Marchese Gino Capponi called. He came to tell me he had already found for me information on books relating to Venice. He praised Romanini’s work as a thoroughly reliable book, but as the author indulges in few comments or opinions of his own he is more an excellent chronicler than historian.

We talked of Hallam, and of Machiavelli. He believes the *Principe* to be written not as a satire, but as well meant advice. He said the last chapter is beautiful, expressing the author’s earnest desire for the liberation, independence and unity of Italy. There his good side

appears and we must allow for the corruption of the age he lived in. The Marchese Capponi spoke of the charms of his style also.

We talked of the Dean of St. Paul's, and his face quite lighted up speaking of him. He recommended to us to read the *Life of Savonarola* by Professor Villari, which has lately appeared. He has the liberty of his country at heart, as he might, by right of inheritance. The first Neri Capponi was the friend of Cosimo de' Medici, but opposed the ambition of the Medici, his son the friend of Pietro, again opposed him and saved Florence from Charles VIII. Niccolo Capponi maintained the liberties of Florence in 1530, and Neri Capponi, the Minister of the Grand Duke Ferdinand, used his influence on the side of liberal measures, and made Florence a home of refuge for political exiles from all parts of Italy.

Joanna walked with Mrs Zileri to San Miniato, and Mamma and I chatted.

13 November

This morning we heard poor Blanch has lost her husband. Mr Clough died in the middle of the night. Joanna went to her at once, and I followed with my pencil to take a sketch of him. We found his poor wife and sister in great grief. As she wished for a cast from his face, Joanna and I took a cab to the Uffizi, and I went to the Marchese Feroni to ask him where I could find one to execute it. I was tired and agitated, and he kindly made me rest a little, and then sent for Signor Campara, and got me all the assistance and directions etc in his power.

We drove to a caster and brought him with us to the Piazza della Indipendenza. After the cast had been taken of both the face and the hand, I made a sketch of the profile which was calm and beautiful. He died of paralysis of the lung. Joanna meantime accompanied Blanch to the cemetery to select the spot where he is to be buried, and I took Miss Clough a little walk. We then went to buy mourning for them. Mr Cunningham, a nephew of Sir Harry Verney's is here, and called to offer to be of use.

14 November

Joanna and I had a lesson from Signorina Giarré. She told us much of the Normal School for girls here, under Signora Palladini. There are 200 girls training there for teachers. They learn drawing, singing, French and geography, and are drawing a large map of Italy. Signorina Giarré told us much of that which took place here, when the Austrians were in possession under the Grand Duke in 1849. She saw them march into Florence with green branches in sign of victory, and she rushed into a shop to hide her tears, and avoid the hated site of the enemy. When a group was talking together, the Austrian soldiers dispersed them, and if an Italian sang in the streets he was silenced, whilst they themselves went about the streets, half intoxicated, dragging their swords along the pavement, drinking as they went, and howling out their German songs.

Mamma was anxious for us to accompany her and Papa on their drive, so I accompanied them, whilst Joanna went to Blanch. When we sent for a carriage, the man objected to take us to San Miniato. The Exhibition makes them very independent. We sent for another carriage and drove to the Poggio Imperiale, from where there is a fine view of the distant country; we visited the Palace, and saw a beautiful little Apollo – a favourite statue of Canova's, who attributed it to Phidias, and a pretty Greek Cupid.

From thence we drove to Galileo's Tower, and to the house where Milton visited him, and thence to San Miniato, which enchanted us all, and beautiful as I thought it in 1848, I think it ten times more beautiful than before. It was a lovely evening – the lights beautiful, and

the air warm and delicious, Florence, and the hills and woods, and sparkling villas, and the distant mountains, such a perfect scene of beauty.

Then that indescribably lovely church within, with its marbles, frescoes, mosaics and marble carvings! The government or municipality is now putting it into repair and converting the whole round into a cemetery. We saw one small fresco by Giotto, two or three by Taddeo Gaddi, and splendid frescoes by Spinello of Arezzo in the Sacristy of the Life of St Benedict. There is a most touching and beautiful head of Christ by Luca della Robbia, and many of his finest works in the Chapel of St. Jacopo where is the beautiful monument to the Cardinal of



Portugal. Below a beautiful crypt with many lovely modern monuments. The whole church and crypt were fragrant with nosegays and wreaths left on every grave.

The air is so mild now. The thermometer at 63 - Even in the late cold winds it never fell below 59. Our winter clothes have arrived.

Friday 15 November

Joanna and I went at nine in the morning to Mr Macdougall to speak about the funeral for Blanch. He kindly promised to read the Church of England service. Dr Wilson has offered to attend - and he is very kind to Blanch. We drove with Massimo to the milliner to inquire about bonnets for Miss Clough. We then proceeded to the Piazza dell'Indipendenza.

The body had been sent the previous night to the cemetery - Blanch, Miss Clough, Joanna and I went in one carriage, Massimo and Blanch's man and maid in the other to the cemetery, where we found Dr Wilson, Mr Cunningham and Mr Macdougall. Half the service was read in the little Chapel and the rest at the grave - Poor Blanch very quiet - Miss Clough dreadfully overcome, and almost fainted on our return.

After dinner Joanna wrote letters, and I went out with Mamma a walk for fresh air, and she wished to distract my thoughts after the trying morning. We went to Marsili's and fixed on a ring for Papa. I also selected rings for Blanch as she wished to choose a ring in memory of her husband. We then walked to Chiostrri about my boots, meeting Signorina Giarré on the way, and to a shop for velvet, and home to shew Joanna the rings.

16 November

Signorina Giarré gave Papa and Mamma each a lesson. Joanna rested, and I went to Marsili again about the ring. I proceeded to the Uffizi and returned Professor Migliarini his book. He gave me a little pamphlet to read on a particular vase. On my way out I met Signor Campani and the Marchese Feroni, at the door of his rooms, and I consulted the Marchese Feroni about a photographer to photograph my drawings of Mr Clough.

I afterwards revisited the Venetian room, the room of the Niobe, and the room of drawings at the end of the gallery, which are beautifully arranged in glass cases. I returned to the Tribune, and sketched nearly an hour before returning home. In the evening we went to the Teatro Nuovo to hear a celebrated Improvisatrice Giannina Milli. Every box was taken

when we went to take our places, so we were obliged to take stalls, which is not customary for ladies in Florence.

Signorina Milli is a Neapolitan, about five and twenty – The curtain drew up, and shewed a scene as for a play, with a table on which stood a large glass bowl and lights. Presently La Milli entered who was dressed in white up to the throat, with long hanging sleeves, leaving the arms free. She has a pretty figure, and a sweet naïve expression of face with large eyes, and her black hair dressed smoothly, with a string of pearls fastened round her head. She was received with great enthusiasm, and then quietly took her seat at the table, and taking up a bundle of pages read out rapidly the titles of about fifty subjects which had been sent her. Her manner was perfectly composed and ladylike, and the whole scene was like a lady in a drawingroom with her friends – the audience appearing to go along with her.

After reading the titles she crushed up each paper, and put them in the glass. After stirring them about she walked with the bowl to a side box, in which her friends sat (it was the Fransonis and some Venetians and Maria drew the subject) and read allowed the subject drawn: “What is the best ornament for an Italian girl in this age?” and secondly “Caprera.” She then sat down and with pen and ink wrote down the rhymes shouted to her from all parts of the Theatre, occasionally objecting to a word, until there were enough rhymes to make a sonnet. Then she rose, and in a few seconds, she recited a sonnet, introducing all the words given her; as she ended the only half restrained audience burst into shouts of applause.

After resting a few seconds she rose again and walked up to draw, occasionally touching her forehead, as if not a soul were present, whilst the silence in the house was general. It reminded me much of a person under mesmerism as she again burst forth, her eyes sometimes quite dilated. A quarter of an hour elapsed before she again began. She advanced to the music, waved her hand, and a soft melody was played, rather monotonous, but just enough to support her sweet voice, and she broke out into a sort of chant.

She had much action, and was very graceful – as one might imagine a Greek Sybil. Mamma could not follow her at all, and Papa very little, nor could we much more, but we caught the general sense – but it was a most striking and interesting sight. The audience seemed carried so along with her, and as she ended she retired to the table and covered her face, quite overcome – Her next subjects were Savonarola, and the King and the Esposizione – Her longer poems were between a hundred and a hundred and fifty lines – War for Venice – Cavour and Garibaldi.

The Exhibition lasted from about eight to half past nine. She almost fainted when it was over. Those who had heard her before said it was not a good exhibition of her powers, and she was not well. We saw the Marchese Gino Capponi going out when we were waiting. In the waiting room we saw the Marchese and the Marchesa Frasoni and their daughter Maria a frank bright girl who speaks English.

17 November Sunday

Joanna not feeling quite well. Blanch called and I drove with her. We had visits in the evening from the Marchese Torrigiani and from Professor Parlato.

18 November

A wet day. Papa Joanna and I trudged under umbrellas to the Museum to meet Professor Parlato. Both our visitors last night were very agreeable. It was the Marchese Torrigiani who sent Mr Lyell many years ago the drawings from the mask of Dante. He has offered to

shew us his gardens when the weather is finer. He speaks excellent English, and is a gentle pleasing person.

Professor Parlatore has offered to introduce his wife to us, who the Marchese Fransoni told us is much younger than her husband, only two and twenty, a Milanese, of a higher family and very rich, but the marriage was entirely from love. This morning he was most kind shewing us the minerals, shells, insects, birds in the Museum, as well as some of the wonderful waxwork. The interior of the silkworm magnified was wonderful. We saw a lovely shrub just brought in from the hothouses, in full blossom. It is the plant from which the Chinese make rice paper – a soft ball shaped white flower. There are at least two or three hundred blossoms on this plant. A young geologist, at the head of the fish department. He is a friend of Charles Lyell's and of Mary.

We did not get home till two. Joanna and I took a carriage after luncheon to the photographer recommended by the Marchese Feroni for my sketch of Mr Clough. Semplicini is his name. We had to mount to a fifth story in the Piazza St Elisabetta behind the Via de Calzaiuoli and he was out. I also went to a bonnet shop and ordered a new brown quilted silk. We also went to a music shop Ducci in the Piazza San Gaetano, and called to see Blanch.

Tuesday 19 November

Signorina Giarré gave Papa and Mamma a lesson. She knows Giannina Melli well, and says she is so good. She supports her mother and nine brothers. Under the Grand Duke she was persecuted for her liberal opinions, but now she enjoys a small pension from Government.

I went to the Uffizi to the room of Baroccio, where there is a splendid portrait of Philip the 4th of Spain on horseback by Velasquez and a portrait of Eleanora of Toledo, wife of Duke Cosimo with her son afterwards Ferdinand I by Bronzino, very striking. Also the fine portrait of Galileo. I finished a sketch in the Tribune, and remained some time in the room of Niobe sketching from the statues. I cannot get good photographs of them. I fell in with Papa in the corridor as I was returning. The English swarm here just now, on their way to Rome. They talk loud and often on mere gossip, interrupting those at work.

The weather is now cold, dry and bright. We begin to be glad of our muffs – no frost or snow yet. Mamma is always well. Her cold is gone; her sensation in her toes much the same as in England, though we galvanize her every night. A bad night is now an exception, instead of the reverse.

Wednesday 20 November

A brilliant day – cloudless blue sky – brisk cold, but no perceptible frost. Joanna and I went to Marsili to look over medals and coins – he presented me with two or three curious Municipal coins of Italy. Papa dreamt he had found his lost ring, he told Mamma this morning; from Marsili's we walked to the Accademia where Papa and Mamma had agreed to join us; and we had a most agreeable morning.

We looked at Christ on the Mount of Olives by Perugino which Joanna admired as much as I do – at the head of Savonarola by Fra Bartolomeo, of which I took a sketch in my Memo Book – of the Last Judgement by Fra Angelico, the two Madonnas by Cimabue and Giotto, the Adoration of the Kings by Gentile da Fabriano, and the wonderful little paintings by Giotto and by Fra Angelico.

The day is so bright that Joanna has taken Massimo, and has gone a walk to Galileo's Tower. Mamma and I are glad to rest, and poor Mrs Zileri is not feeling quite well. Papa has been to his shoemaker, and is writing in his little room.

Thursday 21 November

We had Signorina Giarré but I only took half an hour to allow Joanna more time. I left them for the Uffizi, whilst Papa and Mamma started to call on Blanch, and to Santa Croce. An Inspector took me to the Vases, and he opened the cases. I examined the flower figured on the Vases, which is not the Waterlily of this country or the lily of Egypt, but the nembulo of Asia, which is represented with the Gods of Asia. It is a very peculiar plant from the way it throws out its seed. Professor Parlatore shewed me some specimens of it in the Nat His Museum. I also wanted to see a singular vase shaped like a fish which I find is the Tunny fish. There are only two vases known of this shape. One large narrow necked vase is full of ashes enclosed in a bag. After leaving the Vase room I went to the Niobe room, and finished my sketch of the sister who is suffered to be looking at the dead brother.



I left the Uffizi at two. I walked to Marsili to meet Blanch Clough. She had not arrived, but I found the ring for Papa finished. I drove with Blanch to the Salvi convent, to see the Cenacolo of Andrea del Sarto – I thought the country drive could do her good. She was pleased to go, but did not look much at the country – She was delighted with the fresco as I was. The colours are so fresh and the easy action of the figures, heads, and hands so lifelike. It was very cold driving in the open air, but Blanch did not seem to feel it. She seemed stunned, and in an unnatural state.

The Marchese Gino Capponi sent me books on Venice whilst I was absent. Joanna took a walk, escorted by Massimo out of the gate of S. Frediano to Monte Oliveto, and round by Bellosguardo. Mamma has had six consecutive good nights.

Friday 22 November

The *Gazetta del Popolo* contains Ricasoli's proclamation about Rome. Our letters have been delayed by snow on the Appenines. A grey dull sky, the first we have had, and raw and cold. Mamma Joanna and I went to the Scalzo. An odd man shewed it to us, sent with us by the custode of the Accademia. He then trumpeted through his lips till we thought there was a French horn in the building. He gave us the whole history of St John the Baptist as if we had never read it and refused all money we offered him. Mamma thought him insane and when we came out hurried in the opposite direction from that which we wished to go to avoid him. She hurried away on foot, we had to run after her laughing. We were all delighted with Andrea del Sarto's beautiful chiaroscuro drawings.

Afterwards Mamma and I went to the Accademia for a quarter of an hour, as Joanna wished to walk home. The Marchese Gino Capponi called, to tell me all about the Venetian books he has leant me. He staid a long time, and was very agreeable. I never met with a more fair and open mind than that of the Marchese Capponi. I do not wonder at his being so beloved by all who know him.

Mr Bracebridge called and Joanna and Mamma went to him in the dining room. Harry Stewart dined with us. We had a cheerful evening and some music. He told us that Mr Lever the author of Harry Loriker [Harry Lorrequer], always lives in Florence. He is a great gambler and was lately turned out of his club for cheating; but he is very amusing and clever. He is a great Codino or reactionnaire, and last year had a great party of English to drink the return of the Grand Duke and the Austrians. The Italians have a proverb "Un inglese italianato, è un diavolo incarnato"- Mamma had another good night making seven in succession.

Saturday 23 November

Signorina Giarré came to Papa and Mamma. I went to the Uffizi where the Inspector shewed me the gems out of their cases. I had a very delightful hour. Besides the antique gems I saw that exquisite carnelian of Savonarola which seen through the light seems to live. The Marchese Gino Capponi told me that when Michael Angelo saw it, he exclaimed, "Art can go no further".



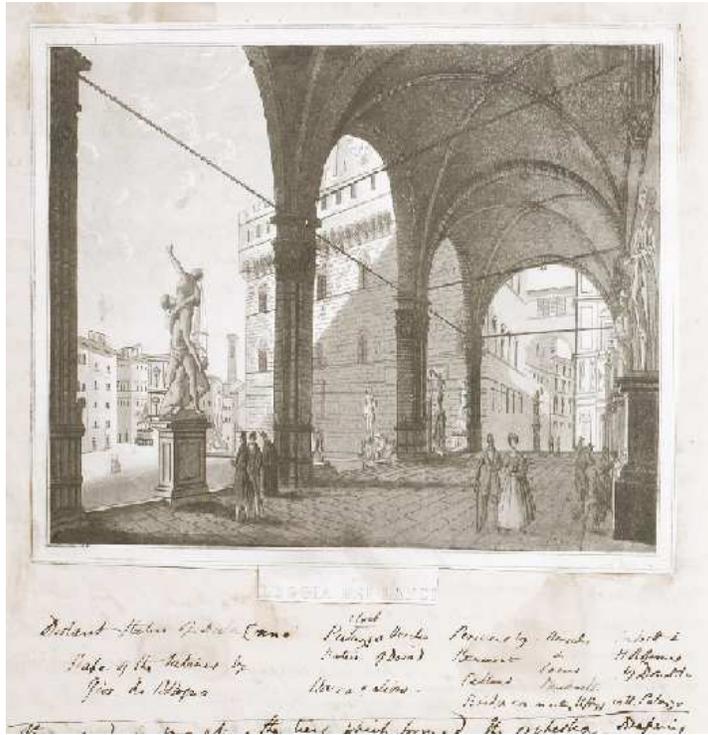
Joanna joined me at one, and after looking at a few of the pictures took a carriage in the Piazza della Signoria and drove to the Esposizione where we met Papa and Mamma. After taking some refreshment, we proceeded to the picture department. There are two most touching pictures of the fight at San Martino of last year. In one room there is a beautiful series of watercolour drawings of the Crimean campaign, which belong to the Prince of Carignano. We also visited the sculpture. One of the most lovely is the *Leggitrice* – of the Naturalistic school. A young girl seated reading a book on which is poetry on the Italian war.

In the evening at half past seven Joanna and I went under Massimo's escort to a great Concert and Tombola in the Cinque Cento room of the Palazzo Vecchio. The same where Savonarola wished to assemble the people in Council. There were about six thousand people present. At least such were the number of tickets issued, and the enormous hall was quite full. We counted more than fifty glass lanterns, the smallest having twenty or thirty wax candles, the centre one like that in the centre of a large theatre, and lights were likewise set in groups of four or five at a distance of four or five feet along the wall – one row above the other, and in rows along the tiers which formed the orchestra. Draperies and green red and white flags and enormous wreaths of flowers hung on the walls and elsewhere made it look very gay. Above these Vasari's grand frescoes of the victories of Duke Cosimo, whose colossal size and light colour looked brilliant at candlelight, and the statues in marble of Michael Angelo and other great masters ranged along each side, the length of the room.

Massimo informed us it was not a regular Tombola but Lottery. He got us excellent places, so though we knew no one near, the sight amused and interested us. We were furnished with papers with a list of 200 prizes. Two great wire boxes like squirrel cages were turned by a handle. They were filled with Lottery tickets, and a tiny girl and boy dressed in scarlet and standing before each drew out the tickets one by one and a man near called out the number, which was responded to by the happy winner of the prize among the audience. Garibaldi's hymn and other airs were played at intervals. The concert followed the Lottery. We returned home before it was over, and found Papa and Mamma in bed.

Sunday 24 November

Joanna and I went to the Italian Church. Thermometer 56. The streets very muddy. A christening of a little boy about two years old after the sermon who roared when the water was splashed in his face. In the afternoon Papa Mamma and Joanna drove to the Salvi to see the fresco of Andrea del Sarto. I staid at home to look over the books lent me by the Marchese Gino Capponi. Blanch and Miss Clough called. Papa is well and enjoying himself. He said today "I do not know what you feel, but the day is too short for me, I cannot get through what I want, though I confine myself to the languages and geology."



Monday 25 November

Mamma and Joanna walked to the Carmine, and I accompanied Blanch and Miss Clough to Santa Croce. We were there from ten to one, which overtired me, so I rested in the afternoon whilst Mamma and Joanna drove to the cemetery. Mamma only drove there and returned, but Joanna remained with Massimo and then walked nearly to Fiesole and back. In the evening she played Polkas and sang.

I had a sharp fit of neuralgic toothache – a good dinner, wine, and a fire drove it away. The day is brilliant but cold, and as Joanna objects to a fire

in our room at night I had caught cold. Joanna has nearly knocked Massimo up by her prodigious walks. We have a delicious nosegay of China roses and heliotropes on the table. There are nosegays and flowers everywhere.

Tuesday 26 November

A sharp attack of neuralgic toothache last night – others are suffering from the same, as Professor Parlatore. I am taking quinine. Blanch called to shew us a beautiful letter she has received from Mr Froude. Mr Fisher called. Mamma and Joanna went out walking. Signorina Giarré's lesson.

Wednesday 27 November

Yesterday Signorina Giarré told us that last year at the birth of her second little niece, she took the baby to the church to be christened. She gave her name to the priest as Albertina, after Carlo Alberto. The priest shrugged his shoulders and said all now were Victorias or Albertinas, and asked if the child were to have no other name. Provoked at the remark, she answered "Yes Italia Libera" – "there is no saint of that name," said the priest indignantly. "Sir," she added "Italia è Santa" – and the baby was accordingly so christened. After she left, Mamma Joanna and I went to the Uffizi. After luncheon Joanna and I went an exploring shopping expedition. Blanch and Miss Clough dined with us. In the evening Semplicini

brought home the photographs from my drawing of Mr Clough. Mamma had not a good night, and Joanna was not quite well, which we attributed to indigestion from hard ham.

30 November

I went to the Uffizi but could not see the catalogue of gems, as Professor Migliarini was absent, and Signor Campana ill. I received fourteen casts of gems I had ordered, and spent half an hour in the room of the drawings of the great masters. I then finished my drawing in the Niobe room, and spoke a few words to Miss Duke who is copying a picture there. I came away earlier than usual to join Mamma who wished me to go out shopping with her. She took a carriage and we drove to Ginori; and then to the Via Porta Rossa for a clasp and buttons, and velvet for me; then for a green bonnet for Mamma. Called on the engraver Achill Paris where we have discovered the most beautiful photographs from drawings made by the engraver for the pictures of the Uffizi. Mamma ordered ten from different pictures and I ordered three.

