

*Susan Horner, her sister Joanna, their parents Leonard and Ann Susan Horner, and their two companion servants Massimiliano and Margaret Edmund Zileri, arrived in Florence on 10 October 1861. In their first month in the city the family found lodgings and did their best to help the ailing poet Arthur Hugh Clough and his wife Blanche. The family visited churches, museums and galleries, and the first Esposizione Nazionale. Susan makes occasional references to her first visit to Florence, in 1848. Throughout the month Susan and her family make the acquaintance of Florentines and of English residents. Leonard Horner was well known as both a geologist, social reformer and friend to Italy and Susan had already published her A Century of Despotism in Naples and Sicily, so it was not difficult for them to meet people.*

10 October

Arrived at Florence at the Hotel d'York. Much crowded. We had wretched rooms. The Cloughs arrived immediately after us. He looking very ill with his head quite on one side from a pain in the back of the neck. The Table d'hote so full that we were obliged to dine all together in a small side room. Mr Clough quite tottered in walking.

12 October Piazza Pitti 1729 Florence

Established in lodgings in the Casa Fabbiani [sic]. We are exactly opposite the Palazzo Pitti – within five minutes of the Natural His. Museum in the Via Romana, and ten minutes of the Uffizi Gallery Library etc across the Arno.



We have hired an Italian maid Luisa Bignani, whose character we have received from a Mrs Duke living near the Carmine with her daughter, who speaks very highly of Luisa. Mr Clough is so unwell that to satisfy Blanch, more than because he believed himself he needed it he has seen the English physician Dr Wilson. They have taken the top apartments in this house. Massimo helped Blanch a little in their dinner, which they had from a traiteur [sic], but of course without fork spoon or any requisite for eating. Above us and

below Blanche lives the American Chaplain and his wife Mr and Mrs Hall.

Yesterday afternoon Mamma Joanna and I visited Sta Croce, and walked round all the monuments of that grand old church – as large as a Cathedral. A priest politely spoke to us and advised our going behind the scaffolding covering the façade, which is now for the first time in the act of being completed. The work is exquisite. The whole facing of white marble inlaid with red and green marbles of the neighbourhood, from Seravezza and Prato. The

foliage finely carved as ornament and beautiful heads of the Patriarchs, Prophets and Apostles with our Saviour, the whole executed or under the direction of Dupré, one of the first sculptors here. The money for this great work has been collecting some time, its largest contributor is Mr Sloane, an Englishman, a convert to Catholicism, a great friend of the late Government.

13 October

Another lovely day – the air delicious. I begin to feel that return of strength and youth I felt in Italy in 1848 – and to walk without fatigue – Blanch breakfasted with us at nine on figs and grapes, tea cocoa etc as Massimo has discovered where he can get cocoa nuts and makes it for Papa as at home. It is Sunday – all the shops closed as in England. Joanna and I went to the Italian Waldensian Church – We met Graham Stewart and her children on their way to the Scotch Church. We had a delicious luncheon of cold figs to refresh us.

The Bersaglieri march past our windows in the evening in a lively quick little march, almost a run. They are dressed like our sailors, so lovely in dark blue cloth with a sort of blouse and black belt and a broad brimmed hat and green feather. The town is much crowded for the Exhibition – chiefly by Italians from all parts of Italy and bands of workmen sent from Sicily and elsewhere. We strolled in the Boboli Gardens.

14 October

Mr Clough's illness is now declared to be a low fever, brought on by too rapid travelling and his previous delicacy. After dinner I walked with Blanch to the Carmine to see the Masaccios but we were too late for the light. We strolled back by the Arno watching the lights in the river, the glow on the houses and the tints on the distant hills. We met Mamma and Joanna. Papa was paying some visits. A brilliant moon and stars – Our window wide open – Mr Clough rather better.

15 October

Mr Clough a little better, but he varies – Papa Mamma and I drove to the Uffizi, and paid our first visit to the Venus de' Medici. I think it more beautiful even than I thought it in 1848 – All the five statues are so excellent in their kind it is difficult to say which is most beautiful. The Apollino, the Scythian or Knife grinder, the Lottatori or Wrestlers, and the Dancing Faun. We were some little time in the Niobe room, and I again admired the dead son, which I remember was a favourite of Sir Henry Bunbury's.

Papa spent part of the time in the Gallery, part in paying visits. He called on the Marchese Feroni, the Director of the Galleries with an introduction from Baron Ricasoli. The Marchese Feroni is so busy with the Exhibition he could not see Papa. Papa also called on the two Ricasolis – Gaetano and Vincenzo, and on the Marquis Sauli; but he also was engaged.

We walked home all together, but I stopped at a jewellers on the Ponte Vecchio (Ricci) to have some trinkets repaired. On our return found Joanna had been reading the *Nazione*, and was greatly excited that we had not



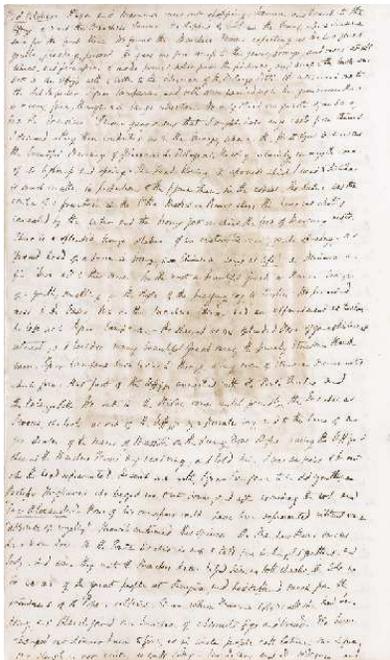
presented our letter sooner as there had been a Soirée at the Exhibition last Sunday.

Blanch dined with us and in the evening Papa Blanch Joanna and I drove in the Cascine – Mamma prudently staying at home. We saw the two Princes in the Cascine – Prince Humbert like his father, about seventeen – but very clever. The second Prince Amedeo is a plain lad of fifteen. The third they tell us is the most intelligent and interesting Otto but deformed. The Stewarts called.

16 October

Mrs Zileri had a sore throat, so instead of going to the Uffizi we staid at home to see Dr Wilson, who never comes till past twelve. Joanna and I studied Italian verbs, I read Romanini's *History of Venice*, she Dino Campagni's *Chronicle* and Mamma wrote letters.

Mrs Zileri's sore throat is from relaxation and eating too much fruit and too little meat – he ordered her Quinine. We had a great deal of political talk with Dr Wilson. He takes a most hopeless view of everything, and evidently prefers the old government to this. He also appeared to be influenced by the fact that the number of English in Florence had diminished from 4000 to 800. After he left Blanch Joanna and I went out in search of lodgings, as on Saturday 30th she must leave this house, the Fabiani's [sic] having let their apartment to a Prince Gonzaga.



As Blanch and I returned, we met a gentleman on the stairs who asked for Papa, and proved to be Baron Gaetano Ricasoli. Papa was out, but he came in before he left. Speaking of his brother he said; 'Bettino has energy and faith.' He was very hearty – said he was much occupied with the Princes just now, and tomorrow he goes to his wife in the country, but after that he hopes to see more of us, and introduce us to Gino Capponi, and Passerini the most learned man to shew us the monuments. This evening he promises an order for the Boboli Gardens for every day; when Papa said, England is so interested in Italy – he replied – rather shortly 'I wish for facts not words' and changed the subject.

Mamma, Joanna, Mrs Zileri and I drove to Bellosguardo where Galileo once lived after his persecution, and walked in the garden. It is a lovely drive and the view from the roof of the Villa presents a splendid Panorama – all round

the whole of Florence – Fiesole sparkling with Villas – Monte Morello so grand in outline the fine ranges of the Appenines, the richly cultivated plain and the wooded hills. Soon after our return Baron Vincenzo Ricasoli called in full uniform and orders on his way to dine at the Palace. He appears shy, and conversation did not flow – He spoke hopefully of everything, and repeated the state of things the reverse of Dr Wilson. When Papa repeated as to Baron Gaetano that England was interested in Italy, he said sharply 'Oh nous avons beaucoup des affaires encore' – and changed the subject.

17 October

This morning Mamma Joanna and I spent at the Exhibition – We were three hours there. Mamma stood it wonderfully, but I was ready to cry with fatigue. On our return we found

Cavaliere Passerini calling – He is a clever, pleasant, lively person, and has offered to accompany us to some of the antiquities of Florence. The Marchese Feroni called. A very gentlemanlike pleasing person, and at eleven tomorrow I am to meet him at the Uffizi to see the gems – He is much occupied by the Exhibition but offered to open libraries, or any thing for our use. He said Professor Parlatore was the person for Papa. The Marchese Sauli has asked us to dinner at the Palazzo Vecchio on Sunday at six.

18 October

Papa and Mamma went out shopping; Joanna and I went to the Uffizi to meet the Marchese Feroni. He is a quiet, gentle, pleasing person. He gave me free access to the gems, bronzes and vases at all times, and permission to make pencil notes from the pictures, and access to the books on art in the Uffizi with a letter to the librarian of the Palazzo Pitti. He introduced me to the sub Inspector Signor Campana, and both accompanied us to the gem room. They then conducted us to the bronzes, where the first object we saw was the beautiful Mercury of Giovanni da Bologna. No copy certainly conveys the idea of its lightness and spring. There is a splendid bronze statue of an orator (Etruscan) quite speaking – a grand head of a horse in bronze, a Chimera large as life a Minerva and fine Torso all in this room. We proceeded next to the Vases, but as the Marchese Feroni had an appointment at twelve he left us to Signor Campana – He shewed us one splendid Vase of great historical interest, and besides many beautiful Greek vases, the purely Etruscan black vases. Signor Campana next led us through a long room of Etruscan monuments which forms that part of the Uffizi connected with the Ponte Vecchio and the Palazzo Pitti.

Before leaving the Uffizi I shewed the Marchese Feroni my seal ring, and told him I was anxious to know who the head represented. He sent me with Signor Campana to an old gentleman Professor Migliarini who begged me to sit down, and after admiring the work said 'It is Alexander' – None of his successors would have been represented without some 'attribute of royalty.' Marsili confirmed this opinion.

On our return Mamma had told us all she had been doing, and Blanch joined our luncheon of chesnuts [sic], figs and bread. We have changed our dinner hour to five, as in winter people call between one and five. [Mr Clough] is very patient, but he said to his wife today, talking of us, 'How prosperous they are, and we are not prosperous are we?' We helped Blanch to look for lodgings. Professor Parlatore called on Papa today. He is very pleasing. Papa has hired a piano for Joanna.

Sunday 20 October

Papa and Mamma drove yesterday evening in the Cascine, and, wonderful to say, were not the worse for it. Our maid Luisa had a fit of cholic and frightened us by her screams and sickness. An Italian doctor of her own selection soon set her to rights. She drank quantities of olive oil. This morning I had a letter from Baron Poerio, enclosing a letter of introduction to the Marchese Gino Capponi.



Joanna's cold was so bad she could not dine at the Palazzo Vecchio. Papa, Mamma and I went there at six o'clock. We were received by the Marchese Sauli in the old rooms of the Priori. The Marchese Sauli is not unlike Mr Pulszky in face. He speaks English perfectly and has been in England. The conversation was lively, all carried on in Tuscan Italian, so I found it a little difficult to follow, but did my best. The Marchese Sauli was very polite, and explained all in French to Mamma.

The dinner (Russian caviar) and much like a dinner in one of the best London houses. The conversation turned chiefly on the exhibition – the superiority of the marble in the Florentine sculpture to the Milanese, owing to the Florentines being near Carrara, and having the first choice – also on improvisation – The increasing size of Florence – All in excellent spirits. They also spoke of the repairs going on in the Churches. After dinner we all walked back into the drawing room arm in arm, and my gentleman stood beside my chair and put sugar in my coffee which he presented me in a tiny cup.

Mamma and the Marchesa Fransoni sat and talked on the sofa. Papa had a long talk with the Marchese Sauli on geology – I spoke with the Marchese Feroni a little. He advised us to go to the Theatre to see some comedy – and then with the Cavaliere Boniani. He spoke of Baron Poerio, and told me he had visited his family in Naples – that his mother was beautiful and charming, and the father the most eloquent man he had ever heard speak. That Alexander Poerio, the poet had the greatest genius. I asked him if it was true that Cialdini was to be withdrawn from Naples, and to be replaced by La Marmora. He said Yes Cialdini was too impulsive – one day over indulgent, the next too severe, and the Neapolitans required rigore e disciplina – I asked if La Marmora were not a regular martinet and very Piedmontese – he answered in the affirmative to both.

22 October

Joanna spent the morning looking out for lodgings for Blanch. The Italian Doctor for Luisa came to be paid – Graham Stewart helped us about our washing bill, and Papa had to settle with Madame Fabiani – and so all our day passed.



In the afternoon Mamma and I strolled in the Piazza della Signoria, and examined all the statues, the Loggia etc, then to her dentist in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, Mr Dunn, to mend a tooth – We talked with a young man who sells button tapes etc in the street called Por S. Maria or the Mercato Nuovo (of which it is really a continuation) on politics – He began by telling me the ribbon I had bought

(velvet) was French because the Milanese was inferior, but, he added, now that Italy will soon be united, it will be very different, for we were debarred from intercourse with other towns and parts of Italy, but now our manufactures will improve. I remarked that the Exhibition shewed already what they can do; but he seemed to think it shewed how little they had done, and how much was yet to do – I asked him if the change of government continued popular, if the heavy taxes did not injure the cause, and the still more heavy taxation in prospect. He replied, 'No indeed, from the commencement we have felt the benefit of the change, and the improvement in our condition is not to be told.' I wished to ask more, but Mamma, who did not know what I was talking about, hurried me away.

23 October

Madame Fabiani threatened to turn the Cloughs out so I went to the Uffizi to try to get a letter sent to the Prefect as an appeal. Signor Campana promised to get it sent, through the Marchese Feroni, who was himself absent. Happily however we were able to arrange matters, so as to avoid this appeal. Dr Wilson called in the evening but he is so full of

prejudice against and fear of the Italians he is of very little use, though abusing Madame Fabiani for an appeal she had made to him. Blanch remarked she wondered he lived on in a country where he so disliked the people, and he replied he saw very little of them, so he cannot have any very sound information about them.

24 October

This morning after breakfast I went to the Uffizi. The Marchese Feroni was absent, but Signor Campana took me to Professor Migliarini, and I was allowed to sit at a comfortable little table to myself, with volumes of Gori, Zannoni etc on gems. I worked at them an hour and half, and then fell into conversation with Professor Migliarini. He sent for a beautiful paste copy by Santarelli, a modern gem cutter of a cameo stolen by a lady from the collection. Santarelli is dead, but his son presented this exquisite paste to the collection. It is a head of a young Hercules. Professor Migliarini is eighty four years of age. He had early received a classical education, and afterwards began life as a painter – He turned wholly to antiquities afterwards, having had the advantage of an education in practical art, as well as in languages and science.

It was late and I only just got home to lunch on chesnuts and grapes – Figs are nearly over.

25 October

Mamma and Joanna visited the Pitti Palace, and I went to Cammelli the bookseller in the Piazza della Signoria to inquire about Romani's *History of Venice*, as he is the correspondent of Pedoni in Paris. I proceeded to the Uffizi where I spent an hour and a half studying books on gems in the room of Professor Migliarini. I returned home by half past two, and after luncheon Joanna Blanch and I walked to the Mercato Nuovo to look at Sacca's bronze cast from the market boar of the Uffizi, then to the Loggia, and to the interior cortile of the Palazzo Vecchio to look at Verocchio's fountain; we stopped to look outside at the David of Michael Angelo, the Lion or Marzocco of Donatello, and at Ammanati's fountain of Neptune or of the Giant, as it is sometimes called. Lastly at the statue of Duke Cosmo [sic] I by Giov. da Bologna. The sun was shining on the face of Cosmo [sic], and the statue looked very grand – the action of the horse especially is so fine. In movement, yet quiet. It is seen

best from the north side of the square against the Palazzo Vecchio.



We stopped at Cammelli's shop for Joanna to buy *Lucrezia Strozzi*, and then walked along the bustling via de' Calzaiuoli, past the Church of Or San Michele, and the little church opposite with its beautiful façade resembling the flamboyant style of architecture, and as far as the Duomo or Cathedral. We went in, and walked slowly round, looking at Paolo Uccello's likeness of Sir John Hawkwood, at the tomb of Arnolfo da Lapo; the portrait of Dante, the last Pietà of Michael Angelo behind

the high altar and at the sculpture of Lucca della Robbia over the doors of the Sacristy – his first essay in porcelain. We have lighted the wood fire this evening in our drawing room. The sun is still hot, but the wind is cold.

26 October

As Mr Clough was rather better, Blanch accompanied Joanna and me to the Pitti, where Papa and Mamma shortly joined us. We looked especially at the Madonna del Gran Duca, the Portrait of Julius II, the splendid picture by Raffaello of Leo X and Clement 12 as a Cardinal. How rare a combination Raffaello had of the ideal and the real – But is not the ideal only a truer and higher conception of the real. The real presence of mind in matter. What are called realists are surely often miscalled, and they only see half and the lower half of creation. There are magnificent portraits by Titian and Rubens, and grand works by Fra Bartolomeo and Andrea del Sarto.

We left the Gallery at twelve, and after taking a little soup at home, I proceeded to the Uffizi, and visited the gems. I discovered a fine copy of the antique head of Sextus Pompeius which is in the Berlin collection by Matler. Whilst I was looking at the gems two working men came in and asked the Custode for the likeness of Savanorola. I proceeded to the room of the Archives of which [Cav. Boniani] is the head. The Archives are also kept in the Uffizi. He was very obliging and told me if I returned on Monday I might consult the Catalogue of the Library of Salvagnoli which had been left to the Public Archives, and where I might find some book I might require.

I went again to Cammelli to wait by appointment for Mamma and Joanna and, whilst waiting, I had some conversation with Signor Cammelli. I said, I hoped things were going on better – ‘Spero,’ was his answer, ‘but Rome,’ he went on, ‘there is the difficulty. Those priests.’ I remarked that some of them were now becoming liberal – ‘Yes Andrea Passaglia, Liverani,’ and he mentioned one other, ‘But they form a minority – Priests always talk of Paradise, but they hold to the Earth.’ He said, he thought Louis Napoleon wished to withdraw his troops from Rome, but feared the priests – that Italy was a European question, which the English Government was slow to comprehend; but the English people understood it better. I spoke of Venice. He said he had no fear of ultimately obtaining



Venice, since that was a question of material force, and Venice and Hungary would be liberated together. I mentioned Garibaldi, and he quite brightened up at his name, and we spoke of his popularity in England. He seemed quite satisfied with the present state of matters here, freedom of religion etc and said he was aware that the people would have to pay much, but as to commerce, that was dull everywhere just now.

Mamma, Joanna and Massimo arrived by this time, and we walked to the Cathedral, whence we took a carriage to the Via S. Sebastiano near the Church of the SS Annunziata to call on the Marchese Gino Capponi; but he was out of town –so I left my letter from Baron Poerio, with our cards. We next drove to San

Lorenzo, but the Medici Chapel was closed, as it was past three, and we proceeded to Sta Maria Novella, and spent a delightful half hour looking at the beautiful frescoes behind the high altar by Domenico Ghirlandaio – and the architecture of that lovely church – Michael Angelo’s bride as he called it – There is something of feminine beauty whilst Sta Croce has more masculine beauty – the two both so grand and so noble, it is difficult to prefer one above the other. We begin to feel very cold as the boxes with out winter garments have not yet arrived – We drove about in search of worsted knitted jackets – Mamma gave Joanna

one but I could find nothing to suit me, though Mamma and Joanna followed slowly in the carriage, whilst I almost in the dark followed by Massimo, examined every shop window in the Mercato Nuovo and Via Por S. Maria.

27 October Sunday

Dr Wilson saw Joanna alone – and told her he was glad to see her without Blanch. He considers [Mr Cough's] fever abating – his pulse only 78 for two days. But he eats too much, and the nurse mistakes an unnatural appetite for the craving after fever. The pain continuing in the nape of the neck, and now in the limbs leads Dr Wilson to fear an affection of the spinal marrow. We are so blessed ourselves in health – I have got quite strong and no pain in my back or weariness – Even Mamma remarked, 'How blooming you look through my spectacles!' and it is not often she makes these remarks.

28 October

Yesterday a Mr Jervis a young English geologist joined Papa, Joanna and me on our way home from the Italian Church. He told Papa there are now three Italian Protestant Churches in Florence. He thinks all the people, even the women, have much lost faith in their priests the last two years. Bibles are hawked about in the Caffés and read by the intelligent, who at least perceive there are two sides to a question.

In the afternoon Papa, Mamma and Joanna drove to Bellosguardo – and Blanch and I walked to the Carmine, but saw nothing as service had begun. We proceeded to the Santo Spirito, where the architecture is very remarkable and fine. Mr Clough better. Blanch assured us the pains Dr Wilson mentioned are not continuous, and altogether diminished. This morning I was again at the Uffizi at 11 at the Archives where I found the Catalogue of Salvagnoli's Library, all laid out for me by the order of the Cavaliere Boniani. He came to see if I had all I wanted.



*Inside Court of the Palazzo Vecchio  
Fountain by Andrea Verrocchio.*

At half past one Papa Mamma and Joanna met me at Cammelli's shop and we all went with Massimo to see the interior of the Palazzo Vecchio. There is one magnificent large room, built at the instigation of Savanorola, called the CinqueCento, when he desired to restore the Consiglio Popolare, and which was used since in 1848 for the meetings of the Parliament. Above, are a suite of rooms called the Stanze dell'Orologio, which were used by the Medici. Splendid ceilings of carved wood and gilt, and frescoes on the wall. The doors inlaid wood, or intassiatura work, with the portraits of Dante and Petrarch. The view of the city from the windows of these rooms is magnificent.

29 October

A storm of thunder, lightening and heavy rain all night, and torrents of rain all day – With the damp an achy pain has returned in Mamma's fingers, and the sharp pain in my back I had last at Folkestone. Today is warm and damp, like an English day – I went to the Uffizi at 11 and mounted the 150 steps without fatigue – I looked at gems quietly till half past one, when I went into the Tribune and sketched a little; but I became uneasy at Mamma and Joanna not making their appearance as they had promised, forgetting my watch is fast, so I came away and met them on the way – They had seen Blanch and Mr Clough start for their new lodgings in the Piazza dell'Indipendenza. He was carried down stairs and was so

nervous that the perspiration rolled down his face, but he got into the carriage with surprising strength. They saw him lower the window.

As it was late Mamma and Joanna gave up seeing the pictures for today, and we were fortunately all three under the arcades of the Uffizi, when down came one of those tremendous showers. We occupied the time purchasing photographs and inquiring the price of books at the stalls – Soon after our return, the Marchese Carlo Torrigiani called. Papa had an introduction to him from Mr Pentland. He is a very pleasing gentlemanlike person, like a tall dark elderly Charles Mallet. He is one of the Municipality, and gave us much interesting information on schools - He told us there are poor schools, communal schools, and gymnasiums, and all the means of education, but they have been so neglected, that they are in the most imperfect condition, and much has yet to be done. As a proof of the people being sober and well-conducted he said that in this exhibition thirty thousand were admitted free in one day, and not an article has been injured or touched. The same may be said of the public Galleries of pictures, where all are admitted free, and the leave to copy granted whenever asked. The history of the Exhibition is itself remarkable. In July, the building was a railway station, and in three months it has been filled as we see it, from all parts of Italy.

### 31 October All Saints Eve

The bells ringing all the evening when all pray for the dead – I had some conversation with our maid Luisa, an ordinary sort of woman, but even she expressed her distrust of the priests. ‘Per me il Papa è un birbone’ – and as for Louis Napoleon, ‘ha mancato alla parola al più debole Italia’ – She talked with great animadversions on the wealth of the monastery of St Mark and said the money would be better placed helping poor families, as Jesus Christ would have done – As for Victor Emanuel he has kept his word, but his father had broke his faith three times in 1820 – 1831 – 1848.

