

Ethelinda Deering Frey
Book 8, Florence (March 29, 1910) to Rome (April 18, 1910)

[p. 1, Written in the top left corner of the page: "July 30, 1911"]

March 29, 1911, continued, Wednesday

On the left wall hung a very fine picture by Fra Bartolomeo — a symbolic representation of the resurrection. Christ is the centre of the picture and around are grouped the apostles to give the great story to the world. Below in the centre two little cherubs hold the world in place — the world being represented by a round sphere — and on it is the cup. Thus is the connection between the world and Christ established by the cup of which he drank so deep a draft and of which we all must taste at some time.

Raphael did portrait work as well as religious work and two specimens of his work hung side by side. They were the portraits of Angelo Doni and his wife Maddalena. These two people were great patrons of Raphael as of all artists and skilled men. He was often invited to their house for dinner and he painted their portraits sometime during his Florentine [p. 2] period.

His portrait of Thomas Inghirami the papal secretary is marvelous in execution but it certainly doesn't flatter him for he is very ugly with a fat face and fat hands and is squint eyed. Raphael has not tried to conceal his faults and the result is a very fine picture of a very disagreeable looking man.

One picture of an enthroned Madonna was started by Raphael but was not completed by him as he left for Rome while he was still working on it and never came back. It shows a great deal the influence of Fra Bartolomeo and if finished by the master might have been very good. The composition is Raphael's but not the painting. Possibly Ghirlandaio (?) finished it. Miss Evans did not seem to quite know.

Coming in one doorway we stood before Andreas del Sarto's "John the [p. 3] Baptist" that picture with so much youth, gravity, sweetness, and steady fastness expressed on his face which has looked upon our comings and goings at home and which has taken the wings of the morning to fly over and greet us here. It has been greatly damaged by scraping and cleaning but the face is still beautiful.

While standing here Miss Evans endeavored to explain to us a little of Andreas del Sarto's life. After he had gained some fame for himself Francis I invited him to come to France and he and Leonardo di Vinci went. Francis I lavished gifts on him and gave him large sums of money so that he was able to send home many presents to his beautiful wife. She was beautiful but she was not high bred and the newly [p. 4] acquired wealth turned her head. However she was passionately fond of her husband but with a selfish love so she sent for him to come back.

Francis I allowed him to return home first exorting a promise that he would come back to France at the end of a years time. Francis gave him vast sums of money with which to buy art treasures for France but this money he all spent on a beautiful home for himself and his wife. He got lazy and broke his promise never returning to France and never sending any art treasures. This is one version of his life at this period of course there are others but I don't know as any one exactly knows.

In another room was Titians "La Bella" a portrait of the daughter of Manzana. She is dressed in a blue [p. 5] dress with dark rose sleeves which are slashed white. The little gold thread running through the cloth is most carefully worked out as is the cloth of the whole gown. The light on one of the pearls or on a pearl makes one think it is a real jewel so naturel is the dull glow. Of course the hair is red but it is a dull rich tint such as Titian often paints and paints wonderfully.

Michelangeiolo once said Titian would be great if he could draw, while Titian said Michelangelo would be great if he could color. Though neither found satisfaction in the other for these faults the world in its present day calls both of them great and gives them the merit and praise that is their right.

She merely pointed out a picture by Lor. Lotto called the Three Periods [p. 6] of Life. The face of the youngest man was very beautiful.

Next we stopped before a picture by Rubens he whom Ruskin called "The Great Animal" for he always painted the animal side of life. This picture did not show this trait so much as many. It was himself, his brother and two other men represented as the Four Philosophers. The table cloth, the dog and the books were all painted with the greatest of care.

Another of his she pointed out. It was a landscape – the finest he ever produced – with rolling clouds a far far distance and everything very natural. What a contrast some of his pictures are to others produced by his brush!

We were much interested in a picture first attributed to Michelangelo but later to Rosso of the three [p. 7] fates. They are represented as three old women (really they are the same woman painted thrice). One old woman is in the background. Her mouth is open as if horrified or else saying "The Moment has come." She holds the staff.

The central, old woman has her hand on the thread while her head is turned so that she looks back at the woman who holds the shears ready to cut. The interchange of glances is very strong. The colors are all soft delicate shades, some yellow, whites and a light whitish pink on the third woman's cap. It is a new conception to represent the Fates as old ladies and partly for that reason mostly for what the picture was in itself it was very interesting.

"The Madonna at the Linen Window" was partially done by Raphael [p. 8] and partially done by a pupil. The faces are quite surely done by Raphael but the rest does not bear his unmistakable mark of superiority. The faces of St. Katharine and the Child are very fine. The child is looking up at Saint Katharine because she is the youngest and therefore the prettiest. Youth and prettiness always appeal to youth. The light from the linen window casts a yellowish light over the whole picture.

We noticed a picture by Van Dyck the pupil of Rubens in which the hands were painted so that they were very beautiful.

We skipped from one Artist to another in very quick succession. The next picture was by Titian. It was of Mary Magdeline the repentant beauty – beauty as he has represented her. [p. 9] Her long hair streaming over her shoulders is very beautiful. The way she holds it shows its weight for long thick hair is of course heavy.

There is a portrait of a man by Titian which has caused a great deal of speculation as to its identity. It is thought that he is an Englishman and that is the title given the picture.

Murillo has painted a Madonna that is very sweet. The little Christ Child is very dear. His hair curls on his forehead very naturally and his eyes are wide and deep brown. The outer robe of the Madonna is dark blue and the under robe is a pink tint. She has a white scarf.

The care taker swung out a picture of St. Julien the patron of hospitality so we naturally looked at it and he naturally had his hand all ready for the tip Mother [p. 10] gave him. The picture is considered Allori's masterpiece.

Raphael's portrait of Pope Leo X and his cousin Clement (?) is considered very very fine. Vasari was most enthusiastic over it and said "No master has ever produced, or ever will produce anything better." Romano is said to have executed the cardinal at the right.

The story is told that Frederick II, Duke of Mantua wished very much to have this picture so Clement VII told Ottavio de Medici to send it to the Duke. Ottavio, however, did not wish it to go out of Florence so made sundry excuses for not sending it at once and had Andrea del Sarto make a copy which was sent to Frederick. Andrea del Sarto had copied it so faithfully that Romano when he saw it declared it was the original at which he [p. 11] himself had worked under Raphael's instruction. It was not until Vasari passing through Mantua and knowing that it was a copy set him straight as to the truth of affairs by taking the frame from the picture and showing him Andrea del Sarto's name on the border.

The robe of the pope is painted so well that one can tell that it is lined with fur by the way the folds hang.

Raphael's portrait of Pope Julius II as an old man which he painted during his stay in Rome is marvellously fine. There is another a copy but I believe the one in the Pitti is the original (?).

As a painter of animal life Hondecoeter is very good and Miss Evans stopped us before one of his pictures to admire a cock's tail. [p. 12] It may seem funny to you to think we stopped to look at such a thing of minor importance, you might say. But let me tell you that sometimes just a cock's tail will make all the difference as to whether the picture is worth one solda or thousands of lire.

Raphael's "Fornarina" or Margarete is interesting because it shows the woman whom he has glorified in the Sistine and many of his other pictures as she was ordinarily. The difference was astonishing.

In Giulio Romano's "Dance of the Muses" the movement and grace of the swiftly moving figures is its charm or at least part of it.

Salvator Rosa was the first Italian landscape painter. His parents sent him up into the mountains that he might grow from a weak child to a strong man. After he was [p. 13] placed in the hands of some good peasants they did not bother much with him. He painted the peasant life but his titles are ludicrously out of keeping with his pictures

for he will paint some simple peasant scenes and give to his figures the names of the ancient Greek and Roman mythological characters.

The last picture she called out attention to was one by Raphael called the Vision of Ezekiel. God the Father appears in the skies with outstretched arms. He is upheld by the four mystic animals representing Matthew by an angel, Mark by a winged lion, Luke by a bull and John by an eagle. Ezekiel is merely a tiny figure in the foreground to the left.

The conception is bold and done with much freedom of execution. [p.74] It was very fitting that the last picture she should speak of was one by Raphael for he has spoken so strongly to us this morning. Grand in conception, grand in execution and pure in all his pictures there has never been an equal to this painter above all painters.

We took a carriage home, for lunch time was near and we were more over tired from crowding our mind with all the new things and explanations we have seen and heard this morning.

Miss Evans has given us much to think about and thank her for for she has explained so clearly and gone in to the details so fully that we have found new meaning in a gesture, a symbol or a color. She has made us feel as though we knew some of the artists too.

[p. 15] Our sightseeing this morning stirred us up so after lunch we sallied forth again to renew the conquest. By way of Via Nazionale, V.d. Arionto, Via Cane de Nello and Piazza S. Lorenzo we reached the church of S. Lorenzo. We knew we did not have much time to spend as the church closed at three so we went almost directly to the sacristy where a monk showed us the things of interest. This chapel was executed by Brunellesco and much of it is adorned by Donatello who did the frieze or rather reliefs in the vaulted ceiling of the four evangelists besides various other things – the lavatory, the bronze doors before it, the statuettes above the doors and the balustrade before the altar.

The marbles in the chapel of the Princes are truly beautiful each in itself but the whole combined [p. 16] effect I do not care for especially. The "Capella Medica" was what we really came to see and we did not spend much time until we got there. How different it was from the Chapel of the Princes with its gaudy array! This was all done in white marble and in the midst of this purity and simplicity we found the work of Michelangiolo.

The work was left uncompleted but is truly wonderful. The monument to the right of the altar is the tomb of Guiliano de'Medici with the figures of Day and Night. The monument to the left is that of his brother Lorenzo de'Medici with the recumbant figures of Twilight and Dawn. Strozzi wrote this verse below the tomb of the former about the figure of Night:

"Carved by an Angel in this marble white
Sweetly reposing, lo, the Goddess Night,
Calmly she sleeps, and so much living be
Awake her gently; she will speed to thee"

Michelangelo's answer ran thus:

"Grateful is sleep, whilst wrong & shame survive;
More grateful still in senseless stone to live;
Gladly both sight and hearing I forego,
Oh! then awake me not! Hush! Whisper low!"

How am I a girl of but sixteen years to describe these wonderful carvings of Michelangelo. They seem inspired by lofty ideals. They were formed and developed by a mind whose working was stupendous. They show the touch of a great master whose work is above all criticism. Ruskin in speaking of these four figures says "Four ineffable types, not of Darkness nor of Day, not of Morning nor Evening, but of the Departure and the Resurrection; the Twilight and the Dawn of the souls of man."

Miss Evans came in with a party [p. 18] whom she was conducting and in a side whisper, told us to follow her and we would do so. The custodian opened the door into a side room and showed us the piece of wood which was once the lid of the coffin of Giuliano and bore his name written in ink. For quite a long time it was not known where the bodies of the brothers were really buried until lately when the figures were taken from the monument facing the altar and it was opened. Beneath were two wooden coffins the one bearing in ink the inscription "Giuliano di Pietro di Cosmo de'Medici". The other coffin lid was decayed as the first had rested on it. In the first coffin was a skull showing the mark of the assassin's knife for Giuliano was killed at the Duomo. The skull in the other coffin was found to be a whole mass of [p. 19] corruption. Photographs were taken of the skulls and these were shown to us together with the piece of the coffin lid. The tombs are fit for the purest of mankind instead of corrupted noblemen or even men with any taint of wordliness.

Michelangelo has left behind him the works which show how great was his mind, his inspiration, his execution, his superiority. How great his superiority was is shown by the fact that his unfinished statue of Day has a living power that is rarely found in artist of stone.

We had not met the Barrs in the outer church and made arrangements to meet them at the tea shop, opposite Cooks, at five o'clock. It was rainy and we had to fool away time until the appointed hour. The last part of it went quickly enough for we got in to a book bookstore on Cook's [p. 20] side of Via Tournabuine and spent the rest of our time there. We saw a book "The Rosary" with a picture of the authoress on it — Clara Louise Barclay. It looked just like our nice lady at the hotel whom Helen said was "somebody".

When we reached the tea shop the Barrs were all ready there and had the table reserved for us. What a nice talk we had with them! It didn't seem as though we could talk fast enough there was so much to say and so little time to say it in. We stayed until quarter of six when we felt we simply must go.

When we got back to the hotel we looked at the names of the people holding rooms and sure enough it was she. She is fearfully nice looking. Short grey hair very curly, a brown complexion and the merriest brown eyes!

[p. 21, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; La Madonna detta del Granduca (Raffaello Sanzio)"]

[p. 22, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; La Madonna della Seggiola (Raffaello)"]

[p. 23, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; Ritratto di Angelo Doni (Raffaello)"]

[p. 24, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; Ritratto della donna gravida"]

[p. 25, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; S. Giovanni Battista (Andrea del Sarto)"]

[p. 26, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; La Maddalena (Tiziano)"]

[p. 27, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; La Vergine col B. Gesù (Murillo)"]

[p. 28, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; Ritratto del Papa Giulio II (Raffaello)"]

[In between pages 28-29, a dried flower and a spring of greenery.]

[p. 29, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; Ritratto della fornarina detta la "Velata" (Raffaello?)"]

[p. 30, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Pitti; Il ballo di Apollo con le Muse (Giulio Romano)"]

[p. 31, Written in the top left corner of the page: "August 6, 1911"
March 30, 1911, Thursday

Oh what a miserable fate is ours when we must arise at the unearthly hour of eight-thirty! This was our thought as we blinked our sleepy eyes, turned over once or twice for a last snooze and finally managed to get out of bed and down stairs. We traced out our route on the map before hand so that we had not the slightest difficulty to reach Via dei Vecchietti where on was Viesseux Library.

Miss Evans came bustling in, a little late, and collected her party from different parts of the store. There were five other ladies and after she got us together and we had decided that we wanted to go to San Marco we all separated to meet again at the convent door.

We were sure of our way so we set out walking quickly; indeed we made such good time that we got there just as Miss Evans was getting out of her carriage — much to

that ladies surprise. We went through the regular process [p. 32] of giving up our umbrellas and also a lire apiece. Then we passed on – and gave a gasp. What could be more peaceful and quiet, and inspiring than this little cloister enclosed on four sides by the dull brown walls, but shut in overhead by God's own blue sky. And what is so blue as an Italian sky! In the centre was placed a big evergreen tree making the seats beneath shady and cool. One could sit here and gaze at the ever changing sky and hear the bees humming in the flowers near by and feel the sunshine soaking into your blood till your whole system became purified and your whole mind was uplifted. Once and a while a noise from the great outside world would break in upon this Sabbath stillness but it was only a reminder that there was work to be done outside after the mind and body and soul [p. 33] had received its inspiration and purifying and uplifting.

The walls of the arcade were painted with frescoes by Pocetti representing the life of Saint Antonino – his worship as a child at Or San Michele, his protection of a bride entering the Duomo, his blessing of Dante da Castiglione and his wife, and his funeral. There are others, of course, besides these.

The lunettes over the doors are by Fra Angelico some of them very much dilapidated but all showing the delicate touch and deep feeling of the master. The subjects are: Saint Peter Martyr with the knife of martyrdom buried in his shoulder and his finger on his lips indicating the rule of silence peculiar to the order; Saint Dominic with the scourge of nine thongs and a book; Christ with the wound print and Christ as a pilgrim welcomed by two Dominican monks. [p. 34] The whole convent is alive with things reminding one constantly of Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, and the fiery preacher Savonarola.

In the big refectory is a fresco of Saint Dominic and his monks being fed by angels. One of the rules of the order was not "to take thought of the morrow for the morrow will take care of itself." The monks relied entirely on the kindness of outside people to supply their food and if there was anything left after the evening meal they always gave it away so as to have nothing for the morrow. This picture represents the monks and Saint Dominic being fed by angels because of their great faith that "the Lord will provide." The refectory was of course the dining room. Here as usually we found a place for a monk to read from the lives of the Saints during the meal time so that there thoughts [p. 35] should not fix on things of the body rather than those of the spirit.

In the chapter house was a Crucifixion by Fra Angelico full of much meaning. Miss Evans explained it quite fully but I did not have my note book so I do not remember it much.

Around the cross are grouped some twenty saints. Saint Dominic is kneeling at the foot of the cross, the star on his breast signifying divine inspiration. Behind him is the cardinal's hat which he would have had the right to wear if he had lived later. It is placed behind him to show that this honor was bestowed upon him after his death.

One of the most interesting things she explained was the skull at the foot of the cross. This was the translation: Seth went to the gates of Paradise and got three seeds which he put on the tongue of Adam hoping thereby [p. 36] to save his life but he died and from these three seeds grew the rod of Jesse, the staff of Moses, and the cross of

Jesus. So Christ's death is the consequence of Adam's sin and from the skull of Adam rises the redeemer who forgives sin." Isn't that an interesting thought?!

The second cloister is even more sheltered and quiet than the first but it is not so beautiful for in their efforts to make things neat and tidy they have cut down climbing rose bushes and cleared things up. It is here that Savonarola preached to the young men of Florence.

In a small refectory opening from this cloister is a Last Supper painted by Ghirlandaio. It is full of many hidden meanings. Judas sits on the opposite side of the table from Christ for he is not worthy to sit on the side with Christ whom he is to [p. 37] betray. Just behind him is a cat signifying treachery.

In the background hawks are seen chasing pigeons which they will very soon pounce upon. This signifies cruelty to come. In one of the side windows—to the left—is a dove the sign of the holy spirit and in the other a peacock for eternity.

From here we went upstairs being brought face to face with Angelico's "Annunciation" a beautiful picture in coloring and feeling. The meek humility of the Virgin and the sweet adoring reverence of the announcing angel is very well portrayed.

The cells of the monks are adorned by fresco paintings by Fra Angelico (left) and Fra Bartolomeo (right).

Miss Evans got a caretaker to go around with us with a looking glass so as to reflect a light on to the pictures which were mostly in [p. 38] very ill-lighted positions.

In his representations of the Transfiguration the heads of the two prophets are seen floating around without any bodies. The light around the figure of Christ is in the form of a sun fish this form signifying "Jesus Christ the Son of God." These six words or some one of them in Greek having the meaning fish so that is why the light is sometimes represented so. One Christian walking say for instance on the sea shore might meet with another man and fall into conversation. In case he wished to find out if his companion was a Christian he would carelessly draw in the sand the form of the fish. If the man made any sign of comprehension it would be safe to broach the subject but if he didn't a careless movement of the foot would erase the mark and the Christian would know that his [p. 39] friend was an unbeliever.

In another picture representing the mocking of Christ Angelico could not bear to portray the scenes so he put in just a pair of hands without any attachment buffeting and then there was a head spitting and so on. It was rather peculiar and wholly original.

In his picture of Jesus appearing to Mary Magdeline he has put in an exquisite little bit of garden landscape in the background.

Savonarola's rooms were very interesting not so much for what there was to see as that which was there but unseen. In the reception room was a most peculiar picture of the burning of Savonarola showing the Palazzo Vecchio, the Loggia de Lanze and an edge of the Duomo. The accuracy of this representation is to be questioned as only a few [p. 40] people are represented as being in the square where as we know by records that the piazza was packed and house roofs crowded. Poor Savonarola so firm in his belief

that his faith would carry him through unharmed. In the inner cell is a copy of his desk, a sermon, a hair shirt and his crucifix. They are pathetic in many ways. The picture from which so many copies are printed is by Fra Bartolomeo.

We went up some steps in to a cell reserved by Cosmo the Elder for talks with St. Antonino where in is a bust of the dear, lovable smiling man and a fresco by Angelico of the worship of the Magi much spoiled by being retouched and cut in to. These rooms were used by Pope Eugenius IV at one time.

In Saint Antonino's own cell was a fresco of "Christ's descent into Limbos." The devil is crushed under the door [p. 41] by which Christ enters and his workers are obliged to flee. In this room is the pall on which is placed the body of Saint Antonino (which has seemed to petrify and not fall to dust) when holy procession is made through the streets. There is a death mask and a portrait of him besides.

On one of the walls is a genealogical tree where the name of Savonorola is nearly obliterated by kisses. In the same room is a perfectly exquisite easel picture by Angelico called "The Madonna of the Star." The finest details are worked out most wonderfully.

In a small room adjoining this is another easel picture of the "Coronation of the Virgin" a no less perfect picture than the other.

The last room we peeped in to was the library. It was in this room that Savonorola administered the last [p. 42] communion to his monks and bid them to make no defense against the soldiers even then hammering at the doors.

This was the end; but we did not come out of our dream of Savonorola, Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo until we had passed out through the two peaceful cloisters and stood in the sunlight of the Piazza and heard the busy bustle of the streets. It was a very short distance back to the pension and my how good lunch tasted!

We had made arrangements for a "carriage and pair" to go to Fiesole and about half past one, word was sent to our room that our equipage had arrived. We drove to the Villa Constantine where we met the Barrs who were going with us and then on to Cooks and out on the road to our destination. The first part of the way was between high walls over which the tops of trees showed tempting our imagination as to [p. 43] what lay beyond. By and by we came on to a wide road and began to wind around and around on the slopes of a hill getting beautiful views of Florence and the surrounding country as we climbed higher and higher.

The church of San Dominico very proudly claims Fra Angelico as one of its monks prior to his stay in Florence itself.

Before we were all the way up, we were obliged to stop and have the cover of our carriage put up as the clouds which we had anxiously been watching began to pour forth rain upon our unsheltered heads. Sheets on sheets came from the sky but we were very cosy all closed in. The only thing was, that we did not enjoy a view. When we came to a stop in the great piazza we hurried at once for the church there to await the coming of our good friends. They appeared soon smiling out from under their top from which the rain was [p. 44] pouring off in streams.

We got a man to show us around the church which is built in the form of an old basilica, the choir raised above the level of the church with a crypt below. The only

thing that we stopped long to look at was a sarchopigus done by Mino de Fiesole. The cutting was perfectly exquisite in its delicacy and form.

The man took us next to the old theatre which has lately been excavated, or no it was only lately for the time it was built for the work was done in 1809 I believe. Anything from 1800 up seems lately over there.

The peasants called the ground the Holes of the Fairies and believed that the many holes there were filled with treasure over which the fairies kept guard.

When the excavation was finished a Roman theatre with sixteen tiers of seats in a semicircle thirty seven yards in diameter was disclosed.

[p. 45] Some old baths were also discovered showing the means of heating the water and the passage to carry it to the different baths. One always thinks of Italy and ruins together and this is our first Roman ruin. I am very much pleased with it.

By going out onto a built out platform we could look down and see a portion of the old Etruscan wall built when the Etruscians owned Fiesole. A little child came running as fast as he could come to sing for us and make us drop some pennies. He had such rosy cheeks and sang in such a lusty manner that of course we dropped something into his apron.

We got a splendid view out over the hills and valleys from where we stood but everything was blurred in rain. The tall dark cypress trees standing lone and solitaire or in groups of two and threes seemed more melancholy and dismal than before and oh the pity [p. 46] of it all, and the wonder of it all. The land of the luxurious past, the land of the starving present. The land of great men and might warriors, the land of ditch diggers and beggars, but always the chance for a mighty land of the future.

We dismissed our guide and went where other folks seemed to be going, to a straw shop. The natives of the town are mostly employed in the weaving of straw and there were big bargains in hats if one had engenuity enough to turn them up.

We started back quite soon as there was no use puttering around in the rain. It was too bad that it was so rainy but as it was we had to make the best of it.

We spent the evening very quietly in our homey rooms like the very unsociable people that we are.

[Written in the top left corner of the page: "August 13, 1911"]

[p. 47, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, Museo S. Marco, Cena degli Apostoli, Ghirlandaio"]

[p. 48, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, Museo di S. Marco, L'Annunziata della Vergine, Dettaglio (Beato Angelico)"]

[p. 49, A black and white postcard: Firenze, Museo S. Marco, Gesù apparisce alla Maddalena (Beato Angelico)"]

[p. 50, A black and white postcard: "Firenze, Museo di S. Marco, La Transfigurazione sui Tabor, Beato Angelico"]

[p. 51, A sepia toned postcard: Firenze, Museo di S. Marco, Madonna della Stella, Beato Angelico"]

[p. 52, A sepia toned postcard: Firenze, Museo di S. Marco, Il Supplizio di Pra Girolamo Savonarola (Ignoto dei XVI secolo)"]

[p. 53, A color postcard: portrait of Girolamo Savonarola by Fra Bartolomeo, c. 1498, Museo di San Marco, Florence.]

[p. 54, At the top of the page, two black and white postcards: "Fiesole, Mura Etrusche" and "Fiesole, Avanzi del Teatro Romano." At the bottom, a black and white panoramic postcard: "Fiesole, Panorama di Firenze"]

[p. 55, Written in the top left corner of the page: "July 21, 1912"
March 31, 1911, Friday

We had made arrangements to go with Miss Evans to the Academy this morning but we did not have to rush so, as it was very near the pension. We met her inside at ten o'clock.

From the vestibule, we entered the Saloon built and decorated expressly for Michelangelo's David, which stands at the far end. For four hundred years this statue, which the artist shaped from a discarded piece of marble, stood before the Palazzo Vecchio, until at one time in a mob a stove was thrown, which hit and damaged the figure. The artists of the time raised a great hue and cry and the statue was taken under cover and cared for properly. From afar down the room, one is impressed by the eager tenseness of the boy. He is on the defensive, every muscle is taut and while the easy pose of the figure suggests waiting, nearer examination reveals that the whole body is braced for [p. 56] action. Michelangelo made him just a simple awkward boy with big hands and feet; superbly formed, with a magnificently shaped head. The mouth and chin are very beautiful, but they express great determination. The whole face is strong, eager and determined, but perfectly composed. The mind of the master must have indeed been large to even conceive such a colossal, grand, inspiring figure.

Along the length of the room were placed statues intended for the tomb of Pope Julius II. The figures are unfinished, but one can see Michelangelo's master stroke in these figures, some of which seem to be struggling to break the bonds of the marble. It was one of the master's great disappointments that he never was allowed ["encouraged" is crossed out] to complete these statues. Julius gave the order for [p. 57] his tomb during his lifetime and Michelangelo was perfectly delighted with the commission. However, someone suggested to Julius that it was a bad omen to have his tomb made before his death and so greatly to the master's disappointment the work was stopped.

We passed through to rooms to the right where the collection is mostly pictures.

My art notes which I took while Miss Evans talked are very confused and as I am writing this more than a year after the events took place, I must write down what is possible to understand from them.

We stopped before some pictures by Fra Angelico one of them a Flight into Egypt. The artists made their pictures very symbolical and there was much of interest within the picture. Joseph is very often clothed in yellow the color which [p. 58] stands for wisdom and knowledge, the blue sky or any blue is faith and red love and sacrifice. Joseph is asleep as he is often pictured it means that love and faith are taking care and knowledge must sleep. The ass stands for humanity. During the flight when they were afraid of pursuit they passed a man planting corn and Mary said to him "If anyone asks you if a man woman and child have passed by you tell them you saw such a party when you were sowing your corn." The man agreed to this and the next morning he found his corn was fully grown. Another story of the Flight which is told is about the palm trees which held their heads as high. Mary and Joseph and the Child stopped to rest [p. 59] under a palm tree and the tree bent to give them shade. Ever since then it has bent always. The sycamore gave them water and the idols in the temple bent down before the holy party and the wheat grew to feed them so the legends run. These different things are often put into a flight and mean so much now we understand that they were painted so for a purpose.

One of the pictures I remember better was Angelico's "Last Judgement." His paintings are perfect gems; they are not usually hardly what one would call large, but every detail is carried out so perfectly and the whole work is simply exquisite. Christ is seated enthroned surrounded by the apostles and jubilant angels. Below in the earth are the tombs from which the dead are issuing. [p. 60] For a great many years (I have it written up to thirty years ago) the dead were buried in pits in the church and then lime was put in so as to destroy the bodies and new ones were put in. So these tombs in the earth are sort of like pits covered by a simple slab.

On the right of the picture those who are condemned to hell are being carried off by the fiends. It is noticable the number of monks and priest which are in this number.

On the left are the fortunate ones who are being admitted to Paradise. Above to the left are the four courts of Paradise in which the angels are joyously dancing.

The detail is perfectly wonderful and each separate little figure is different and charming in itself.

[p. 61] Angelico put landscapes into his pictures as backgrounds as for instance in a Pieta (?) by him where the hills of Fiesole are shown. He saw them every day and so he quite naturally put them in. The red and blue of sacrifice and faith are especially noticable. The marks on Christ's body are those caused by the scourging. The man with a black hood is Nicholatzio who built San Marco in Florence. The picture is much smeared by restoration. On notices especially real clouds and different kinds of trees in fact a very natural landscape but a very unnatural thing to put into a picture in those times.

Jesus friends are at the right bearing the nails and the crown of thorns. Mary Magdalene is kissing his feet while Mary the Mother is kneeling at the left [p. 62] in great sorrow.

Gentile Fabriano's master piece the Adoration of the Magi is very interesting. At his time (1423) the artists did not understand how to paint jewels so a great deal of the work was painted over gold to produce the required effect and sometimes even real jewels were used. [Written in above the next line: "continued June 29, 1913!"] Quite noticable, in many representations of the Adoration of Christ are the ox and the ass. They are placed in the picture to fulfill the prophecy of Esias, who said that the ass and the ox should eat in the manger with their master. The ass represents the Gentiles, or intelligence and the ox the Jews, or those who are under the yoke. The Magi wore crowns and under the crowns were feathers. The combination made a very peculiar appearance. A much begilded and bejeweled star shone up in the sky. In the background are seen the wise men on their way to Bethlehem [p. 63] and a procession winding up a hillside through town after town. In the procession are three kings with gloves about their heads. In front of these monarchs are three leopards used in hunting. They were painted to show the luxury of the nobility at that time. In this picture is the first instance of the sun throwing light upon a landscape. The hills in the background are illuminated by the sun's rays.

Ghirlandaio's Adoration has more reality than Fabriano's. The three shepherds are worshiping first, for humility comes before all else. On a hill in the background can be seen the angel speaking to the shepherds. The kings are coming through an arch, to the left. The manger is an old Roman sarchophigus with the inscription "In memory of Pompilus Thelius, priest and auger." So Christs coming was cradeled in the old – in the tomb of the [p. 64] Roman auger, gone to dust. The ruined building beside which the sarchophigus stands, symbolizes the Greek and Roman religion gone to ruin. From the ruins of the ancient belief springs the true religious. The Virgin's face has not much character because the general requirement was for merely an abstract face, on which much piety and reverence were expressed.

Whenever the scroll appears in a religious painting, it represents the fulfillment of the old law. The finger raised to the Christ Child's lip is to give blessing, to teach love and to proclaim "I am the Word."

There are some small pictures by the school of Ghotto, made to decorate the cupboards of St. Croce. They show remarkable coloring and solidity of the figures.

Especially worthy of not among the many pictures were: A portrait of [p. 65] Savonorola in the guise of St. Peter martyred and a Madonna, which was expressed much human feeling in the kiss the child is giving to Mary, by Bartolomeo; a Madonna of very fine draftsmanship by Signorella and two dear little boys by Andreas del Sarto.

Fra Fillipe Lippi's "Crowning of the Virgin" is a beautiful picture. The colors are very delicate and much gilt work is used. Browning spoke of Lippi's work as having bowery flowery groups of angels. At the right, in the groups, is Lippi himself and just in front of him is the girl he loved. Lippi did not wish to become a monk. The girls name is written on her sleeve. She represents Temperance. At one time Cosmo wished

to have Lippi do some work for him, so he locked him up, but the artist tied his sheets together and climbed out of the window. After that all the doors were left open, so that the genius would not risk his life rashly.

One of Bottecelli's great works, "The Domain of Venus," is in this Academy. Venus stands in the centre of a verdant woodland. Before her the three graces dance joyously and beyond them to the extreme left of the picture in Mercuray who raises his staff to bring down rain to water the earth and make the vegetation grow. Spring, an abstract, fanciful figure covered with flowers throws the blooms from her lap as she enters from the woods to the right. Behind her comes Flora, breathing flowers from her mouth as she runs from Zepha, the south wind, who is trying to catch her for his wife. Behind Venus – who is supposed to represent Bell Sinoretto, an old friend of Lorenzo di Medici – is an olive tree symbolizing peace. Only where there is peace can there be fruitfulness.

[p. 67] Not far from this picture is another of Botticelli's "The Madonna Enthroned." The angels about the mother are the children of Lorenzo di Medici. The Virgin's face has a sad thinking expression. This picture was painted for the church of St. Barumbius. The Saint appears to the left, bearing an olive branch in his hand.

One of the last pictures which we saw, was a representation of Tobias. He is walking along a highway, accompanied by the Arch Angel Raphael – wisdom – by Gabriel – love and purity – and Michael – strength. Raphael told him to go to a river and take a fish from which he should make an ointment to cure blindness. In his hand he carries a box for the ointment and a ball, which signifies the world. A little white, fluffy, very human, dog runs ahead. The animal typifies faithfulness. The river he is searching for [p. 68] is the river of life and the fish he is to obtain is Christ. The blindness is the sin of Adam. The picture is painted by one belonging to the school of Botticelli. The artist endeavoured to get the proper movement of the walking figures, but he did not succeed very well.

We did not spend any time in the Modern Gallery on the first floor for our appetites and watches warned us that it was lunch time. In the afternoon we got Helen a hat and then had our hair washed. The stores are fascinating, but we did a good deal of poking around before we decided on anything. Helen got her leghorn at Carini Aguzzi's the same place I bought mine.

[p. 69, A color postcard: "Primavera" by Sandro Botticelli, c. 1475-1485, Uffizi Gallery, Florence. This is the work Ethelinda refers to as "The Domain of Venus"]

[p. 70, Written in the top right corner of the page: "June 30, 1911"]
April 1, 1911, Saturday

We started out by ourselves, to see the Bargello. It was quite a walk from home, but the street scenes, which we glimpse as we go along are an education in themselves.

The building is a grim massive neoclassical castle, with high battlements and a lofty tower. Within, is a fine old courtyard with an open gallery running around three sides and a narrow stairway climbing up the fourth wall. This wall is decorated with

many quaint slabs with coats of arms painted on them as are also the stairway and the arches of the ground arcade.

The palace has been a National Museum since 1859 and contains many valuable collections. On the ground floor we were particularly interested in some work of Michaelangelo's. None of the productions are ranked among the masterpieces of the artist, but they are beautifully chiseled.

[p. 71] Upstairs, Donatello's "St. George" claimed our admiration. The statue formally stood in a niche on the outside of San Michale. The saint dressed in armor save for the headpiece, stands lightly [illegible] looking out over a far distance. His head is high, held with the joyousness and freedom of youth and the wind nearly ruffles his curls. The statue is most lifelike and stirring.

We came upon a well beloved friend when Jeau de Bolgne's "Mercury" flew toward us. The original is beautiful. The bronze is so perfectly rounded and cut, that the skin seems soft and pinchable. He sure seemed in a mighty big hurry. Perhaps he had just arrived from Saco, to say "Howdy" and was on the point of leaving so as to greet us at home. The figure is so lightly poised that it hardly seems to stand still.

The fourth room was a chapel, decorated by Giotto. In the frescoe at one end [p. 72] was pointed out to us the only authentic picture of Dante. It is the representation that is always shown of him, but never before did I realize that it was just a head taken from a group of many others and that it was so badly damaged as to be hardly distinguishable.

The rooms upstairs contained many interested glazed terracotta reliefs of the della Robbia family. We did not have half time enough to see the collection properly and at the last we just had to walk through room after room of wonderful tapestries, reliefs, carvings, ivories and bronzes, trusting to get a general idea of the beauty and the delicacy of the work.

After lunch, we made our way to Sante Maria Novella to see the inside of the church we have passed so often. Coming from the warm sunny street to the interior of the church we shivered at the cold [p. 73] dismal blast of air that greeted us and looked half fearfully at the shadowy corners. We had our dear old friend Ruskin and his "Mornings in Florence" with us, so we at first very meekly and obediently followed his peremptory command to go up behind the altar to see Ghirlandajo's frescoes. These frescoes decorate the wall to the right and left of the aps and are remarkable for their brilliant colors, gilt being used in large quantities. The dim light softens the colors and the rigid outline of the figures. There is very little expression in the faces of the pompous ladies and men, supposed to represent Biblical characters.

[Written in ink in the margin above this line: "July 13, 1913"]

We wandered about the church enjoying the quiet peace of the sanctuary and the works of bye-gone years. Chimabue has painted a large enthroned Madonna in a side chapel which is remarkable for its seize and coloring. The figures [p. 74] seems in bad proportion and very stiff and unnatural but the conception is the ideal of the early Florentines of a proud majestic awe inspiring Mother. Chimabue was the precursor of

Ghiotto but he never attained the depth of human understanding, which his follower had. A great deal of gilt work is used in the picture.

Down in the cloisters we tried to peek through the iron fence at two of Ghiotto's frescoes. They were much damaged, but the delicate coloring and sweet, simple, graceful bearing of the figures were still distinguishable. Ruskin made us laugh at the way he praised these paintings, to the detriment of the rest of the Sante Maria Novella and all Ghiotto's contemporaries. The two frescoes represent the "Meeting of Joachim and Anna at the Golden Gate" and the "Birth of the Virgin." Ruskin makes [p. 75] this statement: "If you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not, by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it." We enjoyed the frescoes, but we also like much else in Florence and consider other things also of interest.

The Spanish Chapel was the last place we visited. We entered from the cloisters by a low door and seemed in a fairyland of bewildering figures and faces and symbols. The walls and ceiling and arches are all profusely painted. On the altar wall is represented the Passion; on the ceiling the Resurrection & Ascension; on the wall to the right Triumph of the Church; and on the wall to the left the Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas. There is much symbolism and confluence to set rules in these paintings and there [p. 76] is subject for hours study. Ruskin calls this chapel the "Vaulted Book" and goes into many details which are very interesting.

After leaving the church we wandered about in the shops and then went back to the pension.

In the evening we went to call on Mrs. Park. She has a very attractive home and seems to like Florence very much. Mother enjoyed seeing one of her old girlhood friends and it certainly was nice to see someone who has been connected with Saco and home.

[p. 77, A black and white postcard: "Firenze, Museo Nazionale, Mercurio dal dorso, Giamblogna"]

[p. 78, Written in the top left corner of the page: "July 13, 1911"]
April 2, 1911, Sunday

Stayed in all the day and read and rested, a wrote, wrote, wrote.

[Written in the line above the date: "July 14, 1911"]
April 3, 1911, Monday

We had an appointment with Miss Evans for this morning at the office and were on time – only to have to wait several minutes for her. She and Mother took the elevator up, but we girls climbed and climbed and climbed, until we reached the top at last. There is a long corridor within the precincts of the ticket rail with windows on one side and antiques arranged along and on the opposite wall. The ceiling is decorated by Porchetti in the Roman fashion of design, first discovered in the baths of Titus. There were quite a number of flowers and vases and objects from nature used in the

decoration— rather than scenes from real life. There were quite a [p. 79] number of old Roman marble sarcophagi which Cosmo had brought under cover and restored. Most of them represent the Roman ideals of a gentleman and show the six different stages. First, the child learning, then marriage, the husband as the priest of the family worshipping, the Judge, the hunter and the warrior. The workmanship of some of the tombs is exquisite. Raphael copied a group from one of these sarcophagi for his famous Vatican tapestries.

On the wall above are some very old and very primitive paintings. One represents Christ as a God, with eyes staring wide open and a hard relentless face. Then his suffering and resignation are portrayed. The painting is done on wood.

There is a picture by Giavanni Biondo, copied after Giotto, of St. John the Evangelist. The eagle, emblem of purity and the symbol which stands [p. 80] for Saint John, is painted. Under the apostles feet are pride, avarice and vain glory.

The expression "Charity with a fur on" comes from St. Martin's having divided his cloak with a poor man.

At the upper end of the corridor is a statue of Julia, the daughter of Titus, represented as a goddess and near-by is a bust of Otho, which is very soft and human.

The Jewel room contains many beautiful articles, among others, with magnificent fruit columns for an altar in the Medici Chapel, which Pope Clement I had ordered. Besides these there was a beautiful cup of sardonix, a seven headed hydra and a gold figure of Herculeia by John Bologne and a porphyry figure—a work which is very hard to do.

The south corridor contains a statue of the crouching Venus. The [p. 81] modeling of the back is wonderful. It is full of lines and curves and dimples of beautiful grace. Near-by, is a statue of a Roman matron with perfect ease. There is a wealth of dignity and sweet womanliness in the poise and grace of her figure.

The collection of artists portraits is very interesting. Madam Lebrun's painting of herself shows a young, graceful, exuberant woman. Her face with the dark hair curling about it, the clear eager eyes and the parted lips is full of childish innocence, beauty and happiness. She came back to Florence when she was seventy years old and when she saw this portrait she burst into tears and said: "To think life is gone and I once looked like this!"

Seybold Christians portrait has marvelous eyes. [p. 82] The portrait that Rubens painted of himself, shows a dashing cavalier. The workmanship is very fine, but close study of the face, does not attract one to the man.

Raphael's painting shows us a sensitive, refined face. It is a beautiful face, with a dreamy visionary expression in the deep fathomless eyes. One sees in the man much of the pure spirit, which pervades his pictures.

Next we went into the Niobe room. It is a long room with the statues ranged along the sides and ends of the room. These statues, which are Roman copies of Praxiteles' great work, were found buried in the sand near the Gate de Poipelo in Rome, about 1583. They were probably made about 100 BC or at the time of Christ. Niobe, wife of Amphion, with her seven sons and seven daughters, their tutor and nurse are

stricken with the arrows of Apollo [p. 83] and Artemis, for having slighted Latoua. The central figure of Niobe, with the youngest daughter clinging to her, is wondrous beauty. The Greeks said that it was a sin to make anything that would cause or portray sorrow. All art must be beautiful. So the mother's grief shows in the quiet, overpowering anguish on her face. She is trying to repress her sorrow, but the face she lifts upward to the heavens is full of heartrending despair and grief. The other figures all show terror and stoic suffering.

In the centre of the room is the Medici Vase with the story of Ephigina and Agamemnon sculpted upon it.

On our way back to the east corridor, we went into the smaller rooms for one or two pictures. Here we saw a Sassaferrato blue Madonna, which is the original from which all the others are painted.

[p. 84] There was also a representation of Mary Magdalene by Carlo Dolce, the last of the Florentines.

Hans Menching's "Madonna with Angels," was very fine in detail. the Virgin was clothed almost entirely in red. One angel was offering an apple and the other was playing a harp. Behind was a bit of beautiful landscape.

Next we entered the Tribune, an octagon room set apart for masterpieces of sculpture and painting. In the centre are some fine statues. The Venus di Medici is supposed to have the exact proportions for a perfect body. The head belongs to some other statue, but fits on this one very well. She is just rising from the sea.

We were very much interested in a statue of two wrestlers, which was made about the time Christ was living. We got into an earnest discussion as to [p. 85] whether the upper man had his opponent firmly pinned or whether the under man was going to get on top. The tense, active attitude is very fine.

The "Grinder," a Scythian whetting his knife to flay Marsyas, by order of Apollo, has a hideous expression. The face expressed savage, brutal delight in his contemplated task.

Raphael's "Madonna of the Goldfinch" is one of his great works – but then, almost all of his works are wonderful. The Virgin is seated in a green field with the hills and towers of Florence in the distance. In one hand, she holds a book and the other rests on St. John, who holds the goldfinch. The Christ child does not play with the bird, he places his hands upon it and blesses it. The Madonna's face has a calm, sweet, pure serenity and the Christ's face has a great deal of seriousness and steadfastness.

[p. 86] The baby of Correggio's "Virgin in Adoration" is not at all a pretty baby. He is just a simple, human, newly born child.

Francia, who finished some of Raphael's uncompleted pictures, did not become a painter, until he was forty years old. He produced little of great merit.

The portrait of Pope Julius II by Raphael shows a man of "strongly marked individuality, with keen, deep-set eyes, vigorous nose, firmly compressed lips and ample white beard." There are several fine copies of this portrait.

Andrea del Sarto has a very fine picture of the Madonna with S. S. John and Francis, called the Madonna of the Harpies, from the figures on the pedestal, on which

she is standing. The Virgin's face is the face of del Sarto's wife and has a great deal of statuesque beauty. St. John is on the right [p. 87] of the picture, and Saint Frances on the left. Mary's and St. John's arms are very beautiful. They stand out very clearly and are wonderfully beautiful. Two dear little angels are very carefully supporting the Mother and Child.

One of the pictures which attracted us very much was the "Visitation" by Mariotto Albertinelli. The colors were rich and beautifully shaded and the attitudes of the women were wonderful. They bore themselves in such a quiet calm dignified manner. Each seemed glad to see the other and there was such a wealth of sympathy between the two, that the greeting was not hurried nor were any words spoken at first. The understanding between them was so perfect that there was neither need for words nor for demonstration.

We did not have time (a well [p. 88] worn phrase) to even enter some of the rooms—but that leaves just so much to anticipate. After lunch, we walked to Cook's and then by the water-front we approached Santa Croce. Mother lead us very carefully, so that we should not see it, until we came squarely in front of it. And we were repaid, for our trouble, for our impressions is of a white façade gleaming with many colored marbles, of graceful dainty towers and lofty gothic arches. There is a large statue of Dante in the piazza in front of the church.

We wandered about in the interior, not doing any special sight-seeing, but just enjoying the cool calmness of the sanctuary. The frescoes which were partly restored, partly just being uncovered were quaint and delicate and the bronze tablets in the floor were once of fine workmanship—but now smoothed and worn by [p. 89] the feet of many generations. We did some errands on the way home, among other things visiting a chocolate manufactory. That candy! Oh my! if it wasn't perfectly wonderful! I never hope to taste anything much better.

I spent the evening writing.

[p. 90, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Uffizi; Elisabetha Lebrun Le Vigée (Auto Ritratto)]

[p. 91, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, Rubens, suo ritratto, Galleria Uffizi"]

[p. 92, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Uffizi; La Madonna del Cardellino (Raffaello)"]

[p. 93, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Uffizi; La Madonna delle Arpie (Andrea del Sarto)"]

[p. 94, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Uffizi; La Visitazione (M. Albertinelli)"]

[p. 95, Written in the top left corner: "July 20, 1913"]

April 4, 1911, Tuesday

We had a glimpse of such wonders yesterday that we wished for more so we went to the Uffizi again. We started in with the rooms at the beginning of the corridor and found many familiar names and beautiful pictures. Titian's "Flora," a pretty Venetian woman, half undress, with flowers in her hand looks like Palma Vecchio's daughter, whom Titian sometimes used as a model. The flesh tints are beautiful.

Opening out of room IV is a small room, which contains a jewel of painting. Fra Angelico's Winged altar-piece. The work is all done on a gold ground and represents the Madonna with saints and twelve angels of wondrous beauty. The figures are small and very carefully painted. The colors are soft & delicate and the lines are full of grace and dignity.

Botticelli has some of his best works in this gallery. The master may not have known much about anatomy [p. 96] but there is always a great deal of expression and his curves are beautiful. His "Judith" was particularly interesting to us, because of Ruskin. It is a small picture, which represents Judith "returning to the camp of her Israel, followed by her maid, carrying the head of Holofernes. And she walks in one of Botticelli's light dancing actions, her drapery all are flutter and her hand light over the sword hilt – but daintily – not nervously, the little finger laid over the cross of it.

"And at the first glance – you will think the figure merely a piece of fifteenth century affectation. Judith indeed! Say rather the daughter of Herodia, at her mincingest.

"Well, yes – Botticelli is affected, in the way that all men in that century necessarily were. Much euphemism, much studied grace of manner, much formal assertion of scholarship, mingled [p. 97] with his force of imagination. And he likes twisting the fingers of hands about, just as Correggio does. But he never does it like Correggio, without cause.

"Look at Judith again – at her face, not her drapery – and remember that when a man is base at the heart, he blights his virtues into weaknesses, but when he is true at the heart, he sanctifies his weaknesses into virtues. It is a weakness of Botticelli's, this love of dancing motion and waved drapery; but why has he given it full flight here?

"You will feel that there is somewhat more to be thought of and pictured in Judith, than painters have mostly found it in them to show you; that she is not merely the Jewish Delilah of the Assyrian Samson; but the mightiest, purest brightest type of high passion in severe womanhood offered in our human [p. 98] memory. Sandro's picture is but slight, but it is true to her and the only one I know that is; and after reading the Bible story you will see why he gives her that swift, peaceful motion, while you read in her face, only sweet solemnity of dreaming thought. 'My people delivered and by my hand, and God has been gracious to His handmaid!' The triumph of Miriam over a fallen host the fire of exulting mortal life in an immortal hour, the purity & severity of a guardian angel – all are here; and as her servant follows, carrying indeed the head, but invisible – (a mere thing to be carried – no more to be so much as thought

of) she looks only at her mistress with intense, servile, watchful love. Faithful, not in these days of fear only, but hitherto in all her life and afterward forever." — Ruskin.

The Crowning of the Virgin appealed [p. 99] to us, because of the wondrous grace and simplicity and dignity and sweetness of the figures. The Virgin's face has the gentle sadness of quiet suffering & anguish; and the child's face has a calm resolute thoughtfulness. The colors are beautiful. The left angel in the very background shows a touch of blue and the figure leaning over the two with the book has on a robe of a pinkish red, with a little gold figure in it. Of the two in front, the left one's robe is of blue, lined with gold & with gold bands about the sleeves & cuffs. The other one is dressed in yellow with white at the neck. The Madonna's over robe is blue, with a gold edge & the under garment of rather a bright red. Tied loosely about her neck is a Roman scarf composed of pink, red and a broad stripe of blue. A thin gauzy white cloth is over her loose [p. 100] golden hair. It is a wonderfully beautiful picture. The "Birth of Venus" was a good picture, by Botticelli. But somehow the non-religious pictures lack a something — a deep feeling that is much of the charm of the others. Venus, standing on a sea shell, has just sprung from the ocean foam. Spring hastens from the woods to greet her, bearing a pink robe with a gold edge and small white flowers with big green leaves. Flora, with olive green draperies and Zephyr, clad in a blue garment come together to meet her and become her loyal servants. Spring's dress is white with blue flowers on it. The movement of the approaching figures is beautiful. The wind blows Venus' hair and the draperies of the other figures. The goddesses' face is very tender, sweet and wistful.

Lorenzo di Credi's "Annunciation" has a [p. 101] beautiful bit of garden landscape showing through the windows in the background.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Annunciation" has beautiful coloring. The red of the angels' robe is wonderfully rich and deep. There is much seriousness in the two faces. The angels' uplifted hand seems to remind her of the pain and suffering and anguish attended with the charge and the Virgin's upraised hand seems to say "I am thine handmaid. God's will be done."

The time just flies in an art gallery — but then it does most anywhere.

This afternoon we went to the Palazzo Riccardi to see Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco in the Medici chapel of the "Journey of the Magi to Bethlehem." Under guise of this title he portrays a brilliant hunting cavalcade of the Medici. The Medici themselves are there and many other nobles of ancient [p. 102] Florence.

There is no window in the room, so the colors have had no chance to fade and are in perfect condition. The attendant turns a bright electric light on the picture, so that all the colors and fine details show up finely. It is a revelation to see what a perfectly preserved fresco is like. We came home about four o'clock and I spent the afternoon and evening writing.

[p. 103, A color postcard: "Firenze, L'Annunziata, Leonardo da Vinci"]

[p. 104, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Uffizi; La Vergine col Figlio e Angioli (Botticelli)"]

[p. 105, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, R. Galleria Uffizi; Giuditta (Botticelli)"]

[p. 106, Written in the upper left corner of the page: "August 3, 1913"]
April 5, 1911, Wednesday

This morning by way of Vias Nazionali and Faeuza, turning to the right, we came to the ex convent of the Foligno nuns, a few doors up. Here we paid 50 centimes and went in to see the pictures, which Marchese Feroni bequeathed to the city and above all the frescoe of the last supper, which is attributed, by some critics, to Raphael. This painting which is on the wall of the refectory, is in splendid condition and when one uses the glasses, that the custodian supplies, the figures are most startlingly alive. Christ sits in the center, with the eleven apostles about him and Judas opposite. Judas' face is not wicked, but he cannot meet his Master's eyes and so he looks out of the picture. The figure, at the extreme left, of James the Second looks like Raphael. The names of the diciples are on the base of the raised platform, on which they are sitting. Behind, is depicted the Passion on the Mount of Olives. The apostles are asleep, while the angel with the cup [p. 107] flies toward the kneeling Savior.

Of the other pictures in the room, Carlo Dolci's Angel of the Annunciation is especially good. The graceful, girlish figure, with the wistful face, the white wings and the slender hands, seems tipified by the pure sheaf of lilies that she holds. It is an appealing picture.

Leaving here, we went to the Palazzo Strozzi and found that the quaint old palace has been turned into an art dealers shop.

We were just too late to get into San Trinita, for it closes from twelve to three, so we wandered into Cole's Picture Store on Via Lournabuino and there we remained, until one o'clock; and some of our money remained longer still. Pictures are very fascinating to me and especially, when combined with the dark, hand-carved, Florentine frames, they are irresistible.

It rained during the afternoon and evening, so we stayed in and I wrote, wrote, wrote!

[p. 108, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, Ex Convento ki Foligno, L'Ultima Cena di Gesù con ali Apostoli, Raffaello Sanzio"]

[p. 109, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, Galleria Peroni, L'arcangelo Gabriele (Carlo Dolci)"]

[p. 110, Written in the upper left corner of the page: "August 4, 1911"]
April 6, 1911, Thursday

We met Miss Evans' part at Vesseux Library and then proceeded to Sante Croce. Somehow we though we had about seen it all when we were there but we were quickly

brought to our senses and by the end of the morning we concluded that we had just begun to see Sante Croce. Many of the frescoes in the church were covered up when Napoleon came through Italy and the treasures have only fairly recently been brought to light and restored. I wish they wouldn't restore them for they spoil the beautiful delicate colors of the original. Giotto's frescoes of the life of St. Francis of Assize are very new and glaring and the black outline about the figures is quite the idea of the restorer. On the left wall they had just discovered a frescoe from which all the plaster had not been removed when we were there. The colors were wonderfully soft and delicate and [p. 111] seemed quite in keeping with the old church.

We had quite passed by one of Sante Croces most valuable treasures – the pulpit. The stone is covered with scenes from the life of St. Francis carved in most wonderful fashion. A copy of this is in the Cocrane Art Gallery in Washington.

Michael Angelo's tomb is in the right aisle by the first altar.

We stayed so long that the sacristan got real cross and might have locked us in, if we had not "crossed his palm."

Miss Evans took us to the Palazzo Vecchio this afternoon. In the center of the courtyard is a dear little fountain of a boy squeezing a duck, from whose mouth the water bubbles forth. The pillars were ornamented by cement decorations, but so cleverly was it done that it looked as though the pillars were beautifully carved. [p. 112] On the first floor, we went into the great hall for the council of the Prefectors who were elected every six weeks.

The door way opposite was beautifully carved for it marked the entrance to Duke Cosmo's private apartments. We were faced by two big pictures, one of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and the other of his unfortunate wife. She had a beautiful face.

The room which used to be the Dukes banquet room is now used for the provincial council. Tapestries cover the walls. The border is of fruits and vegetables and the main tapestries relate the story of Joseph. Secret doors and rooms lend an air of mystery to Cosmo's apartments. From the Reception room there are steps leading to his private room. The ceiling is most gorgeously painted. Here is also a painting of himself and his wife. The cupboard doors, where he kept his [p. 113] valuable belongings are all elaborately painted. By a secret door – formed by a panel – one enters his treasure room, which is all lined with beautifully decorated closets. His private sitting room, which was small enough to be easily heated, was reached by another short stair way that lead past another treasure room. The door to this was the same – just a panel and by another secret panel door, he could look through a glass into the great council chamber and know what was going on there.

In the big room which we returned to, Savanorola spent his last night, sleeping in the back right corner, with his head on the lap of one of his friends.

Among the other rooms, there was Cosmo's private bed room and his dressing room – a chamber which had to be large to contain all his wardrobe. Everywhere throughout [p. 114] the building were pictures. An exhibit formed by loans had been arranged in celebration of Italys fifty years of united government.

Next we entered a chapel and beyond that a little room which possibly was the dutchesses writing room – as it contained a beautiful desk. From here there was a passage to the Uffizi. In this, was murdered a general who was coming to tell of treason. It makes one feel quite spooky to be in a place so full of mysterious rooms, hidden staircases and secret passages.

The dutchesses private rooms contain some beautiful old furniture and the ceilings everywhere are finely painted.

Her sitting room is a cosy little chamber from which she might look down into the open square. An open loggia is connected with this room and makes it very desirable [p. 115] even in present times.

The other rooms were filled with pictures – some of them extremely funny ones.

We all went up to the first story of the turret or rather up to the battlements, where we could walk all about and get a wonderful view out over the very top – up, up to the bear weather vane on the summit of the tower and we stayed below and "saw how she did it."

There was a banner exhibit in a room formed by the base of the tower on the battlements and our hearts swelled with love as we saw "Old Glory's" silken folds.

When Helen got back we all went to Or San Michele. This building was erected on the site of an old corn hall. The ground floor is used as a church and the upper part contains [p. 116] the Notarial Archives. The outside was adorned by the guilds with statues of great value. Most of the better ones have been removed to some museum and copies substituted in their places.

Within is a wonderful Gothic shrine by Orcagna. It is so built and fitted together as to appear as if carved out of one block. No cement is used but it is held together by copper rivets set in lead. It was built after the terrible plague of 1344, by a public subscription.

We had tea even though it was about 5.45 and after we had talked a lot we rode home and spent the evening quietly. That is – I wrote.

[At the bottom of the page is a ticket for admission: "Tranval del Comune di Firenze in esercizio all Società del Transval Fiorentini. Ponte Rosse – Piazza Signoria (per Piazza Indipendenza)]

[p. 117, Written in the upper left corner of the page: "August 4, 1913"]
April 7, 1911, Friday

Katharine did not feel very well to-day, so we three started out alone, going to the Pitti, where we stayed during the whole morning.

We studied carefully those pictures which Miss Evans had talked to us about and noticed others she had not had time for. Albori had another picture of "Judith with the head of Holifernes." The representation was not quite as good as the picture we saw in Vienna, but the coloring was beautiful, the expression appealing and the attitude calm and composed.

The coloring of Andrea Del Sarto's Entombment was beautiful. He was a man of such possibilities.

The first part of the afternoon it rained, but after it cleared off we set forth to see Perugino's Frescoe. This marvelously preserved painting is in the chapter house of Santa Maria [p. 118] Maddalena de' Pazzi. This is the sole decoration of the room and indeed nothing else could be put near it. It is in three panals, or archways. The left panel has the figures of St. Benard and the Virigin. The central figures are Christ on the Cross and Mary Magdalene kneeling below. St. John and Saint Benedict are at the right. The great beauty of the pictures is in the coloring. The shades and tints are very delicate and the light and shadow effects are beautiful. Behind the group Perugino has painted one of his exquisite landscapes – the scenes he saw from his home in Umbria each day. The attitudes and expressions of the people convey infinite adoration, worship, sorry and pain. The colors are somewhat this way – St. Benedict, who is kneeling at the right, is clad in a grey friars dress. St. John who stands beside him [p. 119] wears an under robe of light lavender, or moave, an outer robe of light pinkish red with a suggestion of blue in composition and a green scarf about his shoulders.

Mary Magdalene's under garment is black and her outer one, red, faced with a light changable green.

The loin cloth about Christ is of light lavender.

The Virgin's under robe is a very dark blue. At the bottom it is edged with gold. Her outer robe is of a wonderful reddish purple with suggestions of darkness, but not all dark nor yet all a flaming red. She wears a white cloth about her head and the lining of the headscarf is white.

St. Bernard wears white friars dress.

And behind all this is the blue sky, the grey crags, the green fields and the waving tree tops. [p. 120] I reckon this picture among my favorites.

Coming back, we passed the Foundlings hospital with its interesting della Robbia medallions of infants in swaddling clothes and then on to the church of the Annunziata to see Andrea Del Sarto's frescoes. They represent scenes from the life of Fillippo Beuizzi and of the Virgin. "In profusion of noble figures, & in richness and softness of coloring they are among the most beautiful creations of Florentine high Renaissance." They have suffered from exposure, being in the courtyard, so now the shaft is protected with glass. Andrea shows his consummate skill in this picture.

From here we went to Coles Picture Store and then home for the rest of the day.

[p. 121, A color postcard: "Firenze: Giuditta con la testa [illegible], Cristofano Allori"]

[p. 122, Two sepia toned postcards, left: "Firenze, S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi. Particolare della Crocifissione. (Perugino)". Right: "Firenze, S. Maria Maddelena dei Pazzi. Particolore della Crocifissione (Perugino)"]

[p. 123, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, S. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi. Partilcolare della Crocifissione. (Perugino)"]

[p. 124, Written in the upper left corner: "August 4, 1913"]

April 8, 1911, Saturday

We had been told of a sight to be seen not mentioned in Baedeker namely to go and see the Davanzati Palace. It is situated on Via de Porta Rossa just opposite Via Sassetti. It has been kept in its original condition as far as possible and is very interesting for the medieval furnishings with which it is fitted up. One can see from the first floor, the holes through which they could pour hot liquids down on those in the courtyard below. A well shaft supplies water which may be gained from the first floor and all is in condition to withstand a protracted siege. The windows have heavy shutters studded with brass and deep window seats. The quaint chairs, tables, dishes and huge fireplaces are very interesting.

In one room the window panes were of linen, which shed a soft subdued light through the camber. The walls in this room were gorgeous with frescoes of [p. 125] peacocks and birds of brilliant plumage amid a luxuriant forest of greenery. A quaint medieval bed with canopy and elaborate spread occupied a big space in the room. To get into the bed you had to step on a little platform on which it was placed. Boxes for clothes were along the two sides. Near by was an old hour glass.

The cooking utensils and toilet articles were very interesting in their primitiveness.

From the Loggia at the top of the building we got a fine view out over the city toward the Duomo and the hills of Fiesole. This view will be cut off, when the new post office, that is in the process of building on the opposite corner, is completed.

We girls fooled away the afternoon, until tea time, when we went to meet Mrs. Park and Mother for tea.

[p. 126, A black and white postcard: "Palazzo Davanzati. Inugurato il 24 Aprile 1910. Ripristinato dal Prof. Elia Volpi"]

[p. 127, Written in the upper left corner of the page: "August 4, 1913"]

April 9, 1911, Sunday

"And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven."

Substitute we for the pronoun in the first line and that was our situation as we flew over the smooth roads in Dr. Parks automobile. Between lanes, up hill and down vale, through sun and shade, we glided on and on with the air blowing our lungs open and the heavens smiling down graciously. For about an hour we rode through this lovely country – the hillsides marked off by zig-zagging stone walls, crowned by some quaint turret or castle – the valleys somber with the lowering cypress trees. We stopped before a quaint church, with the intention of going in, but there was such a crowd in the Piazza that we thought it hardly wise to get out and so we started on and on again.

At length we reached a hill on [p. 128] whose summit was a mass of quaint old buildings. The monastery of Certosa is situated in a beautiful spot, amid the rolling hills and fertile fields of Florence's environs. We four got out of the machine and were admitted within the walls by a white clad monk. Everything is very quiet and peaceful. No noise of the busy active world without can disturb those who are set upon the hill. Very few of the brothers are left, however, for no new ones may enter the order – according to a law recently passed in Italia. The interior of the buildings for service are beautiful with monuments, paintings, and rich materials, but the monks cells are very plain and simple and the whole atmosphere breathes of purity and simplicity. Within a courtyard stands Michel Angelo's famous well while all about are the arches of the cloister are me-[p. 129]dallions made by della Robbia.

I plucked a spray of lavender from the hedge as I passed and now it still breathes of the sweetness of that place. Dr. Park had gone back on the cars when we returned to the machine and we followed him back to Firenze, nestled amid her hills and cypress trees. The perfume we bought at Certosa is very very fine. As we entered the city again the children in the street all had branches of olive trees. It was Palm Sunday and they had been to service in the great cathedrals and we had been to the great cathedral.

In the afternoon, we drove to the Boboli Gardens and spent a couple of hours wandering through the grand avenues, the quiet bye paths lingering by the side of splashing fountains and tranquil pools. These gardens are about the most [p. 130] beautiful that we have seen so far because there is so much space, and because things are trained to an orderliness, which is natural.

We drove to Villa Solferino, Miss Constantines for a farewell tea with the Barrs. How good it was to have a homey chat with them.

Then, when the shadows grew long and the lights began to twinkle, we bid them "Glücke Reise," "Aufwiedersehen" and went on our way, home.

[p. 131, Written in the upper left corner of the page: "August 4, 1911"]
April 10, 1911, Monday

We went for a last visit to the Uffizi this morning. Lingeringly, we stopped before our favorites, to catch their last message to us and with many a backwards look we passed on leaving them, for we knew not how long.

We went through the passage and on into the Pitti. It is very convenient to have that connecting passage, only if you check your umbrellas in the Uffizi, and then go through to the Pitti you have to come way back to the Uffizi after you have finished at the other palace.

We spent the morning in our last talks with our picture friends.

After lunch we took a car for San Salvi, to see Andrea del Sarto's "Last Supper." The Church of San Salvi is situated in the tower of Settignano, a short ride from the walls of Florence. So the story of the founding of the monastery runs. Two priest bearing [p. 132] a relic of the Abbot S. Salvi on their way on a pilgrimage to Rome lay down one night outside of the walls of Florence to rest. At daybreak they arose and prepared to start on, but they found that they could not lift their precious relic not

matter how hard they tried. News of this miracle quickly spread about and the Bishop or Fiesole came and saw that it was true. He ordered that a chapel should be built on the spot.

Andrea del Sarto's picture is the chief attraction to the church. There is more movement and animation than is usually shown in a picture of this subject. All the men are very much excited as is showed by their impetuous motions and attitudes. Above, looking in the window are two men who stand for the public people. The picture is done in Andrea's masterful style and is a very fine production.

[p. 133] Coming back, we went into the Badia, where a funny old priest showed us about. I guess he thought we were the biggest joke out, for he laughed and laughed at everything we did. The best picture that we saw was by Fillipi Lippi of St. Bernard and the Virgin. This is one of the masters most beautiful works. The grace and dignity of the Virgin is very sweet and the saints adoration at the apparition is very strong. The outline of an angels face against her blue robe is very pretty. He is kneeling beside a rocky ledge and all about are the green fields spotted with flowers.

The monk showed us perfectly marvelous robes that belonged to the monestary. A mint of money and time must have been spent on them. Heled tried to get a picture of us with the monk in the cloisters, but it didn't turn out well. We went home by way of the chocolate shop!!

[p. 134, A sepia toned postcard: "Firenze, S. Salvi, Cenacolo (A. del Sarto)"]

[p. 135, Written in the top left corner of the page: "August 4, 1913"]
April 11, 1911, Tuesday

We packed all the morning long until it was time to go to Mrs. Parks for lunch. We enjoyed our meal with her but we couldn't stop for long afterward. She has been very nice to us during our stay here.

We took a carriage to the Operadel Duomo. Here, on the first floor we saw the Singers Platforms, from the cathedral, with famous reliefs of singing and dancing children by Luca della Robbia and Donatello, the former "frankly realistic, very earnest, & of pleasing forms, the latter passionately agitated and of sterner mould." Oh how they are singing!

From here we walked to Coles for a last time and then on to a trunk makers, where we bought hat boxes. We had tea and then took a carriage home.

We spent all the rest of our time packing!

[p. 136, A black and white postcard of "Singing Angles," from the Cantoria by Luca della Robbia, a carved bas relief of a group of young boys singing]

[p. 137, A black and white postcard of "Singing Angels," from the Cantoria by Luca della Robbia.]

[p. 138, Written in the top left corner of the page: "August 10, 1913"]

April 12, 1911, Wednesday

Everything was packed before we went down to breakfast this morning. That sounds as though we were real clever, but we had our morning repast about nine-thirty. We had time to spare and so fooled around, until quarter of twelve, when we had early lunch. The buss took us to the station for the 1:10 train which was late. There was a perfect jam of people waiting to get on and we had to fight in order to secure two places. We took turns at sitting down and standing in the corridor. One seat we gave up to an elderly German man who was very weak and ill. His friend got into a confab with Helen and they had a fine time – she talking German and he talking English. The trip was a long one, but it was very pretty. The green fields, picturesque straw huts, willowy trees, and distant hamlets repeated themselves on every [p. 139] side. We traveled beside the Tiber for some time, before we were due in Rome. The stream is narrow and very muddy and twists and curves through the flat green marshes of the Roman Compagna. There, the grass grows high and green and the trees droop sadly. The few houses we saw were near the railroad track where the ground was higher and might be used for cultivation. When they do have a small patch suitable for growing things, every square inch is used.

From far up the valley as we snaked along we caught a glimpse of a mighty dome silouetted against the evening sky. A glimpse – and then it vanished back into the fairyland beyond the hills. The Sabine and Albion Hills were on the left as we chugged chugged on. On we went and still on, until again that mystic dome rose on our right.

[p. 140] Only a short way further and we pulled slowly in, to the great station. A porter took our baggage, signaled to the hotel Victoria's man and we were escorted to a buss, the door was closed and off we rattled. We had written ahead for rooms and were shown two very comfortable ones. They are not next to each other, but as soon as the Easter crowd leaves, we can be nearer. We got down to dinner about eight o'clock – our train got in at seven and right after the meal we adjourned to bed and the sleep of the truly weary soon enfolded us.

[p. 141, Written in the top left corner of the page: "August 10, 1913"]

April 13, 1911, Thursday

Early this morning we started for St. Peters. One cabman would not take the four of us and I don't blame him, for his horse was in a bad condition. Another man took the four of us and somehow I think it was wiser for us all to be together. The ride was quite a long one. We skidded though big streets and little streets until we came to the Tiber, which we crossed by the Ponte Umberto I. That meant that we passed under the high, brown, scarred walls of the Castle San Angelo, or what is know as Hadrian's Tomb. The mighty mass of stone is representative of the history of the city itself. At one time, it was a beautiful building gleaming with white marble and beautiful ornaments. But war, strife, and the elements have raged about it, until now the marble is all gone and the brown stone is deeply scarred.

Beyond this, we passed the modern Palace of Justice and then we plunged

[p. 142] into a narrow street, to emerge into the Piazza di San Pietro.

There was the building of our dreams! Dazzling, pure, mighty, the colossal building gleamed in the bright sunlight at the end of the big open piazza. We climbed the steps, passed between the big columns, into the vestibule and beyond. Before us stretched a vast area of shining marble, gleaming, richly colored mosaics, statuary, tombs, gilding, mighty columns and dim chapels. The effect was stupendous — a maze of color and wonderful painting and statuary.

We listened to mass in the far end of the building and then drifted with the crowd. Everyone seemed to be hurrying in one direction — so we went too. A procession approached the spot where we were standing and everyone about us kneeled. A dignitary, dressed in marvelous robes was walking [p. 143] under a canopy bearing the holy relics of someone, to the Sistine Chapel. The man wore a mitre and behind him walked a man whom Mother was sure was Cardinal Rampole. We have reason to believe that the man was the Pope, but we are not sure.

We took a carriage back home again for lunch and then Helen went to bed and we three started for Cook's and our mail. We went to the office on Piazza S. Trinità dei Monti and found that we could get mail only at the main office on Piazza dei Termini. So, as we were right near, we went to Pension Bella, on Via Babuino where we found Miss Watson. My, but she looked tired! If the trip is as strenuous for the members of the party as for her. I think we are lucky not to have gone with her.

From the pension we got on board a car no. 14, which landed us right [p. 144] at Cook's door. We got the mail and then walked back by Via Nazionale, dei Quattro Fonti, Piazza Barberini, and Via Veneto. Our first day in Rome is over and is a wonderful success.

Helen still didn't feel very well, so I slept with Katharine.

[At the bottom of the page, a sepia toned postcard: "Roma, Il Palazzo di Giustizia"]

[p. 145, Written in the top left corner of the page: "Aug 10, 1913"]

April 14, 1911, Friday

We found that we were very near the Borghese Gardens, so we started on a walk through the long shady green avenues, by the fountains and the flower beds, until we came out on the brow of the Pincian Hill. From there, we got a fine view out over the whole city, over the crowded streets, over the domes and spires, to the hills and meadows beyond. We walked down the steps at the right, to the Piazza del Popolo and on down the Corso, to Piazza Venezia. They are building a modern memorial to Victor Emmanuel II, which dominated the whole square. In order to give it enough space, they are going to pull down some of the fine old palaces that border the piazza. This modern white building, backs right up against the wonderful old ruins of the old Empire. Personally, I think it is quite out of keeping, in its present position. It will be a beautiful memorial, when it is finished, but [p. 146] probably the poor people will have to bear the burden of it in extra taxes.

By a small street to our left, we came upon Trajan's Forum. The forum is only a small oblong space, with the mighty columns of Trajan's work and a few other broken-off shafts. Around and around the mighty pillar winds the tale of this heroic deeds. Wars and triumphs, sieges, victories are all recorded in tiny figures on the surface of the shaft. And crowning all this painstaking work, this tale of a warriors life stands – Saint Peter! Probably the houses that surround this forum cover up and are built from the ruins of the once fine old temples and arches that made up the memorial to the "Just Emperor." The place presented a very folorn appearance. The level of the ancient forum is about sixteen feet below the level of the present street and so it is all enclosed by [p. 147] a railing and the day we were there, several cats were wandering about among the ruins. Turning to the right, at the end of the square, we went behind the Victor Emanuel Memorial and came upon the old Roman Forum. Lofty arches, broken columns, stone piled upon stone, grassy hillocks, pieces of sculpture and everywhere the dust of decay and ruin – that is the general impression one gets of the spot where so much history was made. The ruins were all much below the level of the street and all was surrounded by a rail. As it was about twelve o'clock we did not go in. After lingering for a few moments we turned and went up the steps leading to the top of the Capitoline Hill. We looked about the square where the Museum and state building are – but appetite urged us on down the steps of the other hill slope. [p. 148] On the right as we decended, we passed a cage with two wolves and another with two vultures in communication of the traditionary founding of the city by Romulus and Remus.

We drove home, passing the fountain of Trevi, on the way. Rome certainly has beautiful and manifold fountains about.

We started out again this afternoon. "We" means Katharine, Mother and I, for Helen did not feel very lively. A carriage took us to Saint John Laterans way, way out on the edge of the city. In the piazza, is a very fine obelisk. The exterior of the church is of brown stone and the interior is dark and cold. Beautiful marbles and paintings and sculptures are all through the church, but the light is rather poor and the place has a gloomy air.

It was not time for service so we [p. 149] went across the square to the building that contains the Sacred Stairs. Being "Good Friday" the stairway was packed from side to side and top to bottom and people were waiting for a chance to go up. There were also people who went up the stairs on either side. Three young men who spoke English came in while we were watching and after talking it over they started up. I know it was not done in the spirit of reverence by which the others were inspired.

As we went back to the church, a hunch-back boy came begging for coppers. We gave him some and he gave us the sweetest smile! Poor boy! He didn't look more than twelve years old.

After a long wait the candles were lighted and the service began. We stood just in front of the large tribune, where we might hear and yet [p. 150] be out of the crowd.

Fifteen candles on the high altars were lighted to represent the fifteen psalms to be used in the service. The singing was perfectly marvelous. No organ was used, so the voices rang clear and high in the arches. It was a boy's voice that was the most

beautiful – a high soprano that rose and sank, echoing and swelling thro the great building. This service is most famous, because of the glorious singing that comes at this time and no other. The men in the crowd bothered us, so after standing for about 1 1/2 hours, we started for home, altho only three of the candles were out.

We took a carriage back to the hotel and I spent the evening reading and writing.

[p. 151, At the top, a stack of three sepia toned postcards: "Roma, Piazza Venezia e Monumento a V. Emauele II"; "Roma, Monumento a v. Emanuele II"; and, "Roma, Statua Equestre di V. Emanuele II". At the bottom, a single sepia toned postcard: "Roma, Basilica di S. Giovanni in Laterno"]

[p. 152, Written in the top left corner of the page: "August 27, 1913"]
April 15, 1911, Saturday

We took a carriage to Saint Peter's to hear early morning mass. The piazza was so sunny and the passing crowds so interesting, that we sat out on the steps for a time. When we went with-in the great doors, we found many people wandering among the columns and listening to the different services. The floor was strewn with green twigs, before the altar where was a golden lamb. That was in the first chapel at the left. A short service was held here and then the procession passed on to the high altar for high mass. We stood on the outskirts of the crowd for an hour and a half. At the "Gloria in Excelsis" the bells that had been silent since Thursday were rung joyously to usher in the Easter day. All the statues and pictures that had been veiled for Holy Week were uncovered at the same time. The service was especially to bless [p. 153] the fires that had been extinguished since Thursday and to bless the water. The fires are lighted from a flint and the branches that we had seen strewn over the floors were used to start the fire. The Pascal candel is lighted during the service. The new fire signifies the rising of Christ and His victory over sin. The wax of the Pascal candel represents the body of Christ, the wick the soul and the flame Divinity. When the bells within and without began to ring and the organ to play it made every one start and well it might, for the noise rang and echoed through the vast building and seem multiplied.

We did not wait for the entire service to finish, as the crowds were obnoxious. We wandered about to see the treasures that had been unveiled. In a small chapel at the end of the right aisle (as one enters) [p. 154] is a statue of great fame, of wonderful workmanship, of virgin purity, of appealing sorrow. Michelangelo's Pietà is the inspired work of a whole-souled, pure man. The attitudes of the two are simple, natural – the Christ figure, that of a dead man whose limbs are composed and whose face shows great peace, great anguish and yet great joy. The woman is a Mother, looking down at her dead son. One hand holds him firmly but gently and the other is outstretched as if to say, "I have given my all." This was once my son and I have given Him up unto Thee." Her face is composed but there are traced of a bitter struggle and of a hard repressed anguish. Some people criticized the youth of the face and the master replied that "Purity is always young." On the strap (?) that passes over the Madonna's left shoulder may be seen the name of Michelangelo, but in the marble. This

is the only one of his works that is signed and this was done because [p. 155] one day as the master was working behind the statue some people came by and began to talk about the group. One asked whom it was by and the other replied the name of one of Michelangelo's inferior contemporaries. The sculptur was so filled with disgust that he at once put his name on his work.

The little cherubs holding up a gilt canopy above the group are quite out of place and do not look a bit well.

We took a carriage home after we had looked at the Chapel.

After staying in the chill of Saint Peters for the entire morning, we felt that we must be out of doors, so we started on a walking trip down Via Lucella, to Via Nazionali and on down to the Rospigliosi Palace. We turned aside on to Via Quirinal and after blundering into all sorts of places, managed to get in to see Guido Reni's Aurora. [p. 156] The frescoe is on the ceiling, but may be seen very easily by means of a large mirror affixed to the stop of a stand. The colors are the maravelous part of it – wonderful tints of green, blue and yellow. The movement of the figures is rapid and very light. It is very well preserved and is truly a masterpiece.

From here, we went on up to the Quirinal Palace just to look at the abode of a king and then we went back and down some steps that brought us to Trajan's forum. We paused to dream and study the pictured story of the Dacian war, once more. We went in front of the Victor Emanuel memorial and by sundry side streets came out at the foot of the Capitoline steps. Up these we climbed and down on the other side to the Forum. We paid a lire apiece and went in. We decided to just wander [p. 157] about without opening the guide book.

So we strayed about in this fairy land of our dreams climbing over stones, peering into holes, gazing up at lofty columns, reading inscriptions and dreaming dreams and seeing visions. And the mystery, the charm, the glories and the tragedies of by-gone days entered into our souls and filled up wells that have always been dry. We – we – passed up the Via Sacra, thro a gate and on to the Collusseum. The crumbling brown walls have had a long history and have seen many sights. The space rang with the cries of wild beasts, of heartless and of pitying spectors of the dying and of the victors, "once upon a time."

"Vespasian raised it as far as the third tier. His work was inaugurated eight years later by Titus after his return from the conquest of Jerusalem. It is said that 12,000 captive Jews were [p. 158] employed in this work and that the external binding walls alone cost a sum equal to 17,000,000 lire. The material of this last is travertine. It rises in four storeys – the first Doric, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian and the uppermost Composite. The circumference of the ellipse externally measures 1790 feet, its length 620, its width 525 and its height 157. The Imperial entrance was by an unnumbered arch facing the Esquiline. The arena of stoutwood sanded over was surrounded by a low wall surmounted by a metal railing sufficiently high to protect the spectators from the wild beast, which were introduced by trap doors. This was, in turn, encircled by a wide passage in which custodians patrolled during the performances. To this succeeded a 'podium' or broad raised marble terrace, upon which sat the [p. 159]

most privileged spectators, i.e. senators and from it on the southern side projected a 'suggestum' or elevated loggia, having a canopy under which sat the emperor, empress and members of the imperial family, on thrones of ivory or gold; and next them sat the Vestals. Many of the marble thrones of the Senators were works of ancient Greek art stolen from the theatres at Corinth and Athens, some of which became episcopal thrones during the middle ages. Behind this circle rose the cavea in twenty tiers of seats for people of equestrian rank, divided into three grades, distinguished each by a particular costume. Above these occurs a divisional wall (once of marble) beyond which sat the world of ordinary citizens. Behind them again arose a lofty wall pierced by doors and recesses for statues, separating them from the galleries [p. 160] containing lower class folk. The whole ended in a colonnade of the Corinthian order, in which was standing room only. From the external cornice of the building projected a circle of pine masts, from which could be unrolled within trapezoidal segments of velarium or awning reaching down to the tops of lofty masts which arose from the circumference of the arena, were temporary lodgings for the beasts, lifts for cages, wards in which wounds were attended to, rooms full of weapons and repositories for spoil; besides these, a magnificent system of drainage. In each & every archway of the external upper tiers of arcading stood a life sized statue. The flapping of the 'velaria' alone, sounded like thunderclaps. What must have [p. 161] been the roar, or the silence of eighty thousand spectators during moments of excitement?"

There is a great charm about the whole building and the tremendous seize is very impression Byron once said:

"While stands the Colisem
Rome shall stand
When falls the Coliseum
Rome shall fall
And when Rome falls the world."

They were getting ready for an illumination to-night and the poor men were having a dreadful time with a star that they were trying to set up.

We read from Hare the quotation I have given above and strolled about until five o'clock when we took a carriage home. The others went out to do a short errand on the Corso and I stayed at [p. 162] the hotel. Dinner time came, but no people so I went down and ate as slowly as I could. The long menu was almost at an end and I was getting worried, when the family came in. They had stayed on the Precious Hill to hear the concert and watch the sun set. I was relieved to see them again.

[At the bottom of the page, two sepia toned postcards: "Roma, Piazza di S. Pietra" and Roma, Palazzo Reale, Piazza del Quirinale"]

[p. 163, A color postcard: "Roma, Aurora, Guido Reni"]

[p. 164, A black and white postcard: "Roma, S. Pietro, La Pietà di Michelangelo"]

[p. 165, Written in the top left corner of the page: "August 31, 1913"]
April 16, 1911, Sunday

"He is risen!"

The bells sweetly chimed the glad Easter tidings, as I sleepily awoke to the consciousness of the bright warm sunny day – Easter day – in Rome! As the realization came to me, sleep betook itself away & I jumped up and dressed quickly. The other folks roused and we went down for an early breakfast.

About ten o'clock we started out for church, going by way of Via Veneto to Piazza Borghese then up Via Dei Quatre Fonte to the Hotel Britannia to see our Territet friends the Weeds. They were not in so we found ourselves with a good deal of extra time on our hands, before church time. We walked down Via della Venti Settembre seeing the little round church of S. Maria Vittoria in stepped in to listen to the service for a moment. There was a simplicity and individuality to the church that I like very much. [p. 166] When we came back up the street we found the gate of the little Scotch Presbyterian church open, so we went in and sat down in the quiet little room. Rev. Mr. Grey conducted the service and preached a good sermon. He is the same man whom Mother heard in this church twenty-three years ago, on Easter Sunday. The service was very simple. There was no choir and just a small parlor organ, but it certainly was good to go to a service somewhat similar in form to ours and to hear the English language all about us. The text was "Destroy this temple and I will raise it up again in seven days."

The Burgesses, whom we met in Florence with Miss Evans, were at the service, so I became guide and took them back to their hotel, The Excelsior and then we went on to ours.

About three o'clock we went back [p. 167] to the Weed's hotel and had a nice long call with them. It seems a long time since Mr. Weed waved good-bye to us, from the Territet station, Dec. 26th. They have been to Egypt.

After we left here, we walked as far as Santa Maria Maggiore, then we took a carriage to Saint John Lateran. We hoped that we might hear the wonderful singing that we heard Friday, but as long as we remained the wonderful soprano did not sing. We stayed as long as we could stand the chill and the crowd and then we went out in the sunlight square and over the building containing the Santa Scala. There were quite a few people going up on their knees, but not nearly as many as we saw the other day. These were the steps to Pilate's house, up which Jesus was led. They are covered over, [p. 168] by a wooden casing that has been worn through several times by the knees of the worshippers. Places are left where the marble shows through and two of these are said to be stained with blood. The people kiss these places as they ascend.

We walked home, although it was a very long and rather dirty walk. Easter day seems to be a quieter day than the other in Holy Week, but of course, if the church hadn't been mourning this year, because of the fiftieth anniversary of the loss of their power, the Pope would have blessed the people in the Square of Saint Peter's.

[p. 169, Written in the top left corner of the page: "August 31, 1913"]

April 17, 1911, Monday

We felt that we must get down to business so early this morning we started out. Train No. 2 took us to Piazza Venetia by way of Piazza Thermae and Via Cavour.

Once at our destination we climbed the hill and went into the Capitoline Museum. The ground floor has little of importance, although the marble sarophigi are interesting.

Climbing the stairs and entering the first room on the floor above we are faced by the "Dying Gaul." The figure half reclines upon his shield. His head with its bristly hair drops forward on his chest. The mouth is open a little and the features are twisted in pain. About his neck is a piece of rope—the badge of his servitude. One hand rests upon his knee, the other supports him. And one of the marvels of the statue comes in this arm. You can't help but watch it, for it seems as though [p. 170] it will give way in a few seconds and he will fall to the ground. The blood pours from a wound in the right side. The whole attitude is marvelous because of the tenseness of the figure.

Near-by was the Faun of Praxitiles or "The Marble Faun." the life size figure leans against the stump of a tree in a listless, resting attitude. He is watching something and a smile curves as lips. Such a provoking smile! You wonder what he can be laughing at. You feel that in an instant his face will beam all over and he will spring into some mad frolic. The portrait statue of Antonius is very good and in room five is a seated female statue called Agrippina that is very fine. In this same room are the busts of Emperors that are very interesting historically, as well as artistically.

The famous Capitoline Venus is of [p. 171] Greek workmanship and is the finest of all the imitations of Praxiteles Anidian Aphrodite.

We left this part of the building and crossed the court to the Palace of the Conservatori and on to the New Capitoline Collection. The rooms open from a long corridor and are full of many interesting pieces of art.

In the last room to the left is the bronze of the boy extracting a thorn from his foot. It is all wonderfully true to nature and you can just see the earnest attention with which he is working away.

In the loggia to the right are some very good statues among others the Esquiline Venus, a girl dedicated to the cult of Isis in the act of loosening her hair. The arms are broken but the rest of the statue is fine.

There was a quiet little courtyard outside and Mother sat down [p. 172] there while we girls went over the rest of the building. In the second room of the Sale dei Conservatori we came upon the Capitoline Wolf, "a work of the fifth century B. C. probably from the Capitoline Temple, where it was injured by lightening in B. C. 65." The bronze shows Romulus and Remus feeding from the wolf.

Upstairs was a picture gallery containing some five pictures. I liked Guido Reni's "St. Sebastian" very much. Rubens, Titian and Van Dyck had fine work there.

As we came out in the square again, we stopped to look at the "Equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius" in bronze. It is very well preserved and of very fine workmanship. The poise and movement of the figures is splendid.

We took a carriage home and Mother [p. 173] and I stayed quietly in our rooms as we did not feel very well. We have connecting rooms with Helen and Katharine now and it is ever so much nicer. The girls went out to the Eastman store to leave their films but otherwise we all stayed at home. Neither Mother nor I went down to dinner, but the girls had a grand time, ordering wine and bossing people around generally.

[At the bottom of the page, what appears to be a ticket for the Museo Capitolino and the Palazzo dei Conservatore]

[p. 174, A sepia toned postcard of what Ethelinda refers to as "The Marble Faun" by Praxitiles, also referred to as "The Resting Satyr" or "The Leaning Satyr".]

[p. 175, A sepia toned postcard: "Roma, Museo Capitolino, Gladiatore o Gallo moribondo"]

[p. 176, Written in the top left corner of the page: August 31, 1913"]
April 18, 1911, Tuesday

I felt weak, so I stayed quietly in the hotel all day. In the morning I darned the family stockings and in the afternoon I read French and wrote.

The others went to the Colosseum with Miss Weeden-Cooke in the morning and went shopping to buy a parasol in the afternoon.

[At the bottom of the page is a handwritten note]

Tel: 53-76 Palazzo Nesroni
17th April 1911

Dear Madam,

I beg to enclose a list of my lectures on Ancient Rome & shall be very glad to see you & your 3 young ladies at any or all of them. Tomorrow morning (Tuesday) I am doing the Colosseum meeting inside at 10.15 am if you care to come.

Yrs very truly
Rosalind Weeden Cooke

[p. 177]
April 19, 1911, Wednesday

[The remainder of this page is blank, as are the remaining fourteen pages.]