

wealth of Florence in those days, or of the pride with which she boasted that there was gold enough in the coffers to build the whole city in marble. Even the memory of the Medici does not obtrude itself very conspicuously upon us. Yet

are in the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo. It is not that we remember much of Lorenzo, or Giuliano de' Medici, but our interest is in the master's noble statues of these merchant-princes and in the magnificent symbolic figures which he



THE FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE, ON THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA. THE TOWER BEYOND RISES FROM THE BARGELLO.

they were a wonderful family, raising themselves from the position of merchants to be the first dukes of Florence. But to-day we only care for them in so much as they were the patrons and encouragers of art. The lavish chapel of variegated marble, in San Lorenzo, where most of the Medici family are buried, though it is one of the most costly mausoleums in existence, does not interest us so much as the tombs that Michael Angelo designed for two of their family, Giuliano and Lorenzo, and that

carved upon the tombs. And, besides our natural enthusiasm for genius, how could we help pondering on the people themselves, who, in 1280, followed the Madonna or Cimabue through the streets rejoicing at this supremely beautiful thing. In fact, we thought so much of these art-loving people of the past that we passed day by day through the streets, and very seldom thought of the Florentines of to-day. But when we spent a morning or two in the workshops of the sculptors, the stone-layers, and



CLOISTERS IN THE MONASTERY OF SAN MARCO, WHERE SAVONAROLA LIVED.



THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT FIESOLE.

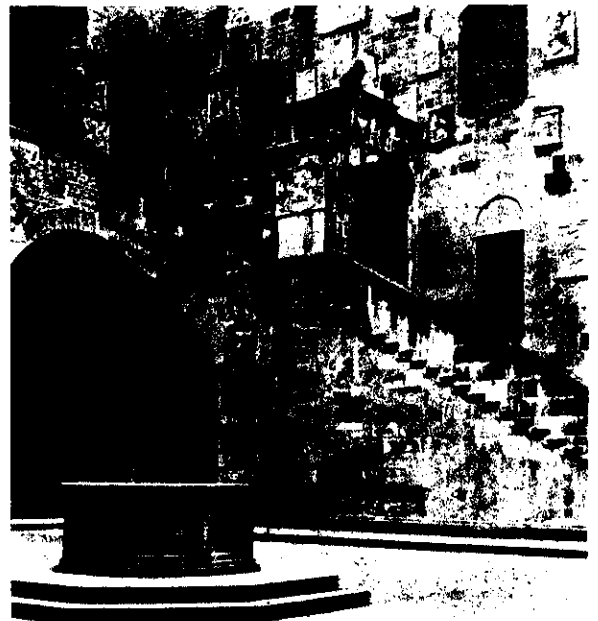
art jewellers, and mosaic workers, then I felt how strongly had this artistic environment affected even the present-day dwellers in the city. Their work is not of the revolutionising order of the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but it is full of grace, and in-

genuity, and clever designing that is scarcely equalled elsewhere.

When the hot September sun smiled day after day, compelling us to rest indoors during the hours from 12 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., our time among the treasures of past glory seemed to gallop along so



THE PONTE VECCHIO, OR JEWELLERS' BRIDGE, WHICH SPANS THE RIVER ARNO.



THE STAIRWAY IN THE BARGELLO.