

Florence's English Cemetery, 1827-1877

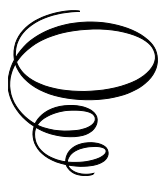
Florence's English Cemetery, 1827-1877:

Thunders of White Silence

By

Julia Bolton Holloway

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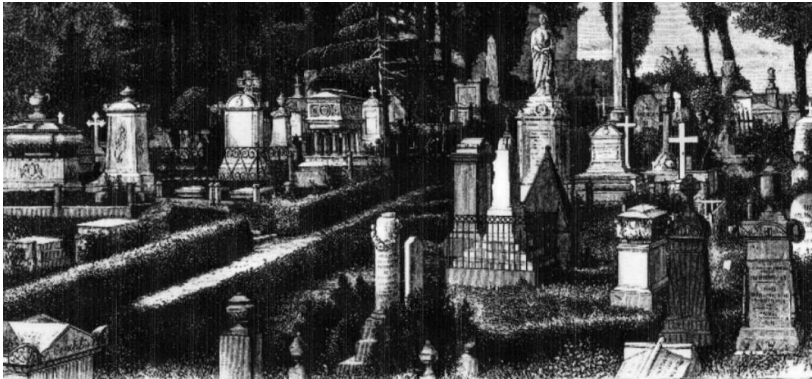
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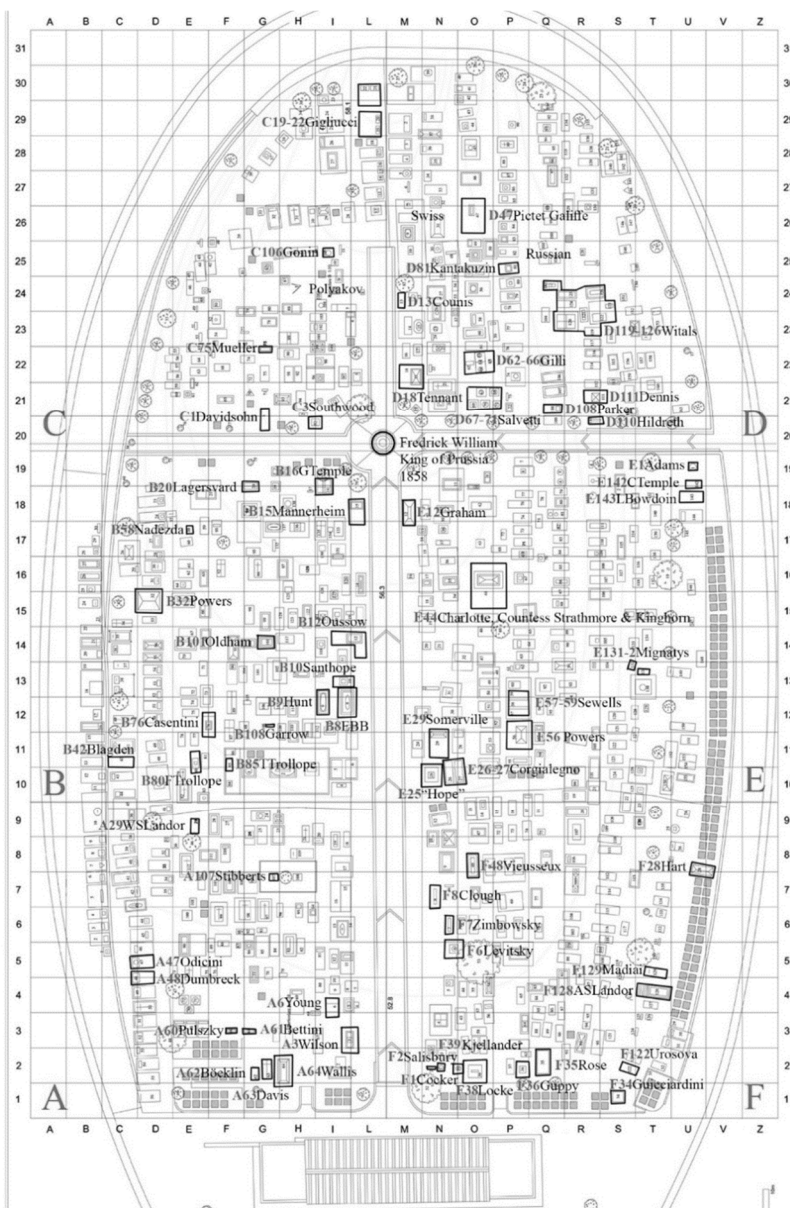
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK IN RECIPROCAL GRATITUDE
TO ALL THE DESCENDANTS, DONORS, SCHOLARS, WORKERS,
WHO TOGETHER MADE THE RESTORATION AND RESEARCH
OF THIS SWISS-OWNED, SO-CALLED 'ENGLISH' CEMETERY,
POSSIBLE.



Harper's New Monthly, XLVII (1873) 509, Engraving of Florence's 'English' Cemetery

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CHAPTER I

FLORENCE'S PROTESTANT CEMETERY

The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones. And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live.

Ezekiel 37

For out of olde felde, as men seyth,
Cometh al this newe corn from yer to yere,
And out of olde bokes in good feyth,
Cometh al this newe science that men lere.

Chaucer, *Parliament of Fowls*

To write a blues song
Is to regiment riots
And pluck gems from graves.

Etheridge Knight

Leafing through the pages of the British Museum's publication on the Egyptian *Book of the Dead* with its plates giving papyrus scrolls covered with script and with image, one learns of a lost religion but which is at the roots of Judæo-Christianity, a religion where married couples who have been faithful to each other, who have been merciful to their slaves, who have not murdered or stolen or lied, shall be rewarded following death with a garden they shall tend, bringing forth grain for their sustenance, amidst the fragrance of the flowers they cultivate, a paradise based on work and on kindness. Cemeteries, paradoxically, are places crammed full of stories, of lives, and potentially of much beauty and healing. It is our desire to recreate of a once-abandoned, forever Swiss-owned, so-called 'English' Cemetery in Florence such a place of story and hope. Part of that task is this book, as a virtual visit, its 'White Silence' again being voiced, paradoxically, thunderously, synæsthetically, as B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** wrote in her sonnet to the sculpture of a Greek Slave, this

story culled from the archives sculpted in Carrara marble in many languages and several alphabets and quilled in manuscript by the Swiss in French on rag paper, now nearing two centuries ago.

Judæo-Christianity for millennia carried out inhumation, the burial of the dead in the earth, the bodies to remain where they lay forever. Instead, the pagan Greek world cremated the dead, placing the ashes in urns, while the pagan Roman world placed the dead in sarcophagi, recycling marble troughs that ‘eat flesh’ [*sarx+phago*], then put the bones in boxes, beyond the city walls. Christians buried their dead in and around their churches, to be forever close to the Sacrament of the Resurrection. Jews and Romans had placed their tombs outside city walls for hygienic reasons; in Jerusalem only King David and the Prophetess Hulda being allowed burial within the city, all others being in tombs stretching out across the valley beyond the walls, to be whitewashed at Passover because they were polluting. In Prague the Jewish tombs are layered one upon the other within the cramped and involuted space of their graveyard. At Rome, tombs still line the Appian Way beyond the ancient walls, the epitaphs upon them being often ‘*Siste, Viator*’, ‘Pause, Traveller’. The French at St Cloud in 1804 enforced secularization and sanitary distancing of once-Christian cemeteries as had Jews and Romans. Thus, the famous Père Lachaise cemetery was born. Napoleon, a Freemason, proclaimed the St Cloud Edict throughout his Empire, requiring most of Europe to observe pagan laws, forbidding burials in cities, breaking the power of the Catholic Church, and requiring the Roman exhumation and storage of the bones into smaller spaces. Later, the Greek practice of cremation of the dead would also come to be allowed.

Years ago, travelling on a Eurailpass on trains, going from library to library to research Publius Terentius Afer, Brunetto Latino, Dante Alighieri, Birgitta of Sweden and Christine de Pizan manuscripts, I met Japanese students with their newsprint booklets in Japanese and the language of each country with the information about its sites given spatially and with time lines and I took to teaching my students on returning to America to do the same. This book is a guide to the so-called ‘English’ cemetery. Its Chapters II through VIII, for each of the clockwise Sectors, A, AB, C, D, E, and F, with their tombs, numbered and presented spatially, even *boustrophedon* (the way oxen plough fields back and forth), is more time and space saving than linear. Its opening map of this oval in the midst of a Florentine Piazzale, giving the burials from 1828-1877, and each Sector map preceding each Chapter can be consulted virtually in one’s study or actually on site to find the placement, shape and size of each tomb.

Florence's Swiss-owned so-called 'English' Cemetery, situated on a hill that nestled against the medieval city wall, on land that may once have been an Etruscan tomb and which was bought from the Grand Duke in 1827, is exceptional in many ways. It was in use in time from that date to 1877, just fifty years, and occupying in space the centre of Florence's Piazzale Donatello. Its circa one thousand four hundred burials, marked now by only about seven hundred tombs, are of Protestants, Anglicans, Orthodox, Masons, atheists, still births, suicides, paupers, serfs, slaves, servants, commoners, nobles, exiles, debtors, miscegenists, consumptives and much else, the Swiss Evangelical Reformed Church having opened their cemetery to all those refused burial in consecrated Catholic ground or in the cemetery for observant Jews, and who, before 1827, would have had to have had their cadavers transported by oxcart or horse-drawn hearse without refrigeration to Livorno for burial. The tombs, beneath the great cypress trees celebrated in the Swiss painter Arnold Böcklin's 'Island of the Dead', for which Sergei Rachmaninoff composed his symphonic poem, are incised with Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Cyrillic and *fraktura* alphabets, and countless languages, including Rumantsch. The cemetery is international and ecumenical, a microcosm not only of Europe but of the whole world, a kind of League of Nations, and of its successor, the United Nations. It was then closed in 1877, Giuseppe Poggi designing and executing the great *viali* to be like Paris's boulevards and changing this square bounded by the walls of Arnolfo di Cambio and Michelangelo Buonarroti to an oval, like the human brain, when Florence became, briefly, the capital of Italy. The Swiss in their new cemetery at the Allori near Galluzzo comply with Napoleonic practices, exhuming their dead to be placed in the '*ossario comune*', the charnel heap, if further payments are not made.

This mis-named 'English' Cemetery, still owned by the Swiss Evangelical Reformed Church which bought the land, and which is officially known by them as the Porta a' Pinti Cemetery, is however English in several ways: it had been a beautiful garden, and is now again, as are our cemeteries around village churches; it defied the Code Napoleon, its burials being perpetually Judæo-Christian, such as they have continued to be in the England that was never conquered by Napoleon; it is owned by the Swiss Evangelical Reformed Church, a product of Calvin and Zwingli, and not secular; the English Church paid/loaned 5000 lire towards the purchase of the land and in consequence had the right to a tax paid from each English burial; the majority of the burials are of citizens of the British Isles and her Empire/Commonwealth, and the English have the myth that where they lie is, as the WWI poem by Rupert Brooke proclaims, 'forever England'. The

Americans and Russians, conversely, often arranged to have their bodies expensively shipped back wrapped in lead by way of Livorno to their natal countries, the undertaker services being carried out by the Swiss. Legendarily, English cemeteries had two yew trees planted within their entrance for making the bows that defeated the French at Agincourt, yew being toxic to cattle but safe within the walls of graveyards from harming or being harmed. Traditionally, these two trees came to symbolize the pillars of the Jerusalem Temple named Joachim and Boaz (2 Chronicles 3.17). Florence's 'English' Cemetery had two such yew trees planted at its entrance, though one has now been felled.

At the same time that the Grand Duke Leopold sold the hill outside the city wall to the Swiss Evangelical Reformed Church, he also funded the Expedition to Nubia and Egypt by Ippolito Rosellini and Jean-François Champollion, giving Champollion, who had already cracked the code of Egyptian hieroglyphs, the chance to visit that land. The great painting of the duo hangs above the stairs of Florence's Museo Archeologico Nazionale, a museum sharing with that of the Louvre half the loot of their expedition. Ippolito Rosellini's published book, *Monumenti dell'Egitto e della Nubia* (Florence, 1832-40, 10 vols), directly influenced the Egyptian style of many of the tombs in the 'English' cemetery, resulting in obelisks and pyramids and also in sculpted motifs of moths, bees, *ouroboroi* (serpents with their tails in their mouths symbolizing eternity), and winged globes or hourglasses, which derive from hieroglyphs. Pietro Bazzanti eclectically mixed these with neo-classical tombs showing husbands, wives and children in togas mourning beside cinerary urns, with splendid sarcophagi, including two modeled on the Scipio tomb in the Vatican, and so forth. It was Rosellini's uncle who paid for the freedom of B58/ **KALIMA/ NADEZHDA DE SANTIS**, a fourteen-year-old Nubian slave girl, who was baptized in a Russian Orthodox family and who died and was buried in this cemetery in her thirties, her inscription in pre-Revolution Cyrillic.

The earlier tombs in the 'English' Cemetery are prophetic of the return to classical practices, pretending to be sarcophagi or cinerary urns placed on columns in the Roman and Greek manner, particularly those by Pietro Bazzanti (whose shop still exists in the Palazzo Corsini), while all their burials are really in the ground. At the same time, women's fashions were for high waists, Regency/Jane Austen style, copying classical sculpture. Initially, the cemetery was designed as square by Carlo Reishammer (1806-1883). In 1859, the layout was changed to form box-edged paths to and from the column and its cross at the top centre (a monument in marble modelled

on the column and cross with roses and lilies honouring St Zenobius beside Florence's Baptistery, yet taller), again by Pietro Bazzanti (1825-1895), which was erected in honour of the Rosicrucian King Frederick William II of Prussia's visit to the cemetery in that year. We keep finding Etruscan, Roman, Medieval, Renaissance and Victorian pottery shards, cataloguing these with experts from the Ashmolean and the Pitti Museums. In this we are like Judas' Potter's Field, and like Rome's Protestant cemetery, 'Al Testaccio'. To affect the central path, students found, when seeking the supposed Etruscan tomb under the cemetery's hill, using electronic sensing, that the cemetery's administration had wantonly covered over Swiss graves that still have bodies in them to create the grand entry for the King of Prussia. Another box-edged path, now restored, was built to reach the tombs of A29/ **WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR** and of B80/ **FRANCES TROLLOPE** and her daughter-in-law B85/ **THEODOSIA TROLLOPE** and their friend, B42/ **ISA BLAGDEN**. It has a view of the cupola of the Duomo. During this time fashion became Victorian, with crinoline skirts, and eclectic naturalistic detail, such as we see with the statue of the mourning Julia Savage Landor on the tomb of their son, F128/ **ARNOLD SAVAGE LANDOR**, rather than classical form. With this new landscaping the cemetery came to reflect even more the hill of Calvary outside Jerusalem's city wall and its Temple.

When Giuseppe Poggi (1811-1901) redesigned Florence he changed the square shape of the cemetery to an oval, removing the medieval wall and gate of Porta a' Pinti, first built by Arnolfo di Cambio, then reinforced by Michelangelo Buonarroti against Duke Alexander de' Medici's return, leaving the picturesque cemetery be an island in the midst of traffic. The Arnolfian shields with the lily and the cross that had been on the Porta a' Pinti Gate were placed instead on the cemetery's wall. In his letters to the Swiss, he begs that they restore its romantic garden and plant roses. The Florentine Commune arranged for a gardener to live on the premises. Following the 1877 closure of the cemetery the Italian C35-37/ **MALFATTI** family members elected to be cremated and had their marble tombs conspicuously placed where all who pass by may see them. Since 1877, only the burial of ashes or cleaned bones is permitted. Catholics are now allowed burials here, but neither Orthodox nor observant Jews permit such cremation. Giuseppe Poggi's symmetrically oval shape (not unlike the older libraries in London and Paris, the British Museum and Library under its Panizzi dome, and the Rue Richelieu Bibliothèque Nationale), is shaped and functions like the human brain with two hemispheres that communicate with each other at its entrance, its Gatehouse housing its library, its archives

and its web-crafting. Indeed, we will find in this hypertexted book that the tombs themselves often have synaptic relations with other tombs, everything here being interwoven, interconnected, international, intergenerational. The London and Paris libraries would later, in the twentieth century, be rehoused in square glass boxes, the left hemisphere's usurping and negating the existence of the right hemisphere's inclusion and wholeness into architecture's modern brutalism and divisiveness. Florence's 'English' Cemetery is thus a monument to a more sane and complete, though now largely lost, world of culture. Neuroscience, and especially the prophetic words of Mary Somerville ('These formulae, emblematic of Omniscience, condense into a few symbols the immutable laws of the universe. This mighty instrument of human power itself originates in the primitive constitution of the human mind, and rests upon a few fundamental axioms, which have eternally existed in Him who implanted them in the breast of man when he created him after His own image'), concerning that science, best explain it.

Research tends to be linear, compartmentalized, specialized, statistical, emotionally detached, lobotomized, left-brained, garbed in white lab coats, carried out with glove-boxes. But Dante, Montaigne, Milton and the Victorians knew to combine poetry with prose, interspersing the one with the other, those George Eliot epigrams at the heads of chapters, a balancing of right and left brain understanding in depth and breadth. We use such interdisciplinary methods in this book. We found of great value to us in restoring the garden the engraving published in *Harper's New Monthly* in 1873 but actually produced, we can tell, before 1867, that has much to teach us about the longevity, indeed the non-altering, of this place. The tombs it showed then are, all but one, still here. This book gives this engraving as its cover and as well at its ending. We placed the catalogue numbers of the tombs, spaced *boustrophedon* like oxen ploughing a field back and forth, on the tombs themselves. On our florin.ms website we hypertext clickable enlarged images in colour to these catalogued entries, present the technical descriptions and measurements for the Belle Arti Soprintendenza, give the parentage of our burials for genealogists, record oral readings in .mp3 of the poems and epigrams, and much else.

Natalie Zemon Davis in the *Return of Martin Guerre* has shown how important Inquisition records can be, likewise André Vauchez in *Sainthood in the Later Middle Ages* has shown this for canonization trials, where the voices, generally suppressed and forgotten, of those outside of power, can still be heard. Elise Boulding has written of this as *The Underside of History*,

as history from below. Among our burials are women inventors, of the Morse code keyboard that became the Olivetti typewriter that I use to type these words, thanks to E142/ **CHRISTINE BOWDOIN-TEMPLE**, to this computer, thanks to Mary Somerville, wife to E29/ **WILLIAM SOMERVILLE**, and Lord Byron's daughter, Ada, Countess Lovelace, and to F36/ **MARY GUPPY**'s mother, Sarah, who invented the Clifton Suspension Bridge. Especially this book's penultimate chapter on the 'Lost Tombs', about 700 of the total of 1400 burials, shows that sociological 'Underside of History', the history of diaspora from poverty, of servants and service, a chapter where the sighs and cries of women and babies are restored to memory, if not to life, from death's silencing. This is a group portrait of the multicultural, multilingual non-citizens of Florence as it became briefly Capital of Italy. It is a tale of a collective coming into freedom that deserves to be told. It brings a 'Lost History' back into consciousness of fellow human beings from our primary archives in marble and on paper and from the oral and written retellings by descendants. It is a tale told from data carefully documented by the methodical Swiss, duplicated in many cases in Anglican and Orthodox archives in London and St Petersburg by their nations' Civil Services clergy abroad, and in the contemporary obituaries of newspapers in England and America.

The penultimate chapter on the lost tombs gives the burials of many poor Swiss in now unmarked graves who came from the impoverished Rumantsch-speaking Grigione region, the archives carefully cataloguing their canton, profession, and even the mother's maiden name of the deceased, recording the deaths of so many, for instance at the age of eighteen, in the Florentine hospitals of Santa Maria Nuova, founded by Dante's Beatrice's father, Folco Portinari, and her nurse Monna Tessa, seven hundred years ago, and of the San Bonifacio hospital for incurables. The tomb of seven-month-old Maria Anna/Beatrice, the painter Arnold Böcklin's daughter, 1387/ **BEATRICE BÖCKLIN/ SWITZERLAND**, was vandalized and lost, although it had inspired five obsessive versions of her father's 'Island of the Dead', a painting beloved by Gabriele d'Annunzio and by Adolph Hitler, as well as Sergei Rachmaninov's symphonic poem of that name. The tomb of Emma Hamilton's other daughter than Lord Nelson's Horatia, 595/ **EMMA CAREW/ ENGLAND**, who became a governess on the Continent, dying in Florence in her 70s, was also lost. Likewise, that of 635/ **CATHERINE MACKINNON/ SCOTLAND**, who, from the poverty of the Isle of Mull, became the governess of the Tsar of Russia, dying in Florence in her 80s. We even thought for many years that the tomb of Henry Adams' sister, E1/ 1117/ **LOUISA CATHERINE**

(ADAMS) KUHN/ AMERICA, was lost, her death at 39 from tetanus at Bagni di Lucca as a result of a carriage accident described in the ‘Chaos’ chapter of *The Education of Henry Adams*. Then, one day, we found a part of it, its inscription on a column that was hidden from sight from leaning against a wall, where it had been left following an attempted theft for its marble. The Boston Historical Society helped with the costs of its reconstruction. That Chapter IX also lists the transportation of bodies wrapped in lead of rich individuals shipped home for burial in Russia and the United States, a service the Swiss organized and carried out. It discusses the remaining around 700 burials of the total of around 1400 entries, only 700 tombs being still extant.

The initial Swiss register is crude and unpracticed, yet more in touch with the religious significance of the funerals and burials, and so is reproduced here diplomatically.

6/ **ROBERT MILNE/ ENGLAND/**

N° 6 *Le vingt-sept du Mois de Mai, mil huit cent vingt huit*
 Miln *Robert Miln, Anglais, mort à Florence, le vingt cinq Mai*
mil-huit-cent-vingt-huit, a reçu les honneurs de la sepulture, en
présence du révérend Taylor, Chapelain de l'Ambassade anglaise,
de Horace Hall et du docteur Kissock. En foi de quoi j'ai signé
Auguste Colomb Pasteur~
 Milne/ Roberto/ / Inghilterra/ Firenze/ 25 Maggio/ 1828/ / 6

Buried in this cemetery is D47A/ **JACQUES AUGUSTIN GALIFFE**, but originally given in Chapter IX for the lost tombs, as we could not for years identify his monument, who, with Jean Charles Léonard de Sismondi, both Swiss, both exiles, had taught the importance of genealogical archival historical research, using these methods in Italian archives. Also buried here is his wife, D47C/ **AMELIE FRANÇOISE PICTET**, daughter of Charles Pictet, Honorary Councilor, plenipotentiary Minister of the Swiss Confederation at the Congress of Vienna, Paris and Turin, and author of Swiss neutrality. These tombs were seemingly absent, but the records indicated that **AMÉLIE PICTET GALIFFE** was buried in sector C, which corresponds to the modern Sectors C and D, while the number 1178 is chiseled to the left side of D47. We were finally able to locate **JACQUES GALIFFE**'s tomb through this and through the publication in 1908-1911, over a hundred years ago in ‘Inscriptions at Florence’, *Notes and Queries* (henceforth *N&Q*) 10, compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel G.S. Parry of Eastbourne, where he listed the English tombs then extant, many now lost, which ruled out our erroneous identification of what we now know are the

Galiffe tombs, but which we had earlier thought were those for the Pellews. This cemetery in which Galiffe's burial took place is ideally suited for the research which he pioneered.

Also buried here, and I give the entry from Chapter IX on the lost tombs, is the baby son of an English lawyer and historian, Robert Edmond Chester Waters, Barrister of the Inner Temple, who used similar methods for historical study, but who had to bury his own eponymous child at 29 months old:

534/ **EDMOND ANTHONY CHESTER WATERS/ ENGLAND/**
GL23777/1 N° 534 Burial 06/03 Rev Greene/ I: 1852-1859 'Registre des
Sepultures avec detail des frais', Paoli 733/ Q 116: 576 Paoli/ Waters/
Edmondo Antonio Chester/ Roberto Edmondo/ Inghilterra/ Firenze/ 3
Marzo/ 1854/ Mesi 29/ 534.

This is what the father later pens in his book, *Genealogical memoirs of the kindred families of Thomas Cranmer*, 1877:

Genealogy is so often confused with pedigree-making that people are apt to forget that it is a necessary element in history and biography, to which it is a help or a hindrance according as the laws of historical evidence are observed or violated. The pedigrees contained in these Memoirs have been examined link by link, and are now for the first time narrated in detail. The version hitherto received has seldom borne the test of critical research, but errors have been silently corrected, except where silence might imply that some authority had been overlooked. My own accuracy will be easily tested, for every statement is vouched by reference to authorities, and those genealogical proofs which cannot be consulted in any public library are quoted in full or in abstract. It must be borne in mind that conclusions are often drawn from cumulative evidence, and that there is a latent force in authorities which is imperceptible to those who have not consulted them all.

The father paid as much as for an adult burial of a rich, important person for his baby son, far more than Robert Browning paid for B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING's** burial. (Robert, the Swiss records show, cheaply paid for Elizabeth less than for a pauper's burial.)

This census of a historic cemetery lists people who contributed towards the Freedom of Religion, the Abolition of Slavery, the Rights of Children and Women and much else. It is Shakespeare's 'sermons in stones and good in everything'. It was fitting that Sir Franco Zeffirelli filmed the anti-Fascist *Tea with Mussolini* here, despite Hitler's love of Arnold Böcklin's painting

of this cemetery as *The Island of the Dead* for which Sergei Rachmaninoff composed music. Moreover its final Chapter X, 'From Graves to Cradles', documents its careful restoration by yet another wave of immigrants, who came to Europe from India a thousand years ago, who are still illiterate though now European Citizens, her largest and poorest minority, coming up from centuries of enslavement, then the Holocaust, the Romanian Roma who use their superb manual skills and great intelligence to restore this cemetery to what is beautiful and has meaning.

The crescendo-ing opposition to slavery as a crime against humanity is a strong theme throughout Florence's 'English' cemetery. B80/ **FRANCES TROLLOPE** and D10/ **RICHARD HILDRETH**, with their *Jonathan Jefferson Whitelaw* and *The White Slave*, had written the first and second anti-slavery novels in 1836, to be joined by a third, Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in 1852, which copied theirs and which would be translated into Italian that same year, and into Romanian in 1853, freeing the Roma slaves in that country, souls bought and sold from the Middle Ages until 1855-56. Frederick Douglass, the American Black ex-slave, visited this cemetery to honour in particular the tombs of D108/ **THEODORE PARKER**, D110/ **RICHARD HILDRETH**, and B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING**, because they preached and wrote eloquently against slavery. Martin Luther King, Jr., quoted D108/ **THEODORE PARKER** on how the arc of time bends towards justice, again quoted by Barack Obama at Nelson Mandela's 2013 funeral.

The title of this book, 'Thunders of White Silence', is taken from B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING**'s impassioned sonnet against slavery, addressed, in the Greek mode, to the sculpture by the American B32/ **HIRAM POWERS**, the 'Greek Slave', whose model was Signora Mignaty, mother of E130/ **ELENA MIGNATY** and E131/ **DEMETRIO MIGNATY**, while Giorgio Mignaty, the children's father, would portray Casa Guidi as it was at Elizabeth's death. The sculpture was exhibited at the very centre of the 1851 Crystal Palace Exhibition in London. Art and life here are inextricably intertwined.

They say Ideal Beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
An alien Image with the shackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave: as if the sculptor meant her,
(That passionless perfection which he lent her,
Shadowed, not darkened, where the sill expands)
To, so, confront men's crimes in different lands,

With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,
 Art's fiery finger! - and break up erelong
 The serfdom of this world! Appeal, fair stone,
 From God's pure heights of beauty, against man's wrong!
 Catch up in thy divine face, not alone
 East griefs but west, - and strike and shame the strong,
 By thunders of white silence, overthrown!

Our first burial, in 1828, is of a child, the fifteen-year-old C10/ **JEAN DAVID MARC GONIN**, son of the President of the Swiss Evangelical Reformed Church which had bought the land; our last, in 1877, is of D111/ **ELISE BOSSÉ**, the wife of an artist from Riga in Latvia. The Italian 'intrecciati', meaning braided, plaited, interwoven, knotted together, is especially a feature of this cemetery. We find quantum synapses being created not only of biological genealogies but also of artists and the portraits they create. D13/ **SOLOMON COUNIS**, Vice President of the Swiss Evangelical Church which still owns this cemetery, painted the idealized imaginary portrait of fifteen-year-old Jean David Marc Gonin, defying death, as if 22; likewise did the sculptor, Pietro Bazzanti, for the marble bust on that tomb. So also did John Roddam Spencer Stanhope paint his seven-year-old daughter B10/ **MARY SPENCER STANHOPE** as if 17, and where one finds not only a tomb erected by a painter, Trajan Wallis, for his father A64/ **GEORGE AUGUSTUS WALLIS**, but that he also portrays the wife and two children of the poet, A29/ **WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR**, that wife, Julia Savage Landor/ F128, repeated again grieving her son, F128/ **ARNOLD SAVAGE LANDOR**'s death, no longer on canvas but in life-size marble by Michele Auteri Pomar, while the grave of her famous husband (whom she hated and drove away from their home) has crumbled away from cheapness and neglect to be replaced in 1945 with a newer stone slab. Small wonder the municipality decided to have great artists' studios constructed all about the Piazzale Donatello in which our cemetery lies. Or that both B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** and B32/ **HIRAM POWERS** came to lie together here, she having written the sonnet to his 'Greek Slave'.

We find B42/ **ISA BLAGDEN** caring for the orphaned children of B85/ **THEODOSIA TROLLOPE** and B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING**, the parents of B10/ **MARY SPENCER STANHOPE** doing the same for Cyril Benoni Hunt, following the death of his mother, B9/ **FANNY HOLMAN HUNT** and his father Holman Hunt sculpting the tomb for her. We find links of poetry between Algernon Charles Swinburne, Matthew Arnold and Leigh Hunt, in writing epitaphs for A29/ **WALTER**

SAVAGE LANDOR, E12/ **JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM**, F8/ **ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH** and C3/ Dr **THOMAS SOUTHWOOD SMITH**. We find also that B80/ **FRANCES TROLLOPE** and B32/ **HIRAM POWERS** had already worked together on sculpting Dante's *Commedia* in wax in Cincinnati, Ohio, before coming to lie close to each other in Florence. A29/ **WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR**, B80/ **FRANCES TROLLOPE**, C3/ **THOMAS SOUTHWOOD SMITH** and B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** were already within the pages of Richard Hengist Horne's 1844 *New Spirit of the Age* she helped edit when lying in her Wimpole Street room in London, before their clustering here in Florence. The same synapses happen with books where we have B42/ **ISA BLAGDEN** writing *Agnes Tremorne* about Robert, Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, and he writing *Lucile* about her, or Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* combining the figures of B42/ **ISA BLAGDEN** and B85/ **THEODOSIA GARROW TROLLOPE** in his mixed-race Miriam, his Donatello, Count of Monte Beni, modeled on Robert Browning and his fear of gravediggers, in this case Giorgi, who was employed by the Swiss in the English Cemetery and who had to bury Robert's wife twice, we learn from the receipts in the archives, or B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING**, as had Dante Alighieri before her, celebrating Florence in her verse, apocalyptically glimpsing the city from B42/ **ISA BLAGDEN**'s Bellosguardo, while Ferenc Pulszky has his son A60/ **GYULA PULSZKY** sculpted in heavenly flight above the Florence seen from their Montughi villa. It is especially English literature, English poetry, that is celebrated here, the three great poets, B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING**, A29/ **WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR**, F8/ **ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH**, the novelists, B80/ **FRANCES TROLLOPE** and D110/ **RICHARD HILDRETH**, all using their pens against slavery and for the Risorgimento, and, as well, the relatives and friends of English writers: of George Byron, E27/ **DEMETRIO CORGIALEGNO**/Δεμητριος Κοργιολενιος); of Jane Austen, A45/ **CHARLOTTE EMILIA PLUMPTRE**; D27/ **THOMAS HILL SPENCER**; of William Blake with B103/ **ELEANOR AUGUSTA TULK** and F105/ **MARIA (WARREN) CHICHESTER**; of William Wordsworth, F74/ **MARIAN WORDSWORTH**; E11/ **THOMAS HAMILTON**; of Sir Walter Scott, A95/ **ISABELLA SCOTT**; of Maria Edgeworth with F71/ **DAVID REID EDGEWORTH**. In Jane Austen's genteel pages, one witnesses the jockeying for inheritance in landholdings, for commissions in the military, for livings in the Church of England, and for marriages into both wealth and status through these others. In the more riotous ones of B80/ **FRANCES TROLLOPE** and B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** we find slaves, factory hands, debtors, gypsies,

mixed-race persons, a fuller spectrum of reality struggling for survival and autonomy. All their characters are matched in reality with our tombs and their so meticulously recorded burials in the Swiss-French hand-written archives.

Superimposed upon these biological genealogies and artistic representations is also the full spectrum of social, ecclesial and military divisions, here uniting in one spot as if focused in a burning glass: supporters of Garibaldi, of Italy's Risorgimento, opponents of Napoleon, of Russia's Tsar, of Austria's Emperor, alongside Abolitionists opposing slavery, those concerned about child labour in mines and factories, now in exile in Florence, peaceably lying side by side with the *status quo*, Austrian military officers, Southern slave-owners, Romanian slave-owners, north England's mill and colliery owners, Ireland's landowners starving their tenantry, the clergy who baptized, married and buried them, the diplomats, and the military and civil service machinery of the East India Company, of the British Empire, comfortably pensioned in retirement. A further web is that of commerce and enterprise, English ship builders, bridge builders, mill owners, mine proprietors, railroad builders, their employees, their daughters, Swiss bankers, architects, cafe owners, bakers, pastry makers, and slaves, serfs and servants, from Africa, from the Caribbean, from the steppes of Russia, and from England, lying beside each other, the slave and the servants often having fine tombs and first class funerals in a Magnificent world, that struggled for Gospel justice. Thus, this cemetery becomes an anthropological laboratory for the study of economic development through immigration and through international banking, an archive in marble for the history of Italy, of England, of Europe, of the world.

One of the most remarkable burials that we have mentioned in this so-called 'English' Cemetery is B58/ **KALIMA/ NADEZHDA DE SANTIS**, buried near the tombs of both B32/ **HIRAM POWERS** and B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING**. She had come at fourteen, a black slave from Nubia, her freedom being bought by Rosellini's uncle, and was baptized in a Russian Orthodox family, dying here in her thirties. Her story is told in Cyrillic letters in Russian on her white marble Orthodox cross, the only Orthodox cross the strict rules of the Evangelical Reformed Swiss ever permitted, though the cemetery contains many Orthodox Russian, Romanian and Greek tombs. Her name of 'Nadezhda' given to her in Christian baptism means 'Hope', Kalima being her slave name. Also buried here is F53/ **HENRIETTA MARIA HAY**, the daughter of the Greek slave, Kalitsa Psarakis, whose freedom was bought in the Alexandria market by

the Scots Egyptologist, Robert Hay, and whom he married on Malta in 1828, their daughter coming to live, until her death in 1875, in Casa Guidi. These stories of Kalima and Kalitsa parallel that of Pushkin's ancestor, 'Tsar Peter's Negro', about whom he wrote a magnificent short story, unfinished except by its narrator's existence. Pushkin, who wrote an epitaph for his friend buried in Livorno, saying 'he lies beneath the myrtle of sweet Italy', and also Robert Browning's father both obsessively drew physiognomies of their African slave ancestors. We recall that Duke Alexander de' Medici was similarly the son of a slave woman.

Thus, in this 'English' Cemetery servants can lie alongside their masters and mistresses/ and often the records show that the servants were awarded first-class burials, their owners, second-class ones), death being no respecter of gender, class, nation, race, nor, in the nineteenth century before modern medicine, of age. We witness amongst many of these tombs the great affection and respect their masters and mistresses paid to servants under their roof: A20/ **CHARLES CROSBIE** to A80/ **MARY DUVALL**; the friends of the late A23/ **WILLIAM READER** to E34/ **HENRY AUSTIN**; B80/ **FRANCES (MILTON) TROLLOPE**, B85/ **THEODOSIA (GARROW) TROLLOPE**, and C77/ **HARRIET THEODOSIA FISHER (GARROW)**, to C71/ **ELIZABETH SHINNER**; D29/ **ISABELLA BOUILLON LANZONI**, to C61/ **ANNA ROFFY**; **E58/ SIR WILLIAM HENRY SEWELL**, to E59/ **JAMES BANSFIELD**; Prince Demidoff to E64/ **GEORGE FREDERIC WAIHINGER**; Rosina Buonarrotti Simoni to F2/ **MARY ANNE SALISBURY**.

Too many children are buried here, felled by diphtheria, and too many child-bearing women, sepsis still not being understood, nor were vaccines and antibiotics yet available. For this the 'English' Cemetery is likewise a textbook for the history of medicine; many friends of Henri Dunant who founded the Swiss Red Cross on seeing the trauma of the Risorgimento's Battle of Solferino and of Florence Nightingale of the hospitals in the Crimea also lying here. We read of tuberculosis, cholera, typhus, typhoid, malaria, syphilis, diphtheria, cancer, tetanus, anthrax, suicide as killing both adults and infants. Outstanding doctors are buried here, among them C3/ **THOMAS SOUTHWOOD SMITH**, advocate for children, D73/ **JAMES ANNESLEY**, who published a very large book on the diseases encountered in India and other tropical climates, A48/ **SIR DAVID DUMBRECK** who was the head of hospitals in the Crimea and associated with Florence Nightingale, succeeding Dr James Barry, the woman doctor pretending to be male who always washed his hands before performing surgery, and A47/

BARTOLOMEO ODICINI, the doctor in Uruguay, whose patients were Anita Garibaldi and her starving children, and, after the Battle of Aspromonte, of Garibaldi himself.

Other doctors buried here are A43/ **VICOMTE HENRI DE LA BALINAYE**, in exile from France, practicing medicine in London; AB6/ **AUGUSTUS KIRCH**, from Germany; B35/ **JOHN NESBIT MAXWELL**, from Scotland; B65/ **EDWARD PORTEUS**, at the Battle of Trafalgar; B82/ **THOMAS SEVESTRE**, an aged doctor who practiced in India and treated duelists in Bagni di Lucca; B95/ **ALEXANDRE DELISSER**, a Wimpole Street doctor; B129/ **JOSEPH ANTHONY POUGET**, a doctor from India; C94/ **IVAN IVANOVICH IVANOV**, a Russian doctor; C99/ **JAMES CRAIGIE**, a Scottish surgeon, who, unfortunately, suicided; D86/ **THOMAS P. JACKSON**, an American doctor; D136/ **JOHN WILLIAMS**, E22/ **CHARLES BANKHEAD**, E29/ **WILLIAM SOMERVILLE**, naval doctor and husband to the mathematician astronomer, Mary Somerville; E33/ **PETER FRANCIS LUARD**, E48/ **SIR CHARLES LYON HERBERT**, F51/ **THOMAS TROTMAN**, doctor in Barbados.

Not buried here though practicing medicine in the Anglo-Florentine community were doctors Wilson and Gresanowski. Among them are those who treated the rich with a fine bedside manner, like Gresanowski, those concerned for the poor, like Southwood Smith, and those treating the war-wounds of soldiers and sailors. But none of them a woman. The Grand Duke's Museum, 'La Specola', and also the Galileo Museum show us Florence as at the cutting edge of medical research and practice, particularly in obstetrics. Male doctors generally resisted using anti-septic practices. But the teachings of Ignaz Semmelweis, Louis Pasteur, Sampson Gamgee, Joseph Lister, and Domenico Chiara publishing *Vita e luce* in Florence in 1867 after discovering the need for hygiene to avoid puerperal fever in Parma in 1866, were beginning to take effect at the time that the first official woman M.D., the Afro-American Abolitionist, Sarah Parker Remond, life-long friend of Frederick Douglass, came with a letter from Giuseppe Mazzini to carry out medical studies at Santa Maria Nuova Hospital, 1866-1868. She would be buried, instead, I discovered when looking for my ancestor Richard Rothwell's grave, in Rome's Protestant Cemetery, 1894.

Sadly the statistical documented leading cause of death in the cemetery is of young mothers, dying from puerperal fever or other causes following childbirth as a result of doctors not washing their hands, among them (15): A86/ **CATHERINE PENNEFATHER SAVILE**; B7B/ **HORATIA**

AUGUSTA ROBLEY BORGHESI; B9/ **FANNY WAUGH HUNT**; C47/ **CHARLOTTE WARDLE MORGAN**; C52/ **MARGARET LOUISE DONKIN**; mentioned, C69A/ **ALICE MARIA OWEN WHYTE**; D12B/ **LOUISE LECOMTE COUNIS** D12B; D52/ **MARIA MERCADANTE**; D142/ **GEORGINE GENARD MEYVEIS**; E47/ **ELIZABETH ATTFIELD JOPLING**; E77/ **MARY NEILL LAWRENCE GRIFFIN**; E126/ **SARAH MCCALMONT**; F67/ **EMMA GAMGEE CAPEI**; F93/ **CONSTANCE CECILIA BULKELEY DE BOURBEL**; F126/ **DOMENICA PEER STALVIES** F126. Complications in the delivery of twins caused F67/ **EMMA GAMGEE CAPEI**'s death though she was the daughter and wife of physicians, Sampson Gamgee and Lorenzo Capei. Other prevalent diseases were tuberculosis (14), among them, B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING**, F6/ **LEONTIEV LEVITSKY**, F39/ **JONAS KJELLANDER**, E44/ **COUNTESS CHARLOTTE BOWES-LYON**, B94C/ **ELLIS WILLIAM DELISSER**, B102A/ **GEORGIANA CLEMENTINA SLOPER**, B85/ **THEODOSIA TROLLOPE**, and many poor Swiss adolescents. Among the children, diphtheria probably felled B10/ **MARY SPENCER STANHOPE**, B102BC/ **ALICE AND CHARLES COTTRELL**, E54/ **JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL**, E131,132/ **DMITRI AND ELENA MIGNATY**, C138/ **GARIBALDI PORCINAI** and so many other children. Further diseases were cholera (6), typhus (4), malaria (3), accidents with horses (2), tetanus (1), anthrax (1).

Amidst so many dead from terrible diseases, we have C3/ **SOUTHWOOD SMITH**'s clear appeal, voiced in verse in Leigh Hunt's epitaph for 'fresh air and sunlight in the homes of the richer poor of happier years to come'. He with Lord Ashley, Leonard Horner (who was to have been buried beside his wife, A15/ **ANNE SUSANNA LLOYD HORNER**) and Richard Horne, of the 1842 Royal Commission of Inquiry into Children's Employment, had B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** write 'The Cry of the Children', which was translated into Russian by Michael Dostoevsky, Feodor's brother, to spread his teaching. B80/ **FRANCES TROLLOPE** had already written *Michael Armstrong: Factory Boy, 1839-1840*. Southwood Smith's granddaughter, Octavia Hill, whom he had raised, continued his insights with her slum clearance work, being friends with John Ruskin, and founding the National Trust, copied in Italy with FAI. We benefit from their labours.

The Grand Duke Leopold II of Tuscany (1797-1870), shared the Enlightenment concepts that Napoleon also had and at first wanted to open Tuscany to these new ideas. The Catholic Church, prior to Vatican II,

prohibited the Bible in the vernacular to the laity. The Protestant churches, instead, were Evangelical. The tombs within the sanctuary of the 'English' Cemetery, illegally flaunt Biblical verses in many scripts and multitudes of languages and alphabets. Later, the Grand Duke panicked from the people's espousal of democratic ideals, returned to Florence with the white-clad Austrian army, and enforced rigorous censorship of the press and religious uniformity. As a result, English and Italian Protestants came to be imprisoned and/or exiled for propagating translations of the Bible in Italian, like F129/ **ROSA MADIAT** and her husband, Francesco, and the brother, Pietro, of F34/ **GIULIA GUICCIARDINI**. The Italian flag of red, white and green was likewise forbidden. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote against this oppression in her twice-told tale of *Casa Guidi Windows*, Parts I and II, the literal windows of which she also defiantly decorated with white and red curtains on green walls and about which colours she was speaking, Robert said, as she lay dying, 29 June 1861. We find in this cemetery a celebration of religious freedom, in one sector, Swedenborgians, in another, Positivists, and in yet another, Freemasons, along with Anglicans and Calvinists.

Florence 'is the sunny place for shady people', a sanctuary to escape imprisonment for bankruptcy or from the lunacy of a family member. Many who came here did not fit into English society in their homeland. B85/ **THEODOSIA GARROW TROLLOPE** and B42/ **ISA BLAGDEN** were exotically part East Indian, part Jewish (and used for Hawthorne's Miriam in *The Marble Faun*), while B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** and Robert Browning were from West Indian families, she from Jamaica's Cinnamon Hill plantation, he from St Kitts, both part Black and slave and he also part Jewish. B80/ **FRANCES TROLLOPE**'s husband and Robert Browning's father had to live abroad to escape the legal consequences of their foolishness, as debtors and as breachers of promise. Thus, it is a cosmopolitan necropolis of great variety and interest.

With the modern and left-brain dominant denial of death, cemeteries have become loathsome places of bitter reality. Strangely our burials are conducted with overwhelming grief by those whose families are atheist, who openly manifest an unfathomable despair. While those of faith have their belief and their memories which console and calm them. Cemeteries are archives in marble of a people's—or, as in our case, of many peoples'—history, our identity from which we have come. These cemeteries of exiles are like a pearl necklace around the globe, connecting with cemeteries in Rome, in Lisbon, in Livorno, in Bagni di Lucca, in Naples, in Palermo, in India, like A29/ **WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR**'s Rose Aylmer's tomb in

Kolkata with his poem to her. Pearls, Isak Dinesen proclaimed, are 'like poets' tales, loveliness born out of disease' Italian cemeteries were secularized under Napoleon and in Tuscany by the Grand Duke. Florence's Trespiano is a terrifying place, racks upon racks of small boxes of human remains, reached by ladders, a place of ugliness far out of the city, widows travelling to it with flowers in tears on the buses, feeling so utterly lost. But English cemeteries nestled about their country churches are therapeutically beautiful, where children play and mothers come with babies, B8/**ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING** recalling this even in Italy,

There's a verse he set
 In Santa Croce to her memory,
 'Weep for an infant too young to weep much
 When Death removed this mother,' stops the mirth
 Today on women's faces when they walk
 With rosy children hanging on their gowns,
 Under the cloister to escape the sun
 That scorches in the piazza, *Aurora Leigh* l.101-8 1857

She knew how once tombs also surrounded churches in this Catholic land, such as the tombs, now mostly cleared away, in Santa Croce's cloister, or those which once lay about the Duomo square. To so combine death with life, rather than its denial, is healing. Here, in Florence's 'English' Cemetery, filled with the bones of so many nationalities in diaspora, who have countless stories to tell of outspokenness in the face of slavery and oppression, and who are sometimes celebrated with sculptures of great beauty, we have been enabled by the Roma, themselves for centuries slaves, to restore the former garden again to a loveliness, now planted with Florence's wild iris, her lily, against erosion, to conserve the wrought and cast iron, to clean the marble, to create again an island of remembering, of peace, of freedom.

In the chapters that follow we shall find, particularly among the women, the passionate espousal for the freeing of slaves from their bondage, of children from crippling work in mines and factories, of nations from oppression, each cause in a sense mirroring women's own sense of their powerlessness. Among the treble voices those of B8/ **ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING**, B80/ **FRANCES TROLLOPE** and E29/ Mary Somerville, among the bass, those of D109/ **THEODORE PARKER**, D110/ **RICHARD HILDRETH** and C3/ **THOMAS SOUTHWOOD SMITH**/ C3. These chapters shall be as a 'Milesian Tale', a *Golden Ass*, a *Commedia*, a *Decameron*, a *Canterbury Tales*, a *Spoon River Anthology*, of the

documentary and archival telling of many tales within tales, a *prosimetron*, combining poetry and prose, both literature and history, manifesting an ecumenical and international 'Decolonialism', of so many who sought freedom from race, gender, nation, class and religious prejudices, a 'sermon in stone' from the past for the present and for the future. It is a portrait of the society of a city much enriched by migrations, by diaspora.

Yet this is work in progress and further study needs to be made of the military regiments, which range from generals and admirals to a Croatian deserter, likewise of the armorial bearings often sculpted on the tombs. Many tombs in the cemetery are those of military and civil officials who served in the East India Company and elsewhere in the Empire. Participants (or their relatives), in the Crimea, and Cephalonia, are found here. Fourteen combatants against Napoleon in the Peninsula and at Waterloo are also here, likewise relatives of naval officers and others associated with Nelson, Popham and Collingwood at Trafalgar. The majority of burials are British, all classified as 'anglais' [English], in the handwritten Swiss registers, but which we have specified as to whether English, Welsh, Scots, Irish, Manx, Jamaican, Barbados, Australian, or New Zealander. These are followed by Swiss burials, then German, then American, then Italian, next Russian, while including those from other countries, France, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Greece, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Latvia, Belgium, Croatia, India, Romania, Finland, Estonia, Egypt and Nubia.

We documented the cemetery more fully in hypertext with information and images, culled from registers, receipts, encyclopædias, obituaries in newspapers, essays, scientific studies, with the inscriptions, measurements and photographs of all the extant tombs, also listing those we no longer have, on the florin.ms website and its Guide Book. The descendants then find us, also the scholars, following which we are able to put them in touch with each other, even rejoining branches of far-flung families who had lost contact, in one case descendants in Sweden and Argentina, in another in France and Australia. In this the world, mirrored in this cemetery, is a global village, a social network, a hypertext. We remember the great importance the ancestors have for cultural memory, particularly among the Aborigine in Australia. In our library we recorded a Māori from New Zealand reciting his genealogy, an Amerindian from Brazil reading a sonnet from the Portuguese in Portuguese, also a Welshman and a Russian discoursing together on Dylan Thomas whom the Russian had translated into Cyrillic. A lovely shy mother and her two daughters, direct descendants of B8/**ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING**'s sister, came from the Outback

in Australia. Another time, we welcomed the grandson of the great Chinese poet, Xu Zhimo. For these reasons, we give, throughout this book, cross references to tombs and to poems, palimpsesting and mapping our keystrokes to this oval physical space so like the human brain.

Our library that we have formed as a partner to this cemetery, the Mediatheca 'Fioretta Mazzei'—with its books by and about the persons buried here—includes a section on nomadic and indigenous peoples subject to discrimination and consequent poverty by the dominant group in power. This includes Native Americans, Aborigines, the African diasporas in the Americas, Jews and women, and in relation to the cemetery in particular, the Roma from Romania, present in Florence. These people are skilled gardeners, carpenters, stonemasons, and blacksmiths, though most were illiterate as a result of centuries of genocidal enslavement. Together, outsiders with insiders, we collaborate to preserve a cultural monument, to record memories and history, in a space dense with meaning. For the cemetery crams together all of our dividing categories: the masters and servants of the social classes, honouring the servants; men particularly showing tenderness and love for women and children, transcending distinctions of gender and age; the rivaling professions, whether military, naval, medical, legal, or religious, and warring, rebellious nations, all come together in a peaceable cosmopolitanism. Death is a democracy.

Each entry gives the tomb letter and number coordinates, the Swiss acquisition number, the name, the death date and age, a biography, a photograph, the sculptor where signed, and the tomb's inscription where legible. The biography for each person presents the gleanings from all the documents we have at hand in the Swiss archives, and what we have found elsewhere, the Guildhall Library entries by the Anglican chaplains conducting the English-speaking burials, the St Petersburg records for the Russian burials, the newspaper obituaries, the archived Maquay and Horner Diary entries held by Florence's British Institute, Lieut. Col. G.S. Parry's 'Inscriptions at Florence' in *N&Q*, listing the then English tombs in the cemetery of over a hundred years ago, in some cases, giving us the location of now lost or previously non-identified tombs; material from the *Dictionary of National Biography*, etc., information from Diana and Tony Webb, the indefatigable couple who so carefully researched English baptisms, marriages and burials in Tuscany, also from descendants and other scholars who have found us on the Web and through us their ancestral tombs, filling out the above entries into a narration, as if putting flesh and blood again to skeletons and dust, giving the story that can be told of each

tomb and of each burial, of each person, whether slave or noble, woman or man, child or adult.

Mediterranean culture has the woman retain her maiden surname, northern European culture has her renounce it for her husband's surname, therefore we follow these cultural practices: Mediterranean women are listed under their maiden surnames, while English and American wives have their maiden names given in brackets before their husband's surname. As women in Italy keep their maiden names, not assuming that of their husband, the Swiss burial records in French and Italian therefore give the maiden, not the married, name of each deceased married woman. The Swiss records even give the maiden name of the mother of the men, women, children, they bury, this permitting female genealogies to be studied. Our index gives both maiden and married names. The maps of the *Harper's New Monthly* engraving and the Cemetery's seven Sectors by the architects Francesco Torrini and Fabrizia Scassellati Sforzini can be consulted with each chapter in turn as a virtual guide to the position of each tomb. The final chapter is on the restoration work by yet another diaspora, by the skilled but largely illiterate Romanian Roma, Europe's formerly enslaved, then 'holocausted', and still her largest, poorest minority, their history, and they themselves, mostly undocumented. They mirror in the twenty-first century the immigrants from Switzerland's Rumantsch-speaking Grigione in the nineteenth century so carefully entered in our Swiss archives in French though most of their tombs are lost.

This book manuscript's proof reader was justly concerned about the sequence of tenses. Technically all the information concerning the burials should be given in the past tense. But the fiction of the tombstone is that we are in the presence, in the present tense, of the person buried here, bringing back that memory into our present lives. This book seeks to do the same. Also these women connected with our Victorian so-called 'English' Cemetery began our computer age, Mary Somerville, Ada, Countess Lovelace and E142/ **CRISTINA BOWDOIN TEMPLE**, and it is due to their Web, such as its *Wikipedia*, and the various archival and genealogical sites, that much of this information in this book could be retrieved, and can easily be retrieved again with a Google search, though the www as a global brain with synapses is considered too ephemeral, new-fangled and unreliable for academic citation. The Web's format is that of a scroll, academic printed codices have page numbers, while scrolls do not. I have chosen not to encumber the book with academic footnotes or endnotes to secondary materials in print but instead to rely on primary sources,

inscriptions on marble, artefacts like medals and even a silver spoon, and on the oral and written information from descendants and scholars, 'grey literature' that would otherwise be lost to time, and I supply a copious Bibliography and Index. I capitalize Diary, Sector and Cemetery where these are the subjects of this book and of its chapters.

For the British burials I am greatly indebted to the joint research carried out by Diana and Tony Webb, and to the British Institute's archivist, Alyson Price, for the Swiss burials to Maurizio Bossi of the Gabinetto Vieusseux, for the Rumantsch Swiss burials to Peter Michael-Cafilisch, for the American burials, to Jeffrey Begeal and Carolyn Carpenter, and for the Russian burials to Michael Talalay and Gino Chelazzi, and also to countless other scholars and descendants who have generously given information and support over a quarter century. Our translator, Assunta D'Aloi, has been my 'Adam scribeyn'. Viscount Gough made possible Daniel-Claudiu Dumitrescu's apprenticeship as restorer of our tombs, and David Gibbons the letters and numbers on the tombs that correlate with the map and this book's entries. The books of the greatest use have been Hengist Horne, *New Spirit of the Age*, 1844, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, *What I Remember*, 1887, the many publications of Lilian Whiting (who used the materials of Kate Field, the young American friend of the aged poet Walter Savage Landor), Giuliana Artom Treves, *The Golden Ring: The Anglo-Florentines, 1847-1862*, and, above all, historian researchers Diana and Tony Webb's *The Anglo-Florentines: The British in Tuscany, 1814-1860*. These books are now shelved in the Mediatheca 'Fioretta Mazzei' in the 'English' Cemetery's gatehouse. The Webbs' *Anglo-Florentines* is but the tip of the iceberg, undergirded by their copious 'grey literature' notes, transcribed earlier but on data discs that are no longer accessible to Microsoft, by e-mails shared also by them with descendants and the custodian, and by numerous conversations down the quarter century of this project.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning died in her husband's arms on the 29 June, and was buried in the 'English' Cemetery on 1 July 1861, then reburied at Frederic Leighton's request in a more visible space. Florence, then capital of Italy, grateful for her support of its Risorgimento, had this plaque placed on her Casa Guidi, its words written by Niccolò Tommaseo, proclaiming that her poetry crafted a golden ring between Italy and England.