

Florence. 13<sup>th</sup> March. 1860.

Beloved, Romeo; - We had a capital instalment from Sara Bushman and now we only need the head of the establishment and her other half to explain.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by the coming of the House of C."  
 (Good, gracious May! Shakespeare never divided his winter as I have written it!) I like the Crows very much indeed. They are charming girls, good looking girls, interesting girls, intelligent girls and for the first time in my long life I find friends of my childhood whom I would be only too happy to make the friends of my old age. They have made good use of their advantages and are the only American girls I have seen who do abroad, who do credit to our country. Very glad I've seen them, very sorry they leave so soon and very desirous to meet them again. After all is said and done, there are no girls like American girls, no boys like American boys and far consequence no men and women like those grown in America. Hurray for the American eagles, crows and all other birds of freedom!

We all think Hattie Hoosier is looking very well, and find her an abandoned character. As for your incorrigible nephew, he is an independent as ever if not more so, but I've had my revenge in making him go through a course of bell-ringing, fire-making, camp-feeding, and general clocking. I'll give him a first-rate character if the

work ever comes to the world. He has done a good thing in deserting the treacherous ocean.

Yes, mother and I are once more together and I hope (for the rhyme) that we never may sever. I am tranquilly happy to have my loving, loved mother caring for me, trying to make me a moral woman and forgiving me though I don't much profit by her efforts, until today she has exclaimed "well, Kate, I suppose it is useless to attempt alterations or repairs in you; people will have to take you as you are and if you are 'misunderstood' you must make the best of the 'misunderstanding'." Do you see mother, is forgetting her precisely most rapidly and very shortly will be qualified for pur. det.?

We are living comfortably in a small way and now expect to remain, as the M. D. says, I ought not to travel. Mother is looking well, and is pleased with everything so why should I run the risk of my health to be perhaps very unhappy in America? - Aunt Corda is now in Turin, thence to Milan, after to Venice. This is all I know but suppose they will visit here for a few days at least before returning to America in May. - I've done all I can with respect to my self to reconcile uncle Will. I can do no more.

We're all standing on our heads with joy at the undoubted annexation of Suscany to Piedmont. Only five per cent of votes in favor of a separate Kingdom and nearly

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all the voters went to the polls. It  
is not the best computation of Godi-  
win's possible. A singular fact  
that the contadini, belonging to the  
Riccacoli estate, voted one and all  
for separation. It is supposed that  
Riccacoli would not have it asserted  
that he had used his influence, there-  
fore left them to their own devices,  
priests worked upon their supersti-  
tion and ~~therefore~~ <sup>hence</sup> the result. An  
affray was the consequence. Many of the  
nobles, a few days before the voting,  
went to their estates and exhorted their  
contadini to vote for Victor Emmanuel.  
"But" said they - "we cannot - the priests  
tell us that we will be eternally damned  
if we vote for a King whom the  
pope has excommunicated." "Very  
well," replied the nobles "you have your  
choice. Victor Emmanuel and my employ-  
or a separate Kingdom and you  
leave priests." This reducing of the  
matter down to bread and butter brought  
the contadini to their senses and of  
course they preferred good living  
and nostro Re to starvation and  
eternal salvation. "Touch the pocket  
and you touch what is worth more than  
the promised land to most people,  
especially contadini."

I've read Spiridion according to orders  
and found some beautiful passages  
likewise the Napoleon sketch which  
pleased me much. But the book as a  
whole was to me very unsatisfactory.  
George Sand takes you very far  
into ether, soars very practically  
but never reaches a landing place  
and leaves you very uncomfortable  
flapping your worn-out wings

half way between Heaven and Earth  
such a row last night! our apartment  
is betwixt Palazzo Riccardi and the  
station of the National Guard so that  
we have the benefit of all the patriot  
otic yelling in town. Yesterday was  
the festa for amusements. The day  
passed mildly enough, but the night  
of night was the signal for the sea  
of voices which reached a zenith at  
about three this morning. Bands, be-  
neath, crowds, so dense that you could  
have walked on their heads. Of course  
is the Kingdom of Piedmont; on the  
track of excitement from day eve  
till morn, a reverse not conducive  
to sleep, but one must make some  
sacrifices for one's country. — Miss Co.  
is here at last and not at all well, but a  
fine woman indeed. Hobby says she grows  
an inch a day in intellect since her con-  
panionship with Miss C. Think what a  
jack's bean-pole of mind she'll be in  
the course of time. They intend beating  
up recruits for the ragged, reformatory and  
comprehensive kindergartens & schools all the  
end, end, in Villa Riccardi. Think of the  
pleas! I don't believe I'm a philanthropist  
de facto.

Give my love to Miss Stobbins, Mr. & Mrs. Brown  
and Mr. & Mrs. Fields. Mrs. Fields is sweet is she  
not? And Mr. F. was very kind to me when  
here. Are they to return? — Do you ever see  
Dr. Burridge? If so, please tell him that  
Mrs. Fields of Florence is anxious to know if he re-  
turns this spring as she wishes to pay her debt  
and has more work for him. I'm afraid  
of the dentists here. — Mother joins in best  
love to yourself and we hope you won't  
play the traitor and return to England  
without a drap into Florence. — Do  
you hear anything about Garibaldi  
Mrs. Trollope went to Turin to obtain Gar's papers  
for a "life" but nothing could be obtained  
as the general could not be heard from. Oh  
dear! how everybody finds his level! I'll have  
no more heroes. Let me have a photograph of you  
new but that I hear so highly pleased.  
Ever yours,  
Helen Fields.

Kate Field  
Per  
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Kath Field

Miss Charlotte Cushman.  
Bowie.

Per Steamer  
Young Ned.

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