

Florence, May 20, 1860.

Dear Know-nothing Emma;

Long politics I approve of; you have shown yourself a consummate thimble rigger, but absconding from the Democratic ranks at the doings of the Charleston Convention predict the downfall of this once omnipotent faction. America seems in a fair way of being blown up, and I beseech you know-nothing as you are, to at least remain this side of the water until the next Presidential election decides the Union's fate. Hurray the Union I say, I am perfectly disgusted with it.

Italy is progressing nobly. Garibaldi is setting Sicily on fire and Naples is expected to revolt before long. We are in perfect ecstasies and were I a man this letter should be dated from the camp of les chasseurs des Alpes instead of quiet Florence. We are fearful labor now; since Victor Emmanuel's departure we have had no excitement but the war down South promises a little comfortable agitation. About Nouvelle Garte A. Europe has sent us into fits - a capital mappiney out and appropriation of other people's property and the handsome American play quite an important part. You have read it? Mrs. Browning's poems are grand for the most part. She has lately sent a poem on Victor Emmanuel to the N. Y. Independent which is very good. Mr. Frolope's new work "Filippo Strazzi" is full of valuable information and well worth your perusal. His brother Antony with Chapman the publisher are expected here on a visit very shortly.

Since I last wrote you my dear Aunt <sup>has</sup> descended upon us for the space of five days - she came - we saw - she vanished - and I am left stranded upon despair. What is the use of affections - they are always getting

people into trouble - down with them.  
You are very much mistaken when you  
imagine that I have everything to my liking.  
Quite a wrong idea on your part - to be  
sure I am in Italy but that is not  
the only desire one is supposed to be  
possessed of. If you could only see me  
without my boots as Toots says you would  
behold what unrequited hopes are.  
Romeo and Co. must be now en route for  
Paris and there as I understand, you  
are to meet the party. What a folly time  
you will have! Tell Romeo of my aunt's  
solitary journey to me and that she will  
find her probably in New York. Mr. M.  
Binola has left for North Italy and sails  
for America June 18<sup>th</sup>. He is a fine man.  
Mr. Garves leaves for the same Bourne  
the middle of June taking with him a  
manuscript work on art and many of  
his pictures. Hubby that is Miss Blayden  
sometimes talks of going to England but  
I think she will decide upon Sienna  
provided the Browning's pass the  
summer there. Miss Cobbe leaves for  
England early in June after having  
endeared herself to everyone. One never  
would imagine she was a moral person.  
We probably go to Leghorn for July  
and August. The physician has recom-  
mended this change and it ought  
to be made I suppose. Mother's health  
is case-case and mine is improving.  
So you know a new and shining light  
has risen up in the literary firm-  
ament of America? A woman withal,  
that is the best of it - a Miss Prescott

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of Newburyport and a friend of some of my  
great friends. She has written Sir Richard's  
Ghost - Amber Lads &c. These I have  
not been able to see, but a story of hers  
in the Atlantic Monthly for May called  
"Fair circumstance" is very bold, graphic, and  
intensely original. I recommended it to you.  
The author is only twenty-four, and is des-  
tined, it seems to me, to arrive at great  
things. I have written to her with Yankee  
assurance, in the hope of eliciting reply and  
finding out what she is made of. They say  
she is very reserved, good looking and I  
should fancy - very good. This last char-  
acteristic is decidedly a drawback for  
a person accustomed to the laissez-faire  
life of Florence. Before long, I shall  
have become thoroughly unfit for a  
American Society.  
Miss Riggs the young lady from New York, whom  
but some report to be worth \$500,000, and  
others nothing at all, is said to be engaged  
to an Italian officer, poor but of good  
family. Miss Cooley the other rich  
girl in prospect is engaged posi-  
tively to George Magnay, the foxy  
looking man in the bank of Magnay  
and Smith here. The young lady  
might have done much better in  
America - but fools are yet walking  
about the earth.  
Florence is positively bewitching - the weather  
is fine though rather warm and foliage  
is revelling in luxury. Yesterday we  
visited the celebrated gardens of  
Rencellai, once in possession of  
Lorenzo the Magnificent and where  
Machiavelli and others used to

Assembled in a temple built for the  
purpose, where they discussed Plato  
and philosophy. This lovely garden  
and villa is within the walls  
of the city and now owned by Prince  
Pio di Savoia.

I am still sitting in oil as Aunt Corda  
when we decided on a profile in  
stead of full face. The first painting  
will be finished and retained by the  
artist unless some of my enemies will  
have the kindness to buy it. Longy be-  
cause he goes to America and I am in hope  
he can dispose of it there, that he may  
get the money. Aunt Corda takes the pro-  
file, a most satisfactory specimen  
of likeness I think. Have you been  
taking in photographs for me? The  
little cards are very pleasant so-  
venirs of friends. Send me many

also.  
Emma Crow, talk of Know-nothings! why  
more than belong to the confraternita  
judging from this stupidissimo letter.  
See what you have brought upon  
yourself by a correspondence with  
me. But you who are travelling  
constantly alighting upon novelties  
cannot expect the same brilliancy  
from a poor, steady, mill-horse  
who does nothing but read stale  
newspapers and dream of deceptions  
talking Francis Joseph and Fran-  
cis Bonaparte. If you would  
have politics you must have words  
Mother joins me in love to Mary and  
Miss Whitwell not forgetting yourself  
Ever your political persecutor  
John Field