

Florence, August 2, 1865.

Dear Baird.

Instead of returning your proof, I send corrections written out. The British P.O., made me pay seven dollars on a 12 mo. volume because the pre-payment fell short one three cent stamp by their (lying?) weight. We are much grieved at what you say of Mary's health. I wish she could spend a month at some of the springs on the Italian slope of the Alps. They cure everything, or the mountain air does. We pick up autographs now and then, and shall remember Lucy, but collectors are so ravenous that we can't keep them long.

Florence is a mighty fine museum and a mighty poor residence. Vile climate, detestably corrupt society, infinite frivolity, servants hall of Tophet. If it was not for a run now and then into the Alps, which are my Paradise, I should die of vexation at the devilries which are going on around me. When I am rich, I will dig me a hole in a glacier and live there, having a good stove and all things comfortable about me.

Love to Mary and Lucy from both of us, I have heard nothing from Mr Bache since January. I suppose he has gone home invalided.

Yours truly,

G. P. Marsh.

I send Lucy Mrs Somervilles Photog. and Autog.