both sides of the street, men on horseback carrying rifles, and a group of Negroes working in an open field.

Set in the wilderness amid unhappy Indians, Tallahassee was only semi-civilized. A law provided bounty payments for the pelts of wolves, bears, tigers, and panthers. A town ordinance levied a five-dollar fine on offenders guilty of discharging firearms or racing a horse or carriage within the corporate limits. Ralph Waldo Emerson described Tallahassee as a grotesque place settled by public officers, land speculators, and desperadoes. Susanna says there was a "hard set around in those days".

The main streets running east and west were Pensacola and Saint Augustine Road (shown below), which the Sangiovannis and Madam Murat followed east to the plantation fifteen miles out of town. It took most of Christmas Eve day to travel the narrow dirt road canopied with tall oaks, whose moss-hung branches reached across from both sides of the road. They traveled through heavily wooded rolling hills surrounded by large fields. Not far to the south were the Bayous, with ponds and marshes, a habitat of alligators and snakes. At dusk they drove up an avenue of oleanders to the house, which was surrounded by great oaks and magnolias.

Susanna says, "The Prince was at home on his plantation. We reached there Christmas Eve. The Prince welcomed us very cordially. I was very much astonished, and so was your father, to see the style in which he lived. The house was a long building a story and a half high with a room at each end, an open space between roped in, with some additions built on."

(The kitchen and dining areas were in different cabins behind the main house, and Madam Murat's garden was in the center separating the buildings. The inside was neither lathed nor plastered but whitewashed bare logs.)

Prince Aquillar and Catherine Murat

"Aquillar had always cherished the hope that he should regain the throne of Naples and saved his means for that purpose. Before he went to Europe he had been rich in money and slaves. He spent

his money and sold many of his slaves to finance the attempt to regain the throne of Naples. When we were there he had only a forth of his slaves, but he owned a large tract of land, much of which was planted in sugar cane. We lived in a house near the sugar mill, a mile from Murat's house. The Negro's quarters were a mile in another direction. We could hear them singing in the evenings, and sometimes watched their revivals and dancing."

A deed regarding the Murat plantation 'Lipona' (anagram for Napoli or Naples) was signed Jan. 13, 1834, while Susanna and Benedetto were there. It states that Murat granted to James Gasden in 1830 real and personal property in trust (mortgaged his property for the ill fated attempt to regain the throne of Naples). On said date the property was redeemed and described as follows:

> "All that tract of land known as the Lipona Estate in the county and territory aforesaid (Jefferson Co.) in Township No. one, range No. three, South and East of Tallahassee containing about thirteen hundred acres of land (approximately two square miles) and with all and singular the appurtenances thereof as also the following negroes: Kent, Ned, Tom, Ben, Remus, Mary, Gracy, Susan, Lucy, Tom, Louisa, Nora, Prudence, Patsy, William, John, Susan, Nathan, Rebecca, Thomas, Catherine, (two names illegible), Jerry, Prince, Mary, Caleb, Ben, Tom, Moses, Clara, Emily, and Mary."

Colonel James Gasden, mentioned above, served with Andrew Jackson, who had in 1818 at the close of the War of 1812, come through the area and driven the Indians out of their village called Tallahassee. They also captured the old Spanish Fort San Marcos on the coast South of Tallahassee from the English, who had renamed it St. Marks.

Prince Achille Murat (the Americanized spelling of his name? It was pronounced Ah kee' Mur'ah) was one of the major planters who dominated the County's and town's political, social, and economic life. According to book, The History of Tallahassee,

> "He was a linguist, skilled writer, successful planter and bizarre chef. He prepared baked owl with the head on, cow's ear stew, tails of hogs, and rattlesnakes, adding to Tallahassee society a Gallic flavor, a spicy mixture of French sophistication and earthiness."

Catherine (Kate) Murat was ten years older than Susanna. She had lost both her first husband and a baby before she was out of her teens. She joined her family when they left Virginia for the new Territory of Florida, settling in a log house on Monroe Street in Tallahassee. Her marriage to Murat in 1826 was the talk of Middle Florida. Opinions differed as to whether Catherine had done very well and might yet have a throne in her future, or had married beneath herself in this alliance with the Bonapartes.

When Achille's mother, known as the Countess of Lipona, died in Austria, her belongings were divided among her four children. According to an article in a 19th century magazine, The Household,

> "Achille's portion included handsome brocade hangings, sheets of linen cambric trimmed with real lace, and 100 cook's aprons. Catherine's father made himself very merry at her expense over the cook's aprons and thought elegant curtains unique belongings for log-cabin life. Madam Murat draped, with handsome effect, the rough walls of her house with the rich brocade and made the most becoming dresses with the sheets, and protected the pretty gowns with the cook's aprons while busy with the housekeeper's arts."

Guests at the Murat home used golden teaspoons and fine damask napkins 24 inches square woven with the Napoleonic crest. There were even linens embroidered in silk with the crown and coat of arms of the King of Naples, and a marble bust of Achille's mother, Queen Caroline. Princess Murat's garden was an informal grouping of plants and shrubs. Great oaks and magnolias surrounded the house. A lake close to their property is named Lake Catherine, probably for her.

St. Mark's Bay

Social life was successful; not so the Murat's financial affairs. Achille was restless, always ready to seek his elusive fortune in a new quarter. It didn't take long for the Sangiovannis to realize he would never keep his promise to provide them with land.

Susanna wrote, "I was not much in love with Florida. It rained all the time the forepart of the winter. Your father suffered from chronic rheumatism that he got through exposures and hardships. He soon found out there was no depending on the Prince. He was always promising and never performing. Murat drank a good deal. The whiskey bottle was always on the table. He was a lawyer, a justice of the peace, and a Colonel in the 7th regiment of the Florida Militia.

"Madame Murat was of the real old blue blood of Virginia. When in England she claimed to be a niece of Washington. She was received in high circles and called Princess. She was fond of her horses and enjoyed racing them. According to what I have read, they later embellished their home. The Prince died in 1847, age 47. She died in 1867 at age 64 (of Typhoid). Louis Napoleon, ruler of France and a cousin of Aquilar acknowledged her as a Princess, gave her $40,000 to pay off her husband's debts, and allowed her a pension as long as she lived."

April 12, 1834, the Sangiovannis bid their friends good-bye and started on their journey back to New York. It took two days, traveling south on the old plank road over sand and swamp to reach St. Mark's Fort. Halfway to their destination, they spent the night at Benjamin Chair's plantation. As they continued along St. Marks River, the marsh and salt grass was alive with the call of birds. Occasionally, what appeared to be a rotting log would move, revealing an alligator sunning itself along the riverbank.

St. Marks Fort was built on a triangle of land where the Wakulla and St. Marks Rivers meet and empty into Apalachee Bay. On a point out in the bay, a towering white lighthouse watched over the Gulf of Mexico. At St. Marks Fort, the Sangiovannis and other passengers as well as

cotton bales were loaded on a small boat and "lightered" down the river to a larger ship anchored in the bay.

Susanna says, "We left Florida April 12, 1834, and were two weeks on the sea going around the Cape to New York. We visited at home for a few weeks then sailed for England. It was a very rough passage."

Today we have little idea of what "rough passage" meant. When the ship was tossed and waves broke over the ship, passengers were confined below with the hatches closed. It was terrifying to be in utter darkness, not knowing if each lurch of the ship would be its last. Barrels and boxes were often thrown about, injuring the passengers. Almost all were seasick, and the stale air was filled with smells of vomit and unwashed bodies. Food couldn't be cooked or lamps lit until the seas became calmer.

The ships of the early 1800s were propelled by sails. The bow section was for the single men, the middle section for married couples, and the stern for the unmarried ladies' sleeping quarters. Bunks were six feet long, eighteen inches wide and set three feet above the other. Passengers had to bring their own bedding, eating utensils and a container for water. The ship's galley had kerosene stoves for the passengers to cook their allotted food on. If they preferred not to cook their own food, they could hire it done for a dollar a day. Kerosene lamps were provided for light, but had to be put out by eight P.M. as a safety precaution against fire.

VI. OVER THE GREAT WATERS

"I will send a famine in the land,
not a famine of bread or a thirst
for water, but of hearing the words
of the Lord." Amos 8:11

After a voyage of six weeks, Susanna and her husband must have been overjoyed to see land. The ship sailed up the English Channel past the White Cliffs of Dover and Margate Point. The vessel had to wait near Tilbury for high tide before the locks were opened and they sailed up the Thames River. The gates were then closed behind them to keep up the water level. Twenty-five miles of docks, wharves and warehouses lined both sides of the river. There were ships of every size and nationality.

They arrived in London June 15, 1834. It was the world's largest city with a million and a half people, the center of world trade and finance. The streets seemed to be a mass of humanity, drays, and horses all jockeying for space along the busy thoroughfares. The travelers saw the rich, wearing the most costly attire, side by side with the poor, wearing scarcely enough to shield them from the weather. Stores displayed costly merchandise, the most splendid works of man. The Sangiovannis passed magnificent mansions, masses of brick and stone buildings, and hundreds of churches resplendent with steeples reaching toward heaven. The city covered six square miles intersected by the River Thames, with six stone bridges spanning its width.

Benedetto was familiar with the Marylebone area of the city, where a colony of Italians lived. He took his new bride to meet Gabriele Rossetti, a friend and fellow political refugee from Italy, who had been living in London since 1824. They stayed with the Rossettis in their little home on Charlotte Street (now Hallam Street, between Portland Place and Portland Street) until they could find a place of their own.

Gabriele was two years younger than Benedetto, married to 34-year-old Francis Polidori, seventeen years his junior. Her mother was English, but her father, Gaetano Polidori, was an Italian refugee who made a good living teaching Italian while he worked on a translation of Milton. The Rossettis had four children: Marie Francesca, seven years old, Gabriel Charles Dante, six; William Michael, five; and Christina Georgina, four.

Mr. Rossetti was a professor of Italian at King's College School, a school for boys. His sons attended school there, while the girls were educated at home by their mother. In his spare time he worked on translating Dante into English, wearing a pair of spectacles to help his failing eyesight. He had an obsessive love for writings of the famous Italian poet, and later in life, suffered delusions about him.

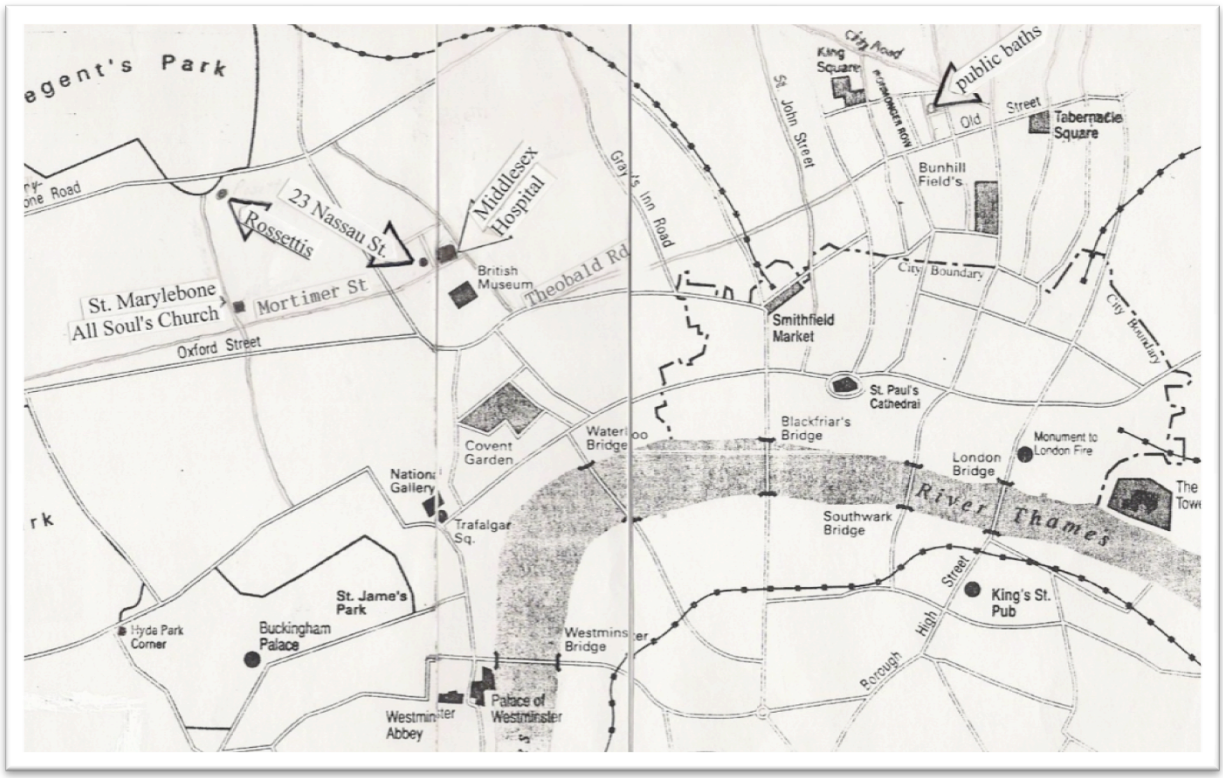
In the book, Four Rossettis, we get a glimpse of what the Sangiovanni's visits were like in their friend's home.

> "Gabrielle and his wife hosted clusters of curiously garbed 'émigrés who filled the small house at No. 38 Charlotte Street with Italian conversation and consumed bread and butter with coffee or tea.
>
> "What the visitors came for was talk, usually political but sometimes literary, and perhaps out of deference for the 'Signora Francesca' and the children, none ever smoked. There was the exiled General Michele Carrascosa, Count Carlo Pepoli, the soprano Giudista Pasta, the anti-feminist author Guido Sorelli, the cellist

Dragonetti, the sculptor Sangiovanni, the lexicographer Petroni, and the violinist Paganini, among others.

"The political passions of the Elder Rossetti and friends, such as Gioseppi Mazzini, Garabaldi, and Louis Napoleon (all three of whom led coup attempts in Italy and France), did not involve the mother, daughters, or sons. The mother was a gentle and presiding matron awaiting dinner. The old ex-revolutionaries each in turn would arise and speak excitedly with broad gesticulations, emphasizing his anger at the sad state of the continent. The others would give a refrain of sighs and groans. The main thrust of their conversations was how each yearned to be able to return to his native Italy.

"After dinner, the women played dominoes and chess while the men continued their heated discussions."



LONDON
Arrows point to Susanna's home, the Rosetti home, and the public baths where she was baptized

Benedetto found a home within walking distance of his friends. He took up sculpturing again and did well, but still suffered from rheumatism and longed for sunny Italy. Susanna enjoyed walks to the newly opened Regent's Park, a few blocks north of them. It was natural and wooded, in contrast with the grays and browns of London's busy streets. Her husband hired a tutor to give her lessons in French and Italian. Many of the Italians in the colony taught languages, including Frances Rossetti. She would certainly have had more patience than Sangiovanni had in teaching Susanna, and was much more fluent in English.

In late summer Susanna received letters from her family in New York; however, the only one still in existence is from her 14-year-old brother, Ross.

Dear Sister,

I now take my pen to write you a few lines it being the best and only favorable opportunity that I have since we moved down from the country (across the Hudson River from West Point in Caldwell). I have had very good health, and learnt (sic) how to work on cabinet furniture very good. I shall not write eny (sic) about the afairs (sic) of the family for I expect that Amelia has wrote (sic) everything. Adelina and Angeline and Edward (cousins) are very interesting children. Caroline, I have not seen her yet. Mother will be home in about two weaks (sic) and....(unreadable) will run with her. You must write as soon as you can.

I am very respectfully,
Ross R. Rogers

Winter brought the factory smoke and fog. Pervasive darkness filled their home. Even lamps kept lit during the day failed to dispel the gloom. It must have been difficult for Susanna, far away from loved ones and experiencing the first months of pregnancy.

April 17, 1835, she gave birth to a son, Guglielmo Giosue (pronounced Go yel'mo yo'so way) Rossetti Sangiovanni. The baby became the object of his father's jealousy. Benedetto accused Susanna of thinking more of her baby than she did of him, and ordered her to let the child's nurse take complete care of him during the time he was at home.

Guglielmo was christened December 4, 1836, at St. Marylebone All Souls Church, an imposing granite structure on the corner of Portland and Queen Anne Streets. Benedetto chose his friend Gabriele Rossetti to be the Godfather, and also named his son Rossetti in his honor. The Rossettis were present at the christening and had probably recommended the church to Benedetto, as it was the same one where their four children had been christened.

St. Marylebone All Soul's Church where Guglielmo was christened.

In later years Guglielmo remembered playing with the Rossetti Children. I'm not sure it was always a happy experience. Gabriel and Christina were described as rebellious and difficult. The boys each had small animals in cages, a squirrel that raced fruitlessly on a treadmill, a dormouse and a hedgehog. They played blindman's bluff and puss in the corner, spun tops or rode a rocking horse; but even at a young age the Rossetti children liked to spend most of their time writing and drawing. Christina Georgina later became a famous poet, and Dante Gabriel became a famous painter and poet; but both were plagued by health problems and depression like their

father. Christina wrote the following insightful verse:

Though my soul may set in darkness
It will rise to perfect light.
I have loved the stars too fondly
To be fearful of the night."

According to stories passed down through the family, Susanna went to Portugal with her husband. Documentation isn't available for this, but it would have been entirely possible that Benedetto escaped the effects of England's cold, damp winters on his rheumatism by taking his wife and son to one of the resorts on Portugal's southwest coast. There he could soak up the sunshine during the long winter months, and possibly visit with his friend Don Carlos, a political exile from Spain.

VI. LIVERPOOL

"The Lord will pour out his spirit
to prepare their hearts to receive
the word. Alma 16:16

In connection with his work in the Italian Refugee Organization, Benedetto established a home for his family 200 miles from London in Liverpool, which was England's chief port. Situated on the east bank of the Mersey River, it had a population of 223,000 people. Near docks and warehouses on the west side of the city, poor houses lined the narrow, busy streets. On the east side, wide paved and gas lighted streets and squares boasted elegant houses of brick with slate roofs. Here they lived in comfort and kept open house for many refugee friends coming in on ships from Italy and France.

Another tutor was hired to give Susanna finishing lessons in French and Italian. She had made considerable progress in them and could converse with their foreign guests and understand much of what was said. She was expected to play hostess at a moment's notice, but had household help to do so. She found herself walking a narrow line between being hospitable to their visitors, but not so friendly that her husband's jealousy was kindled. No matter how carefully she tried, it was impossible to avoid Benedetto's accusations and emotional outbursts.

Sangiovanni often took unexplained trips, she know not where, as he said little to her of his political and business affairs. She never dared ask, fearing his ungovernable temper. Whenever she read an article in the newspaper about some coup attempt in Italy, France, or Spain that happened while Benedetto was absent, she suspected he was involved.

She describes her husband: "His character was a curious medley, some-times kind and sympathetic, then jealous and suspicious to a fearful degree. He had a fearful temper. I can truthfully say of him as Polidori (Frances' father?) said of Count Alpieri, 'Proud as Milton's Satan and as choleric as the Achilles of Homer.' I guess you can remember some of his freaks of temper, when he would break up chairs, dash dishes into the grate, and tear his pocket-handkerchiefs. He was jealous of everybody and everything, truly a terrible tyrant.

"He said his wife died before he left Naples and had been dead for several years. That was not so. I found out through letters that passed between your father and his brothers that she was still living. His family didn't like her and were trying to get her to go into a convent. After my suspicions were aroused, I was always on the watch and managed to see the letters your father wrote. The ones he received I always saw, though generally altered, blotted and erased. Still I would manage to make them out."

In 1839 Benedetto's brother, Giosue, interceded with the King of Naples and secured permission for his return, but he was afraid to trust the Bourbon ruler who had been returned to power. Ferdinand IV was a man of subnormal intelligence, dominated by his queen who slept with his chief minister. The Austrian emperor Frances, who ruled North Italy, also had limited intelligence and preferred raising plants to providing good government.

Looking through her husband's pockets, Susanna found a letter from Benedetto's son urging his return to Italy and his wife. She said, "I found out that he had a son who served several years in Algiers with the French army. After he returned to Naples, he and his mother lived on some property she owned there."

Soon after the letter came, Sangiovanni told Susanna to prepare to move to Genoa, a free port in northern Italy. Susanna suspected his ultimate destination was Naples, 400 miles down the coast from Genoa. She begged him to allow her to take their son and go to her family in America,

but he flew into a rage, shouting that he loved her and would not permit her to leave him. He left in a fury, and still hadn't returned by nightfall.

Emotionally spent, she went to bed early, hoping for the oblivion of sleep. Though her body was quiet, her mind was in turmoil. It was impossible to stay with her husband under the circumstances, and impossible to leave him. She had no money, no way of finding transportation back to America, and no way of caring for Guglielmo on her own. She found comfort in prayer, a reassurance that her Father in Heaven loved her and was mindful of her fears.

As she drifted off to sleep, she seemed to be in Naples in a splendid house, surrounded by every luxury and comfort yet depressed and full of fear. A strange woman was always disappearing from her room or stealthily entering, apparently bent on taking her life and that of her little son. There seemed to be no one whom she could trust or to whom she could turn for help. Suddenly she was being smothered and the agony of death came upon her. Half awake, she wondered for a moment if she were dead, but then realized it had only been a dream. She slept again only to have the dream continue.

She was in a familiar city feeling the same deep depression and was seeking help but her friends seemed to vanish as she approached. Turning a familiar corner she observed a number of people gathered around a speaker, who held an open book. As she drew near, the speaker spoke directly to her, telling her he had come to help her, and if she would obey his instructions she would be saved. Carefully noting their facial features, she asked the men what she should do. One told her not to fear, and that all would be well. A key would be left in her possession and she was to use it to for a journey she needed to make.

Awakening, she found a glorious morning dawning, the first rays of sunlight gilding the treetops and stirring the birds to songs of joy. As she lay recalling her strange dream she felt confident that it did have a meaning for her.

A penitent Benedetto returned in mid-afternoon, bringing her a strand of pearls as a peace offering. Ardently he expressed his love for her and declared he could not live without her. If she didn't wish to go to Genoa, they would move back to London instead. He knew she had been happier there. The map below shows important places in Susanna's London experiences.

VIII. LIVING WATER

"Blessed are they which do hunger
and thirst after righteousness for
they shall be filled." Matt. 5:6

In the Fall of 1839, the Sangiovanni family moved back to London into a comfortable home at 23 Nassau Street, one half mile southeast of Regent's Park and one mile northwest of Charing Cross on the Thames River. It was built of stone and brick in typical London fashion: up, with not an inch of ground wasted. The two front steps began at the sidewalk. Similar four story houses stood in a solid row on both sides of the street, with no break between them.

The Sangiovanni home had three front windows on each of the three top floors and two on the first floor, probably more in back. It must have been expensive, as taxes were levied on each window. Willard Richards once said, "In England smoke must not go up the chimney without a tax, and light must not come in a window without a tax.... There are taxes for living and taxes for dying. The only things not taxed are cats, mice and fleas."

Number 23 Nassau Street.
White building at left is where the Sangiovannis lived

Benedetto set up his sculpturing shop on the first floor. The following article appeared in a London newspaper.

SIGNOR SANGIOVANNI'S MODELS

> The studio of this very clever artist in Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital, contains at this time some of the most admirable miniature models of animals and of human figures that for a long time have been placed before the eyes of the public, and it appears strange that an artist of such great merit as this Italian undoubtedly is should not find greater patronage from the public than he has hitherto. The models, which form beautiful ornaments for the dwellings of those who have affluence and taste, are of a great variety of character, but of uniformity of merit. There are banditti, carsairs, hunters, deer, and hounds, which are full of truth, complete, and perfect representations of nature. There are also many

> miniature busts, portraits faithfully taken of distinguished people. The artist is remarkable for his delicacy of finish, and for the attention he bestows on the minute portions of his figures and groups. Everything is represented with extraordinary accuracy, and the contrasts of costume are produced with excellent effect. The expression of the countenances of the figures is marked. There is no exaggeration, and the propriety of character is never exceeded. In modeling horses and other animals, the diversity of their integuments is well given. The art of modeling in miniature has been recently brought to England but it has flourished with success, and has been every day carried hither. These models will increase the love for it with all, but more especially with persons who have the art themselves of modeling. The public and such ladies and gentlemen are very much indebted to Signor Sangiovanni for his efforts in this branch of the fine arts.

The front door opened into a hall which led past Benedetto's studio to stairs ascending up to the parlor on the second floor, then on up to the kitchen and dining area on the third floor, and bedrooms on the fourth. Susanna cooked in a large brick fireplace dominating one wall of the kitchen, but did her baking at the public bakery. She had the modern convenience of a lidded sink under one of the windows. In the city, coal was the preferred fuel, burning hotter and longer than wood. Even then the flats were never very warm in winter, due to London's cold mist and cold stone floors.

Immediately in back of the houses on the opposite side of the street stood Middlesex Hospital, a stately red brick building facing Mortimer Street, which crosses Nassau on the south.

Queen Victoria had been crowned June 28, 1838, and was much loved by her people, having restored the commoner's respect for the throne. She rode in elaborate ceremonial processions through the streets, observed by enormous crowds of people. Her state carriage was formed of glass embellished with gold, and drawn by eight cream-colored horses richly ornamented. Six carriages followed, each pulled by six horses containing members of the royal family, lords and nobles. The Queen’s guard rode on either side of the entourage, wearing bright red uniforms with silver breastplates and ornate silver helmets topped with long white plumes.

Sunday afternoon, August 30, 1840, Susanna was walking with her son in the late summer sunshine when she heard strains of religious music. As she approached a park on Old Street, she recognized the place of her dream, Tabernacle Square. A large crowd of people stood listening intently to a speaker who held an open book. Moving closer, she was astonished to see the scene of her dream exactly as it had appeared to her months before. The preachers were exact duplicates of the men in her dream, Elders Wilford Woodruff and Heber C. Kimball. Brother Kimball spoke of the great apostasy that had taken place since the days of Paul, and of the restoration of the Gospel in the latter days, closing with an earnest testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith the great Prophet whom God had raised up in the land of America. The words pierced her soul and she felt he was speaking directly to her.

Before Susanna could make her way through the crowd to the missionaries, they withdrew with a man who had invited them to his home. Groups lingered here and there discussing eagerly the strange things told them by the American preachers. Disappointed, Susanna was starting to leave, when she noticed the tall missionary, Elder Kimball, returning. The multitude thronged around him and beseeched him to speak to them again. He willingly complied and addressed them long and earnestly. The Spirit was with him, and they listened attentively.

Afterward, Susanna was able to speak with him. She expressed belief in his words and requested baptism. He urged her to wait and be sure, and talk it over with her husband. When she