

17. June 176. Friday.
My Boston letter for the month
is off; my paper basket with the ac-
-cumulation of the winter is sorted;
a Bulletin letter written and a num-
-ber of little affairs attended to - all this
I have accomplished this week

I am walking an hour each day
also and the movement does me good
Dr Faussij warned me that my pulse
is running down and insisted upon a
daily constitutional. It is a great
boon for in this part of the town
there are only dusty streets. Still
I make myself walk and really
feel better for the exertion

The weather is fresh - not pleas-
-ant however for it is cloudy and
raining; still this is better than heat
although the dampness is bad for
the health. I am waiting for my
dinner to come in and have filled
this page in the little moment between
work ending & eating.

19. June 176. Monday
I am so irritable and nervous
Yesterday I did too much - To
Carlandis studio in the morning
and to the sculptor Rosa's -
In the aft. to S. Lorenzo to
see Minardi's monument -
Then to St Peter's to hear the
Te Deum - So to day I am
troubled, nervous good for
nothing. I have lost the
train over myself - some
times I catch them; but I am
not possess myself - make
myself work.

Friday 23. June 176. 9 o'clock morning
Yesterday I took a new apt. I am
to be put in possession of it the
second week of August the 7th.
It is a provisional one which I
am to occupy until a larger
one in the same house and on

The same floor is ready for me.
The larger apt. will be ready in
Oct. or Nov. The advantage I
gain is that for two or three months
I shall be paying only 140 lire a
month instead of 232 lire a month
as I am paying at present.

My income is so lessened that
I must economize in rent and
luckily rents are coming down.

The weather is very oppressive
I wish I could run off some-
-where for this city air takes all
the strength vigour and energy
out of me. But I am out of
money; daily I expect my little
half yearly pittance. If it is enough
to give me a couple of months in
country air I shall be glad
for this heavy atmosphere is
depressing and injurious.
But I must stop plumbling and
try to work.

Grand Hotel Pinfuin Perugia

Saturday 29. July 176.

I came to this place the
11th of July, and am very comfortable.
The people who keep the house are kind
and upright. They take me en pension
for all the summer give me a nice
room, a good table, and are as at-
-tentive as possible. I have a lot
of books with me, and in the eighteen
days I have been here I have done
a great deal of work; Three letters
to the Bulletin; the long one to the
Boston Advertiser; one to the N.Y.
Graphic and an article for the New
Century; at least if not more
than 10,000 words: besides ^{some private} letters,
a great deal of reading, and the
usual journal reading every day.
I am tired however and long
for a little rest. Every day I steal
an hour and sit and "moon"; I have
a long balcony window in my

room which looks on a cluster
of trees in the garden and a stretch
of blue sky. I love to sit and look
at the quivering leaves and floating
clouds. There is a south balcony
to a little parlour at the other
end of this corridor; the view
on the Tiber valley and the great
ranger of mountains. I love to
go there and "moo!" I am alone
in the house, no other lodgers
and do as I please - But I work
steadily - that police officer ^{Three-}
-sity says "go on" "don't block up
your way with mooring" So I
stop idling and am really in-
dustrious.

But never in my life did I
so long for leisure - I have not
even time to write a friendly letter
I have come to the point when
every moment is precious. And
yet with all my work I make hardly

\$1000 gold a year!

What a grumbler I am! ^{this July}
My half-yearly income was
barely \$500 gold! But I am lessening
my expenses. I have bought nothing
new this summer and have paid
off all my little bills. My rent
~~will be over 60 francs less a month~~
~~120 a month instead of 180 -~~
~~enough to pay for my service~~
and as I shall be working steadily
I shall feel easier in means.

My dear friend Julia Beer is
dying in Paris I am afraid - and
my darling cousin Lottie is dying
at home in Philad. It is most
sorrowful! But in a few years
it will be my turn. Death must
come before long to me. In twelve
years I shall have completed my
thrice seven years and ten. Nearly all
the darlings have gone on before
me. Soon I must follow!

26 Aug. 1906. Saturday Perugia

Such a busy month has this been since I last wrote on the 29. July! I went to Rome for a week on the 7. of Aug: and with K's valuable aid moved from P. Albani to 107. Q. Fontana into a provisional apt. Shortly I shall be summoned down to Rome for the moving into my permanent apt. which is being put in order now.

I have accepted an engagement from the "World" (N.Y.) thus I have now 11 letters a month and am the correspondent of two of the best journals in America and ^{also for} two well known ones Boston Advertiser & World as the first N.Y. Graphic & Bulletin are the last. I am to send a weekly letter to the World in the season about 8 months of the year and as often as I please the other months. The engagement will give me about \$500 gold a year -

In all I can make about \$1000 a year non o'è male and probably not work more laboriously than for my two letters. I always amass too much material. I have already sent off 2 World letters one 7 Aug: the other on 24 Aug: and three Graphic letters.

I am more cheerful too thank God! Probably this independence helps me. This certainty of good means. My small income has troubled me I am sorry to say more than it ought to have done. I am happy to feel able to help myself.

There is a great exhilaration of mental spirits to be obtained from the consciousness of being of money value in this world. It comes to the same whether one has money or is able to make it. Indeed I think the one who makes it has the advantage when it comes in the pride & satisfaction

It has been raining finely
for some ^{two} days. A grand burrasco
and tempest are coming up now.
The thunder rolls and the poor acacia
branches beat about wildly. The poor
little delicate leaves turn their pale
backs to the wind and tremble as if
they shivered at the approach of
their autumn death - their "fall of
leaf". How grandly the clouds are
massed and they march on like an
army. The great heats are gone. This
is the "Capo d'Inverno" as the Italians
call the "mezzo Agosto" storm. In a
few weeks winter will be with us -
only too soon! The decreasing days
are always saddening and yet there
are many bright Autumn ones yet
in store for us -

I am peaceful, contented and
stronger in health. Up to work -
proud to have it. proud to do it.
God be thanked.

11. Sep. 1876. Monday.

I have had a most disagreeable
trouble with a Mr Davy a sort of literary
friend or acquaintance. I never saw
the man - He wrote to me two yrs ago to
ask me to help him in a projected life
of Beatrice Cenci he wished to write. I
have done all I could for him and sent
him books he needed at my own expense.
This spring I sent him over 30 frs of
Italian plays + libretti of Operas.

He offered to help me in my
literary work and spoke of me to
the Graphic which I accepted. He
advised me to write an article on Sand
and said he would sell it to some leading
Magazine either in Eng: or America.
I sent him an article on Stern + Sand
in June. In Aug: an article (the 1st part)
on Sand, ^{by Davy} came out in Lippin: In Sep
the 2nd pt: appeared in Lippin: and one
third of it was made up of my article
the remains of which he gave to the

"Graphic" in a very mutilated state
as an ordinary weekly letter from
me! The "Graphic"'s terms are now
only \$7 or \$8 a column. About the
time I discovered this dishonesty of
D's the Graphic Editor wrote me say-
-ing he could not let me draw on
him when 500 frs gold was due -
that when a round sum was owing
he would send it to me -

I seized the chance to break with
the "Graphic" on that ground for I was
so disgusted with the D. affair and
I saw that the two men meant to
use me. Now that I have the "World"
I am satisfied. It is a respectable
prosperous journal and pays me
\$10 gold a column, and I am to write
it a weekly letter when I please. The
"Graphic" pays low price and is not
the sort of journal I care to write for
so I am glad to be rid of it. I wrote
a short sharp letter to Mr D. ending

him for the future. I sent a bill
to the "Graphic" which I suppose
will not be paid, as I hear it is
very hard to get money from. I
am glad to be done with it before
I have lost too much labour on
the journal. Now I have 9 letters
a month quite enough for my strength

I am trying to write all my Oc-
-tober letters for Bulletin & World
so as to have the month clear of
work for putting my house in order
I have selected Perugia subjects.

The autumn is fast gathering in
to be sure up on this mountain top
we feel it more sensibly than down
in Rome. To day has been a gray
drizzly day - I managed to get a walk
and to write part of the Boston letter
for this month and rec: some visits also
to his writing two letters reading all my
journals and ^{some} some other reading. I am a
little clumpy and down hearted to night

not ~~exactly~~ low spirited, but I wish
dear Mary Howell. I'd like to write
to her to night - This time last year
I had her - my poor dear darling!
Then poor Julia Beers is worse - she
is coming back to her home to die
I am afraid. She will be in Rome
about the 23^d. Poor Julia! Life is
very mysterious. We go on living
and hoping, planning and acting
as if it were to endure for ever. We
lose friends but we don't think of
our own death - until suddenly some
deaths close to us strike us so forcibly
that ^{it} is as if we suddenly opened our
eyes and saw our own graves yawning
before us - ready to swallow us up.

Since Mary Howell's death I have
felt old and sentenced - I no longer
care to plan or hope - Then dear little
and poor darling Julia's sad states
seem redoubled warnings - In a
little while I too shall be gone!

I don't dread death as I used to
love life even in its present lonely
state - Yet, I don't shrink from death
there are times indeed when I think
of the great change with a feeling of
relief - as if it would be rest and peace.

and God in
mercy grant the solemn hour may
come to me as it did to my darling
Mary Howell; in the sweet quiet
moments of sleep let me pass gently
into that other existence without
long illness, and suffering + struggle.

I shall try to possess and order
my daily life even more than in the
past - ward off all causes of unrest
live with myself as much as possible
Purify my heart of all evil thoughts
Luckily I am so closely occupied with
pleasant intellectual work that I am
spared many worldly temptations. True
in graciously given me to collect my spir-
itual strength - Thank God!