

Friday. 28. Dec. 1877

These lines of Dr Holland in a poem to Whittier alluding to the old poet's seventy years are beautiful
Thou art ten gentle boys of seven,
With souls too sweet to stray from heaven
Thou art two men of thirty five,
With wits alight and hearts alive"

S. Lau. 1878. Saturday

The New Year - last Tuesday came in very busily for me. I was hard at work over my Boston letter.

Genevieve is a great comfort to me. She is at once a daughter and a friend. She has the modesty of a young girl and the maturity of a woman. She is an especial help to me now. ~~She is a great comfort to me. She is at once a daughter and a friend. She has the modesty of a young girl and the maturity of a woman. She is an especial help to me now.~~

When she goes home. Mrs Read's sister in law is dead, now I trust she will come to me so I shall not be alone the rest of my life. ~~She is a great comfort to me. She is at once a daughter and a friend. She has the modesty of a young girl and the maturity of a woman. She is an especial help to me now.~~

The King of Italy Victor Emanuel died the 9. Jan: most suddenly. There have been remarkable ceremonies but I need not describe or chronicle them in this book as I have sent off full accounts to the Even: Bulletin of Philadelphia and the New York "World" (for I have taken up the "World" again and am making from \$15 to \$20 a week more now).

am very busy of course but it
is better to be busy especially with
such business as mine - which is
on the whole agreeable work.

It is very early in the morning
just on the edge of daybreak and
I am not out of bed yet. I could
not sleep so I wrote some notes, fin-
ished my week's letter to the Bal-
-letin and scribbled these lines.
The weather is stormy and the wind
is careering about wildly. but
the winter so far has been a most
pleasant one.

Monday 28 Jan. 178.

I cannot tell why I am so nervous
to day. Indeed for two or three days
past I have been "out of sorts". It is
probably the result of my fatigue and
work during the Regal funeral cere-
-monies. The sun is shining superbly
and the air is delicious, sharp to
be sure but fresh & invigorating

Alas! It made me very sad
to go to Mrs Valke yesterday and
see no Antoinette; she has dropped
so suddenly out of my life that
I feel stunned by it - I miss her
sweet little tyrannies, her care
and thoughtfulness her love -
and what is the pity is that never
again will she make a part of
my life - she has gone into a sphere
of life "totally apart from mine"
as if she were in another planet.

Genevieve called me yesterday
playfully "a social outlaw" and
she is right I hate the arbitrary
rules of privileged society. If I
could respect the leaders or the
individuals it would be different
but I cannot. So I will not have
any thing to do with social char-
-latanism.

How to work and to something
that will quiet down my nerves!