

Let me preparing. I am thirpless
and dreamy and tired. I like
to loll over newspapers. I like
bring myself down to hard work
But pazienza. This worthless
state of mind must pass.

War is fast coming on
Russia will fight Turkey as soon
as she is ready notwithstanding
all her hypocritical declarations
to the contrary. Then our own
country is in a bad way; the
election is giving great trouble
So it is a dark look out on all
sides. It will be a hard winter
in Rome especially for Ameri-
can artists, for there are no
forstieri coming.

The last quarter of the
Century is beginning gloomily
enough. But after ^{all} this black
clouding it may clear off and
give us lighter weather.

* Man Joe: 176
How doleful we solitary old
women feel on these anniversa-
ries! And no others can supply the
places of the lost and gone. All
we can do is to fold our hands
patiently and look about us
for objects of interest.

Poor Lottie may be dead now
I had a letter from her a fortnight
since a strange meot hereent one
it was like the talk we hear in
our dreams. Mr W. also wrote
and explained to me her sorrowful
state

29. Dec: 176.

Still if we are doleful, we old
Spinsters on anniversaries, we
are not very miserable after all
for (if all are as I am) we have
many compensations. Our
tranquil lives are so delightful
I grow every year more jealous

of my solitude. I love to be a-
-lone and it is always a slight
-love to have even the most a-
-greeable friend come in on me.

This is very selfish and so
convinced am I of its unhealth-
-iness that I do not allow my-
self to be denied to any visitor
this season. No matter how
busy I may be I receive, for I
am really more in love with
my solitary life than I ever was
before - too much so - and I see
the need to correct it.

To day my maid is ill
and at her home. Her sister comes
in to "Spicciare" and cook my
dinner, the rest of the day I am
alone. The house is as still as
a mouse nest. These four long
rooms are full of sun and light
ness. I ought to be writing a
letter to the E. Paul: ^{but I walk}

up and down the long file of
rooms, 130 feet long and enjoy
the stillness and sweet surround-
ings to the very marrow of my bones.

I am so extremely comfortable
my apt. is perfect according to
my own wishes, and my life is ordered
according to my taste & desires.
Money enough to keep me from
want, work enough to keep me
from weariness, and sufficient
detachment from the world to
keep me from worryment.

The sun is very brilliant, the
air is delicious and I am very
indolent - I love to think &
muse and idle - But I must
go to work or my fascinating
life will have some little spot
of vexation - it will pall on me
from too much sweetness.
The midday sun has sounded
I'll drink a cup of hot broth and
begin my task.