

Venice. 5th October
1876

My dearest Charles

It always seems to me that
whenever I write a careful letter,
people don't get it. I'm sure one or
two long ones to you have been lost.
However, I have guessed, today, and
sit down to tell you how my days fall.
I wake at a wretched hour, about
1/2 past five, and get up and go out
on my balcony in my nightgown to
stare going to the nice dawn.

