

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

Ice still hangs on no mail today.

Sunday April 13th 1872

Day gloomy and overcast, took the light-wagon to Chute today for first time - sleeping some yet much down amid the fences.

Monday April 14th

Tuesday 15th

Weather still cold and saw mail crossed by boat today up at the head of the Island

Wednesday April 16th

Milder today and warm in the afternoon, walked over the Farm back to the base line, and enjoyed it much, although every thing is yet backward and no beauty in the landscape only the promise of what is to be felt very tired when I got home, and missed much the little "Girl" that used to accompany me last fall and summer, with her eager questions and old womanly remarks. Ah Nelly, Nelly, you have left a blank that nothing hereafter can fill up, and you do not even visit me in dreams of the night, it seems strange, perhaps you will come when I cease to think of you all the day long!