

12 o'clock. M.

Thursday 25th 1842.

Dear Mart:

I have finished your book - finished it last night before retiring - Roland is waiting to bring it to you, so I must hurry.

I hope to see you this morning - but guess I won't. Well maybe you'll write me a little note: hope you will for I am feeling so dull need something to cheer me up.

Martin please forget my naughtiness of last eve'g: it was real wicked of me - saying what I did - but I feel just so, sometimes - and can't help giving it expression - I know you were shocked.

Roland is getting so impatient I won't keep him longer - but will find some other messenger: you will please excuse this, I am writing on, & leaf out of my account book. Did you have a pleasant walk last night I wanted