

Love is all I have to offer him; when I think of it I almost think it is jesting, and then again I think, his letter is written in too serious a strain to be jesting. I wish to answer it, but scarcely know how to do so I am afraid of saying either too much, or too little. I wish I had not written that letter last night, I always act without first thinking of what I'm about.

Wednesday night, Oct 18th. I arose quite early this morning, dress'd the children and then went down to breakfast after that I went cleaned up the house then went to my sewing; O what a dull, dull day it has been, it has rained all day and is still pouring; no one has called and it has been so lonesome after dinner I laid down and took a nap, after that I resumed my sewing, sewed until dark, then came up stairs and commenced a letter to M. which I will finish to night. I am sorry for his sake that he came up here, perhaps then, this unhappy passage in our lives might not have occurred. I do not know how it is, I who would not willingly harm an insect am always causing some one pain. I do not see what there is in my nature so lovable, that M. and H. should