

on the subject of the abundance of the heart the month
I may believe you when you say that my letters afford you pleasure in their perusal, I am sure it is a pleasure to me to write them, or I should not do so I assure you, What do you think I have just been doing only reading over all your old letters, (that word old is not in contempt-) and I find they bear reading a second time very well, In them you request me to write candidly, and freely, not fearing that you will misconstrue anything that I may say, I have tried so to do, yet I sometimes fear that I say too much, or that you may misunderstand me I felt so particularly on reading your last letter, I don't know why, unless I was looking for more than I had any right to expect, I am inclined to be a little selfish in regard to my friendship

the more I get, the more I want, and I am not willing to give, more than I receive, We all have our faults, and this is one of mine, if it is a fault, I expect will if I write to you much more in this strain you will come to conclusion that I am a strange kind of a girl, I expect I am, but I do not know how to help it very well, I see from your reference to my riding into the fence, that you have a rather good memory, I was in hopes you had forgotten that piece of ~~an~~ ^{an} hardness and am glad to inform you that I did not ride into the fence, or anything else that was contraband, on my way to Batavia so you see I am improving a little in that direction at least, Indeed I think the cause of my doing such a thing in the first instance, was on account of my paying so much attention to a certain gentleman who was riding by my side, you may think