

1844. Oct. 11. Thursday.

Well, dear sister, (How! what
have I done! Some of them stand
maligned, and I am called their
girl. It imports so long as none
of you are here to object I shall
take all the liberties I choose.)

Here we are according to promise
all assembled ^{again} in parlor C. B. Oct. 11.
1844. That any of you take my
place, the little box covered with
carpet that stands by the register.
There I still sit with my face to
the fire, wishing I were dead, and
the fire looks that greet my
familiar watch and dresses are
so like the ones of five years ago
that I am convinced that the
rest of you are as little changed
as I.