

of chronocling the facts and ^{brief} unprepar-
I may find myself, in spite of a
perverse desire for the contrary -
degenerating into the miserable, well known
rites of morbid, or even if not morbid,
egotistical sentimentality - with few
facts - and many feelings -
But, after all, what matters it? My pen will
only take my first thoughts - as they drift
through my mind - without breeding -
The writing is for myself - happily I
~~do~~ do not need to make any effort
in it - It