Columbus, Ga.
June 20, 68.

Miss Co,

I am so delighted at having just received your letter that I am strongly tempted to call you some other name, or rather apply some other prefix. In my happiness this morning, you must excuse any unusual evidence of mental aberration, for I must confess that I am intoxicated— with delight. I was completing a balance sheet when your letter was handed to me. A glance at the envelope was sufficient to show where it came, yet I was afraid to open it. Conflicting emotions—happiness at receiving it, fear lest its contents were simply my letter returned, or a short note acknowledging receipt of my last and expressing a desire not to be troubled with any more—made me nervous and I dismissed balance sheets, hailmeny and report, to the minds of my office to
relieve my suspense, or confirm despair. I assure you I have gone into battle with less hesitation. "Let it remain forever unopened," suggested some one of innumerable guardian angels that always hover over us. The question was for decision, whether it were better to endure the suspense of not knowing its content, or run the risk of despair I feel like shouting. (Excuse such evidence of unwise feeling.) This letter is at once assurance that I am not altogether lost in the unforgotten past.

I am glad it rained and kept you home, and that little sis of yours detained you until 12 P.M. Saturday night. Knowing your strong religious predilection, your natural desire to do good, I will not speak of your being engaged after 12 Saturday night.

You have come to the confessional, and I beg leave to acknowledge some of my sins. The soul is cured by candied confession. I knew you were
in Atlanta — I knew where you generally were at all times. Determined to visit you, passed your house two evenings in succession, saw once or two (or three), little Hammond at the gate, my strength was nor sufficient to overcome a foolish pride and I passed by. I never caught a glimpse of you, the I looked earnestly and long at the house. Concluded that was not the house or that you were gone — (wondered where you could be stowed away in that little house). Little Jennie ran away from the gate as I approached.

A few days after the above occurrence, I left for Columbus, feeling no better than I had since your letter advising a suspension of our correspondence, etc., supremely miserable. At last, I determined to write — the rest you know. If you hadn't written, but had passed us unnoticed my effort to be again among your recognized friends, I should have become much worse — there's no telling
but I might have gone to Austria, Russia, or some other of those great countries of Europe on the eve of war. I used the term "recognized friend" just now. You may or may not understand what I mean by friend as applied to my use of it in a special sense. In its old significance, I have found it useless.

My Sojourn here is more pleasant than I anticipated. I have met some old classmates, by whom I've been forced from my retirement into loving society, in which I have experienced much pleasure. But the reflection that I am getting old, and am alone and unneeded for by any is frequently tiresome. I wish you were in Columbus, I should be pleased to visit you as often as you desired.

Be as punctual as I am in replying and you will greatly please one who thinks there is not other like you in goodness. You may object to this close of this. If so, then, your tell best. Truly,