Macon Dec. 27th 65

Miss L.,

A few days since I was honored in the receipt of a letter from you. Your apology for delinquency must be accepted, as you have long ago found out the key to my nature, and I have learned submission. However let me exercise the poor privilege of humble protestation against a similar occurrence in the future - Mr. Cannle enjoyed this book to a limited extent as suspected, I think, but its cebrtically was.

I meet many of my old friends and schoolfellows here. The war has not carried them all to a soldier's grave. Many missing faces sadden our reunion, and the mind reverts to days that "there is no shade of sorrow." Amongst the memories of the past which imagination recalls as pleasant is the occasion of my first seeing a little bright-eyed schoolgirl, who now ma -
tired in all its beauty of womanhood claims my love. How willingly do I worship at the shrine of beauty, when such as priestesses minister. Who wonders that Adam sinned when Eve was the tempter? Women have controlled the mundane sphere since its creation, and from the force of female character must exercise considerable influence in the balance. Xanthippe stamped herself indelibly upon the philosophy of her husband, who does not believe that she aided and sheltered by such colleagues as Jezebel and Mrs. Beadle, wield tremendous power in the realms of darkness? Their presence economizes fuel hastily, as they uncomplainingly make the place much hotter. It is an old and hackneyed theme, the influence of woman, and its advocates of it always cite the instances of Mary the mother of Washington, etc.
I shall not cite any instances myself, because I do not propose to spend my little leisure in the Christmas holidays by writing a dissertation upon the subject, yet I quote myself or rather advance my own individual self which has been long since surrounded not so much by women as general as to one in particular. Mine is certainly a melancholy testimonial to the truth of human's influences. One has me within her control, to dispose of as she may see fit. Amongst the simplest seers of life's ocean I am struggling — she the rudder light to which I am steering. Suppose after all, when faith is proven, the effort made, I fail to reach the goal — I am to sanguine to admit such a result. God bless her. Print noble spirit, I know her word is a bond sealed with truth and attested by all the elements of great
ness in the human soul. My earnest prayers are always invocations to
Heaven to shower its choicest blessings upon her. While I have all confidence
in her truth and accept every word that falls from her, as scriptural truth,
yet a sense, utter and complete, of my own unworthiness to merit her love, often
causes a fear to arise lest—
I have been so constantly engaged since
my arrival in Allenon with business
of great responsibility which demands the exercise of constant caution, that I have
little leisure time to know even that
the Christmas holiday are near by any,
I deny myself the pleasure of a visit to
Griffin, as I am unable to leave the of-
fice but some loss should be sustained
by the Company in whose employ I am.
The few moments I devote to correspondence
are stolen when business men of the city
are at dinner. You will excuse my non-
appearance in Griffin (should you desire to
see so humble a lemonade as myself) upon
the score of business pressure. I am deter-
mined to make money and devote myself to my business
with a sacrifice which it is not arrogant to say
is commendable. When do you expect to visit
Allenon? Write soon.

Your's truly,
E. S.