Newtown, Md.
Aug. 22nd

Dear Miss G.,

You cannot conceive the delight with which I have just read your letter of Aug. 5th. Mail in N.Y. by Mr. White was returned to my address in Smyrna, Del. When I wrote on July 8th, I did not acknowledge the receipt of any letter from you, as I had not rec'd of later date than Dec. 14, 1864. However, I rec'd one the day after I had mailed mine, and replied to it immediately. I have written three or four letters since which, if they have not reached their destination, ere this, are wandering in the realms of P.M.'s. The treacherous mails of Uncle Sam are not equal to the superior mail communications which you enjoy. Hence, you may rest assured that it is no fault of mine, if you have not heard from
your frequent servant often.

purer beyond the standard of my ideal, your love has infused a happiness which the boyhood dreams of an ardent nature has never pictured. I had feared that amid the brilliant creature of admirers, by whom you are ever surrounded, some one else would be the fortunate winner of such a prize, and a sense of my utter unworthiness to be the guardian of such a treasure incen- ced the fear which tormented my soul. I thank God in all reverence, that my long endurance and patient waiting have at least been repaid. The holiest aspiration of my life, to prove myself worthy of your love and to win it, has been answered. True love is not an exotic, and will not flourish in a soil to which it is not native, and so I profess a love for you which time and circumstances can
impair or efface, I am satisfied that the tenor
tis of my least real affection
cannot be mistaken from the truth
around which they are entwined. How
painfully, then, would I have felt the
fruit of this strange, had you been
confused upon some other!

"To love is a painful thrill;
Not to love more painful still:
But by far the greater pain,
To love and not be loved again."
The converse of the last "To love
and be loved again," you may well
imagine, has conferred a happiness
in extent equal to the pain which the organ
wounds create. To demonstrate what
has just been affirmed, I am
prepared to make any sacrifice, or
submit to any test you may impose; and, if I prove unworthy,
in any ordeal you may institute, discard me "as weighed in the balance and found wanting."

There is no compensation now to a Confederate soldier, who has endured for so long the privations and dangers of active life in the tearing fields, for the loss of his sweetheart. For her to discard him were a composure teaching, and for a Southern girl to prefer me who had helped furnish food the staples of her State, were a species of ingratitude and ignobility second only to that displayed by Sarah Keanon. Rather let them emulate the second spirit of the Polish women, which scorns their Papian masters. She has forsaken the cause for which the rebel raged; all the channels of love of country are closed to him;
and his love concentrated by misfortunes, can be directed to and expended upon one object. Sheep herd together when stricken with grief and fear, and the finest instances of domestic affection are famous in the history of the persecuted Huguenots of France. The fashions are the finest, and the fair only deserve them. And do they not deserve the fair?

Within the past two weeks I have had a spell of fever, from which I am now convalescing. Nothing can exceed the expediency of my fair cousins' attentions — their bright eyes and pretty faces might be dangerous but for the ever-present image of an absent one, more the object of my worship I fear, than she who demands paramount
allegiance. I am rather well this morning, this an unpleasant companion in the shape of a boil, truly rude and annoying. Had I been well when I read your letter, I should have commenced my journey home immediately. As it is, the one who has made herself very dear to me is just now in the point of death, and I cannot leave without prosperity, until the crisis of her sickness shall have passed. I wish you could enjoy the pleasures of the sea-bank and the boy-shore.

Your rebellious sympathies and predictions I see, like the ghost which disturbed the miserable Macbeth, "will not down." You must learn to be loyal. When I return home I must impart to you
some of that intense feeling of love, which I have for the Union; and endeavor
to excite the same emotions in your heart, which I entertain on the sight of the "Old Flag." As a remedy for
the malady of "secess," from which you suffer, let me recommend the oath of allegiance or some other oath. I suppose any oath
will do just as well. To a "good Union," it is required that you violate that provision of the Declaration of "Thou shalt not swear at all."
I feel confident of effecting a cure, when you become my patient, as I have cured several of the same complaint. "Hale
Columbus," "Stone-Blind," and other national aires are said to be excellent.
I sing them all with a great deal of effect. I don't know,
whether in the land of "Trinity relics," you people have ever
feasted your curriculums on those brilliant pieces of musical composition. In view of the benightes condition of your unhappy section, the wise and humane Yankee proposes to establish Oath Agencies throughout the country as a sanitary precaution. I suppose that the marriages consummated under Rebel misrule are invalid, and all parties so married are required to come forward, subscribe to the oath and be remarried, as the law and the people direct. In future no couple can be "put together," unless both have previously taken the oath. If all married during the rebellion are to be remarried, I guess many an unfortunate husband will rejoice at the opportunity to slip the
"conjugal mose". Don't you think so?

I spent my time when well,
in visiting friends, relatives, playing chess and checkers, etc. The style down here is primitive, the County is filled with pretty women — and you are free and easy wherever you may be. The people have few social entertainments, and anything is characterized by natural simplicity.

This paper I am writing on is the best the town can afford, else I should certainly have indicated a similar epistle. I fear my letter has grown too long. I can truthfully subscribe myself in the language of Georgia's immortal Major,

"Fons tell dett".

E. L. M.