

Macon, Dec. 27th, '65.

Miss C.,

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. Caudle enjoyed this boon to a limited extent as henpecked as that lugubrious character certainly was.

I meet many of my old friends and school-fellows 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 "knew 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 school-girl, who now matured in all the beauty of womanhood claims my love. How willingly do I worship at the shrine of beauty, when such a priestess ministers. Who wonders that Adam sinned when Eve was the tempter? Women have controlled this 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, and who does not believe that she aided and abetted by such colleagues as Jezebel and Mrs. Caudle, wields tremendous power in the realms of darkness? Their presence economizes fuel largely, as they undoubtedly make the place much hotter. It is an old and hackneyed theme, the influence of woman, and the advocates of it always cite the instances of Mary the mother of Washington, &c.

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 adduce my own individual self which has been long since surrendered not so much to women in general as to one in particular. Mine is certainly a melancholy testimonial to the truth of woman's influence. One has me within her control, to dispose of as she may see fit. Amongst the toughest breakers of life's ocean I am struggling – she the beacon light to which I am steering. Suppose after all, when faith is proven, the effort made, I fail to reach the goal. I am too sanguine to admit such a result. God bless her – Proud noble spirit, I know her word is a bond sealed with truth and attested by all the elements of greatness 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 Macon with business of great responsibility which demands the exercise of constant caution, that I have little leisure time to know even that the Christmas holidays are kept by any. I deny myself the pleasure of a visit to Griffin, as I am unable to leave the office lest some loss should be sustained by the company in whose employ I am. The few moments I devote to correspondence I've 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 personage as myself), upon the score of business pressure. I am determined to make money – and to devote myself to my business with a sacrifice which it is not arrogant to say is commendable. When do you expect to visit Macon? Write soon –

Yours truly

E.S.M.