

Alone.
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My Dear Callie,
"Night has let down her
curtains and pinned it with a star." Glorious
night, with what delight do I hail its
its coming, ay I have learned to welcome
it with joy and gladness. Then nature
seemingly subsides, and all is quiet, but
ever and anon, the foliage of these beautiful
oaken trees, fanned by the gentle breeze of
heaven - murmurs in soft, sweet accents, alone,
alone; how sweet sometimes to be alone; to
seek solitude, and mourn in secret over the
depravity and deception of the human race.
"Dear me" I forget one of your practical nature
would not like anything after this style -
However knowing my predilection, as well as
Shins, for the highblution I hope you will
excuse me.

Wednesday morning After my return

from the French Class I was happy to find
a letter on the table from, my most esteemed,
I need not add it gave me pleasure, after
eying your words for a considerable length
of time, for if you remember rightly they were
very scatteringly written. Please write your letters
from beginning to end as beautifully as you
direct my letters, you were my bag correspondent
in vacation, My Cousin Lewis admired your direc-
tion extravagantly.

Will Callie I'll answer your question first. I am
rooming with Ada and Sam Ann, in my
same dear old "cozy" room. Aunt Mandy waits
on us and we have splendid fires, as of yore.
I agree to the "Covenant" and see that it is
attended with all due promptness on your part.
Yes - "still, love and write to each other" tho I
be transformed from the gawky "George Ann"
to an honorable, tho abominable "Old Maid", its
insinuated to me daily that I look like as one

of forty - and another transformation after this -
I think, would be ridiculous, although a brave
young Knight should offer services. But not
speaking in irony I must confess the sweet
language of a Burns speaks my sentiments,

"I have seen you every winters sun,
Twice ~~forty~~ ² times return

And every time has added proof,

That man was made to mourn"

Pardon my trespass on your time in saying what
amounts to naught, and lets talk about news in
general. We have 104 pupils, the diningroom
tables have been lengthened and our illustrious "Charles"
look quite vain to behold the increased number
when assembled there. Politics run high and
union - has gone a begging. I see you have
inherited the right principals, those of Democracy.
I hope you'll not have the little charm strong
from ^{your neck} with Belle's Countess on it, because it is a
precious ornament, no spun ether, but real Breckenridge.

will tell if she can intend measuring my letter.

meet your heart. However while we are on the
themes which engage the ^{public} attention, how do
you like the Prince? I give him to you
for I think you deserve a prince if he is as
good as he should be.

If I am here you and don't have to avoid
Frank too hard and "Providence permitting" I hope
to gratify myself the peculiar pleasure of
seeing you at some point-time and Chance
will determine this-nothing would afford me
a higher pleasure than to visit one whom I
hold so dear as you. Florence has just stepped
in and says give Cousin Callie her love and a
kiss - she rooms with Susie and Mary Lewis, and is
dear sweet child, my pet. I cannot give you the
minutiae this time, but suffice it to say Emma Bur
is no much excited, for fear Lincoln will be
elected, as when Mr ~~Frank~~ ^{Wynne} was on fire.
Susie sends love to you also Mary Lewis, Ada, and
Jane Ann. Susie sends her love to the General as
Write to me immediately - and a long plainly written
letter. Your own dear
George Ann.