

Cottage Home, Oct. 15th 1860.
Monday night.

My dear Callie,

Altho. it is now quite late, yet I cannot longer delay answering your kind and welcomed letter of the 5th ult.

I must again beg your pardon for my negligence, and trust to your kindness of heart for forgiveness. I know that your communication has been shamefully neglected, and I owe you many apologies; but I believe you will do me the justice my dear Callie, ^{to think} that my silence did not proceed from a want of that pure, deep, strong, and lasting affection, which your generous and amiable disposition will ever awaken.

You seemed to doubt the sincerity of my sentiment, or rather thought that I was mistaken in your character; but

I know what I said to be true, and you
cannot make me ^{believe} otherwise, I not know
your qualities - I, who was so intimately
associated with you, and that too at
a place, where our true characters
are disclosed. No! Lullie, I will never
believe ^{you} other than the generous,
kind, affectionate, truthful, noble,
and highminded girl, which every
act and word of yours proved ^{you to be} ~~to be~~.
I hope, and believe you will not take
this as flattery; for you must at least
have seen that I did not deal in
the article. I admire candor, have
been taught it from my infancy, and
truth is beautiful at all times, the
Galladism of all that noble and enor-
abling within us. So I hope you will
believe what I say, I think, and that
I don't do it merely for the compliment of
the thing.

I received a long letter from
Cordelia not long since, she writes,

that her heart and hand are now
both free. I think, she ought not to
have treated Mr. T. so badly, for I reckon
he was very much devoted to her.
I should be most happy to write you
something, which would interest you,
but have not the material upon which
to work. Politics seems to be the
all engrossing theme - even I, (who can not
altered an interest in such things), can't
help from feeling excited, the ominous
signs in the political Heavens, have awaked
my patriotism, I fear that our glorious
Union will soon be no more, the spirit
of disunion is abroad, dark and threaten-
ing clouds have gathered over our heads,
and will ere long burst forth in all
their fury, we have no Washington to
disperse them - no Henry, to arouse the
people by his eloquence, - no Clay,
Webster, Calhoun, or Randolph to preserve
and perpetuate the Union, they were
devoted to freedom and liberty, appreciated



their blessings and advantages. If our
politicians were of a high, understanding
spirit, honestly attached to the principles
of the constitution, firm and independent
in maintaining them, there would be
some hope, but they will sacrifice the
welfare of their country to their own
vain glory and personal aggrandizement.
My kindest and best regards to your Pa and Ma.
I will write to you again soon, and will
then tell you whether I can visit you Christmas.
I'll send love to you, write soon. Good-
night, and if the assurance that I love
you can give you sound sleep you will not
need a lullaby. Yours affectionately,
S. Ragsdale