

B. 1835-1909

Georgia Cottage, March 9th

My friend,

Accept my thanks for the enclosed letter which I read with pleasure. When you write to Col Maclean thank him in my name for his kindness in forwarding my inquiries to St Louis. As he seems very desirous that his name should be erased from the likeness, which you gave me, I send it in that you may comply with his reiterated request, and also, to ask you to have a better, clearer glass placed over it. The present one mars the picture, it is so blurred and defective; and some days since I left it at Seiferts to have this change made, but the artist said he could not oblige me, as he had not framed the picture, and had no glasses. If I knew who framed it, I would not

trouble you. Did I tell you that I
had received a long, friendly, and,
characteristically kind letter from
Genl Beauregard, within the last two
days? In writing to him, some time
since, I quoted that superb passage
from Aytoun's "Edinburgh after Flodden"
and applied it to feelings of Charlestonians
in view of the impending attack, on their
glorious City; in his answer, he says,
"the grand words of Aytoun cited by
you, are most entirely consonant with
the feelings of my heart; and en
notre bon droit, j'ai confiance." May
God in his Infinite Mercy spare to our
young struggling Nation, Beauregard,
and Johnston and Price; these three
are my hope, my trust, the subject
of my prayers. I have just come
to my desk, for the day; am working
hard now, see no company at all,
do not leave my desk until after

midnight. "What encyclopædia have
you? my own is rather meagre and
restricted on some subjects. I must
go to work now, "Laborare est orare,"
said the monks of the Thebaid. Will
you write to Col Maclean today? If
so, do not forget to tender him my
thanks and kindest remembrances—
I wish I could have had a talk
with him, about Astronomy. Mädler,
& before he crossed the Mississippi
River, he loved that noble study as
well as I do. If I should not see
you again, before you leave Mobile,
be sure to give my respects to your
son, (how glad I am, that he is a Scientist),
and take with you to your wife, my
love for her.

In haste

Truly Your friend
Augusta J. Evans

P.S. The cars have just brought me my

letters, and among them I am happy
to find one, from Capt Selph and one
too, from his lovable, winning, magnetic,
galvanic, little brown-eyed wife. Ask
Col Maclean, "the Maclean" as Col Clark,
calls him, whether Capt Selph ever
delivered to him, my message in reply
to one he sent me, through Capt S, relative
to Vicksburg, which unlike her great
Italian prototype, "city of hills", never
shall be (God defending.)

"Crownless and childless in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

My Mc stares at me reproachfully.

A. J. C.

By the way everybody seems to know
I am writing - Vicksburg!