Davison's Comm.
August 15th, 1863

My Dear Bill:-

I wrote you a postal the other day, promising to write a letter soon then after and then present, witnessed an honest effort on my part to fulfill that promise. Whether I shall be able to write a letter or not in an other question. Then an attack of cataract eyes which are growing worse every day. I am going to do what I can before they get so bad that I can do nothing at all in the way of writing. This is the prime reason that you didn't get a letter on the day I wrote the postal, for I literally had no time. I thought to mail a day or two, reflecting my eyes to recover at least.
I am very disappointed

When I opened your letter of the 6th. and found that it came down on the fourth day.
and I was greatly surprised when I read your letter home on writing. I did not keep any account of the date of my letters, but whether they were exactly a week apart or not, but I am certain that I wrote enough within a week of each other for our correspondence to be established on a weekly basis that we would have only to wait for one another letters to arrive. I have waited but the purpose I suppose you had "stumped" as you used to habitually do in Mathematics, Physics, Philosophy—not being anything of Oculistian. It is not my fault, certainly that our correspondence is not settled on a weekly basis; the fault lies in bringing you to the Post Office.
Some about equally alarmed and surprised to find me writing so cynically on the subject question. You write as if you didn't care a contumelious curl how it evaporated—so to speak. That I should be surprised will not surprise you; the cause of my alarm is that I must regard such extraordinary symptoms as the avant couver (as the Sun = albor Day) of some extraordinary melancholy. Perhaps it will be insanity (or literally, hum- or perhaps it may be this side that is this deflected lane alarmed, suspect it, this lane alarmed. Write me a statement of your condition at once, inclusive of pulse, respiration, circulation together with an accurate statement of the
minute of heart—beat for second. But a time to this informal nonsense. I am really surprised that you have so gallantly recovered from your first attack of love, if you show a proper understanding of the disease when you cog you are cured only because you can't see her. A glimpse of her face would set your heart afire again. I don't know whether congratulations or condolences would be the more acceptable to you. At any rate I think the former are in order and so mine am bound with this—

desire you.

As for my little affair of the heart, Eger won't every day. I do not intend to defend my self other wise.
I find out whether I have an attack of the article that will abide. If upon my return home next Sunday I find the flame burning unburned, I shall certainly make an effort to get at her opinion of me. I declare to you she is the most lovely apple girl I ever knew. I have been more than half in love with her for about three years, though it never assumed a violent aspect until the present summer. I don’t want him to me. I should put it close this morning and find at my feet. Oh, my old boy, she has got an old time, heart-breaking attack of love, the worst can I ever have had by a long sight and I thought I’d had them.
Of all the possible degrees of intensity.

I shall come home for Washington about the 7th of Sept. so you see I shall be there a month before the law school opens. Go as men into the office to work. Hop to do a good year's work if my health hold out. My eyes don't fail me. Have strengthened up some since I came home, though am not in such physical trim as I desire, nord.

Politics in the State are in a stagnant condition. The better Elements of Georgia are opposed to Alex. Shifting for Governor, but the day is gone when the better class reigned. The negro, the trashy element of the State people the Independents and the
Brown. A.E. Colquitt dys.

The State of Georgia is going to the Devil just as fast as a dead men can show her. Her prosperity is all nothing as the same can't last. They will kill itself sooner to 

her clear of politics, above 

every other evil. Which man 

kind is prone—

must stop. There is 

no news. This is an epidemic, 

nearly long letter under the cir-

constances. "Took a dirt" now, 

with me soon. Long 

love to your father's 

family.

Gracious Mother

McN. McLaughlin

Rodman.
Aug 23d 1882

M. W. Law M. Laughlin
Bradwood
Dakota Territory

Phoebe O. M. Laughlin