

Montgomery, Ala. Mch. 30, 1868

My darling Wifey,

Bless your precious heart! Did your old husband's leaving bring the tears to your eyes? Not less to his, my good wifey, and he already pines to see you. You do not know how desolate I felt, when I went home Saturday night, and you were not there. Alas! The cheer was all gone, and I contented myself with thinking who had been there.

I am going to vacate tomorrow and to-night shall make some preparatory arrangements, such as taking down curtains, loosening carpet tacks, &c. Our furniture will go to the Cabinet maker's to-morrow. I suppose I shall board at the Exchange or Prizzala's for the present. When are you going down home? I know they have heard you were in Atlanta, and like I am, am almost crazy to see you. You dear old wifey, you! What makes you so sweet? I wish I was with you, as I know you'll be so pleasantly situated at home with the old lady and Anna & yours & my kinfolks. Let this short letter suffice. Will write frequently. Tell your Bro. [Chat.] that Joel White had sold the old copy of Don Quixote he was talking about. Kiss 'em all.

Your aftce husband

Eugene