

Jacksonville Ala
Jan 18th 1877.

My Dear Husband

Night before last I took a cup of tea for my supper, which kept me awake all night. I sat up the whole of last night with Aunt Polly Samuels, who is considered in a dying condition and to-day I feel pretty drowsy I assure you, but as it is now a week since I wrote to you, I must write you a short letter even though it be a sleepy one.

I received P.O. Order for fifty dollars a few days ago, which enabled me to pay for my buggy, settle grocery bills, pay negro hire so I am feeling

quite happy and light-hearted since my debts are all paid. I know I have the best husband in the world, and all that troubles me is that I cannot be with him. I did think a year ago, that I would never submit to another separation but in these perilous times it is hard to know what duty is. I want to take care of what little we have, and while the future looks so threatening I feel like home is the most suitable place for me, but I am so miserable about you, if war should come it may begin at Washington, and then you will be in the midst of it. The pangs of the last war are too fresh in my memory to contemplate another with any comfort or endurance. I am for peace even if it be a humiliating peace. But I will turn to something

more home like.

We are all as well as usual. We have plenty of substantial to eat, and we stay at home and behave our selves. We couldn't get out with any comfort if we wished to. I found it almost impossible to get down to Mrs Walkers last night Fan waded through mud to her knees. I have never seen any thing like it in this country. Judge Walker has been quite ill in Selma and Mrs W- has been there with him for several weeks. she reached home last night, he is still too unwell to come. Gen'l Shelley [Charles Miller Shelley] lost his wife a few days ago, you know she was Cathleen McConnell- left four little daughters.

Ida Forney was delighted with the letter you wrote

she brought it down for me to read, and looked very much flattered by your wishing to continue the correspondence.

Walter went down the road as far as Talladega last night, will be back in a day or two. No news of interest. The corn is going pretty rapidly, but the coal is holding out finely. I have not had our buggy brought from the Depot yet. Will have it brought up so soon as the streets are passible.

Hoping this may find you well and that God may bless and keep you from all harm and permit us to meet again

I am as ever your devoted Wife

M.D. Caldwell [Mary D. Caldwell]

[ATTOR]NEYS AT LAW
MONTGOMERY ALA.

MONTGOMERY

MAR

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ALA.

Col J H Caldwell [John H. Caldwell]

Jacksonville

Ala

Personal

JACKSONVILLE

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