

C

Livingston, Sunday night.

Dear Mary, -

I do not know of any better or more pleasant way of spending my leisure time to-night, than by a social talk with my dear wife. It is very common to say that we are not sufficiently thankful for the blessings we are daily receiving from Heaven; to some men one of the great blessings is a good wife. I certainly one of these.

For a good wife is not only a great comfort and source of happiness to me, - is not only a companion to whom I can in all confidence expose the secret distresses, or joy of my heart, and receive sympathy, so necessary to every man - but she has been a restraint on my evil and naturally disposed inclination to the indulgence of vices, which, if indulged in, invariably leads to the wreck of all that is good and noble in man. We all know ourselves better than our most intimate friends; and I feel now that if it had not been that I really and sincerely loved a virtuous and sensible woman, in my early manhood, who knew how, justly to prize and to keep the affection and esteem, which the graces of youth, beauty, and a generous return of that affection had gained, I might now have been not only a stranger

to the esteem of good men, but without self respect, or hope of being a better man. How deep a debt of love esteem and gratitude I owe you, even you have never imagined; for wife, how could I talk without some reserve of things and thoughts which are past and not now indulged which could only wound your feelings, and might tend to lessen that love and esteem which I cherish as the highest and best of all God's earthly gifts. It is on quiet, calm, solitary evenings like this, that I most clearly feel and know how dear you are. May God bless you my dear wife, and our precious children, and make your husband more worthy the love of a true hearted woman, and more grateful for His mercies and blessings.

I have been this evening to hear Mr. Newman. He is the Methodist Minister at this place, I was much pleased with his Sermon, — it was not very learned or eloquent, but there was an earnest truthfulness in what he said, which I particularly admire in a minister.

I was out at Rambler's Rest Thursday evening, all were well. Mrs. C. looks about as usual, and every thing is going on in the same way; except that Rambler is there studying the law. He, however, seems cramped and not much at home.

Mr. Belfield Kesee and his wife (who was Miss

Cornelia Peacher) is here on a visit. They will be to see you in a day or two, on their way home ward, try to entertain them in the best way you can. You know Belfield was very polite to us when we were in Tenn.

Mrs. Thom and Virginia and Margaret Gibbs, arrived from Va. yesterday. They are looking well. None of the family from Choctaw have come up as yet.

I visited your friend Miss Ann Ward Friday evening and found her about as usual. She and all the others of your friends seemed much disappointed that you did not come down.

John J. Pettus was elected Senator from Kumpas last Monday, and William was beaten; and I expect that Mr. Hamm was elected Judge of the Circuit Court.

The State docket will be taken up in the morning, and I expect that this will be my last letter until I see you. Judge Moore has gone home, and Judge Reavis is presiding.

Kiss our dear children for me.

Your husband,

Mrs. Mary L. Pettus,

Carrollton,

Ala. }

E. W. Pettus

P.S. My friends think here that I will get two thirds of the vote of this County for Judge.

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