

“Out at the old lady’s” Aug 30th [1867? 1868?]

I’ve left Anna and Mr. Corbin in the parlor deeply interested in a game of chess, of course they care nothing for my company now, so if you’ll excuse my pencil (or rather Sollie’s) I’ll talk to you; the old lady is walking ‘round from room to room, as if she did not know what to do with herself, poor old thing. I’ll talk to her tomorrow. I came out here yesterday afternoon, and there is no telling when I’ll return home, guess I’ll be there by Sunday night, however. [Little] Charlie brought me a letter from you this morning, and I fear very much from its tone that you will not come down Saturday night, you see you have spoiled me already, Mr. Mitchell. I expect you every week, the picture will be a comfort, however shall be terribly disappointed if I do not receive the picture or see you either your sending it is almost proof to me that you are not coming for I insisted on it this week in case you did not come for I felt that it would in great measure console me for your absence. The old lady held out her hand for the letter as soon as I finished reading it, said she would enjoy a perusal of it, but I declined the pleasure wouldn’t have her see it for the world. Annie McS. has been with me all day and will remain all night, she was very sorry she did not see you last Sunday, says she will stay at home the next time, she would send her love if she knew I were writing to you. I played two games with Mr. Corbin since supper, but he beat me all to pieces. I wished for you more than once to help me out of my difficulties, he told me that I had better call in the express company as I needed help. And you haven’t seen sister yet – she wrote me the other day, that she had seen nothing of my future lord and master as yet, guess she thinks you do not care much for your future kin, you must treat her better if you would have her consent to the relationship. Yes—I put the little [...] on the envelope, guess you think I am more endearing on the outside of the letter than on the inside, ‘twas so small a matter I did not expect you to see it, do you wish to return it now since informed that “Some body else” did not send it. Anna and Mr. Corbin have finished their game so I must finish my letter, Anna is waiting for me; you’ll excuse the hastily written sheet – I know, will write again tomorrow night—if you say you are not coming this week. I don’t go to Columbus if you can avoid it, Atlanta is at convenient distance, you can run down to see us whenever you choose, but there is no telling when I should see you if you went to Columbus—that city is too far off for visiting purposes. Good night. I love you devotedly if I don’t indulge in endearing names, leave such as that for you to do.

Affectionately,

C---

The old Lady’s sending love and says she will expect you Sunday—says you had better not come without bringing her a picture -- C