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Dayton O. July 29th,
1863

You must be very weary of your confinement, dear Husband, and I wish I could relieve the monotony of it by frequent letters. This seems impossible however, so I hope you have other sources of amusement.

You speak of still having pain; that I supposed, had gone by this time, is your foot swollen? And, what are you doing for it. — I have so much to occupy mind and body both in the care of these children, that I have no time to get sad or lonely; but you have nothing quite so constant, and I fear sometimes feel homesick; I could wish you were with us, yet am afraid you would not be able to rest much with these four restless little souls forever running in just at the wrong time for big people, still if

you feel inclined, and can come, there
are ever so many who will be glad to see
you, and do the best they can for your comfort.
As I said before, I have no time to be
sad; yet you are seldom out of my
thoughts, and I long to see you again.
The longing desire, somewhat dashed by the
thought that your visit must be short.

The little boys often ask if you can stay
when you come, and threaten the "Governor's
man" when I tell them 'no'!

I read your lecture to them, and both
understood it. Rob. however did not like
to pretend that it was intended for him.
Frank looked serious and I had hopes
that it would influence him; it has too
just a little bit I think.

Evening — The three older children are in
bed, and Grandmother is trying to get
Mary there too. She enjoys our evening ride
in good baby fashion, by sleeping all
through it, but generally cries afterwards. She

improves daily, and I hope to show you a
good fat girl before long, when I suspect
she will find as firm a place in Papa's
heart, as she already has in those of all
here. Not yet five weeks old, yet the
darling of all! The little boys don't talk
much about her; but today when Joe came
and Nellie called, ^{and} Rob asked them, as they
were leaving to come and "see our baby."

I got her, and held her up at them
just as they closed the gate; but they both
came; Sally seemed delighted to get a little
baby in her arms, and Joe wanted to know
whether it was a girl, declaring he was willing
to exchange in that case. — Joe is looking
well, and the greatest abolitionist I know.
He says, that any one that can see, has it
forced upon him whether he will or no.

Your dear letter came this evening; still
confined to your rooms I am, I am very
thankful for the kindness shown you
by so many friends; I wish you would tell

Excuse that I am obliged to her for trying
to make you comfortable. — I sincerely hope
Capt. C. will recover without losing his arm.
Remember me to his wife and Mother-in-law.
I shall try to remember your advice, but
God grant you may never be so unfortunate
as to place me on trial; it is a ^{very} foolish thing
to sit still and feel that you are doing
nothing to relieve a loved One's sufferings.

Col. Strong is at home, quite unwell. Col.
King has returned to the field although his
'Leave' had not expired and he is still
feebly. — Al. Babbitt has been badly wounded
by the accidental discharge of a Henry rifle
in the hands of a soldier; he has had a pain-
ful operation performed in hopes to save
both life and limb; he belongs to Strong's
regiment. — I will tell Uncle John your
message; I gave him that funny extract
you sent me a few days since, but have
not seen him since. — Gov. Seymour is
receiving any thing but complimentary notices

Joe C. fairly ground his teeth when I mentioned his name this morning.

What do you think of the Emperor? Can we get through with all?

Weren't you delighted to hear that Morgan had been caught? — I had given it up and could scarcely believe the good news. It was well it was done before this last Kentucky raid; as it is, it is to be hoped it will fail also.

It seems to be thought that "Kee" was napping a little and let Bragg cut wit him. • Howard says, there

is no prospect of being sent from Memphis, although he thinks they ought to relieve those who have been more actively engaged. — Do write to him if you can; I wish to, but can only find time to write to you.

What do you think? Mother, Lib and Aunt Ann have talked to me till I am drinking ale! Actually ordered

it, and have been drinking a glass a day!

I certainly am stronger than before, and suppose the ale must have the credit. — You should have seen Robby the other day. Mary took the Baby from Betty at dinner time, while she got some thing needed. After returning her to the parlor, she came to the table, and R. asked her where Baby was. "Oh I threw her down" she replied. He looked at her with a serious air, then turned to me with "slung her down, mamma!" He seemed so seriously displeased that I explained that she had put "slung" into Betty's lap. — Today all of the children were playing under the dining room window, when Mary pretended to try to put me out the window; Frank immediately came up but didn't know what to do in my defence; Rob did not stop to think, but "slung" the brick that he had in a box; then seized

a large piece of brick, but upon my reminding him that he might hurt me, was quite puzzled to know how he should act. I told him he had better come in after Aunt Mary. All three caught at the idea and rushed round; Mary took refuge in her own room, where they followed and besieged her doors. She took out her transom and shoved them till they retired; but she got her hair pulled, when she made her appearance some time afterwards.

Sella and Katie Daret became so intimate that they were restless if separated, and the boys too were continually asking to go to see Sammy or asking him over. I seldom allowed them to go to M.D.'s, but ~~their~~^{his} children were here a great deal; at last our little ones could not play together pleasantly at all, but took sides with ^{their} visitors; so I got desperate and forbade all visiting during the day till

evening, when they might play together
on the sidewalk. They submitted with
better grace than I had expected; and
I have had occasion to rejoice over the
change, as they ^(four) play together much more
harmoniously, and the evening play is
also better. Mr. D's children are no worse
than our own, but, many heads can plan
much mischief; and besides, our grounds,
and house particularly are too small to
allow of so many children and all
be comfortable. — Mary just came in to
send her best love to you; also a part of
her feet; indeed we ^{have} both proposed making
yours large enough, by parting with some
that we could spare, thereby improving our
own. — Clever aren't we? — There's Baby
so good bye dearest.

Augusta