

by a rattle snake lately; and not long since
Sallie killed one with a hoe. Both of
the snakes were in the dooryard. Is not
that delightful? — I have been threatening
Mary ~~to~~ draw her portrait — as she lies
stretched on my bed in 'undress uniform'
battering me so with her talk that I can't
write — she feels safe because she says the
paper is not long enough. — Well, well
am I to have a letter to-morrow? if I had not
given you a "Blue Pill" the last time I wrote
I would give you one this time. It is a
sicked thing to give in any shape whatever
and I was sorry I could send you nothing
better. — It was partly your fault however, for
you should not be the dear good fellow
you are and always have been. Wouldn't
you get a good 'nug' as Robby says, if
you were here to night? The little fellow
almost sprains my neck the hugs so hard.
I have not seen the 'disks' lately; I have been
very busy, and the weather has been extremely
hot. — It is late, so I'll go to bed, hoping to
know some thing more definite about you in
a few days. Don't be troubled dearest, if you
are sent home; for all feel as if we would
rejoice at it, unless you are mortified at it.

their own,
Angelo.
Dear night — dear day — this land.

Dayton O. July 31st. 1861.

Dear Luther,

I was expecting to answer a
letter to night, but no letter came.

I look anxiously for Congressional news,
to see whether we meet at home or abroad.
If it was not for your feeling hurt —
at being sent home, and did I not
fear your being dispirited about your
business, my joy at seeing you again
in our own house, would be most intense.

I often feel troubled too at the expense
I have been ^{put} to for the journey; it is
quite as small as I can make it, still
if you do return, it will be almost needed.
I have already drawn \$50.00 and ought to
draw that much more to pay my bills
and the one at Vanburdall's. I only hesitate
because I am afraid of being talked
about at the Bank.

Mary has come in for the night, and
we have been talking a while.

Cuppy has been making a fool of him-
self I should think, from all I
can hear. He married Mrs. Laura McAlpin
the Spiritualist Medium, who was lecturing
here last Winter. Report has it that
C. is her third husband, and that the
second one shot himself last Winter.
You had better be getting your money
from that firm I am thinking.

By the way what about the Journal?
Mother told me Conly had presented a
larger bill than you thought right; when
on your receipts?

Fiddling Loney made his appearance here
quite unexpectedly day before yesterday.

Schreck's Brigade, consisting of three months
men, had mostly disbanded, and Fiddling
is home on furlough. He says the
service was disgraceful.

I think you would have laughed to
have seen Frank and Robby today.

Yesterday, Frank proposed to Rob, that
R. should unbutton his drawers for him
and he would reciprocate the favor.
Robby went to work and did do it

and Frank kept his word. This morning
Frank again asked him to perform
the same office, but without promising
any reward. Robby again did it, but
presented his back immediately with
"mim, mim", remembering the bargain
of yesterday. — Frank has exercised

today on the "darky" question. He wanted
to know what made them black, for
want of a better answer, I told him they
were born black; then he asked if he was
born black, and whether the colored people
didn't stay too long in a Buckeye.

Some one told him that he was a
Buckeye boy and came out of a Buckeye.

Howard is still confined to his room
and was very much depressed this evening
but the Doctor considers him better, and
says he and Mother must go to Mr. Follett's
and Kelly's Island next week. — Mr. F. was
here this morning and said his wife ordered
him not to come back without Mother.

I sent for your books by him.

Joe and Henrietta started for Indiana
this morning. Joey came has been better