

all day, and you were away. I am  
ashamed to depend so much upon  
circumstances for my happiness; but  
when the great-circumstance is a dear  
good man like unto yourself, don't  
you think I am a little bit excusable?

I know your answer for that question  
already. — Mr. Rob. and I have had a merry  
struggle, I wanted to put on his drawers  
but he crept under the bed, hid him-  
self down and told me he was "teepy".

I finally pulled him out laughing  
heartily. He and Frank are looking at  
the snow now; of course the letter needs  
some attention with regard to certain  
buttons around his waist. Sella is man-  
ufacturing <sup>or repairing</sup> a splendid apron out of an  
old <sup>red</sup> de-laine dress. Mary put pockets on  
it last night and I put on white  
strings, the gathering has broken out today.

Uncle John has been very sick with headache  
this week, and Aunt Ann has stop't giving  
him coffee; he says the "Abergovine" (is that  
the way?) has shut down on him; and  
threatens to get "Andy" to make him some  
she however feels sure that his coffee won't

Dayton O. March 7th. 1861

Dear Husband,

While waiting for Sella  
to go to sleep I will write some few things  
which may be forgotten if deferred till  
tomorrow. — First, I met Mr. James Harris  
this morning, who asked me to mention to  
you that his son Charles is anxious to get  
the mail agency between Cleveland and Buffalo  
and he thought that you might be able  
to do something for him; I believe he has  
spoken to Eliza, as I heard he was down there  
last evening. — There is Mary, and Sella  
is asleep so I will go down stairs and finish  
tomorrow, after I have got a letter from you  
I hope.

Saturday March 7th. — I have just received  
your letter, my dearest, and think from  
the date, that it ought to have come yester-  
day. I am sorry now that I did not  
write yesterday, as you must now wait some  
time for an answer. My letter will contain



but little even though delayed so long  
for in truth I feel but little spirit  
for writing. A fit of headache accom-  
panied by a spell of "Blues" attacked  
me Wednesday and has scarcely yet left  
me. — First I cracked one of my  
gas shades; <sup>then</sup> had some trouble with the  
children (Frank cut out all the button-holes in  
one of Robby's dresses, besides other mischief.)  
Sella added her share; I acquitted  
myself as well as could be expected,  
but still it troubled me not a little.

Above all I wanted to see you; it  
does seem very far, when farther than  
a day's journey; so long before we can  
hear from each other.

Well, well! Is this not a delightful  
frame of mind to live in? I don't  
know but I feel better already for having  
told you; just as your hand laid  
on my hot forehead always soothes me  
so I <sup>try to</sup> ~~walk~~ imagine it has come to me  
since reading your last kind lines, for  
which I have been looking a day or two  
so anxiously.

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sweet, and refuses to be frightened.

Mother is quite disappointed by the  
weather today as she expected to remove  
some shrubs from her own and our yards  
to her new place (Plantation I came near  
saying) — Plantation reminds me  
of the South, and in connection with  
that, "Littell's Living Age". Have you  
noticed some articles lately in which  
the feelings of the secessionists are  
very kindly cared for? I had not  
till Lib told me to look for them  
I did not see <sup>look for</sup> ~~them~~ these particular  
ones but found some very affecting  
poetry in the last one, which quite con-  
vinced me without the others. I think  
we may spend our six dollars to better  
advantage for the coming year, let  
them depend upon the South hereafter  
as they are so very anxious to avoid  
offense in that quarter. Dear me!  
wouldn't your life be in danger if  
this hostile missile passed through, or  
rather reached the Charlesto Post Office?  
I am afraid you would never see it  
or we see you again.



Howard is to find out whether this can go tonight; I hope at can and that he will not forget to take it to the office for me. — What are Mr. Lewis' hopes or chances just now? I saw Eliza and Mrs. Brady last Thursday.

E. was very tired sewing on the machine but all well with that exception Mrs. B. said that her birthday came round on Monday, and asked what the ladies would do for the poor old sister, we laughed at the piteous appeal and I asked her what she meant by being born on wash-day which amused her exceedingly.

I am glad the pictures <sup>are a</sup> comfort to you. The original of the least one, just got a tumble, which much to his surprise didn't hurt him, ~~and~~ so he is trying it over. — I am getting too cold at this writing and the children are needing my attention, so good-bye for a day or two. Ever your Augusta.

As for Office affairs, I fear your news is but the prelude to worse; indeed, I feel no hope at all.

There is a report here that, Blair, being a connection of Mr. Voorhes, will probably give him his support. — Take it for what you may think it is worth.

I had understood that Mr. Green had withdrawn from the contest, and was much surprised at your account;

Of course we are anxious to get your next letter, which I suppose will give the result of the conference with Lincoln.

Uncle John told me of a formidable rival for City Solicitorship, — even no less a personage than Mr. Lovell!! Now then, look out my good fellow!

I went yesterday to see Jenny Moore, but she had gone to her Mother's. Scarcely had I returned before it began raining and continued till sometime during the night when it changed for a snow. It is snowing now as in Winter. I do hope it won't be another gloomy ~~day~~ day as it was last Sunday; it rained