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Dayton O. Dec. 30th,

1863

Dear Luther,

I wrote a long letter to you last night but burnt it this morning so you will have to wait a little longer to hear from me.

The truth is I didn't wish to send a page and a half about money matters when I was low spirited.

I wish simply to request you hereafter to keep an account of all you send me and also how much interest taxes and expressage will probably have to come out of it. — I believe \$708.00 or thereabout has passed through my hands since the 1st of May of which nearly \$360.00 has gone for the above purposes — This rest is a small sum ^{clean and} to clothe, light ~~and~~ warm our family. — I shall be about \$30.00 in debt I fear on your return.

A half page in spite of my boiling down
(not boiling over mind you)

Hours of the 23rd. give hopes of a speedy
sight of you, and I have a great mind
to set my heart upon seeing you the last
of next week, which, as I am an army
woman (~~by~~ force) is exceedingly ridiculous
no doubt. — Why you say nothing of
Robert or the "pass" he was to send you
is past my comprehension, or would
be if almost any body else was to do it.

I don't think any thing was taken out
of your trunk, as the top was full of soiled
linen, the bottom of clean clothes and coats
and parts. There were plenty of "Retained"
papers but no "Ordinance" papers with the
exception of the one I sent.

I am glad to hear that your accounts
can be adjusted, as I am always uneasy
about public money's held in trust by
any of our family.

I met Mrs. Doctor Wood at the Bazaar

and had a long talk with her; shall
try to call on her today if she did not
go home yesterday. She seems much the
same as of old, and inquired kindly
about you.

I sat up late last night and Baby has
been restless all night long. so that the
term "~~strained~~ vital" will probably suit
my state of feelings admirably.

As you are coming soon I'll not at-
tempt to tell you about the Tabernacle
acting of charades, and everything else
connected with this wonderful Fair.

Uncle John, and indeed every body else
is fascinated, and even stingy people
spend freely. Uncle said the other
night that he wished you would see it
but maybe you would. That hope however
has been spoiled of its beauty by your
last letter, perhaps it is as well for your
purse that you are not here, for other
men like you, don't think anything

of spending five ten and fifteen dollars
a night; I know I never wanted to spend
so much before, and practice great
self denial by not doing more.

What's the use of trying to write with
one's eyes aching and half closed.

I'll get rusted and you'll come home
then my tongue shall rattle rattle
rattle, till you will cry "enough, hold
your peace. — Good bye dearest,

Augusta

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Monday Morn. — I sent "Nellie of Truro"
"Ernest Linwood" and "Grace Lee" to the
"Bazaar". — I forgot to mention that I
sent immediately on receipt of your letter,
the only "bednamee" paper I could find
after thorough search.

All doing well, and Robby said again
"tell Papa that I love him".

Goodbye Best One.

Angela