

Dayton O. Dec. 16th. 1863

Last night yours of the 7th. and 8th. came together, and made me glad indeed.

I intended going on to talk of those letters dearest, but what can I do when two teasing boys are at me to "tell Papa all sorts of things?"

Rob said tell you that it was snowing and that he was 'sorry' you were away at war, and wants you to come home.

Frank said tell you to come home a half a week before Christmas. Now that I have satisfied them, perhaps I will be permitted to say what I please.

Your account of the movement forward and back was interesting to us, and none the less so for their being no real battle.

Good! here's another letter, I'll stop long enough to read it - I rather think!

You ask me to look over your trunk

for these Ordinance papers - it is now after
noon, and Father and I looked over your
papers first, then I made a second thorough
examination, all we found was three copies
of an Ordinance receipt with no date except
ing the year 1863, and not signed; they
must have been left at New York, I do hope
you will not get into trouble for want of
them; be sure that you let me know
all about the matter, as I shall be uneasy
about it.

It seems strange that you get no more
letters from me as I have written twice a
week all the time. I acknowledged the
receipt of the \$80, the Pay Roll for trunk
and the trunk key; the latter was not needed
as the trunk was open and part of the lock
off.

You do not yet tell me about the Life Insurance
interest; if you tell me nothing before the 21st
I shall pay it. I have tried to keep out
enough money for taxes if I can, but fear

it will be a difficult matter. Did you
mean me to do so?

I must close, as Baby tired me for about
an hour and a half this evening, and I feel
tired. Good night Dearest.

Thursday Morn. - I feel any thing but bright
this morning, and don't believe you'll be the
better for any thing I can write.

Still I wish to tell you that your anniversary
letter fell pleasantly in the place ready
for all sweet words from you. I had
wondered while writing mine, if you would
think of the Day; thinking you quite excusable
if you did not, surrounded as you were by so
much that was trying and unpleasant. Yet
I doubt not, that a soldier's family circle
must afford him many happy moments
even when far away; just as I muse on our
past happy life, and am cheered by it, many
and many a time; oftentimes when I am tucking
Baby to sleep at dusk. I will send you the
paper this morning, whether there is any thing in it
or not.

Michael Kenny was buried yesterday.

All our friends are in usual health.
And all inquire for you and your coming
Well; by this time where Lieut-Colonel
are you. I told Robert to try and find
out where you really were.

Rob is munching a piece of buckwheat
cake at my elbow, and says "mammy,
write that I like Papa".

Goodbye Dearest, my best regards my most
affectionate writing.

A.