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Dayton O. Aug. 9th.
1863

Dear Luther,

We have good news today; which we ought to have had yesterday. Howard telegraphed that he would be at the Burnet House last night and would be home before he left the state. Father would have met him, but as I said we only received the despatch today. — We are considerably excited, as you will believe; Mary has not seen him for a year, nor I for nearly two. I do hope Baby and her brothers will keep within bounds, so that we may have a happy time. Then she is now, I must put her into her wagon and try to keep her still — she is in and Bella trying to keep her but is not very successful.

I was obliged to stop writing, and have put her to sleep in the wagon. Father made a new axle tree for the wagon thereby saving \$3.00. The wheels are large and the usual way of putting them on makes them rub against the body and it was quite worn away. The only ways of fixing it, were as Father has done, or to get smaller wheels and springs.

I urged Father to do the latter, although money is getting scarce with me; for I don't like to see him worried with so many things of this kind; his ingenuity sometimes gives him much trouble.

The little carriage is now a great comfort to me, as Mary sleeps almost the entire afternoon in it, by giving an occasional push backwards and forwards.

Liz showed me some lines written by Obadiah Conover in memory of his wife.

They were in the Independent of July 2nd and are very pretty. I wish you would

get it, read, and then send it to me.

I have just reread your letter of Aug. 2nd and have made out a number of words that I could not possibly decipher before, I shall accuse you of joining your neighbor in a 'spree' if you don't be just a little more bit more careful. I perhaps ought to apologise for my own writing which is certainly very poor.

Little Mary will again have to take the blame, for holding her on my right arm makes it tremble too much for good penmanship.

No letter came yesterday, and as you ask no questions in the other, I believe there is nothing to answer particularly.

The 'party' at Uncle John's went off very pleasantly. Burr Irwin says he has a good joke to tell you.

Sella told him he looked like her papa; he expressed his unbelief, but was, (so he told her) quite flattered. She

him why he didn't speak; he very dryly answered that he was walking with gentlemen himself. — I see so little of her that I don't know that either Mother or Father had an opportunity of knowing any thing of this by her home conduct; I am only convinced that parents and children should visit together, and such things would occur less frequently.

Lucie is quite pretty when quiet and unconscious, but spoils everything by affectation as soon as she leaves either state even to looking absolutely ugly.

Mart-Brady was there too, she has her faults, but is not affected, and is very warm hearted. Mary is visiting either in Troy or Piqua.

Poor Lib is troubled with 'boils' again and Elliott is quite unwell. The three younger children have had chills; besides which Elliott has summer complaint.

Lore is in Indiana with Joe Crane.

Mrs. Ayres called here yesterday and seemed quite wroth.

The Craigheads are living in their kitchen and one other room; having ~~hardly~~ their house too poor to rebuild.

"Edwards" house is going on rapidly and will be very pretty I think; is quite expensive.

Kirchrode and Mary are putting up houses on the Snyder corner, and Dickey has raised his house a story so that ^{it} quite outtops Vallandigham's.

Have you seen the newspaper reports, that Val has been solicited by members of his party to retire from the contest?

He stoutly refuses so to do unless he is rejected by a convention, as he was nominated. — I must close now at least for the present. Oh if you could only be here with Howard!

Thy Augusta

Evening — Through the kindness of Mr. Kierstet here, and Mr. Lane in Cincinnati we have got a dispatch through to Howard and receive in answer "To Camp Sumner in the morning may be home in the evening". Father will go down in the early train.

I hope you will find the new commanding officer pleasant, and well informed as to his duties. — There is nothing particularly pleasant about any of it, but it might be more pleasant than it has been.

Mary is just as bad as possible and Aunt Mary has put her to sleep twice I believe so good night dear Howard.

Augusta