

Dayton O. June 24th.
1863

Dearest One,

Fortunately for me, I did not understand that you were not well, and merely thought you felt in no letter-writing mood. — I am glad you are now better, and do not wish you to keep ill health from me, I shall feel more uneasy if you do.

And what shall I say to that petty tyranny? I only hope he feels as mean as he is; ten thousand times is your generous, whole heart to be envied, in comparison with the littleness that prompts such despicable meanesses.

I suppose rather than send that letter, he will relieve you from the duty he has imposed upon you. What is the proper way to right yourself, and get a hearing from ^{higher} ~~proper~~ authorities, if he won't send

your letter? Tell me all you know about it. - I cannot think that he will be allowed to harm you, yet it is very trying to be annoyed by him. Just imagine your dear self petted almost to hurt by your little wife; I just long to give you a kiss and would it one bit mind having a few in return; I can't make up my mind about kissing in some cases; whether or no the rule holds good in that - it is more blessed to give than receive. What think you is the philosophical conclusion?

I don't believe I forget many of your kindnesses, constant even as they are; thinking over them lightens many a moment of pain or care; and ~~in~~ my coming trouble I hope to bear much better, while thinking of you and the joy you will feel when you hear that it is safely passed. I am not ~~at~~ sure that I shall not feel more tenderly towards the little thing on account

of all our present trials. I wish so much to give it the name that is of all others the dearest to me, that Mary annex herself at my expense and says if it is a girl it must certainly be called Luthera!! It n't she nonsensical to the highest degree?

I am still trying to be patient, but Oh my beloved one! what can be ^a happier moment for us on earth, ^{than} when we are again together with peace all over our poor country, and no prospect of parting before us? Death must separate us some time, but it need not be forever; yet I hope we may live long and happily here with our dear children, at least till they are able to take care of themselves. - I cannot but begrudge every moment that you are kept from me; but if death was ~~the end~~ ^{the end} of our existence, ~~that~~ ^{that} would be insupportable griefs to me. Once more my dear Husband

I thank you for many, many deep and tender joys, such as no other in earth could have given me.

Our little ones were overjoyed with their letters. Frank's eyes fairly danced as he came into the room to hear it read; yet the queer child cannot make up his mind to promise you to be the "best boy in Dayton", probably doubting his ability. Poor Robby had been disappointed about going to the office with Betty, owing to a misunderstanding; I had partly succeeded in quieting him, but the little letter, all his own finished the cure admirably. Ella said tell you she was going to try to be very good; liked her letter, and was going to add that she would write to you; when she remembered how often she had sent that word without performing, for which I had reproved her, so she said only send the first part of the message. To-night ⁱⁿ her prayer she added of her own accord, "God take care of Papa".

They are all there, dear children, and when I take time to talk to them or listen to their artless speeches, I wonder how we can ever be impatient with them.

Nevertheless the boys are boys indeed - and in two or three minutes time can do irreparable damage. - Only the other day they were missing a short time, and had already cut and hacked some out-door woodwork till it was quite defaced. - Sella too, is so fixed a unionist that she carries her aversion to succession into beyond good breeding. She had heard no speak of Gillespie the Mayor as all wrong, so the other day she came home in high gle at having pounded as hard as possible on a Dr Gillespie's door.

Of course I was much annoyed at such vulgar proceedings and lectured her soundly, telling her how southern women spit at an officer, and how vulgar we thought

self respect. — I don't think she will re-
peat the offence. — She thinks her Aunt
Mary did very wrong to return Cahill's
greeting the other day too.

It is late, and I am not very well tonight,
so I shall close this letter ~~dearest~~ soon, hoping
that you will receive a good despatch before
this reaches you.

Thine ever

Augusta.