

best I could. Nobby is fretting for me
so, God bless and keep you, dearest -
one of all my earthly blessings.

Augusta

P.S. - I don't understand why you have
got so few letters. I think I have
written three every week.

Augusta

Dayton, March 19th. 1861.

Dear Husband,

you should have seen
our family meeting this morning.
Howard brought me your letters of
the 14th. and 15th. before breakfast,
while reading them Uncle John came
in with his, and to see mine.

A few more minutes brought Mother
then Mary and soon after Lib.

The duplicity of the illustrious
gentleman was freely discussed,
and I am afraid silently 'cussed'.

Uncle John was much inclined
to go to Columbus, but I have not
learned what he decided upon.

I suppose we must give up all
hope, but we are all so angry
that the sting of the disappointment
is considerably lessened. As for taking
up with the offer from Howard, he
simply would not do it, nor would
we have him. I don't think we

any of us feel angry with W. C. for
if he can get it he has as much
right to it as we have, but with treachery
we have a right to be offended.

I am almost wicked enough to hope
the man won't succeed, I know I shall
not be sorry & ~~xxxx~~.

Well sweet, it is a blessing that
we all love one another, I know of
no family more united than ours
and more than that we know
we are all honest; not one would
have acted as the individual alluded
to has done. If once we promise
we fulfill to the best of our ability
and in our trouble, is it not well
to feel no mean ^{ness, no} shame for having
betrayed ~~an~~ old friend; indeed I
did not know till lately what an
active friend father had been for the
man who has sacrificed him to
his own ambition in an underhanded
way. I have no patience with him.

I have just been over to ~~xxxx~~

he says he has sent off two letters by
Express, one of them for you. He looks
funny and I hope will succeed in doing
something or ~~rather~~ I don't know what
our case runs.

Perhaps I will find out ^{what he means} soon, as
I asked him to come in for this
letter.

Sellax says, "Dear Father, I want you
to come home next Saturday.

Your dear little daughter Sarah."
Frank says tell Papa to hurry
home. Robby looked up old Jolly
yesterday and said "Papa", mamma,
"Papa". He misses you very much
and we ^{all} do; sometimes I can scarcely
realize that I am the same person
it all seems so strange. Perhaps
because "my better half" is in reality not here.

I am afraid uncle John will come
in before I finish if I write longer.

I had but little to say, but feared
you might be detained and would
miss hearing from home if I did
not answer your affectionate letter ~~and~~.