

Dayton O. July 26th.

1863

Dear Luther,

Little Mary seems to consider it her right to be consulted about everything; she is about to make a protest against my writing and leaving her in the crib, although she has only been there five minutes.

Mrs. Fish was sent for the very morning her four weeks had ended, so that I was fortunate this time. Since that I have done little but nurse, for ^{Mary} she is still very nervous and suffers with pain in her bowels. Mother has insisted upon my lying down a short time in the afternoon while she worries with the child, and she would often take it if I would let her; but she is herself too feeble to worry with so restless a baby. — Today I can see a decided improvement, for she has slept in her crib an hour

and has concluded to sleep again; considering I did not have her down once on Friday and only once yesterday, this is certainly better. At night she is a great deal better which is certainly a comfort.

Frank has a famous bag, which is almost his inseparable companion, and holds the oddest mixture of things imaginable; I was quite delighted at its advent, as his pockets were thereby relieved of loads of hurtful trash. Poor Rob has no pockets yet, and I shall be sorry when he has. He goes round singing "I've got a Foder (father) in de ^{prudent man says he says} ~~prominent~~ land."

No letter came yesterday from you. I hope you are not sick; but as this delay has occurred several times I shall not be uneasy till needless it does not come tomorrow.

Tell me all about the Fort-matters. How does the General take his retirement? Did he ask for it? — Do you see any thing of the Vanderpoels? I cannot get time just now to write to Mary.

Evening. — I have just laid little Mary in her crib after a hard cry from her, which I hope is stilled for some time.

Father took us a long ride this afternoon during which she slept sweetly, but she cannot escape several hard times through the day. — While we were riding Abby said "there is some 'po-bacco' growing in a field," "No" said Frank "that's slaw". You understand that he meant Cabbage I suppose.

Yesterday was the time appointed for the Democratic county nominations. T. Thresher was nominated for legislature, and Gillispie for Clerk in Boy's place! I don't know the other nominations, but will try to send you a list when I can get one.

I fear dear One, you will begin to complain of my letters, for I can hardly collect my senses enough to write a few lines only.

I dress myself and do almost every thing in great haste and almost breathlessly for fear Baby will wake before I'm through

This is a great disappointment to me
for I tried to live so that my baby might
for once be good from the first, and if
any thing she is more restless than the others.

You must forgive all poor letters and
write as often as you can; your letters always
help me for a time at least, and no
telling how much good they may do poor Baby
in the end; so write dearest, and so help
me nurse although so far away.

You do not say whether your sprained
foot is the same you hurt - Winter before last.

Don't try it too soon; I know from experi-
ence, how easy it is to overexert at first
in the delight at having got out of bed
once more. — Little hands are flying
out of cover and little grunts are warning
me to close — so good bye dear Father.

Thine

Angela