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Dayton O. March 12th,
1864

Dear Luther,

I had intended to read one of Shakspeare's plays tonight having enjoyed one last evening; but your letter of the 7th. moved me to write. I began and had written into the second page when a drop of ink fell from my inkstand and defaced my sheet.

Now if I could have said "confound that Plot" as a certain gentleman I know right well, once did, I might have used it still; but my impatience could not vent itself in such an unlady-like manner, hence a new sheet was necessary.

When I think how unhappy I used to be every Monday morning when you left me for Cincinnati, I am astonished

at feeling happy over three letters a week instead of two. — Father accuses me of getting pretty nearly that many all the time. Only one letter has, as yet been received from Howard, so I suppose my letters seem frequent comers.

The children were invited to Lidy Cowin's birthday party today. Frank was not well enough to go, although not very sick. I had no trouble in inducing him to remain at home to a party of his own. Eliza very kindly sent him quite a ^{box} paper full of eatables; which he set out with Sella's dishes and enjoyed quite as well as if he had gone. — What to do with Robby I did not know, for want of a good coat. The pantaloons I had made, and having copied a handsome pair from Davlin's, was well satisfied with; but the coat to match had not been made owing to Robb's sore arm. However Mother and Sella kept Robby and the sewing machine and I went to work

and acquitted ourselves so well that Master Robby had the satisfaction of going to a party and wearing a new coat. He did not say that he thought he and Sella were "a right good looking couple" (translation from that 'confounded' ^{afterward} gentleman) but raised all evening my and old Harriette that he thought he looked 'right pretty'! Improvement on the Father, isn't it?

I went to Eliza's about five o'clock and found a room full of, mostly new ones enjoying their early supper. Plates full, setting fast and pocketing the rest, Tom and Lidy as much as the visitors. One little fellow said "my pocket full now, I'm doing home" and off he went. — Another ^{one} pretty little girl outstuck all the rest and had hard work to keep her remnants in her handkerchief so I called her to me and offered to tie it up for her which she gratefully accepted. The little thing had eaten all of the candy nuts and raisins, but couldn't make up

her mind to leave behind two or three pieces
of buttered biscuit, a sugar cake and small
apple. Robby was looking very bright and
called to me as soon as I went in. One of
the young ladies told me that she asked
him if he couldn't sit on the floor as chairs
were scarce, but he said no, for he would
soil his new pantaloons! Little scapegrace!
she didn't scruple to roll over the dining
room floor on his return, or wipe his nose
on his sleeve either!!

Mary is out at Lu's. Bessie's disease is a bad
case of diphtheria; she may be better today
but there is no telling! Dr. Hubbard Swett
went out yesterday with his brother to see her
and told Mother that she might get well
but she had been sick so long and was so
weak that he should not be surprised if
she did not. I hope to have more favor-
able news before I close this letter; which
being well begun, I'll leave till tomorrow
Good night Dearest One.

Sunday Morn - Linc has been here and reports Bessie just about the same as yesterday. The poor fellow! looks sad and weary.

Dr. Webster was here also to examine Jack's sore fingers. It has begun to discharge matter and a piece of the nail needs daily trimming. I succeeded in removing a large portion without hurting him, but he became faint every time anything is done to it. Since I find that it is a root of the old nail that shows itself I begin to hope that the new one will not be crooked.

Rob got up tired and cross this morning, he hadn't forgotten the party, and told me that some of the boys made "such a ruckus!" — After they were dressed they were talking about you and the rebels, what Rob's idea was I can't imagine, but he remarked that he wished that rebel

Leans hadn't made himself! Mother thinks that he considers the rebels a different race of beings and thinks each race has its own peculiar duty, and that a rebel Leans can't be very good.

I couldn't go to hear Mrs. Gage nor Mother either, as she was not well and I did not think her able to keep lady.

Father and Mary went and were much pleased; she made a decided hit when speaking of the capability of improvement in the negro race.

She said we had been five hundred years in reaching our present civilized state, by the negro fifty years, then a hundred, and still two hundred thou if they were not fit to conduct a New York or Day town Mob, let them go without farther trial!

Dr. Swett was quite out of patience with Dr. Thomas. Mrs. Gage wrote to Dr. S. asking him to get a room for her & lecture.

his brother took it to Dr. Thomas requesting the use of his or Dr. Spens's church. Dr. T. took the letter to a meeting of clergymen and made all manner of fun of it and of women's lectures noticed a little splatter of the pen ~~which~~ which made a dot over the e in Frances and said she was ever trying to make a man's name out of Frances.

Dr. Swett said he knew Thomas years ago as an abolitionist, till the church took the action it did on the slavery question, when he held his tongue on the subject, till the war made it more popular, since which change he has again become very fierce.

He also said that Thomas used to stay at his house, when he became so unpopular that he could stay nowhere else.

I had heard so much of Dr. T. that I had thought of going to hear him, but my Quaker blood is up and I shall not do it!

You ask about Harry Conover. He has been expecting to sell out his store for some time, wishing to carry on one kind of business only, and preferring his Mill or factory of some kind to storekeeping.

I found out my mistake about the card when I discovered that a Heart-made the man's coat. Dreffal mistake!

What do you mean by Mr Stacey's other Love affair? I never heard of one.

Your brigade seems to be in a state of glorious uncertainty. I wish you were to be left behind (in the rear) instead of sent to the front.

What do you think of Mr Chasis letter ~~declining this~~ withdrawing his name?

Coming - I am downright sick with a cold and don't mean to inflict any thing more upon you. Betty is nursing Mary for me and I mean to get better and try to get well in a hurry.

Love and kisses from all and Goodbye,
Anfesto