

in getting it down as she thought, but rewarded
by seeing it spit-out as soon as Baby got up!!

Being determined, I struggled with the poor
fellow till he became so exhausted that I
was frightened, and not another dose could
I give him. — Upon looking in the back
of my book I discovered, a note I had made
last Spring, of Dr. W's. treatment of a similar
cold; and as soon as Luther came we mixed
the medicines and "Pon Robby's" trials were
indeed in so much as the medicines were
concerned. — The seems better today, but
is still hoarse, and I am watching him closely.

Col. Brown's daughter called this afternoon
to ask ^{us} to take 2 seats in their carriage
to go to Mr. Lay's wedding next Wednesday.
I told her I would like to go if Robby was
well enough; she insisted, because she
said she wanted me to matronise her.

I am in great demand for that purpose
and will have to add a few years to my
life, to make all right. I have had to
refuse sometimes, for I cannot always find
it convenient to leave home.

If Robby is well enough for me to chop a
little on Tuesday I will try to go to the
Wedding on Wednesday. Mrs. Fogdes says

Fort Hamilton N. Y. H.
Dec. 12th. 1861

Dear Lill;

I have received a good
letter from Mary this evening which
I will answer soon; but was warned
by her to answer you very soon under
great fear of the consequences of failure.

Mary mentions a Christmas box which
you have united in sending us; for
which receive our best love and thanks.
"From home" is the greatest charm of
all, though I doubt not ^{dearest articles} they will
be pretty and good of themselves, when
we see them; the box has not yet
arrived, and I do not expect to show
it to the children till Christmas,
then, I can send more thanks I am
very sure. — We will all miss you
in the coming holidays; I intend to
try not to think, as my only hope of
keeping cheerful; That is wicked however

for I have more to be thankful for than many ~~xxx~~ other women; so upon second thoughts I believe I will bear that in mind, and think of you all as much as I please.

I have just written to Eliza to ask her to spend Christmas with us; I hope she can come, but fear she will think it too great an undertaking.

Luther and Mr. Cybart (one of the officers of the 12th.) are playing 'Cribbage' and as I have been watching them, my letter has not progressed. Robby has aroused too and is very hoarse, then he is awake again — Asleep once more, but uneasy; Sella has had just such an attack this week, but is pretty well now. Frank does not seem sick, but looks very delicate in appearance. I feel uneasy about him, and dislike leaving him more than either of the other children.

(Mr. Lays)
There is a wedding next Wednesday and we are invited, I should like to go on some accounts, very much, but fear the

dress will

Sunday evening. — Thus far I wrote last Thursday evening and have been prevented from finishing, by Robby's illness. He was very hoarse that night, better next morning, but became so much worse Friday night, that Luther went for the Doctor, Allopathic you know; well! he came, said he was croupy and needed prompt treatment; first came ~~the~~ blue mass in form of a pill, then a mixture of antimonial wine, Speace and squills, to be given every twenty or thirty minutes; a dose of oil ^{if pill not sufficient} next morning!

The pill went down, then several doses of the mixture, every time a grand cry: — Father and Mother both disgusted concluded oil was not needed.

Patient a little better next morning, but Father concluded to visit the City in search of Homoeopathic remedies for croup. Baby waa during his absence, Mother poured down more mixture at the risk of getting slapped, scratched or kicked each time, and after succeeding

I made two calls yesterday and two today when I thought I was through, but this afternoon Mrs. Ransom called for the first time. She is an English woman, and according to her own account devotes herself to the soldiers, giving them Testaments and writing letters for them. Luther and Howard are talking so much nonsense that I can't write. Howard says he is only reading ^{the first part of this} your letter, so he thinks he has turned the laugh on me. So he is reading it, but is embellishing it extensively. — H., the children and I took quite a walk to day on the shore road; there is no good bathing place for ladies about here, excepting private houses, so that I fear I shall have no bathing. — The children enjoyed their walk very much and ran and laughed to their hearts content. — By the way I stepped into Col. Dimmick's this morning and they asked me about my mischievous brother thought he was married and asked why he did not bring his family!! Finally finished by sending him two ~~poor~~ ^{poor} pears, and telling me to bring him over some evening to be amused; which was very kind, and you see that he must be very sedate.

Luther is correcting my letter most ridiculously and I am obliged to stop writing and close ~~this~~ in self defence. Do write soon, give my love to

Lily and her family. Tell Mother we have nothing more to say about the house than has already been said; and hope they can sell things. Love to Father and hope I hope it will. — Your sister
Angela

The recruiting goes on slowly, and it looks very much as if we should be here all Winter; I shall miss you all at home and am not as comfortable here as I would be there in some ways; still I do not regret coming, and hope we can be with Luther some months. Sella still says she wants to go home with Howard but I have my doubts about her being so willing when the time comes. Frank and Polly do not seem to mind the change at all, and get so dirty playing in the yard, as to be perfect sights. Frank has not got over that ugly habit of calling after guerns and making mouths at them; I have to call him onto the house often on that account. Master Rob bites, Frank screams and hides himself if he sees him coming and between them they get up quite a noise, much more easily roused than quieted.

Sunday night I wrote to Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Corwin, and left the letter for Luther to send; to my surprise I found it in the desk to-day when I opened it to write to you.

My next letter must be to Aunt Mary; I told her I would write occasionally; I hope she will be pleased as it seems to be all I can do for them over there. Give my love to them all.

Ask Uncle John if he won't write sometimes to us. I will answer him if L. has no time, and do my best to make myself agreeable. Love to Aunt Ann, the girls and Will. Oh, do be sure and ask Uncle if he has got that money from Davis!!!! — gone — gone. My love to all at Judge Holts; I have ~~seen~~ nothing of Belle, but will go to see her as soon as I can get my calls returned. I have promised to take the children when I go there, and Howard will accompany me.

Tell Mart that if she has any time

to spare from Belle, I am a worthy ^{object} ~~individual~~ for her next ^{trial of} penmanship; I don't know to be sure, how many correspondents Mart has, but it seems to me that she might write occasionally to me. — I have all of you at home, Luther's sisters, Aunt Mary, Mary Gardner, S. Jewett, Annie and ^{of writing} perhaps Mart. The ~~largest~~ largest share you see devolves on me; but I am the lucky party after all, as I must hear different things from so many, while my letters cannot necessarily be a repetition of each other in some degree.

Sella says ask Aunt Mary, and Grandma to write me a letter.

It is time to bath the children; after that dress myself and perhaps make a call or two before over five o'clock dinner.

Wednesday — I will not add much more as I want to put this in the office to night.

Howard says, 'tell Mother that if she gets the money for ~~buy~~ gun to send it to me'; he says too that he don't like you ^{much}, which you are not bound to believe.