

I fear our correspondence will suffer
much if you are ordered away.
I wrote to Mary Fiske-
But yesterday I had her
note yet read it.

I never heard of
Gurgana. She's dead
and think it very
strange that we should
neither of us have her
note.

How are you getting?
you do not say much
about yourself in your
last. Love and kind
from children and
Mother ~~W. W.~~ does-
man in the world.
Auguste

Cambridge C. Aug. 18th.
1863

Dearest One,

There is a party at Thome's
tonight, to which I should probably have
gone, had your letter contained better news.

As it was, I preferred writing to you.
All summer I have tried to prepare
myself for disappointment, and have
succeeded to some extent; nevertheless
it is hard to give you up to go into
the field. As long as you were in safe
quarters I could bear the separation,
thinking the war might close without
your being sent away. — I cannot quite
give up hoping that it may yet be so,
for you have not given me your reasons
for thinking you would be sent.

Please tell me in your next, if you

have not done so in your Sunday's letter.

Do not fear for me, I must have time, but I promise you to try to be cheerful, come what may. If we could always remember that our Father is above all, this would be an easier thing to do. I often think I can leave all to His care; yet the doubting question will come back; "will He keep us from harm, and let us meet again?"

Do you think any one in love that could at all times submit cheerfully and confidently?

Our little ones are still well. Belle trying to be more obedient; and the boys running wild with mischief.

Mother sent me word yesterday that she had sent them from the water trough three times, and she wished I would just look out at them. — I opened the bath-room window, and there was Frank trying to paddle around ⁱⁿ the trough in a large

green bucket! Rob stood by in evident admiration. I ~~laughed~~ ^{laughed} heartily but they were too busy to see me. I then took up a dipperful of water and threw at them; it didn't touch them but the sound was enough; without waiting to see where it came from, they scattered off in "double quick", never stopping till some distance down the lot.

Father took no quite a long ride this evening; Frank kept wide awake as he always does, but Rob soon fell asleep. No one ^{can} keep him awake but Mary, who quarrels with me, and Rob instantly wakes up to defend me fiercely.

Van Audsdel is going East in a few days and Belle Burrows is again going with him. — Uncle John says he is very busy but will write you a long letter soon. I think Brown's trial comes off next week. ^(Brown) He is at Troy or Piqua.

It is eleven o'clock, dear, dear husband

so goodnight. I will await your letter tomorrow
before finishing.

Wednesday Night. — No letter this afternoon, dearest,
so I am obliged to finish without it.

Mary and I have been to see Belle Burrows this
evening, and find she is not going for two
weeks. — It makes me almost homesick to
see you; yet I would be very sorry to attempt
any journey with four children.

Howard is better and has been out several
times today. — The party at Mr. Huesman's
lasted till four o'clock this morning, which
was outrageous at a private house. Carl Adair
told Henrietta that she ought to have been there
that they got home just in time to see the sun rise.

Little Mary has been a sweet baby a great part of
today; she will soon be quite interesting, when I
hope you can see her, for it is a shame not
to enjoy a baby when ^{you have} one. You would
have lost a great deal of ^{pleasure with} Rob if we had not been
together. — The only good that I can see in all this
trial, is that I was nearly worn out and needed rest
from housekeeping; that part-Louisa and hope to recruit
more rapidly on account of the relief. Dear Luther,