

Robby has been sent away so often because I was writing to Papa, that he always knows now, what I am doing; just now he came to me, with, "mamma, Papa?" yes I answered. "Come!" was the next entreaty, so I told him to run away and I would tell you. He is sweeter now than ever, if he is slapping Frank just now. I have my hands full with them all three, the oldest and the youngest are inclined to be tyrants, and Frank cries at every attempt of theirs to injure him.

Robby has come again, with "teepee" "teepee": so he will have to try I suspect, unless the lid of the coal box will afford him sufficient amusement. There is the bell!

It was Howard, come to make a call; he has gone now and I allowed Sella and Frank to go too. Robby went to "teepee", so I am sitting very quietly by the dining room table finishing off. I have pretty much given up taking any walk, though I feel very much like it.

I will give "the sisters" an opportunity to come and see me this time.

Dayton O. March 25th. 1861

Dear Luther,

We are all dressed for Sunday, dinner is over, and now I want to talk to you on paper, as I cannot in any other way.

A comfortable way for you too, for you can take your afternoon nap and not be disturbed by my chattering.

It is a beautiful day, just the kind for a walk, and depend upon it you would be teased for it if you were at home, so perhaps you may think yourself better off in Washington; but, if you do, don't I wish your ears were within loving distance?

The little ones did look so pretty this morning that I wished you could see them, Robby still coughs from his cold but otherwise seems well. I wish all our neighbors were as fortunate as we have been thus far. The Kings are watching Walter very anxiously, and with but little hope, I fear. He was attacked with

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Flourish the day after little Belle's death
and was already much reduced by the
scarlet fever. — Mr. Daidey's (I don't know how the
name is spelt) child, lies dangerously sick
at Schaeffer's. The Lythes ^{too} have lost their
baby, ~~the~~.

I have ^{asked} Uncle John if he had any word
to send; he said no, that he had
sent all the letters he could get, and
thought it too late to get up the 'protest'.

Plouffe told Howard the other day that
he understood Denny and Green were look-
ing up again, and that he would heed
a protest if either one was appointed.

I told Uncle John but think nothing
of the kind will be done.

He told me Friday that he had sent
letters from Dr Adams Jewett and Mr. Kenney
I don't know what others.

Mother says she gives up and thinks
you have been away long enough, had better
come home &c. &c. Father is expected home
the last of this week, and I expect you by
that time, Mary says when you both come
we are to have a jollification, whether
we are successful or not, so you see

6 o'clock. — Howard took me out to
feris since writing the above, and I
took my supper there.

Lib was not looking very well, but her
flowers were. Her greenhouse has the
most delightful fresh, earthy smell,
and the flowers, were ^{either} blooming or promising
to bloom, splendidly.

Bessie did a very unusual thing the
other day; she pulled some flowers; of course
a great disturbance was made about it.

She came to the conclusion that she
ought to be taken to Pitter's, and by him
be taken to market to be sold.

A little while afterward she came back
to her father and said "Papa, I guess
you'd better not sell me; cause if you
get another little girl she'll do the same
way."

Howard has come back; he says Uncle John
expects to write you to night, and that
Mrs. Davis sent her very best love to you.
Good, bye, dear Husband, I hope this is
the last letter I shall have to write before seeing
you. Love and kind regards from all. Augusta

we are fortifying ourselves against the "blues"; and preparing to welcome our dear ones gladly.

It seems to me that to have you home again, is my all-absorbing wish just now; so come darling, as quickly as possible.

Love letters, love letters! Well, I cannot write any other kind to you, and neither can you to me, so you need not say a word about it, — I did have to laugh at Lib the other day; she happened in on the arrival of the one giving full accounts of Treachery &c. she was obliged to leave immediately, so I gave her the letter to take home. she commenced reading before starting; you addressed me as "little darling", she immediately turned round with, "this is not the one, this is one of the children's". I assured her it was all right, so she laughingly went on, saying it had not occurred to her that I was so little. In the afternoon, she returned the letter with a note beginning with "My little sister". She thought if the news it contained could have been as good as the advice ^{indeed} you gave it would have been very good.