

Dayton June 9th 1864

My dear Augusta, We write immediately on receiving thine, never wait more than a day, and seldom that long, We too think the letters come ⁱⁿ ~~fast~~ ^{fast} and far between.

We have not heard from Howard for some time, till this evening, He wrote from a Camp near Dallas, the date of his letter is May 30th. He is in the midst of danger, has so far, escaped, Our time passes much as it did for some days after Grants battles began in Virginia, Now, he knows how we feel, Poor boy! he has heard nothing from us for some weeks, and I fear it will be long before he does, Being on the march, Our letters are not sent promptly to him. Sella's Apron is ready for her, and we will show her. The dear little boys do very well, The trough sometimes

tempts them, but a call brings them
away, and I never saw finer little
boys, (Always excepting my own)
I would like the Wobey settle, but fear
the ships will not grow, It should be
laid out, or a root if possible but if they
can do no better bring the ships —

As to our old enemy, use thy own
pleasure about him, Or Luther's —
I have nothing to say, "Judge not
lest ye be judged" with the Sary.
So I will not say what may
be his motive in this seeming kind-
ness, and who knows? perhaps he
has experienced a change of heart.

Let us hope so Love to Luther & as
ever affectionately thy Mother

P.S. Mary Brady called just now, to see
how the children do, and this reminds me
that I have said nothing about her.
I have not seen her since Saturday, and
I wrote thee after that, but thy Father sees
her every day, and says she is well.
Perhaps thou had better not say anything
about it, that can reach us here in Dayton.
We have been very careful, and perhaps
all of our friends will be. But Mary B. said
that Murth wrote them that I sent his negro
and Aunt Augustus hoped he would continue
to send him, Love again to both from
Mother