

Saturday Morn. — Nothing to say dearest,
and no time to say it in.
Goodbye.
A.

Dayton O. Aug. 16th. 1861

So, I must write another letter, must I?
I suppose you will have time to get
this, for in truth I shall not look for
you now till the last of next week.

Another reason for writing is to pro-
test against that new girl. — I cannot
and am much disposed to say that
I will not break my promise with
Ernestine; she talks of little else,
expects fully to go, and I want her to.

My only consolation in the housekeeping
disappointments, was that I should not
be troubled with a stranger in the kitchen
in spite of the recommendations, ~~the~~
~~next prospect~~ ^{will}, ~~quite~~ as probably as not turn out
badly; I shall have to change again and
again; and even if she should stay
I shall only begin to know her about
the time I am coming back. — I admit
that Ernestine has many faults, but
I know what they are and can manage

her better than a stranger. I have engaged her on the terms you yourself proposed and am not at all disposed to change them. — Don't think me unreasonable if you will but take time to think you must see that it is better on the children's account as well as mine, setting aside the promise made to C.

I won't leave the children with a stranger it is bad enough to be obliged to leave them at all.

Now my dear husband I am afraid you are a little angry with me for this opposition to your plans; and I would not do it if I could help it. But you cannot always know what I had best do, and a wife ought to think and speak for herself, I know and you also say.

Now then no more about that, I am sure my feelings are plainly expressed.

I should have felt sadly disappointed at receiving yours of the 13th, had I been right well, and felt to make all comfortable for you, as it is

I shall have time to recover and be bright and happy on your return, but I hope you will not be delayed longer than next week; I shall have to put on my new thin dresses before you come I am afraid, if they are to be used at all this season. ^{is the only reason I want you?} (May you think that?)

Mother came for us to ride that evening and I rather think it will be the last time, for John has got such an ugly habit of kicking lately that he is unsafe. We all got out at the corner near Aunt John's and let some one drive him home. He got frightened in the bridge first, and stopt to kick and plunge two or three times on the square. He tried this when Howard drove me ^{out} last but he made him behave better.

I did not intend to write much this evening, it is very late, and I have been weak and in pain all day.

Forgive the plain talk dearest, and good-night. More in the morning perhaps,
Augusta