

Dayton O. Dec 13th.

1863

Dear Luther,

My expectations have been disappointed; for foolishly enough I counted up the days that should pass before another letter would come.

Last night was to bring one certainly but there was none for me.

Christmas is nearly here, and we begin to wonder whether you will be here with it. — Lib told me today that Lere wanted me to bring the children out Christmas Eve, and remain all night; I am afraid it will make too much trouble for her but have promised to go unless you drop down upon us; which is most too good to think of.

Howard will come home Christmas Eve

and spend Christmas Day with us; on that account I wish you could come then. — I have anticipated a little with Nellie's present which was a muff, and I thought she needed already; she will have some other smaller things however.

For the boys, I have got knapsacks which I think will be very great things in their estimation, for they hunt up all the old valises and hang them on their shoulders for knapsacks; heavy, ugly things, but a favorite plaything. — We have agreed among ourselves that the grown people are not to make each other presents, but save our funds for the Bazaar; Mother's Birthday comes two days after Christmas, and we wish to give her something.

I know one Christmas present that I want, and that the War Department can give me by sending you a leave of absence. — you wouldn't think I am setting my heart upon this; I don't

think I am, yet I shall be disappointed, unless, indeed, you can come over after, when I shall have holidays twice.

Robby came to me a few minutes since and told me a long string of ugly words that a boy had said to him, we both looked very sober, and he went off assuring me that "I'm going to try to forget that right soon too." which is my frequent advice to him; but sounds ed funny enough from his pointing lips.

I am rather provoked at Robert for not letting me know sooner that he was going to Washington, for I find that Mrs. Brady had time to prepare a box for Luther, and I might have sent you a little something from home that would have tasted good, after your starvation. — Then comes Rob, "your writing to Papa, ain't you? tell him I sent my love to him, won't you? and, tell ^{him} I want him to come home too." Frank chimes in, "tell him I want him to come home

a week before Christmas."

I'm writing by twilight - which is about as bad as "Camp fire" I think, so I'll wait till after Tea to finish

Evening - I went over to Uncle John's, where I found Fielding & Lizzie; the former was unusually talkative, and I found all so pleasant that I staid to Tea, - I found out a piece of news too, which is that two months after landing in California Miss Emily Price was married! A calamity which I had predicted for her. I could not learn who he was, but it was said to be a suitable match as to ages, so I suppose she has not been guilty of Carrie's foolishness.

Lizzie became acquainted with Captain and Mrs. Gilman (you met them at St. Hamilton) at Washington. She said the Captain had been ^{chief} (I think) of staff for Gen. Buell; they had been at Huntoville, Nashville &c, and after being at Washington about two weeks

was ordered to Harrisburg, where she declared she meant to stay, no matter where the Captain went; she was not fit to travel at the time.

Fielding asked whether you ever said anything about the fare down there, and laughed heartily about the "hard tack" saying, "why haven't they got rid of that lot yet?" He would it-like to be back there, he says.

Howard's appointment has been confirmed at the War Department and he supposes he will remain in Columbus some time.

Mary came home last evening; she carried up four bouquets and two small pots of Trillium and Spring Beauties. —

She missed Gottschalk's Concert by going; but it was nothing to miss; never having heard him, I was quite anxious to go, but was surprised and

disgraceful, it was certainly the poorest
concert I ever attended. Gottschalk
himself didn't seem to care what
he did; the female singer was nobody
and Brignoli didn't sing at all.
said to be hoarse, but recovered
suddenly for Cincinnati. The whole
audience was angry and it would
not be best for any of that troupe
to come the way again.

Now, tomorrow I think that letter
must come! Mary and I have been
up to the office quite frequently; the
Eastern mail opens at 6 o'clock in the
evening, which is rather an inconve-
nient hour, but we don't like to wait
till morning. — Sella is just off
for bed; she has been working with
my hair, a luxury that you would
enjoy, and no doubt she will be glad
to give you; somebody else will at any
rate. — Good night Best Love, for I
have something to do before my bedtime
Thy angel