Dayton, March 17th 1861

Dear Luther,

I just found two pages of a letter which I had begun to you. I thought I had mentioned several acts rather more freely than should be done in a letter.

While John went to Buffalo himself, on Friday, very unexpectedly, and I had detailed his report more fully than I thought prudent. Mr. D. said he did not wish to do anything further in the business as he was convinced that he had said and done all that he possibly could and that he had not changed in his choice. A letter from a prominent official to Blair was also promised but I don’t know whether the former has been fulfilled or not.

Andræ says he feels no good spirits about the prospects; but time alone can show with what reason.
I am hoping for a letter at noon.
If it comes it will have to be instead
of your own dear self, I hope it will
give me some knowledge of your intentions
and the time of your return. Indeed,
at any rate I cannot think another
dear letter will pass without finding you
at home. If you don’t come soon
I am afraid you will have to find
the children unkind, as I have watched
frequently, and don’t want to get any
thing new until the weather really clears
off. After all, you only want to see
them, you will only see a little more
of them. They have had colds, and
I felt alarmed about Cellie Friday night
but he is pretty well again.
All three are looking at a book, trying
trying to teach little Betty this letter but he insists
of saying “Oh” (Oh) all the time instead.
Mother sent me out for a short ride
yesterday and will stay with the children
this afternoon while I walk. The air
is rather sharp for them, we think.

Mother and indeed, every one else,
kind to me and try to help and
in company. Mother seem to forget
her own indulgence in caring for me.
When I get your last despatch letter
she was about starting for Suffolk. I am all
the more believe she exclaimed, didn’t the girl tell you?
On My say “Yes says that it don’t make
her one bit then, though she didn’t ask.”
“Well watch her, go on after while, perhaps
she may feel some after while.”
For you too the sympathies are solicitous; she
says you are doing a great deal more
then Father could ever have done for
himself. And then you are alone
and unfurled; we are all longing
for your return to make up for the
troubling you have undergone, by our
affectionate care.

No letter! Howard says; that is a
disappointment, but must be so soon.
I must close now though, for dinner is
ready, and Howard wants me to go out
with him as soon as it is over.

Love and Kisses from All. Goodbye,
Angela