Dayton Ohio, April 29th

1864

Dear Luther,

Upon receiving your letter of the 24th, Luther went to see Mr. Dodick, he was not at home, but came over on hearing of Luther’s call. He has very kindly promised to write two letters, one to Mr. Elion and another enclosed with one to Mr. Chase; this comes.

They decided upon six pens to send one to you, as your movements are uncertain.

Uncle John said neither Lincoln or Grant had ever said a word to him, but that he meant to say something to the latter this very evening. — This is all I can say so I’ll try to preserve my cool appearance and let the future take care of itself, which is the doctrine you preach to me on all occasions. — The money (excepting the $20 which is safe) does not appear. — Robert, I think has not returned, so I may be able to help you yet, and also take the flagpole.
April 29th, 1864

I seem not concerned in that affair that I know of, still be may have been, for it is said that new forges are instantly making their appearance. I think there must be a gang which he is connected, either dishonestly or as a Dear, I fear the former is the true connection. The town is all excited with the call for the National Guards. There is in common from loss of hands and like crises, but I have as yet heard of no great thing. Some evas Mr. Butterfield, and has asked for Albert Gardner in the place, but I don't know whether he can be spared from home or not. Hope Uncle Christian can find a clerkship and so he can fill in this coming three months, for he needs it badly. So theundy must go.

Luther was planting something, twins I believe today, and took the boys with him to the hill, I went out with Harriet and spent a very pleasant afternoon with her in her garden. I had little to write to you as I sent a letter today, but wished to tell you what Luther had done, and let you see that
we are neither idle nor neglectful of your wishes. — The roses and vines have not come. — I found all our grapevines were killed, but in examination today, we see that the disease on the bunch of the grapes is not, so the net may not be used. We are at work still on the front yard and hope it will look nicely, if you can visit us this summer.

I thank you for preparing the envelopes that you may improve any opportunity he write to me. These words only may be the most precious letter I shall ever receive from you, in the coming in the days
of trial that await us. I dare not think of them beforehand. God give us all great strength to endure.

Could I know now that you could escape safely, I would be glad to have you in a victorious struggle, but the uncertainty is torture. Howard seems to be in the midst of alarms too, so our eyes are kept closely watching you both.

This is a scratchy letter truly, but will have to go as it is; living hours should go with it unless they be carried. Thursday.

Analyst