

Dayton O. Nov. 29th.  
1863

Dear Luther,

Ever since the Army moved my anxiety about you has been great.

Still this morning, I could not feel in the least degree cheerful; even now there seems to be no reason why I should change, as I do not yet know of your condition; but a letter always does me good, and I have had one from you dated the 24th. — You had received the package much to my joy, and Sella's also.

May both of the articles contribute to your comfort; but my dearest, please never speak of trouble in connection with any thing I can or may do for you; God knows I would willingly do much more.

Your present experiences must be very trying; to think of them is hard trial for me.

I also received a letter from you on Friday and the 'Pay rolls'; the letter had not been

sealed. There is no one here to pay  
the money, and Father has written to  
Columbus for Howard to find out what  
shall be done with it. — I suppose if you  
do not send me word to the contrary, I must  
pay that insurance on the 21st of December.

As for Johnson's interest, it was paid in  
September or the last of August I do not  
now remember, Don't you remember send-  
ing money for that purpose, and also  
for the insurance at the same time?  
I thought you had but to make sure  
~~not~~ Uncle John, and he confirmed it.

If you have not denied yourself some  
comforts to send the money, I shall be  
glad of it, as I can now pay my <sup>two</sup> bills  
and feel comfortable for some time, which  
I cannot when Mother is paying my washer-  
woman, and Father supplying my coal.

Their salary was reduced, and has not held  
out, I think Father helps Uncle Christian  
& know they are sadly poor at his house.  
I sometimes feel as if I did not want to  
look nicely at all when I see how  
Aunt Mary has to struggle, so intelligent,

and well fitted to move in the best  
circles, if poverty had not kept her down.

I hope I shall not forget to send you  
the few postage stamps I have by me.  
As to those 7.30 notes I fear nothing can  
be done about them, as Father is busy; is  
growing old and forgetful about such  
things, and I don't like to trouble him more  
than I must; still if you wish them  
changed very much I will speak to him  
again. Do not think from this that he will  
not attend to what you wish, for he is exceed-  
ingly kind, and is very fearful that I may  
suffer some want while you are away; and you  
never express a wish that he does not im-  
mediately offer to attend to it; it is simply  
forgetfulness on his part. — You have <sup>six</sup> ~~seven~~  
one hundred dollar bills and five fifties.

Uncle John seems too much engaged to think  
much about anything I speak of, he is kind  
but seems preoccupied.

Mary is again awake, this letter was begun this  
morning, but she has been so fretful that it  
progresses slowly.

It is bitter cold tonight, and makes me

feel sadly, at the thought of thousands who  
are now exposed, and must be all this  
winter. — This morning we had a slight snow  
and the little boys came running with bright  
sage eyes to ask for the sled, so I dressed them  
warmly and sent them out.

Quincy was here this afternoon; he is attending  
lectures at the law school in Cincinnati, and  
reading in Mr. Perry's office.

He says Mrs. Brady sits up in bed knitting for  
the "Bazaar". Very large sums have been real-  
ized in several cities by "Bazaars" and I  
hope the work will prosper here.

The plea has been excited somewhat over the  
escape of Morgan and six of his officers. How  
we have not yet heard. Copperheads have helped  
him no doubt. — By the way, Mother was  
told in Columbus, that Charley Cathcart  
had himself introduced to an Episcopal  
clergyman of that place, <sup>(a young man, I suppose a daughter)</sup> about a year ago  
on pretence of talking on religious subjects  
but instead of that soon horrified him with  
his reasonable talk, and the preacher would  
have nothing to do with him. — He pretended  
to think just before election that it would  
perhaps be best not to vote for Vallandigham

I fear his treason is deep, and he more guilty than I at first thought possible. His Father died a Union Man but the rest of the family are Copperheads.

I hear that Mary has married, a man as much too young for her as was Carrie's father.

Frank and Rob. have been as full of mischief as ever. — Baby laughs aloud at them both, but particularly the latter.

Frank remembers well, and surprised me the other day by giving quite an intelligent account of a visit to the Gas Manufactory. — He often shows a great deal of thoughtfulness, and yet constantly mortifies me by really idiotic faces and manners nothing seems to have the least effect to change him in this regard.

In Rob. they do not yet look so badly.

It is now nearly eleven, and I slept badly last night; so hoping to hear good news in the morning, and as soon as possible from you, I must say good night, dear one.