Dayton, Ohio  March 12th, 1864

Dear Sister,

I had intended to read one of Shakespeare's plays tonight having enjoyed one last evening, but your letter of the 7th. moved me to write. I began and had written into the second page when a drop of ink fell from my stand and defaced my sheet.

Now if I could have said "confound that blot" as a certain gentleman I know might well, once did, I might have said it still, but my impatience could not wait itself in such an unladylike manner, hence a new sheet was necessary.

When I think how unhappy I used to be every Monday morning when you left me for Cincinnati, I am astonished.
at feeling happy one fine letter a week, instead of two. Father promises me of getting pretty near that many all the time. Only one letter has, as yet, been received from there, so I suppose my letters seem frequent enough.

The children are said to the lady coming birthday party today. Thank you not well enough to go, although not very sick.

I had no trouble in inducing to return at home to a party of his own. Eliza very kindly sent him quite a pretty full of cattles, which he sent with all's clothes and enjoyed quite as well as if he had gone. — What to do with Kelly did not know, you want of a good coat. The pantomimes I had made, and having effects a handsome pair from Dilling, was all satisfied with; but the coat to match had not been made owing to wife's arm. Eliza and Kelly and Eliza slept very well and the sewing machine and I sent think

end agitation ourselves as well that Miss Kelly had the satisfaction of going to a party and winning a new coat. The latter says she thought she need take an a right good dress saddle (pantomime for the comical) that raised all eyes my and till ittiteret that she thought she looked right pretty! Improvement in the father about it?

I went to Eliza's about five o'clock and found a room full of, mostly were two enjoying their cards and when. Eliza's, eating of and playing the next room with as much as the visitors. One little filled said, "our pocket full or we, the dear home" and off the scent. another. pretty little girl exclaimed, all the rest and both hard and to keep her comments in her head but as I called her to me and offered her it up for her which she gratefully accepted. The little thing had eaten all of the nuts and raisins, but couldn't make-up.
her mind to have behind two or three pieces of buttered biscuit, a sugar cake and a small apple. Polly was looking very bright and called to me as soon as I went in. 'Some

The young ladies told me that she asked him if he couldn't sit on the floor as chairs were scarce, but he said no, for he would soil his new pantaloons!' Little scamp! she didn't answer to sell one the dining room floor on his return, or else his new on his slave either!!

Mary isn't at Livi's. Bessie's clause is a bad case of diphtheria; she may be better today but there is no telling! Dr. Hillman went out yesterday with his brother to see her and the children that she might get well but she had been sick so long and was so weak that he should not be surprised if she did not. I hope to have more from the news before I close this letter. Which being well begun, I'll leave till tomorrow.

Good Night. Dear One.
Sunday. Your letter has been here and reports Russia quite about the same as yesterday. He seems yellow! looks sad and weary.

Dr. Webster is here also to examine hands, ears, fingers. It has begun to discharge matter and a piece of the nail needed daily trimming. I succeeded in removing a large particle without hurting him, but he became faint every time anything is done to it. Like I find that it is a sort of the old nail that allows itself to begin to grow that the new one will not be crooked.

Rob got up tired and cross this morning. He didn't forget the party, and told me that some of the boys made "such a racket"—after they were dressed they were talking about you and the rebels, what Rob's idea was. I can't imagine but he remarked that he wished that rebel
Dane hadn’t made himself? Mother thinks that he considers the rebels a different race of beings and thinks each race has its own peculiar duty; and that a rebel Dane can’t do very good.

I couldn’t go to hear Mr. Page on another occasion, so she was not able and I did not think she able to help much.

Father and Mary went and were much pleased; she made a decided hit when speaking of the capability of improvement in the negro race.

She said we had been fifty years in reaching our present stage, fifty years in reaching our present stage, fifty years in reaching our present stage, fifty years in reaching our present stage, fifty years in reaching our present stage.

His brother took it all. Dr. Thomas regarding the cause of his death in the Quaker Church. He took the letter to a meeting of clergymen and made all manner of fun of it and the man’s letters without a little letter of the pen which made it a bit more in the style and made the man name out of France.

Mr. Bostin said he knew Thomas years ago as an abolitionist; told the church to do the right thing in the slavery question, and he held his tongue in the subject till the man made it more popular, since which change he has again become very firm.

He also said that Thomas said to stay at his house, how he became so popular; that he could stay so staunch. I had heard so much of Dr. T. I had thought of going to him, but my Uncle Black is up and I shall not do it.
You ask about Harry Conover. He has been expecting to sell out his store for some time, wishing to engage in one kind of business only, and preferring his Webb's Mill or factory of some kind to bookkeeping. I found out my mistake about the card when I discovered that a sleight made the man's coat. Trifling mistake!

What do you mean by Mrs. Stacey's other love affair? I never heard of one.

Your brigade seems to be in a state of glowing uncertainty. I wish you were to be left behind (with me) instead of sent to the front.

What do you think of Michael's letter declining the withdrawing his name? Coming—I am downright sick with a cold and don't mean to inflict any thing more upon you. Betty is writing May for me and I mean to go back and try to get well in a hurry.

Love and kisses from all and Godbys.

Affato