Dayton, March 22nd, 1864

I have been off sightseeing, instead of writing to you direct. Uncle John called for Mother, Mary and me, to go to see the 'Reception' at Beebe's Hall.

It is an immense Theatre I should think. The scenes are thrown on a large canvas, as by a magic lantern. I will not see it, I can assure you. There is an after show exhibition tomorrow, and we must hurry to go with the children. Robert and Eliza are there tonight. I told it was possible that he would go to Washington after the election, I told him I wanted him to let me know a day or two beforehand so I might wish to send something. To think well and send me and if you want anything, particularly. He said he would see you unless you were fighting. I am like
as he speake, so lively, but said nothing. Of you to come. Your times do come of it all. I feel almost desolate at times, and she is long for a family with handshake and laughter as her life. Perhaps you are as safe as at home, danger exists so very real and I often try to imagine your condition quite as far from danger, as if exposed to a "Dayton street".

Wednesday noon. Baby is quite sick with a cold: indigestion has all been worst.

Thank, Pitty and Baby have had "one eye connective" with it. I wish you could hear how Pitty plays the first part of the little air we wrote about and don't they need such a guarant the other day. The weather is very good. I shall have to catch her, and keep her tambourine till it is less of a labor to her, but she will finally do it all alike, as well as at more artistic accomplishments. She is

gifted in almost every direction, unless it is in dancing, but lacks perseverance. I shall be much obliged for the rose and some if sent, but have any objection to my dearest with Father instead of son; she is just beginning the plan and will appreciate them more highly besides being unable to buy for herself. She put her card to the list of others and meant Bob to encase his Birthday present considerably before the 8th. "Dear, He told me to "Tell Pops that she is welcome for sending one that."

I have succeeded in getting both boys out in making beds, while not the candle lighted for my birthday; and they conducted the secret party with them and I supervised the cake. Rob makes little stump toy one like with himself, and sends long slender ones, in his likeness.

I can't say that I agree with what she just suggested that for the others

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classification, my letters ought to be forward
she wants them sent here. Don't worry your
self about it, however.

Breakfast is ready and Mother is
missing. The summer fish are about.

This letter seems much shorter as I do
not wish to impose on Mother any longer.

P.S. May your Front reviews the Plumas
Army today. Hope you'll please bring
a copy to me.

Is there to correct mistake.

Goodbye, Dear Mom,

Augusta