

A to L May 17th
1864

Not received
Dayton O. May 17th.

1864

Dear Luther,

Your despatch of today
has removed a mountain, and shortened
my face about an inch, I am told.

Every body but Father expected me to go
to you; he thought I would only be in the
way, and insisted that I should wait till
he could get an answer to his despatch.

As it seems a difficult matter to get them
off quickly and prompt answers, I was almost
afraid to wait, and Lib's last charge this
morning was, "don't be persuaded out of going"
she came in to insist upon taking the Baby
as she had good fresh cows, and thought too
that Mother was not well enough. — Lib had
Baby in charge most of the day, — Emmy
and Aunt Ann were sewing for me; as
was Lib, and Aunt Mary would ^{take} a little

wishing to do for me; I having tried in vain to get a washerwoman. — I didn't know how many kind friends we both had till I was in trouble. — Liza came to offer funds Quincy was going with me providing but Father did not; he was away, but they telegraphed him; he answered today, asking particulars, and whether you would like him to come to you. Of course Mary, Mother, Father and Betty were doing all they could.

When Aunt Ann finished her work for me she began to plan ^{the} fixing up of some delicacies for you, I had already got demors as we thought such things might be hard to get in Washington at present.

My trunk was out and ready to pack although I had partly made up my mind to wait till tomorrow morning, when Father came in laughing, saying now he could crow over us all, for he had got a despatch and I was not to go. Of course we were quite willing to let him crow under the

circumstances. — We soon spread the news through the family, and took it also to Judge Holt's and Dr. Swell's, whose families have both shown great interest in us. — Uncle John was the last to hear it, "but you should have seen him wave his hat and buzz for the Major!"

As you see, my sweet, you have created quite a sensation, and you must take the best of care of yourself. Dr. Davis questioned Mary about your wound, and said you must be very careful not to take cold in it, or it might prove seriously sore.

Parent-Vanderpoel's wound was only a flask wound, so do take care.

Mary sends her love, to you, and laughs because she says Father has got a new pair of pantaloons by all this, as he hurried up the Taylor, saying he would go with me, that Eliza and all of us decided against him, as he may be needed by Howard any moment. Poor Boy! he too has been in

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great danger, and will probably be in greater
before the campaign is ended. Father tried
to get a despatch through to him this morning
but it could not go. He however could
despatch to us, and I think he has some
friends who would do it for him if necessary.

I hope you are able to write full particulars
and that you can soon come to us.

I am very sleepy and will try to get a little
the more rest to-morrow than I had last night.

Be sure and tell all you know of
Will Lowe, both Pease and Capt Anderson
as their friends were expecting a report from
me. Good night Dearest

Morning — These last lines look decidedly
sleepy — I have only time to say that
we are all well, and looking forward to
your visit with great joy. Poor Howard
I wish that we could hear from him too!

Take care of yourself I repeat, and
write as soon as you can. If you are
moved be sure to let me know how to direct.
Good bye Best love