April 1, 1862

My dearest Augusta—You have already asked me a letter on foot’s day, which is wrong. It is the third of March, but no matter. The foot will be along tomorrow no doubt. I do not think I have much to say to you but Mary wished me to write instead of writing herself, and I told her I would. Do not let any of our requests trouble you to try thinking about them. Do not feelersed with Thy girl. She says, “It is the old story, I cannot leave the children and feel easy about them.”

Father is quite as well, and has been complaining for a week or more. He is almost still, however, and as he has consulted the Dr. and is taking medicine, I hope he will soon be well. I am better now but do not feel strong enough to do much. Spring is beginning with the flowers but they are not much grown on account of rain. I am somewhat afraid of the scarlet fever on Nottoway account. And please you will be careful.
We still hope to visit New York, and yet, we scarcely know how we can go. This fine weather makes me wish to be out amongst the flowers, and to see them in the garden, which I shall not see. I suppose we have been thinking harder of D'Griff than we might. Father was talking with Mr. Young a few days ago. He said D'Griff wished to sell a few feet to Dublin, but he, Young, objected. D'Griff has been in town some days, but has said nothing about the fence. Mrs. D.'s brother was trying to get some money from Mr. Phillips, which he lent him; some time ago, so "only for a few days" and which he had never been able to get from him, but which he was determined to have. He thought he had discovered some property which he still held in his own right, which he meant to attack; and when he recovered it, they would build the fence. This he told me sometime ago, when I wrote to you. I have not mentioned it since. Last evening D'Griff and P. were engaged long and earnestly in conversation in front of Dublin, as it just after nightfall. They appeared quite in earnest; if one might judge from yesternight, I doubt if he goes anywhere. And if he does, I suppose you do not wish to break the fence. There is some prospect of selling the house where Boston lives. We shall know about it in a few days, and will let you know as early as we can if it is sold. I never think much about an offer till the matter is settled. We have been disappointed so often.

I think Mr. Daniels will get Howard's house. Tell Bella and Frank we would have been glad to see them if Simeon had come. The other day I went to see Mrs. Brady yesterday. It was a long walk, and I was obliged to walk slow. I sat on her chair. She was well, Mrs. P. had just returned from Kansas, and is going to teach at a commissary. I think they must be doing well. She looks so cheerful. They do not know when to look for Mr. Corney's family, and for three months or more they say. Mrs. B. says you will all be here again before long. I hope he is right.

Our property is not sold, and I have nothing more about it. Father's salary is reduced from twelve hundred to one thousand. And we are thankful it is no worse. There was a talk of four hundred. I send a Commercial with the Phillips book in it. I should have been sent before, but