Home, Sunday evening, Aug 24, 1862

Dear Augusta,

Here has been no news to take home, Mother, Father, and Eleazar; the children are asleep, and have left me quiet enough to write, and time to commence a letter. Here I stay long, waiting for news. I suppose we must wait tonight, and more anxiously than we, to hear from our men on the Rappahannock.

I think sometimes that you are a Government fort, under a military rule, and surrounded by military people; just formed, perhaps, hastily, and feel so much of the excitement of preparation for war, as we do here, where all ordinary circumstances accord so little with it. There is no talk but of recruiting, drafting, Provost Marshall, "the regiment," "the battery," subscriptions to aid recruiting, or "Kidd's Aid Society, Nos 1, 2, and 3," etc., etc.

There is really a very earnest feeling, and a good deal of pride, that so light a draft will be necessary in the town, more it is said. Brother has given you some cues.
of Howard. I have watched it all with the greatest interest, and feel very anxious to know which way he will turn next. His commission came too late. Neither money nor influence could have helped him, with so little time. Of course great num bers besieged the committee and were disappointed too, thinking themselves as fit as he. Of course too we did not agree with most of them, nor see very cheerfully, even Captain's commissions borne off by men far less deserving. Much as I regret it, I do not wonder that he is still watching for an opening (without any idea of whence it may come) but determined to do almost anything rather than return to the school; on the contrary, I should miss seeing him for a day, lest I should miss some of his plans too. There is quite well informed however.

The dogs bark constantly, Mop, and Pop, and Rock and Rose, all together, but Sue does not come. Bob, who is not an acquaintance of yours, Pella, and Frank, went to town today to spend the rest of his life, so dog's 's life,' either. I suppose with Bruce Howard to get him, and Betty to feed. Tell Aunt Mary he is a right bright, pretty little 'yellow feller' as Elizabeth calls him, though Nou nnette thinks the noisy part of his name particular by appropriate, we are all sorry to part with.
him. I have been in and near Cincinnati two days, and notwithstanding heat and dust, had quite a pleasant visit; partly to Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Berry, who made very particular inquiries for you and Mary, and sent much love. My kitchen affairs while away were not in such a state as to encourage me in the plan of going to Minnesota with Jesse—therefore if for no other reason, I stay at home, gather the pears, put away and sell the peaches and plums, with other business, his and mine.

After we came home Ollie had an attack of intermittent fever short but rather severe, and Elliot's disorder gave much anse; both are pretty well now however. During that time, Jeannie Mills was at Father's, after her long visit at Mr. Gardener's, and out of six days, spent but one with me; I am sorry she have known so little of her visit, and I am afraid Mother did not feel very cheerful just then. Father went home with her, and took to Aunt Caroline a fine Orange tree, from Aunt Amy, and some smaller things; and Jeannie's thoughtfulness reported our wants to Aunt
Caroline, who sent a package in return—sixth, three for brother, gazelles and "rainbows"—for me. The latter. A tale of little troubles, a little package. And Young. Unpacking my cuttings, I laid them in the shade. I really, to plant, and answered a call to the kitchen. Before breakfast came, Elizabeth with trouble in her face; "the mana you think those sticky things by the house?" — "yes—well I thought they were old pieces you cut off your plants and threw away, and there was a thorn by them." And I just clipped them all up and said: "Sellei, says you wanted them," and then such a hubbub of tears and self-reproach, that I couldn't do anything by the side of it. Sellei who had come at the request, was off, when questioned, and said, "she said; she wanted only to tell you," but I told her she ought to do it herself.

She went with me to the greenhouse to find comfort. On seeing the remnants trimmed and planted, and tried to console, by saying, "there are too little pieces you that I think will grow old you want;" of course, I said; but if they do I shall always associate my rainbows with her. Too long a story for paper, and better, for her grandfather, that there who has children of her own to listen to. They are the dogs again—and this time, carriage wheels cannot near...—

Nothing but the streamer's foreign scene, and not one care for that runs too good swift.

Sunday August 1st.

You will think I am writing you simply on Mary's plan, with a week between months of a day. This week has been, pleasant and Sound all day, fatigue and sleep at night, to make me hardly write anything else, but I will try for I don't want to make you, as tired of them as I am. I wish you were all here to help us eat.

I am writing for Jose again tonight, but me are hoping there is relief, if it would but come. I wonder where Joe and Selby are tonight? that terrible field of the world, his covered with terrible realities, and overshadowed by the dark forebodings of those hands of the happy families. I only am moved by an abundance of curiosity, that will bring them joy to all.

I ask like you cannot be enjoying Mary's mist as much as she is—we miss her very much and every day. She says nothing of watercolor; there seems to be some demand for lessons of that kind, how much I cannot say. There will always be people to prefer its greater convenience and charmless to that of oil painting. But I hope she will not desert herself in
anyway, either body or mind.

I am glad you mentioned Sarah's house and ashamed that I had allowed her thanks to escape my memory when I wrote; it came in good order, and has been a source of great pleasure to them all. I felt particularly obliged to her uncle Luther's remembrance of her, for she is generally a very good child and an indefatigable nurse.

I am afraid your household cases are not less than they were here, with some other anxieties added; is it not so?

We are all very anxious about Howard, and I feel much disappointed not to have seen him tonight, but hope he may learn something of his plans. He feels with him in some of his desires very much, and I wish he would in this case express a little more of his sympathy, than his custom is. Perhaps it would be of use to Howard's feelings at least.

To excuse any delay in writing, you would have a letter every week if I could write as often as I wish. My best love to all, and believe me ever affectionately,

your sister, E.H. Olive

Friday; Howard went this evening to Cincinnati by the 6th. 10th, the Adjutant's order to take down a body of troops from our camp, whose regimental officers have not been appointed; all well.