Dayton, O. March 3rd 1861

My morning’s work is done, and I want now to write to you Dear Husband. But I scarcely know that I can, for all three little ones have already been to me. Robby twice with his baby complaints, and then he is again, Frank too!

Robby says you have gone to “Real” which is the nearest he can come at Washington.

I did not feel like going to bed immediately Friday night, so I fought off the cry right bravely and then read the daily paper; then to bed and slept soundly, but felt no waking, as if I had sustained some great loss. Breakfast was rather lonely but I went to work as soon as it was over, having just dressed Robby for a run in the yard. Cherie. “Playing ham” came over and spent an hour very happily with the children. Della says that when she was taking the miniature over to the aunt, she showed it to Mrs. Y. who showed it to Mrs. Chealey, whereupon the young man kissed it. Sincere love truly!

Afternoon. — As I expected, I was constantly interrupted and had to give up writing. Robby is asleep now but will soon wake, then goodbye to my pen again.

I very much fear you will be disappointed on Wednesday, for it is raining now and looks as if it would tomorrow, so that I may be prevented from putting this in the office in time.
Mr. Park spent the afternoon with Bella yesterday, and neither packed the end up in the luggage in the evening nor took his dinner. There have been hot and sunny but crowded nothing of importance to communicate.

The ride and a great cup of the velvety one of a bowl handsome against which I had battled all the afternoon, and delighted the children of course. Patty was greatly pleased with the short column and showed that even while family was in the carriage with the exception of black button. Of course you would not have thought me for writing you this even in the actual state of the whole, but perhaps you went across to my closing note that you were at home with us.

It is not easy to try to live apart; I should have to follow you, if you were in another town, to go out into town. I do not know why but I believe there is a magnetic attraction in spite of my poor meaning any way limited. Still it looks to me that I cannot give up the hope that I may yet find the same and death to read and think. This writing feeling might not be present for any thing of the kind.

Why means you, as well as the other children, yet are here the dinner table ready and see to the kitchen to look for "Pepper" immediately? I always tell him to sit till you come and then he shall go to the table. It may be he thinking you can only the called for quite kindly, really not understanding the absence of "Mam" from Dayton.

He who tells you to write a letter, which I think could be a good idea, especially if directed to you, to have them to[] me to me at the same time, as soon