Dayton, March 17th
1861

Dear Luther,

I just found two pages of a letter which I had begun to you. I thought I had mentioned names and acts rather more fully than should be done in a letter.

Uncle John went to Chambersburg, himself, on Friday, very unexpectedly, and I had detailed his report more fully than I thought prudent.

As I said, he did not wish to do anything further in the business as he was convinced that he had said and done all that he possibly could and that he had not changed in his choice. A letter from a prominent official to Blair was also promised but I don't know whether the former has been fulfilled or not.

Uncle John says he feels in good spirits about the prospects, but time alone can show with what reason.
I am hoping for a letter at any rate. I hope it will be written in time for me to read it. I hope it will give me some knowledge of your intention and the time of your return. In short, I cannot think anything will be done without seeing you at home. If you don't come soon, I am afraid you will have to send the children down to the city. I have watched frequently and don't want to miss any news about the city. The children are really old now. After all, you only want to see them. You will only see a little more of them. They are bad eggs, and I feel ashamed about Mother. Emily right now, but he is pretty well again.

All three are looking at a book, asking what to do. They are trying to teach Emily to read. Emily has been asking for help, and Mother sent me out for a short walk yesterday and will stay with the children this afternoon while I walk. The air is rather sharp for them, we think.

Mother and indeed, every one else keeps to home and tries to keep all in company. Mother seems to forget her own worries in caring for others. When I got your last letter, she was about starting for the West, I think. She exclaimed, "What shall I do?"

"No, Mama says, "I will help you, go back up while you can."

"Well, watch her, go back up while you can."

I am sure you are doing a great deal more than Father could ever have done for himself. And when you are alone and happy, we are all longing for your return to make up for the trouble you have undergone. By our affectionate care.

No letter! Howard says. That is a disappointment; but must be done.

I must close now, there is no dinner ready, and Howard wants me to go out with him as soon as it is over.

Love and kisses from All. Godbys.

Angela