Dear Husband.

Your letter of Wednesday was received yesterday, and I have felt much more light-hearted ever since. Mother came soon after its arrival to take us to ride, and I went to St. Brigid's and St. Conrin's to give the men the ticket. They were pretty well, and Eliza had heard from Robert; he had been furnished with the roads and finding nothing else to appease his hunger had eaten two eggs which had made him quite sick and which not yet recovered when he wrote. I believe both he and David had come to the conclusion that Eliza was better off at home. Mother and I have come to hear that we crossed the railroad train yesterday and visited the Cemetery, so I hope we can say our last words more

seems to miss you very much. He has just been in with a big black cat, and tries hard to talk with me about this letter to you. I am writing in the parlor under the books with the front door open, so that the little ones can see the sun. There is generally laying flat in the porch humming to himself in a very jollyish sort of way. It was rainy-like but not enough to prevent their playing on the lawn with rails they are little a big yellow ball that Kathy has caught. She won't seem to have the next year.

On the farm list, is in a sad condition, and the mind is quite disordered. And Mary put the light out one night not long ago, but the sheep got her moving about and tearing the clothes, got up and relighted it. This seemed to frighten her, and she showed symptoms of dismayment which have continued, although not totally insane. Mary and the black cat told her kindly when she was nasty last though she seemed to be muttering to herself.

Dayton, O. July 17th, 1855.
after this they have been limited to the few drives around here to top.

In the evening Robert Daleo took buggy to ride and trotted again for the rest of us. Holly was made happy though the greater part of the ride by sitting in the little seat in front that fought vigorously when I was obliged to take him on my lap.

Our ride ended we left the children with Betty and went to the store. Meeting Uncle John, aunt Ann and Mary out walking we joined them in a short walk; then returned home to put the babies to sleep. Holly followed me out the last hill after tea and then I joined him, finding that the only way to quiet him. This obliged me to abandon my purpose of finishing my famous dress, the steadily you know. It will look just as well again besides being in the fashion now!!

This (Sunday) morning was extremely warm, making me feel little like setting my house in order, but I persevered, but finished my little tasks by making a boughet for my basket. Flowers are not plenty but the little blue is beautiful now and a fine cluster of white blossoms makes a great addition to my Michigan Tulips and Woodfingers. To my heart, our pretty room looks so much finer you could only spend a few hours with us. It was difficult for me to do these little things at first and I could do for my store, but I know it is not right to fail and the example is bad for the children, so I now try to do better instead of worse and feel better for the effort, and for the more cheerful spirit of my surroundings.

Holly is growing in his peculiar style because I can’t let him stay with a cup of tea; he has not been awake very long, and is very illmannered. The little fellow talks about you more than either of the others, and at times
a part of the time. This will be a sad trial for them over there, and I cannot help hoping the days will be few of this affliction is to continue upon her.

Uncle John went to see Mr. Dunn, she told him the suit would be in New York Wednesday evening. I hope you will find your position pleasant.

I have had many misgivings, on account of the jealousies that may be felt by those in the regular army who have not been promoted. I was rather surprised at the order for your suit as I supposed you would wait the decision of Congress.

How did the responsibility of taking charge of a fort make you feel? and, what is the charge; your duties? Tell us all about it and we will keep it to ourselves.

When do you expect to see Belle and hear H. W. Beecher?
By closing now, I can just get in the Office this evening, so goodbye. Searst and Best One.

Augusto