Dear Luther,

As your letter did not come yesterday afternoon, I had made up my mind to wait patiently till Monday. But fortunately was pleasantly disappointed, for Father brought it to me this morning. It cut short an incipient fit of the Blues, for which I must certainly give you thanks.

Do you had good reason for thinking you would go to the field next month? I hope this new move of the regiment will still keep you away a long long time! I can’t help it, dear Husband. I feel so, and must say so, if it is unpatriotic.

I put in my 25 sleep and believe she would have taken a good step, if the children had stayed away, but then she is
Delia thinks she can keep her so I'll let her try. She is a perfect fidget with her, and I can't trust her out of my sight but they seem rather to like it.

Delia is just asking whether Betty went to school with her when she got up early this morning. Betty is lying on my bed, where I am trying to keep him quiet as he is inclined to be restless.

Delia leaves us tomorrow, for Long Island. We hope to see her again before she leaves for the South.

Mother and I have been making cross calls in the evenings. Thursday we went to Mr. Martin's (and something) they had and Mrs. Reddy's. Sister seems quite well, one foot and I think.

Coming home, I made some remark to which another made no answer. There was a little silence behind me, and looking around could not for an instant see her but soon discern her lying on the floor.

with the
ment, as she returned with a very
smile, I saw much alarmed, I put her to bed, and she answered faintly, but
more removed and with my help got
up slowly and in finally got home with
less difficulty than I had supposed possible. She is not seriously hurt. She struck
her foot against a moving ston, and
came down on both knees, causing in-
tense pain at the time, and consider-
able aches still. I don't know that I
ever felt more hardly than when I first
saw her lying affected.

This accident has rather stopped our calls
but we hope to make the rest on the
next one or two in evening. Tell all we
returned on Delia's assurance in put-
ting Mary to shed, but she insists that
she is not strong enough to go out into
the cold. She is very fond of the and don't
like to give her up. I thought your thing was
even earlier this
This, and helped it was going to disappoint you this year. Kate McCook expected here the birth of this month, but she was still well after that time. She is at Winchester Inn, with her husband. — You will have received a letter before this, containing an account of expenditure as my mind has been relieved by reading your last; you need not be troubled by the loose spirit of that one. — You know it has always been my 'matrimonial horror' to ask for money, and when I did hint, and she listened and paid as it, I naturally thought you were dissatisfied. Don't you call me any hard names now; for I cannot help it.

Did the Mrs. Clarks feel badly about snowing? and, does Capt. Blunt expect to keep house?

As to go is there of seeing you at home? I do want to see you, and yet fear the pain of parting so much, that I hardly know whether I want you to come or not. I am going to do as you say you will, "take things as they come;" but out — any superfluous wishing.

Dear me! I wish you had that baby in your
I must stay asleep, you went to see her and you don’t just now! Up she comes!

5 o’clock. Betsy and I have been lying down, and as she seems rather better, Alice has again been delighted by nursing her.

Tomorrow is Mary’s birthday, but she has had all her presents from one part of the family today or before. I got a pound of candy to divide among the children for which I made them pay me two or three cents apiece, as I don’t approve of their making presents without a little self-denial.

The present I painted of East-West was my present, Howard gave her his miniature in handsome case, and Mother gave her a new bonnet. Betty, she has no idea at all of the value of money, would give her a new kind of gold fastening for her chain.

Mother and Mary tried to deceive her by paying all but a dollar, thinking that girl too...
much for her to spend; but she found it out in some way and would pay two.
For child! I don’t know who would become of her, if Mother should die, for she
has such a strange disposition that few persons would be willing to put up with her.
She evidently identifies herself with the family
but she exceeds everything for kindesses that
I ever saw. — But enough of Betty for this time.
Edward and Mary have been out to Lake. You
and Edward were to start tomorrow on a hunting
expedition, but Edward is sick today with
a fever. He has not looked well for a week
and I fear will be quite ill.
All four of the children are in one room, Betty
holding Mary and telling stories to the other three
who are sitting on the bed. I am sitting by
the avenue one chair, writing to the nearest man
in the world, and wishing he was here and we
both face to face. Goodnight, and a goodnight
kiss from
Augusta