

Washington Aug: 4th 1854.

My dear Scannie

I am now accompanying the Bill of
D. Raymond reached me yesterday.
I have been intending to write to you
for weeks past but that thief of time, procrasti-
nation, has lured me on in silence day by day.
I think your letter, recd a long time since, was
to Sarah and not myself, this however has not
been the cause of my silence. I have endeavored
to make Sarah write to you, but that seems
to be impossible, and if you are ever to hear
of us I fear it must be through me.

Sarah and our little ones have become
quite at home here, the former enjoying herself
more, perhaps, than ever before in her life. Though
Washington is pretty much deserted, still she
has company in the society of two or three ladies
who still remain at our house. In the evening
we get up a game of whist, or walk or

have music. And our daily amusement of an
Afternoon is to walk to the Capitol grounds
and loiter away an hour or two there. As
Kate & Millie they do pretty much as they
choose. - they go off of an afternoon and
walk where they please, or visit some of
Kate's numerous acquaintances - of these she
has far more than either Sarah or myself -
She is a great favorite in the neighborhood
and I fear is in danger of being spoiled.
~~Soon~~ They will, ^{probably} both have the Whooping Cough
as we have been favored the past week or two
at our house, with a family who had two
children with it. Millie already begins to
cough and Kate sympathizes, so we are in
a fair way of having a few weeks of not
our comfortable times with them. Perhaps
it is as well that they should have it now
during the warm weather, which is a preparation
time for it ~~than~~^{than} the winter season.

Now comes on Theodor's Cottage? Has
he sold ^{it}, and what new project has he
in his head? I should like much to drop
down among you in Yankee Land, but only

for a few moments, just to see how you all
are juggling along. And Sue, pray what is
she doing that she cannot find time to
write a line home? Say when I must send
her any more sweet kisses or pretty messages,
incomprehensible, ingratitude, you see that
she is -

And so, than I am you have been, or are,
vegetating down East, somewhere when they
put the sun up with Iron Bars, and where
that flying Dutchman of his Snake Ship, the
Sea Serpent, makes his annual visits to
the good people of the Land of Stitches -
Well, I hope you have been enjoying yourself,
yet how this can be among such a cold, chilling
set, as your Boston people are I can't imagine.
Even dollars & cents only unlock their hearts,
I had almost said souls, but I am of the
firm conviction that even England people
are not troubled with this commodity, I say
that their speciality depends upon the relative
might of their purses. Very different is it
being in Washington, the poorest of the
poor an equal to the richest of the rich

so far as civility, kind & courteous treatment of
one another is concerned. — We don't turn
up our noses, should our neighbor not smell
in so fine a house as ourselves. In a few words
we don't do ~~any~~ thing here under the influence
of dollars & cents — I'm sure we don't have
that wonderful Sea Serpent, nor the Salem
Witches, nor white and black suffens — nor nothing
of that sort — but these mechanics got a
Washington Monument, that is D.C. — a
Capital that is and is D.C., with fine
grounds, Faneuil etc — visiting the Bloomers
patronize us much — but I don't wonder they
are the go home East — You have so many women
that, as they cannot all have a husband with
the breeches, they ~~must~~ must feel disposed
to approach as near to that state of bliss
as possible — and therefore they are inclined
to try the virtues of Tramsaloon upon
themselves — Now, Jeannie, what do married
women do with their Tramsaloons, when little
responsibilities are undergoing probation
one they make their appearance in this
world. But I need not ask you, as this