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(no date)

Edgar, do you get disheartened any in regard to the distracted state of our country? The night seems long and dark, but the dawning of the morning may yet be clear and bright. I am only one of among the multitudes who are praying that the time is not far distant when the slave and Jeff Davis shall return with his followers saying we have sinned against thee and are no more worthy to be called thy sons.

There has been and is yet considerable excitement in Buffalo. The people fear the city is going to be destroyed by rebs who hide themselves in Canada. War seems to be measuring our homes. God grant it may come no nearer.

Here it is quite late in the evening and this letter is not finished yet. Perhaps you will say she no need to have written such a long one then, but say what pleases you most. I don't care for you so want old meanest.

I am glad you have got your nice house back again. I hope you may stay there long enough to pray for hunting up your furniture. We are going to sell our place here and buy a farm some where.

Father talks of going to Pa. to buy. I am ready to go when he does. I am tired of living in this way. I want to be independent. As the old dutch woman said "raise all our own butter and bread and tanks to the yankees". We may buy while he is gone but I hardly think he will go that way. Edgar may I ask you what photograph you meant. You siad you had got the ambrotype but the photo, you could not yet, I didn't know but you thought you had told me about them is the reason why I asked you. I haven't done wrong in asking you. I haven't done wrong in asking you about it have I for I was quite in the dark

The people about here are all well at present. You used to know Martinette Smith, or she that was Martinette Smith did you not. She is dead, was buried two weeks ago tomorrow. She had the consumption and has been sick a long time. I have been writing so busy that the fire has gone out and it is getting rather cool here I think. I wish you would come and kindle it up again for if it had not been for you I shouldn't have let the fire gone out.

Max Sanders was here about a week ago. He had changed so much in his looks that I did not know him. I think he is better looking than he used to be, but I don't like his appearance at all. he puts on too much style to suit me. I have heard several say they thought he was a little besides himself. It would be nothing strange if he was for you know (who) his relatives are a great number of them afflicted in the same way. I think Nelt (?) appeared the best of  
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the two but I didn't use to think so. I guess it is time I was asleep for tomorrow is washing day & I must wake early. I'll go see what time o'day it has got to be. After Ten and I haven't turned the clock back one minute either. Edgar excuse this poor days work of mine won't you. Be a good boy and write soon as you can. Give my regards to my friends if any I have in that part of the poor and wicked world. Now remember to write soon and after to Frant your true, true friend.

Leon, N.Y.