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Leon, April 21st, 1865

Dear Edgar,

Your most welcome letter has been received and read and reread, and notwithstanding I have only a few minutes leasure. I will begin this and finish when I can. We are having considerable rain. it has rained nearly all of the week that for which make it very unpleasant, both in and out of doors. There has not much transpired since I wrote you last. The boys have all gone now, but I think the greater part of them knew not for what they were going. It was the bounty that they mostly looked to, \$700, for one year. It is a great inducement to many, Yet I could not if I were a man, enlist for that even. Pure love of country would alone convince me, to take my life in my hand, and go forth 'to do and die". There is such a mystery to me connected with the life of men. They are capable of doing, and I do do, such noble deeds, without considering thrice own good; and yet perhaps the next movement fall victim to the foulst (sic) deeds. How many times during this rebellion, Have I wished that I was a man and could do some for the great good thing that men do. How many times too, have I thanked my God that I was not a man to drift into the stagnant pool, in which so many are found wallowing. 'Tis an awful thing in so dark an hour as this, to sit with hands folded, too weak to do a right, to wash our garments of this dreadful scourge. The assasination (sic) of our President seems to me the worst deed ever done. It has spread a gloom over the whole nation and for do they number, who will not mourn him deeply. I must leave this subject for words cannot express what I feel. Riley Kiearstead is dead. He died in Maryland one week ago to night. May went to take care of him and has just got back. she is quite sick. they expect his remains to night. He was nearly starved when he was paroled and since he has suffered much. His Physician said that he died of consumption. I received a letter from a friend in Clinton last night telling me that Miss White was married. I am glad of it, ar'nt you?

Wednesday evening Mr. Seayer had a concert here at the M.E. Church. The house was full and they liked him very much. after concert they went to Mr. Thomas' and danced. I stopped a few minuted; there was a very good crowd. The Catfield folks were all there so you may judge by that. They tried to get me to stay but I did not feel in a mood to do so. You ought to have been here Monday night about midnight. I was awakened by the sound of music. I raised my head to assure my self that I was not dreaming, and found that we were being serenaded. The singing was good as one could wish to hear. The company consisted of Mr. E.W. Clark, and Mr R.W.Seayer. Ed played the guitar and it sounded beautifu; that I could have listened all night. They got paid for their trouble that night. Mr. Seayer told me the next day that he fell down going through our gate & hurt his nose !! Edgar, he did not run through the rose bushes, do you remember that time? Pa has cut that bush almost down. are you not glad? if you buy this place you will not want those to stumble over. I have not asked him yet hoe he will sell it; on the terms spoken of. If he thought he could get rid of me I presume he would almost give it away. I should not trouble the buyer much. Pa is going to let Mr. Wilcox work the farm this year. Come up when cherries and plums are ripe. We will go and get some strawberries too! I cannot think of any news to write you this time and I have written this in such a hurry that I cannot tell whether it is written in our language

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rant Hunt, April 21, 1865

or not. I doubt it. My school commences next monday. come up and see me in about four weeks. "Old goodist" you shan't come up west to torment me if you do some. I shall not have any spelling schools. Your folks are all well and so are the other people of Leon. The girls and what boys there are left have gone to Harth's Corner's to a dance. I have not another bit of news to tell you and i have scribbled here until it was quite late and I am so very sleepy. I think I had better go to rest. I will try to write something of more interest to you next time. Give my love to all who wish. Edgar write soon and as often as you can conveniently (sic).

From your true friend,
Frant
Good night & pleasant dreams

My Pen is poor,
My ink is pale

Good bye