

From Eugenia Bronaugh to John A. Bushnell

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Hickory Grove

May 30th/65

Dear Mr[.] Bushnell:

I would like to write you a long & interesting letter this morning. But I have but little time to write, & not much news.

Last Wednesday Carrie & Tommy were in Calhoun--spent the day--on their return, that evening I received your welcome letter of the 14th & had about half finished reading when the storm came on in all its fury. I think it was equally if not more severe than the other. The rain poured down in torrents. We were so alarmed I folded my dear letter unfinished, pressed it to my cheek & breathed a fervent Prayer to Him who rides up on the storm, to protect us from lightning, tempest & sudden death--At length there was a calm, But the night was so intensely dark we had to wait for morning to see what damage had been done--a large tree was blown down in the yard, limbs off of others & numbers of trees in the pasture & elsewhere[,] fencing too. Oh, I was so much afraid some in the yard would be blown on the house.

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It afforded me consolation to know you were not out in this as the other of a few weeks since.

I was glad to hear you were well--weighing matters--all you heard from up here & exercising prudence & caution about coming up. Yes if any trouble is here, I want you to be away. I often & all the time wish to see you, but only if best & safe for you. I believe so firmly [an] unseen hand has led you on until the present time. May this continue til there is all security once more, in this once favored Land.

Addie Bronaugh was here last Sunday. He had recently been to Saline[,] could tell us much about our relations in that co. Our aunt Mrs[.] Peyton & her daughters are very anxious to come out to see us, but their friends, like ours, are far away. They were all low spirited & anxious to leave for another clime; to leave their country, where there was so much to remind them of evils committed in the name of "Liberty"[.] Oh would it not be pleasant for us all to "Swap about"[,] go where strange faces

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& new scenes await us, where there would not be so much to remind us of the cruelties of war, our troubles. I think so, & we would so gladly leave. Aunt Sue writes she is "footloose" & can start at a moments warning, To live anywhere, so not in Henry Co. She was well & anxiously awaiting a letter from her dearest friend, telling his plans & wishes generally.

A letter arrived from Mrs[.] H--- who went to Ohio, speaks of the numbers that called to see her, on her arrival in Columbus. Among the number were two precious relatives of mine[.]

They were well & oh dont you reckon they had a thousand & one questions to ask about us all? I know their hearts were full & sad too[.] Could we but be with them once more! Or had we opportunity to advise them not to visit Mo. I fear they may do so. I fear they cant believe dangers are so thick & may not change for the better.

No doubt it will go hard with your friend Mr[.] Derick to part with you at any time, & I would be glad if your business in Henry was so ar-

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ranged you would not have to be here, exposed to any evil eye. But so it is you may have to come[.] All we can then do is ask to be taken care of[.]

But D[ea]r Mr[.] Bushnell I have every reason to know you have an enemy near you. The person for whom you tried & obtained a good situation is far from being a friend. I will tell you when you come up what an untruthful, unkind & cruel speech he made about you to some of your friends[.] And to see such envy shown by those of whom we would expect better things, & all together, is just what often makes me wish you had your business settled up here, so we might all go where true friendship--not false--prevails, where people do not study to be meddlesome, where we can find that bright--but rather rare--gem "Sincerity" in friendship where you can be loved & appreciated. Time may change things here, but I fear it may be a long time first.

I have at last had time to finish my sheet. Hope to get a letter from you this evening. Send you a bouquet which I pressed in the Bible for you. My shrubbery, both in the yard & garden has all nearly been destroyed since the war. But aunt

[*cross-hatched text*]

Sue promises Carrie & I, a great deal of very rare when peace is made & we can take care of it[.] Tom & Frank will soon be done planting corn, a great deal of it is coming up very pretty[.] It is useless to say I feel low-spirited. We are all well & the family sends Love to you[.] The birds are very quarrelsome & Civil War "all the rage" with them. Ron has his foot hurt just a little & would like for you to come & see what is the matter with it.

But Good Bye & believe this from your ever affectionate Eugenia

[*written upside down in top margin of page 1*]

[*P.S.*] Excuse haste & imperfection if you please[.]