

From Eugenia Bronaugh to John A. Bushnell

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Hickory Grove

16th Dec / [19]63

Dear Mr Bushnell:

I expect you have been looking for a letter from me -- but this morning offers, the first opportunity, I have had of writing since your dear letter, of Nov 30th came to hand; It was taken out + sent to me the evening it reached the office -- which I was very glad of as I do not like for letters which come to me, to remain long in town: + for several reasons, if you can arrange writing, so as to let your letters reach Calhoun evry other Wednesday; I can always manage to get them when called -- besides I can at that time write you, which will be much more convenient, than to send to the office at any time, + not knowing whither you have written or not -- But Mr Bushnell if you like this plan, you must not fail to write during the two weeks -- for I shall feel grieved not to get a letter evry other Wednesday, when -- if I could have more chances to have them taken

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out as soon as they reach Calhoun[.] I would love for you to write evry week or by evry mail -- But I must open + read your last again as their may be some question or something which you wish to know. ----- I have finished reading your letter -- which you close by saying "give my love to your mother, Carrie, Tommy, Frank, Cora + Mollie". I certainly did so, + feel satisfied they -- evry one -- highly appreciated your remembrance of them as well as this third reading brings up the pleasant evening it was received + how happy I felt, to know, you were well, + that amid your hurry, company -- + all you have to attend to -- you had not forgotten to write to one who loves and so often commits you to the tender care of Heaven I know you have cares + much to trouble -- yet matters might be much worse, I often think you have been most wonderfully preserved, + of how weekly you have borne, all wrong. I suppose ere this, you have heard of the death of Mr Zutt; which occurred better than a week ago -- one more warning "God all flesh is as grays, + all the glory of man as the

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flower of grays" "Thou shalt die + not live," is the unalterable decree of God. all, all must die, whether in the green of budding childhood, the buoyancy of happy youth, the maturity + strength of hardy manhood, or the hoar decrepitude of age. It is God's decree. Is it not strange then that with all the evidence that we are doomed to die; we move on as though we knew not that we were destined for an endless future -- leading a life of sin + pleasure till the dreadful death -- sickness is upon + then we complain that Death has come unexpectedly. Dear Mr Bushnell, I often pray that this reckless folly! this blind stupidity! may not be ours. Let us live for Heaven!

Prepare in health to meet our God. I did not hear that Mr Zutt spoke of the future, or of dying. We were not at his burying.

Mary was sent for but her Father was no more when she arrived. He could never speak to -- or smile upon her again. How her heart must have reproached her -- for having gone away to school and her best Friend so low. but she was trained by an irreligious, heartless Mother -- we cannot wonder. Their seems to be a good deal of sickness -- but

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so far we have been blessed with health -- for which I hope we feel thankful.

I feel disappointed too -- that you did not hear from Dr. Mc___ -- But I expect he is very cautious -- + then he might not have received your letter. -- Think the plan you suggest a good one. + as soon as I receive his portrait I shall write -- will mention you -- your having written -- my anxiety to obtain his likeness -- your so accidentally obtaining it & -- would have written without delay -- but though it would be better to get the picture first -- as you mentioned having given it to judge Doran the morning you wrote -- he though has not come up yet -- But I hope is taking good care of & will bring or send it soon. Some one said he was still in Sedalia -- & the picture may be now in Calhoun as we have not heard from there for a week. Soon after I wrote you the artist left C went to Clinton could not procure a suitable room there & is now back in Calhoun -- do not know whither he intends to fix up there again or not -- hope he will -- if so I shall hasten to have my

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likeness taken for you. But if he goes away, I shall most certainly do so, the first time that this or another artist, may visit -- either town

I have not been to Calhoun for a long time. Bose Garth -- came through there -- a short time since -- came by -- & spent a night with us. We all talked until almost ten about our hopes & fears, privations, our absent Friends &c He seemed to enjoy himself very much. Spoke of you several times.

The Kansas Delegation have again visited our county taking many negroes, wagons, horses, etc. from disloyal people -- They did not visit us -- as we are known to be friends to "the government." We are getting along more quietly now with those around, than when I wrote before -- but Oh! how I sigh for a change. How I yet hope for it! --

-- Well another Christmas is almost here & yet great armies are in the field & among them -- my own dear Brothers Oh, that I could look upon & kiss their faces once more! I hope you will enjoy Christmas with those in exile -- expect it will be a merry time in St Louis. As for myself I reckon I shall

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remain at home -- have had invitations to visit Friends -- but I know it will afford me more enjoyment to remain at home to think of, & pray for those who are far away, & who I know have a thousand anxious thoughts about us. --

Dr. Holland has moved back to Calhoun -- He did not seem to like Clinton.

Mr[.] Bushnell -- I have several times lately dreamed so plain that you were here -- We seem to forget all danger[.] We both appeared -- so happy & I know I felt so. I looked, without becoming weary upon your face, which seemed as mild, as pure, & dear -- as ever I beheld it in any waking hours -- I love to dream about you to see & hear you speak -- but always to awake & know you are far away -- that we have not met for many months -- speaks but too plain that it is "all a dream"[.]

But I fear you are becoming tired & I must close -- though first let me warn you against trusting a gentleman whom I have every reason to know is anything but a friend to you or to us. You must remember what I say & if you get this letter safely

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I will give you his detestable name in my next. I cannot write what I would like for you to know -- but when I see you, can tell much concerning him, that will cause you probably to rejoice that I thus warned you; to let me ask you not to trust or to have anything to do with him in any way I do not feel surprised -- for my Father lost all confidence some time ago; & I never liked him I hope you will not forget what I say & in my next I shall tell you his name -- although you may "guess."

My dear Mother sends you her love & best respects. I often think how good God is to spare us so kind & loving a Mother as she is -- with an asking anxious heart for those away -- she smothers her feelings -- endeavoring to cheer & make us happy.

There are few, who could bear up as well, under so long a separation. Little Mollie says she "wishes you would come back + stay here a long time" she cannot understand why you do not come. Carrie is away today but I will send her love anyhow -- But yonder she comes now + as she has been over near Calhoun with

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-- Tommy she may have some news --- --- --- --- Carrie has no news of importance -- But Oh what do you think she brings me? -- it is a large package -- what does it contain I will guess as I open -- it contains a picture -- Dr. Mc___ Portrait Oh how beautiful! -- How beautiful! What a handsome -- handsome frame! & how very fine looking is the Lovely Dr. Mc___[.] am I really in possession of this long loved Editors Likeness & it is the gift too of one whom I have fancied to so closely resemble him. Mr Bushnell I would thank you if I could -- but my pen refuses to move "The heart speaks most when the lips (pen) moves not" my silence must speak[.] How I wish you were here this evening to behold yours & this (just received) with me. I know I should feel so Happy & is possible -- Love you more dearly than I ever have. I hope though a time will come soon when I can see & we can look together -- not only at these precious portraits -- but

read the Holy Bible, sermons, good Books, papers etc with loved ones, of near kindred & those who have undergone so much to secure our

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safety around on evry hand. Mr Bushnell I must say as you thought I would that the rosewood frame is the prettiest -- But the gilt contains your Likeness which is enough for me & is too very pretty indeed. Ma & Carrie wish me to express to you also their admiration of both. I do feel much flattered to have them in my possession. I tell Carrie if her sweetheart could see how often she looks at my gilt frame he would become jealous -- she sais "he would not but would only love you too". -- I must now write to Dr Mc___ by the first chance to the office & tell him about you & his portrait --

Hope I will have good luck in getting a reply -- for I have seen some of the most intelligent tremblingly await a notice of their communication by this talented & able minister --

Two magazines (Godey's) for Dec & Jane accompany the picture with -- a number of papers wrapped around Carrie & I must now read & read -- Tommy & Frank study some hours every

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night I rejoice to see them loving to improve their minds. The little birdeys are so sweet I know you would love to kiss them -- dear little prisoners they are well cared for & are very happy. Kos only hurts now when the days are warm, the cold ones he spends in the house with us. --

But dear me I must really close, for I fear you have already been scolding, for this long trespass upon your time. -- I wish you a merry Christmas & hope you fail not to attend church whenever you can -- for amidst the scenes & stir of this poor world, we should not forget the weight of responsibility that rests upon us in in regard to the next. Earth is not our abiding home; its pleasures are transient, + its pursuits uncertain; religion is all in all, a solace to the sould & the only support amidst dissolving nature. Let us not forget God, at any time good Bye dear Mr Bushnell -- write without fail & to get a letter when I send to the office evry two weeks (evry other Wednesday) will rejoice the heart that evry day wishes to hear from you.

Truly & affectionately yours[,]

Eugenia Bronaugh

[*Written upside down at bottom of page*]

The picture papers etc were brought up by Mr B___