

[fragment letter from Emily to Leander]

...hardly think you would recognize it. I don't love a Country that can make a law to drag a poor man away from his family ^{^to die or be killed} because he dont happen to have three hundred dollars to give instead of his life. Dont you beieve there would be volunteers enough if the war was carriad on as it should have been?

But what is the use for me to think of It makes ^{^me} so mad I don't feel comfortable Perhaps you will be put out with me for saying what I have, but I can't help it, I wont read another of W's letters, or hear them read, and then I shan't hear any of your speeches about copperheads. I know if you had a chance to read all kinds of papers as you used to, you wouldn't have any such ideas about them.

Mrs. Hazen Hoyet is dead. She died last Monday night, very suddenly
Hiram Nichols and George Merrill have lost their youngest children and John Kimbol who is in the army has lost his youngest. And his wife ^{^ and oldest child} are very sick, and they don't think they can possibly get well

Speaking of money – I don't feel worried any about not keeping comfortable as long as I receive States aid, for that will pay our board ^{^here} and I intend to earn our clothes myself some way if we don't have so many. It is quite an undertaking now to earn our clothes to what it would have been once. Nearly every article costs twice as much as they did when you were here and ^{^ white} cotton cloth costs more than three times as much. I have got \$70: now which I don't intend to spend unless we are sick. The rest you have sent has gone somehow I can't tell how. Or no, it hasn't gone, all of it, but what remains will have to go. I don't care anything about the money as far as I am concerned as long as your life is spared I am satisfi^{ed} and ask for nothing more. But you have the same interest in our children that I have, and will of course save all you can for their sakes Good bye darling. Yours Emmy