Our fathers gone as liberty but little did they dream
The grand results that poor altoy this mighty age of steam
For our mountains lakes and rivers are all a blaze of fire
And we send our news by lighting on the telegraphic wire
Cho, Then come along &c the —

"go ahead"
We are bound to let the nations and our motto's
And will call all foreign paupers that our people are well fed
And the people must remember Uncle Sam is not a fool
For the people do the voting and the children go to school
Cho, Then come along &c the —

You must excuse this miserable writing for my pen is so coarse and I am in a great hurry it is near school time and I have a lesson to get so good bye

Write soon — you must do as you said you would about writing — answer this as soon as possible and make that very soon. We must keep up correspondence if we "won't" be jealous and I know he won't — of course not — tell him you must love your childhood's friend. Write now — write — will you, won't you, can't you — yes — yes

P.S. Write with

P.S. Excuse scribbling as I am in a great hurry

July 25 1863

Dear Friend Aurelia

It is quite a pity to have any waist paper go so fast as long as we have so much to write.

This has been a long day to me a cold sullen gloom seems to pervade over nature, that bids us to farewell to "flowers and leafy bowers" for the present.

A long time has elapsed since our first meeting and Oh! what changes has time wrought with us since that period but I have not yet forgotten one whose consideration and kindness long since won my gratitude and love. There are times when the remembrance of an absent and apparently forgotten friend, who has shared our thoughts our joys and sorrows in by-gone days will come thronging to the mind — and awake emotions of regret and pensive pleasure Such Dear Aurelia is my present feelings