

Andover, Ashtabula Ohio

"1/15" 1847

My dear Cousins -

I wonder if other families are like ours - to permit all association, communication <sup>and</sup> almost recollection of each other to be swallowed up <sup>and</sup> covered over amid the cares <sup>and</sup> strifes, the successes <sup>and</sup> reverses of personal experience. There is has been - how many years I shall not attempt to enumerate - since I have heard directly from either of two Cousins <sup>with</sup> whom a few days association in the "Sunny South" will never be forgotten, nor can the kindly attentions then given me a stranger in a land of strangers <sup>and</sup> enemies, ever be called to mind except with the most sincerely

thankful emotions. How the  
world <sup>and</sup> you "get along," what has  
been your measure of success,  
how far your aims <sup>and</sup> desires  
have succeeded <sup>and</sup> been satisfied  
I have no means of knowing.  
I have heard of you as a lecturer.  
I have "Fool's Errand" "Bricks without  
Straw" <sup>and</sup> "Lourette" upon my shelves  
silent testimonials of time well  
spent <sup>and</sup> beyond that I know  
little <sup>and</sup> I suppose no person is  
more to be blamed for this utter  
silence between us than myself.  
For myself, I have been busy  
in my little world of action sup-  
plying the daily needs of the body  
in the way of "Johnny Cake" <sup>and</sup> work-  
ing at contract work for the  
county <sup>and</sup> writing for agricultural  
papers, but my success does not  
make me proud - somehow it

has been all upstream work. But then I do not know as it matters much whether our ambitious dream shall ever be realized or not. A few years of struggle, a few personal battles with the world, a record of successes <sup>and</sup> defeats <sup>and</sup> then we drop from the ranks of strife for worldly advantage & are soon forgotten. But it seems to me as though near relatives like us - while we do stay - should keep up a more lively recollection of each other instead of permitting all remembrance to die out. A year ago my wife spent a month at Chatagrea, but not having the pleasure of being acquainted with your wife, of course did not go to Mayville, but heard you highly spoken of. I wonder how you look by this time! By this mail I will send

you the shadowy resemblances  
of myself <sup>and</sup> wife so that should you  
ever see them about the house you  
may be reminded of our continued  
existence <sup>and</sup> I should certainly be  
glad to receive yours.

The Younger of this vicinity are  
as usual - leading the same  
old quiet, "low down" existence.  
Indeed I have about concluded  
that none of us about here will  
be likely to be the next candidate  
for US President.

Wife <sup>and</sup> mother send love <sup>and</sup> hop-  
ing to hear from you I  
remain

Yours truly  
C T Leonard