

Copied

Eagle Town
July 26th 1860

Dear Pa.

Nothing of interest has transpired since my last letter to you - only the weather continues to be hot and parching. The thermometer stands from 107. 110 in the shade every day. There is a hot burning, deadly wind - a simoom. Such weather was never seen in this country before. It is now two months since it rained. There is a redness in the air, and we are cursed with dry, hot, scorching and oppressive winds. We shut the windows, and doors and apply cold water constantly to our heads and bodies. The negroes at the plantation were forced to quit work, the weather is so oppressive that it was out of all reason to compel them to work any length of time during the day. The birds are all dying up. This deadly wind has played the devil with them. The corn crops in the adjoining countries of Arkansas & Texas are completely burnt up - so in the Nation. Starvation stares us in the face. How we are to live and where to get some thing to eat from God only knows -

The peaches and apples are burnt up - with a tight squeeze they may make ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~or~~ ^{enough} at the plantation to do them, provided the Indians don't ~~steal~~ steal all of it between now and "Cribbing" time. There is more half starved - half naked - half raggabandish - half rogneish - half devil like - half heeds, Indians, negroes and whitefolks, women & children in the nation at this time than any one place equal to its size and population.

and has been Since you left. there is a great change in the morals of the People, Religion, morality, and Law, are dead ~~things~~ things in the nation. The most horrible deeds of murder, violence & rapine are committed daily in our land. There is not a man in this nation that dares say yea or nay if so he will get a ball shot through his heart. The outlaws are too numerous, too powerful, too influential. There is not an officer in this nation from the Governor down to the a Constable that pretends much less dares enforce the Laws. Even the United States Marshals make themselves scarce as fine apples.

Sam was here yesterday to see me,
the Brothers are united, and will
fight for each other to the last.
We are sorry that Peter got into
that difficulty, but we can't
help it. We hope you won't
forget yourself to death, Joy
and like and take good care
of those little Brothers, we
think as much of them and
love them as if they were our
own. My love to Jerry, Everett
and their mother.

Rhoda is at the Plantation with
Caroline. Rhoda is skin and bone
she is looking wretchedly bad. Her
health is bad, I believe that
she is partially deranged. I need
not be at all surprised if you would
have to take her to the Lunatic
Asylum, I hope you will write to
her, and send her off next winter
some where, so she can get married
there is no body here further to marry
Caroline & Everett are well, also
Lavinia and children

— I hope you will write to me
immediately and let me know
if one of the boys at the plan-
tation can go and stay with
Malvina there are needing
one very much, Loving was a

a good friend to Len and I when
we were in trouble and difficulty
and now is

I hope
you will ^{not} neglect this. Irving is
a very valuable person to have on
certain occasions and must not
be forgotten.

I don't know where
Peter is

Aunt Rhoda's folks all well

Write soon.

Goodbye
Your son
L J P