

York, Penn^a – May 13, 1861

Dear Miss Lane,

When I left Wheatland, I hoped to have returned and completed the arrangement of your uncle's papers long before this time. I trust he has had no inconvenience from my inability to do so, and that I may yet be able to accomplish the work before he shall have occasion to refer to any document or letter concealed in the mountain of papers encumbering the garret. The excitement here has, of course, in some degree subsided – but we still have large bodies of troops here, (six entire regiments and numerous unattached companies,) so that I ought not to heave home. Rumors were afloat last evening of an attack upon the troops as the Relay House – of fighting in Kentucky – of a destructive battle at Cairo – but I have not been able to trace them to a reliable source. If there be any foundation for them, you will of course be informed by the time you receive this. Everything indicates, I think, that we must have stirring news within a few days – any hour may bring us an account of a fight at Harper's Ferry, or Cairo, or at some point in Virginia below Washington. There must be a fight – probably many of them – and the saddest thought is, that any result, even the best that can be looked for, must be disastrous – the most brilliant victories that can be achieved under the time-honored “striped bunting” cannot “come to good.”

Present my kindest and most respectful regards to your uncle to call whom my friend I reckon among the most cherished privileges of my life. The demon that now rules in our unhappy country cannot “shake his gory locks” at James Buchanan and charge him with any participation in the initiation of the bloody work.

The boys beg to be kindly remembered to you and Mr. Buchanan, and insist upon driving me over when next I come to Wheatland. You have charmed them – and if they were a little older might become very troublesome to you.

Very sincerely,
Your friend & obedient servant
A. J. Glossbrenner

