

Dear Moe

It is with sorrow  
that I take up my pen & bid  
you a long and percharer a  
last farewell. But although  
absent in body, a remembrance  
of you will be ever with me.

I am sorry, very sorry that you  
are not also a "Foreigner". But  
Fate has decreed it otherwise  
and we must submit -  
although you live in a  
"Bobolionist" country still I  
hope that your life will  
be passed pleasantly. I grant  
that it may be a difficult  
thing, but still I do hope sincerely

that my wish may be fulfilled  
totally and entirely. If you  
find that it is impossible,  
just emigrate to the "Land  
of Cotton"; and you will find  
that then you can spend  
your time pleasantly & securely.  
Then we have no high tariff  
& trouble you and you will be in  
no danger of being crushed  
by iron. Should our country be  
involved in a civil war I  
trust that I shall not behold  
you marching in the ranks  
of a Penna. regiment armed  
with iron crowbars & car  
rails which not being able to  
sell they will use for weapons  
of war -

But all frivolity laid  
aside I hope dear Moe  
that your pathway may ever

lie in the sunshine of  
prosperity. May health,  
wealth and happiness be  
ever yours, and may you  
never forget

Your sincere friend  
altho' a "Foreigner"

F. F. Knuffviller

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