St. Louis, April 25, 1863

Dear Parents,

I am alone this eve. Steve & Clay having gone up to Argonia this afternoon and not yet returned. They both attended the E. Baptist Church this morn and Steve said Mr. Hendrick's discourse was the best he has heard since coming to St. Louis dedicate to the death of one friend.

I was very sorry to miss hearing it but did not feel well enough to go. An unsual thing for me. I have enjoyed extraordinary good health until the past week. I have been having what people call an attack. Diarrhoea. I have not taken anything but will have to I think as I am forced to say than usual otherwise my health is good.

Steve has entirely recovered from
His trouble with his sides and is feeling very well notwithstanding, he is trying to leave off smoking tobacco again. He succeeds as well as to only smoke on Sunday. I do not know how long he will hold out; the resolution only dates from his birthday, the 15th. (the week before yesterday) he finds both Clay and I at his side to urge him on in the good way of reformation and I trust our influence is not wholly lost upon him.

I received a letter from you Friday also one on Saturday—the sad intelligence of Albert Gilpin’s death surprised me much. I never thought of time as the one to fall. Death always comes to those we least expect it—perhaps as you say it is best no one of the company was better prepared than he. I do pity his bereaved wife & little ones left at so tender
an age without a father's protection, his parents and sisters too must feel this loss deeply; they always evinced so much attachment for each other.

We received the Waterhouse Reformers to day. I expected to see some account of the Reg-in Chat. But it never seemed so utterly devoid of humor, just when I wished for it most.

We have received but two letters from Mr. once we left. Steve has written his Mother & Willie to day. We are going to change our boarding place as the morning, going near the bakery, only 3 blocks off. Steve can have three meals a day now. I hope better board too than he gets here. One room will be the back Parlor, first-floor. Clay's opening out of it, which will be real nice. I have not seen the rooms but Steve says they are furnished nice binkel carpets, large windows etc. a good wardrobe
with shelves in the upper part, the only
furniture is the price $140 for no three
$150 for me 40 Clay. As we can find anywhere near their
business, it is getting checking bad
here, only two small a day and very poor
of that. Perhaps I might tell my luck
at 12 o'clock a meal, but I have got
tired of it. I always knew just what
it is. Bread & butter, dripping apple soup
all to a prisoner and a little hot water
and milk. It has been the bill of fare
every day for one, two months or over
that you call cake, but a
height from the matter of that article
as a Misourioucian would say.
Mrs. Britton will leave as soon as the
can find a place. She pays $100 per
month here. Clay gets along nicely
does not seem a bit homesick and
is feeling well. All but that nose
of his. He will persist in picking
at which distresses its materially in
healing up. How do you and Father
get along alone. Mother it must be
relief to have so small a family
Wont you have a good seat before
I get home. I intende my letter
to you for Aunt Mattie & the rest
of them two, as I have not yet
written them. Directly are they
all well. Clay tell me of the wild
of Chaffin. I perform, one of the
his adeptness in singing so soft.
April 28, 1865.

The assassination and death of our President has cast a gloom over the entire country. This city, for the past week, has worn the habiliment of mourning and the sorrow seems to be universal. Every house is draped in mourning, even there's in deep poverty wishing to express their grief. There is a bit of black on the old lady across the street-living in a little old house indicative of her poverty. Yours hang out a little flag about a foot long draped with black.

I wanted to go right over there and shake hands with her. A regiment has been put on to Washington that his body may be brought by the way of St. Louis. The Court house has been elaborately decorated, an empty tomb arranged in the rotunda and everything in readiness. But I think it doubtful if they come this way. There quick to day he would have liked to go to Springfield for the burial.
it would cost only a little over $5 then and back. (half face) this last act of the South, striking down the head of our government has sealed their doom. Their cause seemed hopeless enough before, it is utterly so now. I sometimes think Lincoln's work was nearly done. He had performed all he said he would four years ago, well and faithfully did he perform, it, and his name will be handed down to future generations with that of Washington. The South have got a different man to deal with now. Andy Johnson will show no such dignity to them as has Lincoln. His home was in Kentucky and he knew
the despicable character of the South too well. Perhaps it is well he should take the lead, just at this time they will be rigidly dealt with, as they ought to be. I do not think he ought to be condemned for that one act on his inauguration, which has been since shown
up to have been crowded from illness. He was very weak from fever and atrophies. The president-he could not come. He was too sick. He went, but was too sick to appear. One of his friends advised him to take a glass of brandy. He did it with the humiliating result: it was too bad. But I do not condemn him as one can say he has been drunk since I have great faith in him.

Clay and Stone have returned, and I will leave soon for Clay to write. Stone is going to pack some of the things preparatory to our leaving in the morning. Please give to all my friends tell Jan. Beck to write me. I would like much to hear from him, and she owes me a letter too. Write as often as you can. Yours as ever altho.

Dear Parents,

As Althea has left a space, Swiland for something in regard to my business. I send you what I have to collect checks on the other banks. I go to the different banks twice a day and present the checks which the bank holds. I then and receive the money.
count it to see that it is right then return it to the Bank. When I return each time I take a book provided for the purpose and set down the amount of all the checks which I took and if them that was paid. The amount of money which I collect each day is about $15,000. I have got so accustomed to seeing money that I look on it as mere paper. I am making my hand at present going to the Bank at 8 in the morning and staying till 11 in the evening. But as boyage they are caught up with their work which is behind. Then my work will be from eight till 3 or 4. The Bank closes at three every day but we have to stay much later. They are seen clock in the Bank and all very busy. As it is late and Star has got ready for bed I will close you mile (mile) as often as you have begun which will help to keep my from being homesick.

Good By from your son Cle.

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