Sunday April 23

Dear Frank,

This evening finds me seated in the House of Tom Curt of Days Co. I left Mothers April they came to Edinburg Staid Saturday night. Mr. Phillips went to your Fathers Sunday Staid till Tuesday the 18 had every fine time the two boys and Miriam enjoyed them selves the best Dover saw Childr Amity Miriam and me went to Jones they sent the horse and buggy for us we Stayed all night went home in the buggy kept the horse and John went with us to Edinburg I asked Father to go with us to youngs town he said he would if he had money to pay his passage
Their and back as his feet are so sore he could not walk. I told him I would give him the money if he would go and help us to the cars we started from Edinburg at nine Tuesday night. Stand on the porch till morning the cars left at six in the morning got to Clearland at ten stand till four got to Toledo at ten at night left at four in the morning got to Jacksonville at nine at night went to the man ion house had to wait till Friday evening came to Ashland found two letters from you was glad to hear you are well Mr. Hunter said we could not get across the prairie on foot and that their was wagons sticking.
in the mud that could not be got out until the mud would dry up. I did not know what to do. John Jackson was at the store he said he would take me to old Samuel Shifflers. Then he said I would be two miles from Toms. I told him to get my trunk and off we started. It was raining and very cold it soon commenced to snow. We had a great time the horses could hardly make the trip. The mud is truly awful they tell me this is the wettest spring there ever was. We stood all night at Samuel's. In the morning he got his mules hitched to the wagon we came as far as we could by the roads got in to the field. Came as far as we could for the post fence
unloaded the trunk & set it over the fence; he went home
we walked to town which was half a mile then Tom
and his hand went and carried the trunk here. Simon,
see we have made the trip.
At last we had a very gloomy journey & it was more like Sunday
than any thing else no business going on. Everything your
eyes would rest on were the
emblems of Avignon's grief.
When the word came to the
large towns that the President
was dead the negroes objected on their faces in the streets
crying, we have lost our
best friend. Well it is all over
there & I haven't got this
letter finished & wrote to father
and to mother to let them know
I have got home. Mr. Tubbs was
here a short time ago he is well.
Monday evening before breakfast,
I had an chance to send this and
I will do so I will write to you
shortly and tell you the
rest. Love to go good by I will
send you one dollar this
time, write soon. S B H F. Brian
No of letters 19.