

Sunday Morning ten o'clock Apr ^{the} 23

1865

My Dear Brother

I now take
my pen to answer your kind and ever
welcome letter which I received some weeks
ago we are all well here at present and
hope Mrs will find you all right
we have been very uneasy about you
but are assured at last that you are safe
once more Dakans folks are all well
Marquette came from Mothers yesterday
she said Ma is miserable dont think she
will live long I wish she would come
and stay with me or sister untill some
of you get home for she is not fit to
be left alone at all she will let out
the garden and stent up the house it
would be better for her a good deal
when you write to her tell her you
think she had better do so as it is not
safe for her to be alone I think some
times she will die there all alone

I got a letter from Fred the other
day he said he thinks you feel above
him since you have been promoted
for he wrote to you in Feb and has
heard nothing from you since he said
he is going to enlist in the Regulars
for three years longer I am going to
write to him to day and tell him
if he wants to kill Mother to do so
I dont know what to think of him some
times a little over a week ago our Pilage
was all joy and tumult Bells were rung
cannon fired Bonfires burnt in the
streets horns blown hands clapt voices
shouted joy to the surrender of Lees
on ~~Sunday~~ Sunday to day it is all
hushed in morning our President has
fallen by the hand of an assassin and
the Land is drapt in Morning to day
last weasday all business places were
closed and service in all of the churches
and nearly every house in the Pilage
kind in morning every body had on

The Body of Morning that his
murderer may be speedily caught
and brought to justice is the prayer of
every loyal heart his remains are to be
in Albany Wednesday and there is to be a
Special train from here at half price
I should so much like to go down don't
know but I shall perhaps shall never
be any the poorer for it

Self I did not think you was drunk I
only said so for fun I told Ma you
had made a mistake those times I
thought first rate Well dear Brother
I hope there will be no more fighting
and soon you will all be home
I shall have to bring my letter to a
close as I have got several to write
to day write as soon as you get this
good by for this time my dear Brother
and believe me as ever your affectionate
sister Sally Anne R. Micketoeker

P.S. Johnny sends love to you he sets
here trying to make a ring