

Saturday Morning
Washington April 15th 1865.

My Dear Sister

Long ere this reached you the news of the Nations terrible calamity will have flashed to the remotest corner of the United States of the dastardly murder of our dearly beloved President. not in Richmond among his enemies, but in Washington, and among his avowed friends. The heart of an nation throbs with grief at a loss it cannot soon repair. but if you could look into the faces of those here today you would see that he was loved most dearly by those who knew him best.

I have just passed in sight of the house where little less than an hour ago, the nations heart and life ceased to beat for its welfare. Oh the agony depicted on the faces of that crowd. Men actually tearing their hair from very grief and agony. The state of feeling is such that it is im-

possible to tell what it may lead to. after what is past it is not safe to judge what a day may bring forth. The streets are patrolled to keep the people (and it's not the roughs) from assassinating every known sympathizer with the rebellion. The whole city is being draped in the heaviest mourning the bells are tolling, and everything and every-body wears the sadest aspect a human eye ever looked upon.

I was at Grocers Theatre, at the time this desperately wicked act was perpetrated at Bonds. ^{The} alarm was given, and instantly ^{the people} rushed to the doors supposing the building was on fire. People were thrown down stairs, and the wildest confusion prevailed. I was never more frightened in my life, yet I stood back thinking it was as well to stand my chance of escaping the fire, as to be killed in the dense crowd. when the excitement had subsided the audience took their seats with ^{scarcely} knowing

what had occurred, and the play went on for about 15 minutes. when the manager came forward and announced that the President had been assassinated and a scene ensued beyond description strong men wept like little children. it was a scene which I shall remember to my latest breath. there were few fellows that were not wet with tears of true sorrow. while none were visited with sleep, of those who knew of it. words would fail to express the horror and indignation which pervades the entire community.

What a change in one short day. yesterday all was bright and joyous. today gloom and sorrow cover a nation.

Yesterday was a lovely day, today is dark and cloudy. it seems as if the sun refused to shine on the dark deed.

I must close, for I am nervous and hardly know how I have written what I have. I have changed my boarding place. so you

must direct to the Pension Office. give my
love to Mother. write me if she is not well
for I have felt worried since her last letter
she wrote so sadly. write soon. from your
Aff. Mary.