FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1865

Assassination of President Lincoln

was returning from a call at Mr. Upperman's, when it was rumoured on the sheet.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865

President Lincoln dead at 7 a.m., this morning.

the whole city in gloom.

No one knows what to do.

In Sydney came Vice President Johnson inaugurated President.

Major General Burnside's forces massed on the north side of the river.

A considerable number of the prisoners, who are expected to be exchanged, have been brought down to the port of embarkation.

The occupation of the city will be for the military, as the people are not yet thoroughly scarfed with the idea of a Union Government.

The situation is arrayed in complete conflict of ideas and intense excitement.

The authorities announce the total liberation of the Southern negroes which are expected to take place on the 1st of May.
SUNDAY, APRIL 16, 1865.

An armed rat detected.

Known to be J. Wilks Booth.

The attempt on President M. Seward & family was supposed to be gone secret.

No guest all day.

Monday, April 17, 1865.

Attempt to send some help.

Went to sign draft, offices.

Great get through.

The President emplanted to prepare to be buried in state tomorrow.

Mailed 20 letters.

\(\text{Deceased 12/24/1863}\)

The President was returned.

His words of concern.

Duties with Warren Cowper.

M.
President Lincoln joined State Dept. men in bodies to see him. Resolutions passed at the Mass rooms in honor of the President and Commemoration of President Grant met returned.

Hear the story that the assassin of Mr. Seward had been arrested at 2-o'clock this morning dressed as a laborer, on East 23rd Street. Borrowed some clothes to hide on.
THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1865.

President's body in state at the capitol. Sally of Tammany returns from Man. Poor Baby is at rest.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1865.

President Lincoln's remains taken on to Baltimore. Great search for Booth.
SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

Mr. Nelson came on his will return to be in New York on Tuesday.

Poor Baby is at rest.

SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1865.

I had a most distressing day. On reclusion - it was one...

...not so quiet to be on guard. All was at rest, and the wind blew hal...
MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1865.

The President on the way to New York on Tuesday.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1865.

Highest terms of me I say I supposed so but I expected I did not meet recommendations and did not want praise. I had plenty of time, but the war not quite substantial enough, the looked puzzled at on manner. Said he would at any time do anything he could. I say then would probably recommendations in the future to do and take him good morning. Came home discouraged and too full felt that I had found the end of my road in that direction, and now how should I manage to keep so much room? What could I do to keep my little pastor and how could I afford to take it up. I must see people of worldly get their furniture and I must have a suitable place to see them in and where they would not only suffer from the spirit of my existence. My station of the night before had been to put my part of the day, so I went about it with my white salt paper and dish of paste. My little cabinet grew white and beautiful, and the day grew late and dark. I took the good for home and brought a new dinner like that for a birthday present, and sent away without seeing one but suffering and seemed sad and so did I. I was tried and wanted to relieve it but I could not. So in the color and binding, I put back into my little trial to my paper paste, at midnight went and made new paste and went on with my work and when all my paper was done. I arranged all on my cabinet, cleaned up my room, wrote this for one and ate at 2:40 a.m.