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Mr Joseph Reddill

Joseph Reddill }  
Tribune Office }  
Chicago Ill. }

Private

National Hotel, Wash.

Apr 17. 1865.

My dear Medill,

"Alas! Alas!" Your letter was "too late". I have scarcely any heart to write to any body or about any thing; but I asked Mr. Lincoln about Chicago, on the morning of the day he died, & he said he would go if he could.

The whole policy of the Govt. was settled at a unanimous Cabinet meeting on that fatal day. If I can possibly get over to see you any day next week, for S.B. & spend a few hours, (my time is very scarce,) I will do so, & tell you many things. There will probably be no extra session. The inevitable resolutions about England, France & Portugal that would help under

that P. Q. & emboss the Grant will  
prevent it. Besides the certain  
intestine contentions about Reconstruction.

Johnson <sup>Stanton</sup> were to have been  
murdered too. There were 6  
conspirators in all. They sat supper  
together at 7 1/2 P.M. at the Green  
back restaurant near Sads & bid  
each other good bye. Not for  
publication, unless if not published  
we for receive this. In room above  
Johnson's, bed with Booth's name  
found, & some knife between <sup>were found</sup> the beds.  
Asteroth was to kill Johnson.

The N.Y. detectives are exploring every  
chance. All private this

The knife of Booth was doubtless  
intended for Grant. He has been  
hanging around the National all  
winter & is said to have been had  
with the President at the Theatre.  
I gave <sup>with the President at the Theatre</sup> a supper I could have  
had it. But that is little compared to the President

Amber stayed for what you tell  
me about a young lady I think  
really a great deal of. But I ought  
not to know what you say Mrs M may  
tell me of her opinion of me. The  
shadow of the past is over me yet,  
when alone, more than ever; & I have  
no more idea & ought not to have,  
as to matrimony than you have to day.  
I should be very exacting as to affection;  
& I ought not to think of changing  
my situation unless I could feel that  
I could give as much as I should  
demand. I generally pass by these  
things joyously as Mrs M. does, but  
I have given you a glimpse into a heart  
that has never ceased to sorrow  
for what God took for me forever.

With earnest regards to Mrs M,

Yr ever

John C. Lee

I yet expect to cross the plains in May.