

Office of the Commercial Steamboat Company,

PIER 11 NORTH RIVER.

Edwin Bynner,
Agent.

New-York, April 23rd 1865

My dear Sister

Yours of 19th marked 22^d, is this day recd. Mine of 20th had evidently not reached you, as it probably has - see this. Yes! the boy is safe, preserved, I trust, for good ends. I would I could exchange records with him. The feeling of shame which oppressed me when it was first determined I should not take the field, is not yet dead in me. I fancy I ought to have been there; and yet believe as I then did, that it was the opportunity of my life. Men make events, less than events make them. Under favoring circumstances block-heads become heroes! However, as usual, 'tis "too late!"

The murder of Lincoln shocked more than it surprised me. All history is alike. In all epochs of its manufacture - the assassin jostles the hero! Through the stirring scenes of Revolution they march side by side.

Your emotions upon recd of the news, were not peculiar. In many respects the victim was a great man! in more - eminently a good man. No man so great in American history ever came so near, so close to the people. During my three interviews with him, through all the opportunities I had for observing him, (and that I did so, closely, you will know) I was impressed by the grasp,

the comprehensiveness of his intellect; the quickness of his perception, the rapidity and clearness of his analysis, surprised as much as it gratified me, but more than these qualities, the thorough kindness, the humanity of the man - was a spectacle. His was a strong mind. He had great sagacity, large self control: was wonderfully balanced. Amid intellects finer, of much better culture, such as men would traditionally deem greater, his was the master.

You felt its power, rather than observed it. What prevented instant recognition with the many - was the goad of pure simplicity it wore, and simplicity is the natural dress of greatness. I see him now (unlike you) as I saw him then, and my recollections of him are of the pleasantest. I have not the least wish to look upon his body, would not, if I could. Aside from the natural horror of murder, it is difficult to decide that his death was - for his fame - untimely. His reputation was at its zenith! Perhaps his task was finished. Unborn millions will rank him only next to Washington, whom he undoubtedly resembled more than any other successor. His memory will be pain through all the coming ages. His foul taking off converted thousands of bitter foes into mourning friends. Your publicists, who - a fortnight since - could find for him no more cowardly designation than "Gorilla!" have written him - within a week - "Patriot!" the "kindest hearted man who ever occupied a high position," a "far-seeing and sagacious statesman!" the "wisest man of his time!" &c. So queerly does partisan rancour blind the

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judgement! and degrade humanity!

As for the Country?

I know no fear. Its Past is but the shadow of its future grandeur! Its mission is scarce commenced.

The drop upon its measureless wealth has been but Slavery, and that is past! The forests of its middle States yet stand. Its South. Western territory is mainly virgin, and every acre will support a man. Filled with inexhaustible mineral wealth, a teeming soil; unquelled and ever flowing streams, with the stamp of Power - by the Almighty Hand - everywhere stamped upon it! More finite Conception cannot compass its ultimate Conditions. America - to me - is the outer portal of the Millennium! Through its agencies are to be achieved universal Freedom! ultimate Peace! Heaven - its contiguous celestial! Is this a chapsody? It is the solearest of prose which can be used in such a prophecy.

I thank God! that in the Past, when to be an Emancipationist was deemed disgraceful! when the general politician looked upon such only with contempt, I labored - not without some good fruit - in the great field. It is difficult to ignore the hand of

of God in the result. The man who for the showing
of the "utter Barbarism of Slavery" in his place in
the Senate, was almost assassinated by its minions,
who, contumacious of all his Pains for such opinions,
was refused place on the humblest Committee,
is now the second power in the Land.

Two men - from the dregs of Society (in the
opinions of the oligarchs) two "mud-sills," man-
aged the war against their conspiracy: seated
in the highest posts of the Govt, and utterly
defeated them! The prophesied "utter barbarism,"
in the murder of one of these, becomes historic:
and universally believed. The uniformed Negro,
armed Cap-a-pie, first enters Conquered Richmond!

James Lloyd Garrison lends a hand to a-
place upon Sumter's flag-staff, the banner mocks
and derides of lordly rebels! The arch-Conspi-
rator himself - fallen lower than Lucifer - is
a fugitive, and may yet ask alms from the
race for whose oppression he ruined his people!

In scores of ways the Poetry of Justice
is illustrated, and Poetry, the sublimation of
prose and sense; is God-written. I have faith
in Johnson. He will rise to his work. The fight is
not all fought, the battle is not all ended. I do
not think Seward will recover, but others will
fill the vacant place. One man, however great, is
but an atom! but I have filled my sheet and must close. God
bless you my dear Sister Miss Edwina

Given by Miss Mary Weston, New Massena, P. M. S. 1923.
Sister of Edward L. Taylor
March 8, 1923.