My dear Sister

Your love and kindness to me are evident in this letter. Your care and concern for me is deeply appreciated. I have been alone for a long time and the thought of your presence brings me comfort. My heart is heavy with the knowledge of the events of the past few days. The feeling of loss and the fear of the unknown are overwhelming. I am not yet ready to face the future, but I am determined to overcome the challenges that lie ahead.

The news of the assassination of President Lincoln has shocked and saddened me. The country is in mourning, and the streets are filled with grief. The murder of Lincoln has shaken the nation, and the news has traveled far and wide. The news has reached us through the newspapers, and the reactions of the people have been mixed. Some are mourning, some are angry, and some are simply in disbelief.

Your emotions upon hearing of the news were not peculiar. In many respects, the news was a great man! a man of great eloquence and a man of good deeds! No man so good in American history ever came so near, so close to the people. During my time with him, through all the opportunities I had for observing him, I was inspired by his grace.
The comprehensiveness of his intellect; the quickness of his perception, the rapidity, and clearness of his analyses, surprised as much as it gratified me, but more than these qualities, the thorough kindness, the humanity of the man—the man—was a spectacle. His was a strong mind. He had great sagacity, large self-control: was wonderfully balanced. Intellectuality finer: if much better culture, such as men would traditionally deem, greater, his was the master. You felt its power, rather than observed it. That provided instant recognition with the many was the garb of pure simplicity, if more, and simplicity is the natural dress of greatness. I see him now (until you), as I saw him then, and my recollection of him all 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 fault. His reputation was all 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 green through all the coming ages. His soul takes off converted thousands of bitter foes into mourning friends. Your publicists, who—a fortnight since—could find no more Courtesly designation than "Cerilla," 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!" So greatly does partisan rancour blind the
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 clay upon its meager little wheels 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.

With inexhaustible mineral wealth, a teeming soil, unquenched and ever flowing streams, with the hand of Power—by the Almighty Hand—ever watchful, if there is virtue in it! These finite Conceptions cannot compass its ultimate Conditions.

America—to me—is the outer portal of the Millennium! Though its agencies are to be achieved universal Freedom! ultimate Rass! Heaven—its contiguous realms! Is this a rhapsody? It is the earnest of food which can be used in such a prophecy.

I thank God! that in the past, when to be an Emancipator was deemed disgraceful, when the General politician looked above such deeds only with contempt, I labored—not without some good fruit—in the great field. It is difficult to animate the heart of
of God in the world. The man who for the glory of the "utter barbarism of slavery" in his place in the Senate, was almost assassinated by its minion, who, continuance of all his peers for such opinion, was refused place on the humblest committee, is now the second power in the land.

Two men—two from the dregs of society (in the opinions of the objectors)—two "nud-ills," men and women against their conspiracy, leaped in the highest posts of the land, and utterly defeated them! The prophecy "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 leads a hand to a place upon Sumter's flag-staff, the banner made and declared of lordly rebels! The anti-Congregationalist himself—fallen lower than Lucifer—is a fugitive, and may yet ask alms from the race for whose oppression he raised his people!

In scenes of ways the Poetry of Justice is illustrated, and Poetry—the sublimation of prose and verse—is God-written. I have faith in Johnson. He will rise to his work. The fight is not all fought, the fire is not all Eddy. I do not think Seward will recover, but there will fill the vacant place. One man, however great, is but an atom! but I have filled my place, and must close this letter. You know the rest of your friend.