Washington, D.C.
Wednesday, April 19, 1865

Dear Sister Dora,

Today the funeral of Mr. Lincoln takes place. The streets are being converted at this early hour (4:00 AM) and the presiding officer will speak not more than 3 hours. The cars are now back into the old building. (6th & 15th St.) I have repaired, should be thumping in ten men. I have moved my desk close to my window to secure its use for myself and friends.

The past few days have been of intense excitement. Arrests are numerously made. Every party bound to utter soothing sentiments. The time has come when people cannot say what they please. The people are awfully indignant. Feinney is no longer to be thought of. A new code must be adopted. They talk of the tyrannical administration of Mr. Lincoln, but we have a man now for a president who will teach the South a lesson, they will know well how to appreciate.
Since the death of our President hundreds daily call at the house to gain admission into my room. I was engaged nearly all of Sunday, with one of Frank Leslie's Special Artists, writing him in regard to making a correct drawing of the last moments of Mr. Lincoln, as I knew, position of every one present. He succeeded in executing a fine sketch, which will appear in their paper the last of this week. It interests, from this same drawing to have some fine large steel engravings executed. He also took a sketch of me, every article in my room, which will appear in their paper. He wished to mention the names of all pictures in the room, particularly the photograph of yourself, Clara, and Mary. But I told him, if not do that, as they were members of my family and I did not wish them to be made so public. He also suggested me to give him my picture, or at least to allow him to take my sketch, but I could not see that.

Everybody has a great desire to obtain some mementos from my room, so that whenever comes in has to be closely watched, for fear they will steal something. I have a lock of his hair, which I had had most carefully framed, also a piece of linen with a
portion of her brain, the pillow and case upon which she lay when she died, and nearly all her wearing apparel but the latter I intend to send to Mr. Lincoln as soon as the funeral is over, as I consider him the one most justly entitled to them. The same mattress is on my bed, and the same coverlet covers me nightly that covered him while dying.

Enclosed you will find a piece of lace that Mrs. Lincoln wore on her dress during the evening, and was dropped by her while entering my room to see her dying husband. It is worth keeping for its historical value.

The cup presented by Clara and the fan given by you, you little dreamed would be so historically connected with such an event.

I received your letter, but before I answer it I must see what I can do. With that exception I have not received any letter which you blame me for not writing when to my knowledge I have written four, and you must be aware I am very anxious to hear about mother's health, which you did not mention.
I wrote Ann a letter about a week ago, and enclosed a love letter to Ella, promising to marry her when I get to be 21.

Remember me, Henry Littlefield. I shall write him soon.

Remember to Mrs. Little and family and all engaging friends.

Send to father, Mother, and Cezar, and don't forget to have a letter and send me a longer note soon.

I will write again soon.

Your affectionate brother,

Willie

Please not give away any of this letter, out of our own family.
Wm. Dana Jr. Clark.
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