

in this one time of need - he made experimental hands & feet
the other - but found that he was not fit to operate & so
I wrote some information and finished them
the attempt upon the life of our great & ordinary
mechanical to break in Ben and not in mortal man -
all these things are to finish us, but we may be
also & last time of a dream - if I think
5281 July 1865 "Our Home" April 1865
My dear Milton

What a dark cloud is hovering
over us - how our glad sunshine has so suddenly
turned into a deep impenetrable shadow - what a
terrible pervasion of feeling! for almost two weeks
there has been joy and rejoicing almost to excess
Alas! what a fearful awakening from our bright dream
a Pain & loss and restraint to us so speedily -
Yet I doubt not to all for the best - but alas we can
not feel it so now. Hope - with drooping pinions,
and fearful face is crouching beneath the shadow -
yet is pointing upward through the cloud & whispering
"Trust in God" - the arm of flesh hath fallen - fallen -
Our wise, good, honest, able President is no more -
The heart of every true man & woman is sorrowing -
Even his party enemies dare not rejoice openly, at least

Scarcely had the last sound of our great rejoicing
died away upon the stillness of the morning - ere upon
the wing messengers of joy & of grief - came the word
"Abraham Lincoln has fallen by the hand of an assassin" -
like had it sunk into our jubilant hearts. How
quickly was changed the glad, happy, hopeful faces at
the warm congratulation had passed from lip to lip -
"The War has will soon be over & the boys will be home" -
And our ~~more~~ ^{groups} gathered in little ^{groups} here & there
in our streets with sad - some with tearful faces - in
sympathy - condoling - & protesting - business houses
were closed - doors were draped with the sad emblem
of mourning - women wandered from house to house
among their neighbors - to communicate the sad news & to
mingle their tears together - for the nation's loved one
who had fallen & that too by the hand of violence -
an insult to his family, to his many friends - to his
nation & to his God - "On thy heights, O Israel, is
the Gazelle slain! How are the brightly fallen!"

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon,
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

Writing to you very late the first of last week. I thought
the rejoicing was to be Thursday & promised to write to you
Friday - but I was wrong in the time - Friday was the
day - after raining almost every day during the week
Friday came so mild - so clear - so beautiful - the sweet
spring air laden with perfume from the blossoming
plants - Oh! that was splendid - if you had only been
here, but then I was proud of you where you are - &
I suppose this very pride brought upon me the sur-
rounding hatred of some insignificant - as you will
see by the Times the general meeting was in the Court
House-yard - when we first gathered there was some
scarcity of seats - some gentlemen were bulging their
prunks to seats - Ed Bell was passing about his wife & chil-
dren getting them fixed in a comfortable & conspicuous
place - he then got seats for his Mother & Bettie who were
standing by us - I turned & said to Mother will you men-
to help us to a seat - Bet turned ~~to~~ ^{to} me with a silly, half-
grim peculiar to the family - & said "Don't you wish you
had?" I smiled drily & replied no - I'd rather they
were in the army where they ought to be" - The dimin-
utive creature straightened herself & gave me such a
look full in my eyes - that almost annihilated me

I felt it very sensibly into the very soul of my
great tie - was I to think my darling? -

Mr. Houghton spoke or preached & it was well done -
by the way Alex McCracken helped us to a seat with
Mrs Clark & Mrs Armstrong - when it was over Mrs.
Brown & the two older girls came up and staid for
supper - so I could not write - then in the evening
we all went down town to see torch lights - fine looks
&c - we came up home about 9 o'clock & so tried we must
right to bed - You will doubtless see all the particulars
in the Times & hear through other letters, Yesterday there
was a Union (or united I mean) meeting in the Hall.
500 persons were said to be there, was sad & solemn -
Mr Ellison - & Mrs Forsythe & Mrs McConnell two A.P.s
addressed us - Mrs Forsythe in speaking of Johnson
said in bitter language "The heart of the King is in the
hands of God &c" - it seemed comforting to think so - and
then surely he will have the prayers of all good people -
& let us trust they will prevail and that he may be
guided to do just what will most conduce to the
good and the honor of our now saddened Nation.
Another fear he will prove a second Tyler - She
cannot trust in a man who took the Sacred oath of

But I have some good news too, to tell you amidst all
our gloom - Mr Milligan yesterday proposed to his con-
gregation to resign his charge - & not one voted a-
gainst him going - that is as we heard of it - So if Pres-
bytery which meets next week - grants him a discharge
which I am confident it will - I think we may
consider ourselves relieved. I don't anticipate that
we shall get a pastor for some time, perhaps not until
the war is over - but we shall have supplies sent by
Presbytery - so we shall certainly have some good preaching
part of the time - Mrs Smith said she was told we
could get Rev Joseph Grimes - is he the Grimes with
you were acquainted - if so, you would be pleased
wouldn't you? If nothing happens I intend to start
a Sunday School next Sabbath & renew my labors there -
& when we get a pastor I will endeavor to attend to my
duty as a Presbyterian better than I have been doing -
provided we get a Christian Pastor - Wouldn't it be
good for us to have a few & all go to church together
My love - & best and little miss steps with me - You don't
desire me to be a Methodist? do you darling? - I am such
a big - it would be a little hard - Ruth said she
heard Mr Ellison talking to you while you were sick a -

but uniting with the Church - & she thought you
sought to excuse yourself - by saying that I was a
member of the Presbyterian Church - She told me in a
kind of a reproving way - that I felt a little hurt -
but then I thought she must be mistaken - for you
had never intimated any such thing to me - and
I am sure you have talked more confidentially to
me about these things than to Mr. Ellison, or anyone.
Write me about it here, when you feel like it -

I had two letters from you last Wednesday - one from
Blue Spring & one from Bull Gap - such a horrible name
militant northern folks to have to say -

Meliss has been home on a few days vacation, returned today.
Saturday night I had a letter from Cousin Will
he was at home & well - he says he enjoys his liberty
seeing his home & friends - but one thing more he wants & that is
to be with his Regiment - to get some revenge for his bad
treatment - I have some shame in the glory - he wants
to report to Parole Camp & then if he'd get another per-
centage - he would come to see us & go to Fort Sumner.
Cousin Kate from Ill - is visiting her Mother too -

Mother has been rebuilding the chimney & we moved
the stove into the little kitchen - Liza is enjoying the fresh
air & sunshine grandly - she was so delighted to go with us
Holidays - she looks so well to be dressed - like Pa - Good bye love -
I must quit this time - Give our love to Rhoda