

Maine Agency
City Point Va.
May 1st 1865.

Dear Mat,

I was to have gone home the first of April; & now it is the first of May, & I am still at City Point. & what ages we have lived during this one month of April. We have been so busy that I could not write to you before until after eleven o'clock at night, & then I was too weary. While Mrs. Mayhew was at the Front, I was alone in my work with a house full of company, no help & very sick patients in the wards, but I bore up well under it until the news came of the assassination of our beloved President. I could not believe it at first, but when the terrible truth was forced upon me I was almost paralysed. It seemed as if the sun would never shine again. All the future seemed

Maine Agency
City Point Va.
May 1st 1865.

Dear Mat,

I was to have gone home the first of April; & now it is the first of May, & I am still at City Point, & what ages we have lived during this one month of April. We have been so busy that I could not write to you before until after eleven o'clock at night, & then I was too weary. While Mrs. Mayhew was at the Front, I was alone in my work with a house full of company, no help & very sick patients in the wards, but I bore up well under it until the news came of the assassination of our beloved President. I could not believe it at first, but when the terrible truth was forced upon me I was almost paralysed. It seemed as if the sun would never shine again. All the future seemed

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by Maine Historical Society
(Coll. 9)

Date: May 1, 1865

Description: Rebecca Usher letter to friend Mat about President Lincoln's assassination.

shrouded in impenetrable sorrow. I had no fear for our Country, I knew that Mr. Lincoln's work was accomplished, & that the Rebellion gigantic as its proportions were, was crushed - that the day of universal freedom had dawned upon the world - a day for heartfelt gratitude & national rejoicing such as no people had ever seen. But how could a nation rejoice when its best beloved lay dead. It was not that we needed him that we were so stricken with sorrow, but because we loved him. He was a wonderful man, great & wise & good & with the tenderness of a woman. How blessed we have been under his rule & how blessed will his memory be. His death was necessary to give the last stroke to the hideous face of the rebellion. We had become so accustomed to treason that we did not realize the venom of the viper we had nurtured. But here after treason must be dumb. It has murdered our President & henceforth it is doomed to eternal

shrouded in impenetrable sorrow. I had no fear for our Country, I knew that Mr. Lincoln's work was accomplished, and that the Rebellion gigantic as its proportions were, was crushed - that the day of universal freedom had dawned upon the world - A day for heartfelt gratitude & national rejoicing such as no people had ever seen. But how could a nation rejoice when its best beloved lay dead. It was not that we needed him that we were so stricken with sorrow, but because we loved him. He was a wonderful man, great & wise & good & with the tenderness of a woman. How blessed we have been under his rule & how blessed will his memory be. His death was necessary to give the last stroke to the hideous face of the Rebellion. We had become so accustomed to treason that we did not realize the venom of the viper we had nurtured. But here after treason must be dumb. It has murdered our President & henceforth it is doomed to eternal

silence. If it dare show its poisonous
tongue, the just vengeance of a bereaved
people will execute ^{swift} justice. I have
all faith in Andy Johnson ~~not~~ not-
withstanding his "faux pas" inaugura-
tion day. We are still very busy though
the hospital here is breaking up & the
patients are being rapidly sent away.
Col. Starbird of the 19th Me is here woun-
ded in the thigh - a flesh wound, & is
doing well. He is from Litchfield &
knows Father Osgood & likes him very
much. He is a very brave man &
fine officer.

11 P.M. Going to Richmond
to-morrow in Capt. Gibson's private
boat. He is from Denmark.
Rep.

silence. If it dare show its poisoned
tongue, the first vengeance of a bereaved
swift

people will execute ^ justice. I have
all faith in Andy Johnson ~~not~~ not-
withstanding his "faux pas" inaugura-
tion day. We are still very busy though
the hospital here is breaking up & the
patients are being rapidly sent away.
Col. Starbird of the 19th Me is here woun-
ded in the thigh - a flesh wound, & is
doing well. He is from Litchfield &
knows Father Osgood & I like him very
much. He is a very brave man &
fine officer.

11 P.M. Going to Richmond
to-morrow in Capt. Gibson's private
boat. He is from Denmark.

Bek.