

U. S. General Hospital
Keokuk Iowa

April Friday the 14th A.D. 1865

My Dear Wife,

we are having a big time today. Every thing is going off nicely, and peaceably. They formed in procession at half past one O'cl. paraded the streets until a few minutes ago. They are now making speeches on the street, but I got too tired and my feet hurt me too bad to stand it any longer, and I concluded to go to the Ward and write to you a while. There are more people on the streets today than I ever saw before in Keokuk.

There was a large procession of Negroes out, both of men and women, and also a wagon load of black babies in the rear. They had old Jeff in Effigy with a rope around his neck, with letters on his breast, (well hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree) The whole thing was nice and orderly. If I had not got so tired and could have got up close to the stand I would have stayed and heard Genl Curtis make a speech. He says the this war is over and the last battle is fought. There is quite a number of speakers besides Curtis that will speak today and tonight. It begins to look very much like rain it is very cloudy. There is to be a general illumination and display of fireworks tonight. I fear if it rains it will spoil our fun. Every window in this house that is on Main and fifth streets will be lighted up by eight candles each

After the sport, Eight O'clock, P. M. Friday,
Dear you may think it quite expensive when
I tell you that I am writing by the light of sixteen
Candles, which are in the two windows in the Dining-
Room, that is the case, There is one hundred and
twenty windows in this house lighted up by eight
candles each making nine hundred and sixty candles
burning now, It is the case with all the windows all
along Main Street and a great deal on others,

We had a magnificent display of fire works;
having used up over five hundred dollars worth of
the Combustibles, We hanged Old Jeff in Effley
after singing on a sour apple tree and John Brown
He was still hanging when I left the Street,

I wish you had been here; it was all a grand sight
I really believe there was more people out tonight than
what there was today, a thing I thought hardly possible
by the immense crowd this afternoon,

It was very windy about sundown, blowing the
dust and big clouds, filling hair, eyes nose and ears
full of miniature sand stone, making the fore
part of the evening quite disagreeable, but later
it calmed, and a person then could enjoy the sights

About the great news that the Citizens made
such a blow about, was but very little to a Soldier,
only an order from the Government that there would
be no more Drafting, They may call it good news
but I would much rather hear of all the armies
of the Rebellion being captured or peace being agreed

upon, or an order, that we all would be sent home
shortly, such news as that I would term good news
But all this we can expect now shortly anyhow.

I would not be any surprised to hear any moment
that Sherman had Johnson Cornered or Captured,

The Cannon fired over a hundred and fifty
rounds today, I did not go near, as it jars ~~per~~ my
side too much. It has commenced raining,

The Bugle has sounded and they have put all my
light out but one, I will close for tonight Good Night

Saturday morning, Horrible News!

Oh! the deep gloom! the utter depression of
the soul, and chilling thought that the Nations
pride, a Race Redeemer, has perished at the hands
of a dark and Cursed Desperado and Assassin!

But such is the tenure of a Dispatch just received
Lincoln & Seward beset by Ruffins; the first
shot through the head and died this morning,

Seward, having his throat cut but still is living;
a still later dispatch says there is slight hopes for
his recovery, Oh if it only could be false, but
I fear that it is only too true that Lincoln is dead

Wo! to the leaders of this Rebellion if true; speedy
and sure will be their doom, just this moment

I am told that it is confirmed and is Official from
Stanton, that Lincoln died at seven o'cl this
morning, The City is in deep mourning, and many
are the eyes that are flooded with tears, Every one
seems paralyzed, shocked and horrified,

Pen cannot write, nor tongue can not tell
the deep feeling; the sickening thought
at the loss the Country has sustained,

The deep, low mutterings of an enraged
host can be plainly heard, breathing out revenge
and threatening against the foul Rebels and
their friends wherever they may be, let
sympathisers stand from under henceforth

I would not like to be a Rebel and fall into
the Union soldiers hands henceforth, The
blood of a hundred thousand of the cursed
and Hell born Rebels, and their allies could
not compensate us for our great loss,

It will go hard with them now; While
Lincoln was President, they could expect mercy
but none now, I cannot write more.

I will close,

Your true husband in deep mourning
H. C. Bear