in a great hurry. Some of the boys were running. When they arrived at the door, the central figure was Senator Sumner. He came to inquire about the President. I said, "Mr. Senator, I wish you would go down to the theatre and see if anything has happened to the President." They hurried away just as fast as they had come. Probably about twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, I stepped up to the door in answer to another ring at the bell. Who should be there but Isaac Newton, the Commissioner of Agriculture. This is now a Cabinet position, but was then a commission-ership. I admitted him inside the door, and at once closed it. He was a bosom friend of President Lincoln. I was thoroughly acquainted with him, and I knew to whom I was talking. He said to me, "They have shot the President. And the bullet," he said, "has en- ered the left side of his head." I immediately hurried upstairs, leaving him on the inside, and went to Captain Robert Lincoln's room. He had just come from the front that morn-ing, where he had been doing duty on the staff of General Grant.

That room was directly over the front por-tico. When I got into his private room, he
did not seem to be feeling very well, and had a vial in one hand containing medicine and a teaspoon in the other, as if he was about to take a dose of medicine.

As I stepped up to his side the teaspoon and the vial seemed to go involuntarily down on the table, and he did not take the medicine. I wanted to approach him gently and break the news to him about his father. So I simply said, "Captain, there has something happened to the President; you had better go down to the theatre and see what it is."

He said to me, "Go and call Major Hay," who was in the room now used by Secretary Cortelyou. That was Mr. Nicolay's and Major Hay's bedchamber at that time. I said to him, "Major, Captain Lincoln wants to see you at once. The President has been shot." He was a handsome young man with a bloom on his cheeks just like that of a beautiful young lady. When I told him the news, he turned deathly pale, the color entirely leaving his cheeks. He said to me, "Don't allow anybody to enter the house." I said, "Very good, Major. Nobody shall come in." They took their departure immediately for the theatre. They had been gone probably half an hour,
sincerely yours

Mrs. F. Bondel

Nov 3 1864 Apr 11 1906