

LINCOLN AT HOME.

CHAPTER LX.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

The Mission of Abraham Lincoln.—His Conservatism.—Characteristic Peculiarities.—Charitable Disposition toward the Southern People.—Closing Days of Lincoln's Life.—His second Inaugural.—Visit to City Point.—Entrance into Richmond.—The last Day.—The Evening at Ford's Theatre.—Lincoln's Assassination.—His Death-bed.—Attempt to Assassinate Secretary Seward.—The Effect upon the Country.—The Fate of the Conspirators.—Death of John Wilkes Booth.—The Trial before the Military Commission.—Flight and final Capture of John H. Surratt.—Connection of the Conspiracy with the Confederate Government.—Burial of President Lincoln.

NEVER before, in the history of the world, was a single fortnight so thronged with events of thrilling interest, concerning not alone one continent, but commanding the attention of the world, as that which commenced on the 1st, and ended with the 14th of April, 1865. As, in the denouement of a great tragedy, events which have hitherto crept along, in light or darkness, leap forward, thronging and culminating toward their conclusion, so was it in the closing period of that antagonism in which, for four years, the republic had met, grappled, and finally put under its feet the rebellion of states against its sovereignty. This national drama had had its

prelude in years of plotting and conspiracy on the part of Southern statesmen, who sought to array their states against the general government. Still its first outward act was a violent shock. The American people was raised clean off the ground; but it soon regained its footing, and saw that the crisis upon it ought not to have been a surprise. It was a long time before the intense violence of the rebellion was understood; but at length the nation put on its complete armor, and gathered up its full strength. From that moment doubt was thrust aside, and victory crowned its banners. But Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Atlanta, Nashville, and Savannah, although great national victories, had not been crushing defeats to the Confederate armies. Then within the confines of Virginia and North Carolina was marshaled the combined strength of both antagonists. The curtain uplifted to disclose the last act of the drama. It disclosed Grant's army in motion. One blow from the national arm swept away the defenses of Lee's army and uncovered the Confederate capital. A second blow crushed the finest army of the Confederacy, and its fragments were left at the mercy of the conqueror. The Confederate President was a fugitive, bearing with him to Greensborough the tidings of terrible disaster, the very weight of which crushed and crumbled Johnston's army. The rebel government, with its armies, vanished like the



LINCOLN'S HOME, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

clouds of an April day. The winter of national discontent was passed, followed by glorious summer. The national colors floated on innumerable eminences, wafting fragrance more grateful than that of flowers. Exultation filled the whole atmosphere, and pervaded the hearts of all men. It was like a heaven from which Satan and his angels had been thrust out into the abyss. Strong men wept for joy. Inspired with awe, the people expressed their triumph, not in shouts, but in anthems.

In this sublime awe, in this inspiration of joyous triumph, Lincoln had participated not as others. He was wrapped in a cloud of glory which no man could penetrate. It was a glory which was hid from his own eyes, in which he was somehow buried, but which had not yet blossomed into the full flower. He had been chosen of God for great ends. When the Republican National Convention assembled at Chicago on the 16th of May, 1860, it was almost universally assumed that William H. Seward would be nominated for President. On the first ballot he stood far ahead of Lincoln; on the second he was three votes ahead; but on the third Lincoln stood fifty-one votes ahead of Seward, and his nomination was then made unanimous. The people were scarcely as yet familiar with the name of Lincoln. They soon learned that he was an awkward, ungainly man, one who had risen from obscurity by perseverance, a man shrewd in debate and plain in speech, and who was known simply as "Honest old Abe." But this awkward, plain man, without culture, and without that despotism of genius which commands admiration, God had taken by the hand, and had chosen as the champion of the republic at the most critical moment of its history. His very election was made the pretext for rebellion. But he accomplished nobly and wisely his great mission. Against the violence of rebellion he opposed the firmness of national authority, supported by the strong arms of patriots. The subtle machinations of those who opposed his administration were foiled by his good sense. Thus he won the confidence of the people. He had no love of arbitrary power, and indulged no radical or revolutionary theories which could tempt him to such use of power. He was a conservative in the best sense of that term: not a conservator of party, but of national integrity. Thus he was the better fitted to accomplish his divine mission. For it must be remembered that God, the great Disposer of all events, works not with the haste of man. Tares and wheat He lets grow together until the harvest, lest by rooting up the tares upon impulse He uproot the wheat also. While Lincoln never vacillated, he was never in haste. He hesitated long before he issued his proclamation of emancipation. He laid it away, and weeks passed before he signed it—and then he acted in accordance with a solemn vow which he had made to God. Even after he issued this document he doubted whether the system of gradual and compensated emancipation might not be more just and better for the slaves. He looked on every side of every question, and was therefore slow in reaching conclusions. In Lincoln thought and prayer were mingled, and thus the final word which came in answer to thought and prayer sounded solemnly in his ears like the commandment of God. Following that voice, he had no doubt as to results: it was, "This do, and thou shalt be saved."

In no life, perhaps, more than in Lincoln's, did the outward appearance contradict the inward fact and experience. A casual acquaintance with him would lead to the inference that he looked upon every subject only as the occasion of a joke or the point for an anecdote. But those who came near-

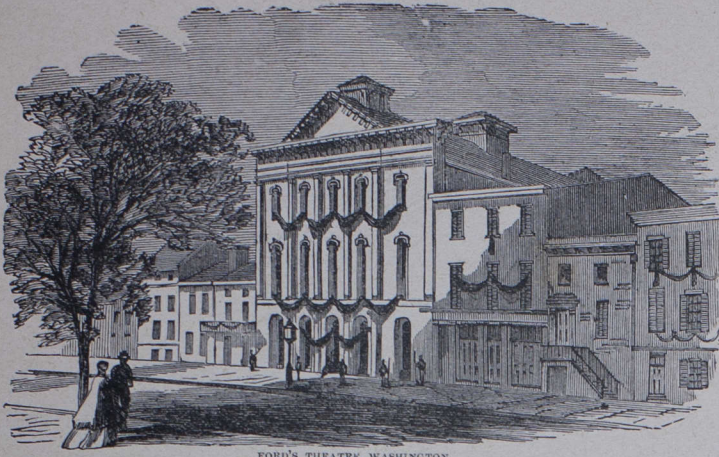
er to him, or who carefully study the man, can not thus judge. Upon no man ever fell the weight of sadder care than upon him. Day by day he labored under a burden which he could not lay aside. Thus to his intimate friends he always seemed weary and sorrowful. In an equal degree his external awkwardness curiously contrasted with an inward grace and sweetness not common among men. He was as gentle as a woman. His compassion was infinite. As the hour of victory approached, when the enemies of the nation would lie prostrate at its feet, the desire nearest to his heart was to heal the wounds which the strife left open and bleeding, to pardon and restore. Thus, when the summer of triumph came, its glory wrapped him all about. He saw a nation restored, a race emancipated. He saw the seal of God set upon all which he had done. He looked upon a people inspired with solemn joy, and as their souls went up in anthems, his rose supreme above them all, crowned with an aureola such as never graced the head of Cæsar or king.

But how easily is the summer sky overcast with gloom! The serpent's head has been bruised, but his venomous fangs have not been plucked. Treason, which wears the semblance of honor on the battle-field, and whose proud crest flashing at the head of armies is an image of something glorious, is, after all, a creeping thing with a devilish instinct. And thus it is that at one moment we look upon the great leader of the people crowned with the highest honors which the hands or hearts of his countrymen can bestow, and the next are called to witness his martyrdom.

On the 4th of March Lincoln had been reinaugurated President. On that occasion he thus alluded to the war, and to the two parties engaged in it:

"Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from these divine attributes which the believers in a loving God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."



FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON.

A few days afterward he went to City Point, and was there when Grant defeated Lee. The day after Richmond was taken he entered that city, coming, not as the conqueror, but the deliverer, and was welcomed with acclamation, especially by the poor negroes, who kissed the hands which had broken their bonds. After Lee's surrender he returned to Washington. Here, on the evening of the 11th, in the midst of the universal rejoicings, he addressed his fellow-citizens, calling upon them to remember Him to whom they owed the preservation of the nation, and the soldiers and sailors who, under God, had won the victory. He also, on this occasion, announced his purpose to issue another proclamation to the people of the South, in order to hasten the work of restoration.

On the morning of the 14th—the last day of Lincoln's life—his son Robert breakfasted with him, and told him all the details of Lee's surrender, from the scene of which he had just returned. The President then spent an hour with Schuyler Colfax, speaker of the House. The conversation naturally turned upon the immediate future of the nation, and every word uttered by Lincoln breathed a pardon toward repentant rebels. After a brief interview with some of his old Illinois friends, the President met his cabinet between 11 and 12 o'clock. He seemed more joyous than was his wont. The lieutenant general was also present. Then, in the afternoon, he drove out with Mrs. Lincoln, and conversed of the happier days which seemed in store for them. He seemed to be looking forward to four years of peaceful administration, and after that to retirement and a quiet conclusion of an eventful life in the midst of old and familiar scenes. But even then the weapon of death in the hands of the assassin was laden with the fatal bullet. A peace such as the world can not give was nearer to the weary heart of Lincoln than he then dreamed.

In the evening he met Colfax again, with George Ashmun, who had presided at the Chicago Convention which nominated him for the presidency. It was well understood in Washington that the President and General Grant would that evening attend Ford's Theatre, and a private box had been especially prepared and decorated for the presidential party. General Grant, owing to another engagement, could not attend. Mr. Colfax was invited to accompany the party, but declined, to his subsequent regret.¹ The President himself was reluctant, as his mind was on other things, but he was not willing to disappoint the people in this hour of public rejoicing. At nine o'clock, with his wife, Mr. Lincoln reached the theatre, and, as usual, was received with an outburst of applause. The other members of the party were Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris, of New York, and Major Rathbun, of the regular army. The play for the evening was "Our American Cousin." The American flag drooped over Lincoln's head, and his thoughts were occupied with a grander drama than that which was presented to the audience. Four years ago this day the flag had been hauled down from Fort Sumter, and this very day the same old flag had been restored by the hands of Major Anderson. It was natural, therefore, that the President's mind should range over the weary years which had intervened, and of which he was so great a part. His face wore a happy smile, such as had not been there since the beginning of the war.

But still another play was in progress of which neither Lincoln nor the audience knew. Shortly after the President entered the theatre three men were noticed by one Sergeant M. Dye, who was sitting in front of the theatre. They seemed to be in earnest consultation, and to be waiting for some one to come out. They went to a neighboring saloon, and in a few minutes returned. One was a well-dressed gentleman, another was a rough-looking fellow, and the third was a younger man than either of the other two. This latter stepped up and called out the time, and then started up the street. Soon he reappeared and called out "ten minutes after ten," this time louder than before. The well-dressed gentleman then entered the theatre by the door in the rear leading to the stage. He passed up the stairs and through

the gallery leading to the box occupied by the President, and overlooking the stage on its right. He stood for a moment surveying the audience, and then, taking out a card, gave it to the President's messenger, and immediately followed the latter into the box. As he entered he fired, taking unerring aim at the President's head. Major Rathbun attempted to seize the assassin, but was thrust aside, receiving at the same time a wound in the breast. The assassin advanced to the front brandishing his knife, and leaped upon the stage, shouting "Sic semper tyrannis," the motto of Virginia. In a moment he was gone.

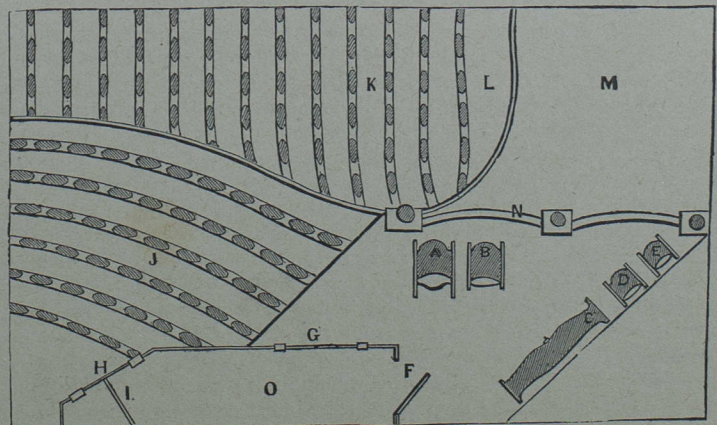
Lincoln was carried, unconscious, from the theatre to Mr. Peterson's house opposite, where he was laid upon a bed. In ten minutes all Washington was apprised of the deed which had been committed, but the extent of the injury was yet unknown. Surgeon General Barnes was hastily summoned, and the members of the cabinet were assembled in the death-chamber of the President. There also were Senator Sumner and Speaker Colfax. The wound which had been received in the back of the head was probed by the surgeon general and pronounced mortal. As the fatal word was uttered, the hearts of all present sank within them. "Oh no! general, no!" cried out Stanton, and, sinking into a chair, he wept like a child. Sumner, who held the hand of the martyred President, sobbed as if his great heart would break with sorrow. It was the night of Good Friday, and it seemed as if another had been crucified, the just for the unjust!

All night the watchers stood about the death-bed. Lincoln remained unconscious to the last. His wife and son Robert several times entered the chamber, but in their grief could not bear the scene, and they remained most of the time in an adjoining room. Lincoln lived until twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th.

The same hour that the President was shot, a man appeared at the door of Secretary Seward and pretended that he was a messenger from the physician who was then attending upon the secretary. Being refused admittance, he forced his way to the secretary's chamber. Frederick Seward and an attendant rushed to the rescue, but were both severely wounded. The assassin—probably the rough-looking fellow observed by Sergeant Dye in front of Ford's Theatre—entered the chamber and inflicted several wounds upon the secretary, and then escaped. It had been intended by the assassins to kill Secretary Stanton, Lieutenant General Grant, and Vice-President Johnson, and thus paralyze the government. But even if all this had been accomplished the conspirators would have been disappointed. Secretary Seward survived the blows inflicted upon him, but to his dying day will wear the honorable scars which associate him in the thoughts of the people with the martyrdom of their President.

The tidings of the assassination spread rapidly over the country. In all history there was never national sorrow to be compared with this. Literally the whole people wept. Thousands there were who would willingly have received the fatal bullet in their own hearts if thereby they could have saved the precious life of their leader. Even those who had for four years reviled Lincoln, who had called him a boor and a despot, now vied with his friends in their adulation. A few rejoiced in the murder, but their lips were closed partly from fear and partly from the universal expression of sorrow which struck them dumb.

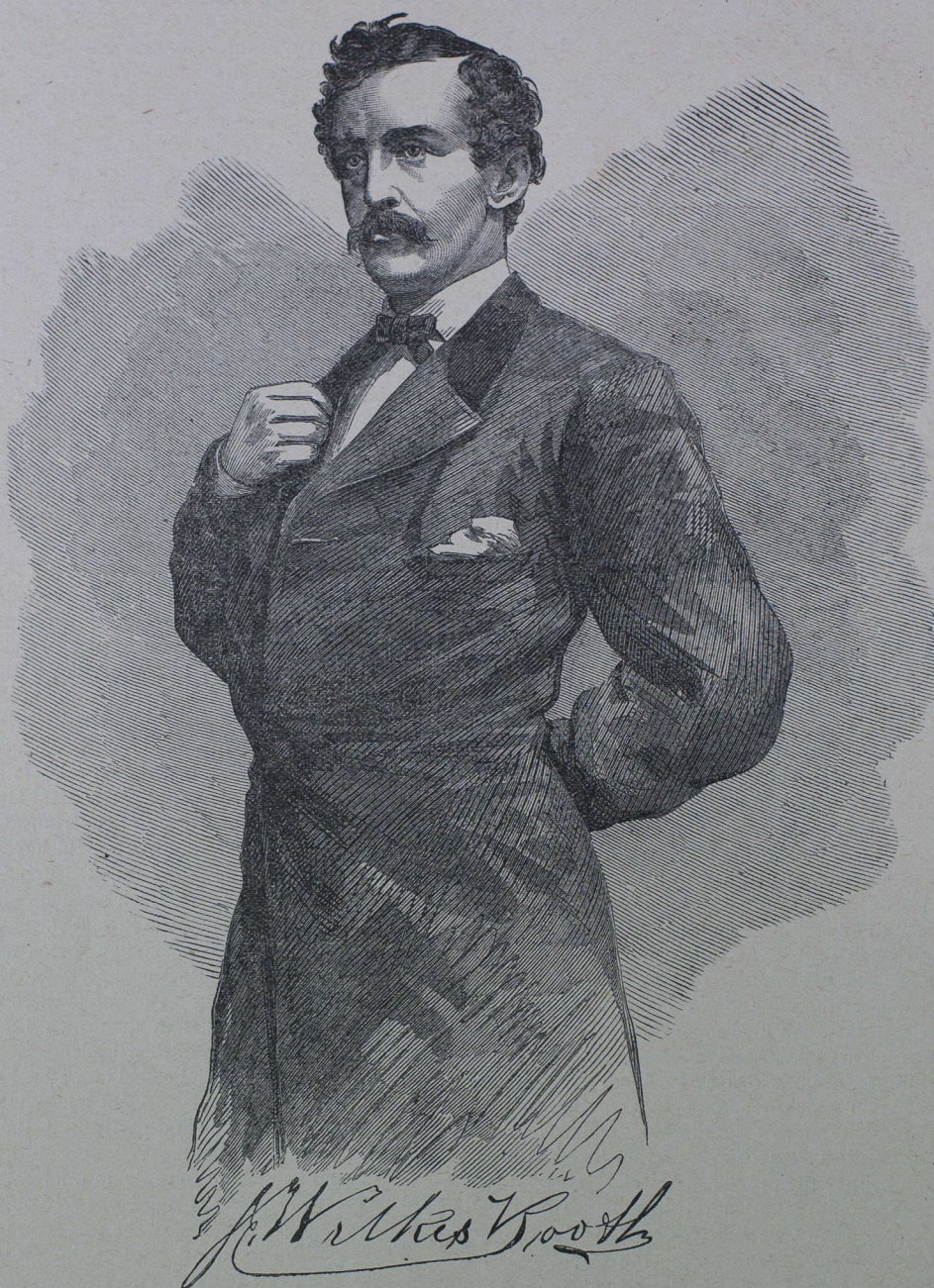
But who and where were the murderers? The assassin of the President, as he escaped across the stage, was recognized by one of the actors as John Wilkes Booth. Other evidence was soon found which fixed upon this person the guilt of the murder. But, though he left traces of his guilt behind, he was not to be found. The rendezvous of the conspirators was discovered. It was the house of Mrs. M. E. Surratt, located in the very heart of Washington. On the night of April 17th the officers of the government proceeded thither and arrested the occupants—Mrs. Surratt, her daughter Anna, Miss Fitzpatrick, and Miss Holahan. Before leaving the house a light knock was heard at the door. It was opened, and a young man appeared, evidently in disguise. He was dressed like a common laborer, and carried a pick upon his shoulder. But his hands were white and soft, apparently unused to labor, and his answers to questions put to him were unsatisfactory. During the investigation he produced the certificate of an oath of allegiance, purporting to have been taken by Lewis Payne, of Fauquier County, Virginia. He was arrested, and it was afterward proved that he was the man who had attempted to murder Secretary Seward, and that his real name was Powell. Three days later George A. Atzerott was captured



PLAN OF THE BOX OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FORD'S THEATRE, APRIL 14, 1865.

O. Dark Corridor leading from the Dress Circle to Box.—H. Entrance to Corridor.—I. The Bar used by Booth to prevent entrance from without.—J. Dress Circle.—K. The Parquette.—L. The Foot-lights.—M. The Stage.—F. Open door to the President's Box.—G. Closed door.—N. Place where Booth vaulted over to the Stage below.

¹ In a speech at Chicago, April 30th, Colfax said: "My mind has since been tortured with regrets that I had not accompanied him. If the knife which the assassin had intended for Grant had not been wasted, as it possibly would not have been, on one of so much less importance in our national affairs, perhaps a sudden backward look at that eventful instant might have saved that life, so incalculably precious to wife, and children, and country; or, failing in that, might have hindered or prevented the escape of his murderer. The willingness of any man to endanger his life for another's is so much doubted that I scarcely dare to say how willingly I would have risked my own to preserve his, of such priceless value to all. But if you can realize that it is sweet to die for one's country, as so many scores of thousands, from every state, and county, and hamlet have proved in the years that are past, you can imagine the consolation there would be to any one, even in his expiring hours, to feel that he had saved the land from a funeral gloom which, but a few days ago, settled down upon it from ocean to ocean and from Capitol to cabin, at the loss of one for whom even a hecatomb of victims could not atone."



near Middleburg, in Maryland. He had on the 14th of April occupied a room in the Kirkwood House, Washington, where Vice-President Johnson was staying. In this room a revolver was found the next day, hid under the pillow of the bed, and some bowie-knives between the mattresses. There was also found evidence of his complicity with Booth.

The principal assassin, John Wilkes Booth, was not found until eleven days after the murder. When he leaped upon the stage at Ford's Theatre, his foot became entangled in the folds of the flag decorating the box occupied by Lincoln, and his leg was broken. He had engaged one of the swiftest steeds in Washington, which was held by one of the attendants of the theatre during the accomplishment of the crime. Limping across the stage with great difficulty, he mounted his horse and was joined by one Harold, who had been on the look-out. They crossed the navy-yard bridge and rode to Surrattsville, ten miles beyond. Here they called upon a Mr. Lloyd, who occupied a hotel leased to him by Mrs. Surratt, and obtained two carbines which had been left there about six weeks before for just this emergency. That very afternoon Mrs. Surratt had driven to Mr. Lloyd's and warned him that these weapons would be called for that night. She had also brought a field-glass for Booth's use. From this point Booth and his companion hurried to the house of Dr. Mudd, on the eastern shore of the Potomac. Here Booth's leg was set, and the two criminals were concealed in the neighborhood for nearly a week. Then they crossed the Potomac into Virginia. The detectives employed by the government, under Colonel Baker's direction, and a small squad of cavalry, were already close upon them. They crossed the Potomac, and from Captain Jett, a Confederate, extorted information as to Booth's hiding-place. On the night of April 25th they found Booth and Harold secreted in a tobacco-house on Garrett's farm, a short distance from Port Royal. It was the intention of the officers to take Booth alive. The barn was surrounded, and the inmates were summoned to surrender. Colonel Baker made the demand, and suggested as an alternative "a bonfire and a shooting-match." Harold came out, but Booth wanted "fair play," and proposed that the officers stand off and give him a chance

for his life. As he persisted in his refusal to surrender, the barn was fired. Booth made a desperate plunge toward the door, and at that moment was shot in the back of the head by Sergeant Boston Corbett. This act of Corbett was clearly a disobedience of orders.

Booth was taken out of the barn, and was laid upon the grass in a dying condition. The wound which he had received was in its location very similar to that which he had inflicted upon the President, but it did not deprive him of consciousness. Water was given him, and he revived. Baker put his ear close to the murmuring lips of the dying man, and heard him say, "Tell mother I die for my country." He was carried to the veranda of Garrett's house. Here he again revived, and said, "I thought I did for the best." He asked that his hands might be raised so that he could see them. As he looked upon them he muttered, "Useless! useless!" These were his last words. Ay, indeed, wretched man, how useless!

Upon Booth's body a diary was found, with some of its leaves torn out, and containing some photographs of female acquaintances. The pages removed were at the beginning of the book, and as the diary purported to be one for 1864, they probably related to events preliminary to his bloody act, and of which he did not care to leave behind him a record. What was left pertained solely to the assassination, and implicated no one else in the murder. The words written were those of a man who felt that a curse rested upon him—a mark like that which was set upon Cain. In almost the same breath he commends himself as having done well, and yet doubts if there can be pardon for him in heaven.¹

¹ The following is a copy of the writing, which was in pencil, found in this diary:

"Te amo.

April 13-14.

Friday, the 15th.

"Until to-day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture; but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, and was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted "Sic semper!" before I fired. In jumping, broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not (April, 1865) what it was. This forced Union is not what I have



BOSTON CORBETT.

There was a *post-mortem* examination of the body, which was taken to Washington. This examination took place on board the *Montauk*, on the

loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night, before the deed, I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceeding. He or the government—

"Friday, 21st. After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gun-boats till I was forced to return, wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for, what made Tell a hero. And yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great; the other had not only his country's, but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that at once; a country that groaned beneath this tyranny and prayed for this end. And yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me. God can not pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I can not see my wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little I left behind to clear my name, the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy; brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the Heaven for me, since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what has been done, except what I did myself, and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me, and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river, with the intent to cross, though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned, with the curse of *Cain* upon— When, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To-night I try to escape these blood-hounds once more. Who—who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. May He spare me that and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world; have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong unless God deems it so, and it's with Him to damn or bless me. Hard for this brave boy with me, who often prays—yes, before and since, with a true and sincere heart. Was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me."

Upon a piece of paper found in the diary, and supposed to have been torn from it, is written the following:

"My dear [piece torn out.] Forgive me, but I have some little pride. I can not blame you for want of hospitality; you know your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken limb, and in need of medical advice. I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight. However, you were kind enough to give us something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but, on account of the rebuke and manner in which to [piece torn out.] It is not the substance, but the way in which kindness is extended that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The sauce to meat is ceremony. Meeting were bare without it. Be kind enough to accept the inclosed five dollars, although hard to spare, for what we have received."

"Most respectfully, from your obedient servant."

A letter had been (November, 1864) left by Booth in the hands of his brother-in-law, J. S. Clarke. It was opened by the latter on the Monday after the assassination, and was published in the *Philadelphia Press* of April 19th. The following is a copy:

Potomac. On the night of the 27th of April a small row-boat received the remains of the murderer. The place and manner of his sepulture were for

"—, —, 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR,—You may use this as you think best. But as some may wish to know when, who, and why, and as I know not how to direct, I give it (in the words of your master)—

"To whom it may concern:—

"Right or wrong, God judge me, not man. For, be my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure, the lasting condemnation of the North.

"I love peace more than life. Have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years have I waited, hoped, and prayed for the dark clouds to break, and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime. All hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done. I go to see and share the bitter end.

"I have ever held the South were right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln four years ago spoke plainly war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it. 'Await an overt act.' Yes; till you are bound and plundered. What folly! The South were wise. Who thinks of argument or patience when the finger of his enemy presses on the trigger? In a foreign war, I too could say, 'Country, right or wrong.' But in a struggle such as ours (where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart), for God's sake choose the right. When a country like this spurns justice from her side, she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him, untrammelled by any fealty soever, to act as his conscience may approve.

"People of the North, to hate tyranny, to love liberty and justice, to strike at wrong and oppression, was the teaching of our fathers. The study of our early history will not let me forget it, and may it never.

"This country was formed for the white, not for the black man. And, looking upon African slavery from the same stand-point held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their elevation and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life, and have seen less harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld in the North from father to son. Yet, Heaven knows, no one would be willing to do more for the negro race than I, could I but see a way to still better their condition.

"But Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South are not, nor have they been, fighting for the continuance of slavery. The first battle of Bull Run did away with that idea. Their causes since for war have been as noble and greater far than those that urged our fathers on. Even should we allow they were wrong at the beginning of this contest, cruelty and injustice have made the wrong become the right, and they stand now (before the wonder and admiration of the world) as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter, reading of their deeds, Thermopylae will be forgotten.

"When I aided in the capture and execution of John Brown (who was a murderer on our western border, and who was fairly tried and convicted before an impartial judge and jury, of treason, and who, by the way, has since been made a god), I was proud of my little share in the transaction, for I deemed it my duty, and that I was helping our common country to perform an act of justice. But what was a crime in poor John Brown is now considered (by themselves) as the greatest and only virtue of the whole Republican party. Strange transmigration! Vice to become a virtue simply because more indulge in it!

"I thought then, as now, that the Abolitionists were the only traitors in the land, and that the entire party deserved the same fate as poor old Brown; not because they wish to abolish slavery, but on account of the means they have ever endeavored to use to effect that abolition. If Brown were living, I doubt whether he himself would set slavery against the Union. Most, or many in the North do, and openly, curse the Union, if the South are to return and retain a single right guaranteed to them by every tie which we once revered as sacred. The South can make no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for themselves (worse than death) to draw from. I know my choice.

"I have also studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a state to secede has been denied, when our very name, United States, and the Declaration of Independence, both provide for secession. But there is no time for words. I write in haste. I know how foolish I shall be deemed for undertaking such a step as this, where, on the one side, I have many friends and every thing to make me happy, where my profession alone has gained me an income of more than twenty thousand dollars a year, and where my great personal ambition in my profession has such a great field of labor. On the other hand, the South have never bestowed upon me one kind word; a place now where I have no friends except beneath the sod; a place where I must either become a private soldier or a beggar. To give up all of the former for the latter, besides my mother and sisters whom I love so dearly (although they so widely differ with me in opinion), seems insane; but God is my judge. I love justice more than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame and wealth; more (Heaven pardon me if wrong)—more than a happy home. I have never been upon a battle-field; but oh! my countrymen, could you all but see the reality or effects of this horrid war as I have seen them (in every state save Virginia), I know you would think like me, and would pray the Almighty to create in the Northern mind a sense of right and justice, even should it possess no seasoning of mercy, and that he would dry up this sea of blood between us, which is daily growing wider. Alas! poor country, is she to meet her threatened doom? Four years ago I would have given a thousand lives to see her remain (as I had always known her) powerful and unbroken. And even now I would hold my life as naught to see her what she was. Oh! my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been had been but a frightful dream, from which we could now awake, with what overflowing hearts could we bless our God and pray for his continued favor! How I have loved the old flag can never now be known. A few years since, and the entire world could boast of none so pure and spotless. But I have of late been seeing and hearing of the bloody deeds of which she has been made the emblem, and would shudder to think how changed she had grown. Oh! how I have longed to see her break from the mist of blood and death that circles round her folds, spoiling her beauty and tarnishing her honor. But no, day by day has she been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now (in my eyes) her once bright red stripes look like bloody gashes on the face of heaven. I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love (as things stand to-day) is for the South alone. Nor do I deem it a dishonor in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much of misery. If success attend me I go penniless to her side. They say she has found that 'last ditch' which the North have so long derided and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting they are our brothers, and that it is impolitic to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach her in safety, and find it true, I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that same 'ditch' by her side.

"A Confederate doing duty upon his own responsibility.

J. WILKES BOOTH."



RUINS OF GARRETT'S BARN AND OUT-HOUSES NEAR FORT ROYAL, WHERE BOOTH WAS SHOT.



LEWIS PAYNE (POWELL).

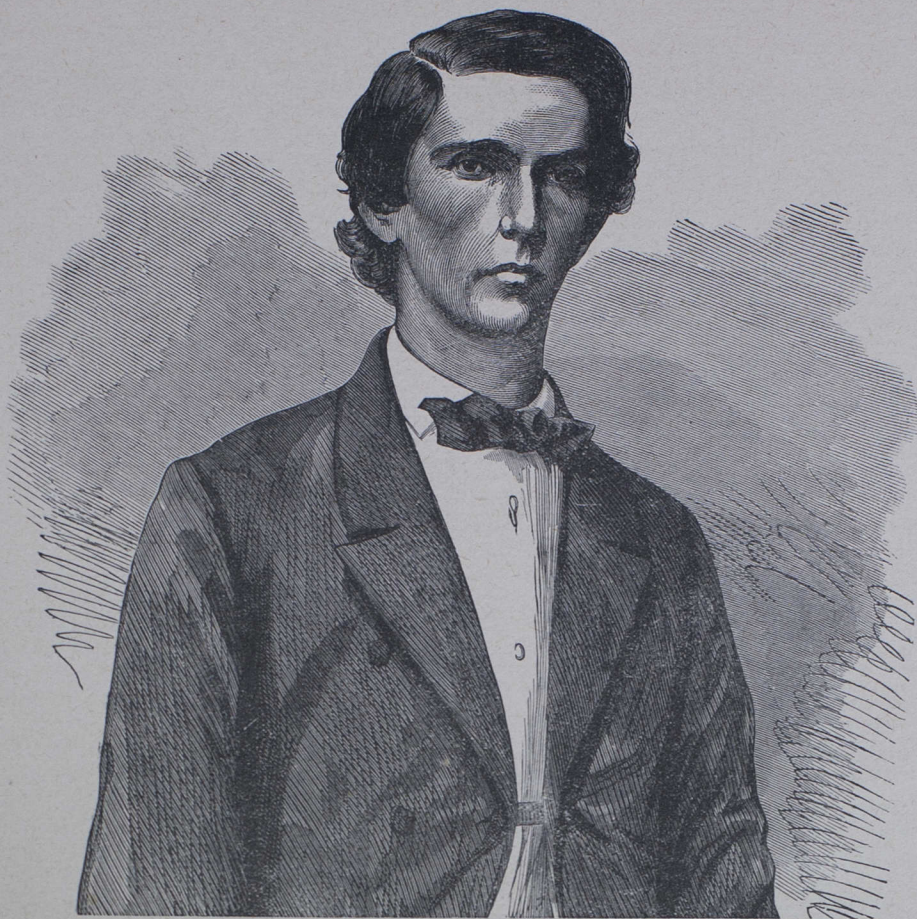
a long time unknown to the world. It were better that thus it should remain forever. This man had attempted to build his fame upon the ruins of the government. There was an ancient villain—Erostratus by name—who deliberately purposed to perpetuate the memory of his name among men by shocking sacrilege, and he burned the temple of the Ephesian Diana. John Wilkes Booth once remarked to a company of his friends that this man's name had survived, while that of the builder of the temple was forgotten. It was thus that Booth sought to leave his name to posterity, preferring to be detested rather than not be remembered at all. By bringing a whole nation to tears, he would secure immortality for himself. It is not probable that either he or his fellow-conspirators in the inception of their scheme contemplated murder. But it soon came to that. It is evident that Booth attempted to poison the President in the summer of 1864, but failed. In a room of the McHenry House, Meadville, Pennsylvania, there was found on the pane of window-glass the following inscription in Booth's handwriting: "Abe Lincoln departed this life, Aug. 13th, 1864, by the effects of poison." A conspiracy long existed which contemplated the capture of Lincoln, but was at length given up. At last, when the defeat of the Confederate armies was an accomplished fact, the conspirators reverted to assassination as the surest means of destroying the government, and inaugurating a period of anarchy in which, as they confidently believed, the Confederates would, under the leadership of some master mind, gain by murder what they had lost in battle. There is no doubt that when this scheme was adopted it was a matter of deliberation; nor can there be any question but the chief accomplices—Harold, Powell, Atzerott, Mrs. Surratt and her son John H. Surratt—were, at least for some hours previous to the murder, aware of Booth's intention, and were thus, in their several ways, participators in his guilt.

John Wilkes Booth was the third son born in America of the eminent English tragedian Junius Brutus Booth. There were three brothers, Junius Brutus Jr., Edwin, and John Wilkes, all of whom inherited a predilection for the stage. Of these three, Edwin alone has attained an eminent distinction as an actor, and he is probably unsurpassed by any living man. No suspicion rests upon his loyalty, and after the assassination, the sympathy

elicited in his behalf was only equaled by the popular abhorrence of his unworthy brother. John Wilkes, the assassin, was born in 1839, and was only twenty-six years of age at the date of his crime. He had never achieved any marked success upon the stage, and but for his connection with the death of Lincoln, would never be known by even the next genera-

*Abe. Lincoln
Departed this
Life Aug 13th 1864
By the effects of
Poison*

tion. In his soul inhered no nobility which could relieve his crime. He was an advocate of human slavery, and his dissolute life culminated in an act alike cowardly and despicable. Only the blank, vulgar act of murder remains as the basis of his unenviable fame. Instances there have been where brutality, allied with intellect and power, has formed the pedestal for a monument. But here the case was different: here brutality stood forth



JOHN H. SURRATT.

in its nakedness; men shrank away from the monster, and cared not to know the place of his sepulture.

The other conspirators were tried in Washington by a military commission, and on the 6th of July they received their sentence. The next day four of them—Harold, Atzerott, Powell, and Mrs. Surratt—were hung. Dr. Mudd, O'Loughlin, and Arnold were committed to a life-long imprisonment, and Spangler¹ was imprisoned for a term of six years. John H. Surratt had escaped, but he also was finally overtaken by justice, and while we write he awaits his second trial. He fled to Canada after the assassination, and there remained until September, 1865, when he started for Liverpool. In the spring of 1866 Mr. Seward was informed by Mr. King, at Rome, that Surratt had enlisted in the papal guards under the name of John Watson. He was arrested at Teroli, in Italy, but managed to escape by plunging down a ravine, making a leap of twenty-three feet. Wounded by his fall, he crawled off to a hospital, and after a few days resumed his flight. He went to Egypt, and was there again captured by our minister, Mr. Hale, and sent to

this country. He every where boldly acknowledged his connection with the assassination, and seemed to think that the world had not only forgiven the crime, but admired its atrocity.

On the morning of Mr. Lincoln's death Andrew Johnson was inaugurated President. A few days afterward—on the 2d of May—he issued a proclamation offering large rewards for the capture of Jefferson Davis, Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Saunders, and William C. Cleary, on the ground that they were implicated in the assassination by evidence then in the possession of the Bureau of Military Justice.¹ It

¹ "By the President of the United States of America:

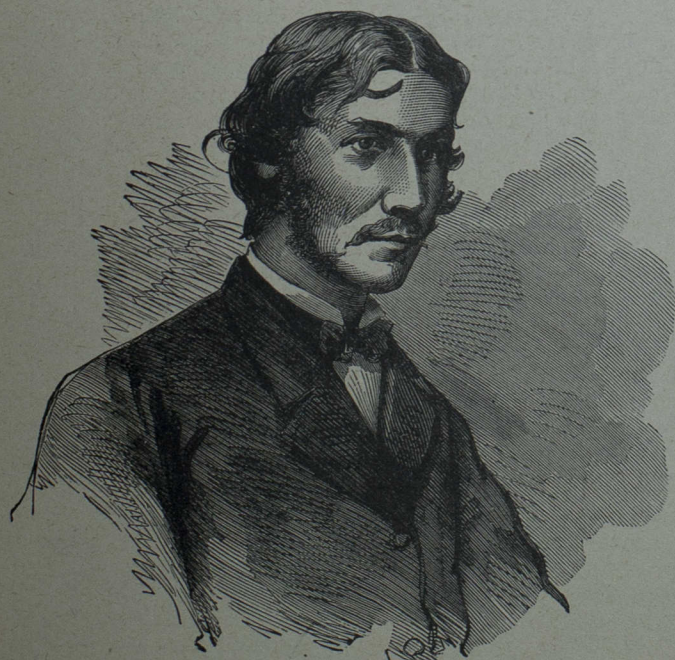
"A PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas, it appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Honorable William H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Virginia, and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Saunders, William C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the government of the United States, harbored in Canada:

"Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards:

"One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay.



DAVID G. HAROLD.



MRS. SURRATT'S HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

¹ The charge against O'Loughlin was that he designed the murder of Lieutenant General Grant. Arnold was charged with having rendered assistance to Booth, Powell, Atzerott, and O'Loughlin; and Spangler with having assisted in Booth's escape.

was afterward proved that a cipher found in Booth's trunk corresponded to that used by the Confederate Secretary of State, J. P. Benjamin, and that Jefferson Davis had referred to his Secretary of War for consideration a letter from one L. W. Alston, who proposed to rid the Confederacy "of some of her deadliest enemies, by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery."¹

In the mean while the people were burying their president. As soon as his death was known, business for a time ceased. Every house, from the palatial mansion to the lowest hovel, was draped with mourning. The nation was one vast funeral. From every pulpit, on the following Sabbath, there was uttered a funeral sermon. On Monday, April 17th, all the members of Congress then at Washington met at the Capitol to make arrangements for the funeral. It was finally determined that the remains of the President should be taken to his old home at Springfield, Illinois, and a Congressional Committee was appointed to accompany them, consisting of the entire Illinois delegation, and one member from each other state and each territory. The consignment of Lincoln's remains to Illinois was due to the urgent request of Governor Oglesby, Senator Yates, and others of that state. Sumner and many others desired that the body should be placed under the dome of the Capitol, at Washington, where a vault had been prepared for the Father of his Country, but had not been used for that purpose.

On Wednesday, the 19th, the funeral services were held in the east room of the White House. The coffin rested upon a canopied catafalque, and was decorated with wreaths of moss and evergreen, with white flowers and lilies. Around the catafalque at noon were gathered the late President's family, the officiating clergymen, the cabinet, the governors of several states, the Su-

¹ "Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi.

² "Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Saunders.

³ "Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverly Tucker.

⁴ "Ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late clerk of Clement C. Clay.

⁵ "The Provost-marshal General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

⁶ "In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

⁷ "Done at the City of Washington, this second day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-fifth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

⁸ "By the President: W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary of State."

⁹ The following is an abstract of a portion of the evidence relating to this subject, offered before the Military Commission at the trial of the conspirators:

Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, testified that he went to Richmond April 6, and there found in Benjamin's office the key to an official cipher. It is a machine about a foot long and eight inches high, and consists of a cylinder of wood which has a paper envelope inscribed with letters; the cylinder revolves on pivot-holes at each end, and a bar across the top contains wooden indices pointing down to the letters.

Major Eckert then being sworn, testified that a cipher found in Booth's trunk corresponded with that of which Dana had spoken. Rebel dispatches of October 13th and 19th (1860) had fallen into his hand which were deciphered on the same principle. The following are the dispatches translated:

"October 13, 1864.

"We again urge the necessity of our getting immediate advantages. Strain every nerve for victory. We now look upon the re-election of Lincoln in November as almost certain, and we need to whip his hirelings to prevent it. Besides, with Lincoln re-elected, and his armies victorious, we need not hope even for recognition, much less the help mentioned in our last. Holcomb will explain this. Those figures of the Yankee armies are correct to a unit. Your friend shall be immediately set to work as you direct."

"October 19, 1864.

"Your letter of the 13th is at hand. There is yet time enough to colonize many voters before November. A blow will shortly be stricken here. It is not quite time. General Longstreet is to attack Sheridan without delay, and then move north as far as practicable toward unprotected points. This will be made instead of the movement before mentioned. He will endeavor to assist the Republicans in collecting their ballots. Be watchful and assist him."

That of the 13th passed from Canada to Richmond; that of the 19th from Richmond to Canada. Robert A. Campbell, first teller of the Ontario Bank of Montreal, testified Jacob Thompson had kept an account with the bank from May 30, 1864. The account closed April 11, 1865. The aggregate amount of credit was \$649,872 23; there was a balance due Thompson. Since March 1st he had drawn \$300,000. Since the assassination Thompson had left Montreal. He said he was going overland to Halifax en route to Europe. This was about two weeks before navigation opened. To Mr. Campbell it seemed strange that Thompson should have gone overland, when, by waiting two weeks, he could have taken a steamer. Booth also had a small account with the Ontario Bank.

C. F. Hall testified that he had found the following paper, taken from a box marked "Adjutant General's Office. Letters received July to December, 1864."

"Montgomery, White Sulphur Springs, Va.

"To his Excellency President C. S. A.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been thinking for some time I would make this communication to you, but have been deterred from doing so on account of ill health.

"I now offer you my services, and if you will favor me in my designs, I will proceed, as soon as my health will permit, to rid my country of some of her deadliest enemies, by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery. I consider nothing dishonorable having such a tendency. All I want of you is to favor me by granting the necessary papers, etc., to travel on while in the jurisdiction of this government. I am perfectly familiar with the North, and feel confident that I can execute any thing I undertake. I have just returned now from within their lines. I am a lieutenant in General Duke's command. I was on a raid last June in Kentucky, under General John A. Morgan. I and all my command, except two or three commissioned officers, were taken prisoners; but, finding a good opportunity while being taken to prison, I made my escape from them. In the garb of a citizen I attempted to pass out through the mountains, but, finding that impossible, narrowly escaping two or three times being retaken, directed my course north and west through the Canadas; by the assistance of Colonel J. P. Holcombe I succeeded in making my way round through the blockade; but, having taken the yellow fever, etc., at Bermuda, I have been rendered unfit for service since my arrival. I was reared up in the State of Alabama, and educated in its University. Both the Secretary of War and his assistant, Judge Campbell, are personally acquainted with my father, William J. Alston, of the Fifth Congressional District of Alabama, having served in the time of the old Congress in 1849, 1850, and 1851. If I do any thing for you I shall expect your full confidence in return. If you can give this, I can render you and my country very important service. Let me hear from you soon. I am anxious to be doing something, and having no command at present, all or nearly all being in garrison, I desire that you favor me in this a short time. I would like to have a personal interview with you in order to perfect arrangements before starting. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, L. W. ALSTON.

"Address me at the Springs, in hospital."

On the above letter were the following indorsements:

"1. Brief of letter without signature.

"2. Respectfully referred by direction of the President to Honorable Secretary of War. Burton N. Harrison, Private Secretary. Received November 29, 1864. Record book A. G. O., December 8, 1864.

"3. A. G. for attention. By order, J. A. Campbell, A. S. W."

preme Court, and the diplomatic corps. The Episcopal service for the dead was read by the Rev. Dr. Hall. Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, followed with a prayer. This portion of the service was most impressive, and, as the bishop concluded with the Lord's Prayer, the whole audience, dissolved in tears, joined as with one voice. Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the church which Mr. Lincoln and his family were in the habit of attending, preached the funeral discourse. Then the concluding prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Gray, chaplain of the Senate.

From the White House, at the close of the service, the procession passed up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, and up the steps, underneath the very spot from which, six months before, Lincoln had delivered his second inaugural, his funeral car was carried and deposited in the rotunda. Here the body remained until the 21st, when it was removed, under escort, to the dépôt of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Then commenced the funeral procession of the President from Washington to Springfield—from the scene of his divinely-directed labors to his final resting-place. At each of the principal cities on the route—at Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, and Chicago—the body of the President lay for some hours in state, and hundreds of thousands of citizens were thus permitted to look upon the face which they had greeted four years before—then turned toward the national capital, now returning thence to meet the silence of the tomb. Then the malice of his foes had compelled Lincoln to proceed in disguise through Baltimore to Washington; now also he is in disguise, wearing the mask of death, through which all, bending over the silent features in loving reverence, discover his worthiness. His work has been all done, and this funeral procession is, after all, one of triumph. Well did Beecher say: "And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his pæans; your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ears. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on! Four years ago, oh Illinois, we took from thy midst an untried man, and from among the people; we return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh ye prairies. In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that great shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!"

As the procession moved through New York on the 25th, it was witnessed by nearly a million of people. Among the most interesting of the incidents connected with the lying in state at this city was the visit to the remains of the aged soldier, General Scott, who was soon to follow the President. The funeral train reached Springfield on the 3d of May. Since his departure from that city in 1861, when he had asked his friends and neighbors to accompany him with their prayers, he had never returned till this time and in this manner. As it was beautifully expressed in one of the mottoes displayed by the citizens:

"He left us borne up by our prayers,
He returns embalm'd in our tears."

Lincoln was buried at Oak Ridge Cemetery, about two miles from Springfield. The funeral oration was pronounced by Bishop Simpson.

"Here," said the bishop, "are gathered around his tomb the representatives of the army and navy, senators, judges, governors, and officers of all the branches of the government. Here, too, are members of civic processions, with men and women from the humblest as well as the highest occupations. Here and there, too, are tears as sincere and warm as any that drop, which come from the eyes of those whose kindred and whose race have been freed from their chains by him whom they mourn as their deliverer. More persons have gazed on the face of the departed than ever looked upon the face of any other departed man. More races have looked on the procession for sixteen hundred miles or more—by night and by day—by sunlight, dawn, twilight, and by torchlight, than ever before watched the progress of a procession."

He concluded with the following *Vale*:

"Chieftain, farewell! The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy. Prisoned thou art in death, and yet thou art marching abroad, and chains and manacles are bursting at thy touch. Thou didst fall not for thyself. The assassin had no hate for thee. Our hearts were aimed at, our national life was sought. We crown thee as our martyr, and humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son. Hero, martyr, friend, farewell!"