CHAPTER LX.
THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

The Mission of Abraham Lincoln.—His Conservatism.—Characteristic Personality.—Charitable Disposition toward the Southern People.—Closing Days of Lincoln's Life.—His second Inaugural.—Visit to City Point.—Entertainment in 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 Conspirators with the Confederacy 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 denounced 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 foot the rebellion of states against its sovereignty. This national drama had had its prologue 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 were 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 inexcusable 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
clouds of an April day. The winter of national discontent was passed, fol-
lowed 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 beam of light which Satan and his angels had been thrown 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 joyful triumph, Lincoln had
participated not as other men were 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 Repub-
lican National Convention assembled at Chicago on the 16th of May, 1859,
it was almost universally assumed that William H. Seward would be nomi-
nated 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 scarce as yet familiar with the name of Lincoln. They
soon learned that he was an awkward, ungraceful 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 Abe." But this awkward, plain
man, without culture, and without that disposition 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 firm-
ness of national authority, supported by the strong arms of patriotism.
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. Tears and wheezers let 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 accord-
ance with a solemn vow which he had made to God. Even after he is-
sued this document he doubted whether the system of gradual and compen-
sted 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 no equal degree his ex-
ternal sadness was a symbol of his inward grace and sweetness not common
among men. He was as gentle as a woman. His con-
passion was infinite. As the hour of victory approached, when the enemies
of the nation would 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 in-
spired with solemn joy, and as their souls went up in anthems, his rose sup-
preme above them all, crowned with an aureola such as never graced the
head of Caesar or king.

But how easily is the summer sky overset with gloom! The serpent's
head has been bruised, but his venomous fangs have not been plucked.
Tranquility wears the semblance of honor on the battle-field, and whose
proud crest flashing at the head of armies is an image of something glori-
ous, 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
casion 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 man 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 be-
cause 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? Finally 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
to come shall be great and righteously so.'"

"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 last-
ing peace among ourselves and with all nations."
A few days afterward he went to City Point, and was there when Grant defeated Lee. The day after Richmond was taken he entered the 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 11 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 enjoyment, and after that to the restoration of all the events 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 never again see was nearer to the weary heart of Lincoln than he then seemed to be aware of.

But when Mr. 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 the President invited to 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. 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 Rathbone, of the regular army. The play for the evening was 'Our American Cousin.' General Grant, therefore, that the hands of Major Audences. 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 two other. This latter stepped up and called out, and then started up the street. Soon he reappeared and called out "ten minutes after ten." This time louder than before. The two well-dressed gentlemen then entered the theatre by the door in the rear leading to the stage. He paused 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 Rathbone 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 proved by the surgeon general and promiscuous mortals. As the fatal word was uttered, the hearts of all present sink within them. "Oh no general, no!" cried out Stanton, and, sinking into a chair, he wept as if his great heart would break with sorrow. It was the night that 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 hear 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 opposite. The assassin was laden with dozens of the assassin was laden but no one was nearer to the weary heart. He received the fatal bullet in his heart if thereby the country could have been saved. The assassin, who was a native of Virginia, was the house of Mrs. M. E. Burratt, located in the very heart of Washington. On the night of April 17th the officers of the government proceeded thither and arrested the occupant—Mrs. Surratt, her daughter, Miss Harris, her private secretary, and Miss Peterson. 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 Fairfax County, Virginia. He was arrested, and it was afterward proved that he was the man who had attempted to murder Secretary Seward. His real name was Powell. Three days later George A. Atzerodt was captured.
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 Surrahsville, 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, obtained 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 that Booth make 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 pertaining 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.

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

April 15th, 1865.

In my diary 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 he failed. He also said, "If I do not strike for their country with a heart. I suck blood, but not as the papers say. I declined with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, and was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted 'Not surrender!' before I struck. In picking up, my leg. I passed all his pencils, rode many miles that night with the hope of my leg mounting the floor at every jump. I 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 freed Union is not what I have...
I cannot, by any means, give you a definite assurance that he will, and I am not prepared to say that he will not. But I am prepared to say that the remotest probability is that he will not. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I would have to speak my own name as a tenant and not as a citizen. But the Constitution of the United States was formed for the white, not for the black man. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

The first battle of Bull Run did away with all hope of an early or easy victory. The next battle of Bull Run is at hand, and it will be the battle of Gettysburg. The South will never surrender, but they will continue to fight until the last man of the South has been killed or wounded. The battle of Bull Run was fought with a spirit of determination, but the battle of Gettysburg will be fought with a spirit of desperation.

I cannot, by any means, give you a definite assurance that he will, and I am not prepared to say that he will not. But I am prepared to say that the remotest probability is that he will not. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I would have to speak my own name as a tenant and not as a citizen. But the Constitution of the United States was formed for the white, not for the black man. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I cannot, by any means, give you a definite assurance that he will, and I am not prepared to say that he will not. But I am prepared to say that the remotest probability is that he will not. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I would have to speak my own name as a tenant and not as a citizen. But the Constitution of the United States was formed for the white, not for the black man. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I cannot, by any means, give you a definite assurance that he will, and I am not prepared to say that he will not. But I am prepared to say that the remotest probability is that he will not. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I would have to speak my own name as a tenant and not as a citizen. But the Constitution of the United States was formed for the white, not for the black man. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I cannot, by any means, give you a definite assurance that he will, and I am not prepared to say that he will not. But I am prepared to say that the remotest probability is that he will not. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I would have to speak my own name as a tenant and not as a citizen. But the Constitution of the United States was formed for the white, not for the black man. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I cannot, by any means, give you a definite assurance that he will, and I am not prepared to say that he will not. But I am prepared to say that the remotest probability is that he will not. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I would have to speak my own name as a tenant and not as a citizen. But the Constitution of the United States was formed for the white, not for the black man. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I cannot, by any means, give you a definite assurance that he will, and I am not prepared to say that he will not. But I am prepared to say that the remotest probability is that he will not. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.

I would have to speak my own name as a tenant and not as a citizen. But the Constitution of the United States was formed for the white, not for the black man. And, looking upon African freedom as the supreme object of our contest, I am prepared to say that there is no probability of any other result than that it shall be obtained.
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—Cromwell by name—who deliberately purposed to perpetuate the memory of his name among men by shocking murder, 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 detected rather than not be remembered at all. By bringing a whole nation to tears, he would assure 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 was evident that Booth attempted to poison the President in the summer of 1864, but failed. In a room of the McHenry House, Moudville, Pennsylvania, there was found on the pan 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, Atwood, and 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, participants 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 excised in his behalf was only equalled 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 gener-
THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

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, Atterott, Powell, and Mrs. Surratt—were hung. Dr. Mudd, O'Laughlin, and Arnold were committed to a life-long imprisonment, and Spangler\(^1\) was imprisoned for a term of six years. John H. Surratt had escaped, but he also was finally overtaken by justice, and while he writes 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 guard under the name of John Watson. He was arrested at Terni, 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

\(^1\) The charges against O'Laughlin were that he designed the murder of Lieutenant General Grant. Arnold was charged with having rendered assistance to Booth, Powell, Atterott, and O'Laughlin; and Spangler with having assisted in Booth's escape.

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

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.\(^2\) It

\(^2\) 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 instigated, 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.
Twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverly Tucker.—Air Around the catafalque at noon were gathered the late President's family, reverence, discover his worthiness. His work has been all done and the Father of his Country, but had not been used for that purpose.

A work as you do here

The consignment of Lincoln’s remains to the capital should be taken to his old home at Springfield, Illinois, and a compliment of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was finally determined that the remains of the President should be taken to his old home at Springfield, Illinois, and a compliment was given by the railroad, the President's body was placed on the train and arrived in Springfield on Monday, April 17th, when it was removed, under escort, to the depot 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 public view.

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. Many more have gazed on the face of the departed than ever looked upon the face of any other departed man. More races have looked on that face than any other, and taken comfort from its light. Those who are born of the heavens, and who are exalted above the heavens, and who are set at the right hand of the divinity have gazed on the face of the dead, and seen its glory. By day, by sun, by light, by the torch, by toreador, by day, the procession of the future is Gos.

He concluded with the following words:

"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 progress. Dead, dead, his eulogy, is no more. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is candy dead? Is the Disseminated, his face are the universe of beauty, his life the universe of art, his success the universe of glory; and the nation is the universe of charity."

We have not been used for this purpose.

"We were not used for this purpose.

"We were not used for this purpose.

"We were not used for this purpose.

"We were not used for this purpose.

"We were not used for this purpose.

"We were not used for this purpose.