

HIS RETURN HOME - A DRIVE TO HIS RESIDENCE -  
SKETCHES ON THE WAY - BOOTH'S RIDE - HOW THE  
DOCTOR LOOKS AND WHAT HE SAYS - HIS ACCOUNT  
OF BOOTH'S AND HAROLD'S VISIT AFTER THE  
ASSASSINATION - WHAT HE THINKS OF HIS OWN  
TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION - HIS REPORTED CON-  
FESSION TO CAPTAIN DUTTON A SHAM, WHICH HE  
SAYS WAS CONCOCTED BY SECRETARY STANTON.

Washington, March 25, 1869.

L.C. B  
Page 103.

It will be many, many years ere the tragic story of President Lincoln's assassination ceases to exercise its fearful fascination over men's minds. The thrilling horrors of the deed assumed by circumstances a character that made it the most surpassing tragedy in the history of the world. The head of the nation shot dead in a public playhouse, in the centre of the capital, on Good Friday evening, and the assassin boldly escaping from the scene of his awful crime, make a subject of more terrible interest and wierd influence than any tale fiction has ever furnished. The profound thrill of surprise, grief and indignation that shot through the hearts of thirsty millions of people and went circling round the earth wherever humanity and civilization dwelt attested the magnitude of the offence and the desperate purpose of the assassin. It was no wonder, in the angry time that followed, with the nation's pulse at fever heat and the cry for vengeance ringing through the land, that all who were in ever so remote a manner identified with the chief conspirator should be rashly judged and summarily dealt with. In that period of lightning passion, when a storm cloud of wrath hung above the country like a pall, one was hurried to her account for whom no human restitution can ever be made; and yet, perhaps, it is<sup>a</sup> marvel that no other victims were immolated to the blind and reckless vengeance of the hour.