

THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF LINCOLN.

BY

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THE LAST DRIVE WITH MRS LINCOLN

After the Cabinet meeting, the President took a drive with Mrs. Lincoln, expressing a wish that no one should accompany them. His heart was filled with a solemn joy, which awoke memories of the past to mingle with hopes for the future; and in this subdued moment he desired to be alone with the one who stood nearest to him in human relationship. In the course of their talk together, he said: "Mary, we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet." "He spoke," says Mr. Arnold, "of his old Springfield home; and recollections of his early days, his little brown cottage, the law office, the court room, the green bag for his briefs and law papers, his adventures when riding the circuit, came thronging back to him. The tension under which he had for so long been kept was removed, and he was like a boy out of school. 'We have laid by,' said he to his wife, 'some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open a law office at Springfield or Chicago, and practice law, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood.' Such were the dreams, the day-dreams of Lincoln, on the last day of his life."

A SCENE OF HORROR.

Scarcely had the horror-stricken audience witnessed the leap and flight of the assassin, when a woman's shriek pierced through the theatre, recalling all eyes to the President's box. The scene that ensued is described with singular vividness by the poet Walt Whitman, who was present. A moment's hush - a scream - the cry of murder - Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, 'He has killed the President!' And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense - and then the deluge! - then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty - (the sound, somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed) - the people burst through chairs and railing, and break them up - that noise adds to the queerness of the scene - there is inextricable confusion and terror - women faint - feeble persons fall, and are trampled on - many cries of agony are heard - the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival - the audience rush generally upon it - at least the strong men do - the actors and actresses are there in their play costumes and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge - some trembling, some in tears - the screams and calls, confused talk - redoubled, trebled - two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box - others try to clamber up.