

THE ASSASSINATION
OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN
AND THE
TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS
BY
BENN PITMAN

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Dear Louis:

The time has at last come that we have all so wished for, and upon you everything depends. As it was decided before you left, we were to cast lots. Accordingly we did so, and you are to be the Charlotte Corday of the nineteenth century. When you remember the fearful, solemn vow that was taken by us, you will feel there is no drawback - - Abe must die, and now. You can choose your weapons. The cup, the knife, the bullet. The cup failed us once, and might again. Johnson, who will give this, has been like an enraged demon since the meeting, because it has not fallen upon him to rid the world of the monster. He says the blood of his gray-haired father and his noble brother call upon him for revenge, and revenge he will have; if he can not wreak it upon the fountain-head, he will upon some of the blood-thirsty Generals. Butler would suit him. As our plans were all concocted and well arranged, we separated, and as I am writing - on my way to Detroit - I will only say that all rests upon you. You know where to find your friends. Your disguises are so perfect and complete, that without one knew your face, no police telegraphic dispatch would catch you. The English gentleman, Harcourt, must not act hastily. Remember he has ten days. Strike for your home, strike for your country; bide your time, but strike sure. Get introduced, congratulate

him, listen to his stories - - not many more will the brute tell to earthly friends. Do anything but fail, and meet us at the appointed place within the fortnight. Inclose this note, together with one of poor Leenea, I will give the reason for this when we meet. Return by Johnson. I wish I could go to you, but duty calls me to the West; you will probably hear from me in Washington. Sanders is doing us no good in Canada.

Believe me, your brother in love,

CHARLES SELBY.