

ANDREW JOHNSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL—THE FATE OF THE ASSASSINS —THE MOURNING PAGEANT.

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THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL.

THE 14th of April was a day of deep and tranquil happiness throughout the United States. It was Good Friday, observed by a portion of the people as an occasion of fasting and religious meditation; but even among the most devout the great tidings of the preceding week exerted their joyous influence, and changed this period of traditional mourning into an occasion of

general and profound thanksgiving. Peace, so strenuously fought for, so long sought and prayed for, with prayers uttered and unutterable, was at last near at hand, its dawn visible on the reddening hills. The sermons all day were full of gladness; the Misereres turned of themselves to Te Deums. The country from morning till evening was filled with a solemn joy; but the date was not to lose its awful significance in the calendar: at night it was claimed once more, and forever, by a world-wide sorrow.

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The thanksgiving of the nation found its principal expression at Charleston harbor. A month before, when Sherman had "conquered Charleston by turning his back upon it," the Government resolved that the flag of the Union should receive a conspicuous reparation on the spot where it had first been outraged. It was ordered by the President that General Robert Anderson should, at the hour of noon on the 14th day of April, raise and plant on the ruins of Fort Sumter the identical flag lowered and saluted by him four years before. In the absence of General Sherman the ceremonies were in the charge of General Gillmore. Henry Ward Beecher, the most famous of the anti-slavery preachers of the North, was selected to deliver an oration. The surrender of Lee, the news of which arrived at Charleston on the eve of the ceremonies, gave a more transcendent importance to the celebration, which became at once the occasion of a national thanksgiving over the downfall of the rebellion. On the day fixed, Charleston was filled with a great concourse of distinguished officers and citizens. Its long-deserted streets were crowded with an eager multitude and gay with innumerable flags, while the air was thrilled from an early hour with patriotic strains from the many bands, and shaken with the thunder of Dahlgren's fleet, which opened the day by firing from every vessel a national salute of twenty-one guns. By eleven o'clock a brilliant gathering of boats, ships, and steamers of every sort had assembled around the battered ruin of the fort; the whole bay seemed covered with the vast flotilla, planted with a forest of masts, whose foliage was the triumphant banners of the nation. The same chaplain¹ who had officiated at the raising of the flag over Sumter, at the first scene of the war, now offered a prayer; Dr. Richard S. Storrs and the people read, in alternate verses, a selection of psalms of thanksgiving and victory, beginning with these marvelous words which have preserved for so many ages the very pulse and throb of the joy of redemption:

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

¹ The Rev. Matthias Harris.

² Gen. E. D. Townsend, afterwards Adjutant-General, U. S. A.

And at the close, before the Gloria, the people and the minister read all together, in a voice that seemed to catch the inspiration of the hour:

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.

General Townsend² then read the original dispatch announcing the fall of Sumter, and precisely as the bells of the ships struck the hour of noon, General Anderson, with his own hands seizing the halyards, hoisted to its place the flag which he had seen lowered before the opening guns of rebellion. As the starry banner floated out upon the breeze, which freshened at the moment as if to embrace it, a storm of joyful acclamation burst forth from the vast assembly, mingled with the music of hundreds of instruments, the shouts of the people, and the full-throated roar of great guns from the Union and the captured rebel forts alike, on every side of the harbor, thundering their harmonious salute to the restored banner. General Anderson made a brief and touching speech, the people sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Beecher delivered an address in his best and gravest manner, filled with an earnest, sincere, and unboastful spirit of nationality; with a feeling of brotherhood to the South, prophesying for that section the advantages which her defeat has in fact brought her; a speech as brave, as gentle, and as magnanimous as the occasion demanded. In concluding he said, and we quote his words, as they embodied the opinion of all men of good will on this last day of Abraham Lincoln's life:

We offer to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom.

At sunset another national salute was fired; the evening was given up to social festivities; the most distinguished of the visitors were entertained at supper by General Gillmore; a brilliant show of fireworks by Admiral Dahlgren illuminated the bay and the circle of now friendly forts, at the very moment when at the capital of the nation a little group of conspirators were preparing the blackest crime which sullies the record of the century.

In Washington also it was a day, not of exultation, but of deep peace and thankfulness. It was the fifth day after the surrender of Lee; the first effervescence of that intoxicating success had passed away. The President had,

with that ever-present sense of responsibility which distinguished him, given his thoughts instantly to the momentous question of the restoration of the Union and harmony between the lately warring sections. He had, in defiance of precedent and even of his own habit, delivered to the people on the 11th, from the windows of the White House, his well-considered views as to the measures demanded by the times. His whole heart was now enlisted in the work of "binding up the nation's wounds," of doing all which might "achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." Grant had arrived that morning in Washington and immediately proceeded to the Executive Mansion, where he met the Cabinet, Friday being their regular day of meeting. He expressed some anxiety as to the news from Sherman, which he was expecting hourly. The President answered him in that singular vein of poetic mysticism which, though constantly held in check by his strong common sense, formed a remarkable element in his character. He assured Grant that the news would come soon and come favorably, for he had last night had his usual dream which preceded great events. He seemed to be, he said, in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, moving with great rapidity towards a dark and indefinite shore; he had had this dream before Antietam, Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, and Vicksburg. The Cabinet were greatly impressed by this story; but Grant, the most matter-of-fact of created beings, made the characteristic response that "Murfreesboro' was no victory, and had no important results." The President did not argue this point with him, but repeated that Sherman would beat or had beaten Johnston; that his dream must relate to that, as he knew of no other important event which was likely at present to occur.¹

The subject of the discussion which took place in the Cabinet on that last day of Lincoln's firm and tolerant rule has been preserved for us in the notes of Mr. Welles. They were written out, it is true, seven years afterwards, at a time when Grant was President, seeking reflection, and when Mr. Welles had followed Andrew Johnson into full fellowship with the Democratic party. Making whatever allowance is due for the changed environment of the writer, we still find his account² of the day's conversation candid and trustworthy. The subject of trade between the

States was the first that engaged the attention of the Cabinet. Mr. Stanton wished it to be carried on under somewhat strict military supervision; Mr. Welles was in favor of a more liberal system; Mr. McCulloch, new to the Treasury, and embarrassed by his grave responsibilities, favored the abolition of the Treasury agencies, and above all desired a definite understanding of the purpose of the Government. The President, seeing that in this divergence of views among men equally able and honest there lay the best chance of a judicious arrangement, appointed the three Secretaries as a commission with plenary power to examine the whole subject, announcing himself as content in advance with their conclusions.

The great subject of the reestablishment of civil government in the Southern States was then taken up. Mr. Stanton had, a few days before, drawn up a project for an executive ordinance for the preservation of order and the rehabilitation of legal processes in the States lately in rebellion. The President, using this sketch as his text, not adopting it as a whole, but saying that it was substantially the result of frequent discussions in the Cabinet, spoke at some length on the question of reconstruction, than which none more important could ever engage the attention of the Government. It was providential, he thought, that this matter should have arisen at a time when it could be considered, so far as the Executive was concerned, without interference by Congress. If they were wise and discreet, they should reanimate the States and get their governments in successful operation, with order prevailing and the Union reestablished, before Congress came together in December. The President felt so kindly towards the South, he was so sure of the Cabinet under his guidance, that he was anxious to close the period of strife without overmuch discussion. He was particularly desirous to avoid the shedding of blood, or any vindictiveness of punishment. He gave plain notice that morning that he would have none of it. "No one need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them.³ Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off," said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep. "Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union."⁴ He depre-

rebels. He answered, after referring to the vehement demand prevalent in certain quarters for exemplary punishment, by quoting the words of David to his nephews, who were asking for vengeance on Shimei because "he cursed the Lord's anointed": "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruah, that ye should this day be adversaries unto me? Shall there any man be put to death this day in Israel?"

cated the disposition he had seen in some quarters to hector and dictate to the people of the South, who were trying to right themselves. He regretted that suffrage, under proper arrangement, had not been given to negroes in Louisiana, but he held that their constitution was in the main a good one. He was averse to the exercise of arbitrary powers by the Executive or by Congress. Congress had the undoubted right to receive or reject members; the Executive had no control in this; but the Executive could do very much to restore order in the States, and their practical relations with the Government, before Congress came together.

Mr. Stanton then read his plan for the temporary military government of the States of Virginia and North Carolina, which for this purpose were combined in one department. This gave rise at once to extended discussion, Mr. Welles and Mr. Dennison opposing the scheme of uniting two States under one government. The President closed the session by saying the same objection had occurred to him, and by directing Mr. Stanton to revise the document and report separate plans for the government of the two States. He did not wish the autonomy nor the individuality of the States destroyed. He commended the whole subject to the most earnest and careful consideration of the Cabinet; it was to be resumed on the following Tuesday; it was, he said, the great question pending—they must now begin to act in the interest of peace.

These were the last words that Lincoln spoke to his Cabinet. They dispersed with these words of clemency and good-will in their ears, never again to meet under his wise and benignant chairmanship. He had told them that morning a strange story, which made some demand upon their faith, but the circumstances under which they were next to come together were beyond the scope of the wildest fancy. The day was one of unusual enjoyment to Mr. Lincoln. His son Robert had returned from the field with General Grant, and the President spent an hour with the young soldier in delighted conversation over the campaign. He denied himself generally to the throng of visitors, admitting only a few friends.

Schuyler Colfax, who was contemplating a visit overland to the Pacific, came to ask whether the President would probably call an extra session of Congress during the summer. Mr. Lincoln assured him that he had no such intention, and gave him a verbal message to

the mining population of Colorado and the western slope of the mountains concerning the part they were to take in the great conquests of peace which were coming. In the afternoon he went for a long drive with Mrs. Lincoln. His mood, as it had been all day, was singularly happy and tender. He talked much of the past and the future; after four years of trouble and tumult he looked forward to four years of comparative quiet and normal work; after that he expected to go back to Illinois and practice law again. He was never simpler or gentler than on this day of unprecedented triumph; his heart overflowed with sentiments of gratitude to Heaven, which took the shape usual to generous natures, of love and kindness to all men.

From the very beginning of his Presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the proper expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings were not less numerous; the vaporings of village bullies, the extravagances of excited secessionist politicians, even the drolling of practical jokers, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice. In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secretary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite, when they came to be examined proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the Executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence.¹ He had himself so sane a mind, and a heart so kindly even to his enemies, that it was hard for him to believe in a political hatred so deadly as to lead to murder. He would sometimes laughingly say, "Our friends on the other side would make nothing by exchanging me for Hamlin," the Vice-President having the reputation of more radical views than his chief.

He knew indeed that incitements to murder him were not uncommon in the South. An advertisement had appeared in a paper of Selma, Alabama, in December, 1864, opening a subscription for funds to effect the assassination of Lincoln, Seward, and Johnson before the

¹ This story is told by the Hon. Gideon Welles in an article printed in "The Galaxy" for April, 1872. It was frequently told by Charles Dickens with characteristic amplifications. See also "The Life of George Eliot."

² "The Galaxy," April, 1872.

³ Welles, in "The Galaxy."

⁴ Near the close of the war his old friend, Joseph Gillespie, asked him what was to be done with the

¹ All Presidents receive the visits of persons more or less demented. Mr. Hayes, when about to retire one day from his working-room, asked his messenger if there was any one waiting to see him. "Only two," the attendant replied, "and one of them is crazy."

"Send in the sane one," said the President. A grave-looking man was introduced, who announced himself as the emperor of the world. The President rang the bell, and told the messenger if that was his idea of sanity to send in the maniac.

inauguration.¹ There was more of this murderous spirit abroad than was suspected. A letter was found in the Confederate Archives² from one Lieutenant Alston, who wrote to Jefferson Davis immediately after Lincoln's reflection offering to "rid his country of some of her deadliest enemies by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery." This shameful proposal was referred, by Mr. Davis's direction, to the Secretary of War; and by Judge Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, was sent to the Confederate Adjutant-General indorsed "for attention." We can readily imagine what reception an officer would have met with who should have laid before Mr. Lincoln a scheme to assassinate Jefferson Davis. It was the uprightness and the kindness of his own heart that made him slow to believe that any such ignoble fury could find a place in the hearts of men in their right minds. Although he freely discussed with the officials about him the possibilities of danger, he always considered them remote, as is the habit of men constitutionally brave, and positively refused to torment himself with precautions for his own safety. He would sum the matter up by saying that both friends and strangers must have daily access to him in all manner of ways and places; his life was therefore in reach of any one, sane or mad, who was ready to murder and be hanged for it; that he could not possibly guard against all danger unless he were to shut himself up in an iron box, in which condition he could scarcely perform the duties of a President; by the hand of a murderer he could die only once; to go continually in fear would be to die over and over. He therefore went in and out before the people, always unarmed, generally unattended. He would receive hundreds of visitors in a day, his breast bare to pistol or knife. He would walk at midnight, with a single secretary or alone, from the Executive Mansion to the War Department, and back. He would ride through the lonely roads of an uninhabited suburb from the White House to the Soldiers' Home in the dusk of evening, and return to his work in the morning before the town was astir. He was greatly annoyed when, late in the war, it was decided that there must be a guard stationed at the Executive Mansion, and that a squad of cavalry must accompany him on his daily ride—but he was always reasonable and yielded to the best judgment of others.

Four years of threats and boastings, of alarms that were not founded, and of plots

that came to nothing, thus passed away; but precisely at the time when the triumph of the nation over the long insurrection seemed assured, and a feeling of peace and security was diffused over the country, one of the conspiracies, not seemingly more important than the many abortive ones, ripened in the sudden heat of hatred and despair. A little band of malignant secessionists, consisting of John Wilkes Booth, an actor, of a famous family of players, Lewis Powell, alias Payne, a disbanded rebel soldier from Florida, George Atzerodt, formerly a coachmaker, but more recently a spy and blockade runner of the Potomac, David E. Herold, a young druggist's clerk, Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin, Maryland secessionists and Confederate soldiers, and John H. Surratt, had their ordinary rendezvous at the house of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt,³ the widowed mother of the last named, formerly a woman of some property in Maryland, but reduced by reverses to keeping a small boarding-house in Washington. Booth was the leader of the little coterie. He was a young man of twenty-six, strikingly handsome, with a pale olive face, dark eyes, and that ease and grace of manner which came to him of right from his theatrical ancestors. He had played for several seasons with only indifferent success; his value as an actor lay rather in his romantic beauty of person than in any talent or industry he possessed. He was a fanatical secessionist; had assisted at the capture and execution of John Brown, and had imbibed, at Richmond and other Southern cities where he had played, a furious spirit of partisanship against Lincoln and the Union party. After the reflection of Mr. Lincoln, which rang the knell of the insurrection, Booth, like many of the secessionists North and South, was stung to the quick by disappointment. He visited Canada, consorted with the rebel emissaries there, and at last—whether or not at their instigation cannot certainly be said—conceived a scheme to capture the President and take him to Richmond. He spent a great part of the autumn and winter inducing a small number of loose fish of secession sympathies to join him in this fantastic enterprise. He seemed always well supplied with money, and talked largely of his speculations in oil as a source of income; but his agent afterwards testified⁴ that he never realized a dollar from that source; that his investments, which were inconsiderable, were a total loss. The winter passed away and nothing was accomplished. On the 4th of March, Booth was at the Capitol and created a disturbance by trying to force his way through the line of policemen who guarded the passage through which the President walked to the east front of the building.⁵ His

¹ Pitman, Conspiracy Trial, p. 51.

² Ibid., p. 52.

³ Pitman, p. 45.

⁴ He was seized and held back by John W. Westfall, of the Capitol Police.

⁵ 541 H Street.

intentions at this time are not known; he afterwards said¹ he lost an excellent chance of killing the President that day. There are indications in the evidence given on the trial of the conspirators that they suffered some great disappointment in their schemes in the latter part of March, and a letter from Arnold to Booth,² dated March 27, showed that some of them had grown timid of the consequences of their contemplated enterprise and were ready to give it up. He advised Booth, before going further, "to go and see how it will be taken in R—d." But timid as they might be by nature, the whole group was so completely under the ascendancy of Booth that they did not dare disobey him when in his presence; and after the surrender of Lee, in an access of malice and rage which was akin to madness, he called them together and assigned each his part in the new crime, the purpose of which had arisen suddenly in his mind out of the ruins of the abandoned abduction scheme. This plan was as brief and simple as it was horrible. Powell, alias Payne, the stalwart, brutal, simple-minded boy from Florida, was to murder Seward; Atzerodt, the comic villain of the drama, was assigned to remove Andrew Johnson; Booth reserved for himself the most difficult and most conspicuous rôle of the tragedy; it was Herold's duty to attend him as a page and aid in his escape. Minor parts were assigned to stage carpenters and other hangers-on, who probably did not understand what it all meant. Herold, Atzerodt, and Surratt had previously deposited at a tavern at Surrattsville, Maryland, owned by Mrs. Surratt, but kept by a man named Lloyd, a quantity of ropes, carbines, ammunition, and whisky, which were to be used in the abduction scheme. On the 11th of April Mrs. Surratt, being at the tavern, told Lloyd to have the shooting irons in readiness, and on Friday, the 14th, again visited the place and told him they would probably be called for that night.

The preparations for the final blow were made with feverish haste; it was only about noon of the 14th that Booth learned the President was to go to Ford's Theater that night. It has always been a matter of surprise in Europe that he should have been at a place of amusement on Good Friday; but the day was not kept sacred in America, except by the members of certain churches. It was not, throughout the country, a day of religious observance. The President was fond of the theater; it was one of his few means of recreation. It was natural enough that, on this day of profound national thanksgiving, he

should take advantage of a few hours' relaxation to see a comedy. Besides, the town was thronged with soldiers and officers, all eager to see him; it was represented to him that appearing occasionally in public would gratify many people whom he could not otherwise meet. Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her; they had accepted, and the announcement that they would be present was made as an advertisement in the evening papers; but they changed their minds and went north by an afternoon train. Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their stead Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, the daughter and the stepson of Senator Harris. The President's carriage called for these young people, and the four went together to the theater. The President had been detained by visitors, and the play had made some progress when he arrived. When he appeared in his box the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing, and the audience rose, cheering tumultuously; the President bowed in acknowledgment of this greeting and the play went on.

From the moment Booth ascertained the President's intention to attend the theater in the evening his every action was alert and energetic. He and his confederates, Herold, Surratt, and Atzerodt, were seen on horseback in every part of the city. He had a hurried conference with Mrs. Surratt before she started for Lloyd's tavern. He intrusted to an actor named Matthews a carefully prepared statement of his reasons for committing the murder, which he charged him to give to the publisher of the "National Intelligencer," but which Matthews, in the terror and dismay of the night, burned without showing to any one.³ Booth was perfectly at home in Ford's Theater, where he was greatly liked by all the employees, without other reason than the sufficient one of his youth and good looks. Either by himself or with the aid of his friends he arranged his whole plan of attack and escape during the afternoon. He counted upon address and audacity to gain access to the small passage behind the President's box; once there, he guarded against interference by an arrangement of a wooden bar to be fastened by a simple mortise in the angle of the wall and the door by which he entered, so that the door could not be opened from without. He even provided for the contingency of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in its door, through which he might either observe the occupants or take aim and shoot. He hired at a livery stable a small, fleet horse, which he showed with pride during the day to barkeepers and loafers among his friends.

The moon rose that night at ten o'clock.

¹ Pitman, p. 45.

² Ibid., p. 236.

³ John F. Coyle, MS. Statement.

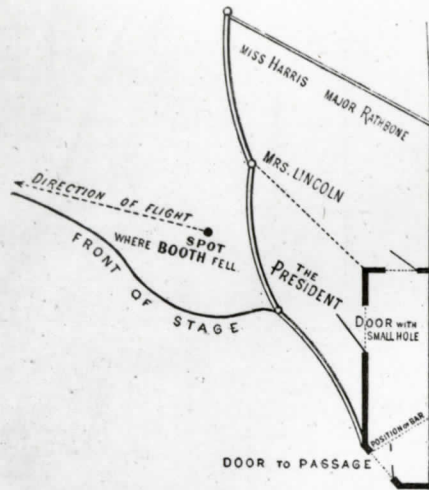


DIAGRAM OF THE BOX IN FORD'S THEATRE.
(COPIED FROM THE DRAWING IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.)

A few minutes before that hour he called one of the underlings of the theater to the back door and left him there holding his horse. He then went to a saloon near by, took a drink of brandy, and, entering the theater, passed rapidly through the crowd in rear of the dress circle and made his way to the passage leading to the President's box. He showed a card to a servant in attendance and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiselessly, and, turning, fastened the door with the bar he had previously made ready, without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself there yet remained the slight partition and the door through which he had bored the hole. Their eyes were fixed upon the stage; the play was "Our American Cousin," the original version by Tom Taylor, before Sothern had made a new work of it by his elaboration of the part of *Dundreary*. No one, not even the comedian on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night—the last Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth. The whole performance remains in the memory of those who heard it a vague phantasmagoria, the actors the thinnest of specters. The awful tragedy in the box makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space—the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and

¹ Mr. Leopold de Gaillard, writing on the 29th of April, 1865, refers to these words of Booth, which he calls a "stupid phrase" and not American in char-

acter. "I remember," he adds, "but one assassination adorned with a Latin quotation, but it took place in Florence, and in the sixteenth century. Lorenzo was happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness, and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac.

The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. The fumes of brandy and partisan hate had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing Brutus off the boards; he posed, expecting applause. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In "Macbeth," where he met the weird sisters, he leaped from a rock twelve feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg, turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the State motto of Virginia, "Sic Semper Tyrannis,"¹ and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, "Stop him!" The cry went out, "He has shot the President." From the audience, at first stupid with surprise

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and afterwards wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the call-boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

The President scarcely moved; his head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Colonel Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterwards ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, half distracted, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was carried home. Messengers were sent for the members of the Cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone, the President's family physician; a crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. They ran downstairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it to go to Tenth street. As they were driving away, a friend came up and told them that Mr. Seward and most of the Cabinet had been murdered. The news was all so improbable that they could not help hoping it was all untrue. But when they got to Tenth street and found every thoroughfare blocked by the swiftly gathering thousands, agitated by tumultuous excitement, they were prepared for the worst. In a few minutes all who had been sent for, and many others, were gathered in the little chamber where the Chief of the State lay in his agony. His son was met at the door by Dr. Stone, who with grave tenderness informed him that there was no hope. After a natural outburst of grief young Lincoln devoted himself the rest of the night to soothing and comforting his mother.

The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought in-

treacherously killed his cousin, Alexander de Medicie, who was in reality a tyrant, and left in writing near the body the line of Virgil on Brutus: *Vincet Amor patrie*

FORD'S THEATRE

TENTH STREET, ABOVE E.

SEASON II WEEK XXXI NIGHT 106
WHOLE NUMBER OF NIGHTS, 106.

JOHN T. FORD PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
(Also of Building No. 2, Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Philadelphia.)
Stage Manager J. E. WOOD
Treasurer K. CLAY FORD

Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

BENEFIT!

LAST NIGHT
OF MISS

LAURA KEENE

THE DISTINGUISHED MANAGER, AUTHOR AND ACTRESS,

Supported by

MR. JOHN DYOTT

AND

MR. HARRY HAWK

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECENTRIC COMEDY,

An originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her agents of

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,

REVISED

OUR AMERICAN

COUSIN

FLORENCE TREACHARD MISS LAURA KEENE
(the original character)

Abel Murook, Clerk to Attorney John Dyott

Ann Treachard Harry Hawk

Sir Edward Treachard T. C. GOURLAY

Lord Dundreary E. A. EMERSON

Mr. Cople, Attorney J. MATTHEWS

Lieutenant Vernon, R. N. W. J. FERGUSON

Captain De Boots C. BYRNES

Blincy G. G. SPEAR

Buddenoch, a valet J. E. EVANS

John Wicker, a gardener J. L. DEBONAY

Rasper, a groom G. A. PARKHURST and L. JOHNSON

Pauline Miss J. GOURLAY

Mrs. Montchomington Mrs. H. MUZZY

Augusta Miss H. TRUSMAN

Georgiana Miss E. BART

Sharpe Mrs. J. H. EVANS

Skills Miss M. GOURLAY

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15.

BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY

Who will be presented BODICHAULT'S Grand Sensation Drama,

THE OCTORON

Enter Monday, April 17, Engagement of the THOUSAND AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN,

EDWIN ADAMS

FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY.

FACSIMILE OF A PLAY-BILL FOUND IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BOX AFTER THE ASSASSINATION. THE ORIGINAL IS OWNED BY E. A. EMERSON, OF LYNCHBURG, VA.

J. A. Case, of Brooklyn, also has a play-bill, given to A. K. Brown by John T. Ford, the proprietor of Ford's Opera House in Washington, who noted on it that it was found under President Lincoln's chair.—EDITOR.

laudumque immensa Cupido. It was the thirst of fame which was the real incentive to these savage deeds." [Gazette de France, April 30, 1865.]

stant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment; but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died.¹ Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages." Dr. Gurley knelt by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came in from the adjoining room supported by her son and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body.

THE FATE OF THE ASSASSINS.

Booth had done his work efficiently. His principal subordinate, the young Floridian called Payne, had acted with equal audacity and cruelty, but not with equally fatal results. He had made a shambles of the residence of the Secretary of State, but among all his mangled victims there was not one killed. At eight o'clock that night he received his final orders from Booth,² who placed in his hands a knife and revolver, and a little package like a prescription, and taught him his lesson. Payne³ was a young man, hardly of age, of herculean strength, of very limited mental capacity, blindly devoted to Booth, who had selected him as the fitting instrument of his mad hatred. He obeyed the orders of his fascinating senior as exactly and remorselessly as a steel machine. At precisely the moment when Booth entered the theater, Payne came on horseback to the door of Mr. Seward's residence on Lafayette Square.⁴ Dismounting, he pretended to be a messenger from the attending physician, with a package of medicine, and demanded immediate access to the sick-room of the Secretary. Mr. Seward had been thrown from his carriage a few days before and his right arm and jaw were fractured. The servant at the door tried to prevent Payne from going up the stairs, but he persisted, and the noise the two men made in mounting brought Frederick Seward out into the hall. The Secretary had been very restless and had with difficulty at

last been composed to sleep. Fearing that this restorative slumber might be broken, Frederick Seward came out to check the intruders. He met Payne at the head of the stairs, and after hearing his story bade him go back, offering himself to take charge of the medicine. Payne seemed for an instant to give up his purpose in the face of this unexpected obstacle, but suddenly turned and rushed furiously upon Frederick Seward, putting a pistol to his head. It missed fire, and he then began beating him on the head with it, tearing his scalp and fracturing his skull. Still struggling, the two came to the Secretary's room and fell together through the door. Frederick Seward soon became unconscious and remained so for several weeks, being perhaps the last man in the civilized world who learned the strange story of the night. The Secretary lay on the farther side of the bed from the door; in the room was his daughter and a soldier-nurse named Robinson. They both sprang up at the noise of the disturbance; Payne struck them right and left out of his way, wounding Robinson with his knife; then rushed to the bed and began striking at the throat of the crippled statesman, inflicting three terrible wounds in cheek and neck; the Secretary rolled off between the bed and the wall. Robinson had by this time recovered himself and seized the assassin from behind, trying to pull him away from the bed. He fought with the quickness of a cat, stabbing Robinson twice severely over his shoulder, in spite of which the nurse still held on to him bravely. Colonel Augustus Seward, roused by his sister's screams, came in his nightdress into the room, and seeing the two forms in this deadly grapple thought at first his father was delirious and was struggling with the nurse; but noting in a moment the size and strength of the man, he changed his mind and thought that the nurse had gone mad and was murdering the Secretary. Nothing but madness was at first thought of anywhere to account for the night's work. He seized Payne, and after a struggle forced him out of the door—the assassin stabbing him repeatedly about the head and face. Payne broke away at last and ran rapidly downstairs, seriously wounding an attendant named Hansell on the way. He reached the door unharmed, leaped upon his horse, and rode leisurely away out Vermont Avenue to the eastern suburb. When surgical aid arrived, the quiet house, ordinarily so

and Leale; Major John Hay, A. A. G.; and Maunsell B. Field. Mr. Nicolay was in Charleston at the flag-raising over Sumter.

² Doster's speech, Pitman, p. 314.

³ His true name was Lewis Thornton Powell.

⁴ Now the residence of James G. Blaine, Secretary of State.

decorous and well ordered, the scene of an affectionate home life and an unobtrusive hospitality, looked like a field hospital; five of its inmates were bleeding from ghastly wounds, and two of them—among the highest officials of the nation—it was thought might never see the light of another day; though all providentially recovered.

The assassin left behind him in his flight his bloodstained knife, his revolver,—or rather the fragments of it, for he had beaten it to pieces over the head of Frederick Seward,—and his hat. This last apparently trivial loss cost him and one of his fellow-conspirators their lives; for as soon as he had left the immediate scene of his crime, his perceptions being quickened by a murderer's avenging fears, it occurred to him that the lack of a hat would expose him to suspicion wherever he was seen; so instead of making good his escape, he abandoned his horse and hid himself for two days in the woods east of Washington. Driven by hunger he at last resolved to return to the city, to the house on H street which had been the headquarters of the conspiracy. He made himself a cap from the sleeve of his woolen shirt, threw over his shoulder a pickax he had found in a trench, and coming into town under cover of the darkness knocked about midnight at Mrs. Surratt's door. As his fate would have it, the house was full of officers who had that moment arrested all the inmates and were about to take them to the office of the provost-marshal. Payne thus fell into the hands of justice, and the utterance of half a dozen words by him and the unhappy woman whose shelter he had sought was the death warrant of both. Being asked by Major Smith to give an account of himself, he said he had been hired by Mrs. Surratt to dig a drain for her. She was called out and asked if she knew him. Not being aware of what he had said, she raised her right hand, with uncalled-for solemnity, and said, "Before God, I do not know him, never saw him, and never hired him." These words, the evidence of a guilty secret shared between them, started a train of evidence which led them both to the scaffold.

Booth was recognized by dozens of people as he stood before the footlights and brandished his dripping dagger in a Brutus attitude. His swift horse quickly carried him beyond the reach of any haphazard pursuit. He gained the navy-yard bridge in a few minutes, was hailed by a sentry, but persuaded the sergeant of the guard that he was returning to his home in Charles County and that he had waited in

Washington till the moon should rise. He was allowed to pass, and shortly afterwards Herold came to the bridge and passed over with similar explanations. A moment later the owner of the horse which Herold rode came up in pursuit of his animal. He, the only honest man of the three, was turned back by the guard—the sergeant felt he must draw the line somewhere. The assassin and his wretched acolyte came at midnight to Mrs. Surratt's tavern. Booth, whose broken leg was by this time giving him excruciating torture, remained outside, on his horse, and Herold went in, shouting to the inn-keeper to give him "those things." Lloyd, knowing what was meant, without a word brought the whisky, carbines, and field-glass which the Surratts had deposited there. Booth refused his gun, being unable in his crippled condition to carry it. Herold told Lloyd they had killed the President, and they rode away, leaving Lloyd, who was a sodden drunkard and contrabandist, unnerved by the news and by his muddy perception of his own complicity in the crime. He held his tongue for a day or two; but at last, overcome by fear, told all that he knew to the authorities. Booth and Herold pushed on through the moonlight to the house of an acquaintance of Booth, a rebel sympathizer, a surgeon named Samuel Mudd. The pain of his broken bone had become intolerable and day was approaching; aid and shelter had become pressingly necessary. Mudd received them kindly, set Booth's leg, and gave him a room where he rested until the middle of the afternoon; Mudd had a crutch made for him, and in the evening sent them on their desolate way to the South.

If Booth had been in health there is no reason why he should not have remained at large a good while; he might even have made his escape to some foreign country, though, sooner or later, a crime so prodigious will generally find its perpetrator out. But it is easy to hide among a sympathizing people. Many a Union soldier, escaping from prison, has walked hundreds of miles through the enemy's country relying implicitly upon the friendship of the negroes. Booth, from the hour he crossed the navy-yard bridge, though he met with a considerable number of men, was given shelter and assistance by every one whose sympathies were with the South. After parting with Dr. Mudd, he and Herold went to the residence of Samuel Cox,¹ near Port Tobacco, and were by him given into the charge of Thomas Jones, a contraband trader between Maryland and Richmond, a man so devoted

¹ What Booth and Herold were about during the week between the 15th and the 22d of April was not brought out upon the trial of the conspirators, but Mr. George Alfred Townsend, while making the ex-

tensive and careful studies for his historical novel, "Katy of Catoctin," reconstructed the entire itinerary of the assassin, and published an admirably clear account of it in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1884.

¹ The persons about the deathbed of the President, besides his wife and son, were Vice-President Johnson, all the Cabinet with the exception of Mr. Seward, viz: Stanton, Welles, McCulloch, Usher, Dennison, and Speed; Generals Halleck, Meigs, Farnsworth, Augur, and Todd; Senator Sumner; Rev. Dr. Gurley; Schuyler Colfax; Governor Farwell; Judges Carter and Otto; Surgeon-General Barnes; Drs. Stone, Crane,

to the interests of the Confederacy that treason and murder seemed every-day incidents to be accepted as natural and necessary. He kept Booth and Herold in hiding, at the peril of his own life, for more than a week, feeding and caring for them in the woods near his house, watching for an opportunity to ferry them across the Potomac. He did this while every woodpath was haunted by Government detectives, while his own neighborhood was under strong suspicion, knowing that death would promptly follow his own detection, and that a reward was offered for the capture of his helpless charge which would make a rich man of any one who gave him up. So close was the search that Herold killed the horses on which they had ridden out of Washington for fear a neigh might betray them.

With such devoted aid Booth might have wandered a long way; but there is no final escape but suicide for an assassin with a broken leg. At each painful move the chances of discovery increased. Jones was indeed able, after repeated failures, to ferry his fated guests across the Potomac. Arriving on the Virginia side, they lived the lives of hunted animals for two or three days longer, finding to their horror that they were received by the strongest Confederates with more of annoyance than enthusiasm — though none indeed offered to betray them. At one house, while food was given him, hospitality was not offered.¹ Booth wrote the proprietor a note, pathetic in its attempted dignity, inclosing five dollars — “though hard to spare” — for his entertainment. He had by this time seen the comments of the newspapers on his work, and bitterer than death or wounds was the blow to his vanity.² He confided his feelings of wrong to his diary:

I struck boldly, and not as the papers say; I walked with a firm step through thousands of his friends; 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.

On Friday the 21st he writes:

After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night 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.

He goes on comparing himself favorably with these stage heroes, and adds:

I struck for my country and that alone — a country that groaned beneath his tyranny and prayed for this end; and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me.

He was especially grieved that the grandiloquent letter he had intrusted to his fellow-

actor Matthews — and which he in his terror had destroyed — had not been published. He thought the Government had wickedly suppressed it; he was tortured with doubts whether God would forgive him, whether it would not be better to go back to Washington and “clear his name.” “I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great.” With blessings on his mother, upon his wretched companion of crime and flight, upon the world which he thought was not worthy of him, he closed these strange outpourings, saying, “I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course.”

The course was soon ended. At Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, Booth and Herold met three young men in Confederate uniforms. They were disbanded soldiers; but Herold, imagining that they were recruiting for the Southern army, told them his story with perfect frankness and even pride, saying, “We are the assassins of the President,” and asked their company into the Confederate lines. He was disappointed at learning they were not going South, but his confidence was not misplaced. The soldiers took the fugitives to Port Royal, and tried to get shelter for them, representing Booth as a wounded Confederate soldier. After one or two failures they found refuge on the farm of a man named Garrett on the road to Bowling Green.

On the night of the 25th of April a party under Lieutenant E. P. Doherty arrested, in his bed at Bowling Green, William Jett, one of the Confederate soldiers mentioned above, and forced him to guide them to Garrett's farm. Booth and Herold were sleeping in the barn. When called upon to surrender, Booth refused, and threatened to shoot young Garrett, who had gone in to get his arms. A parley took place, lasting some minutes. Booth offered to fight the party at a hundred yards, and when this was refused cried out in a theatrical tone, “Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me.” Doherty then told him he would fire the barn; upon this Herold came out and surrendered. The barn was fired, and while it was burning, Booth, who was clearly visible by the flames through the cracks in the building, was shot by Boston Corbett, a sergeant of cavalry, a soldier of a gloomy and fanatical disposition, which afterwards developed into insanity.³ Booth was hit in the back of the neck, not far from the place where he had shot the President. He lingered about three hours in great pain, conscious but nearly inarticulate, and died at seven in the morning.

¹ Trial of J. H. Surratt, p. 402. ² *Ibid.*, p. 310.

³ He is still living, 1889, in an insane asylum in Kansas.

The surviving conspirators, with the exception of John H. Surratt, were tried by a military commission¹ sitting in Washington in the months of May and June. The charges against them specified that they were “incited and encouraged” to treason and murder by Jefferson Davis and the Confederate emissaries in Canada. This was not proved on the trial: the evidence bearing on the case showed frequent communication between Canada and Richmond and the Booth coterie in Washington, and some transactions in drafts at the Montreal Bank, where Jacob Thompson and Booth both kept their accounts. It was shown by the sworn testimony of a reputable witness that Jefferson Davis at Greensboro', on hearing of the assassination, expressed his gratification at the news; but this, so far from proving any direct complicity in the crime, would rather prove the opposite, as a conscious murderer usually conceals his malice.² Against all the rest the facts we have briefly stated were abundantly proved, though in the case of Mrs. Surratt the repugnance which all men feel at the execution of a woman induced the commission to unite in a recommendation to mercy, which President Johnson, then in the first flush of his zeal against traitors, disregarded.³ Habeas corpus proceedings were then resorted to, and failed in virtue of the President's orders to the military in charge of the prisoners. The sentences were accordingly executed: Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt were hanged on the 7th of July; Mudd, Arnold, and McLaughlin were imprisoned for life at the Tortugas, though the term was afterwards shortened, and Spangler, the scene shifter at the theater, was sentenced to six years of jail. John Surratt escaped to Canada, lay in hiding some months in a monastery, and in the autumn sailed for England under an assumed name. He wandered over Europe, enlisted in the Papal Zouaves, deserted and fled to Egypt, where he was detected and brought back to Washington in 1867. His trial lasted two months and ended in a disagreement of the jury.

THE MOURNING PAGEANT.

RECOUNTING the fate of these wretched malefactors has led us far afield. We will now

¹ This commission was composed of officers not only of high rank and distinction, but of unusual weight of character. They were Generals David Hunter, Lew Wallace, August V. Kautz, A. P. Howe, R. S. Foster, J. A. Ekin, T. N. Harris, Colonels C. H. Tompkins and D. R. Clendenin. The Judge Advocate and Recorder was Joseph Holt, assisted by the Hon. John A. Bingham and Colonel H. L. Burnett.

² Mr. Davis, in his “Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,” contradicts this evidence of Mr. Lewis F. Bates. He admits, however, that the dispatch, being read in his presence to the troops with him, elicited

return to the morning of the 15th of April and sketch, in brief and wholly inadequate words, the honors which the nation paid to its dead. The appalling news spread quickly over the country; millions of citizens learned at their breakfast tables that the President had been shot and was dying; and two hours after his death, when a squad of soldiers were escorting his mortal remains to the Executive Mansion, the dreadful fact was known at all the great centers of population. This was the first time the telegraph had been called upon to spread over the world tidings of such deep and mournful significance; it was therefore the first time the entire people of the United States had been called to deplore the passing away of an idolized leader even before his body was cold in death. The news fell with peculiar severity upon hearts which were glowing with the joy of a great victory. For the last four days, in every city and hamlet of the land, the people were breaking forth into unusual and fantastic expressions of gaiety and content; bonfires flamed through the nights; the days were uproarious with the firing of guns; the streets were hung with flags and wreaths, and whatever decorations could be on the instant improvised by a people not especially gifted with the scenic sense; and committees were everywhere forming to arrange for elaborate and official functions of joy. Upon this mirth and expansion the awful intelligence from Washington fell with the crushing and stunning effect of an unspeakable calamity. In the sudden rigor of this unexpected misfortune the country lost sight of the vast national success of the past week; and it thus came to pass that there was never any organized expression of the general exultation or rejoicing in the North over the downfall of the rebellion. It was unquestionably best that it should be so; and Lincoln himself would not have had it otherwise. He hated the arrogance of triumph; and even in his cruel death he would have been glad to know that his passage to eternity would prevent too loud an exultation over the vanquished. As it was, the South could take no umbrage at a grief so genuine and so legitimate; the people of that section even shared, to a certain degree, in the lamentations over the bier of one whom in their

cheers, “as was natural at news of the fall of one they considered their most powerful foe”; and he adds, “For an enemy so relentless, in the war for our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn.” When captured by General Wilson he affected to think he cleared himself of all suspicion in this regard by saying that Johnson was more objectionable to him than Lincoln — not noticing that the conspiracy contemplated the murder of both of them.

³ See argument of Pierrepont on trial of John H. Surratt, p. 77.

inmost hearts they knew to have wished them well.

There was one exception to the general grief too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Among the extreme radicals in Congress Mr. Lincoln's determined clemency and liberality towards the Southern people had made an impression so unfavorable that, though they were naturally shocked at his murder, they did not among themselves conceal their gratification that he was no longer in their way. In a political caucus, held a few hours after the President's death, they resolved on an entire change of the Cabinet, and a "line of policy less conciliatory than that of Mr. Lincoln; . . . the feeling was nearly universal"—we are using the language of one of their most prominent representatives¹—"that the accession of Johnson to the Presidency would prove a godsend to the country." The next day the Committee on the Conduct of the War called on the new President, and Senator Wade bluntly expressed to him the feeling of his associates: "Johnson, we have faith in you. By the gods, there will be no trouble now in running the Government."² Before many months passed away they had opportunity to learn that violence of speech was no guarantee of political consistency.

In Washington, with this singular exception, the manifestation of the public grief was immediate and demonstrative. The insignia of rejoicing at once disappeared, and within an hour after the body of the President was taken to the White House the town was shrouded in black. Not only the public buildings, the stores and shops, and the better class of residences were draped in funeral decorations, but a still more touching proof of the affection with which the dead man was regarded was seen in the poorest class of houses, where the laboring men of both colors found means in their penury to afford some scanty show of mourning. The interest and the veneration of the people still centered in the White House, where, under a tall catafalque in the east room, the late Chief of the State lay in the majesty of death, and not at the modest tavern on Pennsylvania Avenue where the new President had his lodging. At eleven o'clock Chief-Justice Chase administered the oath of office to Andrew Johnson in the presence of a few witnesses. He immediately summoned the Cabinet for a brief meeting. Mr. William Hunter was appointed Acting Secretary of State during the interim of the disability of Mr. Seward and his son, and directed to communicate to the country and the world the change in the head of the Government brought about

¹ George W. Julian, "Political Recollections," p.

² Ibid., p. 257.

by the last night's crime. It was determined that the funeral ceremonies in Washington should be celebrated on Wednesday, the 19th of April, and all the churches throughout the country were invited to join at the same time "in solemnizing the occasion" by appropriate observances. All of pomp and circumstance which the Government could command was employed to give a fitting escort from the White House to the Capitol, where the body of the President was to lie in state. A splendidly appointed force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry formed the greater part of the procession, which was completed by delegations from Illinois and Kentucky as mourners, the new President, the Cabinet, the ministers of foreign powers, and all the high officers of the nation, legislative, judicial, and executive. The pall-bearers comprised the leading members of both houses of Congress and the officers of the highest rank in the army and navy.

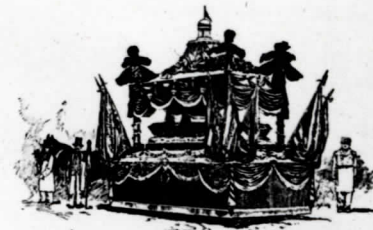
The ceremonies in the east room were brief and simple. The Rev. Dr. Hall of the Church of the Epiphany read the burial service. Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church, distinguished equally for his eloquence and his patriotism, offered a prayer, and the Rev. Dr. P. D. Gurley, at whose church the President and his family habitually attended worship, delivered a short address, commemorating, in language notably free from courtly flattery, the qualities of courage, purity, and sublime faith which had made the dead man great and useful. The coffin was carried to the funeral car, and the vast procession moved to the Capitol amid the tolling of all the bells in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, and the booming of minute-guns at Lafayette Square, at the City Hall, and on the hill of the Capitol. To associate the pomp of the day with the greatest work of Lincoln's life, a detachment of colored troops marched at the head of the line. In the rotunda, under the soaring dome of the Capitol, the coffin rested during the day and night of the 19th and until the evening of the next day. The people passed by in thousands to gaze on the face of the liberator—which had taken on in death an expression of profound happiness and repose, like that so often seen on the features of soldiers shot dead in battle.

It had been decided from the first that the President was to be buried at Springfield. Whenever a President dies, whose personality, more than his office, has endeared him to the people, it is proposed that his body shall rest at Washington; but the better instinct of the country, no less than the natural feelings of the family, insist that his dust shall lie among his own neighbors and kin. It is fitting that Washington shall sleep at Mount Vernon, the Adamses at Quincy, that even Harrison and

Taylor and Garfield, though they died in office, should be conveyed to the bosom of the States which had cherished them and sent them to the service of the nation. So Illinois claimed her greatest citizen for final sepulture amid the scenes which witnessed the growth and development of his unique character. The town of Springfield set apart a lovely spot in its northern suburb for his grave and appropriated \$20,000—a large sum considering the size and wealth of the town—to defray the expenses of his funeral. As soon as it was announced that he was to be buried in Illinois every town and city on the route begged that the train might halt within its limits and give its people the opportunity of testifying their grief and their reverence. It was finally arranged that the funeral cortège should follow substantially the same route over which Lincoln had come in 1861 to take possession of the place to which he had given a new dignity and value for all time.

Governor Brough of Ohio and Mr. John W. Garrett of Baltimore were placed in general charge of the solemn journey. A guard of honor consisting of a dozen officers of high rank in the army and navy¹ was detailed by their respective departments, which received the remains of the President at the station in Washington at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 21st of April, and the train, decked in somber trappings, moved out towards Baltimore. In this city, through which, four years before, it was a question whether the President-elect could pass with safety to his life, the train made a halt; the coffin was taken with sacred care to the great dome of the Exchange, and there, surrounded by evergreens and lilies, it lay for several hours, the people passing by in mournful throngs. Night was closing in, with rain and wind, when the train reached Harrisburg, and the coffin was carried through the muddy streets to the State Capitol, where the next morning the same scenes of grief and affection were seen. We need not enumerate the many stopping-places of this mournful pageant. The same demonstration was repeated, gaining continually in intensity of feeling and solemn splendor of display, in every city through which the procession passed. At Philadelphia a vast concourse accompanied the dead President to Independence Hall: he had shown himself worthy of the lofty fate he courted when, on that hallowed spot, on the birthday of Washington, 1861, he had said he would rather be assassinated than give up the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

¹ General E. D. Townsend represented the Secretary of War, Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis the Secretary of the Navy.

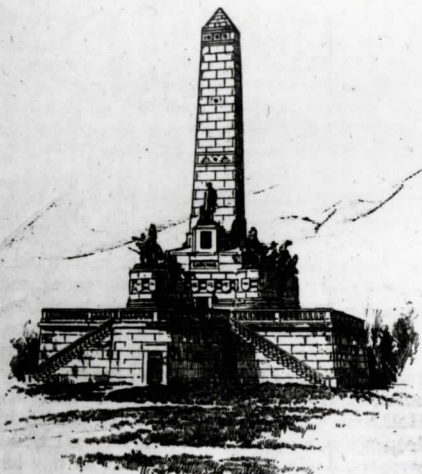


THE FUNERAL CAR. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. RELVEA.)

Here, as at many other places, the most touching manifestations of loving remembrance came from the poor, who brought flowers twined by themselves to lay upon the coffin. The reception at New York was worthy alike of the great city and of the memory of the man they honored. The body lay in state in the City Hall and a half-million of people passed in deep silence before it. Here General Scott came, pale and feeble, but resolute, to pay his tribute of respect to his departed friend and commander.

The train went up the Hudson River by night, and at every town and village on the way vast crowds were revealed in waiting by the fitful glare of torches; dirges and hymns were sung as the train moved by. Midnight had passed when the coffin was borne to the Capitol at Albany, yet the multitude rushed in as if it were day, and for twelve hours the long line of people from northern New York and the neighboring States poured through the room.

Over the broad spaces of New York the cortège made its way, through one continuous crowd of mourners. At Syracuse thirty thousand people came out in a storm at midnight to greet the passing train with fires and bells and cannons; at Rochester the same solemn observances made the night memorable; at Buffalo—it was now the morning of the 27th—the body lay in state at St. James's Hall, visited by a multitude from the western counties. As the train passed into Ohio the crowds increased in density, and the public grief seemed intensified at every step westward; the people of the great central basin seemed to be claiming their own. The day spent at Cleveland was unexampled in the depth of emotion it brought to life, the warm devotion to the memory of the great man gone which was exhibited; some of the guard of honor have said that it was at that point they began to appreciate the place which Lincoln was to hold in history. The authorities, seeing that no building could accommodate the crowd which was sure to come from all over the



THE MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY J. A. W. PITTMAN FOR J. C. POWER.)

State, wisely erected in the public square an imposing mortuary tabernacle for the lying in state, brilliant with evergreens and flowers by day, and innumerable gas jets by night, and surmounted by the inscription, *Extinctus amabitur idem*. Impressive religious ceremonies were conducted in the square by Bishop McIlvaine, and an immense procession moved to the station at night between two lines of torchlights. Columbus and Indianapolis, the State capitals of Ohio and Indiana, were next visited. The whole State, in each case, seemed gathered to meet their dead hero; an intense personal regard was everywhere evident; it was the man, not the ruler, they appeared to be celebrating; the banners and scrolls bore principally his own words: "With malice towards none, with charity for all"; "The purposes of the Lord are perfect and must prevail"; "Let us resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain"; and other brief passages from his writings. On arriving in Chicago, on the 1st of May, amid a scene of magnificent mourning, the body was borne to the court-house, where it lay for two days under a canopy of somber richness, inscribed with that noble Hebrew lament, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." From all the States of the Northwest an innumerable throng poured for

1. Besides contributing thus generally to the Springfield monument, the freed people gave another touching instance of their gratitude by erecting in a public square on Capitol Hill in Washington a noble group

these two days into Chicago, and flowed, a mighty stream of humanity, past the coffin of the dead President, in the midst of evidences of public grief which was all the more genuine for being quiet and reserved.

The last stage of this extraordinary progress was the journey to Springfield, which began on the night of the 2d of May and ended at nine o'clock the next morning—the schedule made in Washington twelve days before having been accurately carried out. On all the railroads centering in Springfield the trains for several days had been crowded to their utmost capacity with people who desired to see the last of Abraham Lincoln upon earth. Nothing had been done or thought of for two weeks in Springfield but the preparations for this day; they were made with a thoroughness which surprised the visitors from the East. The body lay in state in the Capitol, which was richly draped from roof to basement in black velvet and silver fringe; within it was a bower of bloom and fragrance. For twenty-four hours an unbroken stream of people passed through, bidding their friend and neighbor welcome home and farewell, and at ten o'clock on the 4th of May the coffin lid was closed at last and a vast procession moved out to Oak Ridge, where the dead President was committed to the soil of the State which had so loved and honored him. The ceremonies at the grave were simple and touching. Bishop Simpson delivered a pathetic oration; prayers were offered and hymns were sung; but the weightiest and most eloquent words uttered anywhere that day were those of the Second Inaugural, which the committee had wisely ordained to be read over his grave, as the friends of Raphael chose the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration as the chief ornament of his funeral.

An association was immediately formed to build a monument over the grave of Lincoln. The work was in the hands of his best and oldest friends in Illinois, and was pushed with vigor. Few large subscriptions were received, with the exception of \$50,000 voted by the State of Illinois and \$10,000 by New York; but innumerable small contributions afforded all that was needed. The soldiers and sailors of the nation gave \$28,000, of which the disproportionately large amount of \$8,000 was the gift of the negro troops, whose manhood Lincoln had recognized by putting arms in their hands.¹ In all \$180,000 was raised, and the monument, built after a design by Larkin G. Mead, was dedicated on the 15th of October, 1874. The day was fine, the concourse of

in bronze, including Lincoln, and entitled "Emancipation." The subscription for this purpose was started by a negro washerwoman. The statue is by Thomas Ball.

people with eloquence and a brilliant decorative display. The orator of the day was Governor Oglesby, who praised his friend with warm but sober eulogy; General Sherman added his honest and hearty tribute; and General Grant, twice elected President, uttered these carefully chosen words, which had all the weight that belongs to the rare discourses of that candid and reticent soldier:

From March, 1864, to the day when the hand of the assassin opened a grave for Mr. Lincoln, then

nited States, my personal relations with him were as close and intimate as the nature of our respective duties would permit. To know him personally was to love and respect him for his great qualities of heart and head, and for his patience and patriotism. With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he had entrusted commands, and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure, for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero; in his death the South lost its most just friend.

✓ PURSUIT AND DEATH OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

[JOHN WILKES BOOTH was my schoolmate in Maryland, many years ago; and by a strange coincidence three of my particular friends were concerned, in one way or another, with his pursuit and death. Two of them were Confederate officers—Major M. B. Ruggles, son of General Daniel Ruggles of the old army, and Lieutenant A. R. Bainbridge, both of whom, with Captain Jett, also of Mosby's command, met Booth and Herold in their flight and aided them to cross the Rappahannock. The other friend is Captain E. P. Doherty, who commanded the detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry that captured the fugitives. From the lips of all three I have heard accounts of the incidents that they witnessed, and the narratives that follow are given in the words of Major Ruggles and Captain Doherty.]—PRENTISS INGRAHAM.]

MAJOR RUGGLES'S NARRATIVE.



T the close of the civil war Colonel Mosby, to whose command I belonged, surrendered to General Hancock, at Millwood, Virginia. In company with two comrades, A. R. Bainbridge, now in business in New York, and William Jett, now dead, I started for my home in King George County, Virginia. We had heard from United States officers of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that the assassin had been captured in Washington, and little dreamed, when we rode up to the bank of the Rappahannock River, that we were there to come face to face with John Wilkes Booth.

Port Conway is on the King George side of the river, there about three hundred yards wide, and opposite Port Royal. The ferry was owned by a man named Rollins, but the scow was run—that is, poled across—by Peyton Washington, a negro. The scow was on the

¹ The proofs of this article have been read and corrected (Nov., 1889) by Colonel Ingraham, Major Ruggles, Lieutenant Bainbridge, and Captain Doherty.—EDITOR.

² The reward as offered was \$100,000 by the U. S. Government, and \$25,000 each by three of the States.

other side of the river when we rode up, and I observed there a wagon, drawn by two very wretched-looking horses. In the wagon were two men. On seeing us approach, one of them came towards us, and, finding that we were Confederate soldiers, said that his name was Boyd, and that his brother had been wounded severely in the leg while escaping from prison, where they had been for some time. He furthermore said that their negro driver, Lucas, refused to take them any farther, and that they were anxious to get on their way, and asked our aid. I at once said we would help them; and while discussing the speedy coming of the scow, the other got out of the wagon, and walking with evident pain, with the aid of a rude crutch, came towards us. He apparently mistrusted his companion, for as he came forward he said, "I suppose you have been told who I am?" Thinking he meant that Herold had told us they were Confederate soldiers, escaped from prison, I answered in the affirmative. Instantly he dropped his weight back upon his crutch, and drawing a revolver said sternly, with the utmost coolness, "Yes, I am John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Abraham Lincoln, and I am worth just \$175,000 to the man who captures me."² We were greatly surprised, and yet the coolness of the man won our admiration; for we saw that he was wounded, desperate, and at bay. His face was

haggard, pinched with suffering, his dark eyes sunken, but strangely bright, and though he had shaved off his mustache, upon his lip and face was a beard of some ten days' growth.

In response to his defiant words I said that we had been told that Lincoln's slayer had been captured; but that, though we did not sanction his act as an assassin, we were not men to take "blood money"; and that having promised his friend, who proved to be Herold, to take them across the river to a place of safety, we would do so. Though it is contrary to the general belief of the people of the North, I believe that had the war then been going on, Booth, instead of finding an asylum in the South, would have been taken and surrendered to the United States by the Confederate Government.

Booth replaced his weapon at my words, and, thanking us, said he was utterly unable to walk. I dismounted, and we lifted him upon my horse—a fact that seemed to give the saddle and bridle a great pecuniary value, as I learned through correspondence with Mr. Barnum; though they were never exhibited as relics, and are now at my brother's home in Virginia, there kept as souvenirs of my "days with Mosby."

¹ Colonel John J. Garnett, who at the close of the war was with General Joseph E. Johnston as Chief of Artillery, received from Lieutenant Bainbridge, whom he has known for many years, the following additional particulars of the intercourse of the three Confederate officers with Booth and Herold: "Captain Jett was well acquainted in Caroline County, on the opposite side of the river, and he told Booth, with our approval, that he would find a place of safety for him. 'God bless you, sir!' said Booth, his face wincing with the pain of his disabled leg. When Booth realized that we were kindly disposed, he threw off all reserve and became quite communicative. Booth was dressed in a dark suit of clothes that looked seamed and ravelly, as if from rough contact with thorny undergrowth. On his head was a seedy looking black slouch hat, which he kept well pulled down over his forehead. The lame foot was entirely free from all covering, save a black stocking. The shoe which was on it was entirely cut away at the top, the heel only being covered with leather. The foot was much swollen, and seemed to trouble him greatly. The crutch he carried was rough-hewn and ungainly. His long dark mustache swept over his mouth in a straggling, unkempt manner, although it was evident that he had tried to preserve its shape by frequent handling. Indeed, during all the time he sat with us he was constantly pulling it into shape. His beard, of a coal-black hue, was of about two weeks' growth and gave his face an unclean appearance. Over his shoulders drooped a long gray shawl, which he said had served him well in covering the tell-tale initials 'J. W. B.' done in Indian ink on his right hand. These letters he showed to us to establish his identity. Strung over his shoulders by a long strap were a pair of large field glasses, which he said had not been of much use to him, because he had 'been forced to keep under cover too much.' . . . The wind lulled after we had waited a long time, and the ferryman came over for us. Captain Ruggles helped Booth to mount his horse, and together we went over to Port Royal, a village opposite Port Conway. The ferryman eyed us all very closely and we said but very little. Booth sat squarely on his horse, looking expectantly

Booth and Herold both seemed to be the worse for their exposure and hardships of the past few days. Booth wore a black soft hat, dark clothes, one cavalry boot,—the one on his wounded leg having been cut off,—and his weapons were a carbine, two revolvers, and a knife, the blade of the latter bearing the stain of blood, for with it he had wounded Major Rathbone. I noticed that his wounded leg was greatly swollen, inflamed, and dark, as from bruised blood, while it seemed to have been wretchedly dressed, the splints being simply pasteboard rudely tied about it. That he suffered intense pain all the time there was no doubt, though he tried to conceal his agony, both physical and mental.

When the scow arrived Peyton Washington ferried us across the river. After a ride of three miles we came to the Garrett farm, where we asked for shelter for the fugitives, which was granted. We also remained all night near Garrett's, sleeping in the woods, and the next day Herold went with us to Bowling Green, where we left Jett.¹

The next day, Herold having decided upon the best course to pursue in his flight, Bain-

towards the opposite shore, and when the boat struck the wharf he lost no time in landing. I could see that his spirits were improving, and he laughed heartily when we surrounded him in a group. 'I'm safe in glorious old Virginia, thank God!' he exclaimed. 'Now, boys,' said Jett, 'I propose to take our friend Booth up to Garrett's house. I think they'll give him shelter there and treat him kindly.' 'Whatever you deem best to do with me, my friends,' replied Booth, 'I'll agree to be satisfied.' 'Jett understands this country,' said Captain Ruggles, 'and I think that it will be well to act as he directs.' 'I'm in your hands,' said Booth; 'do with me, boys, as you think best.' 'Well,' said Jett, 'I want to do the best I can for you; and I think our plan is to escort Mr. Booth up to Garrett's, tell the family who he is, and trust to their hospitality to see him kindly cared for until such time as he sees fit to seek other quarters.' After a few minutes' further conversation we left the wharf and started through Port Royal on the road to Garrett's farm. His house was some distance from the main road, and when we reached the gate leading into the farm Herold, who said that he wanted to go with us as far as Bowling Green to buy a pair of shoes, remained with me, while Jett and Ruggles accompanied Booth to the house. Garrett's residence was in the style at that time in vogue among Southern planters. It was a large, wooden framed building, with broad porches on every side. It stood on a hill, from which sloped in every direction broad rolling fields, fair in their verdure as ever greeted the eye of man. When Booth was a few rods distant in the lane from where Herold and I were standing, he suddenly wheeled his horse about, and lifting his slouch hat from his head waved it towards us and shouted back: 'Good-by, old fellow. Good-by, Lieutenant; come and see me again. I shall always be pleased to see you both.' 'I'll be with you soon, John,' returned Herold; 'keep in good spirits.' 'Have no fear about me, Herold,' Booth replied; 'I am among friends now'; with which he turned his horse, and followed at a gallop after Jett and Ruggles, who were far in advance of him. Booth impressed me at that moment as the most reckless man I had ever met. Without a parole as I

bridge and myself accompanied him back to Garrett's. We found Booth lying on the grass, in front of the house, and sitting by his side I heard from his lips his version of the tragic conspiracy, his fatal shot, his motives, escape, and flight up to his coming to the Garretts'. In answer to my questions he spoke quietly, repressing now and then a groan of pain, and showing emotion and stern defiance at times. He said, in substance, that the plot had been to capture Mr. Lincoln and carry him a prisoner into the Confederacy, for he believed that by such an act the war could be brought to an end, as the South could dictate terms with such a hostage. Failing in this, he decided at the last moment, as it were, to strike deadly blows at Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and General Grant. In the plot to kill, Payne¹ alone was implicated with him, not even Herold knowing what was to be done. Atzerodt knew nothing of the intended assassination, nor did, according to Booth's statement to me, any other, excepting Payne. The name of Mrs. Surratt was not mentioned by him. He said

was, and in my own country, amid scenes with which I had been familiar since childhood, I did not feel that I was perfectly safe. If he felt any premonitions of danger, as I certainly felt that in his position he should, he gave no signs of them. He seemed as light-hearted and careless as a schoolboy just released from his studies. Herold and I went on to Bowling Green, where we remained all night, stopping at the house of a Mr. Clark. Jett and Ruggles, after escorting Booth up to Garrett's house and seeing him well disposed, went on to Bowling Green, where they stopped with Mr. Goldman, for whose daughter Jett had tender feelings. On the following day I learned of Johnston's surrender, and decided to go back to my home in King George County and settle down to the life of a peaceful citizen. I met Jett and Ruggles and told them of my intention, and they concluded to do likewise. I inquired for Booth, and in what shape they had left him, and Willie Jett told me that he did not think under the existing state of affairs the Garretts liked to harbor Booth in their house. 'And yet,' said Jett, 'they did not like to turn him away.' After a little persuasion Mr. Garrett agreed to allow him to remain on his place, although he felt that he would be running a big risk in doing so. 'He'll be well taken care of, never fear,' said Jett, who decided to remain at Goldman's house for a few days. Captain Ruggles and I went on the next morning towards Port Royal together, Herold accompanying us as far as Garrett's gate, where we left him. He told us that he was going right up to join Booth, and that he would stick by him to the death. Just before reaching Port Royal I met a soldier of my command, who told me that if we had not got our paroles, and did not want to be captured, to turn back. 'For,' said he, 'the town is full of Yankees in search of Booth, who, they say, crossed the river yesterday.' We turned immediately and rode back to Garrett's. As we approached the front gate Booth was lying on the lawn in front of the house. As soon as he recognized us he arose, and hobbling towards us said, 'Well, boys, what's in the wind now?' We told him the enemy was upon his trail, and advised him to seek shelter in the woods. I remember pointing to a thick piece of woodland some distance from the house, and saying: 'Booth, get over there at once,

and hide yourself. In those wooded ravines you will never be found.' 'Yes,' said Ruggles, 'get there as quickly as you can, and lose no time about starting.' Booth turned around to look for Herold, but he was nowhere in sight, as indeed was no one else. He then straightened himself up to his full height, and replied: 'I'll do as you say, boys, right off. Ride on! Good-by! It will never do for you to be found in my company.' Then biting his lips, as if he had conceived a desperate resolve, he said, 'Rest assured of one thing, good friend, Wilkes Booth will never be taken alive.' The ferryman at Port Conway had recognized Jett, and when Lieutenant Doherty arrived there with his troops, and described the men they were pursuing, he knew at once that he had assisted them across the river the day before. He told the officers that he had taken five men across, three of whom were Confederate soldiers, one of whom he knew to be Captain Jett, as he had often taken him across. If he had only stopped there all might have been well so far as Booth was concerned, for some time. But the ferryman was frightened. He thought if he did not tell all he knew he would be arrested as an accomplice in the assassination of Lincoln, so he volunteered the information that Captain Jett had a sweetheart at Bowling Green, and that in all probability he would be found there. The people of the South conceived the idea that Captain Jett deliberately betrayed Booth. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Had they been in his place, I make bold to say they would have acted as he did. It was his life or Booth's. The latter had no hopes; but Jett, with a parole in his possession, had, so far as he knew, a long life of happiness before him. Lieutenant Doherty and his troops were hot upon the assassin's trail, and were not to be denied their prey. Poor Jett had only one alternative, and that was to become their guide, and I am sure he did so unwillingly. He has been dead many years, and I know that he was loyal to the cause he espoused, and fought gallantly for it to the end. He guided the troops back to Garrett's, and he afterward told me that he had hopes that Booth might have been warned in time to escape, as indeed he had been by us.—EDITOR.

¹ Payne was a deserter from a Confederate Florida regiment.

was really at an end, he determined to make his way to the silver mines of Mexico, feeling that the South would be no place of refuge for him. It has been said that Booth had plenty of money with him; but he showed me three five-dollar bills, all that he had, excepting a bill of exchange; while Herold had not as much. I asked him why he did not attempt to get to Europe, and his answer was that there was no asylum for such as he where monarchs ruled, as they feared their own lives might be in danger from the example he had set.

It is generally believed that Herold shot his own and Booth's horse; but Booth told me that after weighting them down they led them into the Potomac the night they embarked on the boat to cross, and drawing their heads over the gunwale cut their throats and saw them sink from sight. This would account for the fact that their bodies were never found.¹

Booth seemed to feel that he had been spurred on to the deed through a duty he owed the country to bring the war to an end, and he said that he would never be taken alive. If he had not broken his leg he could readily have distanced all pursuit. He was without doubt disappointed at the reception he met in Virginia, and said that he was prepared to meet any fate. The calm courage of the man in the midst of his great peril, and while racked by suffering, impressed me in spite of myself, for there was no braggadocio about him; simply a determination to submit to the inevitable, parleying when it should become necessary to do so. The few extracts he read me from his diary showed this.

From the examination I made of his broken leg, aided by some experience I had had with wounds, I feel confident that amputation would have been necessary to save his life, and perhaps that would not have prevented a speedy death.

Soon after my long conversation with Booth, Bainbridge and myself bade him and Herold good-by and went on our way, remaining that night in the pines, and next day going to Robb's, where we learned that a company of United States cavalry were scouring the country and had captured the fugitives in Garrett's barn. Knowing the barn well, and judging from all the circumstances connected with the burning of it, I feel convinced that Sergeant Boston Corbett has a reputation undeserved as the slayer of Mr. Lincoln's assassin. From the spot where Sergeant Corbett was he could not have seen Booth where he stood, and certainly could

¹ Lieutenant Bainbridge is positive that he heard Booth say: "After we had been three days in the pines, I deemed it advisable to act on Jones's advice and kill our horses. I could hear in the distance the neighing

not have been able to shoot him in the back of the head. Having asked Captain Doherty to fall back fifty paces with his men and give him a chance to come out, and very properly and naturally being refused his request by that gallant officer, deserted by Herold, the barn on fire, and seeing that he must perish in the flames or be taken to Washington and hanged, Booth, hopeless, alone, and at bay, placed his pistol to the back of his head, and took his own life. No one saw Corbett fire, and one chamber of Booth's revolver held in his hand was empty, and I am by no means alone in the belief that he killed himself.

Learning that Jett was a prisoner, and that we were to be arrested, tried, and hanged, as aiders and abettors, Bainbridge and myself stood not on the order of going, but went at once. Making our way into Essex County and crossing to Westmoreland, we went to our home up in King George County. Some ten days after, I was arrested at night by a squad of United States cavalry. Bainbridge was also captured. We were taken to Washington and placed in the Old Capitol Prison. We were not alone in our misery, however, for Dr. Stewart, at whose house Booth had stopped, William Lucas, the negro who had driven him to the ferry, and a number of others, were there, among them being Jett, who had escaped from Captain Doherty, and had been recaptured at his home in Westmoreland County.

From Booth's own words to me as he lay on the grass in front of Garrett's house, I feel assured that in the excitement of the times there were some innocent ones who were punished for the crimes of Booth and Payne.

After the trial, by a strange mistake I was sent to Johnson's Island, where as a Confederate prisoner I had passed half a year; but after a few days spent there I was returned to Washington, and after taking the oath of allegiance I was released.

M. B. Ruggles.

CAPTAIN DOHERTY'S NARRATIVE.

ABOUT the hour of 4 P. M. April 24, 1865, when Booth and Herold were taken by their newly made Confederate friends to the Garrett farm, where Booth was killed and Herold captured, I was seated, with another officer of the 16th New York Cavalry, on a bench in the park opposite the White House. There I received the following orders from a messenger:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON, April 24, 1865. Commanding Officer 16th New York

of the horses of the Federal cavalry as they went scouting through the country, and I was afraid that ours might answer them and betray our whereabouts, so I asked Herold to shoot them, which he did."—EDITOR.

Cavalry. Sir: You will at once detail a reliable and discreet commission officer with twenty-five men, well mounted, with three days' rations and forage, to report at once to Colonel L. C. Baker, Agent of the War Department, at 211 Pennsylvania Ave. Command of General C. C. Augur.—J. C. SEWELL, A. A. A. Gen'l.

In accordance with the foregoing order First Lieutenant E. P. Doherty¹ is hereby detailed for the duty, and will report at once to Colonel Baker, 211 Pennsylvania Ave.—N. B. SWITZER, Colonel 16th New York Cavalry, Bvt. Brig. Gen'l, U. S. A.

I proceeded to the barracks, had "boots and saddles" sounded, and in less than half an hour had reported to Colonel Baker. I took the first twenty-five men in the saddle, Sergeant Boston Corbett being the only member of my own company. Colonel Baker handed me photographs of the assassins of President Lincoln. He told me no troops had yet been in Fredericksburg, but that I must reach that vicinity with all dispatch. He introduced me to E. J. Conger and L. B. Baker, of the detective force, and said they would accompany me. I proceeded down to the Sixth street wharf, where I found the steamer *John S. Ide*, and directed Captain Wilson to move down to Aquia Creek and to Belle Plain. After the detachment had landed I directed the captain of the boat to move off to a place of safe anchorage and await my return. Should I not return before 6 P. M. on the 26th he was to go back to Washington and report to Captain Allen, assistant quartermaster. I proceeded directly south until I struck the main road to Fredericksburg. Here I halted at 4 A. M. A negro informed me that a regiment of cav-

alry had passed to Fredericksburg the previous evening, going along on the north side of the Rappahannock River. I then determined to push down and go up on the south side, where no troops had been.

The detectives asked for a detail of four men and a sergeant to scour the country, while I with the rest of the men continued on towards the Rappahannock. The detectives returned about 3 P. M. without any clue to the whereabouts of the assassins. I went to the ferry at Port Conway and saw Mrs. Rollins, the ferryman's wife, and another woman sitting on the steps of the ferry-house. Drawing Booth's picture from my pocket I showed it to them, and inferred from their looks that Booth was not far distant. One of them said that Booth and Herold had been brought there in a wagon the evening before by a negro named Lucas, who would carry them no farther. While they were bargaining with her husband to take them to Orange Court House, three Confederate soldiers, Ruggles, Bainbridge, and Jett, rode up and they entered into conversation. By and by they were all taken over the ferry. Booth was put on Ruggles's horse and they proceeded towards Bowling Green.

I at once sent the bugler to Sergeant Corbett, telling him to mount the detachment, which I had left a mile behind, feeding, and move down as quickly as possible. Mrs. Rollins went for her husband, who was fishing, and I sent him for the scow, which was on the other side of the river. During his absence the command arrived at the ferry and we were soon over the

¹ The following is taken from the report of Generals Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate, and E. D. Townsend, Adjutant-General, U. S. A., to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, on the subject of the arrest of those engaged in the assassination of President Lincoln, which was transmitted to Congress: "The parties who made the arrest of Booth and Herold were a detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry (consisting of Lieutenant E. P. Doherty, commanding, and two sergeants, seven corporals, and seventeen privates), accompanied by E. J. Conger and L. B. Baker, two employees in the detective service of Colonel L. C. Baker, Provost-Marshal, etc., the officer who originated and directed the expedition, though not personally accompanying it. . . . The military element of the expedition for the arrest of these criminals Booth and Herold is therefore believed to have been that which was essential to its success, and without which its results could not have been attained. As the commander of the detachment employed upon this important duty, Lieutenant Doherty was solely responsible for its discipline and efficiency. He is found to have been active and energetic, and it is believed to be established by the weight of testimony that it was he who personally made the actual seizure of Herold. It was he, too (in conjunction with Mr. Baker), who obtained the first reliable information which rendered the capture of the criminals almost certain; and though, in the direction of the investigation, the initiative would seem more frequently to have been taken by Conger, yet Lieutenant Doherty is shown to have acted and been recognized as the commander of

the expedition in the only written instructions which appear to have been issued during the march, to wit, those given by him to the master of the steamer which conveyed the party to and from Belle Plain. Upon the whole, therefore, it is concluded that as such commander he may properly be awarded the one-tenth portion of the whole amount which is payable by law to the commanding officer of a vessel immediately engaged in the capture of a prize, and his share will therefore be \$7500. The services of Messrs. Conger and Baker upon this expedition were, no doubt, of great value; and, inasmuch as these parties immediately represented the views and intentions of Colonel Baker, their part in carrying out the original plan was particularly important. It is understood that their expenses incurred upon this duty have been reimbursed, and that they have also been paid, or are entitled to be paid, for their general services, as detectives at this period, at the rate of \$150 per month. They should, however, both be liberally, and, as it is thought, equally compensated; and it is concluded that of the amount offered as reward there may properly be paid to each the sum of \$4000."

Sergeants Corbett and Wendell each received \$2545.68; each of the seven corporals received \$2291.09; and each of the seventeen privates \$2036.53. Of the \$75,000 thus distributed as a reward for the arrest of Booth and Herold, Colonel L. C. Baker received the share that "would be payable to the commander of a squadron, by a separate ship of which a prize had been taken," that is, one-twentieth, or \$3750.—EDITOR.

river. I arrested Rollins the ferryman, and took him as guide to Bowling Green. At dark we passed the Garrett farm, not then dreaming that the assassins were concealed there. Arriving at Bowling Green, I surrounded Goldman's Hotel. After some hesitation the door was opened by Mrs. Goldman. I inquired of her who were the male inmates of the house. She replied that there was only her wounded son, and I directed her to show me his room, telling her that if my men were fired on I should burn the building and take the inmates prisoners to Washington. She took me up one flight of stairs to her son's room, and as I entered Captain Jett sprang from his bed, half-dressed. Her son lay on another bed, wounded. Jett admitted his identity, and drawing Mr. Stanton's proclamation from my pocket I read it to him, and then said, "I have known your movements for the past two or three days, and if you do not tell me the truth I will hang you; but if you give me the information I want, I will protect you." He was greatly excited, and told me that he had left Booth at Garrett's house, three miles from Port Conway, the evening before, and that Herold had come to Bowling Green with him, and returned that morning. I had Jett's horse taken from the stable, and, placing a guard over him, we retraced our steps towards Garrett's. It was now about midnight, and my men, having been out since the 24th without sleep and with very little food, were exhausted; those who had been left on the edge of the town had fallen asleep. I had some difficulty in arousing them, but when they learned that we were on Booth's track new life seemed to be infused into them. I placed Corbett in the rear with orders to allow no man to fall out of line. Upon reaching Garrett's orchard fence I halted, and in company with Rollins and the detectives took a survey of the premises. I had the fence taken down. I told off six men, gave out the countersign of "Boston," and sent the six men as a patrol in rear of the out-buildings, with instructions to allow no one to pass through the field or to approach them without the countersign. The gates in front of Garrett's house were quietly opened, and in a minute the whole premises were surrounded. I dismounted, and knocked loudly at the front door. Old Mr. Garrett came out. I seized him, and asked him where the men were who were there yesterday. He replied that they had gone to the woods when the cavalry passed the previous afternoon. While I was speaking with him some of the men had entered the house to search it. Soon one of the soldiers sang out, "O Lieutenant! I have a man here I found in the corn-crib." It was young Garrett, and I demanded the whereabouts of the fugitives. He replied, "In the

barn." Leaving a few men around the house, we proceeded in the direction of the barn, which we surrounded. I kicked on the door of the barn several times without receiving a reply. Meantime another son of Garrett's had been captured. The barn was secured with a padlock, and young Garrett carried the key. I unlocked the door, and again summoned the inmates of the building to surrender. After some delay Booth said, "For whom do you take me?" I replied, "It does n't make any difference. Come out." He said, "I am a cripple and alone." I said, "I know who is with you, and you had better surrender." He replied, "I may be taken by my friends, but not by my foes." I said, "If you don't come out, I'll burn the building." I directed a corporal to pile up some hay in a crack in the wall of the barn, and set the building on fire. As the corporal was picking up the hay and brush Booth said, "If you come back here I will put a bullet through you." I then motioned to the corporal to desist, and decided to wait for daylight and then to enter the barn by both doors and overpower the assassins. Booth then said, in a drawling voice, "O Captain! there is a man in here who wants to surrender awful bad." I replied, "You had better follow his example and come out." His answer was, "No, I have not made up my mind; but draw your men up fifty paces off and give me a chance for my life." I told him I had not come to fight; that I had fifty men, and could take him. Then he said, "Well, my brave boys, prepare me a stretcher, and place another stain on our glorious banner."

At this moment Herold reached the door. I asked him to hand out his arms; he replied that he had none. I told him I knew exactly what weapons he had. Booth replied, "I own all the arms, and may have to use them on you, gentlemen." I then said to Herold, "Let me see your hands." He put them through the partly opened door and I seized him by the wrists. I handed him over to a non-commissioned officer. Just at this moment I heard a shot, and thought Booth had shot himself. Throwing open the door, I saw that the straw and hay behind Booth were on fire. He was half-turning towards it.

He had a crutch, and he held a carbine in his hand. I rushed into the burning barn, followed by my men, and as he was falling caught him under the arms and pulled him out of the barn. The burning building becoming too hot, I had him carried to the veranda of Garrett's house.

Booth received his death-shot in this manner. While I was taking Herold out of the barn one of the detectives went to the rear, and pulling out some protruding straw set fire

to it. I had placed Sergeant Boston Corbett at a large crack in the side of the barn, and he, seeing by the igniting hay that Booth was leveling his carbine at either Herold or myself, fired, to disable him in the arm; but Booth making a sudden move, the aim erred, and the bullet struck Booth in the back of the head, about an inch below the spot where his shot had entered the head of Mr. Lincoln. Booth asked me by signs to raise his hands. I lifted them up and he gasped, "Useless, useless!" We gave him brandy and water, but he could not swallow it. I sent to Port Royal for a physician, who could do nothing when he came, and at seven o'clock Booth breathed his last. He had on his person a diary, a large bowie knife, two pistols, a compass, and a draft on Canada for £60.

I took a saddle blanket off my horse, and, borrowing a darning needle from Miss Garrett, sewed his body in it. The men found an old wagon, and impressed it, with the negro driver. The body was placed upon it, and two hours

after Booth's death I was on the way back to Belle Plain, where I had left the steamboat.

I had released Rollins and sent him ahead to have his ferry-boat ready to take us across the river. About 6 p. m. I reached the boat, and found the captain preparing to return to Washington. We reached Washington at 2 a. m., April 27. I placed the body of Booth and the prisoner Herold on board the monitor *Montauk*, after which I marched my worn-out command up through the navy yard to their quarters.

The next morning an autopsy was held, and measures were taken to identify the body of Booth. The portion of the neck and head through which the bullet had passed was cut out, and is to-day preserved in the National Museum of Anatomy at Washington. The body was buried in a cell in the Penitentiary, where it remained nearly four years, with the bodies of the other assassins. It was then given to his friends, and now lies in a cemetery in Baltimore.

Edward P. Doherty.



THE WINTER FIELDS.

WINDS here, and sleet, and frost that bites like steel.
 The low, bleak hill rounds under the low sky.
 Naked of flock and fold the fallows lie,
 Thin-streaked with meager drift. The gusts reveal
 By fits the dim, gray snakes of fence that steal
 Through the white dusk. The hill-foot poplars sigh,
 While storm and death with winter trample by;
 And the iron fields ring sharp, and blind lights reel.
 Yet, in the lonely ridges, wrenched with pain,
 Harsh, solitary hillocks, bound and dumb,
 Grave glebes, close-lipped beneath the scourge and chain,
 Lurks hid the germ of ecstasy, the sum
 Of life that waits on summer, till the rain
 Whisper in April and the crocus come.

Charles G. D. Roberts.