

(Lincoln And Booth.)

The Inner Story Of The Great Tragedy Of Sixty Years Ago.
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A Copy by S. J. Dunbar.

Troy New-YORK.

NOBODY COULD INSULT LINCOLN

By JOHN CARLYLE

Edwin Stanton, brilliant statesman of the middle of the last century, laughed at Lincoln. He thought Lincoln was a boor from a cross-road village of the Middle West. He didn't hesitate to say so.

Lincoln knew that Stanton laughed at him.

William H. Seward was a fine gentleman from Auburn, N. Y. Seward expected to be nominated for the presidency in 1860. His friends expected it too. Seward and Seward's friends didn't take the lanky lawyer from Illinois seriously. For them the United States did not reach very far west of the Hudson river.

Lincoln knew what the political Seward and his friends thought.

Lincoln was elected President. The first thing he did was to make Seward Secretary of State and Stanton Secretary of War.

My thoughts are always finding something new and attractive and impressive as they play upon the tall figure of Lincoln.

As I think of him now I think most of his bigness—his spiritual bigness.

Nobody could insult Lincoln. Nobody could laugh at Lincoln and have it mean anything. Nobody could refuse to take Lincoln seriously and have it thereby hurt him. It just couldn't be done.

Lincoln was too big to be ignored and he was too big to be insulted.

Newspapers of the early sixties employed smart cartoonists just as they do today. The cartoonists tried to make Lincoln a ridiculous figure. British newspapers got into the game. Their cartoonists tried to laugh Lincoln to death.

Go into the sombre house in Washington where the great President died. Look over the files of these early newspapers, British and American. You will smile at the pictures. You won't laugh—just smile. And you will not smile at Lincoln. You will smile at the puny efforts of little artists and little editors to make Lincoln funny. It couldn't be done.

Lincoln was too big.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

NO-1.

How the Assassin's Plan to Kidnap the President Was Changed to the Darker Purpose of Murder--Arrangements Made by Booth in Ford's Theater to Facilitate His Crime--The Shooting and the Escape--The Death Bed of the President--Booth's Dupes.

[Written by Winfield M. Thompson and copyrighted by the author.]

In connection with the assassination of President Lincoln, the 50th anniversary of which occurs this month, the Saturday Globe publishes this week the first of a series of four articles, which treat of the shooting of Lincoln; the escape, pursuit, capture, death and burial of the assassin, John Wilkes Booth; the trial of Booth's miserable dupes and the execution of four of them on the scaffold in Washington.

Next week's article will deal with the escape and pursuit of the assassin until he was finally cornered beyond the Rappahannock river in Virginia.

WHILE the national capital was rejoicing over the surrender of Lee and the end of the war, and while President Lincoln, newly come from captured Petersburg and Richmond, was receiving the joyous congratulations of many callers at the White House, there passed in and out among the happy crowds in Washington, on the streets, in hotels, theaters and other public places, a young man whose mind was centered on killing the President.

This was John Wilkes Booth. He was not like the traditional assassin, skulking with lowering brow and furtive eye, but bright and gay, with a winsome manner that disarmed suspicion and made men like him on sight.

Watching and waiting to take Lincoln's life, he went blithely from place to place, busy with his plans of death, yet apparently carefree and even joyous. He had moved thus for months about Washington, and also on various journeys, long and short—to Baltimore, New York, Boston and Montreal—leading what seemed a normal life, yet always planning and plotting for the downfall of Lincoln.

At first he had planned to kidnap the President, take him south, and offer him in exchange for all the Confederate prisoners held in the north. This plan falling, he had embraced the dark purpose of assassination, and had nourished it secretly in his bosom until it mastered him and controlled his every thought.

In his first plan Booth had drawn about him such persons as he needed for his work and could control without explanations. When that plan failed he held most of these dupes about him, to do his bidding in the darker work. He had no confidants, no advisers, no partners; all the persons he enmeshed in his net of crime

were subjects of his will, obeying him blindly and at times unwillingly.

Booth in Maryland.

In October Booth had visited Montreal and had deposited funds in a bank there, apparently for use in the event of failure and flight.

Returning from Canada Booth went into Maryland to make arrangements for transporting his captive and crossing the Potomac. He carried a letter from a Confederate sympathizer in Montreal to a citizen of Charles county, Dr. Queen, whose guest he was for a Saturday night.

With his host Booth attended Sunday service at St. Mary's Catholic Church, near Bryantown, and there was introduced to a local physician, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance, to be confined to three meetings, that was to class Dr. Mudd as a conspirator in the assassination of Lincoln.

Dr. Mudd's second meeting with Booth was an accidental one in Washington a month later. Booth then requested Dr. Mudd to introduce him to John H. Surratt, a young man represented to Booth as an active messenger for the Confederacy. Dr. Mudd did so, but apologized to Surratt privately for introducing him to a stranger of whom he knew little, and whom he suspected of being a government detective.

Surratt a Valued Recruit.

Booth secured in Surratt his most valued recruit. Surratt knew every road to the Potomac, every creek and crossing place on the river and every house along the way to Virginia. He entered enthusiastically into Booth's kidnaping plan and by so doing enmeshed his mother in Booth's fatal net. Eight months after meeting Booth she died on the scaffold.

From the day John Surratt joined his fortunes to Booth's the actor became a caller at the Surratt home, and he

often sent others of his agents there to consult with Surratt.

Through his acquaintance with John Surratt, Booth met another young man suited to his purpose. This was David E. Herold, a drug clerk, 20 years old, of Washington.

Kidnaping Plan Fails.

Making his headquarters at the National Hotel in Washington Booth employed Surratt as his field agent. Surratt went to Port Tobacco, Md., and there bought a flat-bottomed boat or scow that would hold about 15 persons. This was to be used in ferrying President Lincoln and his abductors across the Potomac from Nanjemoy Creek, about 25 miles south of Washington.

An acceptable ferryman was secured in the person of a German named George A. Atzerodt, a carriage painter by trade, who was acquainted with "running the blockade." He was a good-humored, clownish, low-browed man of small mental capacity, weak and avaricious, and willing to do anything for the wealth Surratt declared success would bring him.

The boat secured, Booth supplied his men with equipment for their enterprise. In a bedroom in a Baltimore hotel he met Surratt, O'Laughlin and Atzerodt, and gave them two carbines, ammunition, pistols and knives, which were secretly deposited in a tavern at Surratsville, now Clinton, in Maryland.

Booth's last recruit and one of his most important ones was an ex-Confederate soldier, Lewis Thornton Powell, also known as Lewis Payne, whom he met in Baltimore. Booth gave him money and sent him on to Washington to see Surratt.

In Washington, after considering and rejecting various plans for kidnaping the President, Booth outlined to his dupes the one he proposed to follow. On March 18 it was expected that Lincoln would attend a special performance to be given next day at the Campbell Military Hospital, which was far out on Seventh street, beyond the city limits, and Booth and his followers determined to kidnap him while either going to or returning from the hospital. But Lincoln did not attend and Booth immediately abandoned his plan to seize the President and turned to the darker alternative of assassination.

Lincoln's Strange Dream.

It would seem as though Lincoln had a premonition of his impending fate. A few days before his death he related to his wife and a few friends the story of a strange dream that had disturbed him the night before.

In his dream, he said he went from room to room in the White House, and everywhere heard sounds of "pitiful sobbing," though "no living being was in sight . . . until I arrived at the east room. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse. Around it were stationed soldiers. There was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully.

"Who is dead in the White House?" I demanded of one of the soldiers.

"The President," was his answer. "He was killed by an assassin." Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which woke me from my dream.

The last afternoon of his life Lincoln rode out in the White House carriage with his wife. When the drive was over his time was taken up with callers. Two friends from Illinois came in and found him reading from one of his favorite humorous authors, ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), Schuyler Colfax, speaker of the House, called on the eve of departure for California, and to

him the President intrusted a message of cheer to the miners of Colorado.

When dinner time came the President was so much absorbed in his book that several calls were needful to get him to come to the dining-room. He knew that a theater party had been arranged for that evening, but he had no desire to go. He was too happy to wish then the diversion afforded by a play, though he was fond of the theater.

The theater party that was to bring Lincoln within the assassin's reach had been planned as an honor to Gen. Grant, who, his work in the war done, had arrived in Washington the day before from City Point, Va., with his wife, who had been with him in the closing weeks at Petersburg.

But Gen. Grant and his wife were anxious to set out for Burlington, N. J., to see their daughter and were excused from attending the theater.

Rather than disappoint the theater people and public, Lincoln had decided to attend the theater without Gen. Grant. To make up a party, Mrs. Lincoln then invited a young couple of the official social circle, Miss Clara H. Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, of New York, and her fiancé, Maj. Henry R. Rathbone.

The theater management on receiving an order for the President's box (No. 7, on the balcony level, on the right of the house), had prepared it for the evening, by rearranging the furniture, placing a portrait of Washington in its front, and draping the box with flags.

Booth's Cold-Blooded Preparations.

These preparations were in progress when John Wilkes Booth called at the theater, as he had done on many days in the preceding months, to get his mail.

The work in the theater of preparing the President's box was not watched by Booth. He knew the house so well that he need not study it now. When the workmen had gone, at supper time, it seems most probable, the assassin slipped through the darkened theater to the President's box. No one saw him there; but a hole was bored in the panel of the box door and a bar was fitted behind the door opening from the balcony on the little corridor at the back of the box. With one end of the bar in a hole dug in the plaster of the wall and the other pressed against the side of a panel, the door could not be opened from without.

These things done and the bar taken down and stood in a dark recess behind the door, Booth left the theater.

That evening at 8 o'clock in a room in a second-rate hotel Booth met three men. They were members of the band he had trained in his kidnaping plan. One was Lewis Powell, alias Payne. Him Booth assigned to assassinate Secretary of State William H. Seward at his home. Another, George A. Atzeroidt, was told off to kill Vice President Andrew Johnson at his hotel. The third was David E. Herold, who may have been ordered to attack Secretary of War Stanton, but whose chief duty was to meet Booth after the assassination of Lincoln and guide him through eastern Maryland to the lower Potomac.

The night's work thus laid out Booth rode to Ford's Theater to wait the coming of the President.

The Shooting of Lincoln.

The President was late in reaching the theater. As he entered the box the action of the play ceased, the audience rose and cheered and the orchestra played Hail to the Chief.

Lincoln took his seat in a rocking chair at the left of the box, from the door, Mrs. Lincoln sat next to him and the young couple on a sofa at her right. All were soon absorbed in the play.

The President's party was accompanied by one guard from the White House, for whom a chair had been placed in the little corridor at the back of the box; but the man wished to see the play and leaving his post took a seat among the audience, at some distance from the outer door of the box.

Booth, who was not at the theater when Lincoln arrived, left his horse at the stage door between 9 and 9:30 and passed through the house. Several times between 9:30 and 10 he passed in and out of the front entrance, jesting once with the doorkeeper, and again consenting to an introduction to some of the man's country friends.

At 10:10 the assassin passed in for the last time. His keen eyes had noticed on his earlier visits the absence of the President's guard from his post. His path to the victim was not obstructed, and the time he had set to strike, when the stage would be clear of all but one person, was near.

Passing down the side aisle toward the box Booth leaned easily against the wall, his face directed to the stage, but his alert eyes covertly studying the audience.

Several people saw him there, but none saw him softly open the door to the little corridor behind the President's box and close it quickly behind him.

The bar was easily put in place. A glance through the hole in the inner door showed the assassin that all four of the persons in the box were preoccupied. Lincoln's gaze was directed to the left, more toward the orchestra than toward the stage, on which a scene was drawing to a close. Waves of laughter passed over the house as Booth stood there for an instant and drew from his pocket a revolver.

Then softly opening the box door—he knew its lock was out of order and that the door would open to his touch—the assassin stepped noiselessly upon the carpet behind the President's chair. The actor on the stage finished a funny line—a line ending with the word "mantrap."

It was the last word Lincoln ever heard spoken.

In another instant Booth aimed at his victim's head and fired. The sound of his loud, clear voice, uttering the words "Sic Semper Tyrannis," mingled with and outlasted the brief, sharp report of the pistol.

The Assassin's Escape.

At the shot Lincoln's head drooped forward and to one side. The assassin dropped his smoking weapon and, drawing from its sheath a long knife, advanced to the front of the box.

Maj. Rathbone attempted to strike him down, but Booth thrust at him savagely with the knife, gashing the arm he raised as a guard.

Then seizing the front of the box the assassin vaulted over the edge, though retaining his hold to break his fall. The height was about nine feet. As his feet cleared the rail one of his spurs struck the frame of Washington's portrait, caught in the draped flag and caused him to pitch forward and strike the stage heavily, first on his left foot, and then on all fours. As he fell persons in the audience saw his gleaming and bloody knife in his right hand.

Booth's left leg was broken, but in an instant he was up and as Maj. Rathbone, pale and bleeding, appeared at the front of the box and cried, "Stop that man!" before any hand could stay him the assassin strode across the stage as he had often before trod the boards in mimic tragedy, passed into the wings, struck aside a musician who accidentally barred his way and gained the back door of the theater.

His horse was there, held by a half-witted lad; and with a curse and a kick to him Booth swung himself quickly into the saddle and rode rapidly away from the scene of his crime.

Lincoln's Wound Declared Fatal.

In the theater excitement now followed the stupefaction into which the swift action of the crime had thrown actors and audience alike. Men rushed upon the stage and into the alley to find the assassin gone. Others pounded at the barred door to the President's box. A surgeon climbed up the face of the box and into it.

The stricken President was laid upon the floor and as his head was pillowed in the lap of Laura Keene, his life blood staining her dress, surgeons opened his clothing and sought the wound. It was found at last in

the head, on the left side, and was quickly seen to be fatal.

At first it was thought he might be carried to the White House, but the surgeons forbade it and he was removed to the nearest house. This was directly across the street, a modest dwelling, the home of one William Petersen, a tailor. Here, in a little hall bedroom on the first floor, the great man was laid to die.

As Lincoln lay dying Washington passed through such a night of terror, of sorrow and of anger as had never before stirred the people of an American city.

Crowds cried for vengeance on the assassin, and on the south, for wild rumor soon spread a report that the striking down of Lincoln was but part of a widespread Confederate conspiracy to kill all the government heads and establish Jefferson Davis as President in Washington. A murderous assault upon Secretary of State Seward by Booth's dupe, Lewis Payne, at the hour of Lincoln's fall gave color to these exciting rumors. When it became known that Lincoln's assailant was an actor there were cries of "Burn the theater!"

That mob violence did not break out was due to the good sense of the majority and to the fact that Washington was a garrison city, in the strong hands of military authority.

Stanton Calm and Strong.

Within half an hour of the President's fall prominent men were crowding the little ground floor room in which he lay—cabinet members, senators, generals and heads of departments. One of the first to arrive was Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, who, in the midst of great excitement, showed himself calm and strong, taking up the reins of government as if the

act were a matter of course. Before him were brought the actors and actresses of Ford's Theater, fresh from the comedy that had so suddenly turned into the darkest of actual tragedy.

They thought they recognized the assassin as John Wilkes Booth, but in their horror they dared not swear so monstrous a crime upon a well-loved member of their profession. Before morning other persons were found who had recognized the assassin as Booth and at 3 a. m. Secretary Stanton named him as the man who struck down Lincoln.

In the Death Chamber.

Those persons granted the privilege of standing beside the dying President found him stretched diagonally on a bed too short for his great length in a room 9 by 17 feet at the rear of the front hall. Only Lincoln's great strength kept life thus long within his big frame, for the assassin's bullet had coursed his brain. He was unconscious, his body rigid and his breathing at times stentorous, with automatic moans.

There was no hope that he would ever regain consciousness, although the doctors at first had covered his body with mustard plasters and had administered brandy, in hope of increasing vitality. The wound bled freely and some of the brain mingled with the blood. The bullet had entered behind the left ear and lodged back of the right eye.

While the doctors worked over the President Mrs. Lincoln, distracted and unable to control a grief destined eventually to unbalance her reason, sat on a sofa in the front parlor of the house, a few feet from the death chamber. Her son Robert sought in vain to comfort her.

How the End Came.

At intervals in the night Mrs. Lincoln was led to the bedside of her dying husband. She remained with him from 1:45 to 2:10, and at 3 o'clock again visited him.

Before she entered the room the surgeons spread clean napkins to hide the crimson stains on the pillow; yet when she saw how distorted and how plainly marked with death's seal was her husband's face she fell in a swoon to the floor.

When she had been restored and was led to the bedside she addressed her dying husband with the words: "O, love, live but for one moment to speak to me once—to speak to our children!"

In compassion she was led away. At 3:35 the pastor of Lincoln's church (Rev. Dr. Phineas D. Gurley) knelt at the bedside and offered prayer.

Lincoln was then very quiet, his respiration being regular. At 6 his pulse began to fail, and at 6:30 the loud, labored breathing was resumed. His pulse was falling fast. At 7 o'clock the doctors noticed symptoms of immediate dissolution.

As the dawn of a lowering, rainy morning paled the lamplight in the little rooms, revealing the sorrowing faces of the group about the bed scarcely less haggard than that of the dying man, Lincoln's breathing grew fainter and fainter, his pulse weaker and weaker, until at last by a sign the doctor holding his hand (Surgeon General Barnes) indicated that the end had come. It was then 7:22.

In that solemn moment, amidst a stillness broken only by repressed sobs, Secretary Stanton said, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Dr. Gurley knelt beside the bed and offered prayer. Then the widow was brought into the room supported by her son. With a heartrending cry she cast herself upon the body.

Silently and weeping, the men who had crowded the room withdrew, leaving her there with one or two whose restraining and soothing hands led her at last away from the room.

As she entered a carriage to return to the White House, she looked for a moment at the theater across the street and moaned, "O, that dreadful house! that dreadful house!"

Meanwhile the body of Lincoln, placed in a temporary coffin and draped in the American flag, was borne by six soldiers from the house on Tenth street, placed in a hearse, and with a small cavalry escort was taken to the White House.

In the dull morning Washington's bright bunting of the day before, spread in glory of the end of war, hung limp and dripping, and men went about the work of taking it down and putting crepe in its place.

Lincoln's Funeral.

Lincoln's funeral was one of the most extraordinary in the world's history. The mourners numbered more than 25,000,000. The funeral cortege moved over the route more than 1,500 miles long, from the National capital, where the great President had laid down his life in the service of his country, to the prairie city of Springfield, Ill., whence he had come a little more than four years before to take up the burdens of the Presidency.

Along that route various halts were made, where sorrowing throngs paid their homage of grief at the bier of the best-beloved man of his time. The nation's tribute to Lincoln dead, on this solemn funeral journey, was spontaneous, simple, genuine, showing how deeply the plain, honest, humane and loving man had touched the hearts of his countrymen. Men and women gazed upon the features for the last time, and wept beside his coffin, as though mourning a dear friend. This personal touch of sorrow, this tribute to the man and not to the fallen ruler, was the distinguishing feature of the great funeral of Abraham Lincoln.

This funeral, begun in Washington on April 19, lasted until May 4, when the body of the President was put to rest in a vault at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, in the rolling, open country of Illinois, which he had loved so well.

On the morning of Lincoln's death in the little bedroom of a lodging house in Sixteenth street, Washington, to which he had been removed from the theater where Booth shot him, his body, in a temporary coffin, was taken to the White House. There it was embalmed and placed in a suitable casket, and there it lay, in the East Room, until the morning of April 19.

Then, while the churches of the country were holding solemn services of requiem, the body was drawn in a great funeral car through the black-draped streets of Washington to the Capitol, where it was to lie in state.

The strength and dignity of the nation found expression in that first stage of Lincoln's long funeral journey. Seasoned troops, splendidly equipped, from the great army that had brought the war for the Union to a successful issue only 10 days before, formed the funeral escort.

The new President, his cabinet, senators and representatives, judges, army and navy officers, foreign ministers and dignitaries in civil life followed the funeral car. Among these mourners were special delegations representing Lincoln's native State of Kentucky and his adopted State of Illinois, and at the head of the procession, in symbolism of Lincoln's life-work done, marched a detachment of negro troops.

The Funeral Journey.

On the morning of April 21 the body was escorted with solemn pomp to the funeral train and placed in a car which had been reserved, during war time, for the President. In the same car was placed the remains of Lincoln's little son, Willie, who died in Washington in 1862 and which were now to be conveyed for final sepulture to Springfield.

The first stop of the funeral train was at Baltimore, where the body was laid in state in the Exchange, to be viewed and wept over by thousands of people. Then the train proceeded to Harrisburg, where many thousands viewed the remains in the State Capitol. Next Philadelphia was reached, and there in the historic chamber in Independence Hall, which witnessed the founding of the republic, the body of our first martyred President was exposed to the gaze of sorrowing citizens.

April 21 the funeral train reached

New York and the body was laid in state in the rotunda of the City Hall. The next day, after 150,000 persons had paid their respects to the honored dust of the great emancipator, the funeral journey was resumed. All up the Hudson the train was greeted with demonstrations, although it stopped only at Poughkeepsie. At one town a hundred white-clad school girls stood singing by the track. In another a young woman representing the Goddess of Liberty knelt in mourning attitude upon a dais, the flag, draped in black, in her hand.

At West Point the cadets were drawn up in line, minute guns were fired and the bands played dirges as the train passed.

After dark torches lighted the faces of the mourning people as they stood uncovered to watch the passing of the train.

From Albany to Springfield.

At Albany the body was taken to the State Capitol at midnight and at 1 o'clock the casket was opened in the Assembly chamber. Until 2 o'clock in the day people filed past in two lines.

The next stop on the funeral journey was Buffalo, April 27, where the body was placed in St. James Hall. In its escort here was ex-President Millard Fillmore.

From Buffalo the funeral train went to Cleveland, where on April 28 the body was placed in a structure erected for the purpose in a park. Here the burial service of the Episcopal Church was read by Bishop Mellvaine, of the diocese of Ohio. About 100,000 persons viewed the body between morning and 10 p. m. It was returned to the funeral car in a torrential downpour and the journey was resumed to Columbus, Ohio, which was reached on the morning of April 29.

Here it was borne into the State Capitol, under an arch inscribed "Ohio Mourns" and lay in state in the rotunda, funeral services being held in the afternoon.

A night journey brought the funeral train next to Indianapolis. Bonfires and torches had lighted its way and at many stations were funeral arches and delegations of mourners.

Rain prevented a pageant here, but the body was viewed by thousands in the State House.

Thence the journey, now nearing its end, was continued to Chicago, where, on May 1, the body was placed in the Court House. Musical numbers and a dirge chanted by German singing societies were a feature of the service here. For two days the body lay in state, viewed by thousands of the "plain people" whom Lincoln loved and understood full well.

The last stage of the long funeral journey to Springfield was made on May 3 and on May 4, after resting one night in the Illinois State House, the body of Lincoln was committed with simple and impressive ceremony to the tomb.

Lincoln's Last Document.

Another notable item of the Lincolniana collection is Lincoln's last document, written on a card the afternoon of his assassination, April 15, 1865.

"Allow General Singleton to pass to Richmond and return," were his last penned words.

Another item, as small as it is, is fraught with human interest. Written on a small card, addressed to the Secretary of War, are the words, "Had want some flax." Can he be accommodated? A. Lincoln.

On the back is a note from Secretary of War Stanton, reading, "Let bearer have some flax for the President's family."

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

The National Tragedy That Shocked Humanity Just Half a Century Ago No. 2.

Flight of the Assassin From Ford's Theater, Washington, Into Maryland, and the Desperate Plights Through Which He Passed While a Fugitive and an Outlaw--Hiding in Swamps and Lost on the Potomac, While Relentless Pursuit Follows on His Heels--Finally Cornered Beyond the Rappahannock--Arrests in Washington

AFTER the shooting of President Lincoln in Ford's Theater Booth, the assassin, who on jumping from the President's box to the stage had broken his left leg, made good his escape to the rear door of the theater and mounting his horse, which was held for him by a half-witted lad, rode rapidly away. Although he passed down Pennsylvania avenue, he was not observed by anyone who afterward could swear as to the course of his flight.

Reaching the Anacostia bridge leading across the Potomac river into Maryland he entered into conversation with the sentry and after giving a satisfactory explanation to the latter was allowed to proceed. A little later another horseman reached the bridge and was also allowed to cross the river into Maryland. This second horseman was David E. Herold, one of Booth's dupes, who was destined to be the companion of his chief in his sensational flight and to expiate his connection with Lincoln's assassin on the scaffold.

Booth and Herold joined each other later and rode to Surratsville, to secure the two carbines which had previously been left with a tavern keeper at the time that the actor had planned the kidnaping of the President.

It was imperative that Booth should have his broken leg attended to and with his companion he rode on to the home of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, near Bryantown, in Charles county. This Dr. Mudd, who was a southern sympathizer, Booth had met before, but he was not taking any chances on his acquaintance. Before his companion, Herold, knocked at the doctor's door Booth had attached a false beard to his face and had wrapped a gray shawl around his neck.

Setting Booth's Broken Leg.

Herold, who subsequently gave his name as Tyson and that of Booth as Tyler, informed the doctor, who opened the door in the early morning of April 15, that his friend had suffered a broken leg from his horse stumbling and falling on him and that he was in great need of medical attendance. The injured man was helped upstairs and laid on a bed, still wearing his disguise. Dr. Mudd found that the small front bone, or fibula, had been broken at right angles about two inches above the instep. He set it as best he could, binding it up in splints improvised by cutting up a wooden handbox.

Later in the morning "Tyson" told the doctor that he and his friend were anxious to reach the Potomac river and inquired where he might be able to purchase a conveyance for the greater comfort of his injured companion. The doctor suggested that his father might have one to sell and as he intended riding into Bryantown in the afternoon he bade the stranger welcome to ride with him that part of the way that their course lay together. "Tyson," however, was unable to purchase a conveyance and later in the afternoon he and his companion rode away, taking a road leading through the Zekiah swamp.

Meantime Dr. Mudd had heard in Bryantown the news of Lincoln's assassination and when on his return home he found that the two men had departed his suspicions were aroused. He wanted to return at once to Bryantown and notify the authorities, but his wife objected so strenuously to being left at home at night that the doctor abandoned his intention. The delay afterward brought to himself and his wife keen sorrow and suffering.

Lost in the Swamp.

Booth and Herold after leaving the home of Dr. Mudd were overtaken by darkness in the mazes of Zekiah swamp and knew not what course to pursue. Leaving Booth, who was suffering intense pain from his broken leg, in the shelter of a negro church, Herold pushed on in search of a road or a guide. Fate led him to the shanty of a negro, who for a consideration consented to guide them to the home of Col. Samuel Cox, a man of strong southern sympathies. When they applied at the Cox home for shelter and assistance they were denied. Cox told them that the President had been shot and that he could not harbor strangers.

This rebuff was the first evidence to Booth of the world's abhorrence of his crime. There in the moonlight

the assassin held another conference with Herold, who was now his only reliance. Paying the negro and dismissing him, Booth and his companion rode to the shelter of a gully half a mile from the Cox home and threw themselves on the ground to rest.

Early in the morning Col. Cox, believing that the men were somewhere concealed near his house, rode out in search of them and readily found them. Booth, always able to play on the sympathies of man or woman, begged Col. Cox to aid him and having won his promise revealed himself as the assassin of Lincoln.

Booth's miserable condition won the sympathy of Col. Cox, who at once sent a messenger to summon his foster brother, Thomas A. Jones, who lived four miles distant and who had been a blockade runner for the Confederates during the war. Jones on reaching the Cox place was apprised of the situation and was told the hiding place of the fugitives. He found Booth lying on the ground, with a blanket partly drawn over him and by his side a slouch hat, a carbine, two pistols, a knife and a rude crutch.

Hiding in the Swamp.

"Murderer though I knew him to be," Jones wrote many years later, "his condition so enlisted my sympathy that my horror for his deed was almost forgotten in my compassion for the man."

Jones promised to bring Booth food and drink and to watch a favorable opportunity to get him across the Potomac river to Virginia. But Booth and his companion were destined to lie six days and five nights in a pine thicket near the Cox home before it was safe to cross the Potomac. The country about was being minutely searched by detectives and by the military for the slayer of the President and on one occasion a cavalry patrol rode close by the hiding place of the fugitives. For greater protection the horses which Booth and Herold had ridden were killed, lest a chance neighbor might reveal to a scouting party the whereabouts of the men, for whose capture the nation was clamoring.

Finally on the night of April 21, a night of extreme darkness, with a mist lying heavily over swamp and woods, the attempt to cross the river in a boat was made. Jones furnished the boat, a compass and a candle and the two men pushed out from Dent's meadow into the Potomac, which was five miles wide at this point, and headed for Machodoc creek on the Virginia shore, with Herold at the oars. Neither man knew anything of the flood tide of the river and after rowing hard all night Herold and Booth found themselves at Avon creek, an affluent of the Nanjemoy, 12 miles above their starting point and still on the Maryland side of the river. The strong flood tide had carried them up stream.

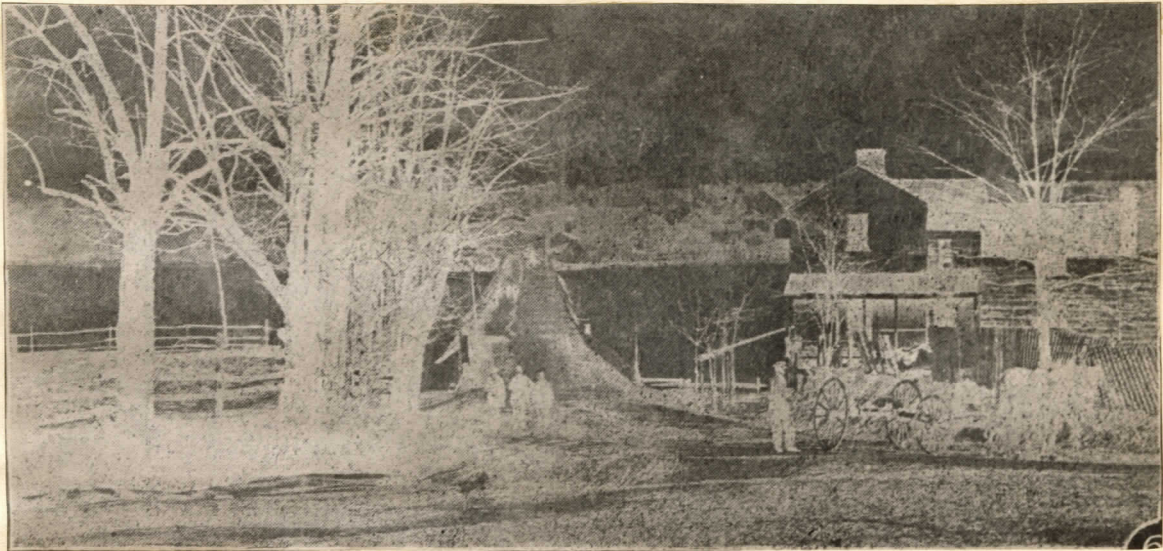
Booth Crosses the Potomac.

Secreting the boat in the bushes and leaving Booth in hiding near by, Herold ventured out to ascertain his whereabouts and obtain such assistance as he could. He was well received at the home of Col. J. J. Hughes, to whom he made known his identity and who furnished him with supplies and directions for resuming the journey to Machodoc creek.

During the day the fugitives lay hidden in the woods. Booth was now

much reduced in strength—a mere shadow of the gay and handsome young man of eight days before. He had believed that the southern people would acclaim him as their liberator and it was mortifying to his pride to realize the abhorrence with which his crime was regarded.

That night the fugitives put their fate to the touch once more by embarking on the river again. They were more fortunate this time and reached Gambo creek on the Virginia side, one mile short of their goal, which was Machadoc creek. Leaving Booth in the shelter of protecting trees, Herold set out for the home of Mrs. E. R. Quessenberry, who lived close to Machodoc creek and to whose protection Jones had recommended the fugitives. Here he was well received and met Thomas H. Hardin, a brother-in-law of Jones, who accompanied him to Gambo creek and helped in moving the boat further up the water way into the swamp. A new



The Anacostia Bridge across the Potomac River at Washington,
over which the assassin fled after the commission of his crime.

hiding place for Booth and Herold was found at the log cabin of William Bryan, away back from the beaten tracks in a clearing, and there the fugitives spent most of the day. Thence the fugitives were driven by Bryan to the summer home of Dr. Richard Stewart, one of the wealthiest men in that section and a pronounced southern sympathizer. But the doctor while furnishing them food, to be eaten in an outhouse, refused to admit them and directed them to the cabin of one of his negro tenants, William Lucas, where they remained during the night of April 23. Booth was deeply incensed

at the reception accorded him at Dr. Stewart's home and wrote him an angry letter, enclosing \$2.50 for the food which he had received.

Booth at the Garrett Home.

Early on the morning of April 24 the negro Lucas set out in a rickety wagon, hitched to a poor horse, to drive Booth and Herold to Port Conway, on the Rappahannock river, 20 miles away. They reached the place in the mid afternoon and applied to William Rollins, a fisherman, to be ferried across the river. The ferry boat was aground, however, and a few hours' delay was caused.

During this delay three Confederate soldiers, returning to their homes after the war, also reached the ferry at Port Conway. They were Maj. M. B. Ruggles, Lieut. A. R. Bainbridge and Capt. Willie S. Jett, late of Mosby's rangers. To them Booth and Herold revealed their identity and a promise of assistance was given. Together the party crossed the Rappahannock to Port Royal, where Booth expected he would be free from capture and find friends who would aid him. As he rode ashore on one of his companion's horses he said in his old theatrical manner: "I am safe in old Virginia, thank God." He had been in Virginia since he crossed the Potomac, but he had not counted himself safe until the Rappahannock was behind him.

But he was far from being safe. Already his pursuers were close on his heels and his first refuge beyond the Rappahannock was to be his last in this world.

Capt. Jett found a retreat for Booth at the farm of Richard H. Garrett, three miles out of Port Royal, where he was introduced as John William Boyd, a wounded Confederate, and where the family consented to harbor him until he might be able to continue his way south. Ruggles, Bainbridge and Herold found quarters at another farm, five miles distant, while Jett continued on to Bowling Green, where he wished to meet his sweetheart, the daughter of the proprietor of the hotel.

Arrests in Washington.

Meantime every effort was being put forth by the national government to run down Booth and those believed to be associated with him in what was then generally supposed to be a conspiracy to kill the President and seize the government. The authorities were aware of the earlier plan to kidnap Lincoln and naturally they sought those who were involved in that conspiracy. One of these was John H. Surratt, son of Mrs. Mary F. Surratt, who conducted a boarding house in

Washington. Fortunately for him, Surratt, who had acted as a messenger for the Confederacy, had left Washington early in April, journeying to Richmond and thence to Montreal and Elmira, N. Y., where he spied upon the military prison there in which many Confederates were confined. Because her house had served as a meeting place for Booth, Surratt and others,

while the plans for the kidnaping were under way, it was assumed that Mrs. Surratt had a guilty knowledge of the assassination and on April 17 she was arrested and taken before Gen. C. C. Augur, military commander of the city. She never saw her home again.

The same day and in her house Lewis Thornton Powell, alias Lewis Payne, who made the murderous assault on Secretary Seward, was arrested, later to die on the scaffold. Other arrests that day were those of Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin, former associates of Booth, and Edward Spangler, a scene shifter at Ford's Theater, who it was charged had kept the way clear for Booth to escape after the assassination, although this was never proven. Some time later George A. Atzerodt, whom Booth had engaged to kill Vice President Johnson in the latter's rooms in a hotel, but who lacked courage to carry out the deed, was taken into custody and died upon the scaffold.

The Pursuit of Booth.

Six days after the shooting of the President the government offered rewards aggregating \$100,000 for the arrest of John Wilkes Booth and two of his supposed accomplices—Herold and Surratt. Later the name of Atzerodt was substituted for that of Surratt.

The pursuit of Booth was vigorous, but badly managed. Washington was policed by the military and the latter could not bring themselves to work in full harmony with civilian detectives.

The first officer to approach the route taken by Booth and Herold in their flight was Lieut. Dana, who with a small cavalry escort followed to a fork the same road taken by the fugitives. At that point while Booth had taken the left-hand road, Lieut. Dana took the right-hand road and landed in Port Tobacco. Turning on his tracks the lieutenant went on to Bryantown, actually crossing the route Booth took in leaving Dr. Mudd's home. The reason for this expedition of Lieut. Dana was based on the information that on the night of the assassination two horsemen had crossed the Anacostia bridge into Maryland.

Meantime Maj. J. M. Waite was dispatched with a force of cavalry to hunt through the lower countries of Maryland for a guerilla band, which it was supposed had been collected for assisting in the escape of Booth. From the start Secretary Stanton assumed that the death of the President had resulted from a great conspiracy of Confederates. The pursuit of Booth therefore was based on the assumption that he was receiving protection from a desperate band, or at least had numerous Confederates to give him aid.

While the cavalry was thus engaged, private detectives were attracted to Washington by the large reward. Col. Lafayette Baker, head of the War Department's Secret Service, was summoned by Secretary Stanton from New York and asked to find the murderer of the President. At the same time Maj. James B. O'Beirne, provost marshal of the District of Columbia civil and military police, with a company of eight detectives, sailed down the Potomac and made his way to Port Tobacco.

The First Definite Clew.

The first definite clew to the course taken by Booth and Herold was given to the detectives by Lieut. Dana, to whom Dr. Mudd had conveyed the information, through a third party, of the visit of two mysterious strangers at his home on April 15. Dr. Mudd was at once visited by the detectives and closely questioned by them. His man-

ner showed alarm, and when questioned he gave sparing answers. An educated man, he knew what to expect if the cloud of suspicion settled on him in that time of passion and vengeance, and he feared for his wife and his four little ones if he were torn from them. He had done nothing more for the stranger who had visited him in distress than any humane doctor would have done; but he had aided him, and sent him on his way, and now the government by proclamation had declared that such aid was punishable by death.

The fact that Dr. Mudd had sent news of his mysterious visitors to the authorities weighed lightly with his interrogators against his reluctance to speak freely. He answered their questions, but seemed to volunteer little information. His alarm and nervousness condemned him to his inquisitors.

The Arrest of Dr. Mudd.

Some days later Dr. Mudd was visited again by detectives and on this occasion he turned over to his inquisitors a long riding boot which he had cut off the man whose leg he had set. Inside the boot was the name "J. Wilkes", the boot probably belonging to one of Booth's wardrobes when he had acted under the name of John Wilkes. The detectives demanded why he had not produced it before. He stated that it had been thrown under the bed on which Booth had slept and that when they called before he had not thought of it. It had since been brought to his attention.

Dr. Mudd again went over the details of Booth's stay at his house, and told how he showed Herold the way across the swamp. He acknowledged that he had been introduced to Booth in the preceding November, when Booth was in that section on the ostensible business of buying a farm.

Dr. Mudd was now shown a photograph of Booth, and was asked if he recognized it as that of the man whose leg he had set. He answered that there was a resemblance in the hair and eyes, but that the man wore a beard and was so debilitated that the resemblance was not great enough for recognition.

The interview ended with the detectives telling Dr. Mudd that he must come with them to Bryantown; that doubtless his detention would be brief.

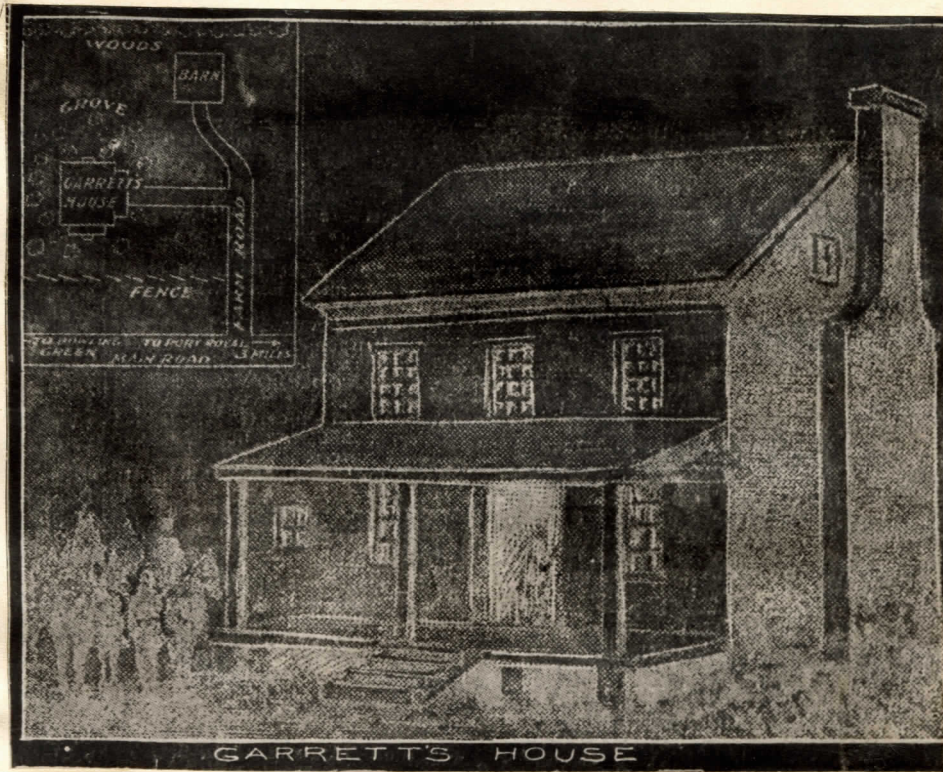
So bidding farewell to his weeping wife and children, Dr. Mudd rode away with the detectives. He was destined not to see his home again for four years, after a sentence to life imprisonment at the Dry Tortugas, in the Gulf of Mexico, had been abated by pardon.

Dr. Mudd always denied that he had penetrated the disguise of Booth or knew that he was the assassin of Lincoln when he set his leg and sent him on his way.

Hot on the Trail.

The clew which led to the actual running down of Lincoln's assassin was picked up by one of Col. Baker's detectives, who was operating in that part of Maryland through which Booth had passed to cross the Potomac. To him a negro stated that he had seen two men enter a boat near Swan's Point the previous day—April 22—and that "one was lame."

Immediately Col. Baker detailed two detectives, Everton J. Conger and Luther B. Baker, to lead a fresh pursuit of Booth. An escort of 25 cavalrymen, commanded by Lieut. Edward J.



Doherty, but under the orders of Conger and Baker, was provided and on April 24 this force left Washington by steamer and that night reached Belle Plain, on the Virginia shore. At noon on April 25 they reached Port Conway and from Rollins, the fisherman, learned the men they sought had crossed the Rappahannock the day before in the company of three Confederates—Ruggles, Bainbridge and Jett. They also learned that Jett had a sweetheart at Bowling Green.

For Bowling Green, therefore, they set out and as they rode by the Garrett farmhouse Booth and Herold, the latter having rejoined his chief, heard the tread of the horses' feet and realized that their case had become desperate.

Booth is Locked in a Barn.

The cavalry was between Booth and the south, and he could not breathe easily again until he had passed them. His thoughts as he lay in the thicket behind the house, to which he had fled after the troopers had passed, were indicated when he came out at dark, for his talk was all of the need of continuing his journey.

He offered to buy young John Garrett's horse and to give \$150 for it, but the young man refused the offer. He had ridden the horse home from Appomattox. Booth then offered Garrett \$10 to take him next morning to Guinea Station, 18 miles away, on the railroad to Fredericksburg. The offer was accepted and the money paid.

Booth took supper with the family. It was his last meal. But little appears to have been said, for his hosts suspected him. When questioned by the family as to why he had gone to the thicket, Booth said he and young Herold "had been in a little brush over in Maryland, and thought it best to lie low for a few days."

This explanation did not satisfy the Garretts. Their door was always open to anyone who had fought for the south; but there was something unlike a soldier about this crippled fugitive.

At bedtime Booth said he would prefer not to sleep in the house, owing to the difficulty and pain of getting upstairs with his broken leg. He suggested that he could sleep on the porch. The elder Garrett said this would be dangerous, as the dogs might attack him.

Not far from the house was an old tobacco barn, in which was stored some furniture and hay, and it was decided that Booth and Herold might sleep there.

When they had retired to this building, John Garrett, suspecting them of a design to steal his horse or his brother's, locked them in. He then concealed the horses in woods near the house, and on returning took up his station with his brother in a corn crib near the barn, in order to be near his suspicious guests.

Closing in on the Quarry.

Meantime Detectives Conger and Baker, with their cavalry escort, had reached Bowling Green and had entered the hotel in which Jett was stopping. "I know who you want," he told the officers when they had reached his room, "and can tell you where he can be found." He demanded protection in return and it was promised him.

A few moments later Jett and the cavalry were on their way to the Garrett home.

War Department Washington, April 20, 1865,

\$100,000 REWARD

THE MURDERER

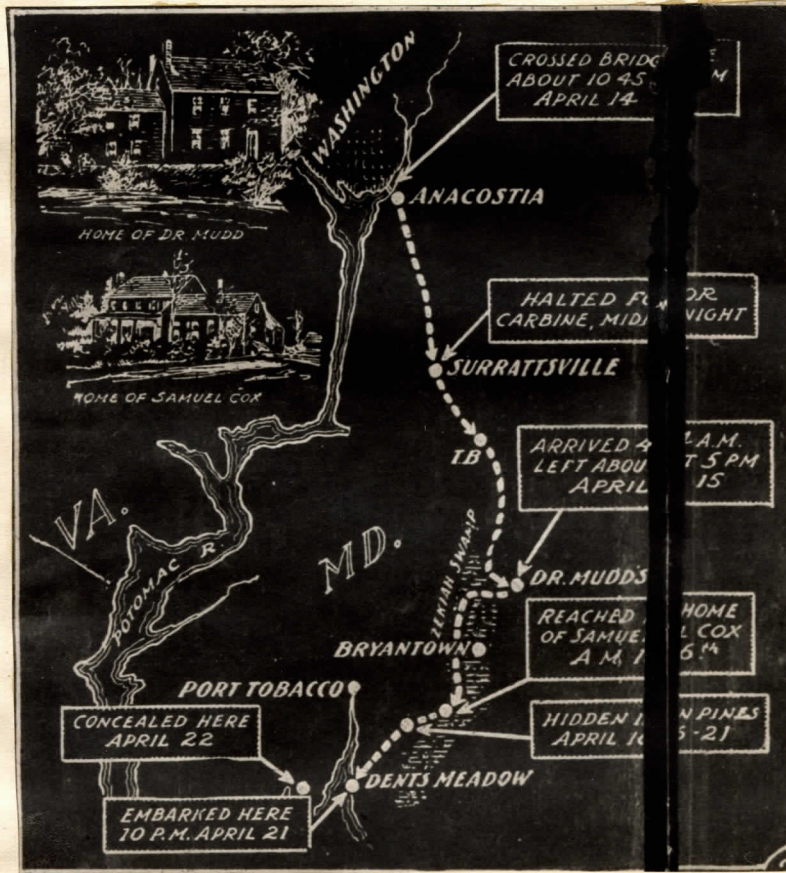
Of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln,
IS STILL AT LARGE.

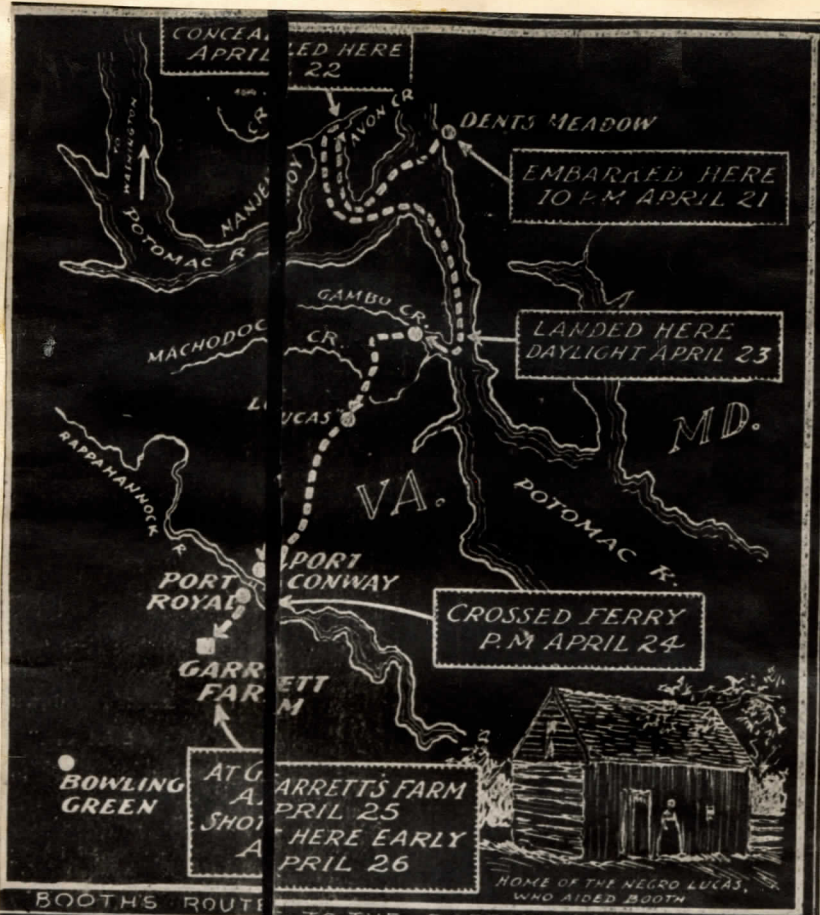
\$50,000 REWARD
Will be paid by this Department for his apprehension, in addition to any reward offered by Municipal Authorities or State Executives.

\$25,000 REWARD
Will be paid for the apprehension of O. A. Atzerot, sometimes called "Port Tobacco," one of Booth's accomplices.

\$25,000 REWARD
Will be paid for the apprehension of David C. Harold, another of Booth's accomplices.

THE SEARCH FOR LINCOLN'S ASSASSIN.
GOVERNMENT PROCLAMATION OFFERING REWARDS FOR THE CAPTURE OF BOOTH AND TWO OF HIS ASSOCIATES.





BOOTH'S ROUTE TO THE GARRETT FARM



THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

Capture of the Assassin Booth In An Old Tobacco Barn In Virginia No. 3.

How Booth Met His End After His Bold Challenge to Fight His Pursuers-- His Last Hours and His Last Words--The Conveying of the Body to Washington and Its Secret Burial at Night Within the Old Arsenal Grounds--Final Transfer of the Remains to Baltimore.

[Written by Winfield M. Thompson and copyrighted by the author.]

THE closing scene in the pursuit of Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, was enacted at the Garrett farm, in Caroline county, Virginia, whither a cavalry force under the orders of Detectives Conger and Baker had traced the fugitive.

On April 24 Booth with his companion, Herold, had crossed the Rappahannock river in the company of three Confederate soldiers, Ruggie, Bainbridge and Jett, and had found a place of refuge at the Garrett farm, three miles outside Port Royal, where he had been introduced as John William Boyd, a wounded Confederate.

The next day the cavalry, hot on the trail of the fugitives, also crossed the Rappahannock and learning that Jett had gone on to Bowling Green to see his sweetheart followed him to that place. Under a promise of protection

Jett volunteered to lead the cavalry to the Garrett home, where Booth, terrified by hearing the cavalry passing by on the way to Bowling Green and realizing that his case had now become desperate, had hidden in a barn.

At 2 a. m. the cavalry deployed around the Garrett house, while the detectives made their way softly up the lane to the side door and knocked.

As the owner of the house, Richard H. Garrett, appeared at the door in his night clothes, trembling with alarm, Detective Baker seized him by the throat, thrust a pistol into his face and demanded that he yield up the two men who had been his guests. The old man quavered that they were not in the house.

As he protested that he knew not where they were, Detective Conger called to a soldier: "Bring a lariat rope, we'll string him up to one of these locust trees."

The threat was useless. The old man could tell no more. As he stood before the detectives his son, John, appeared. He had stepped from the corner to be confronted by cavalymen, and they had brought him to the house.

"Don't hurt my father," he said. "He is scared and can tell you nothing. I will tell you where the men are you want to find; they are in the barn."

Booth's Arms Demanded.

The barn was a rough structure, about 60 feet square, formerly used for storing tobacco. Between the weath-

ered boards of its sides were apertures for ventilating a drying crop. A small door gave convenient entrance through the large central doors. It was this young Garrett had locked.

As the soldiers deployed about the barn not a sound came from its dark interior. Detective Baker carried a candle, and its flame lighted up the front of the building before which the detectives stood. Had Booth wished to shoot either of these men he could have done so then, or for a considerable period thereafter, as Baker continued to carry the candle until admonished by Conger, when he set it down about 20 feet from the barn.

After the men were dismounted and the barn surrounded a conference was held and it was decided to open a parley with Booth by demanding his arms.

Assuming that young Garrett was a confederate of the assassin, they told him he must go into the barn to get the arms. The young man was no coward, but he shrank from such a task.

The silence in the barn at last was broken by the rustling sound, as of footsteps in the hay. Standing before the door, Baker called out: "We are going to send in this man on whose premises you are, to get your arms; and you must come out and deliver yourself up."

Then the small door was unlocked by Baker, and young Garrett was thrust into the dark interior of the barn.

The young man had not been long in the building before a low, clear voice addressed him: "Young man, you had better get out of here," it said. "Your life is in danger."

The young man returned to the door, followed by the words, "D—n you, you have betrayed me!"

"Let me out; let me out quick!" pleaded young Garrett. "He is going to shoot me!"

The door was opened by Baker and Garrett slipped out.

A brief silence followed. Then the voice of Booth was heard:

"Who are you?" he said. "What do you want? Whom do you want?"

Baker replied: "We want you and we know who you are. Give up your arms and come out."

Booth replied: "Let us have a little time to consider."

Booth's Bold Challenge.

The silence was broken by Baker, who said:

"We have 50 men around this barn, armed with carbines. If you come out, all will be well. If not we will burn the barn in two minutes."

"This is hard," said Booth. "An innocent man owns this barn."

After a brief pause he went on: "Give a lame man a chance, Captain. I know you to be a brave man and I believe you to be honorable; I am a cripple; I have but one leg. If you will withdraw your men in line 100 yards from the door I will come out and fight you."

"We did not come here to fight," Baker replied. "We came here to make you a prisoner."

After a brief further silence Booth said: "If you'll take your men 50 yards from the door I'll come out and fight you all."

As a feint to lead Booth to believe the barn was about to be fired the detectives set young Garrett to work piling straw and brush against it at a point where a board was off.

The young man soon desisted. "I will not risk my life further," he told them. "He threatens to shoot me."

Again Booth repeated his offer to fight the whole command, adding: "Give me a chance for my life!"

The same reply was made to him. He must surrender or the barn would be burned. Then he said in a clear and theatrical tone: "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me."

Herold Surrenders.

There was further silence. Then Booth was heard again. He said: "There's a man in here wants to come out." Lieut. Baker replied: "Very well, let him hand out his arms and come out."

Sounds of low voices and a few sentences reached the ears of the watchers outside, as Booth and Herold had their last talk. Booth's voice was the louder and he was heard at last to say: "You d—d coward! Will you leave me now? Go, go! I would not have you stay with me."

Herold then came to the door and cried: "Let me out!"

Baker demanded that he hand out his arms.

"I have none," he said.

Booth interposed saying: "The arms are mine. I've got them."

The door was opened. Herold put out his hands. Baker seized them and drew him out.

He was taken to a tree and tied to it, babbling protests of his innocence until silenced.

The Barn Set on Fire.

Conger now proceeded to fire the barn. Going around a corner he pulled some hay out of a crack twisted up a little rope about six inches long, set fire to it and stuck it back.

As the first flash of fire caught the hay Booth was heard to say in loud, theatrical tones:

"One more stain on the old banner!"

They were destined to be the last words he would ever utter above a whisper.

As the fire climbed higher Lieut. Baker opened the door and peeped into the ruddy interior of the barn. He saw Booth leaning against a haymow, his crutch under his arms, his carbine held trailing at his hip. Near him was a large table, bottom up. He seized it, as if to try and smother the fire with it, but after lifting it he dropped it and for an instant made a survey of the barn. The flames were now rolling toward the roof on one side. The moment had come when the assassin must leave the barn.

Dropping his crutch he drew a pistol from his belt and with this weapon in one hand and his carbine in the other, but neither of them in position for use, he started toward the door.

It was the first time since the night of the assassination, 12 days before, that he had sought to step upon his broken leg. He made several limping, halting jumps toward the door, but the pain must have been more than he could bear, for he next began hopping on his sound leg, his weapons at his side.

He had taken three such steps, or hops, when a shot was heard from the rear of the barn and he fell at the instant when Baker, at the door, was prepared to seize his tottering body and disarm him.

The Shooting of Booth.

As Booth fell, Baker, not knowing the man was wounded, jumped upon him to plough his arms. He wrenched from his clenched hand the revolver; the carbine had fallen between his legs.

The second person to enter the barn was young Garrett, intent on putting out the fire. The third was Conger, who rushed to Baker's side.

Baker, now finding the man beneath him inert turned the apparently lifeless head toward the fire and said: "It is certainly Booth."

Conger replied: "What on earth did you shoot him for?"

"I did not shoot him," said Baker.

The shot that had cheated Booth's pursuers of their chance to take him alive was fired from the back of the barn, where First Sergeant Thomas P. Corbett, of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, said to be a religious zealot and of unsound mind, having disobeyed his orders, which were that no soldier should come nearer the barn than 30 feet and that no shot should be fired without orders, had posted himself, his pistol through a crack, and steadied on his arm.

Corbett's reasons for shooting Booth were thus given under oath:

"I supposed he was going to fight his way out. He was taking aim with the carbine, but at whom I could not say. My mind was upon him attentively to see that he did no harm; and when I became impressed that it was time I shot him."

Booth was laid under a locust tree near the burning barn, where Baker and Conger sought to do all they could to ease the assassin's last hours.

Baker had a small cup in his pocket, and in this water was brought. Some of this was dashed in Booth's face, and some was poured in his mouth.

As the two watched him, they saw his lips move, as if he wished to speak. Conger put his ear to Booth's lips, and caught, in a faint whisper, the words:

"Tell my mother—"

The whisper ended in a swoon.

Baker bathed Booth's face and presently he revived, opening his eyes. Again his lips moved, and leaning over him Baker caught the words:

"Tell my mother I die for my country."

Conger also heard the faint message, and, repeating it, asked:

"Is that what you say?"

Booth answered.

"Yes."

The heat from the burning barn compelled the removal of Booth from the locust tree to the porch of the Garrett home and there the women of the household found relief for their nervous strain in ministering to the dying man.

One of the daughters brought water, cracked ice and cloths. Detective Conger tore open Booth's shirt collar, exposing his chest, and Baker bathed his face and neck in cold water. He then saw Booth's wound for the first time.

The bullet had passed through the neck and apparently the spine, from right to left. Paralysis had resulted.

As they worked over him the dawn came, and the sun rose on a clear brilliant spring day. Booth again regained consciousness and was apparent that his mind was clear. Turning his great black eyes, that so often had melted the souls of women and won the hearts of men, upon the two men beside him, he murmured again his message to his mother.

Baker, seeking to sooth him, addressed him by name.

On hearing his name spoken the assassin turned on the men a look full of inquiry. He had not revealed his identity to the Garretts, and he seemed to be at a loss as to how they had established it.

"O, Kill Me, Kill Me!"

A mattress was brought, and as Booth lay on that, with his head elevated and his eyes closed, he was as alert mentally as the men beside him. This was shown when Baker made some remark aside to Conger about Willli S. Jett, the Confederate officer who had served as Booth's guide to the Garrett farm, and who, on being seized by the detectives, had led them to the house.

Booth opened his eyes and whispered: "Did Jett betray me?"

Baker soothed him by saying, "Never mind anything about Jett."

Presently Booth asked for water, and they gave him some, and a little whisky. He asked to be turned on his face. They told him he could not lie that way, and turned him on his side. He soon indicated that he wished to be turned back. He could find no comfort. Whispering to Conger he asked the detective to press down on his throat. He did so, and Booth made exertions to

cough. He was directed to put out his tongue, and did so. Conger told him there was no blood on it, that the bullet had not passed through his throat.

As it became evident to the watchers that Booth must soon die, Conger, anxious to set out for Washington with the news of his capture—for the country had been impatient that the assassin be found—began to gather up Booth's effects. In his undershirt had been found a diamond pin. In his pockets were a small sum of money, his pipe, handkerchief, diary and some papers.

To get the diary it was necessary to turn him slightly. He saw the object of it and groaned, "O, kill me! kill me!"

Booth's Last Words.

A doctor who had been sent for now arrived, and after probing the wound, not knowing the bullet had passed entirely through the neck, he expressed the opinion that the man could not live more than an hour and a half.

Leaving orders that if Booth lived longer than that a messenger should be

dispatched for a surgeon from one of the Federal vessels in the Potomac, and that if he died his body was to be taken to the capital without delay, Detective Conger mounted and rode off, carrying Booth's effects in a bundle. It was then about 5 o'clock.

At this time his heart action was falling. At intervals of about five minutes he gasped, and his heart would nearly cease beating. Then it would flutter and beat fast.

Occasionally he whispered some request to Baker. Finally he said, "My hands," indicating a wish to have them lifted so that he could see them. The detective bathed them in ice water, and

raised them. As Booth gazed at them, he said:

"Useless! Useless!"

Whether he spoke of the uselessness of his crime, or of his effort to live, they knew not. The words were his last.

Bringing the Body to Washington.

Booth's burial was purposely shrouded in mystery for a reason afterward given by Secretary Stanton. "I thought," he said, "the body should be interred so that if there was any disposition to do so, it might not be made the subject of glorification by disloyal persons."

There was much speculation at the time as to what was done with the body, the common belief being that it was sunk in the waters of the Potomac river—a belief which was, of course, entirely unfounded. One of the illustrated weeklies of the period published under the caption, "The assassin's end—An authentic sketch," a picture of Booth's supposed burial in the Potomac and this probably had much to do with the erroneous popular impression as to the final disposition of Booth's remains. A reproduction of this old sketch accompanies this article.

After Booth had passed away the body was sewed up in a cavalryman's blanket, lashed to a board and placed in a negro's wagon, to be taken to Belle Plaine, on Potomac creek, where a steamer awaited to transport it to Washington.

Then, escorted by the cavalry, it was driven to the ferry over the Rappahannock at Port Royal, which Booth had crossed two days before. Young David E. Herold, Booth's companion in the flight, walked among the horsemen, his hands bound behind him.

On the Port Conway side of the ferry the cavalcade turned northward. As the cavalry could go no faster than their prisoner could walk and Herold soon began to show signs of exhaustion, Detective Baker, who was well mounted, pushed on ahead with the wagon.

The roads in that section were poor and unmarked by guide posts. At a fork Detective Baker took one road and the cavalry, on coming up, another.

In this manner Baker became separated from his escort and also lost his way.

The wagon broke down and much time was lost securing another. With this Baker reached Potomac creek, only to find himself three miles below the point at which he expected to meet the steamer.

It was not possible to strike across country with the wagon. Baker hid the body in the woods and leaving the negro to guard it set out for aid. He procured a small boat and in this rowed back to where he left the body, and putting it aboard the boat rowed it to the steamer, where it was placed on deck.

The cavalry, having arrived with its prisoner, the boat set out for Washington.

Taken Away in a Boat.

Meanwhile Detective Conger had reached Washington with the news that Booth had been taken. Gen. Lafayette C. Baker, chief detective of the War Department secret service, at once embarked on a tug to meet the steamer, which arrived at Alexandria with the body late that evening.

By orders of Secretary Stanton the steamer proceeded at once to the Washington navy yard and the body was transferred to the deck of the monitor Montauk, where it lay for the remainder of the night under a marine guard. Herold, in heavy irons, was placed in the ship's chain locker.

The next morning an autopsy on Booth's body was held by Surgeon General Joseph K. Barnes, of the United States Army, and the body was officially identified. Dr. J. E. May, a prominent Washington physician who had treated Booth for a carbuncle on the neck, found the scar resulting from its removal. The body was also identified by other persons who had known Booth.

The section of the spine at the neck through which the bullet had passed was removed and the body was pronounced ready for burial. The commander of the monitor had orders to place the body in a strong box and navy yard carpenters vied with each other in "driving a nail in the coffin of the President's murderer."

Before the box was ready a small boat was rowed alongside the monitor. Detectives Lafayette C. Baker and Luther B. Baker quickly lifted the body over the ship's low side into the boat and rowed away from the ship, heading their boat down the eastern branch of the Potomac.

Buried Secretly at Night.

The two detectives were acting on direct orders from the Secretary of War, to take the body to a place where it could be given a secret burial.

They rowed the boat around the point on which the War College now stands, and up to a wharf near the foot of Four-and-a-Half Street, in the old arsenal grounds.

The body was lifted out and placed on the wharf, where it lay under guard of a sentry until night. Meanwhile Maj. James G. Benton, commanding at the arsenal, received orders from Secretary Stanton to prepare a grave that would be under lock and key.

Within the arsenal grounds was a grim old building that served as a penitentiary for the District of Columbia, and then was used as a military storehouse. One of its larger rooms was paved with flagstones. One of these was raised and a grave was dug.

The body was then brought from the wharf and placed in a pine gun box. The box was marked with Booth's name, and the mortal remains of J. Wilkes Booth, their ignoble funeral journey over, were duly buried in the presence of Maj. Benton, L. C. Baker and Thomas T. Eckert, the latter chief military telegrapher, who acted as agent for the War Department.

The flagstone being put back in its place, the workmen who had buried Booth, and the official observers, left the old prison to darkness and silence.

That night the key of the room in which this burial had taken place was put into the hand of Secretary of War Stanton. Maj. Benton made a report of the burial, which never reached the public records. The secret of Booth's burial place was secure.

In 1867 the portion of the old penitentiary in which Booth lay buried was torn down. The body was then moved, again secretly, to an old storehouse in the arsenal grounds, where it was again buried. There it remained until February, 1869, when permission was granted by President Andrew Jackson to Edwin Booth, the assassin's brother, to remove it.

After being again identified the remains were removed to Baltimore and given final burial in the Booth family plot in Green Mound Cemetery.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

Closing Scenes In the Great Tragedy of Half a Century Ago. No. 4.

Trial of the So-Called Booth Conspirators Before a Military Commission in Washington and Their Inevitable Convictions--Pathetic Scene as Four of the Condemned, One of Them a Woman, Are Led Out to Die on a Common Scaffold--Four Others Sent to the Dry Tortugas--Only One Escapes Conviction. [Written by Winfield M. Thompson and copyrighted by the author.]

THE sequel to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth forms a tragic page in American history. The government acted on the theory that there was a great conspiracy, headed by Jefferson Davis, the chief of the Confederacy, to murder Lincoln and the men nearest to him in the control of the Federal government. Men's minds were so clouded by passion that the existence of the "Great Conspiracy" seemed beyond question. That the Confederates, enraged by the loss of their cause, desperate at the end of the war, caring not what measures they now took to strike down and destroy the government, had resorted to murder, seemed possible to minds that had been made sick by four years of fraternal bloodshed. Indignant disclaimers from southern people and their sorrow felt for the loss of Lincoln as a true friend of the south, counted for nothing.

Charity, which had ever guided the great man now laid low, stood outside the gate a stranger. Clearness of sight was impossible in the cloud of dark suspicion that obscured the clearest vision.

How completely men's views were distorted in that time of rage and mourning only the student of the inner history of the "Great Conspiracy" trial may judge—for dispassionate study, in the cool, clear light of half a century, shows that the "Great Conspiracy" was a myth.

The Conspiracy Charge.

On the morning of May 10, 1865, Jefferson Davis, who since April 2 had been a fugitive from Richmond, Va., was captured by Federal cavalry in Georgia. That same morning a military commission met in Washington, to try the eight unfortunates, seven men and a woman, whose association with John Wilkes Booth had brought them to felons' chains and arraignment as assassins; and in trying these dupes of the assassin, the army officers who served on the commission, earnest and honest men all, were bound by the charges on which the eight prisoners were arraigned, to show the world that a great conspiracy, with Jefferson Davis at its head, had struck down the nation's beloved leader.

The military commission consisted of Maj. Gen. David Hunter, Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace, Brevet Maj. Gen. August V. Kautz, Brig. Gen. Albion P. Howe, Brig. Gen. Robert S. Foster, Brevet Brig. Gen. James A. Ekin, Brig. Gen. Thomas M. Harris, Brevet Col. C. H. Thompson and Lieut. Col. David R. Clendenin. The government's case was in the hands of Brig. Gen. Joseph Holt, judge advocate, assisted by Hon. John A. Bingham, a congressman from Ohio, and Col. H. L. Burnett.

The scope of the government's case was indicated by the charge on which the prisoners were arraigned:

"For maliciously, unlawfully and traitorously, and in aid of the existing armed rebellion against the United States of America . . . combining, confederating and conspiring together with one John H. Surratt, John Wilkes Booth, Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, William C. Cleary, Clement C. Clay, George Harper, George Young and others unknown, to kill and murder" . . . Abraham Lincoln, President; Andrew Johnson, Vice President; William H. Seward, Secretary of State, and Gen. U. S. Grant.

The persons named after Jefferson Davis were Confederate agents in Canada or their employes. They and Mr. Davis were further charged, with Booth and Surratt, with "maliciously, unlawfully and traitorously murdering" Lincoln. Assaulting Secretary Seward, with intent to kill, and "lying in wait with intent to kill and murder" Vice President Johnson and Gen. Grant. (The latter left Washington seven hours before Lincoln was shot.)

The charge specified that these acts took place "within the fortified and intrenched lines" of Washington; the trial of the case before a military tribunal being thus justified.

A wide range of testimony, some of it afterward proven to be perjured, was admitted to prove the government's contention; yet when all the evidence is sifted, the impartial student of today is obliged to believe that not a scintilla of evidence was produced to connect any of the Confederates named in the charge with the murder of Lincoln.

Booth's So-Called Conspirators.

The trial of eight of Booth's associates was held in the old penitentiary building, Washington. Those placed on trial were David E. Herold, the companion of Booth in his flight; George A. Atzerodt, whom Booth had assigned to kill Vice President Johnson; Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, the Maryland doctor who had set Booth's broken leg; Edward Spangler, the scene shifter at Ford's Theater, charged with having aided Booth to escape; Michael O'Laughlin, who had been involved in Booth's earlier plot to kidnap Lincoln; Samuel Arnold, also associated with Booth in the kidnaping plot; Lewis Thornton Powell, alias Payne, who had murderously assaulted Secretary Seward, and Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, in whose boarding house Booth and some of his associates had met. Her son, John H. Surratt, a messenger for the Confederacy and one of the chief supporters of Booth in the kidnaping plot, was later tried two years after his mother had perished on the scaffold.

Prisoners in Chains.

When first arrested the prisoners had been taken on board a monitor, in the navy yard, where in chains they were confined beneath iron decks. To the left ankle of each was fastened an iron band for a two-foot chain and to the chain was fastened an iron cone a foot high, weighing 75 pounds. On Lewis Powell, alias Payne, and George A. Atzerodt were put the added weight of a ball and chain.

The hands of the six were manacled with iron bands connected with a bar of iron 14 inches long. An exception was made of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, whose handcuffs were connected with a chain.

These prisoners were confined in cells under the same roof that covered the secret grave of the assassin, Booth, and were treated with merciless rigor. In the excited state of public feeling no other course toward them would have been deemed safe. The men responsible for the preservation of the government believed it to be in danger. The war was so recently ended that fear of an outbreak of anarchy or guerilla warfare was entertained. It was thought the accused were members of a secret society, the Sons of Liberty, that was held to be dangerously treasonable.

Over the head of each was placed a rough flannel hood, or cap, drawn with a string about the neck. A hole was left for the mouth, but none for the eyes. It was stated this device was employed because Payne tried to end his life by dashing his head against a beam on board the monitor. The manacles, weights and chains, and the presence of four guards for each prisoner, reduced the possibility of suicide to a minimum, even had the caps been removed. The caps were still worn after the prisoners were removed from the ships.

Suffering of Prisoners.

The suffering of the prisoners from the caps was great, from the warmth of the weather and the shutting out of the light from their eyes. When they were brought into court and the caps were removed the light of day for a time blinded them.

The eighth prisoner, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, was not subjected to the torture of the cap or fetters. She was allowed a certain choice in her food and was permitted to see her daughter, Anna. The cries of the poor girl, weeping at her mother's knee, often filled the corridors of the prison.

An improvised courtroom for the trial was fitted up in a whitewashed chamber on the same floor as the prisoners' cells, the third. Across one end was placed a railed platform for the prisoners and in front of it two small tables for their counsel. There was a long table at one side for the Military Commission of nine officers acting as judges, another for the government prosecutor, Joseph Holt, judge advocate of the army, and his two assistants, Hon. John A. Bingham and Col. H. L. Burnett.

When court opened, on the morning of May 10, each of the prisoners came into court guarded by a soldier. The iron weights of the men were carried by two soldiers each, on an iron bar thrust through a staple in the cone. Their chains clanked on the floor as they made their way slowly to their places.

A Political Trial.

The taking of testimony lasted until June 16, and the arguments nearly two weeks. The findings of the court were ready June 30 and its verdict was approved by the President July 5.

As seen in the light of history the trial was grossly unfair; yet in view of all the conditions of time and place, no other kind of trial was possible. Political rancor ruled the deliberations of the court.

Each of the prisoners was represented by counsel, the ablest of whom was Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr., a Union soldier, well versed in the law. He appeared for Dr. Mudd and Samuel Arnold. W. E. Doster appeared for Payne and Atzerodt, Walter E. Cox for Michael O'Laughlin, and Frederick A. Alken, a native of Massachusetts, practicing in Washington, for Mrs. Surratt.

From the opening of the court it was evident that the passions of the war were still hot within the soldiers who formed the commission. Only strong Union men received consideration from them.

The government, having prefaced its case on the theory that Lincoln's death resulted from a widespread conspiracy with Jefferson Davis at its head, all eight of the prisoners were tried as conspirators as well as on the charge of being accessories to Booth's crime.

The existence of Booth's earlier plan, through which all the persons tried before the military commission, (except Spangler,) were brought into contact with him, was ignored by the prosecution. No palliating circumstances could be admitted. It was held that the public safety demanded conviction in each case and every case.

Evidence that might disprove the theory of conspiracy was suppressed. The most notable example was Booth's diary, found on his person at his death, in which he took on himself all responsibility for his crime, and declared he had worked six months on his plan to kidnap Lincoln before resorting at last to murder. The book was in Secretary of War Stanton's office, and no mention of it was made at the trial. The secret of its existence leaked out two years later.

Secretary Stanton afterwards gave under oath his reason for suppressing the diary. It was that it might have given sympathizers with the assassin ground for glorification of his deed.

There was another, an underlying reason—the diary threw doubt on the existence of a conspiracy. It revealed the fact that Booth's deed was that of one insane man, working alone, and showed by inference that the persons whom he had implicated in his crime were not conspirators, but his dupes, whom he used, with their knowledge in some cases, without it in others, to do his bidding.

The Case of Mrs. Surratt.

Of the seven men and one woman tried by the Military Commission all were found guilty. And of the eight persons so condemned the seven men did not arouse as much interest as the one woman, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt.

She was represented as the arch conspirator with Booth, who mothered the brood of assassins who plotted to overthrow the government by killing its head and his ministers. Her house was described by President Andrew Johnson as "the nest that hatched the egg" of assassination.

In Mrs. Surratt's behalf it could be shown that she was a respectable, home-keeping, intelligent woman, a fond mother and a devout Christian. Her undoing may be traced to circumstances connected with the war. Her son was a messenger for the Confederacy—a business that at any time might have cost him his life. She went and worried over him on his life-and-death journeys between Richmond and Canada, but she shielded him, and made his friends her own.

It was through him that Booth became a caller at her house. He had sought out John Surratt when planning to kidnap Lincoln, because of the

young man's knowledge of roads to the Potomac. He had found Mrs. Surratt's house suited to his purpose. It was a boarding house. To it he twice sent Payne, and Atzerodt spent several nights there. There was no evidence

that Mrs. Surratt knew why they came. In the case of Atzerodt she objected, as she did not like the man's appearance.

There was no evidence that any of the others ever went there or that any conference was held there after the failure of the kidnaping plot of March 17. John Surratt left home for Canada on April 4, and Booth did not go there often thereafter.

No evidence was introduced to show that Mrs. Surratt was ever present at any conference of her son and Booth, or the others, or had ever conferred with Booth or knew his plans.

Carried Package for Booth.

The specific charge on which Mrs. Surratt was tried was in the following language: "In further prosecution of said conspiracy, Mary E. Surratt did receive, entertain, harbor, conceal, aid and assist" Booth and his associates in crime.

The testimony introduced to show her complicity with Booth was supplied by two men—Louis J. Wiechmann, who had been a boarder at the Surratt house and a friend of John H. Surratt, and John M. Lloyd, who rented Mrs. Surratt's tavern at Surrattsville, 13 miles from Washington.

Wiechmann swore to seeing Booth at various times at Mrs. Surratt's house, to conferences there between Booth and John Surratt, to driving Mrs. Surratt twice to Surrattsville and to her taking a package for Booth on the second journey, the day of the crime, which she gave to Lloyd. The package contained Booth's field glasses.

Lloyd swore that Mrs. Surratt requested him, on both visits, to "have the shooting irons ready," as they would soon be called for. The "shooting irons" were two carbines that John Surratt, Atzerodt and Herold had received from Booth for use in the proposed kidnaping of Lincoln, and which Lloyd had concealed for them at the tavern.

Other witnesses testified to Mrs. Surratt's denial of knowing Payne when he came to her house at midnight, two days after his attack on Secretary of War Seward.

Two Interested Witnesses.

This was the sum of the most damaging testimony against Mrs. Surratt, and in the circumstances it was damaging enough. It was given, however, by witnesses who themselves were in the shadow of the gallows. Wiechmann had been cognizant of the conferences between John Surratt and Booth and a party to some of them. He had known enough of their plan to kidnap Lincoln to have justified him in warning the government. He was a government employe, but he had remained silent.

After Mrs. Surratt's arrest Wiechmann was detained by Secretary of War Stanton as an informer, was sent to Canada to trace John Surratt and unquestionably was granted immunity for his testimony against Mrs. Surratt. He may have felt, therefore, that it was a situation of his own life or hers.

Wiechmann's testimony against Mrs. Surratt was not impeached before the court; but he remembered so much that in a time of general suspicion he might well have been accused of knowing more than an innocent man should.

The other witness against Mrs. Surratt, Lloyd, was a drunken pot, who

acknowledged on the stand that he was deep in liquor at the time of his alleged conversations with Mrs. Surratt. He had been implicated by hiding the arms and by producing them when Booth, fleeing from the scene of his crime, called for them. He had been arrested and had denied knowledge of the arms or of Booth. A few days in prison had refreshed his memory and immunity from punishment was his reward for his testimony.

On the testimony of these two men Mrs. Surratt was sent to the scaffold. It was shown that she had served Booth by carrying his field glasses to Surrattsville on the day of the crime and she may have carried the message to Lloyd. In her defense it was shown that business in connection with a lawsuit over land had taken her to Surrattsville on both occasions. The prosecution claimed that the second visit was unnecessary, that she went as a messenger for Booth. The point that she planned the second trip at an earlier hour than that of Booth's call at her home, when he gave her the glasses, had no weight with the court.

Evidence was introduced that Mrs. Surratt received a call at 9 a. m. on the evening of the assassination from a man who did not enter the house. No witness was produced who saw him, but after Mrs. Surratt was in her grave Wiechmann swore that the caller was Booth. The man, in fact, was not Booth, but a caller for Anna Surratt.

Clemency Denied.

There was little question that Mrs. Surratt had known something of Booth's earlier plan for the kidnaping of Lincoln. With the usual bitterness of southern women in the war, she doubtless believed the kidnaping of the President was a legitimate war enterprise. That she knew of Booth's darker design, adopted when his first had failed, was not proven in any degree.

In such a time, before such a tribunal—for the commission was organized to convict and would not have dared render a verdict of not guilty in the case of any of the prisoners—the admitted facts of Mrs. Surratt's sympathies and her son's connection with Booth were enough to condemn her.

When the verdict had been rendered sealing her fate, five of the nine men who found it joined in a petition to the President for clemency. President Andrew Johnson did not have the courage to grant the petition, or even to acknowledge that he had received it. He confirmed Mrs. Surratt's death sentence on July 5, ordering her to be hanged on the 7th.

When a plea was made to him to spare the prisoner's life on account of her sex, he is said to have replied: "There haven't been women enough hanged in this war."

When the condemned woman's daughter went to the White House to plead for her mother's life she was not permitted to enter it. In her agony of grief she cast herself upon the White House steps, from which men removed her with pity in their hearts.

And when a few hours before she was led forth to execution a writ of habeas corpus was issued, as the only means of respite, on the ground that Mrs. Surratt had been denied a trial by jury, the writ was suspended by executive order. President Johnson to prevent delay in the death of Mrs. Surratt had exercised a power placed in his hands for employment in times of emergency.

Recalls French Revolution.

In American history there has never been such another scene as that within the dark, old penitentiary building beside the Potomac on the morning of July 7, 1865. The walls of women filled its corridors like the lamentations of those who wept for the condemned in the cruel times of the French revolution. There was no hope, no appeal from the decree of the government.

The tears and sobs of Anna Surratt, as she hung on the neck of her mother—who in her anguish suffered at her daughter's touch and tears the torture of a hundred deaths—were joined by those of seven women who had come to say farewell to another of the condemned. They were the sisters of David E. Herold, the youth who was to pay for his flight with Booth with his life.

No legal aid had been enjoined for Herold. The same was true of Lewis Powell, alias Payne, who had made the home of Secretary of State Seward a hospital. No one came to say farewell to him. His home was in Florida, where his father, a Baptist clergyman, could not yet have learned of the swift execution of the law that was now taking place.

Least of the three condemned men, as a man, was George A. Atzerodt, the poor, shuffling little German who had feared to do the task, assigned him by Booth, of killing Andrew Johnson. One woman came to see him in his last hours, a sorrowing drab who had loved him and lived with him out of wedlock. He mingled his tears with hers.

The President had ordered that the execution take place between the hours of 10 and 2; but such persons as had cured passes to the arsenal grounds, which stood the prison, had come before the earlier hour.

It was a day of breathless heat. The land about the prison, bare and dusty, shimmered under the torrid sun. Men and women carried umbrellas to protect themselves as they waited, and mopped perspiration from their brows.

The Way to the Scaffold.

As the crowd waited, with lines of blue-coated veteran reserve troops all about, they studied the rough scaffold that had been erected against the high prison wall. Four nooses of new rope hung from its heavy beam. Four chairs were placed upon it. At its end were four fresh graves, and at the rear were four pine coffins.

Gen. Hancock, a fine, commanding figure, in the full uniform of his rank, was present to see that every arrangement had been made. At 1 o'clock there appeared from the door in the prison wall another officer, with a staff. This was Maj. Gen. John F. Hartranft, who served as provost marshal of the prisoners' guard.

Following these officers came a solemn procession. Had it been arranged for tragic effect it could not have been more striking, for at its head marched the condemned woman. She was clothed in a loose dark gown, full in the skirt, and without collar, a black bonnet and a veil. Her hands were pinioned before her.

On either side of the woman walked a priest, uttering prayers in a low and solemn cadences. One of these men of God held before the breast of the condemned woman a jet of light.

Four soldiers, with muskets at shoulder, followed.

On passing out of the prison, the condemned woman had said farewell to a friend who had come to see her, and her parting words were "Take care of Annie." She was then ready for death.

Indifference of Payne.

Next in the solemn procession came the stooping, shambling figure of a mean little man, Atzerodt. His complexion was pasty; perspiration poured from his brow. Chains upon his legs clanked as he walked slowly, with a clergyman of the Lutheran faith beside him. He was followed by four soldiers.

Third in the tragic line walked a shabby youth, a weakling, whose trembling legs would scarcely support his tottering body. This was Herold. Two clergymen of the Episcopal faith walked with him.

Last came Payne. The most guilty of the four, he walked more like a gladiator coming from combat than a felon going to the gallows. His head was erect. The muscles of his giant neck and broad chest were revealed by a low cut, closely-fitting knit shirt. He wore no coat nor shoes. On his thick dark hair was a straw hat. His manner was composed, his eyes fearless. There was something suggesting an Indian in his indifference to death.

At the scaffold steps Mrs. Surratt's strength nearly failed her. She was aided up the steps and sank limp and gasping into the chair assigned her. Occasionally her lips moved and she made a moaning sound.

Each of the condemned being seated, Gen. Hartranft, in clear tones, read the order for their hanging. Then a clergyman stepped to the front of the platform, expressing the thanks of Payne

for considerate treatment by his keepers. He then prayed, briefly and eloquently. Payne followed the words dumbly with his lips and tears stood in his eyes. It was his only show of emotion in his trial of death.

The Closing Scene.

One of the clergymen attending Herold next spoke, offering the prisoner's thanks and a prayer. Another did the same for Atzerodt. The spiritual advisers of Mrs. Surratt spoke no words beyond their prayers.

Then came the final scene of preparation. The prisoners were ordered to stand up. Mrs. Surratt, who had moaned in her chair like a person in desperate illness, was assisted to her feet and men prepared to bind her. Her body seemed to swoon as she stood on the pinnacle of infamy, while her skirts were gathered about her, and her limbs were pinioned.

"Don't let me fall," she gasped weakly. The words were the last she spoke. The hangman's cap of white cotton was soon placed over her head, and the

noose adjusted on her neck. She trembled and shrank, but the soothing tones of the priests reciting words of spiritual consolation seemed to sustain her.

When the noose was placed around the neck of Payne the youth revealed his courage again by directing how it should be adjusted. No friendly voice had said farewell to him, no friendly hand had pressed his, and now he had no parting words to speak.

Herold wept, and said no word as they bound him; but Atzerodt babbled in terror and attempted a farewell speech. His adropt tongue failed him in this elemental crisis. "Take care," he said, meaning perhaps that those who heard him should beware of the things that had brought him there. Then making a fresh start he said, "Scentlemen, who are before me, we may all meet in another world."

As the hangman's cap was put over his head he said, "Don't choke me." These words were his last. He went to his death weeping and whimpering.

The End of Four Lives.

When all was ready, and the prisoners stood bound hand and foot, with the light of day shut from their eyes by the caps, there was a solemn pause. The people who had been near the condemned stepped back from the drops.

All being ready, an officer gave a signal, and men on the ground raised two beams in their hands and thrust them against the wooden props that held the hinged platforms of the drops.

In an instant the four bodies dropped and snapped at the end of the four ropes. Then twirling erratically the four victims swung in the agony of brutal death. Payne drew up his great chest near to his chin, and died with his muscles tense and his veins black and near bursting. Herold also died hard. Mrs. Surratt and Atzerodt mercifully suffered relatively little.

The drop fell at 1:25. At 1:50 the bodies were cut down. They were placed in the coffins, to lie under the sword of the old prison yard, until delivered, when the whole bitter tragedy was a memory, to loving friends, for Christian burial.

Of the others convicted in connection with the assassination of Lincoln, Dr. Mudd was sentenced to life imprisonment at Dry Tortugas. He was pardoned in 1869 and died in 1883. Spangler got six years, while O'Laughlin and Arnold each received a life sentence. O'Laughlin died of yellow fever at Dry Tortugas. Arnold was pardoned in 1869 and lived to a good ripe age in Baltimore.

Surratt Alone Escapes.

Of the so-called Booth conspirators the only one remaining at large was John H. Surratt, Confederate spy and son of Mrs. Surratt. He had left Washington on April 3, 1865, for Montreal, with dispatches for the Confederate government and was in New York State, prying on the military prison at Elmira, when Lincoln was assassinated. Making his way to Canada, he finally reached Liverpool and thence proceeded to Rome, where he became a member of the Papal Zouaves, under the name of Watson. He was arrested in Italy in November, 1866, but effected his escape, reaching Alexandria, where he was again arrested and held for the American consul. In 1867 he was taken back to the United States and placed on trial.

Fortunately for him he was tried not before a Military Commission, but in a regular court, and fortunately, too, public feeling had considerably cooled during the two years that he had been a fugitive from his country. Had he been tried in 1865 with the other so-called Booth conspirators, he would have shared the fate of the four who were hanged and mother and son would have died on the same scaffold.

His trial lasted two months and 200 witnesses were called. The jury, after being out two days disagreed, standing eight to four for acquittal. There was no second trial and after a few months in prison Surratt, the most deeply implicated of all Booth's agents in the kidnaping plot, was freed and the indictment against him quashed. He was the only one of Booth's dupes to escape conviction and punishment.

After Nearly Fifty Years, the Spot Where J. Wilkes Booth's Body Is Buried Is Located--Living Witnesses to Midnight Interment Tell the Story. No. 5.



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.
[The brilliant but misguided young actor who killed Lincoln.]

By Edward Freiberger.

To-day there are fully fifty theories concerning the disposition of the body of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Not a newspaper of any prominence in the land, but has received private information showing conclusively that Booth is still alive, and living comfortably and quietly in any one of a dozen cities—Louisville, Denver, San Francisco, Albuquerque, New Orleans, or Montreal.

In one cemetery, at least, the officials will point out his grave, and assure you that below the unmarked mound lies Booth. Surely, of this mass of theory it would be difficult to make a choice, and so for nearly fifty years the mystery has deepened; deepened because the true secret of the burial has been well kept—and is now to be revealed. The mystery is no longer a mystery, the unmarked grave holds no body; but some ten feet away from the indicated spot, in a wholly neglected portion of the burial plot, all that remains of J. Wilkes Booth is sleeping the long sleep that knows no waking. Here then is the story of living witnesses to the midnight burial of Lincoln's assassin.

ALTHOUGH there are 90,000,000 of people in the United States, not 500 could tell you what became of the body of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Some will tell you that the body of John Wilkes Booth was burned to ashes in the Virginia barn in which he was captured. Others will express the opinion that the remains of the misguided actor were cut to pieces and mysteriously dropped into the sea. Then, to add interest to the mystery, some one will claim to have positive information that Wilkes Booth is still alive, and is living

under an assumed name in one of the Southern States. One strange story is to the effect that Booth assumed the name of J. W. Bickford of Pittsburg, and that he confided to his roommate in Lexington, Ky., during the months of January and February, 1869, that he was the assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

The body of John Wilkes Booth was not burned to ashes in the Virginia barn nor consigned to a watery grave in the Atlantic Ocean, but it was buried with great secrecy in the presence of at least a dozen witnesses, of whom two are still alive, in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

The body rests within the same inclosure that contains the graves of his illustrious father and patient mother, as well as other members of the Booth family.

It was but natural that the burial could not take place with the great American public looking on at midday with tear-stained eyes. The body was not consigned to its final resting place until nearly four years after the greatest and saddest tragedy in the history of the Nation.

First of all let us remember that John Wilkes Booth—who was born on a farm in Hartford County, Md., near Baltimore in 1839, and who had made his debut on the stage as Richmond in "Richard III" at the St. Charles Theatre, Baltimore—shot President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., at 10:20 o'clock, on Friday evening, April 14, 1865; that the President was carried from the theatre across the street to the house of Mr. William Petersen, 453 Tenth Street, (now 513) and that he passed away there at 7:22 o'clock the following morning, April 15, 1865.

Booth had entered the theatre just as the third act of "Our American Cousin" had commenced, the star of the evening being Miss Laura Keane. Booth escaped, but was finally tracked to a barn belonging to a man named Garratt, near the town of Bowling Green, Caroline County, Va. His pursuers were twenty-eight men of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, under Lieut. Col. Everton J. Conger of Ohio. After Booth had refused to surrender, the barn was set on fire by Col. Conger, who lighted a rope of straw and thrust it inside the barn on top of a little pile of hay in a corner.

Although Booth knew that either death or surrender was inevitable, he obstinately refused to come out of the barn, and, leaning upon his crutch—for his leg had been injured while jumping from the President's box to the stage of the theatre—was in the act of taking aim at one of the pursuing soldiers, who were stationed so as to command every point of observation, when Lieut. Dougherty, seeing

Booth's move, ordered Sergt. Boston Corbett to fire on Booth, which he did with a large cavalry pistol. The bullet entered Booth's head just below the right ear and came out about an inch above the left ear. After two and a quarter hours of intense agony Booth passed away. He had received the fatal shot at 3:15 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, April 26, 1865.

Only five weeks previous, on March 18, 1865, he had made his last appearance as an actor at Ford's Theatre, Washington, in the rôle of Pescara in "The Apostate," for the benefit of John McCullough.

Booth had not had a moment's peace from the time that he had shot the President. He was heard to mutter: "Tell my mother I died for my country, and—" the voice sank into a whisper, so that the officers were compelled to bend down in order to hear him whisper: "I did what I thought was best." His arms lay useless by his side. Unable to move them, he asked that they be raised. The officers lifted them up. He looked at his hands, and as they were laid down he faintly spoke his last words: "Useless! Useless!"

Booth's body was sewed up in a saddle blanket and taken by wagon to Belle Plain, which was reached in the afternoon on its way to Washington. On April 27 Col. Baker received instructions from the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, to give the body secret burial.

The next morning the body was lifted to the deck of the monitor Montauk and laid in the carpenter's bunk of the turret. The next day an autopsy was held, and at 2:45 o'clock Col. Baker, with the assistance of Lieut. L. B. Baker and sailors to row the boat, took the body quietly to the west side of the arsenal grounds into the old Washington Penitentiary.

One of the largest of the cells on the ground floor, filled with fixed ammunition stored there by the Ordnance Department, was cleared, a large, flat stone lifted from its place, and a rude grave was dug. The remains were placed in a pine gun box. The body was lowered, the grave filled up, and the stone replaced.

Here the body rested, known to but a few persons, for nearly four years. Finally, on Feb. 15, 1869, Edwin Booth received from President Andrew Johnson permission to have his brother's remains removed to Baltimore for final burial. Preparations were immediately made for the disinterment of the body. There were present a military officer, several undertakers, a representative of the press, and a file of soldiers. The box was much decayed, but the body, wrapped in two or three gray army blankets, was in a fair state of preservation. Four soldiers car-

ried the box to a wagon in waiting. That night it was placed in another pine box and taken to Baltimore by train.

Although Edwin Booth had interested himself in behalf of the removal of his brother's body, he did not attend the final burial of the remains. The members of the family who came on to Baltimore from New York to be present at the interment were Booth's mother, Mrs. Junius Brutus Booth; his sister, Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke—wife of the famous comedian, John Sleeper Clarke—and his brother, Dr. Joseph A. Booth, all of whom are now buried in the same family lot with John Wilkes Booth, in beautiful Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore.

Considerable mystery attended the interment, the intention being to keep it as private as possible and prevent any sort of a demonstration. The elder Mrs. Booth, Dr. Booth, and Mrs. Clarke upon their arrival in Baltimore registered at Guy's Hotel, which stood on the spot where the Baltimore Post Office now stands.

The people of Baltimore soon learned the significance of the arrival of three members of the Booth family, and as a result a large crowd gathered immediately at Weaver's undertaking establishment, on Fayette Street, immediately opposite the back door of the old Holliday Street Theatre, which has been a public playhouse since 1794 and where John Wilkes Booth had played many a successful engagement.

The body arrived in Baltimore at noon of Feb. 17, 1869, and was immediately taken to Weaver's undertaking establishment, where it was kept until the following night at 11:45 o'clock.

Among those who looked at the body and identified it as that of John Wilkes Booth was William L. Ballauf, who became the property boy of the Holliday Street Theatre on Oct. 6, 1856, and who at last accounts was the stage carpenter of that theatre, having seen practically fifty-five years of continuous service in one playhouse. Mr. Ballauf has often told how he came very near to accidental death at the hands of Wilkes Booth during the last act of a performance of "Richard III." With outstretched sword in hand, Booth, in his frenzy as Richard, rushed past the astonished property boy with a velocity that nearly killed young Ballauf, the sword almost grazing the skin of his face.

Another who was permitted to view the remains was Dr. J. R. W. Dunbar of Baltimore, who had taken advantage of opportunities granted to but few men. Not only did Dr. Dunbar view the remains of Booth, but it was he who was permitted to examine the body of George Washington when it was removed from the tomb in which it was originally buried to the one that is now so familiar to every pilgrim who visits Mount Vernon, Va. Furthermore, it was Dr. Dunbar who was instructed to remove the bullets from the body of John Brown before the latter was hanged at Harper's Ferry.

It was just fifteen minutes before midnight when the body of Booth was taken to the cemetery in an ordinary undertaker's wagon, in order not to attract any attention. It was feared, quite naturally, that the least bit of publicity would cause a demonstration on the part of the many Southern sympathizers who were then in Baltimore.

The body had been removed from Washington in charge of John H. Weaver, the undertaker. Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Clarke, and Dr. Booth drove to the cemetery in a closed carriage, while the few friends of Wilkes Booth who were to witness the interment gathered at the Ross House and proceeded to the cemetery as quietly as possible.

At that time a man named Burkhard was the Superintendent of Greenmount Cemetery, and he had given orders that the grave should be dug that night after dark, every possible precaution being taken to prevent any demonstration on the part of the many whose sympathies were wholly with the South. It was well understood by all directly interested in the interment that if any such demonstration was made the United States Government would immediately resume the custody of the body.

The present writer has carefully examined the records of Greenmount Cemetery, and has discovered that the permit to bury John Wilkes Booth reads as follows:

No. 16,821. Feb. 18, 1869.
Permit to enter the body of J. Wilkes Booth. Removed from Washington, D. C.
Dogwood area, Lots 9 and 10.

The last line signifies that the body was interred in Lots 9 and 10 in what is known as Dogwood Area.

The body was lowered into the grave at

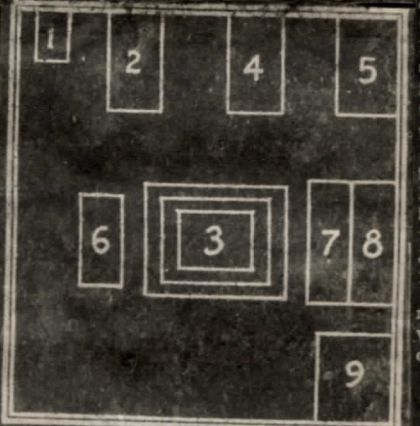


Diagram of the Booth Plot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore.

- 1—Grave of Edwin T. Booth, nephew of Edwin Booth, the actor.
- 2—Grave of Dr. Joseph A., father of Edwin T. Booth.
- 3—The Booth monument erected to the memory of Junius Brutus Booth, his wife and children.
- 4—Grave of Richard Booth, who died in 1839.
- 5—Rosalie A. Booth.
- 6—Near this spot, which is unmarked by a tombstone, it is believed that the remains of John Wilkes Booth are buried.
- 7—Grave of Junius Brutus Booth.
- 8—Grave of Mary Ann, wife of Junius Brutus Booth.
- 9—Grave of Asia Clarke, sister of Edwin Booth.

precisely fifteen minutes after midnight. The silence was oppressive. Every one gathered about the grave had known Booth in life as an eccentric man and a brilliant actor. There was absolutely no ceremony. If there was any prayer it was a silent offering by one of his immediate relatives. Besides Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Clarke, and Dr. Booth, those who witnessed the interment were:

Harry Clay Ford, then the Treasurer of the Holliday Street Theatre.

Dr. Frank Germon, son of the late Mrs. Greenbury C. Germon of Baltimore, cousin of the late Joseph Jefferson, and who passed away on Aug. 10, 1909, aged 88 years. Mr. Germon's father was the first actor to play Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Sam Kingsley, who had preceded Harry Clay Ford as Treasurer of the Holliday Street Theatre, and who passed away in Washington in 1904.

James L. Mattox.

Basil Moxley, the old doorkeeper at the Holliday Street Theatre and at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, occupying the two positions for nearly fifty years.

Samuel Linton, janitor of the Holliday Street Theatre.

John Ellinger, who had married the daughter of Weaver, the undertaker, and who kept a saloon on Fayette Street, and Charley Flinder, Ellinger's partner.

The Booth lot is one of the most attractive in Greenmount Cemetery, which is one of the oldest and most famous burial grounds in the United States. The cemetery was first established on March 15, 1868, and was originally called Green Mount Cemetery.

On the official records of the cemetery the name of Mrs. Mary Ann Booth, the

wife of Junius Brutus Booth and mother of Edwin Booth, appears as the owner of the Booth lot, or rather lots, for the Booth inclosure consists of two lots. The accompanying diagram shows the respective locations of the graves of the several members of the Booth family who are interred in this beautiful city of the dead:

No. 1 is the grave of Edwin T. Booth, infant son of Dr. Joseph A. and Cora E. Booth, the child having been named after its illustrious uncle.

No. 2 has this inscription: "Husband.—Joseph A. Booth, M. D. Born Feb. 8, 1840. Died Feb. 28, 1902."

No. 3. The magnificent Booth monument of granite, its square base being well covered with ivy. The inscription on one side of the shaft is as follows:

Monument to the memory of the children of Junius Brutus Booth and Mary Ann Booth. John Wilkes Frederick, Mary Ann, Henry Byron, Joseph Adrian Booth.

The second side of the monument is inscribed:

Junius Brutus Booth.
Born May 1, 1798.

The third side of the shaft bears this inscription:

In the same grave with Junius Brutus Booth is Buried the Body of Mary Ann, his Wife, who Survived Him 33 Years.

BOOTH.

The brief inscription on the fourth side refers to Junius Brutus Booth, and is as follows:

Died
Novr. 30,
1852.

No. 4 contains this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Richard Booth, who died Dec. 28, 1839, aged 76 years and 43 days.

"Ex vita, ita discedo tamquam ex hospitio in furvum Regnum inclytissimi Ducis; illinc ire ad astra."

No. 5 has the following inscription:

ROSALIE A. BOOTH.
Died
January 15, 1880.
Aged 65 Years.

No. 7 is the grave of the elder Booth, completely covered with ivy, and inscribed:

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.
Born
May 1, 1798,
Died
Novr. 30, 1832.

No. 8 is inscribed:

MARY ANN,
Wife of
J. B. BOOTH.
Born June 2, 1802,
Died Oct. 21, 1883.

No. 9 is the grave of Edwin Booth's sister, the mother of Creston and Wilfred Clarke, and is inscribed as follows:

In Memory of
ASIA,
Wife of
JOHN S. CLARKE.

The spot marked "6" in the diagram contains a mound, but there is no tombstone to indicate the name of the one who is here sleeping his final sleep. The mound, which is comparatively small and partly covered with myrtle and grass, is pointed out by the men in charge of the cemetery as the grave of John Wilkes Booth. Still it is an open secret that the remains of John Wilkes Booth do not lie immediately beneath this bit of earth, but some distance from it.

One of the men who identified Wilkes Booth's body, who was present when it was quietly lowered into the grave on that eventful midnight of Feb. 18, 1869, and who is still living in Baltimore, informed the present writer that he and several others made exact measurements of the distance between the actual grave of Wilkes Booth and the imposing monument in the immediate centre of the Booth lot, and that all of them gave their solemn promises to Booth's mother that they would never divulge to mortal man the exact location of the grave, so that any vandal attempting to steal the body and digging below the little mound would be sorely disappointed and completely baffled, and would be obliged to spend many hours with pick and shovel in other parts of the lot before he could finally unearth the body.

Still, the great majority of visitors to Greenmount Cemetery, who look upon the graves of the various members of the Booth family, never learn of the deception that has been practiced upon the public by the cemetery authorities, a pardonable deception that cannot be criticised by any one who gives the subject thought.

When Dr. Joseph A. Booth returned to New York after the interment he frankly admitted to many old friends that he had identified the body of his brother, John Wilkes Booth, and that he had seen it interred in Greenmount Cemetery.

Inasmuch as many admirers of Edwin Booth are under the impression that he is buried in Baltimore in the same lot with his father, mother, sister, and brothers, it may be well to mention here that America's greatest and most beloved tragedian rests in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Cambridge, Mass., beside the remains of his first wife.

Two Years Investigation, Refutes Story Of Flight by John-Wilkes Booth. to Safety In Obscurity.

* * * *

The myth that John Wilkes Booth, escaped to Texas and Oklahoma and lived many years instead of paying the death penalty for the assassinating of Lincoln, has just been shattered by William G. Shepherd, after an investigation covering two years. This unusual journalistic adventure may put an end to one of the most persistent myths in American history. So-called proofs of Booth's escape have been pouring into magazine and news-paper offices for the last twenty years, and still find their way into print. Evidence in support of the story appeared only several weeks ago in one of the state historical journals of the west. The legend of Booth's escape has proved so strangely persistent that Harper's Magazine asked M. Shepherd to probe the evidence to a conclusive issue.

* * *

The proof is to be found on Page 24 In this Book.

S. J. Dunbar. 28
Desson Ave,
Troy N. Y.

All Who Were With the President When He Was Assassinated Met Death in Some Unusual or Tragic Manner.



Lincoln's Last Photograph, Taken a Week Before His Assassination.

A CABLE dispatch last week told the news that Major Henry Reed Rathbone was dying in the German insane asylum in which he had been for many years confined. The news item added briefly that Major Rathbone was one of the guests of President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre the night he was assassinated. In attempting to seize Booth the Major received a wound. Some time afterward he was appointed Consul to Hanover and in a fit of insanity killed his wife. Thus crudely did the cable announce the close of a long tragedy, the end of a series of dramatic and terrible coincidents unequalled perhaps in modern times.

The Greeks believed, and on the belief built their noblest plays, that some crimes were so appallingly in violation of Heaven's laws that even the most innocent who were in any way touched by them fell forever under a curse. The purest and best, if fate linked them with such a deed, must suffer for it as if they had shared in the guilt. It would almost seem if, in the case of the murder of Lincoln, this belief were true. A terrible fate overtook all who were in the path of Booth on that fatal night. Major Rathbone is the last of the persons with whom he came in contact on the evening of the 14th of April, 1865, to die a sad death. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, in their "Life of Lincoln," give a dramatic hint of what hung over every member of the party in the box just before the shot that killed Lincoln was fired. They de-

scribe the entrance of Booth making his unnoted way toward his victim. He walked down the narrow corridor that led to the Presidential box and put his hand on the unguarded door. The third act of "Our American Cousin" was in progress and all eyes were fastened on the

stage. Booth had entered the anteroom of the box. In another moment the greatest crime of the century—of many centuries—would have been committed. "No one," says the Nicolay and Hay Life, "not even the comedians on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night—the last words Abraham Lincoln heard on earth. The whole performance remains in the minds of those who heard it a vague phantasmagoria, the actors the thinnest of spectres.

"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 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 to 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 to die 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."

All this and more hovered over the unconscious company in the box at that moment while they looked smilingly down on a fine farce played by the best actors of the time. The box was over the stage, as was customary in old-fashioned theatres. It was above the orchestra and on a level with the dress circle—a balcony box it would be called now, only built far on the stage, so that the spectators saw the actors directly beneath them. To understand how the tragedy drew under its cloud the several innocent victims who have since come to strange death, the setting must be understood.

The President sat in the corner nearest the audience, Mrs. Lincoln next to him. Miss Clara Harris sat near Mrs. Lincoln,

and behind her young Major Rathbone. Miss Harris was the daughter of Ira Harris, Senator from New York in Washington during the years of the war. Her father had taken as his second wife Mrs. Rathbone, who had a son by her first husband. This son, Major Henry, found himself thrown into almost brotherly relation with an extremely attractive young lady and fell in love with his step-mother's daughter. The attractiveness of the young couple, the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Harris at their inclination for each other, made them an object of sympathetic attention, for even in the days of war the world loves a lover. The President and Mrs. Lincoln had a warm liking for the pair, and had invited them to share the box.

The President was rather sad that night, spoke little, and in spite of the merits of the play, let his eyes wander again and again from the stage to the audience. That morning at a Cabinet meeting he had presented some of his plans for helping the South. The Cabinet did not sympathize with his generosity; they spoke against his measure, respectfully but firmly, and he had folded the paper bearing the outline, saying sadly, "So you are all opposed to my plan."

Grant had come to Washington—he was to have gone to the theatre that very night, and had he not been called away Lincoln would have stayed at home himself. "People oughtn't to be disappointed of both of us," he said, and went in spite of his gloom. But as the self-concocted "avenger of the South" crept up behind him he was thinking not of the play but of ways to convince the Cabinet and the people that substantial money grants should be made to "the States late in rebellion." Standing in the wings, waiting for her cue to come on the stage, was Laura Keene, great among great actresses and then at the crowning point of her career. "Our American Cousin" was a wonderful success. Fame was hers already and wealth was fast piling up for her. From her position in the wings she could almost see the Presidential box. She, too, was to be caught in the curse that hovered over the fated group.

The tragic happenings of the next few moments must be briefly rehearsed before their far-reaching and awful consequences can be told. Wilkes Booth had, of course, the freest access to Ford's Theatre. Coming of a great actor family, the profession recognized in him the genius that marked his father and brother, together with a certain "strangeness" that came upon him at times and made them suspect that here there might be the development of an even greater genius.

"Full of impulses just now like a colt, his heels in the air nearly as often as his head," said a manager of Wilkes Booth, "but wait a year or two till he gets used to harness and quiet down a bit, and then you will see as great an actor as America can produce." And Clara Morris, who acted with him, says in her reminiscences that no man had ever a greater affection from his comrades. "At the theatre, as the sunflowers turn upon their stalks to follow the beloved sun, so old and young, our faces smiling, turned to him."

Between admiration and affection, then, the theatre was open to him at any time. He had evidently worked there during the day, according to Major Rathbone's statement of what occurred. Just back of the large rocking chair set for the President he had bored a hole, small as a bit of buckshot from the interior of the box but big enough outside for him to place his eye comfortably against it.

An ante-room, four feet wide and seven long, separated the box itself from the corridor that led to it. The door of the ante-room opened inward from the corridor, and the prevent this being opened Booth had made an indentation on the panel some four feet above the ground, with another indentation in the wall at a corresponding height. Entering the door he set a stick of wood in these holes and the door could not be opened from the outside. The door leading from the ante-room to the box was open, but in case he should find it shut he had loosened the fastenings of the bolts, so that a push would make them fall.

There was no need of this, however. Lincoln was no better guarded than was his custom. Threatening letters were common to him, but he had never altered his simple ways one iota because of them.

He was absolutely at the mercy of the man who crept behind him. Major Rathbone said that he did not know any one had entered the box until after the shot had been fired. Some newspaper accounts sent out in the heat of the excitement told of Major Rathbone's seeing Booth and asking the cause of his intrusion. But he himself said that not until the shot rang out and he turned his head, to see the President still sitting quietly in his chair, but with his eyes closed and his head bent forward a little, did he have an idea that any one was near.

He sprang at Booth and received a deep stab in the arm. He struggled again, but his useless arm hampered him, and Booth, crying "The South is avenged!" jumped over the box. Its front was draped with silken flags, a portrait of Washington in the centre; he caught his spur as he leaped and injured his leg in falling. Sensational leaps were a hobby of his, and he counted on making good his escape in this way. Uttering his famous melodramatic cry, he rushed into the wings.

Miss Keene, standing there waiting, expected one of the actors in the character of a drunken man to pass her. When some one hurtled roughly against her she thought, dazed as she was with the noise of the shot, that it was the actor still keeping up his character. Looking up she saw Booth, and from the house shrieks and cries began to rise. With her habitual presence of mind she stepped forward, asking the audience to control themselves for the sake of the injured man. Miss Harris, from the box, called to her to bring water. She ran and got some and flew up the stairs to the box, entering, apparently, from the stage side. Major Rathbone had had some difficulty in unbarring the door at the other end. Booth's stick of wood held firm for a minute or more.

Miss Keene gathered the head and shoulders of the wounded man in her arms and bathed away the blood. She thought at first that the shot had gone into the

FORD'S THEATRE

SEASON II - WEEK END - NIGHT AND
WEDNESDAY OF WEEK END
FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 16th, 1865

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
BENEFIT

LAST NIGHT
LAURA KEENE

MR JOHN DYOTT
MR HARRY HAWK
TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCECIENT GUNNET

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS
OUR AMERICAN
COUSIN

PLACEMENT TABLE
THE PLAYERS
THE THEATRE

THE OCTOON
EDWIN ADAMS

THE PLAYERS
THE THEATRE

Collection of Mr. Robert Coster
PLAYBILL OF FORD'S THEATRE

Collection of Mr. Robert Coster
PLAYBILL OF FORD'S THEATRE
Which announced that the performance would be honored by the presence of President Lincoln.

breast, and it was only when a great dark stain showed on the theatrical finery of her gown that she saw the bullet had lodged in the head. The ball recently sent at Mayor Gaynor followed much the same course this took, with just a little deviation. That made a world of difference. Miss Harris supported the fainting Mrs. Lincoln, while the actress did what she could for the President. Then the stick of wood was dislodged and help rushed in from the audience.

Here were five people shut up together with the crime. The curse was upon them all. Not one of them—and they all had fame, wealth, happiness, and love apparently within their grasp—failed to come to a tragic or untimely end.

All the world knows that Lincoln died early the next morning, without having regained consciousness. His wife was for a long time prostrated. For several weeks she was confined to her bed. Then she bestirred herself so far as to go over the personal effects of her husband, giving mementos to his closest friends. When

this duty was done she returned to Illinois to spend the rest of her days in melancholy.

Not much has been told of Mrs. Lincoln's after life—there was not much, for that matter, to tell. No wife could ever have really recovered from the shock of such a tragedy, and Mrs. Lincoln rallied even more slowly than was hoped. She never came out altogether from the cloud, and as her years increased her melancholy grew. She had a horror of meeting people, yet in her disordered brain the idea remained that there were imperative social duties that must be attended to. She would order gowns and concern herself wearily with preparations for some phantom function. Then the gowns would be sent away, unworn, and she would brood until again she felt that she must attend to her duties, and the same dreary business would begin again. Thus she ended her days, blighted from the moment that Booth stood a few feet behind her chair and took his aim.

Miss Keene was a woman of stern stuff. "As fitted," said one who knew her "to act a part in tragedy off the stage as on." Self control was natural to her. Alone of all the people in the theatre she had known what to do and had done it. But strong natures do not fall to suffer from such repression.

Her daughter was at school near Washington, and the next day hastened to her mother. "As I spoke to her," says the girl, "she trembled from head to foot. She could not speak. To hearten her I said, 'Mother, where is your old-time courage?' But it was no use." Laura Keene had received her death blow, too. She lived, it is true, for several years and worked hard and successfully, as she always did, but the nerve had gone. She could no longer stand the strain that she had once borne bravely and, worn out, she died at the age of forty-four, at the height of her career, another victim of Wilkes Booth.

The two lovers, Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, left the theatre and made their way through the frenzied crowd on the streets broken with grief and shock. But they had each other, they had wealth and position and all the good things of life. They never thought as they turned from the place of crime and death that over them hung a fate more awful than they had seen befall him they held the best of men. If fate would sometimes raise a corner of her veil.

Major Rathbone was young, only 28. They were to be married as soon as the upheaval of war had settled to every-day business. When he was 30, in July, 1867, all was ready and the two were married. Everybody said, and justly, that it was an ideal match. They came of old Albany families, of equal social position and wealth, and the wedding was a fashionable event. Moreover they were thoroughly devoted to each other.

Major Rathbone was appointed Consul in Germany and the pair lived as happily as had been prophesied. But the husband added to his devotion to his wife a great and perfectly unreasonable jealousy. As time went on he developed fits of temper, enough to make their friends class him as "peculiar." Perhaps they added: "And it seems to grow on him," but none were prepared for the tragedy that followed.

One day the news came from Germany that Mr. Rathbone had killed his wife and committed suicide. Nobody believed it. It was some other person or name, everybody knew the devotion of the Rathbones. Then official documents came, and there was no longer any doubt. Henry Rathbone had indeed murdered his wife, but though he was thought to be dying from his own wound he was not yet dead. The letter added that Mrs. Rathbone's sister and the children had "escaped."

Escaped what, asked everybody, horrified and puzzled. It was only after many delays that the full truth came to this country. Specialists had examined Rathbone, and declared that he had long been insane. It was not mere temper, but a disordered mind that his friends had noted for so many years. How long had he been insane? The experts could not say. But probably the murderer who stole into Lincoln's box that night had brought madness to the young man, and a death unspeakably awful to the girl he loved. Well might the biographers of Lincoln say that from such a fate a mother would pray kindly death to save her children in infancy.

Thus four persons who were bespattered by the blood Booth shed that night have found a tragic end, four persons who were not only innocent of all wrongdoing, but who had every gift a fortunate fate could bring. There remains the murderer, man gifted as few have been with beauty and charm and genius. Everybody loved Wilkes Booth. His friends could never believe that he acted on his own initiative in the matter of the conspiracy. They were sure that the plotters had used him as their tool, knowing his loyalty, his cleverness, and his courage. The "strangeness" that made his acting great they knew, too late, to have been madness, but none of the many who knew him could refer to him save as "that unhappy boy."

The story of his end has often been told, but the following account taken from a newspaper narrative of the time is not hackneyed, and gives a vivid account of the horror that fell on the hunted man. He was traced, it will be remembered, to the farm of a man named Garrett, a quiet, old-fashioned house, incongruous for the setting of a tragedy.

Garrett denied that he had seen a fugitive, but information given by a negro, (who else should have brought the murderer of Lincoln to justice?) and his story had been so detailed that the band of soldiers were sure of their man. At length seeing that the soldiers were determined to search every nook of the place, Garrett's son told them that Booth and another man were in the barn.

The leader of the band, Lieut. Col. Conger, surrounded the place and called on Booth and his companion to surrender. Booth refused, but Herold, the boy with him, came out and gave himself up. Booth was told that the place was surrounded and that if he did not appear the barn would be fired. He said he was lame, (he had, indeed, fractured his leg in leaping over the President's box,) and then, with his unflinching touch of the theatrical, appealed to the soldiers' sense of fairness—he who had crept behind an unsuspecting, unarmed man and shot him in the back.

"Captain," he said, "give me a chance. Draw off your men and I will fight them singly. I could have killed you half a dozen times to-night, but I believe you to be a brave man and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show." The press dispatch continues:

"It was too late for parley. Ere he ceased speaking Col. Conger, slipping around to the rear, drew some loose straws through a crack and lit a match upon them. They were dry and blazed up in an instant. The blaze lit up the black recesses of the great barn till every wasp's nest and cobweb in the roof was luminous, flinging streaks of red and violet across the tumbled farm gear to the corner. Behind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Conger saw Booth standing upright upon a crutch. He likens him at this instant to his brother Edwin, whom he says Wilkes so much resembled that he half believed the whole pursuit to have been a mistake.

At the gleam of the fire Wilkes dropped his crutch and carbine and on both hands crept to the spot to espy the incendiary and shoot him dead. His eyes were lustrous like fever and swelled, and rolled in terrible beauty, while his teeth were fixed, and he wore the expression of one in the calmness before frenzy.

In vain he peered with vengeance in his look; the blaze that made him visible concealed his enemy. As calmly as on the battlefield a veteran stands, Booth turned at a man's stride and pushed for the door, carbine in poise and the last resolve of death which we name despair upon his high, bloodless forehead.

The barn was all glorious with conflagration, and in the beautiful ruin this outlawed man strode like all we know of wicked valor, stern in face of death. A shot, a shout, a gathering up of all his splendid figure as if to overtop the stature God gave him, and John Wilkes Booth fell headlong to the floor, lying there in a heap, a little life remaining."

It was thought that he had shot himself, but he had not. A soldier, though it had been forbidden to fire, had sent a bullet at him. He was mortally wounded, yet for four hours he lay in agony on the porch of the farmhouse, begging them to end his suffering by killing him. He murmured something about having died for his country, and that what he had done he thought was for the best. His limbs grew slowly paralyzed, and once he asked to have his hands held up before him because he could no longer feel them. "Useless, useless," he said, looking at them, and spoke no more.

They took his body in to Washington on a trap belonging to a poverty-stricken old negro. "It rattled like approaching dissolution," says a newspaper account. Thus the murderer was brought into the capital, and his body, called in the papers "the wretched carcass," was thrown overboard at night, the very place where it was sunk unknown to any but the Secretary of War and one other. They never told.

This was the end of the beloved Booth, "beautiful as Endymion upon Latmos." In the country the old negro was washing his hands and his reddened wagon and murmuring, "Dis yere murderer's blood—it never come off. Lordy!"

Not quite yet is the story of horror ended. The man who shot Booth, Boston Corbett, was popular with his fellow-soldiers, deeply religious, but not, they said, without plenty of humor. He had kept up their spirits on many a hard march. He went to Kansas, was seized with homicidal mania, and died raving mad in an asylum, the last victim of the curse.

Sunday, February 15, 1920

EXECUTIONER RATH DEAD.

JACKSON, Mich., Feb. 14.—Lieut. Colonel Christian Rath, veteran of the Civil War, and executioner of the conspirators involved in the assassination of Lincoln, died here to-day. He was born in Freidenstadt, Germany. At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted as a private in the 17th Michigan Infantry. In 1865 he was commissioned lieutenant colonel by President Andrew Johnson, for "special and efficient services during the confinement, trial and execution of Lincoln's conspirators.



**Sergeant Boston Corbett, Who Fired
the Shot That Killed Booth.**

LINCOLN'S LAST DAY ON EARTH.

IT WAS ONE OF THE HAPPIEST, IF NOT THE VERY HAPPIEST, IN ALL HIS LIFE.

The Weight of the War Lifted From Him. He Cheerfully Planned for His Own and His Country's Future.

[Written for the Saturday Evening Post by Ida M. Tarbell and copyrighted by the McClure Co.]

THE war is over! Throughout the breadth of the north this was the jubilant cry with which people greeted one another on the morning of April 14, 1865. For 10 days reports of victories had been coming to them; Petersburg evacuated, Richmond fallen, Jefferson Davis and his cabinet fled, Lee surrendered, Mobile captured. Nothing of the Confederacy, in short, remained but Johnston's army, and it was generally believed that its surrender to Sherman was but a matter of hours. How completely the conflict was at an end, however, the people of the north had not realized until they read in their newspapers, on that Good Friday morning, an order of the Secretary of War suspending the draft, stopping the purchase of military supplies, and removing military restrictions from trade. The war was over indeed.

Such a day of rejoicing as followed the world has rarely seen.

One man before all others in the nation felt and showed his gladness that day—the President, Abraham Lincoln. For weeks now he had seen the end approaching, and little by little he had been thankfully laying aside the ways of war and returning to those of peace. His soul, tuned by nature to gentleness and good will, had been for four years forced to lead in a pitiless war. Now his duties were to "bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan;" to devise plans by which the members of the restored Union could live together in harmony, to plan for the future of the 4,000,000 human beings to whom he had given freedom. All those who were with him at this time remarked the change in his feelings and his ways.

He seemed to be aroused to a new sense of the beauty of peace and rest. For the first time since he entered the Presidency he took a holiday. He loved to linger in quiet spots, and he read over and over with infinite satisfaction lines of poetry which expressed repose. The perfect tranquillity in death seemed especially to appeal to him. Mrs. Lincoln related to her friend, Isaac Arnold, that, while visiting Grant's headquarters, at City Point, in April, she was driving one day with her husband along the banks of the James, when they passed a country graveyard. "It was a retired place, shaded with trees, and early spring flowers were opening on nearly every grave. It was so quiet and attractive that they stopped the carriage and walked through it. Mr. Lincoln seemed thoughtful and impressed. He said: 'Mary, you are younger than I. You will survive me. When I am

gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this.'"

There was a marked change in his appearance. All through 1863 and 1864 his thin face had day by day grown more haggard. His lines had deepened, his pallor had become a more ghastly gray. His eye, always sad when he was in thought, had a look of unutterable grief. Through all these months Lincoln was, in fact, consumed by sorrow. "I think I shall never be glad again," he said once to a friend. But as one by one the weights lifted, a change came over him; his form straightened, his face cleared, the lines became less accentuated. "His whole appearance, poise and bearing had marvelously changed," says Hon. James Harlan. "He was, in fact, transfigured. That indescribable sadness which had previously seemed to be an adamant element of his very being, had been suddenly changed for an equally indescribable expression of serene joy, as if conscious that the great purpose of his life had been achieved."

THE LAST DAY A HAPPY ONE.

Never since he had become convinced that the end of the war was near had Mr. Lincoln seemed to his friends more glad, more serene, than on April 14.

At the White House the family party which met at breakfast was unusually happy. Capt. Robert Lincoln, the President's oldest son, then an aide-de-camp on Grant's staff, had arrived that morning, and the closing scenes of Grant's campaign were discussed with

the deepest interest by father and son. Soon after breakfast the President received Schuyler Colfax, who was about to leave for the west, and later in the morning the cabinet met, Friday being its regular day. Gen. Grant was invited to remain to its session. There was the greatest interest at the moment in Gen. Sherman's movements, and Grant was pled with questions by the cabinet. The President was least anxious of all. The news would soon come, he said, and it would be favorable. He had no doubt of this, for the night before he had had a dream which had preceded nearly every important event of the war.

"He said it was in my department; it related to the water," Secretary Welles afterward wrote; "that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter; the battle of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Wilmington, etc. * * * Victory did not always follow his dreams, but the event and results were important. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place, or was about being fought, and Johnston will be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur."

The greater part of the meeting was taken up with a discussion of the policy of reconstruction. How were they to treat the States and the men who had

tried to leave the Union, but who now were forced back into their old relations? How could practical civil government be re-established; how could trade be restored between north and south; what should be done with those who had led the States to revolt? The President urged his cabinet to consider carefully all these questions, and he warned them emphatically, Mr. Welles says, that he did not sympathize with and would not participate in any feelings of hate and vindictiveness. "He hoped there would be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war was over. None need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, 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 resentment if we expect harmony and union. There was too much desire on the part of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere with and dictate to those States, to treat the people not as fellow-citizens; there was too little respect for their rights. He didn't sympathize in these feelings."

The impression he made on all the cabinet that day was expressed 24 hours later by Secretary Stanton: "He was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him, rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

"WE WILL GO BACK TO ILLINOIS."

In the afternoon the President went for his usual drive. Only Mrs. Lincoln was with him. Years afterward Mrs. Lincoln related to Isaac Arnold what

she remembered of Mr. Lincoln's words that day: "Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to

Washington; but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois, and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid by some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois and I will open a law office at Springfield or Chicago, and practice law, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood."

It was late in the afternoon when he returned from his drive, and as he left his carriage he saw going across the lawn toward the treasury a group of friends, among them Richard Oglesby, then Governor of Illinois. "Come back, boys, come back," he shouted. The party turned, and joined the President on the portico, and went up to his office with him.

"How long we remained there I do not remember," says Gov. Oglesby. "Lincoln got to reading some humorous book; I think it was by John Phoenix. They kept sending for him to come to dinner. He promised each time to go, but would continue reading the book. Finally he got a sort of peremptory order that he must come to dinner at once. It was explained to me by the old man at the door that they were going to have dinner and then go to the theater."

A theater party had been made up by Mrs. Lincoln for that evening—Gen. Grant and Mrs. Grant being her guests—to see Laura Keane, at Ford's Theater in "Our American Cousin." Miss Keane was ending her season in Wash-

ington that night with a benefit. The box had been ordered in the morning, and unusual preparations had been made to receive the Presidential party. The partition between the two upper proscenium boxes at the left of the stage had been removed, comfortable upholstered chairs had been put in, and the front of the box had been draped with flags. The manager, of course, took care to announce in the afternoon papers that the "President and his Lady" and the "Hero of Appomattox" would attend Miss Keene's benefit that evening.

By 8 o'clock the house was filled with the half-idle, half-curious crowd of a holiday night. Many had come simply to see Gen. Grant, whose face was then unfamiliar in Washington. Others, strolling down the street, had dropped in because they had nothing better to do. The play began promptly, the house following its nonsensical fun with friendly eyes and generous applause, one eye on the President's box.

The Presidential party was late. Indeed, it had not left the White House until after 8 o'clock, and then it was made up differently from what Mrs. Lincoln had expected, for in the afternoon she had received word that Gen. and Mrs. Grant had decided to go north that night. It was suggested then that the party be given up, but the fear that the public would be disappointed decided the President to keep the engagement. Two young friends, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris, and his step-son, Maj. H. R. Rathbone, had been invited to take the place of Gen. and Mrs. Grant.

LINCOLN'S LAST BIT OF WRITING.

Schuyler Colfax and Mrs. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, had called early in the evening, and the President had talked with them a little while. He rose finally with evident regret to go to his carriage. The two gentlemen accompanied him to the door and he paused there long enough to write on a card, "Admit Mr. Ashmun and friend tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock." As he shook hands with them he said to Mr. Colfax: "Colfax, don't forget to tell those people in the mining regions what I told you this morning." Then, entering his carriage, he was driven to the theater on Tenth street, between E and F.

When the Presidential party finally entered the theater, making its way along the gallery behind the seats of the dress circle, the orchestra broke into Hail to the Chief, and the people, rising in their seats and waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheered and cheered, the actors on the stage standing silent in the meantime. The party passed through the narrow entrance into the box, and the several members laid aside their wraps, and bowing and smiling to the enthusiastic crowd below, seated themselves, Mr. Lincoln in a large arm-chair at the left, Mrs. Lincoln next to him, Miss Harris next,

and to the extreme right, a little behind Miss Harris, Maj. Rathbone; and then the play went on.

The party in the box was well entertained, it seemed, especially the President, who laughed good-humoredly at the jokes and chatted cheerfully between the acts. He moved from his seat but once, rising then to put on his overcoat, for the house was chilly. The audience was well entertained, too, though not a few kept an eye on the

box entrance, still expecting Gen. Grant. The few whose eyes sought the box now and then noticed, in the second scene of the third act, that a man was passing behind the seats of the dress circle and approaching the entrance to the box. Those who did not know him noticed that he was strikingly handsome, though very pale; that was all. They did not look again. It was not Gen. Grant.

One man did watch him. He knew him, and wanted to see who in the Presidential box it could be that he knew well enough to call on in the middle of the act. If any attendant saw him, there was no question of his movements. He was a privileged person in the theater, having free entrance to every corner. He had been there in the course of the day; he had passed out and in once or twice during the evening.

A SMILE—AND DEATH.

Crowding behind some loose chairs in the aisle, the man took from his pocket a package of visiting cards, and, selecting one, gave it to the messenger at the door, saying he knew the President. A moment later he passed out of sight through the door leading into the passage behind the box. He closed the door behind him, and did a curious thing for a visitor to a theater party. He picked up a piece of stout plank which he seemed to know just where to find, and slipped one end into a hole gouged into the wall close to the door-casing. The plank extended across the door, making a rough but effective bolt. Turning to the door which led from the passage to the boxes, he may have peered through a tiny hole which had been drilled through the panel. If he did, he saw a quiet party intent on the play, the President just then smiling over a bit of homely wit.

Opening the door so quietly that no one heard him, the man entered the box. Then if any eye in the house could but have looked, if one head in the box had been turned, it would have

been seen that the man held in his right hand a Derringer revolver, and that he raised the weapon and aimed it steadily at the head of the smiling President.

No eye saw him, but a second later and every ear heard a pistol shot. Those in the house unfamiliar with the play thought it a part of the performance, and waited expectant. Those familiar with Our American Cousin, the orchestra, attendants, actors, searched in amazement to see from where the sound came. Only three persons in all the house knew just where it was—three of the four in the box knew it was there by their side—a tragedy. The fourth saw nothing, heard nothing, thought nothing. His head had fallen quietly on his breast, his arms had relaxed a little, the smile was still on his lips.

Physicians lifted the silent figure, still sitting calmly in the chair, stretched it on the floor, and began to tear away the clothing to find the wound, which they supposed was in the breast. It was a moment before it was discovered that the ball had entered the head back of the left ear and was imbedded in the brain.

There seemed to be but one desire that was to get the wounded man from the scene of the murder. Two

persons lifted him, and the Presidential party passed from the box, through the dress circle, down the stairs into the street, the blood dripping from the wound faster and faster as they went. No one seemed to know where they were going, for as they reached the street there was a helpless pause and an appeal from the bearers, "Where shall we take him?"

WHERE THE LAST TWO HOURS WERE SPENT.

Across the street, on the high front steps of a plain, three-story brick house, stood a man, who but a moment before had left the theater, rather bored by the play. He had seen, as he stood there idly wondering if he should go in to bed or not, a violent commotion in the vestibule of the theater, had seen people rushing out, the street filling up, policemen and soldiers appearing. He did not know what it all meant. Then two men bearing a body came from the theater, behind them a woman in evening gown, flowers in her hair, a web on her neck. She was wringing her hands and moaning. The man on the steps heard some one say, "The President is shot," heard the bearers of the body asking, "Where shall we take him?" and quickly coming toward, he said, "Bring him here into my room."

And so the President was carried up the high steps, through a narrow hall, and laid, still unconscious, still motionless, on the bed of a poor little, commonplace room of a commonplace lodging house, where surgeons and physicians gathered about in a desperate attempt to rescue him from death.

While the surgeons worked the news was spreading to the town. Every man and woman in the theater rushed forth to tell it. Some ran wildly down the streets, exclaiming to those they met, "The President is killed! The President is killed!" One rushed into a ballroom, and told

it to the dancers; another bursting into a room where a party of eminent public men were playing cards, cried, "Lincoln is shot!"

In the meantime there had gathered in the house on Tenth street, where the President lay, his family physician and intimate friends, as well as many prominent officials. Before they reached him it was known there was no hope, that the wound was fatal. They grouped themselves about the bedside or in the adjoining rooms, trying to comfort the weeping wife, or listening awe-struck to the steady moaning and labored breathing of the unconscious man, which at times could be heard all over the house. Stanton alone seemed able to act methodically. No man felt the tragedy more than the great War Secretary, for no one in the cabinet was by greatness of heart and intellect so well able to comprehend the worth of the dying President, but no man in that distracted night acted with greater energy or calm. Summoning the assistant secretary, C. A. Ross, and a stenographer, he began dictating orders to the authorities on all sides, notifying them of the tragedy, directing them what precautions to take, what persons to arrest. Grant, now returning to Washington, he directed should be warned to keep close watch on all persons who came close

to him in the cars and to see that an engine be sent in front of his train. He sent out, too, an official account of the assassination. To-day the best brief account of the night's awful work remains the one which Secretary Stanton dictated within sound of the moaning of the dying President.

"NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES."

And so the hours passed without perceptible change in the President's condition, and with only slight shifting of the scene around him. The testimony of those who had witnessed the murder began to be taken in an adjoining room. Occasionally the figures at the bedside changed. Mrs. Lincoln came in at intervals, sobbing out her grief, and then was led away. This man went, another took his place. It was not until daylight that there came a perceptible change. Then the breathing grew quieter, the face became more calm. The doctors at Lincoln's side knew that dissolution was near. Their bulletin of 6 o'clock read, "Pulse falling," that of 6:30, "Still falling," that of 7, "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," and then at 7:22, in the presence of his son, Robert, Secretaries Stanton, Welles and Fisher, Attorney General Speed, Senator Sumner, Private Secretary Hay, Dr. Gurley, his pastor, and several physicians and friends, Abraham Lincoln died. There was a prayer, and then the solemn voice of Stanton broke the stillness, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Two hours later the body of the President, wrapped in an American flag, was borne from the house in Tenth street, and carried through the hushed streets, where already thousands of flags were at half-mast and the gay bunting and garlands had been replaced by black draperies, and where the men who for days had been cheering in excess of joy and relief now stood with uncovered heads and wet eyes. They carried him to an upper room in the private apartments of the White House, and there

he lay until three days later a heart-broken people claimed their right to look for the last time on his face.

THE TROY RECORD.

TROY, N. Y., JANUARY 20, 1921.

Shooting of Lincoln.

Editor The Record: Will you kindly tell me through your paper where John Wilkes Booth, the man who shot Lincoln, is buried, and when he was buried? I understand the War Department offered \$100 for the capture of Booth. Please let me know who got the reward.

O. B.

Troy, N. Y., January 27, 1921.

The information is elicited from a book at the Troy Public Library, entitled "The Life of Lincoln," by Clara M. Laughlin, that in February, 1869, "the body of Booth in a handsome new casket was sent to Baltimore and interred in the family lot at Greenmount."

A chapter of the same book, beginning at Page 313 gives attention to the reward offered for the capture of Booth and other conspirators. It is too lengthy to publish in these columns. A reward of \$75,000 was authorized by the government, and this was apportioned among detectives and military men.

Captain Silas Owens, who comes to Cohoes as a factory inspector, in an article appearing in the New York Times during 1909, claimed to be one of seven men admitted into the secret at the time of the disposition of Booth's body.

Captain Owens, with William H. Flood, was among the first to reach President Lincoln's side in Ford's Theater after he was shot. In his interview with the Times, Captain Owens had the following to say: "Only President Johnson, Secretary of War Stanton, two naval and two military officers knew where Booth was buried and they were sworn to secrecy. However, the pledge of silence has long since been removed. Booth's body was brought up to the Navy yard and placed on the Montauk, the very vessel which, as Flood said, was visited by Lincoln a few hours before he was shot. There it lay on deck for sixteen hours covered only with an old tarpaulin. At midnight it was removed to a cell in the old arsenal, just underneath the court where Justice Bingham was sitting in the trial of the conspirators.

A flagstone was raised, a hole was dug and the body, roughly cased in an old gun box, was lowered into it. The stone was replaced and none knew what had been done. It remained there from April 20, 1865, till 1877 when Booth's relatives claimed it and it was removed.

SUIT LINCOLN WORE WHEN SHOT, \$6,500

Garments Are Sold at Public Auction in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 19.—Clothes worn by Abraham Lincoln when he was assassinated in Ford's theatre, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth, were sold at public auction today for \$6,500. They consisted of an old black suit, the collar stained with the life blood of the martyred President, the trousers wrinkled; a badly torn overcoat and a faded silk stock.

The buyer gave his name as "Mr. Douglas."

The back and arms of the overcoat had been clipped by souvenir hunters, but the dark silk lining, with the figures of two American Eagles and the motto, "one country, one destiny," was intact.

Abe Lincoln
Started this
life Aug 13th 1864
with effects of
Lowson

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

[An engraving presented above is a slightly reduced facsimile of the inscription John Wilkes Booth wrote with a diamond on a window in Meadville, Pa., months before he killed Lincoln.]

Mr. Lincoln's Own History of His Life.

It is of especial interest to read this brief sketch of his life which Mr. Lincoln himself wrote for publication when he was pitted against Stephen A. Douglas, for Senator in Illinois, in 1858.

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Ill. My parental grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Va., to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pa. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham and the like.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Ind., in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other game animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required for a teacher beyond readin', writin' and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education.

"Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois and passed the first year in Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was selected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial

elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practise it.

"In 1846 I was once elected to the Lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral ticket, making active canvasses, I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said I am in height 6 feet 4 inches nearly, lean in flesh, weighing on an average 180 pounds, dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brand recollected. Yours very truly,
A. LINCOLN."

WRITING PROVES LINCOLN SLAYER DID NOT ESCAPE

Two Years Investigation Refutes Story of Flight by John Wilkes Booth to Safety in Obscurity.

The myth that John Wilkes Booth escaped to Texas and Oklahoma and lived many years instead of paying the death penalty for assassinating Lincoln has just been shattered by William G. Shepherd, after an investigation covering two years.

This unusual journalistic adventure may put an end to one of the most persistent myths in American history. So-called proofs of Booth's escape have been pouring into magazine and newspaper offices for the last twenty years and still find their way into print. Evidence in support of the story appeared only several weeks ago in one of the state historical journals of the West. The legend of Booth's escape has proved so strangely persistent that Harper's Magazine asked Mr. Shepherd to probe the evidence to a conclusive issue.

Mr. Shepherd first journeyed to Memphis, Tenn., where in a pine box in the garage of the home of an eminent lawyer, Finis L. Bates, lies the mummified and unburied body of a man who claimed to be John Wilkes Booth, the man who was responsible for the tenacity of the myth. Mr. Bates has preserved this body for twenty-one years and believed up to the day of his recent death that he was holding the body of John Wilkes Booth, who died a suicide in Enid, Okla., in 1903.

From this house Mr. Shepherd went out through the South to different cities and towns to trail down as best he could the legend that arose largely through the secrecy with which the War Department prepared the records concerning the capture and burial of Booth.

Before the death of the Memphis lawyer Mr. Shepherd learned from him how he had acquired the mummified body of the man he believed to be Booth, and how he had spent many years and thousands of dollars to prove "for the correction of history" that he was right in his conviction.

Meeting With John St. Helen.

Mr. Bates told how in Texas he met a handsome, talented stranger named John St. Helen, who became his dear friend, and who later confessed to him that he was Booth, presenting much convincing evidence to prove his contention. St. Helen declared that a high government official helped him to es-

cape, and claimed that the man who was shot in the corner of the Garrett farm was not Booth, but a messenger who had gone to Bowling Green to get him a pair of shoes.

"On the afternoon of that day," said the man who claimed to be Booth, "while I was lying out on the Garrett lawn I saw some Union soldiers riding past. I knew they were looking for me. I dropped my field glasses on the lawn, and without saying anything to the Garretts I went out into the woods back of the house and got away. It must have been Ruddy, bringing back my papers, who was caught in the corner. Look up the records and see if my field glasses were not found on the lawn."

Mr. Bates in after years did look up the records. The glasses had been found on the lawn. Mr. Shepherd learned.

Then, as if sorry that he had taken Bates into his confidence, John St. Helen vanished, without farewell, from Grandberry, Tex.

Many years later, according to Mr. Shepherd, while the Memphis lawyer was still trying to discover traces of St. Helen, there appeared in a little town of El Reno in the spring of 1901 an elderly man who gave his name as the Anstein Hotel, where he registered, as David E. George. Mr. Shepherd talked recently with the wife of the proprietor, who declared that there was no doubt in her mind that David E. George was John Wilkes Booth. She said that he was a fascinating talker when he wanted to talk; that he read theatrical journals, sitting in a rocking chair in the little lobby of the Anstein Hotel; that he was very careful about dyeing his hair and mustache, and that on one occasion, while under some deep emotion, she had heard him cry (as St. Helen had years ago), "I killed the best man that ever lived!"

Deathbed Confession.

One day he announced that he would buy himself a house in El Reno. The house he bought is standing in El Reno today. Mr. Shepherd found. The old man was a heavy drinker, and once, when he believed himself to be dying he declared himself to be John Wilkes Booth. Then, as soon as he recovered, he disappeared, as St. Helen had done thirty years before.

Shepherd followed George's trail to Enid, a few hours' train ride from El Reno, where the old man had registered at the Grand Avenue Hotel. Shepherd found in the courthouse at Enid a will which he had made. He talked with a man who signed it, one of the leading druggists of the lively Enid of today. In this will he bequeathed a great deal of property—which he did not possess—to various relatives and friends, and still more money—which existed only in his imagination—to persons round about who did not even know him. Then, in January, 1903, he took poison and died.

The newspapers printed a statement by a clergyman's wife to the effect that George was none other than Booth. The story reached Bates in Memphis, and he hurried to Enid, where he identified the old man as John St. Helen. Since the

local undertaker, W. B. Penniman, could not see his way clear to put the body away if it was that of John Wilkes Booth, as the government officials might want it, and since no one claimed the body, Bates took it back with him to his home in Memphis.

Shepherd traced the undertaker to his home in Columbus, Ohio. From the basement he brought a musty old grip full of papers. Among them they found a canceled check, which had lain for years unseen by the leading supporters of

the Enid legend. The check was in the handwriting of David George. It was for \$350 in payment for the little house in El Reno. To quote Mr. Shepherd in Harper's:

"Within two days I held that check in my hand in an attic room in the War Department in Washington, where are stored dusty relics, archives and exhibits in the case of John Wilkes Booth. With permission of the War Department and in the presence of two guards, I had access to all the documents in the Booth case. In the other hand I held a little book, covered with leather and lined with decaying silk—the diary of John Wilkes Booth found on the body taken from the Garrett corner. It is such an important and historical document that it is not kept with the rest of the papers, but has a special protection in a safe. In one part of the book were the photographs, carried by Booth through his flight, of four exquisitely beautiful women.

"Putting the check and the diary side by side, I had my proof. Different hands wrote that check and that diary. One was the hand of a man who wrote laboriously; a man so unaccustomed to check writing that he spelled out the number of his check, 'One,' instead of using the numeral, as if this were the first check he had ever made out in all his long life. The other was the hand of John Wilkes Booth. That afternoon in the War Department attic in Washington I ended to my own satisfaction the Enid legend. George was not John Wilkes Booth."



Crowds on Pennsylvania Avenue Waiting for Lincoln to Pass. Building with Flag Is Old Willard House.

I AM loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living hearth and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature."

It is fifty years ago yesterday since Abraham Lincoln closed his inaugural address with these words. The anniversary is the beginning of the semi-centennials of the civil war.

Of the thousands who crowded every available inch of space in the Capitol grounds at Washington to hear that address there was probably not one who realized that he was listening to the beginning of the great epic of American history—that tremendous war which created a revolution in our whole social

and political structure. Those who stand at the source of great events very seldom do realize it.

But we, looking back over this half century to-day, can realize it. We can see in that vast crowd listening to that earnest man fifty years ago the beginning of one of the great chapters in world history.

How it impressed that crowd, and how he had impressed those other crowds who had seen the President-elect at way stations and on hotel balconies on his spectacular progress from Springfield to Washington, has faded from the memory of the generation which saw it and was never known to the generation of to-day. Therefore THE NEW YORK TIMES undertakes to-day to revivify that impression. As the best means to that end it reprints the accounts of its own reporters who journeyed with Lincoln to Washington, who described his stops at leading cities

and at villages, and who described his inauguration. Faulty as they may be, written under the pressure of daily newspaper work, they yet breathe the spirit of that time as nothing written since can possibly do; and possibly they make the figure of the martyr President as distinct, little as his fellow-Americans understood him at that time, as any of the panegyrics do that have been written since with fuller knowledge.

FIRST SIGHT OF LINCOLN.

Mobbed by Overzealous Admirers at Cincinnati.

THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent on the journey was Joseph Howard, Jr. He joined the Lincoln party at Cincinnati, and his descriptions derive all the more interest from the fact that he had no idea he was participating in a great historical event, and his accounts were frankly journalistic and written in the keen-eyed and colloquial fashion in which any newspaper reporter would describe an event of interest. In his account of Mr. Lincoln's reception at Cincinnati, which was written Feb. 12, 1861, occur the following striking delineations:

"The streets have been filled all day

long, and from the earliest cock's crowing to the last putting out of gas, there has been a long procession of men, women, and children, whose occupations were gone and who have gaped at this, that, and the other to their heart's satisfaction and the weariness of their limbs.

"Crowds emerged from every lane, alley, and thoroughfare, and, pouring into the central streets, thronged in the direction of the hotel. The persons composing these various peripatetic groups were of all sorts and conditions. Tall, gaunt, uncut-haired men; fat, restless, uncomfortably clad women; and youthful, tired offspring jostled the well-dressed and self-satisfied citizens. I joined in the universal current, and passed through street after street only to find the same moving numbers, the same patriotic decorations, and the same impatient desire. . . .

"Up came the train and out stepped Mr. Lincoln. Never having seen the gentleman before, I naturally took a good, long look at him, and while the principal spokesman was boring him with an interminable address, of which he kindly furnished me a copy, I came to the following conclusion:

"Mr. Lincoln stands six feet and four inches high; he has a large head, with a very high, shelving forehead; thick, bushy, dark hair; a keen, bright, piercing, irremovable colored eye; a prominent,

thin-nostrilled nose; a large, well-bowed mouth; a round, pretty chin; a first crop of darkish whiskers; a clean, well-built neck; more back than chest; a long, lank trunk; limbs of good shape and extreme longitude; arms ditto, with hands and feet symmetrical, but naturally large; he wore a black silk hat, (plug), a dress coat, and pants of sombre hue; a turnover collar, and (I presume) other garments, such as usually are found upon gentlemen who enjoy an annual income of at least \$25,000. He was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, his sons Robert and Todd, his military escort, Mr. Woods, his busbmanger, and divers friends of no particular account.

"After the address before alluded to, the reading of which I kindly spare you, Mr. Lincoln was led to a brouche in which he took his seat while the vast crowd of spectators cheered, huzzahed and roared a hearty welcome, and the cannon thundered out their magnificent response. The procession was like all other processions. There was a military escort, a very good one, too; a chief marshal, covered from head to waist with insignia, red cockades, blue belts, and white cross belts; distinguished citizens in carriages, and all that sort of thing—all of whom paraded through a large portion of the city. Mr. Lincoln stood up bareheaded, holding on by a conveniently arranged board, and bowed his backbone sore and his stiff neck all the way to the hotel. . . .

"When, after the procession had reached the hotel and through its open ranks the carriage containing Mr. Lincoln was drawn up to the steps, a shout such as has not been heard since the night when the ram-horn priests yelled down the walls of Jericho was uttered by the crowd, and for a few moments the uproar was, in no figurative sense, deafening. The policemen were stationed on the steps so as to keep the crowding populace off from them as slowly and with evident

weariness Mr. Lincoln ascended the steps. With the utmost difficulty the officers succeeded in squeezing him through a narrow passage in the crowd upon the balcony, where in response to the most clamorous demands he delivered the exceedingly appropriate and happy speech sent by telegraph to you this evening.

"His allusions to Kentucky and Kentucky people touched a very tender chord. There were about a thousand men from that chivalrous State, who had stationed themselves very near the foot of the steps, and when Lincoln said 'If there are any of my Kentucky friends here to-day, I will say a few words to them,' they gave him such rousing cheers as showed clearly that they appreciated his motive and were grateful for the compliment.

"He looked very pale, very thin, very tired, and very dusty. One could not but pity him, as compelled to stand, wearied and forlorn, he spoke, even though for the moment he rose above his physical weariness and enjoyed the excitement as in days gone by. Hardly had he finished when sundry and divers enthusiastic but thoughtless fellows grabbed at his hands and shook them as if for a wager, until, forcibly disengaging himself, Mr. Lincoln turned to a group of beautiful ladies who had stood near him during his speech, and taking one of them by the hand, spoke a few words into her willing ear, and then, having smiled with an appreciative look upon the belle of the city, who was standing upon a chair near by, he put on all the muscular steam he could muster and pushed his way democratically through the not overconsiderate crowd.

"The reception given by Mr. Lincoln in the large dining room of the hotel was a unique and democratic affair. . . . On the platform stood Mr. Lincoln; on one chair stood Mayor Bishop; around the platform was a cordon of policemen, and behind the hero of the occasion stood Col. Ellsworth, Col. Sumner, Major Hunter, several of the committee, and your humble servant. 'Let 'em come!' roared out Ellsworth, and the doors were flung open and in they rushed.

"Mercy on me, what a set. 'Some in rags, some in jags, and some in velvet gowns,' says an old nursery rhyme, but that does not begin to express it. All classes, all sorts, all conditions, all employments, all ages, both sexes, all styles, all nations, and apparently all creation, were well represented there. Every man considered it his duty to shake 'Old Abe's' hand as if it were a pump handle or a delinquent scholar. He was called 'old man,' 'old Abe,' 'Uncle Abe,' 'old boy,' 'old 'un,' 'my friend,' 'my cherished friend,' 'our country's hope,' 'honest old Abe,' and 'old cock.' He was recommended to the divine blessing about 650 times and urged to 'take care of yourself, old man,' on at least 370 occasions. Occasionally some distinguished individual would endeavor to reel off a labored sentiment or a well-concocted speech, but the surging crowd behind him, impatient of delay, would give him a boost which would send him irresistibly on like a wad from a popgun—and once out, no wriggling, swearing, protesting, or bribing could get him back again, and the bright speech would be lost forever.

"After Mr. Lincoln had pumped for about one hour, and seeing there was no

probability of an early subsiding of the rush, his friends suggested that he get upon a chair, let the crowd have a good, square look, make a speech, and retire. This, after repeated denials, he reluctantly consented to, and, jumping upon a chair, he said that although he would be happy to join hands with them all, he felt that it would be wrong in him to attempt any more work, of that kind to-night, and he would therefore bid them good-night. Instantly a ring of policemen and friends was formed about him, and with some difficulty he was escorted to his room.

"A very few moments after that, a pair of very large-sized calfskin boots were deposited outside the Lincolnian door, one of which, on being measured by an enthusiastic local reporter, was found to be exactly as long as a sheet of foolscap paper, and the policeman at the entrance announced that no further callers would be received to-night."

HIS CAREWORN LOOK.

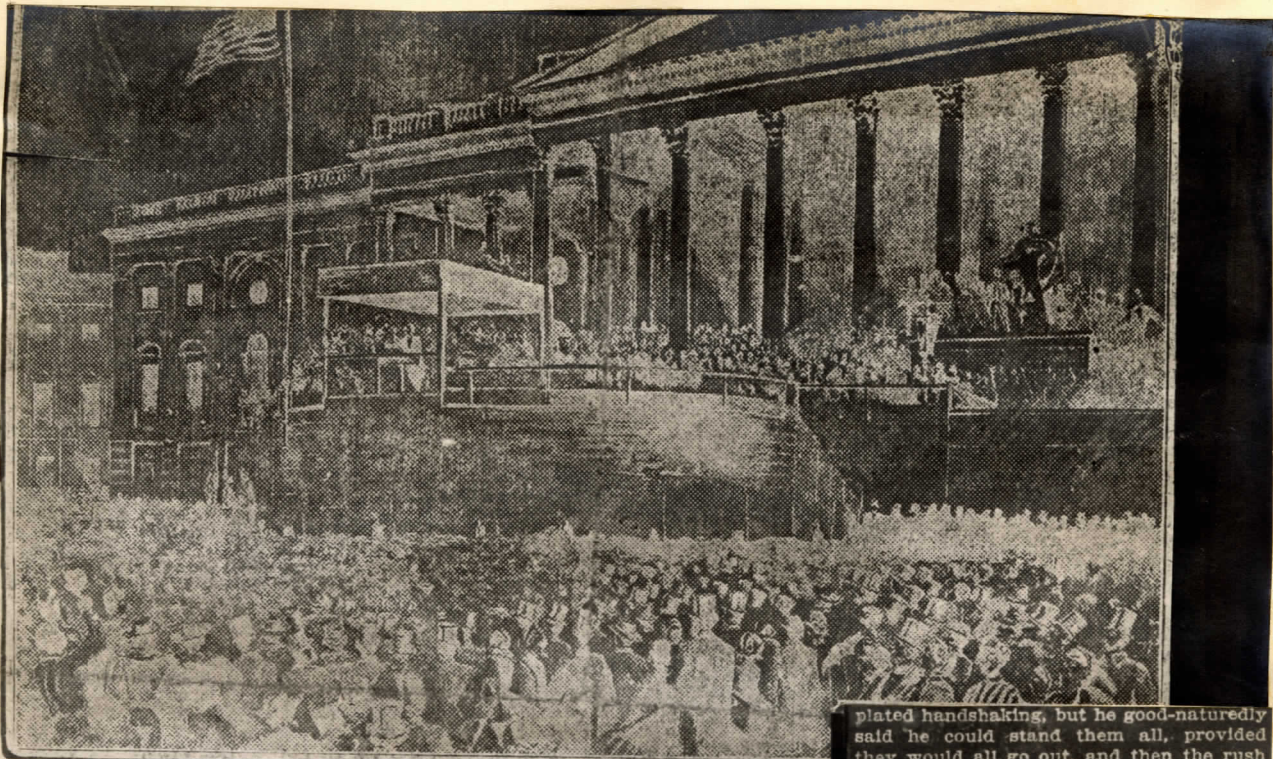
The Times Reporter Begins to Get a View of the Real Lincoln.

IN his dispatch from Columbus to THE TIMES, under date of Feb. 13, Mr. Howard says:

"As he stood on the platform, with his head bared, I was startled by the careworn, anxious look he wore. His forehead and face are actually seamed with deep-set furrows and wrinkles such as no man of his years should have. For his own sake it is to be regretted that this excursion is being made. His original plan, which was to proceed directly and quietly to Washington, was much better, and it was with great reluctance that he acceded to the desires of his friends, who are now thoughtlessly and foolishly wearying him and wearing the life out of him by inches.

"When receiving his friends, shaking them by the hand, and excited by conversation, his eye is light and his countenance cheerful, but when standing, as he frequently does, upon the rear platform of his car, listening to a prosy address, or shuddering at the brazen efforts of some country band, his eye is dull, his complexion dark, his mouth compressed, and his whole appearance indicates excessive weariness, listlessness, and indifference. As he goes from place to place, local dignitaries, petty officials, and patriotic committees decked with ribbons, rosettes, and badges, pester and bore him, while the populace, regardless of decency, and thoughtful only for their self-gratification, continually do cry 'Hurrah for old Abe!' 'Let's grab his hand!' 'Bully for you!' 'Go it, old horse!'

"At Xenia, they were really crazy. They jumped upon the car roof, climbed in at the windows, attempted to force the doors and storm the platform. Imagine the feelings of the President-elect, of the high and mighties, of the four reporters, and the untitled hangers-on when it was announced by the Chairman of the gastro-nomic department that a lunch, varied and extensive in its dainties, had been prepared, had been left on the table in the depot, and had been devoured by the voracious and democratic crowd, who now, with well-filled paunches, with bread



From Harper's Weekly of March 16, 1861.

Lincoln's Inauguration.

and buttery hands, and with the most comfortable abdominal sensations, were clamoring for a third speech.

"Mr. Robert T. Lincoln was philosophical in the extreme—for, pulling from

his pocket a meerschaum, colored as only college boys can color pipes, he proceeded to puff until, enclouded in the savory vapor, he was lost to view. The paternal Lincoln, to be sure, said nothing; but there is little doubt that he felt hungry all the more; the various colonels, generals, captains, and honorables walked up and down, up and down, the committeemen blushed, explained, apologized, and felt very warm, while the correspondents aforesaid, rolled themselves up in their overcoats and shawls and dreamed only of a dinner yet to come."

HOW HE GOT AN OVERCOAT.

IN his Albany dispatch, dated Feb. 18, THE TIMES correspondent says:

"During the entire trip Mr. Lincoln has worn a shocking bad hat, and a very thin, old overcoat. Shortly after leaving Utica Mrs. Lincoln gave an order to William, the colored servant, and presently he passed through the car with a handsome broadcloth overcoat upon his arm, and a new hatbox in his hand. Since then Mr. Lincoln has looked 50 per cent. better, and if Mrs. Lincoln's advice is always as near right as it was in this instance, the country may congratulate itself upon the fact that its President-elect is a man that does not reject, even in important matters, the advice and counsel of his wife."

LINCOLN IN NEW YORK.

How He Measured Heights with Some Tall Gothamites.

ON Feb. 20, THE TIMES reported Mr. Lincoln's arrival in New York. In

describing the various stops and speeches on the run from Albany, it gave this incident as occurring in Poughkeepsie:

"A pleasing incident occurred here. Mrs. Lincoln, who was recognized in the car, was warmly welcomed by the crowd. In response she raised the window, and returned the salutations of the people. 'Where are the children? Show us the children!' cried a loud voice. Mrs. Lincoln immediately called her eldest son to the window, and he was greeted by a hearty cheer.

"'Have you any more on board?' 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Lincoln; 'here's another,' and she attempted to bring a tough, rugged, little fellow about 8 years of age into sight, but the young representative of the house of Lincoln proved refractory, and the more his mother endeavored to pull him up before the window the more stubbornly he persisted in throwing himself down on the floor of the car, laughing at the fun but refusing the proffered honor of a reception. So his mother at last was constrained to give up the attempt to exhibit the pet of the family.

Mr. Lincoln promised a private interview with leading Republicans on the night of his arrival in New York, but, according to THE TIMES's report on Feb. 20, the private interview was turned into a small mass meeting. It says:

"Amid the crush of crowding and the tramp of busy soles. Mr. Lincoln ran the gantlet of the crowd to the further end of the room, partially protected by the police as far as they were able from the spontaneous nature of the movement. In a short time, however, the trusty Metropolitanans managed to form a line on either side of the President and established a sort of faucet for entering the room. Many fears were expressed that Mr. Lincoln would be wearied by the contem-

plated handshaking, but he good-naturedly said he could stand them all, provided they would all go out, and then the rush commenced, and after admonitions to 'Shake easy,' 'hurry along,' 'make quick work,' and sundry like suggestions, the crowd began to move out rapidly, Mr. Lincoln taking them, hand over hand, in hearty grasp and earnest shake, saying to all, 'How d'ye do?' 'God bless you,' 'Glad to see you,' &c., as the moment suggested. When the stalwart Tom Hyer came along—one of the few who approached Mr. Lincoln's height—somebody cried out, 'That's Tom Hyer.' 'I don't care, so long as he don't hit me,' responded Mr. Lincoln amid much laughter. One man said, 'I will have mercy on you, Mr. Lincoln,' and considerably passed on without the handshaking.

Soon after his arrival at the Astor House, Commissioner Acton was presented to Mr. Lincoln, and incidentally spoke of the police arrangements. Mr. Lincoln, supposing him to be the Superintendent, congratulated him upon the noble body of men in his command, but having been informed of his mistake, remarked that he should be glad of an introduction to Supt. Kennedy, to whom he desired personally to express his acknowledgment. Afterward Mr. Kennedy was presented, and the President-elect greeted him with much cordiality. He said:

"I am happy to express my thanks and acknowledgments to you, Sir, for the

admirable arrangements for the preservation of order. I can assure you that they were much appreciated.'

"Mr. K.—Oh! I merely did my duty, Sir—that was all.

"Mr. L.—Yes; but a man should be thanked for doing his duty right well."

On Feb. 21 THE TIMES reports Mr. Lincoln's reception at the City Hall and the speeches made by him and Mayor Fernando Wood. His public reception at the City Hall was a repetition of the jam seen in other places. Some of the incidents reported in THE TIMES are:

"Nearly every man had a word for Mr. Lincoln's ears. 'God bless you,' 'Stand firm' were the favorite greetings. 'How d'ye do, Uncle Abraham?' said a frisky

youth. 'I'm glad to see a President who has some reverence for the laws of God,' said a gentleman in a white cravat; 'It's a hard day's work you have, Mr. Lincoln,' said another.

"Much merriment was occasioned among all in the room when a remarkably tall man stalked up to pay his respects to the President, evidently thinking that he could tower up to the six foot four of the rail splitter. Mr. Lincoln good-naturedly turned around to try his stature, back to back, and brought down the house when it was seen that he was at least two inches the taller. Mr. H. E. Dewey, the tall gentleman referred to, who is by the way a Green Mountain boy, laughingly said to him: 'Well, I will give in.' Mr. Lincoln subsequently remarked: 'I saw he was stretching himself to make the question, so I thought I would try it.'

"Among others who came was a well-known gentleman, who, as he advanced with his cloak thrown over him, said: 'The flag of the country is looking at you.' [Laughter.] Mr. Lincoln said, sotto voce: 'I hope it will not lose any of its eyes.'

"Another general burst of merriment was occasioned as a huge man was seen making his way toward Mr. Lincoln, and the latter was obliged to say he would give in this time, for his rival measured 6 feet 6 inches and weighed nearly 250 pounds. He proved to be Capt. Acker of New Jersey, who for the nonce divided the honors with the President. Mayor Wood remarked that there was a good deal in stretching.

"'I hope you will take care of us—I have prayed for you,' said another.

"'But,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'you must take care of me.'"

One of the incidents of the Lincoln party's stay in New York is thus described in a minor paragraph in THE TIMES of Feb. 21:

"The President-elect, accompanied by his lady and suite, visited the opera last evening and enjoyed a very excellent performance of Verdi's new opera, 'Un Ballo in Maschera.' The party occupied a large proscenium box on the right hand side of the house and entered shortly after the performance had commenced.

"There was no demonstration until after the first act, when the President-elect's presence having been discovered by a few persons familiar with his appearance (there was nothing whatever to distinguish the box in which he sat or attract the public attention) a round of applause brought him to his feet.

"The curtain then rose and the artists sang 'The Star Spangled Banner'—at least, **Mrs. Phillips and Hinckley** did, for the Italians, although they have been here for many years, have not yet mastered the difficulties of the language and could not, of course, condescend to sing it.

"Entrusted to two American girls the anthem received the best of treatment and was vehemently applauded. The President-elect bowed his acknowledgments from the box. When a large flag descended from the top of the stage he pointed to it with evident satisfaction."

HIS MELODIOUS VOICE.

MR. LINCOLN resumed his journey on Feb. 21, and in the next day's TIMES



From Harper's Weekly of March 16, 1861.

Inaugural Procession Passing Gate of Capitol Grounds.

Mr. Howard, writing from the Presidential train, reported the incidents on the way to Philadelphia. Of much interest are his accounts of the impression Mr. Lincoln had by this time made upon his fellow-travelers:

"There certainly is a peculiar charm about the voice of Mr. Lincoln which fascinates the hearer and constitutes one of the elements which go to the forming of a character which is so almost universally popular. . . ."

"On both occasions [at the reception given by the Senate and Assembly at Trenton] Mr. Lincoln departed himself most admirably, and satisfied one and all of his fitness for the great post to which he has been called. The declarations that he was, of all men, a lover of peace and harmony, that he should enter upon his duties with no prejudices against any section of the country or portion of the people, and that he should if necessary put his foot down firmly, were received with the most enthusiastic applause. His voice was singularly melodious, having all the sympathetic winsomeness of a woman's combined with the nervous vigor of a man. All parties were affected."

THE PLOT TO KILL HIM.

How the Secret Trip to Washington Came to be Taken.

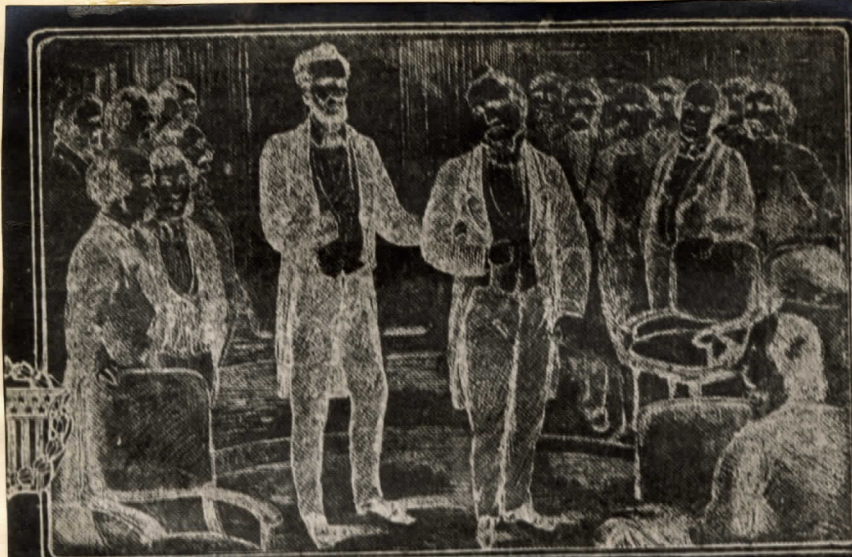
NO incident of the Presidential progress is more celebrated than Mr. Lincoln's secret journey to Wash-

ington from Harrisburg to foil the plot of a band of assassins. According to Hay and Nicolay, Allan Pinkerton the detective, who had been engaged to guard Mr. Lincoln, discovered the plot, and after earnest representations by Norman B. Judd and other friends, Mr. Lincoln finally consented to alter his arrangements and make a secret trip through Baltimore. THE TIMES report of this journey, in a Harrisburg dispatch printed on Feb. 25, is as follows:

"Abraham Lincoln, the President-elect of the United States, is safe in the capital of the Nation. By the admirable arrangement of Gen. Scott the country has been spared the lasting disgrace which would have fastened indelibly upon it had Mr. Lincoln been murdered upon his journey thither, as he would have been had he followed the programme as announced in the papers and gone by the Northern Central Railroad to Baltimore.

"On Thursday night after he had retired Mr. Lincoln was aroused and informed that a stranger desired to see him on a matter of life and death. He declined to admit him unless he gave his name, which he did at once, and such prestige did the name carry that while Mr. Lincoln was yet disrobed he granted an interview to the caller.

"A prolonged conversation elicited the fact that an organized body of men had determined that Mr. Lincoln should not be inaugurated and that he would never leave the City of Baltimore alive, if, indeed, he ever entered it.



From Harper's Weekly of March 16, 1861.

Buchanan and Lincoln Entering Senate Chamber.

"The list of the names of the conspirators presented a most astonishing array of persons high in Southern confidence and some whose fame is not confined to this country alone. As they understood, Mr. Lincoln was to leave Harrisburg at 9 o'clock this morning by special train. The idea was, if possible, to throw the cars from the road at some point where they would rush down a steep embankment and destroy in a moment the lives of all on board. In case of the failure of this project their plan was to surround the carriage on the way from depot to depot in Baltimore and assassinate him with dagger or pistol shot.

"So authentic was the source from which the information was obtained that Mr. Lincoln, after counseling with his friends, was compelled to make arrangements which would enable him to subvert the plans of his enemies. Greatly to the annoyance of the thousands who desired to call on him last night he declined giving a reception. The final council was held at 8 o'clock.

"Mr. Lincoln did not want to yield, and Col. Sumner actually cried with indignation, but Mrs. Lincoln, seconded by Mr. Judd and Mr. Lincoln's original informant, insisted upon it, and at 9 o'clock Mr. Lincoln left on a special train. Accompanied by Supt. Lewis and one friend he started while all the town, with the exception of Mrs. Lincoln, Col. Sumner, Mr. Judd, and two reporters, who were sworn to secrecy, supposed him to be asleep.

"The telegraph wires were put beyond reach of any one who might desire to use them. At 1 o'clock the fact was whispered from one to another, and it soon became the theme of most excited conversation. Many thought it a very injudicious move, while others regarded it as a stroke of great merit.

"The special train leaves with the original party, including THE TIMES correspondent, at 9 o'clock."

(Note.—The Col. Sumner referred to was afterward celebrated as Gen. Edwin V. Sumner of the Union Army. In the

same issue with the foregoing dispatch appears one from Washington, saying: "Mrs. Lincoln, while passing through Baltimore, was grossly insulted by a rabble which surrounded the car in which she was seated in company with Mrs. Capt. Hazard, Col. Sumner, Capt. Pope," (afterward Gen. John Pope, Commander of the Army of the Potomac.) "Judge Davis, and Robert Lincoln."

MRS. LINCOLN PORTRAYED.

MR. HOWARD decided that the women of the country would like to know something about Mrs. Lincoln, and in THE TIMES of Feb. 25 he drew this pen picture of her:

"Her hair is very luxuriant, of a dark brown color, and elastic fibre. Her head is large and well developed, presenting the organs of firmness and language in a highly developed and matured condition. Her forehead is broad, her eyes clear and intelligent, and rather blue than gray. Her nose is well, not to put too fine a point on it, it is not Grecian. Her mouth is large, well shaped, and capable of great expression, while her chin rounds gracefully, balances properly, and goes in a quiet way toward the endorsing of our opinion that she is a decided—not obstinate—woman.

"Her form inclines to stoutness, but is well fashioned and comely, while her hands and feet are really beautiful, indicating, as does the well-shaped ear, that she has come from a race of people who were well born. Her carriage is good, her manners are pleasant, her greetings are affable, and, without doubt, her intentions are correct. That Mrs. Lincoln goes to the White House versed in a goodly knowledge of housewifery and substantial living, rather than skilled in the cunning tricks of politics and blasé with the excitement of Washington life, is a feature for congratulation rather than for depreciation."

REMODEL HOUSE OF LINCOLN SLAYERS

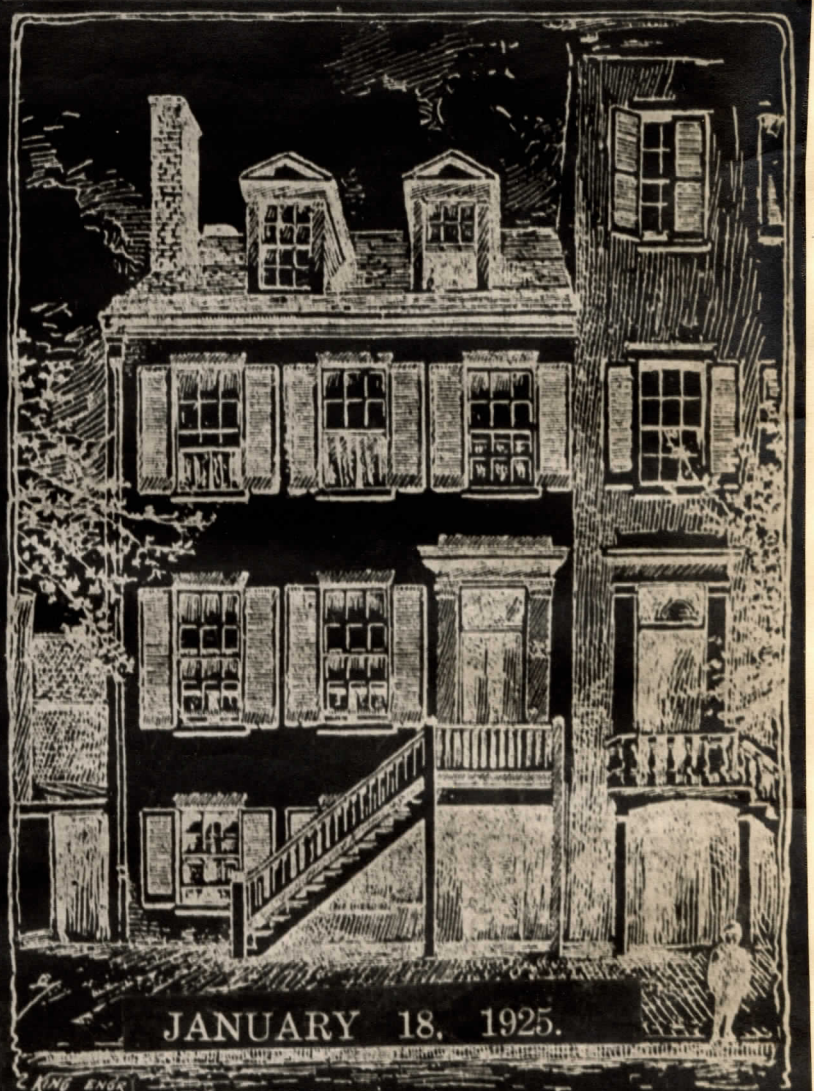
SIXTY years soon will have passed since the assassination of President Lincoln. Through that long period the hand of time has touched lightly the historic Surratt house in Washington, which was visited by John Wilkes Booth on the afternoon of the great national tragedy. While not strictly a rendezvous of the Lincoln conspirators, the house was familiar to most of them. Consequently it bears an intimate relation to the plot to abduct the great war President, which later developed into his assassination.

For six decades after that fateful Good Friday night of April 14, 1865, when the assassin's shot was fired in a box in the old Ford Theatre, dealing death to the "man of the ages," the Surratt house remained unchanged. All around it the capital had changed, but the three-story brick in which Mrs. Mary E. Surratt opened a boarding house in the closing year of the Civil War stayed as it was. It had never been remodeled. It was well preserved. It had the flavor of the Civil War period about it, was gazed at by thousands of tourists to Washington and was shunned by the superstitious. Since the execution of Mrs. Surratt the place has been called haunted.

Lately the march of progress has taken heavy toll of historic houses in Washington. The Surratt house seemed secure until several weeks ago, when workmen began to remodel it for commercial uses. The house is not to be torn down. Its brickwork will be retained, but the entire appearance of the place will be changed. The ground floor will become a shop, the second and third floors will be apartments.

The present number of the place is 604 H Street, Northwest. The doorplate bore the number of 541 in Mrs. Surratt's time. Mrs. Surratt was reared in Prince George County, Maryland, where she was considered a belle. She married John H. Surratt in 1835, and they settled first on a farm near Washington, then opened a tavern at Surrattsville, in that county. They had three children, a daughter and two sons. One of the sons entered the Confederate service and the other, John H. Surratt, became a companion of Booth, and was accused, with his mother, of having a part in the conspiracy against Lincoln.

After becoming a widow Mrs. Surratt moved to Washington in the Autumn of 1864 and opened her boarding house. She was then 45 years of age. On Dec. 23, 1864, her son John was introduced to John Wilkes Booth, the actor, by Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who was to be sentenced to life at Dry



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Mrs. Surratt's House at Washington.

Tortugas after the trial of the Lincoln conspirators, and, within four years, to receive a pardon from President Andrew Johnson.

After the meeting of Booth and John H. Surratt some of those tried for conspiracy, including Booth, were frequent visitors at the Surratt house.

Mrs. Surratt was one of the very few women, if not the only woman, subjected to capital punishment in Washington. She was hanged with three men, all Lincoln conspirators, in the grounds of the old Washington Arsenal

on July 7, 1865. Since that day no woman has ever been executed in Washington. Strong efforts were made to save Mrs. Surratt from the gallows. Many have thought that the evidence did not clearly establish that she was aware that Booth contemplated killing Lincoln and that she was a victim of injustice. The actual facts with respect to the relationship of Mrs. Surratt to the conspiracy will probably never be ascertained beyond the testimony given in the military trial and will probably remain a subject of controversy.

Condemned to Die.

"I know the character of the American people," exclaimed District Attorney Pierpont at the trial. "I know the imagination revolts at the execution of one of the tender sex. But when a woman opens her house to murderers and conspirators, infuses the poison of her own malice into their hearts and urges them on to the crime of murder and treason, I say boldly, as an American officer, that public safety, public duty, requires that an example be made of her conduct."

The military court, composed of two Major Generals (one of whom was Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur"), a Brevet Major General, four Brigadiers and several Colonels, found Mrs. Surratt guilty and sentenced her to be hanged. Five members of the court recommended afterward that the sentence should be commuted to imprisonment. President Johnson laid the record of the military court before his Cabinet and then signed the warrant for execution.

The execution was postponed several hours because habeas corpus proceedings had been instituted and Mrs. Surratt's counsel had applied to Judge

Wyllie for a writ directed to Major Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock to bring Mrs. Surratt into court. General Hancock failed to appear at the hour set for his appearance in court, but later reported that Mrs. Surratt was in his custody under order of the President and exhibited an executive order from President Johnson declaring the writ of habeas corpus suspended in the case.

The chief witness for the Government in the trial was Lewis J. Weichmann, who first met John H. Surratt in a preparatory school near Baltimore. Early in January, 1864, Weichmann was appointed a War Department clerk at Washington, and on Nov. 1 of that year he began to board at the Surratt house in H Street. This put him in position to know something of the visits of Booth and others to the Surratt house and made him an interesting figure at the trial.

Weichmann, testifying as to his first meeting with Booth, several months before the assassination, said he was standing with John H. Surratt in front of the Surratt house and that with Surratt he went down Seventh Street. They were accosted by Dr. Mudd, who had come to Washington from Bryantown, Md., accompanied by a stranger whom he introduced as John Wilkes Booth. Booth invited them to his room at the old National Hotel. The Government considered this evidence important as Dr. Mudd's house in Maryland was the second place where Booth stopped on the night of his flight from Washington following April 15.

Mysterious Visitors.

The visits of Atzerodt and other conspirators to the Surratt house were narrated by Weichmann in his testimony. He told of a visit to the house, one evening in February preceding the tragedy, of a veiled woman who was driven to the house by John H. Surratt. The

woman wore a "mask," and he was told she was a dispatch bearer and a blockade runner. Another visitor to the Surratt house was "Spencer Howell," as he was described to Weichmann. Howell remained there two days after running the blockade, and before leaving taught the War Department clerk a cipher which later proved to be the same as one used both by Booth and the Confederacy, although Weichmann did not know this at the time.

Another night the doorbell to the Surratt house rang and there appeared a tall man wearing a shabby dark overcoat. This man was later identified as **Lewis Payne, who tried to assassinate Secretary of State Seward** on the night Lincoln was shot.

On returning from work March 15, 1865, a month before the assassination, Weichmann, two days after another visit of Payne to the Surratt house, found a false mustache on his table. Later the War Department clerk went to the attic of the Surratt house, and, according to his testimony, found Surratt and Payne seated on a bed surrounded by bowie knives, spurs and revolvers, which they endeavored to conceal when he entered.

The Chain of Evidence.

Other incidents attributed to the Surratt house were dealt with in Weichmann's testimony, including a visit by Booth to Mrs. Surratt the day of the assassination and a journey which Mrs. Surratt made to Surrattsville that afternoon with packages, one of which, it developed, contained a field glass belonging to John Wilkes Booth.

Two nights after the assassination of Lincoln the doorbell of the Surratt house rang again. Mrs. Surratt put out her head at an upstairs window. She asked if it was Mr. Kirby. The reply was in the negative. It was Major H. W. Smith of the War Department with other officers.

She was ordered to come to the door. When she responded she was placed under arrest and taken to General Auger's headquarters, while a Secret Service agent from the War Department seized her papers and arrested the inmates of the house. While in the house the officers heard a ring at the door. Upon opening it they beheld Lewis Payne, who had called with a pick, pretending to be a workman. War Department agents had been searching for him for forty-eight hours. They placed him under arrest. He was tried, convicted and hanged with Mrs. Surratt.

John H. Surratt was not tried with his mother. He had fled from Washington and could not be found. It developed that he had gone to Montreal, then sailed for Liverpool and enlisted in the Papal Zouaves. He was arrested, escaped from his guardians, was traced to Malta and then to Egypt, and there re-arrested. An American corvette brought him to Washington, where he was tried in the Summer of 1867. He endeavored to prove an alibi and the jury disagreed. He was rearrested and discharged by the court.

THERE is so much talk nowadays of the practicability of a "Coalition Cabinet" in time of war that one frequently hears about this country's great historical example of such a Cabinet, particularly as the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday approaches.

Abraham Lincoln took office as President with the hope that war might still be averted, and with the determination to have, as far as possible, the whole country represented in his Cabinet. Of the seven men whom he chose to be his Ministers, not one disagreed with him on the fundamental questions of slavery and secession, but only three were "Whig Republicans." The other four were "Democratic Republicans"—that is, they had been Democrats, but had split with their party on the issues of the impending war. Lincoln faced much opposition and ignored much criticism and gloomy forecast in his appointment of these men.

but, on the whole, they worked well together. When one of them proved not quite the man for the place, the President replaced him with a Democrat who had been the

harshest of personal opponents, who had met Lincoln only to insult him, and who, save in his loyalty to the cause of the Union, represented the features of Democratic policy most antagonistic to Lincoln's own political belief. This was Edwin M. Stanton, who succeeded Simon Cameron as Secretary of War, and who, sacrificing personal feeling to enter Lincoln's Cabinet, accepted the President's authority, and really served him with devotion, as well as with vigor and efficiency.

Lincoln did not, naturally, have an easy time with his Coalition Cabinet. Many changes took place in the years of his Administration.

But for the most part the group submitted effectively to his authority—one may well say to his domination—and the quarrels between them were as often personal as partisan. The original Cabinet was as follows:

Secretary of State—William H. Seward of New York, Whig Republican.

Secretary of the Treasury—Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, Democratic Republican.

Secretary of War—Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, Whig Republican.

Secretary of the Navy—Gideon Welles of Connecticut, Democratic Republican.

Secretary of the Interior—Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, Whig Republican.

Attorney General—Edward Bates of Missouri, Democratic Republican.

Postmaster General—Montgomery Blair of Maryland, Democratic Republican.

Most of these appointments were decided upon by the President-elect on the night of his election. He had gone to the telegraph office in Springfield to get the returns, and the figures that made plain his victory soon shared the wires with messages of congratulation.

Naturally, however, some of the selections had been really made at a much earlier date, and on the whole Cabinet matter, the authors continue, after the election, he "took unusual care to receive patiently and consider seriously all the advice, recommendations, and objections which his friends from different States had to offer." He had gone over in his mind the question of choosing his actual opponents in politics or a Southern representation, and had decided that "the selection of enemies" was "out of the question, so he chose his ablest friends." The conclusion which he reached on the matter of the South in the Cabinet was made clear in a question which, though unsigned, was evidently his own: that if a Southerner of character and influence be induced to accept such an appointment, which is most unlikely, "on what terms does he surrender to Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Lincoln to him, on the political differences between them, or do they enter upon the Administration in open opposition to each other?" But he clung to the hope of persuading a Southern Unionist to enter his Cabinet, and, after several had refused, succeeded in appointing Montgomery Blair, a Democratic Republican, and a member of a prominent Maryland family, as Postmaster General. Blair had, however, a Maryland rival in Henry Winter Davis, a Whig. This was the last of his Cabinet appointments. The party division was even.

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And on the fight for the minor office of Postmaster General the party struggle over the Cabinet focused vehemently.

"It was supposed to be the casting vote of the new Cabinet, which should decide the dominancy of the Whig Republicans or Democratic Republicans in Lincoln's Administration," Nicolay and Hay record. "In the momentary heat and excitement, this phase of the matter expanded beyond any original design, until Mr. Lincoln realized that it was no longer merely a local strife between Blair and Davis in Maryland, but the closing trial of strength and supremacy between Whigs and Democrats of the new party throughout the Union, headed, respectively, though perhaps unconsciously, by Seward and Chase. This contingency, too, had been foreseen by the President-elect, and he had long ago determined not to allow himself to be made the football between rival factions. Carrying out his motto of 'Justice to all,' he determined to appoint Mr. Blair. When reminded that by such selection he placed four Democrats and only three Whigs in his Cabinet, he promptly replied that 'he was himself an old-line Whig, and he should be there to make the parties even,' a declaration which he repeated, sometimes jocularly, sometimes earnestly, often afterward."

Seward, however, persuaded that the ascendancy of Chase and his faction was real and ominous, withdrew his acceptance of the office of Secretary of State, but Lincoln persuaded him to rescind his withdrawal. The President-elect, meanwhile, had been through troublesome complications in the case of Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, the only selection, says James T. Morse, Jr., another biographer of Lincoln, in which his hand was forced. Cameron was finally appointed Secretary of War. In his new office he did not last out the year.

After nine months of service as Secretary of War, Simon Cameron was offered the post of Minister to Russia, and Edwin M. Stanton was put in charge of the War Department.

As Attorney General in Buchanan's Cabinet, Stanton's reputation had been that of "a stubborn and prejudiced Buchanan Democrat." He was, however, a strong anti-secessionist, and was a zealous patriot when war broke out. Of his character, estimates differ. Gideon Welles disliked him intensely. James T. Morse, Jr., in his biography of Lincoln,

says that Lincoln was undoubtedly "the only ruler known to history who could have co-operated for years with such a Minister," and adds that Stanton, "however brow-beating he was to others, recognized a master in the President, and, though often grumbling and insolent, always submitted if a crisis came." But Nicolay and Hay aver that the reports of discord between the President and the Secretary of War have been exaggerated, as have also the reports of ungraciousness on Stanton's part after he entered Lincoln's Cabinet. Stanton certainly had been discourteous in his personal attitude toward Lincoln, had slighted him

because of his ungainly personal appearance, and had been, to quote Ida M. Tarbell, "his most scornful, even vituperative, critic since his election." But Nicolay and Hay thus describe him and his relations with the President:

He watched the beginning of the new Administration with an eye of unsparring faultfinding. It is clear that he had no high opinion of Mr. Lincoln, and no hope in the Republican Party; worse than all, his faith in the ability of the Government to defend and maintain itself seems to have been seriously shaken, if not utterly gone. His comments on public events are couched in a tone of partisan bitterness. * * * He repeated baseless street rumors of the "trepidation of Lincoln," and the "panic" of the Administration, complained of party action, "venality and corruption" of power, and "distrust in every department of the Government." As events culminated, his language grew stronger; he spoke of the "painful imbecility of Lincoln" with all the glibness of a country editor, and after the Bull Run defeat he thought a better state of things impossible "until Jeff Davis turns out the whole concern." It would be uncharitable to insist on a literal criticism of these phrases. They must be judged in the light of Stanton's excited patriotism and impulsive vehemence of thought.

Also it must be remembered that they were written for confidential, not public, inspection. And, more than all, that he wrote them without the full and accurate knowledge which was requisite to a proper judgment. * * * Stanton's nature was largely materialistic; his eye saw things in a simple, practical light; his mind dealt with them by rules of arithmetic. * * * Above everything else he was a man of action. * * * He had the qualities which made him a worker of workers.

If the Democrat Stanton was "hard to get along with," so also was the conservative Republican, Seward. When the Cabinet appointments were made it was prophesied that the new President would be merely the tool of Seward or Chase, whichever of these two strong men proved himself the stronger. Gid-

eon Welles shows plainly, in his diary, his personal opinion that the Secretary of State did influence Lincoln unduly. But many events make it clear that the master of the Cabinet was not Seward, or Chase, or Stanton, or Bates, but Abraham Lincoln. At one time, when the resignation of Montgomery Blair was talked of by men whom he had offended, in terms that amounted almost to a demand, Lincoln stated flatly:

"I propose continuing to be myself the judge as to when a member of the Cabinet shall be dismissed."

And he made a short speech to his Ministers in which, in the most dignified and peremptory fashion imaginable, he repeated this, and requested them not to discuss the subject further.

The brief story of the Cabinet's first hearing of the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation is told by James T. Morse, Jr.:

Schuyler Colfax well said that Mr. Lincoln's judgment, when settled, "was almost as immovable as the eternal hills." A good illustration of this was given upon a day about the end of July or beginning of August, 1862, when Mr. Lincoln called a Cabinet meeting. To his assembled Secretaries he then said, with his usual simple brevity, that he was going to communicate to them something about which he did not desire them to offer any advice, since his determination was taken; they might make suggestions as to details, but nothing more. After this imperious statement he read the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation. The Ministers listened in silence; not one of them had been consulted; not one of them, until this moment, knew the President's purpose; not even now did he think it worth while to go through any idle form of asking the opinion of any one of them. He alone had settled the matter, and simply notified them that he was about to do the most momentous thing that had ever been done upon this continent since thirteen British Colonies had become a nation. Such a presentation of "one-man power" certainly stood out in startling relief upon the background of popular government and the great free republican system of the world.

Seward was not always easy to work with, for Lincoln or any one else. At the end of 1862 the resentment against him crystalized in an almost unanimous vote in the Republican caucus that the President should be asked to remove him. Gideon Welles pictures this crisis vividly in his diary, and Miss Tarbell, in the new edition of her life of Lincoln, sums up a part of his record:

When Seward's friends informed him he was overwhelmed with surprise. With the fatuity of the overambitious man he had not suspected how obvious his manoeuvres were, both to his colleagues in the Administration and to Washington in general. A goodly body of members of Congress had come to the point where they felt that it was their duty to protest against what they believed was his too great influence over the President. This, says Welles, "was the point and pith of their complaint." Surprised, chagrined, but quite big enough to understand that it was a matter for the President, he sent in his resignation. Mr. Lincoln was perplexed. * * * He talked with all concerned; he soon discovered that there had been considerable influence exerted against Seward by members of his own Cabinet. Somebody there had complained of Seward's practice of discouraging regular Cabinet meetings and of holding back information from the members when it did meet, his pose of settling things independently of the President and his associates. Lincoln, in the general airing of things which he conducted, came to see that certainly Mr. Chase and possibly Mr. Stanton had had something to do with stirring up the trouble.

In the excitement some one suggested that the whole Cabinet should resign. Welles refused. This was no time, in his judgment, to make things worse by such an exodus, but it was entirely in keeping that Stanton and Chase should bring their resignations. Welles pictures in his diary the extraordinary moment when Lincoln saw with lightning rapidity his way out. Chase had informed the President that he had prepared his resignation.

Welles, in his diary, continues:

"Where is it?" said the President quickly, his eye lighting up in a moment. "I brought it with me," said Chase, taking the paper from his pocket. "I wrote it this morning." "Let me have it," said the President, reaching his long arm and fingers toward Chase, who held on, seemingly reluctant to part with the letter, which was sealed, and which he apparently hesitated to surrender. Something further he wished to say, but the President was eager and did not perceive it, but took and hastily opened the letter.

"This," said he, looking toward me with a triumphal laugh, "cuts the Gordian knot." An air of satisfaction spread over his countenance such as I had not seen for some time. "I can dispose of this subject now without difficulty," he added, as he turned on his chair. "I see my way clear."

Chase sat by Stanton, fronting the fire; the President beside the fire, his face toward them, Stanton nearest him. I was on the sofa near the east window. While the President was reading the note, which was brief, Chase turned around and looked toward me, a little perplexed. * * * The President was so delighted that he saw not how others were affected.

"Mr. President," said Stanton with solemnity, "I informed you day before yesterday that I was ready to tender my resignation. I wish you, Sir, to consider my resignation at this time in your possession."

"You may go to your department," said the President. "I don't want yours. This," holding Chase's letter, "is all I want. This relieves me. My way is clear. I will detain neither of you longer."

Wondering what the President was going to do, the members of the Cabinet left the room. Chase obviously supposed that he and Seward were both to be dismissed, but just what was going to happen no one could surmise.

What happened was exactly nothing. The President did nothing whatever. Two days later it was quietly announced to the public that both Secretaries had tendered their resignations and that neither had been accepted! The "way out" which Lincoln had seen when he got Chase's resignation was simply to balance the chiefs of the rival factions against each other by getting both resignations in his hand—and taking no action at all. Every one was surprised. As Morse says, "the two sections had encountered each other and neither had won control of the Government. The President had restrained discussion within safe limits and had saved himself from the real or apparent domination of a faction."

When it was all over he remarked, cheerfully: "Now I can ride; I have got a pumpkin in each end of my bag."

Miss Tarbell points out the significance of the whole affair as an example of Lincoln's management of intrigue:

He lived in a world of intrigue. That a man who himself was so incapable of intrigue should have been so able to sense what the men whom he gathered into his Cabinet, and before whom he was really humble, were about is an unending marvel. But he did understand them, and the legitimate cunning with which he could handle a serious intrigue when it came to the last phase is a pure, intellectual joy. * * *

It was this quality of diving the elements of an intrigue and of almost instantaneously putting his finger on the spring which would loosen it that is most astonishing in a man of Lincoln's temperament and training.

As for Seward, he knew that Lincoln was his master, says Miss Tarbell, but he took good care that only Lincoln should know that he knew it!

The Task of Lincoln.

The second democrat, conscious of the country's needs, came to office in 1861. His first words to the country were the words of Christian and democratic pleading; his last great message declared that the beaten and broken South prayed to the same God that the victorious North was supposed to worship. The spirit of Lincoln was the spirit of Jefferson. But the task of Lincoln was infinitely more difficult. There were two insistent privileges, that of slavery and that of growing industry. The former demanded the control of government in order that the benefits of the plantation system might be guaranteed by the social power of the country. If it failed of its goal, the South would secede. The masters of industry demanded a monopoly of the vast American market, including the privileges of fixing the price of slave clothes to be sold in the South. Lincoln, the democrat who believed that no privilege should be guaranteed by Government; the plain Western philosopher who sought the re-establishment of equality as a principle of government, was promptly confronted with the demands of the plantation lords. He refused to promise further expansion of slavery; he refused to acquiesce in secession.

There followed a war too terrible for description here. All the other hopes of Lincoln were deferred. Four years he fought as never an American has fought for the unity of the country. At the end he would have a renewed democracy. Was it so? Before a year had passed he was compelled to grant industrial men unprecedented tariff concessions. He must have the support of industry or lose the war. He paid the price. Two years had not passed before he farmed out to national bankers the control of the financial life of the country. He had been compelled to do it. He must have the support of great bankers. He received that support, but gave for it a concession that was one day to grow into a power that successively challenged two Presidents and came off victorious. Lincoln saved the unity of the country, laid again the foundations of nationality, but the social power of the country in two greatest of all interests was lost to him, to Government itself till 1913. The country was free of slavery, but democracy was further away than it had been since the Revolution in 1776.

Just before Grant received the sword of Lee, Lincoln prepared his peace of reconciliation. The South, he said, was part and parcel of the same country, blood of our blood. The South was perhaps as good as the North, Lee as great

as Lincoln! The South should have four hundred millions out of the Federal Treasury to pay her for her slaves, to help her set up her economic life, to aid her to trade with the North. Southern men should sit again in Congress without inquisition. Bygones were to be bygones. Hands that had not even laid down arms were to be taken again in friendliness. Was our war ended thus? Was ever a great nation ruled by such a spirit?

Cabinet's "No."

At once the Cabinet of Lincoln pronounced a unanimous "No." The leaders of the Senate denounced the President. Charles Sumner, the enemy of war, would not have a lasting peace. The leaders of the House made war upon the President. Lincoln was a Republican (that is a democrat), the Senate was Republican; the House was Republican. The great men of the party, Thurlow Weed of New York, Benjamin Wade of Ohio, Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania and Henry Winter Davis of Maryland, inaugurated a war upon their own leader that had hardly reached its climax when the dead Lincoln was laid away in Springfield. It was twenty years before the powerful of the Republican Party forgave Lincoln for the wisdom, the democracy and the kindness of his peace of reconciliation. Lincoln gave up his life in full realization that only one of his great hopes had been made good. The only way he could have succeeded in 1865 was through an alliance of the defeated South and the democratic West.

Cartoonists and Professional Jesters Took Their Fling at the President Before He Faced the Problems of the White House and Long Afterward.



"The Federal Phoenix"—Cartoon in London Punch On December 3, 1864.

LINCOLN blazed his way to glory through a wilderness of thorns amid the laughter of hyenas. The candidate of a minority, never was candidate so ridiculed, so abused, so vilified by the majority. The accident of an accident, never was accident so resented by the very politicians whose dissensions were responsible for it. Yet Providence never was so kind to a nation in peril as when it ordained what seemed so accidental. Among all men then living he was the one man for the emergency. "The first American" Lowell calls him, and the phrase is apt, whether it denotes priority or precedence. He was the first to typify and glorify the home-ly American ideals.

A greater than Lowell, but one who did not live to see the full fruition of Lincoln's powers, and who belonged to an opposing party, recognized at least this fatality in Lincoln's election. This was Nathaniel Hawthorne. Even in his own city Lincoln was unknown. In the year 1850, after he had five times represented his townsmen in the State Legislature, and once in Congress, Herndon, his law partner, vainly attempted to get up a public reception in his honor. Only one man came, an absolute nonentity, and the discomfited partners turned off the gas and went home chopfallen. This unpopularity had its basis in social and political prejudice against Yankees and Abolitionists. It

even crept into the pulpit. A local preacher thus expressed the feeling in a sermon:

"The overwhelming torrent of free grace took in the mountings of Aisby, the isles of the sea, and the uttermost ends of the yearth. It took in the Eskimos and the Hottingtots, and some, my dear brethering, go so far as to suppose that it tuk in them air poor benighted Yankees; but I don't go that fur."

Lincoln's immediate neighbors were unfeignedly thunderstruck by his nomination. One of them, an Englishman by birth, expressed his astonishment in this fashion:

"What! Abe Lincoln nominated for President of the United States? Can it be possible! A man that buys a ten-cent beefsteak for his breakfast and carries it home himself!"

Charles Carleton Coffin, author and journalist, accompanied the committee which notified Abraham Lincoln of his nomination by the Republican convention in Chicago. They found him at his Springfield home—a plain, comfortable two-storied house, a hallway in the centre, a plain white paling in front. The arrival of the committee awakened no enthusiasm among the townspeople.

A dozen citizens gathered in the street. One of Lincoln's sons was perched on the gatepost. The committee entered the room at the left hand of the hall. Lincoln was standing in front of the fireplace. He bowed graciously but ungracefully. Constraint and embarrassment were evident. He stood erect in a stiff and unnatural position, with downcast eyes. There was a diffidence like that of an ungainly schoolboy standing alone before a critical audience.

George Ashman, President of the Chicago Convention, stated briefly the errand of the committee. Then came the reply found in every life of Lincoln. "It was a sympathetic voice," says Coffin, "with an indescribable charm in the tones. There was no study of inflection or cadence for effect, but a sincerity which won instant confidence. The lines

upon his face, the large ears, sunken cheeks, enormous nose, shaggy hair, the deep-set eyes, sparkling with humor and which seemed to be looking far away, were distinguishing facial marks. I do not know that any member of the company, other than Mr. Tuck of New Hampshire and some of the Western men, had ever seen him before, but there was that about him which commanded instant admiration. A stranger meeting him in a country road, ignorant of his history, would have said 'He is no ordinary man.'"

With the utterance of the last syllable of Lincoln's reply his manner instantly changed. A smile like the sun shining

through the rift of a passing cloud sweeping over the landscape illuminated his face, lighting up every homely feature, as he grasped the hand of Judge Kelly of Pennsylvania.

"You are a tall man, Judge. What is your height?"

"Six feet three."

"I beat you. I am six feet four without my high-heeled shoes."

"Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. I am glad that we have found a candidate for the Presidency whom we can look up to, for we have been informed that there were only little giants in Illinois," replied Judge Kelly in neat allusion to Stephen Douglas, Lincoln's chief opponent, whose diminutive stature had earned for him the nickname of the Little Giant.

"All embarrassment was gone," continues Carleton Coffin. "Mr. Lincoln was no longer the ungainly schoolboy. The unnatural dignity which he had assumed for the moment, as a barrister of the English bar assumes gown and horse hair wig in court, was laid aside. Conversation flowed as freely and laughingly as a meadow brook. There was a bubbling up of quaint humor, fragrant with Western idiom, making the hour exceedingly enjoyable."

The opposition press found in Lincoln's obscurity abundant editorial material. The New York Herald ridiculed him as "a third-rate country lawyer, poorer even than poor Pierce," who would prove a "nullity" if elected. Whereupon The Tribune replied: "A man who by his own genius and force of character has raised himself from being a penniless and uneducated flatboatman on the Wabash River to the position Mr. Lincoln now occupies is not likely to be a nullity anywhere." Cheap fun was poked at his ungainly form, his awkward manners, his misfitting clothes.

"He is not a gentleman," was the burden of much of this abuse. The eagerness with which the Republican press rushed in to show that Lincoln was not the coarse backwoodsman painted by the Democrats really evidenced how they winced under the charges. Reporters were sent out West to describe his home, his family, and his habits, in order to prove that he did not live in "low Hoosier style." They dwelt complacently on the fact that he wore daily a broadcloth suit "almost elegant"; they described his two-story frame house as "a mansion" and "an elegant dwelling"; they noted that Mrs. Lincoln spoke French, and that the eldest of the sons was at Harvard. They strove to connect him with the Lincolns of Hingham, Massachusetts, vaunted his "good blood," and marshalled all the New Englanders of his name who had distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

None of this kind of nonsense was either instigated or approved of by Abraham Lincoln. When applied to for his pedigree, to be used in a campaign biography, he replied: "My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My father's ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania.

"An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like. . . . My father grew

up literally without education. . . . Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. . . . The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity."

Carl Schurz has described for us the haughty attitude of Stephen Douglas on the platform when he talked side by side with Lincoln and the contrast presented by Lincoln's humorous goodfellowship. Douglas, he says, looked natty and well-groomed in excellently fitting broadcloth and shining linen. But his face seemed a little puffy, and it was said that he had been drinking hard with some boon companions. The deep horizontal wrinkle between his eyes was unusually dark and scowling. When he was listening to Lincoln's speech a contemptuous smile now and then flitted across his lips, and when he rose, the tough parliamentary gladiator, he tossed his mane with an air of overbearing superiority, of threatening defiance, as if to say, "How dare any one stand up against me?"

From the very start his tone was angry, dictatorial, and insolent in the extreme. No language seemed too offensive for him, and even inoffensive things he would sometimes bring out in a manner which sounded like insults, and thus he occasionally called forth, instead of applause from his friends, demonstrations of reprobation from the opposition. But, on the whole, his friends were well pleased with his performance and rewarded him with vociferous cheers.

"But then came Lincoln's closing speech of half an hour, which seemed completely to change the temper of the atmosphere. He replied to Douglas's arguments and attacks with rapid thrusts so deft and piercing, with humorous retorts so quaint and pat, with illustrations so clinching, and he did it all so good-naturedly that the meeting, again and again, broke out into bursts of delight, by which even many of his opponents were carried away, while the scowl on Douglas's face grew darker and darker."

Another foreign-born journalist, who afterward became the millionaire proprietor of a newspaper that had ever championed Lincoln—Henry Villard, in short—had not possessed the preliminary insight to discover greatness under Lincoln's homely exterior. Recalling his first meeting during the period of the Douglas-Lincoln debate, Villard frankly confesses that "although I found him most approachable, good-natured, and full of wit and humor, I could not take a real, personal liking to the man, owing to an inborn weakness for which he was even then notorious and so remained during his great public career." This was an inordinate fondness for jokes, anecdotes, and stories of a risky kind.

"I have to confess, too," continues Villard, "that I believed, with many prominent leaders of the Republic party, that, with regard to separating men effectively—the anti-slavery Northern from the pro-Southern wing of the Democracy—it would have been better if the re-election of Douglas had not been opposed."

Some months later Villard accidentally met Lincoln at a country railroad station, where both were waiting for a train to Springfield. A thunderstorm compelled them to take refuge on a car

that had been sidetracked. They squatted down on the floor of the car and fell to talking on all sorts of subjects. Lincoln remarked that when he was clerking in a country store his highest political ambition was to be a member of the State Legislature.

"Since then, of course," he said laughingly, "I have grown some, but my friends got me in this business (meaning the canvass.) I did not consider myself qualified for the United States Senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure," he continued with one of his peculiar laughs, "I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but in spite of it all I am continually saying to myself every day, 'It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it, Mary (his wife) insists, however, that I am going to be Senator and President of the United States, too.'"

These last words he followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition.

"Just think!" he exclaimed, "of such a sucker as me as President!"

Yet, when Lincoln was nominated and after his election there was no change in his sturdy democratic simplicity. He scorned pretension in others as he would have scorned it in himself.

Carl Schurz tells of a young German Count who eagerly desired and was reluctantly given an introduction to Lincoln. Greatly impressed with his own importance and that of a long row of ancestors, whom he traced back for several hundred years, this callow nestling believed that his pretensions, personal and vicarious, would weigh much with the unpedigreed President. "The Count spoke English moderately well," says Mr. Schurz, "and in his ingenuous way he at once explained to Mr. Lincoln how high the nobility of his family was, and that they had been Counts So-and-so many years."

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, interrupting him, "that needn't trouble you. That will not be in your way, if you behave yourself as a soldier."

"The poor Count looked puzzled, and when the audience was over, he asked me what in the world the President could have meant by so strange a remark."

Another saying of Lincoln's that made the rounds at the time is recorded by Schurz. An Englishman who had traveled far and wide over the United States called upon Mr. Lincoln, and told him of the impressions he had received of various parts of the country. Speaking of social conditions and habits, he said, among other things, that to his astonishment he had heard that many gentlemen in America were in the habit of blacking their own boots.

"That is true," said Lincoln, "but would gentlemen in your country not do that?"

"No, certainly not," the Englishman replied with emphasis.

"Well," said Lincoln, quietly, "whose boots do they black?"

But the best rebuke ever made to presumption in aristocratic foreign guise was that which Lincoln administered to Lord Hartington, who subsequently became Duke of Devonshire. When a young man, in September, 1862, Hartington was in Washington. At a public ball in New York he had been so tactlessly insolent as to wear a secession badge. "In a

civilized country," said James Russell Lowell, who first told the story in print, "he might have been roughly handled, but here, where the bien sances are not so well understood, of course nobody minded it." As a footnote Lowell adds this further comment:

"One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humor was his treatment of this gentleman when a laudable curiosity induced him to be presented to 'the President of the Broken Bubble.' Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Partington. Surely the refinement of good breeding could go no further. Giving the young man his real name (already notorious in the newspapers) would have made his visit an insult. Had Henri IV. done this, it would have been famous."

From the recently published "Life of the Duke of Devonshire" it seems that Mr. Partington went home and wrote to his father as follows about his visit to the White House.

"We called on Mr. Seaward, who took Mr. Rose and me to the President, who was also very civil and also told us stories. I said I supposed we had come at a bad time to see the country, and he said, 'Well, he guessed he couldn't do them much harm!' I never saw such a specimen of a Yankee in my life. I should think he was a very well-meaning sort of a man, but, almost every one says, about as fit for his position now as a fire-shovel. He didn't talk much about the war."

Young Hartington omits all reference to Lincoln's joke. His biographer, more frank, interpolates the information that "the President began the interview by saying, 'Hartington! well, that rhymes to Partington.'" It is only fair to the duca's memory to add that the biographer explains away the badge incident as follows:

"At a party which Lord Hartington attended, a lady suddenly pinned something to his coat, then vanished in the crowd. The Englishman, who supposed this to be a usual part of the proceedings, found himself to be the object of surprised or hostile glances. Then some one asked him, 'Why are you wearing a rebel badge?' A most impossible American version of this tale is that a young rebel beauty dared the English lord to wear these colors for her sake at a Ministerial reception, that he accepted her challenge, and received several invitations to a duel in consequence."

It was Lincoln himself who furnished the best apology for that tendency toward jest and anecdote which disturbed the more sober-minded among his political comrades. The story is related by Rufus Rockwell Wilson as it was told to him by Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania. After Fredericksburg Curtin had repaired to the battlefield to look after his State's dead and wounded. While thus engaged he received a telegram from Lincoln summoning him to Washington. He reached the White House late in the evening and found that the President had retired. Seated by the latter's bedside he told what he had seen.

"It was not a battle," said he, "it was a slaughter. Many of the wounded have received no attention and thousands of the dead are still unburied. From the bottom of my heart, Mr. President, I wish we could find some way of ending this war."



"Up a Tree"—From London Punch, January 11, 1862.

Lincoln listened patiently, but with evident anxiety, to the Governor's statement. When it was finished he said:

"Curtin, it's a big job we have on hand. It reminds me of what once happened to the son of a friend of mine out in Illinois. There was an apple tree in the old man's orchard of which he was especially choice. One day in the Fall his two boys, John and Jim, went out to gather the apples from this tree. John climbed the tree to shake the fruit off, while Jim remained below to gather it as it fell. There was a bear grubbing in the orchard, and seeing what was going on it waddled up to the tree and began to eat the falling apples faster than Jim could gather them from the ground. This roused Jim, and, catching the bear by the tail, he pulled vigorously. With an angry squeal, the bear snapped at his legs. Afraid to let go, Jim held on for dear life, until finally, growing weary, he called to his brother to help him. John, from the top of the tree, asked what was wanted. 'I want you,' said Jim, between rushes from the bear, 'to come down here and help me to let go of this darned hog's tail.' And Curtin," added the President, "that's just what I want of you and the rest: I want you to pitch in and help me to let go of the hog's tail I have got hold of."

Before beginning this story Lincoln had been deeply depressed. When it was finished he laughed as heartily as did his auditor, and seemed instantly to recover his wonted spirits.

"Pardon me, Mr. President," said the Governor, prompted by this change of mood, "but is not this story-telling habit of yours a sort of safety-valve for you?" "You have hit it, Curtin," was the quick reply. "If I could not tell these stories I think I should die."

Jester though he was himself, Lincoln had few friends among the professional jesters of the press. At home as well as abroad he was the target of the cartoonists. Harper's Weekly began by caricaturing him, and so in milder fashion did Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. The friendly attitude of Vanity Fair, the most prominent of all early American rivals of the London Punch, was tempered at first by a not quite good-natured suspicion for a new and untried man. Then came the firing on Sumter, and a

Vanity Fair and Frank Leslie's became uncompromising friends of the Administration. Harper's Weekly flung itself into the Union cause, but not without an occasional jibe at the standard bearer. There are two cartoons in the latter, both based upon Lincoln's partiality for jesting, yet each widely dissimilar in personal bias. The first appeared on Jan. 3, 1863, and was prompted by the frightful slaughter of the Union forces at Fredericksburg. Columbia confronts the President with the demand for an accounting.

"This reminds me of a little joke—" Lincoln begins. "Go tell your joke at Springfield," is the withering retort. The second cartoon appeared on Sept. 17, 1864, and shows a Brobdingnagian Lincoln

gazing at a Lilliput Apeellan whom he holds in his hand and remarking, "This reminds me of a little joke," Harper's Weekly was heartily in favor of Lincoln's re-election, and when that event occurred it expressed its glee in a cartoon punningly entitled "Long Abraham a Little Longer." Almost simultaneously a cartoon very similar in spirit and in treatment appeared in Frank Leslie's. It was entitled "Jeff Davis's November Nightmare," and placed Lincoln with his legs drawn up in the bed of the Confederate President.

"Is that you still there, Long Abe?" asks the suddenly awakened sleeper.

"Yes, and I am going to be four years longer," is the reply.

From its very beginning the London Punch had ever shown itself unfriendly to America and the Americans. Why not? The British mob disliked us and flouted us. Punch, as the mouthpiece of the mob, followed suit. In 1854 George Ticknor, writing from Boston to Sir Edward Head, had said: "I am much struck with what you say about the ignorance that prevails in England concerning this country and its institutions, and the mischief likely to spring from it. From Punch up to your leading statesmen things are constantly said and done out of sheer misapprehension, or ignorance, that have for some time been breeding ill will here, and are likely to breed more."

Nevertheless, up to the outbreak of the civil war, and even for a brief period after it, Punch's sympathies professedly leaned toward the North. Punch was then acute enough to recognize that slavery was the real bone of contention between the two sections. England was the great anti-slavery country. When the seceding States were in search of a name Punch suggested that of Slaveownia.

When the convention, held on Feb. 9, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala., adopted the title of the "Confederate States of America," Punch waxed bitterly sarcastic. "They call themselves," it said, "by what they doubtless feel to be their right name. They are confederates in the crime of upholding slavery. This title is a beautiful antithesis to that of the United States of America. The more doggedly confederate slavemongers combine, the more firmly good Republicans should unite." Moreover, England was then, as ever, an imperial country. The doctrine of secession could not consistently be adopted by an empire.

Punch applauded that portion of Lincoln's first inaugural which, in Punch's own words, aimed "to enforce upon fools and madmen the necessity of acquiescence by minorities in the decision of majorities." It asked if it were not quite true that "there is no end to secession, and the end of secession will be for the secessionists an end of everything. Seceders will go on seceding and subsceding hotel, seems miles away from that patched and tattered scape-grace Villon. Nevertheless, it needs but a few minutes' talk with him to be impressed with the fact that Mr. Watson is quite as thoroughly imbued with the idealism of his craft as those of his brethren who have tuned their lyres in the seclusion of a garret, and that he takes, besides, a very keen and practical interest in the affairs of the world around him.

Evidently sharing his views, and certainly strengthening and expanding them through her delightful enthusiasm and keen-witted comment, is Mrs. Watson, who must linger in the memory of the visitor as a charming, ideal picture of a poet's wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson, since their arrival here, have expressed surprise at the contrast which they profess to find in the general interest in literature as shown in this country and the apathy toward the same subject as evinced by the average Englishman. This apathy Mr. Watson is inclined to consider a comparatively recent feature in the intellectual life



"The American Difficulty"—Punch's First Cartoon of Lincoln, May 11, 1861.

of his country. That it is widespread, noticeably in places where one would least expect to find it, he is emphatic in declaring.

"Lord John Morley, whom I consider the greatest living exponent of literature," he said to a representative of THE SUNDAY TIMES, "has told me of his amazement at the dearth of books which he has noticed during his visits at the country houses of his friends. On the drawing room centretables of these places, where, in years gone by, one would have at hand a plentiful supply of excellent reading, there is now absolutely nothing of any solid value—simply a mass of trivialities, light periodicals, fiction of the most ephemeral type that is being produced in these days—nothing that merits study, or could in any way be classed as serious literature."

"Perhaps really good literature is not being produced just now?" was suggested.

"I won't say that. In the first place, I don't care to enter into a controversy with some of my contemporaries—which I certainly would be forced to do if I made any such sweeping assertion. And then—I read very little of our current literature. My literary studies and idols are in the past, and therefore I would

hardly sit in judgment on what is being done to-day."

"Arnold Bennett, who has recently paid us a visit, says—"

"Dear! Dear!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Watson, with ironical laughter. Then the poet's wife added, with a mischievous twinkle in her violet eyes, "We have never heard so much Arnold Bennett before—he is scarcely heard of in England, you know. But, what did he say?"

"Something to the effect that since the days of Richardson we have had no great novelists—"

"Dear me, how sad that is!" commented Mrs. Watson parenthetically, while her husband nodded in sympathy.

"That Scott is mainly to blame for the decadence of English fiction; that Dickens and Thackeray were really very second-rate writers, following a bad school of art, and that the first true writer of fiction since Richardson—with the possible exception of Jane Austen—is George Moore."

"George Moore!" The exclamation from Mrs. Watson, and the delighted chuckle from her husband, were worth a volume of comment. "Really, that is all very interesting," said Mrs. Watson ironically. "But when was it, or how

was it, that Mr. Bennett gained his popularity here?"

"A few years ago he was not much known. With the appearance of 'The Old Wives' Tale' he won his public, and has kept it ever since."

"It really is delightful, the interest which you Americans take in these literary matters," said Mrs. Watson with genuine enthusiasm. "In England people are quite indifferent—or ignorant of what is going on in the world of let-

lumbia," and the accompanying poem by Tom Taylor on "Abraham Lincoln, Foully Assassinated April 14, 1865," whose gist is summed up in this stanza:

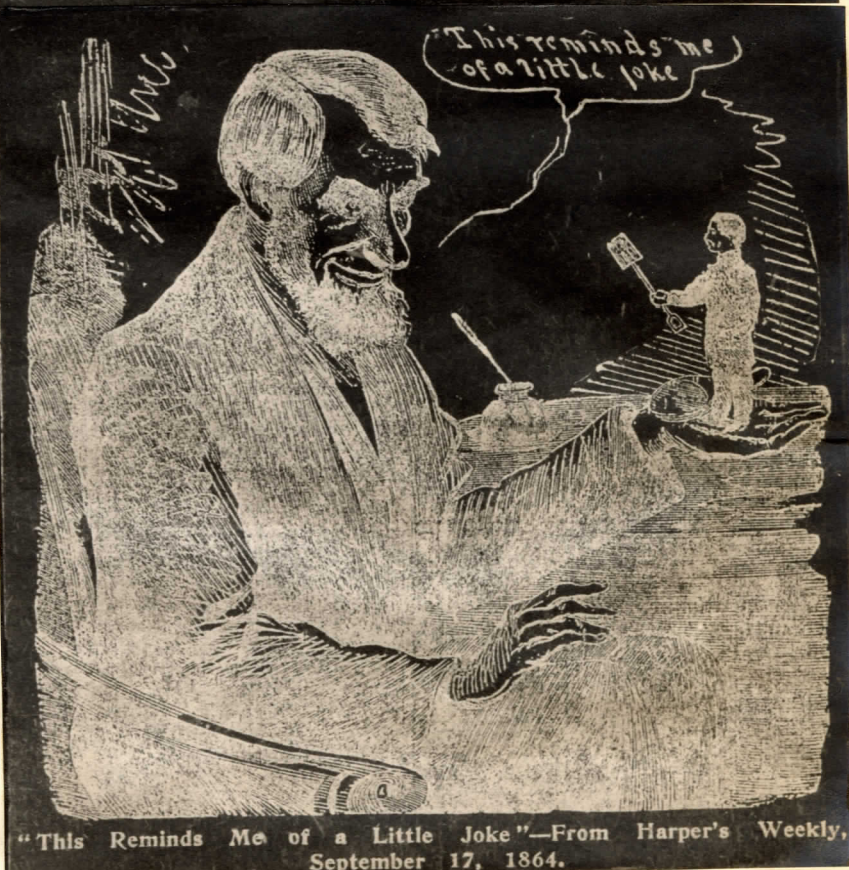
Yes, he had lived to shame me from
my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my
pen—
To make me own this hind of princes
peer,
This rallsplitter a true-born king of
men.

That this poem made a profound impression in the United States is undoubted. It has been opined that it was instrumental in avoiding an imminent war between Great Britain and the United States.

Perhaps the effect would have been less if we on this side had known how grudgingly the amende was offered. It was not until a few years ago that Mr. A. H. Layard in his "Life of Shirley Brooks" invited us to peep behind the Punch curtain. He shows us that the editorial staff of the paper was bitterly divided on the matter, Shirley himself leading the opposition, and he quotes in confirmation these jottings from that gentleman's diary: "Dined Punch. All there. Let out my views against some verses on Lincoln in which T. T. had not only made a eat humble pie, but swallow dish and all."



"Britannia Sympathizes With Columbia"—Punch's Apology to the Martyr President May 6, 1865.



"This Reminds Me of a Little Joke"—From Harper's Weekly, September 17, 1864.



"Long Abraham a Little Longer"
—From Harper's Weekly, No-
vember 26, 1864.

The Only Descendants of Lincoln.

THE only living child of Abraham Lincoln lives in Chicago, at No. 60 Lake Shore Drive, in a home which is quite as much of a mansion as was the White House in the days that Abraham Lincoln was president. He is Robert T. Lincoln, and when he dies there will come an end to the name—for he leaves no male children to hand it down to posterity.

The Lincoln of to-day and the Lincoln of history—the son and the father—are widely different men. History is full of happy anecdotes that centre around Abraham Lincoln's accessibility and affability. His son is one of the ten hardest men to see in Chicago.

Once, a good many years ago, he was asked on the eve of one of his father's birthday celebrations for a sentiment.

"Young man," he replied, "don't you know that I never talk about my father?"

And for more than forty years that has been his attitude. He not only refuses to speak of Abraham Lincoln, but he refuses to write about him. He declines invitations to Lincoln Day banquets and celebrations. He never has taken part in memorial exercises for his father.

Mr. Lincoln has his own reasons for his position. He never discusses those reasons though.

Robert T. Lincoln is the antithesis of his father in many ways. Stocky, full-faced and bearded, with nothing of his father's angularity of figure nor leanness of countenance, the Lincoln of to-day never would be picked out of even a dozen people as the son of the great emancipator. Neither has he the distaste of luxury that was one of Abraham Lincoln's predominant characteristics, nor the love of simplicity, nor the homely manners of his great father.

Robert T. Lincoln is a type of the big successful corporation head of to-day, with little in common with his father except the same profession. Like his father, Robert T. Lincoln is a lawyer, but not a practising lawyer.

By a strange caprice of fate this son of the freer of slaves is, among other things, head of the Pullman Palace Car Company, which employs more negroes than white men, probably. Besides this office, Mr. Lincoln holds half a dozen or more directorships in corporations and other business institutions.

He was born in Springfield August 1, 1843, and spent his boyhood there. He got his preparatory education at the Phillip Exeter Academy and his classical education at Harvard, graduating with the degree B. A. in 1864.

After his graduation he entered the law school at Harvard, but left shortly afterward to enter the army. He was recommended by General Grant for a captain's commission, and, as captain, was attached to General Grant's staff, and soon became Grant's Assistant Adjutant-General.

When the war ended he left the army and came to Chicago to live and resumed his study

of law with J. Young Scammon, and was admitted to the bar February 25, 1871. He immediately went to Europe.

After a period there he returned and became associated in business with Edward S. Isham in 1872, and later William G. Beale was admitted to partnership in the firm. The firm became Isham, Lincoln & Beale, and as a member of the firm Mr. Lincoln became general counsel for the Pullman Palace Car Company.

When George W. Pullman died Mr. Lincoln was elected to the presidency, and has held that office ever since.

Like his father, Mr. Lincoln has dabbled in politics—but only dabbled. He was elected supervisor of the town of South Chicago in 1876 and served one term. During that term, however, he was active, and a gang of corrupt politicians that had held sway for years was broken up and its members were ousted.

As a member of the Cook County delegation to the Republican State Convention in 1880 Mr. Lincoln was chosen as an elector, and the next year he became Secretary of War under President Garfield's administration.

Later, when President Harrison was elected, Mr. Lincoln was made Minister to England. This was in 1889, and he remained there until 1893, when he returned to America.

In 1884 there was some talk of him as a Presidential possibility against President Arthur, but Mr. Lincoln declined to permit his name to be placed before the convention, and that settled the matter.

Mr. Lincoln married young. His wife was Mary Harlan, daughter of the United States Senator from Iowa, and three children have been born to the couple. Of these three, two are alive—the only son, Abraham, who was born in 1873, having died in London in 1890, during his father's term as Minister to England.

The young man, never strong, died suddenly, despite the care that was lavished upon him. He was the last male descendant of Abraham Lincoln. With his death went the hope of perpetuating the name, for he was the only son, and no male children have been born since.

The other two children, Mary Lincoln, now Mrs. Mary Isham, of New York, born in 1869, and Jessie, now Mrs. Jessie Beckwith, born in 1875, are both alive.

Mr. Lincoln is not a well-known man. Comparatively speaking, there are few people in Chicago who know that among them dwells the only son of Abraham Lincoln.

And Mr. Lincoln is glad to have it so. He has educated the authorities of the schools and the ministers who would be glad to have him with them on Lincoln Day celebrations and they do not invite him to break his rule of life. The same is true at the clubs to which he belongs. While not an active clubman Mr. Lincoln retains memberships in the Union, Harvard, Chicago Golf, University, Chicago and Chicago Athletic clubs.

Mr. Lincoln is kept pretty busy, for in addition to his duties as president of the Pullman Palace Car Company, he has the duties that devolve upon him from these positions—vice-president of the Commonwealth Edison Company, trustee of the American Surety Company, director of the Chicago Telephone Company, of the Commercial National Bank and of the Pullman Loan & Savings Bank.

Socially Mr. Lincoln is a pleasant man and his wife is a charming woman. They move in a select circle that does not include and is not included in the inner circle of Chicago's society. They are not "society people." They live quietly, entertain quietly and travel extensively, but their names seldom are in the list of guests at the big functions of the city.

Among his friends Mr. Lincoln is known as a quiet man, but a "good fellow," reserved, dignified, pleasant, even genial to some, and loyal in his friendship when he gives it.

Premonition of Death in His Dream.

It was on the evening of April 14, 1865, that the shot was fired which ended Lincoln's great career. Curiously enough Mr. Lincoln had a presentiment all that fateful day that something ominous and important was impending, owing to a dream which he had the night before.

This is all the more remarkable because all Washington was rejoicing over the news of the uninterrupted series of victories that had been coming in for over a week past. Lee had surrendered, Richmond had fallen, Petersburg had been evacuated, Jefferson Davis had fled, and Mobile had been seized by the victorious forces in the far South.

Yet, in spite of the all-pervading joy, there was a cloud on Lincoln's mind. That morning at the breakfast table in the White House he told of his dream. At the family board was his son, Captain Robert T. Lincoln, who was then aide-de-camp on General Grant's staff, and had just come in from camp.

Soon after breakfast there was a Cabinet meeting and Mr. Lincoln again repeated his dream, which Secretary Welles, of the Navy Department, related as follows:

"Mr. Lincoln said that he dreamed that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore. He thought it must be something that was going to happen to General Sherman or his army because he had been thinking of Sherman the night before and was anxious about him, as Sherman's division was the only one that still had a hostile army to contend with, for, added Mr. Lincoln, 'I know of no other important event that is likely to happen.'"

But as the day wore on he seemed to dismiss this gloomy presentiment from his mind, and Secretary Stanton, noticing this, remarked afterward:

"He was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him; rejoiced at the near prospect of a firm and durable peace at home and abroad. The kindness and humanity of his disposition and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him were never more apparent."

Late in the afternoon the President went for a drive, according to his usual custom, and was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln. By that time the melancholy thoughts of the morning seem to have disappeared, for he said to his wife:

"Mary, we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington, but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid up some money, and during this term we will try to save up some more, but we shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois and I will open up a law office at Springfield or Chicago and practise law, and at least do enough to give us a livelihood."

So far had the President's mind become relieved that he gave himself up to pleasure for the rest of the day. Governor Oglesby, writing of that last eventful day, said:

"Lincoln, just before dinner got to reading some humorous book. I think it was 'John Phoenix.' They kept sending for him to come to dinner. He promised each time to go, but would keep on reading the book. Finally he got a

sort of peremptory order that he must come to dinner at once. It was explained to me by the old man at the door that they were going to have a little dinner party and then go to the theatre."

The Presidential party arrived at the theatre late, but the audience was anticipating their arrival, for it had been announced in the afternoon papers that the President, his wife and Gen. Grant and Mrs. Grant would be present at the benefit performance to be tendered Laura Keane.

The play stopped upon Mr. Lincoln's entrance, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," while the audience cheered wildly. The play was a comedy—"Our American Cousin"—and the President seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. He laughed heartily at the jokes and conversed humorously between the first and second and third acts.

In the second scene of the third act a man opened the door of the President's box so softly that no one heard him and entered the box, but the people in the box were so intent on the play that they did not notice him. This dark figure was the embodiment of the President's awful dream, but he was then oblivious to it. Then came the shot, heard not only round the world, but that will echo down through all human history.