

# REAL LINCOLN PLOT.

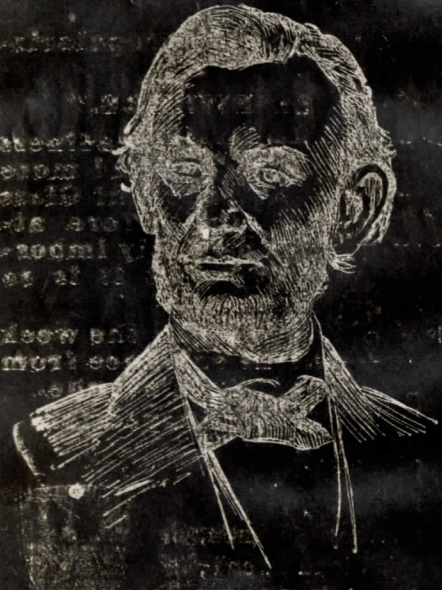
## Arnold, One Conspirator, Tells the Story.

### REVELATION AFTER 37 YEARS.

#### There Were Eight in It and Only Two Are Now Alive.

One of Them Confesses the Abduction That Was Planned When Booth's Insane Hatred Led Him to Murder—His Narrative After Prison in the Dry Tortugas and Long Years of Bitterness—Mrs. Surratt Innocent, He Says—The Vain Attempts to Save Her.

A most important and interesting document, dealing with the stirring events just preceding and subsequent to the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, has come into the possession of THE SUN and will be presented to its readers in serial form. The author is Samuel Bland Arnold, one of the famous Lincoln conspirators who, now, for the first time, at the age of



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

68, unseals the lips pledged to secrecy before the kidnaping plot was consummated, to tell all of the facts in the most minute detail of that history-making epoch.

Arnold's manuscript unfolds a wonderful story of plots to capture the Chief Executive of the nation and convey him within



ARNOLD AND HIS FEATHERED PETS.



ARNOLD'S HOME.

the Confederate lines, conceived under the supposed impulse of patriotism to the South; of passion stirred to the depths by civil strife and of imprisonment, cruelty and torture.

"It has not been written through malice or vindictiveness; I have confined myself to the truth," says Arnold, after a recitation of circumstances which, in these days, when the last traces of the bitterness of war have been swept aside forever, read like the revelation of some horrible nightmare, impossible of reality.

#### SECRET KEPT MANY YEARS.

As late as Oct. 17 last Mr. Arnold was firm and determined not to give the manuscript of his confession for publication. On that date, in answer to a letter of a relative asking that he make the story public in order that his side of the conspiracy might stand against that of his prosecutors, he wrote as follows:

"I received yours of the 10th instant, and owing to indisposition could not answer until now. I have perused your letter carefully, and duly considered your propositions, and I see no reason why I should reopen an issue settled in the public mind now nearly forty years.

"Justice is no part of the human race. To tear a man's character to pieces and to drag his name in the mire and flim is more eagerly sought after than to elevate him. The lies placed on the pages of history can never be removed, nor would they even if Jesus Christ came to appear as a witness for you. Why, then, should I speak?

"I, who know nothing in regard to the affair, beyond the sufferings and inhuman punishment heaped upon me by the United States Government, the tortures inflicted surpassing the inquisition in Spain, before even guilt or innocence had been established, though that lynch law commission convened not to mete out justice, but condemnation, to appease the public cry for vengeance; I have quietly borne my sufferings these forty years, and propose doing so until the end, when, no doubt, I will be confronted with the members of the court and its prosecutors, when the guilt and innocence of both victim and court will be unraveled, and the truth established as to who were the authors direct of the subordination of the perjuries committed in our trial.

#### "A BURNT CHILD DREADS THE FIRE."

"The man, the pigmy, under the protection of the law, gained the point, and condemned innocent persons to death and imprisonment—they gratified their ambition and shed innocent blood without a shudder—but before God's tribunal they will be made to answer and the murderers and assassins will be known.

"I will not permit any one to interview me—I would not verbally speak to any man upon the subject—for a burnt child dreads the fire. When arrested I spoke but five words, which were reported just the reverse as spoken, the witness not looking to the innocence of the man, but desirous of proving guilt, to gain a portion of the huge reward offered for apprehension and conviction. He even put in his claim, but through my father and Mr. Maulsby, his claim was turned down.

"Under existing circumstances I shall forever keep my lips closed to interviewers, and, should I ever come before the public, it shall be in black and white, sworn to before a notary public. Of course I know nothing of the assassination plot. The kidnapping was of such a quixotic nature that there is nothing in it and with the last no overt act was committed, therefore, no proceedings could be established under the law. I will cease to write of the harrowing subject, it but angers me."

#### ARNOLD'S BITTERNESS.

In a subsequent letter, consenting to the publication of his manuscript, Mr. Arnold says, in part:

"My guilt was but a thought; the Government made it a crime. Thoughts exist in the minds of men, but remain dormant, never coming to the surface, never executed, hence to make such a crime, in my particular case, would make it criminal in the case of all. However, such a thing will not hold good in law.

"In my statement I deal with facts alone—indisputable facts. They describe the horrible tortures inflicted before, during, and after trial; in fact, condemned before any kind of evidence had been adduced before the court. It also describes the dreadful scenes witnessed during my incarceration at the Dry Tortugas, giving in detail those acts, besides the officers who perpetrated them.

"Neither malice nor prejudice prompts my action. No man in this land loves his country more than I do. None is more patriotic, none more just, honorable or truthful, possessing a heart of kindness and tenderness equal to that of woman. I can produce witnesses of the very best blood and standing in the State to vouch for my manhood. They have known me from my earliest boyhood, and can vouch for my purity of heart. To-day in my old age I am by them respected and loved.

"The cloud which for nearly forty years had hung over my head prevented me from obtaining lucrative employment, besides it so shadowed my life that I had almost become a misanthropist. I was never better satisfied than in my own seclusion and retirement. My treatment had been of such a nature that I had no desire to mix with mankind. I had lost all confidence in the human race. Now going on 69 years of age, my health is shattered and crippled from rheumatism, contracted during my incarceration. I have passed the age to ever find employment to bridge over the short span between the present and my death."

#### THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

The manuscript of Arnold has been in preparation during a long period of years. That part in which an account is given of the inception of the plots to kidnap President Lincoln, with their successive failures and the reasons therefore, giving names, dates and locations connected therewith, was written in the year 1867, while Arnold was confined in the Dry Tortugas, Fla., and attested to before a notary of the public and a special commissioner appointed by the Congressional Commission to investigate into the circumstances surround-

ing the assassination of the President. A second part of the same document gives a succession of questions put to Arnold by the notary public.

Then the writings stopped for many years. But in the early '90s Arnold began the task of writing the entire story of his life.

After his release from the Dry Tortugas he had dropped from the public eye, and even in Baltimore little was known of him in recent years. Until six years ago he resided in this city, and to those who did find him he always refused to open his lips. The knowledge that he had prepared a statement of his experiences to be given out after his death was prevalent in a narrow circle at first, and gradually, without even knowing where Arnold was to be found, it extended to other parts of the country.

#### LAST OF THE EIGHT CONSPIRATORS.

Some weeks ago another Samuel Arnold died in Anne Arundel county, Maryland, and the story was erroneously published in some parts of the country that the Arnold of the Lincoln conspiracy had passed away. Inquiries revealed that Samuel Bland Arnold was still alive, living quietly on a farm in an out-of-the-way part of Maryland.

Of the eight men who, according to the story of Arnold, conspired together to abduct President Lincoln, but two survive—Arnold and John H. Surratt, who now lives in Baltimore. Mr. Surratt is the son of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, who was one of those hanged in the arsenal at Washington for the murder of Lincoln, and is now regarded by many as having been innocent of the crime for which she suffered the death penalty.

John Wilkes Booth, the actual murderer of Lincoln, was shot and killed while resisting capture in a barn in northern Virginia. David E. Herold, who was captured alive, and Lewis Payne and George A. Atzerodt, went to their death on the scaffold with Mrs. Surratt, Samuel B. Arnold, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, Michael O'Laughlin and Edward Spangler were tried for the murder of the President with others, and except the last named, who was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, were sentenced to life imprisonment in the Dry Tortugas.

Of these men Arnold alone lives. All of them were pardoned by President Johnson in 1869.

Surratt fled the country after the assassination of President Lincoln. He was in Elmira, N. Y., when the assassination took place, and he vanished from sight in spite of the utmost endeavors of Government detectives to arrest him, and was not heard of again for two years. Without a cent in his pocket, Surratt, with an unknown companion, reached St. Albans, Vt., and then walked to Franklin, on the other side of the line.

#### HE WHO ESCAPED.

Once having found an asylum in Canada, Surratt secured funds and remained in Montreal for some time. Feeling that he could not long remain secreted with the American detectives swarming in Canada, Surratt took passage for England, and from there went to Rome. He enlisted in the Papal Zouaves, and was arrested while in that command. Surratt got away from his captors and finally reached Naples.

There he succeeded in shipping aboard a fishing sloop bound for Messina, and reached Alexandria by that means. His purpose was, after reaching Cairo, to make his way to upper Egypt, where he would be away from the touch of civilization. The American Consul at Cairo, however, was on the look out, and Surratt was again arrested soon after his arrival there.

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He was sent home on the United States steamship Swatara, returned to Washington, where he was tried. The two years which had elapsed since his flight had calmed down public indignation, however, and the jury disagreed.

#### PLOT WITHIN A PLOT.

That Arnold had no part in the actual assassination, he having left Washington and being employed at Old Point Comfort as a clerk, when that great crime was committed, has long since received practical acknowledgment at the hands of the public. In his statement now given out he tells what he says is the entire and true story of the affair as far as his knowledge extends. Knowledge of a plan to assassinate President Lincoln he confines to Booth, Payne, Atzerodt and Herold, and he holds Mrs. Surratt entirely guiltless of the crime of which she was charged, and for which she suffered the death penalty.

Probably the most remarkable part of the story of Arnold, as told by himself, is the recital of cruelties which he says were practised upon himself and other prisoners of the Government, as well as upon soldiers themselves at the Dry Tortugas, which he describes as a veritable hell on earth. These events, he says, he recorded from day to day in a diary, from which this later manuscript was compiled.

The story of the cruelties as set down

by Arnold in his diary received the support of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd in this letter:

FORT JEFFERSON, Fla., Nov. 25, 1865.  
I have read the statement in regard to the treatment of Arnold, O'Laughlin, Spangler, Colonel Grenfell and Mudd, and all representations are substantially correct.

Very respectfully, etc.,  
SAMUEL A. MUDD.

#### LETTER CAUSED ARNOLD'S ARREST.

Arnold's arrest was brought about by the finding of a letter in the trunk of John Wilkes Booth, after the assassination. While at the time this letter was seized upon by the prosecution as strong evidence against Arnold, it will probably be regarded in the future as supporting Arnold's claim that his part in the conspiracy was to abduct Lincoln, that he had even practically abandoned the idea of this, and that the letter was intended to dissuade Booth from that scheme.

The letter as recorded at the trial was as follows:

HOOKSTOWN, Baltimore Co., March 27, 1865.  
DEAR JOHN: Was business so important that you could not remain in Baltimore till I saw you? I came in as soon as I could, but found you had gone to W—n. I called also to see Mike, but learned from his mother he had gone out with you, and had not returned. I concluded, therefore, he had gone with you. How inconsiderate you have been! When I left you, you stated we would not meet in a month or so. Therefore, I made application for employment, an answer

to which I shall receive during the week. I told my parents I had ceased with you. Can I, then, under existing circumstances, come as you request? You know full that the G—t suspicions something is going on there; therefore, the undertaking is becoming more complicated. Why not, for the present, desist, for various reasons, which if you look into, you can readily see, without my making any mention thereof.

You, nor any one, can censure me for my present course. You have been its cause, for how can I now come after telling them I had left you? Suspicion rests upon me now, for my whole family, and even parties in the county. I will be compelled to leave my home anyhow, and how soon, I care not. None, no not one, were more in favor of the enterprise than myself, and to-day would be there, had you not done as you have—by this I mean manner of proceeding.

I am, as you well know, in need. I am, you may say, in rags, whereas, to-day I ought to be well clothed. I do not feel right stalking about with means, and more from appearances a beggar. I feel my dependence, but even all this would be and was forgotten for I was one with you. Time more propitious will arrive.

Do not act rashly or in haste. I would prefer your first query; go and see how it will be taken at R—d, and ere long I shall be better prepared to again be with you. I dislike writing; would sooner verbally make known my views; yet your non-writing causes me thus to proceed.

Do not in anger peruse this. Weigh all I have said, and, as a rational man and a friend, you cannot censure or upbraid my conduct. I sincerely trust this, nor ought else that shall or may occur, will ever be an obstacle to obliterate our former friendship and attachment. Write me to Baltimore, as I expect to be in about Wednesday or Thursday, or, if you can possibly come on, I will Tuesday meet you in Baltimore, at B—. Ever I subscribe myself, Your friend,  
SAM.

#### SCENE AT THE ASSASSINATION.

President Lincoln was shot on the night of the 14th of April, 1865, while at Ford's Theatre in Washington, to witness the performance of "The American Cousin." The Chief Executive of the nation lingered until twenty-two minutes past 7 o'clock on the morning of April 15, 1865, when death came.

While the second scene of the third act was being performed the audience was startled by hearing the discharge of a pistol. Booth had entered the box, and, while standing between the door and the President, fired the fatal shot, with an exclamation which is said to have been "Freedom." Major Henry P. Rathbone, who was in the box, grappled with Booth, but the actor wrenched himself from his grasp and at the same time wounded that officer in the left arm with a knife.

Booth rushed to the front of the box and leaped over the railing to the stage. In jumping, Booth used a flag hanging by the box to aid himself in the leap, owing at the same time *Sic semper tyrannis*. The assassin ran out of the back door of the theatre, where a horse was waiting, and, although his leg had been broken, he made good his escape for the time.

#### THE ARRESTS.

Arnold takes upon his own shoulders, in conjunction with Booth, Atzerodt, Payne, O'Laughlin, Herold, Surratt and Spangler, the entire responsibility of a number of plots to abduct or kidnap President Lincoln, and he exonerates from all complicity in these plots, or in the assassination, which he described as but the product of a few hours, the Confederate States Government or its higher officials. During the trial the prosecution endeavored to bring out statements to that end, and the early histories of Lincoln and his untimely end gave wide credence to this theory.

After Booth's escape large rewards were speedily offered for the capture of the chief assassin and of his principal known accomplices, Atzerodt and Herold. Booth and his companion, Herold, were traced through the counties of Prince George, Charles and St. Mary's, Md., and finally across the Potomac, in King George and Caroline counties, in Virginia.

They had crossed the Rappahannock at Port Conway and had advanced some distance toward Bowling Green. By the aid of information obtained from negroes, and



SAMUEL BLAND ARNOLD.

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a paroled rebel prisoner, they were finally found in a barn on a Mr. Garrett's place early in the morning of April 6. Herold surrendered. Booth, defiant to the last, was shot by Sergt. Boston Corbett of the cavalry force in pursuit of the fugitives, and lived but a few hours, ending his life in miserable agony.

Dr. Mudd, who harbored Booth the day after the assassination, set the broken leg and helped him on his way; Payne, who attempted to kill Secretary Seward; Arnold, whose letter to Booth, found in the latter's trunk, signed "Sam," showed his connection with the conspiracy; and Mrs. Surratt, at whose house some of the conspirators were wont to meet, and who was charged with aiding the escape of Booth—all these were arrested soon after the assassination.

ATTEMPTS TO SAVE MRS. SURRATT.

Great interest has always centred about

the case of Mrs. Surratt, and there are many firm believers in her innocence of any criminal knowledge concerning the assassination plot. In years after the close of the war, when the bitterness of that great strife had passed away, much publicity was given her case from time to time, and many of those who were connected with the trial in official capacity were made objects of attack.

John P. Brophy, who at the time of the trial was an instructor at St. Aloysius's College in Washington, saw Mrs. Surratt in prison after her condemnation and she asked him to undertake at some future time, when the passions of the war were cooled, the task of clearing her name of the crime, of which she earnestly protested her innocence. This Mr. Brophy promised to do. Weichman, the chief witness for the prosecution had already expressed the opinion that she was innocent, and this statement had been forwarded to President Johnson. After leaving her Mr. Brophy went to see Lewis Payne Powell, known throughout the conspiracy as Lewis Payne, who was, after Booth, the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of all the conspirators. He retained to the last the stoical cynicism which he had shown from the first. In this mood Mr. Brophy found him a few hours before he was hanged.

To his own impending fate Powell told Mr. Brophy he was utterly indifferent. He had played his part in the tragedy and was ready to take the consequences of an act which he in no way regretted.

But when he spoke of Mrs. Surratt all trace of affectation disappeared. He protested by all he held most sacred that she was as innocent of the plot against Mr. Lincoln as a child unborn. Powell's manner was so earnest and so convincing that it made a profound impression upon Mr. Brophy.

STRUGGLE FOR A REPRIEVE.

It was then about 9 o'clock in the morning. The execution was to take place between 11 A. M. and 1 P. M. Mr. Brophy, from Powell's cell, hurried straight to Gen. Hartranft, afterward Governor of Pennsylvania, and then the Provost Marshal-General in having full charge of the execution. He earnestly besought Gen. Hartranft to go to Powell and hear what he had to say. This Gen. Hartranft did, and came back impressed, as Mr. Brophy had been.

"I will furnish you an army conveyance and swift horses," he said. "Take it and drive like mad to the White House and give the President this note. I will delay the

execution until the last moment or until I hear from you definitely and positively what the President's answer is."

The note was a strong plea for a reprieve for Mrs. Surratt. With it in his pocket Mr. Brophy drove on a gallop to the White House. Here almost the first person he saw was Miss Anna Surratt, daughter of the condemned woman, who for hours had been at the Executive Mansion trying to get access to the President to plead for her mother's life.

MRS. DOUGLAS'S BRAVERY.

Two men barred the way to all who wished to get at President Johnson. These were Preston King and Gen. James Lane.

Those who believed that justice had been done in the conviction of the conspirators did not want an appeal to the President's sympathy to succeed.

Mr. Brophy tried to get past the guards, but he tried in vain. He tried to get Gen. Hartranft's note sent to the President. In that also he failed.

He was at the verge of despair when a fine carriage dashed up to the White House entrance and out of it hurried the beautiful Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, wife of Lincoln's old-time rival out in Illinois, the "Little Giant."

Mrs. Douglas, too, had come to plead Mrs. Surratt's case. Mr. Brophy was by her side in an instant telling her his errand and entreating her to get him access to the President. Mrs. Douglas dashed straight at the bayonets of the soldiers at the door and they lowered before her.

The civilian guards beyond the bayonets tried to stop her, but she swept them scornfully aside with an imperious gesture. What no one else in all that crucial forenoon could do was precisely the thing which Mrs. Douglas did. She got to the President.

DAUGHTER'S PITEOUS PLEA.

But there her triumph ceased. She entered the room with her face flushed with energy and hope. She came out of it with



ARNOLD WITH HIS FAVORITE DOG.

bitter, hopeless, disappointment in her every feature and every movement. She looked at the tear-stained face of the girl whose mother's life was trembling in the balance and could only shake her head.

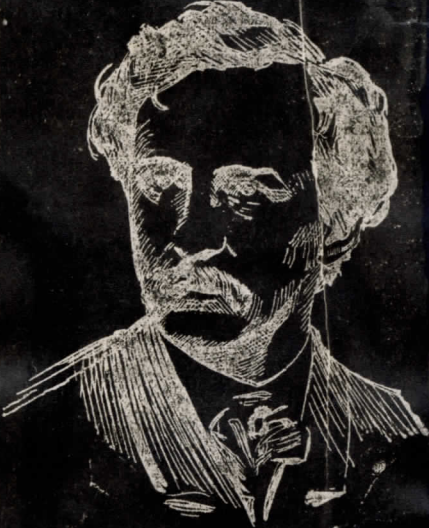
"Oh, don't give up so!" sobbed Miss Surratt. "Don't, don't! Oh, do go to him again. He won't refuse you. He can't. Do go to him again!"

"Show him Gen. Hartranft's note again," cried Mr. Brophy. "Ask him if he got the statement I sent him of Weichman's confession to me. Make another appeal to him, Mrs. Douglas."

"I will," said the spirited woman. "I will, though I feel that it is of little use."

#### THE FINAL FAILURE.

Past the bayonets, past the guards, she once more forced her way to the President's



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

presence. But President Johnson firmly refused to intervene. The statement of Weichman, he said, had come to him. It was wholly without weight. With this reply Mrs. Douglas came back.

"We have done what we could, Miss Surratt," said Mr. Brophy to the half-dazed girl. "Come with me if you would see your mother again while she lives."

So into the army carriage waiting at the door Miss Surratt and Mr. Brophy got and again there was a mad gallop through the Washington streets to the arsenal. The crowd that surged around that building reached blocks away and was impenetrable. It was a complete blockade.

The minutes were flying. The time which would mark the limit when mother and daughter never would meet again this side of the grave was close at hand. For Miss Surratt and her companion it was a moment of agony as trying as the long wait at the President's door. Once more it seemed a case for sheer despair and once more a carriage came dashing up to the rescue.

#### GEN. HANCOCK'S KINDNESS.

There was a clattering of horses' hoofs, and when Mr. Brophy turned in the direction from which it came he saw a guard of cavalry galloping on each side of a swiftly approaching carriage, in which appeared the soldierly face of Gen. Hancock, then the general in command at Washington. The General saw the confusion about Brophy's carriage, recognized the army vehicle and saw the tear-stained, distracted face of a woman.

He brought his cavalcade to a halt. Then he left his own carriage, walked to that of Miss Surratt, and hat in hand and with the chivalrous dignity which sat so well upon him, asked what the trouble was and what he could do. Mr. Brophy briefly explained

Fort Jefferson Fla  
Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> 65

I have heard read the statement in regard to the treatment of Arnold O'Goughlin, Spangler, Col Greenfill & Mudd & all the representations are substantially correct.

Very Respectfully  
Saml Mudd

#### DR. MUDD'S LETTER REGARDING ARNOLD'S CHARGES.

that it was Miss Surratt trying to speak to her mother once more on earth. The soldier's face flushed and Mr. Brophy is sure there was something very like tears in his eyes as he grasped the pathetic situation.

"Poor child!" he said gently, and then beckoned an officer to him and gave to him an order. Then he returned to his own carriage and the squadron of cavalry formed about both carriages. A lane through the crowd was quickly made and Miss Surratt reached the arsenal and her mother's side in time to bid her a last good-by.

After the execution Miss Surratt went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Brophy, and was married from their house some years afterward.

#### SOME AFTER EFFECTS.

When Gen. Hancock was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency many Southern delegates opposed him, believing that he had been harsh in his measures in reference to Mrs. Surratt. Mr. Brophy went to Gen. Hancock's friends and volunteered to make a statement of the General's action, as related here, as well as of the fact that on the morning of the execution the General had posted a mounted cavalryman on every block between the arsenal and the White House, with orders to bear a reprieve, in case one came for Mrs. Surratt, in relay and at top speed to Gen. Hartranft. With the publication of this statement Southern opposition to Gen. Hancock ceased.

Mrs. Surratt was a Catholic and when Gen. Hartranft ran for Governor of Pennsylvania the fact that he was the Provost Marshal-General in Washington at the time of the execution was used in an effort to unite Catholic opposition to him. Mr. Brophy was on a lecturing tour in Pennsylvania at the time and his narration of the incident of the note to President Johnson and the delayed execution did much to break down this particular scheme on the part of the General's opponents.

A curious climax to the story of the

tragic morning in Washington is the fact that Preston King, one of the men who headed off those who would have pleaded with the President for Mrs. Surratt, committed suicide by filling his pockets full of shot and jumping off a North River ferryboat here, while the other, Gen. Lane, committed suicide by blowing out his brains somewhere in a Western State.

#### ARNOLD'S STORY BEGINS TO-MORROW.

The confession of Arnold consists of about 30,000 words. This has been divided into thirteen chapters, which THE SUN will publish in turn, beginning to-morrow.

In the narrative as set forth by Arnold are some startling assertions. Arnold is their author and they are furnished exclusively for what they are worth.



# THE LINCOLN PLOT.

## Samuel B. Arnold's Long-Delayed Revelation.

### BOOTH'S PLANS AND FAILURES.

#### Story of the Scheming That Ended in Murder.

**Three Was the President to Have Been Abducted and Carried to Confederate Territory, but Each Time the Would-Be Kidnappers Met Disaster—Some of Them Were Faint-Hearted and All But Booth Stopped at Assassination—They Thought the Scheme Abandoned.**

Samuel Bland Arnold begins his life story by telling of his meeting with Booth in September, 1864, and then of the plots to kidnap President Lincoln and the attendant circumstances.

This statement was sworn to before a notary public at Dry Tortugas, Fla., on Dec. 3, 1867. The conditions under which it was drawn up, with its significance, are dealt with by Mr. Arnold in his general statement to follow.

This is the full text of his early confession:

#### ARNOLD'S EARLY CONFESSION.

It was in the latter part of August or about the 1st of September, A. D. 1864, that J. Wilkes Booth, hearing I was in town, sent word to me that he would like to see me at Barnum's Hotel, in the City of Baltimore, at which place he was then stopping. I had not seen Booth since the year 1851, at which time we were fellow students at St. Timothy's Hall, Catonsville, Md., the Rev. L. Van Bokkelen being the president of the said institute.

I called upon him and was kindly received as an old schoolmate and invited to his room. We conversed together, seated by a table, smoking cigars, of past hours of youth and the present war. He said he had heard that I had been South, &c., when a tap on the door was given and O'Laughlin was ushered into the room. O'Laughlin was a former acquaintance of Booth from boyhood up, so he informed me. I was introduced to him, and this was my first acquaintance with O'Laughlin.

In a short time wine was called for by Booth, and we drank and freely conversed together about the war, the present condition of the South, and in regard to the non-exchange of prisoners.

Booth then spoke of the abduction or kidnapping of the President, saying if such could be accomplished, and the President taken to Richmond and held as a hostage, he thought it would bring about an exchange of prisoners. He said the President frequently went to the Soldiers' Home, alone and unguarded, that he could easily be captured on one of these visits and carried to the Potomac, boated across the river and conveyed to Richmond.

#### BOOTH THE MOVING SPIRIT.

These were the ideas advanced by Booth, and he alone was the moving spirit. After a debate of some time, and his pointing out its feasibility, and being under the effects some little of wine, we consented to join him in the enterprise. We alone comprised the entire party to this scheme at that time, as far as my knowledge extends.

We separated that afternoon and I returned to my brother's home, near Hookstown, Baltimore county, Md. Booth stated that he would leave for New York the next day to wind up his affairs and make over his property to different members of his family, reserving enough to carry out his projected scheme, and would soon return.

Booth said he would furnish all the necessary materials to carry out the project. He showed me the different entries in his diary of what his engagements paid him in his profession, and I judge from what I have heard his income therefrom to have been from \$25,000 to \$30,000. He also informed me that he owned property in the oil regions of Pennsylvania and Boston. He was taken sick while at home, and upon his recovery he arranged his business and went to the oil regions, from which place he wrote me, inclosing \$20 for expenses, requesting me to look around and pick out a horse for him.

#### ARMS PURCHASED.

This is all the money I ever received from Booth or any other person in connection with the undertaking. He went from the oil regions to Canada and shipped his wardrobe to Nassau, as he afterward informed me.

Booth returned to Baltimore some time November or December, 1864. He had purchased, while North, some arms to defend himself in case of pursuit, viz.: two carbines, three pairs of revolvers, three knives and two pairs of handcuffs. Fearful that the weight of his trunk might attract attention, he asked me to take part of them, which I did, and sent them to him by express to Washington.

A short time after his return from Canada to Baltimore, he went to the lower counties of Maryland, bordering on the Potomac, as he said, for the purpose of purchasing horses and boats. I met him in Baltimore in January, I think, at which time he purchased the horse that I had selected for him. He also purchased a buggy and harness and said that all was completed and ready to work.

I informed my parents that I was in the

oil business with Booth, to prevent them from knowing the true cause of my association with Booth. O'Laughlin and I drove the buggy to Washington. This was some time in the latter part of December, 1864, or the early part of January, 1865.

#### THE EARLY PREPARATIONS.

We left the horse at Nailor's livery stable, on the avenue, near Thirteenth street, and we went to Rullman's Hotel (kept by Lichau), on Pennsylvania avenue. We remained there a few days and then went to Mitchell's Hotel, near Grover's Theatre, and remained a few days. We went from there and rented a room from Mrs. Van Tyne, 420 D street, and obtained our meals at the Franklin Hotel, at the corner of D and Eighth streets.

We remained there, off and on, until March 20, 1865, during which time I frequently went to Baltimore—nearly every Saturday. O'Laughlin, as a general thing, went and returned with me on these visits.

When in Baltimore I remained at my father's home. When in Washington I spent most of my time at Rullman's Hotel (kept by Lichau), on Pennsylvania avenue, at which place O'Laughlin and myself had acquaintances.

#### FIRST PLAN ABANDONED.

The President having ceased visiting the Soldiers' Home, Booth proposed a plan to abduct him from the theatre by carrying him back off the stage by the back entrance, place him in a buggy which he was to have in attendance, and, during the confusion which would be produced by the turning off of the gas, make good our escape.

I objected to any such arrangement, and plainly pointed out its utter impracticability and told Booth it could not be accomplished. He would listen to no argument I could bring forth, and seemed resolved in carrying out this mad scheme. He endeavored to obtain a man from New York to turn off the gas. In this he failed—so he informed me.

This was in the latter part of January or the early part of February, 1865. Booth at that time was stopping at the National Hotel. About this time I called at his room, accompanied by O'Laughlin, and upon entering was introduced to Surratt under the name, I think, of Cole. This was about 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning, and Booth was still in bed.

This was the first time I ever met Surratt. Surratt left a few moments after we came in, and Booth informed us that he was one of the parties engaged in the abduction and that his name was Surratt.

#### BOOTH'S MOTHER'S DREAM.

About this time Booth told me he had received a letter from his mother in which she stated that she had fearful dreams about him. She sent his brother, Junius Brutus, to Washington to persuade him to come home, so Booth told me.

Booth told me that he did not wish his brother to know how many horses he had, as he knew that his brother would ask for an explanation as to why he kept so many. He asked me then to go down to

Cleaver's stable, and I did so. He told Mr. Cleaver that I had purchased the horse, and he was turned over to me.

About a week afterward I went to the stable, paid the livery on the horse and rode him up to the corner of D and Eighth streets and turned him over either to O'Laughlin or Booth. I never saw the horse afterward. Booth afterward repaid me for the board of the horse.

#### MEETING OF THE PLOTTERS.

Booth was absent from the city of Washington for the best part of the month of February. On his return he stated that he had been to New York.

On the night of March 15, 1865, about 12 or 12:30 o'clock, O'Laughlin and myself were about leaving Rullman's Hotel, on our way to our room, when Booth sent a messenger (Herold), who at that time was unknown to me, requesting us to accompany Herold to Gotier's eating saloon. (Herold, I learned from O'Laughlin, had been introduced to him that day by Booth during their buggy ride.)

We accordingly went up and were ushered into the room, where, seated around a table, were Booth, Surratt, Atzerodt, alias Port Tobacco, and Payne, alias Mosby, all of whom, with the exception of Booth and Surratt, I had never seen nor heard of before. We were then formally introduced.

Oysters, liquors and cigars were obtained. Booth then remarked that those gathered were the parties engaged to assist in the abduction of the President. The plan of abducting him from the theatre was then introduced and discoursed upon, Booth saying that if it could not be done from the lower box it could from the upper one.

#### THE PARTS ALOTTED.

He set forth the part he wished each one to perform. He and Payne, alias Mosby, were to seize the President in the box, O'Laughlin and Herold to put out the gas, I was to jump upon the stage and assist them as he was lowered down from the box, and Surratt and Atzerodt, alias Port Tobacco, were to be on the other side of the Eastern Branch bridge to act as pilots and to assist in conveying him to the boats which had been purchased by Booth. Booth said everything was in readiness.

The gist of the conversation during the meeting was as to whether it could or could not be accomplished in the manner proposed.

After listening to Booth and the others I firmly protested and objected to the whole scheme, and told them of its utter impracticability. I stated that prisoners were being exchanged and that the object of the abduction had been accomplished; that patriotism was the motive that prompted me in joining the scheme, not ambition, and that I wanted a shadow of a chance for my life and that I intended having it.

#### BOOTH THREATENED BACKSLIDERS.

Then an angry discussion arose between Booth and myself, in which he threatened to shoot me. I told him that two could play at that game, and before them all expressed my firm determination to have nothing more to do with it after that week.

About 5 o'clock in the morning the meeting broke up and O'Laughlin and myself went to our room at Mrs. Van Tyne's.

The next day, as I was standing in front of Rullman's Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue, in company with O'Laughlin, Booth came riding by on horseback and stopped and called O'Laughlin. He conversed with him a short time and then O'Laughlin returned, saying that Booth wanted to see me.

I went to the curb and met him. Booth apologized to me for the words he had used at the meeting, remarking that he

thought that I must have been drunk in making the objections that I did in reference to his proposed plan of carrying out the abduction.

I told him no—drunkenness was on his and his party's part; that I was never more sober in my life and that what I said the night before I meant, and that the week would end my connection with the affair.

#### ANOTHER PLAN HATCHED.

On March 17, 1865, about 2 o'clock, Booth and Herold met O'Laughlin and myself. Booth stated that he was told that the President was going to attend a theatrical performance out on Seventh street at a soldiers' encampment or hospital at the outer edge of the city.

Booth had previously sent a small, black box, containing two carbines, a monkey wrench, ammunition and four pieces of rope, by the porter of the National Hotel to our room at Mrs. Van Tyne's. Not wishing it to remain in our room, O'Laughlin sent the box to an acquaintance of his in Washington. This box was sent to our room in the early part of March, 1865, I think, and was removed in about a week or ten days.

After Booth and Herold met O'Laughlin and myself and made arrangements to go out to the performance on Seventh street, Booth, Herold and O'Laughlin went for the box containing the two carbines, &c.

The understanding was that Herold was to take the box with Booth's horse and buggy to either Surrattsville or T. B., and there meet us in case the abduction was successful. This was the last time I saw Herold until our trial.

O'Laughlin returned and we took our dinner at the Franklin Hotel, as usual. After dinner we met Booth and accompanied him to the livery stable near the Patent Office, at which place Booth obtained horses for us. O'Laughlin and I then rode to our room on D street and made all our necessary arrangements, each arming himself. O'Laughlin and I then rode out to where the performance was to take place.

#### LINCOLN'S SECOND ESCAPE.

We stopped at a restaurant at the foot of the hill to await the arrival of the other parties. They not arriving as soon as we expected, we remounted our horses and rode out the road about a mile. We then returned and stopped at the same restaurant.

Whilst in there Atzerodt came in, having just arrived with Payne. A short time after, Booth and Surratt came in and we drank together. Booth had made inquiries at the encampment where the performance was to be held, and learned that the President was not there. After telling us this we separated, O'Laughlin and myself riding back to the city together.

Surratt and Booth rode out the road toward the country. O'Laughlin and I left our horses back of the National Hotel, at a livery stable.

#### THE KIDNAPPING ABANDONED.

About 8 o'clock I met Booth and Surratt near the stable. This was the last time I ever saw Surratt, and I never saw Payne after we parted in our ride into the city until the day of our trial.

O'Laughlin and I left Washington on March 20 and went to Baltimore. Booth went to New York, and thus I thought the whole affair abandoned. I then told my family I had ceased business in Washington and had severed my connection with Booth.

My father told me that if I would apply to J. W. Wharton for employment I might obtain it, as Wharton was looking for a clerk the last time he came up from Old Point Comfort, Va., to Baltimore.

#### BOOTH'S PERSISTENCE.

I went to my brother's home at Hookstown, Baltimore county, and I returned March 25 to Baltimore. I was informed at my father's that Booth had called to see me, and left a card requesting me to call upon him at Barnum's Hotel.

I found a letter there, also, from him for me, in which he stated he desired to give it another trial the week following, and if unsuccessful to abandon it forever. The letter found in Booth's trunk was in answer to this letter, which I innocently wrote to prevent his undertaking it.

On the same day, March 27, 1865, I applied to J. W. Wharton, at Old Point Comfort, for employment and received a favorable answer to my application on March 31, 1865. O'Laughlin came to my father's, to which place I had returned from my brother's, and requested me to accompany him to Washington to see Booth, for the purpose of obtaining \$500 which Booth had borrowed from him.

I went with him that morning and returned with him in the early afternoon train of the same day. At the depot at Washington we accidentally met Atzerodt. We drank together and then parted from him. I never saw him from the 17th of March until then, and never afterward until our trial.

#### SURRATT TOOK ANOTHER MISSION.

We saw Booth. During our conversation he told us that the President was not in Washington. He also said that Surratt had gone to Richmond, as he had understood through Weichman that a Mrs. Slator had arrived from Canada with despatches and that the party who had been in the habit of ferrying persons across the river had been arrested by the Government, in consequence of which Surratt offered his services to accompany her to Richmond.

I asked if he had received my letter of the 27th, and he replied that he had not. I asked him when the letter was received to destroy it. He told me he would.

This interview on March 31 took place in his room at the National Hotel, Booth, O'Laughlin and myself being present. In this conversation Booth stated that the enterprise was abandoned. He also stated that he intended to return to his profession.

It was at this interview that I asked Booth what I should do with the arms I had. He told me to keep them, to sell them, or do anything I desired with them. We left him at his room at the hotel about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and after that time I never received either a letter from him or any other communication, nor he from me; neither have I seen him since.

#### THE ASSASSINATION.

We returned to Baltimore in the early afternoon train. I parted with O'Laughlin and went to my father's. I there found a letter from Wharton, in which he gave me employment.

The next morning I went to my brother's at Hookstown, and packed up my valise preparatory to going to Wharton's. I then gave my brother a revolver and knife. One revolver I carried with me. My brother drove me to the city, and I took the boat that evening for Old Point and commenced clerking for Mr. Wharton on my arrival there, which was April 2, 1865.

This ended my connection with the conspiracy and I heard nothing further from it nor from any of the parties connected therewith. I knew nothing about the assassination until the news reached Fort Monroe, Va., by telegraph, about 12 o'clock on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865.



ARNOLD'S ARREST.

I was arrested at Mr. Wharton's store, Old Point Comfort, Va., on the morning of April 17, 1865. The assassination of President Lincoln was never mentioned or even hinted at in my presence by Booth or any other person.

[Signed.]

SAMUEL ARNOLD.

In the presence of

GEORGE R. ANDREWS,

Major Fifth United States Artillery.

H. F. JENNERS.

I, Samuel Arnold, do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God that the foregoing statement, to which I have attached my name is true in every particular and is a full and complete history of my connection with the conspiracy to abduct or kidnap President Lincoln and a history of the several parts each was to perform, and that it is a true statement as far as my knowledge extends of all facts and persons connected with the conspiracy to abduct or kidnap; that I have not attempted to conceal any of the facts relating thereto or to screen myself or any persons connected therewith, and that I had no knowledge whatever that any attempt was to be made to assassinate President Lincoln, and, furthermore, I will true answer make to any and all questions which may be propounded to me in relation to myself or any other person or persons which were connected or supposed to be connected either with the abduction or assassination of President Lincoln.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of December, 1867.

W. H. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

*To be continued to-morrow.*

# THE LINCOLN PLOT.

## Samuel B. Arnold's Long-Delayed Revelation.

### HIS ANSWERS UNDER FIRE.

#### Daring of the Conspirators Shown in His Examination.

**Arnold Swears That Only Himself, Booth and Six Others Were Concerned in the Design to Abduct the President, and They Had No Expectation of Outside Aid—Light on the Crazy Dream of a Few Irresponsible Hotheads.**

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#### CHAPTER III.

After making the signed and sworn statement printed in yesterday's SUN, Samuel B. Arnold was closely questioned by W. H. Gleason, notary public, the commissioner appointed by the Congressional Committee to investigate the assassination of President Lincoln.

While, to the general reader, probably the most uninteresting part of the entire manuscript telling Arnold's story, it is published in its entirety by reason of its important bearing upon subsequent sections of the writings.

The questions and answers were written on Dec. 3, 1867, while Arnold was a State prisoner at the Dry Tortugas, Florida, and have a great interest, both from the light they throw on the life of Arnold and from the circumstances under which they were recorded, as told later by Arnold in a vivid description of his treatment as a prisoner and the circumstances under which the statement was made. The questioning also brought forth some of the minor details of the kidnapping plot as arranged by the conspirators, which were not adduced in the main deposition.

#### ARNOLD UNDER EXAMINATION.

These were the questions and answers:

Q. Where were you born and what is your age?

A. I was born in the District of Columbia, Sept. 6, 1834, and I am 33 years of age.

Q. Did you ever serve in the Rebel army?

A. Yes. I served about four months in the First Maryland Regiment, in Capt. Ned Dorsey's company. I was discharged in consequence of ill health and returned to Maryland about September or October, 1861, and again returned after my recovery from my sickness. When the Rebel army entered Frederick City, Md., I followed the army back to Virginia, but did not again enlist or enter the ranks. When the army fell back toward Winchester I left and went to Richmond and immediately went from there to Augusta, Ga., at which place I had a brother stationed. I went to Tullahoma,

Tenn., after the battle of Murfreesboro and obtained employment as clerk with Paymaster-Captain James Maurice. I stayed there until an order was issued discontinuing the employment of civilians. I then obtained employment with Capt. Gabbett in the Nitre and Mining Bureau, near Charleston, east Tennessee. In the month of September, 1863, I left him and returned to Augusta, Ga., and a short time afterward obtained employment with Major Bridewell, A. Q. M., in Augusta, Ga. In January, 1864, learning through a letter from home of the serious illness of my mother, I resigned my position, and in company with a younger brother, who was employed in the office of the Nitre and Mining Bureau at Augusta, Ga., started for home. I took the regular railroad route to Richmond, tried to procure a pass at Gen. Winder's office through the States, but could not, he stating there were no passes granted to the States. I then got a pass from the Provost Marshal for Staunton, but only went to Charlottesville. I then went through Symond's Gap into the valley. I went through Luray into Loudoun county and crossed the Potomac on the ice just above White's Ford and then went to the City of Baltimore, where I arrived, I think, in the latter part of February, 1864. It was my intention when I left Augusta to return there again, but on my arrival I found that my mother's health was in such a critical state that to leave her again would have endangered her life.

#### BEFORE MEETING BOOTH.

Q. Where were you and what did you do after your arrival home until you met Booth?

A. I stayed at my father's, in Baltimore, and my brother's, in Hookstown, off and on, until the month of June. Whilst at my brother's I assisted him on the farm. About this time I learned through Dr. Morton that an expedition under Capt. Fisk, U. S. A., was fitting out for a dash and I engaged with Lieut. Robinson to join it and to meet him at St. Paul, Minn. I left Baltimore, I think, about June 10, and went direct to St. Paul. The expedition did not arrive there at the expected time, and, tired of waiting and finding that my means were drawing short, I determined upon returning to Baltimore. After purchasing my ticket I saw Lieut. Robinson and told him that I had not sufficient means to purchase my outfit. He advised me under the circumstances to return, which I did. I reached Baltimore some time in July, and from that time until I met Booth I was off and on at my father's and brother's.

#### BOOTH HAD A PASS FROM GRANT.

Q. Did Booth make mention to you of any person or persons that he saw in Canada or of plans or schemes which were on foot there intended to aid the South?

A. He never did.

Q. Did Booth ever inform you of his being in the South during the war?

A. He told me that he went South and showed me his pass, which I think was obtained at Vicksburg. I think it was signed by Gen. Grant, Adjutant-General. He showed me the pass some time during February or March, 1865. It came out during our conversation that his object in visiting the South was a professional one and that he was to act at New Orleans.

Q. Did Booth tell you that he had purchased boats when you saw him in January?

A. I do not remember, but I know that he said everything was ready. I think he said boats were purchased.

Q. Did he say he had engaged parties in lower Maryland to help him?

A. I think he told me that he had a man in charge of a boat, but did not mention his name. In conversation with Atzerodt afterward I gathered that he was the man alluded to. He mentioned no other.

#### DR. MUDD'S PART IN THE PLOT.

Q. Did you ever hear Booth allude to Dr. Samuel Mudd?

A. He told me he had a letter of introduction either to Dr. Queen or Dr. Mudd, I am not sure which. He said he had been down in their neighborhood to purchase horses and had a nice time there. That was the only time that I ever heard Booth mention Dr. Mudd's name. That was some time in January.

Q. How did Booth propose to abduct the President from the Soldiers' Home?

A. He intended to seize him while in his carriage and drive him down to the Potomac, crossing the Eastern Branch bridge. I do not know at what particular point he intended crossing the river.

Q. With whom did you become acquainted at Rullman's Hotel, kept by Lichau?

A. A man of the name of Purdy, Gillet Giles, the bartender, and some others, whose names I cannot recollect, none of whom had any knowledge of our plans.

#### AT THE THEATRE.

Q. Did Booth ever say anything about his being able to procure the assistance of any one connected with the theatre?

A. No. He said he had tried to procure a man in New York to turn off the gas.

Q. Did Booth inform you that Surratt was in the service of the Confederate Government, or was in the secrets of the persons going to or coming from Richmond?

A. He never did.

Q. Did you know how many horse Booth had at the time he said his brother came to see him?

A. He had three. I never saw his brother.

Q. Did Booth suggest any method by which the President could be decoyed into an upper box?

A. He never did.

#### NO REWARD FOR THE DEED.

Q. Did you hear any of the conspirators, or any other person or persons, speak of a reward having been offered for the assassination of President Lincoln, or that a reward would be given in case he was killed or abducted?

A. Never did. And never read that any reward was offered for his assassination.

Q. How was it proposed to capture the President on the 17th of March?

A. To seize him and his carriage was the intention and to drive him around by way of Bladensburg to Surrattsville or T. B. there to meet Herold and convey him to the Potomac. It had been decided for the first attempt that ropes were to be stretched across the road for the purpose of tripping up the horses in case of pursuit. This was only in my first conversation with Booth at Barnum's Hotel.

Q. Did you ride to Mrs. Surratt's house on March 17?

A. I did not. I did not know where her house was, or that she lived in Washington. I never saw or heard of her until the day of our trial.

#### BUT EIGHT PERSONS IN IT.

Q. Were there any other persons at the theatre grounds (hospital or encampment) on the 19th of March that were expecting to assist in kidnapping the President other than those mentioned in your statement?

A. There were none to my knowledge. I am positive there were no others.

Q. Do you know with whom O'Laughlin deposited the box containing the carbines?

A. I do not. I could not recall the name even if I should hear it.

Q. Did you ever hear Booth say anything about Louis P. Weichman?

A. He said he had learned through Weichman the number of prisoners that there were on both sides. I think he said those held by the United States amounted to 25,000 or 30,000.

Q. On March 31, when O'Laughlin called

on you and requested you to go to Washington with him, did he inform you that Booth wished to see you.

A. He did not.

HOW THE SOUTH FELT.

Q. When you saw Booth on March 31, did he give you to understand that Surratt would consult with the authorities at Richmond and ascertain how they felt toward the abduction scheme?

A. He said nothing in regard to it, but said the whole scheme was abandoned.

Q. What did Atzerodt say about the abduction when you met him at the depot on March 31?

A. I saw Atzerodt but a few moments. He said that Booth had procured a box at the theatre and that the abduction would come off that night. That is all that passed between us.

Q. Did Booth ever say to you whether any other parties in Washington or elsewhere knew of the abduction plot?

A. He never mentioned to me that any person or persons knew of it or were connected with it other than the parties we met at Gautier's upon the evening of March 15, 1865.

ONLY LINCOLN AIMED AT.

Q. Did you ever hear Booth say anything against Andrew Johnson?

A. Never did.

Q. Was it ever contemplated by the conspirators to abduct any member of the Cabinet or any Government official other than the President?

A. It never was.

Q. Did Booth ever mention anything to you about the St. Alban's raid?

A. He said that he was either going to or coming from Canada at the time it occurred. This he told me on his arrival in Baltimore. He did not intimate that he was connected with it.

Q. Were you ever in the Secret Service of the Confederate Government?

A. I never was.

PLOTTERS SWORN TO SECRECY.

Q. Did you ever belong to the Order of the Knights of the Golden Circle, or any secret society of any kind?

A. I never belonged to the Knights of the Golden Circle or any secret society of any kind.

Q. Did Booth administer any oath of secrecy to you at any time in relation to the contemplated abduction?

A. He did.

Q. Do you know of any other parties being sworn to secrecy?

A. I do not.

BOOTH A CONFEDERATE OFFICER, HE THOUGHT.

Q. What did O'Laughlin inform you about Booth having a commission in the Confederate service?

A. O'Laughlin told me that Booth said he had told his brother he held a commission in the Confederate Army; that his object in telling this was to prevent his brother from insisting upon going home. The brother that he referred to I supposed to be Junius Brutus.

I wish to add that I am not certain whether the letter I received from Booth containing the \$20 was dated from the oil regions or from New York.

I, W. H. Gleason, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of a statement, affidavit, questions and answers thereto, made by Samuel Arnold in his testimony taken before me this 3d day of December, 1867.

W. H. GLEASON,  
Notary public and commissioner appointed by the Congressional Committee to investigate into the particulars concerning the assassination of President Lincoln.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

# THE LINCOLN PLOT.

Samuel B. Arnold's Long-Delayed Revelation.

HE BEGINS HIS OWN STORY.

Booth Dominated the Rest in Their Abduction Scheme.

The Notion of Kidnapping the President Had Taken Hold of the Future Assassin When He Started the Conspiracy and He Had Become a Monomaniac—Opportunities the Plotters Wasted if It Had Been Their Design to Kill—New Yorker Who Kept Out of the Scheme.

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## CHAPTER IV.

The life story of Samuel B. Arnold remained unrecorded for many years after his pardon by President Johnson, save for that part set down in his statement immediately after arrest in the office of Marshal McPhall, in Baltimore, in that made before W. H. Gleason, notary public, at Dry Tortugas, in 1867, and in writings compiled from testimony adduced at his trial. In the early nineties Mr. Arnold began what he avers is the true story of his entire connection with the Lincoln conspiracy and its subsequent events.

With some very slight and minor changes, his manuscript follows:

### ARNOLD'S OWN STORY.

Twenty-five years have rolled around since my return to my native State—a free man. During that period I have silently borne both my sorrows and the many wrongs thrust upon me by overzealous writers. I declined to be interviewed by correspondents of the press, abiding my own time to give to the public any and all facts which I possessed, knowing that when I did so it would come under my own hand and everything would be truthfully transcribed. I feel it my duty not only to myself, but to my country at large, to come before the public and to give, as far as my knowledge extends, an authentic account of every part taken and every part known during my connection with John Wilkes Booth.

The standard from which the history of the country is at present made up is compiled from that military inquisition, termed a military commission, held at Washington, D. C., in the year 1865, of which I will deal as I pursue my subject.

### NEVER BROKE THE LAW, HE SAYS.

I was born in the District of Columbia, of respectable parentage. At birth there were four traits of character which grew stronger

as age progressed. They were honor, honesty, truthfulness and will power. It required neither law nor tutelage to engraft them in my nature, as they were part and parcel of my being at birth. Through life, even to my old age, they have been just as strong and firm as in my youth. I yield to no one in this vast country preëminence in these qualifications. My parents were Christians who impressed these virtues on my mind; beside, my preceptors were men of high standing within my native State, who both looked after my spiritual welfare and to the observance and obedience to the governing laws of the country.

As a youth I was wild only to enjoy the pleasures of life, which I must say were bountiful from youth to middle age. No wish of the heart but was gratified, and life during that period was one vast sea of pleasure. There was nothing vicious in my nature, but I was firm and decided in all the walks of life, never allowing any one to impose upon me. From my birth, which occurred in 1834, I had never violated a law of the land nor had I violated any when arrested in 1865, although it is so recorded that I did. Let the public disprove my assertion.

### WAR CHANGED HIS FRIENDSHIPS.

Fate accompanied me in all my wanderings. Through ill-health and a broken-down constitution I returned from the South in the early part of 1864. I came ostensibly to see my mother, who was very ill. To restore her to health I promised to remain, and I found that she gradually began to improve. My sojourn at home was not a bed of roses. It was beyond my mind's conception to believe, much less to feel, that the nature of man or the feelings of the human heart could undergo so varied a change, through civil war, as I became the witness of, until brought into direct contact with the wide estrangement it was productive of among those with whom from earliest years the firmest friendship and association had existed, unmoved, unchanged and unbroken.

It was a sorrowing sight to behold the hand so frequently pressed in friendship's warm grasp hang cold and listless by the side of those whom the heart had ever cherished as one's warmest friends. Where in former years all had been friendliness, behold! changed to hatred and bitter animosity, ready and willing to act in concert with those whose inward dispositions delighted in reviling and persecuting their fellow man. That all these marked and woful changes have been seen and bitterly and sadly felt, my marred life and racked frame bear witness of, superinduced, and, in its greatest measure, brought to its present stage through acts of basest means by my fellow man.

Unable to cope against the swelling tide of persecution that set in upon me from every side, possessing a spirit that could nor would not brook taunting insult, nor tamely submit to every indignity the passion of the hour felt disposed to impose and to exact, I determined to sever myself from those in whose midst I could not dwell in peace and happiness (owing to the difference of political sentiment and views) and endeavor, if possible, to find in a land among

strangers that just inheritance denied me in my own native State.

### LEFT THE SOUTH, BUT RETURNED.

Every gift of nature at my command was brought into requisition to stay and soften the evil passions engendered by the war. Fruitless and unavailing were all my efforts, and the only course left me to adopt and pursue was to seek a more congenial climate. This resolve was carried into execution during the summer of 1864, under the most trying circumstances, but was short-lived, necessity of a private nature, very much against my inclination, compelling me, through force of surroundings, to return to my home again in the month of July.

This destiny over which I had no controlling agency, nor the power to avert, forced misfortune and suffering upon me. After my return I was very guarded in both actions and speech, studiously avoiding entering into political discussions, although at periods they were forced upon me. I left the city, going to my father's country home, in Baltimore county, near Hookstown, and there remained in retirement and happy contentment. Imagination could conjure up no sweeter life than this quiet country solitude, and for over a month I was truly happy. The pleasures of the past resumed their former status in my nature; I lived over again the halcyon days passed there, when peace reigned throughout the land, e'er the rude tocsin of war marshalled foes to deluge this fair land in blood and ruin; and I was allured under the false hope into the belief that it was happiness.

But soon I found it was not so. The heart's yearnings could not be stifled; again restlessness took possession of my being, and the heart bounded to life again in the element of excitement, in which for three long years it had run riot.

### FATEFUL JOURNEY TO BALTIMORE.

It was during my sojourn there, upon a bright and beautiful morning, during either the month of August or September, 1864, the monotony of a country life becoming very tedious and insipid, that I concluded that a short visit to the city of Baltimore would be beneficial in its effects, which thought was forthwith acceded to and carried immediately into execution, there being no plans or any object governing my actions other than to relieve the dull monotony naturally investing a country life.

"The morning of my arrival in the city was principally occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, accompanied by a few selected acquaintances and friends. Toward noon I returned to the residence of my father, who was residing at that period in the city, when from a younger brother, who had also been a schoolmate of John W. Booth, I learned that Booth desired me to call upon him at the Barnum Hotel, at which place he was stopping.

"At this period I knew nothing of John Wilkes Booth's political sentiments, nor had I the remotest idea of the result which would follow the visit. I merely called upon him as a companion and friend of my boyhood, which was most natural. I had not seen Booth since 1851, when we parted with one another at school. Separated from one another, our vocations called us to different pursuits, and he, as an individual, like the many that clustered around school-boy days, vanished from the everyday scenes of my life. As he became eminent in his profession memory brought him back, but we never met from 1851 until that latter part of 1864.

### HIS MEETING WITH BOOTH.

"The visit was made according to his request, and for the first time in thirteen years we looked upon each other. Fatal that meeting to me, for through it the iron was entered deep into my soul and caused me to lose confidence in the human race. I found Booth possessed of wonderful power in con-

versation and became perfectly infatuated with his social manners and bearing. Instead of gazing upon the countenance of the mild and timid schoolmate of former years, I beheld a deep-thinking man of the world before me, with highly distinguishing marks of beauty, intelligence and gentlemanly refinement, different from the common order of man, and one possessing an uninterrupted flow of conversational power, in which all the characteristics of different natures were combined.

"Booth invited me to his room, where the current items of the times were freely talked over, intermingled with escapades of school-boy days. It was not until Michael O'Laughlin, one of his earliest friends and associates in youth, had arrived and was introduced that the subject, which no doubt was uppermost in his coursing thoughts was disclosed, and from all that I could then glean and subsequently it is my firm conviction and belief that it was an enterprise created, or at least had its origin, in Booth's own visionary mind and totally disconnected with any person or persons in the service of the Confederate States Government.

"Booth's object was to undertake the abduction of Abraham Lincoln, convey him to Richmond, turn him over to the Confederate States Government, to be held as a hostage for the exchange of prisoners, as the United States Government had refused to exchange them. By so doing it would strengthen the force of the Confederate Army and be the means of filling up to some extent their depleted ranks. He pictured in most glowing terms how easy it could be accomplished.

#### THE PLOT OUTLINED TO HIM.

"Often Abraham Lincoln, attended by no one except his carriage driver, visited the hospital over the Anacostia Bridge. He proposed to intercept him on one of these visits, take him, coachman and all, drive through the lower counties of Maryland, place him in a boat, cross the Potomac to Virginia and thence convey him to Richmond. Everything was prepared for this end, boat purchased and moored, to be moved at a moment's notice, and a boatman in waiting constantly at his bidding.

"When the brain was to a great extent clouded by drink, and reason, in a measure, had lost its power of concentrating thought, O'Laughlin and myself entered into the enterprise with Booth, after taking an oath to secrecy and good faith. The undertaking was for the sole purpose of bringing about an exchange of prisoners. The contemplated design within itself was purely humane and patriotic in its principles, void of all ambitions, aspirations or aggrandizement, and legitimate as an act of war.

"There was no violence contemplated in the execution of the design other than the seizure of the body or person of Abraham Lincoln and his conveyance to Richmond, Va., as has already been set forth, as violence would have been in flat contradiction to his avowed purpose and the object to be attained. When I entered into the combination with him my condition prevented me from giving it its proper consideration, otherwise I never would have been mixed up in the affair.

#### NO MERCENARY INCENTIVE.

"Men often do things upon the spur of the moment which they never would have done had they carefully looked and weighed the subject under discussion. Of course, had the attempt been made and we should have proved successful, or we had been taken or captured during its undertaking, the consequences attending it would have been of a very serious nature. There was no propelling force brought to bear, neither was assent to his proposition obtained under promise of pay or reward. No, it was the free outpouring of each heart, stripped of all mercenary motives or thought, which impelled the action of each.

"The enterprise being deemed feasible and

productive of good, we jointly entered into the plan as an act of honorable purpose, humanity and patriotism being the binding links to nerve us in the accomplishment of the design.

"That was my first acquaintance with Michael O'Laughlin, and we three, Booth, O'Laughlin and myself, comprised at that period the only persons engaged in the affair. The entire afternoon was spent in company with Booth, discussing measures to be adopted for the furtherance of his newborn enterprise. It was calculated to accomplish the undertaking before the coming election, in the month of November. Everything having been arranged satisfactorily, duties were apportioned for each to perform without delay and we parted company with one another, to meet again at a certain appointed time.

#### THE CANADIAN VISIT.

J. Wilkes Booth a few days later started for his home in the North, for the purpose of settling and arranging all his claims, &c., and to dispose of his property and possessions satisfactorily to himself, thence intending visiting Canada, ostensibly for the purpose of shipping his wardrobe by the way of Nassau to the Confederate States, purposing on his return from Canada the purchase of required articles needed to carry out the enterprise.

At this point Mr. Arnold deals with the movements of Booth, of various conversations and with the purchase of the arms, &c., as detailed in the sworn statement taken before W. H. Gleason, the notary public, on Dec. 3, 1867. After detailing the change of plan to abduct Lincoln from the theatre, because of his having ceased to visit the Soldiers' Home, Mr. Arnold writes:

Every preparation as far as known at this period had been completed, and each watched, as far as practicable, the movements of Lincoln, being cautious not to draw the attention, nor arouse, the suspicions, of the numerous hordes of detectives and spies who at that time thronged every thoroughfare of the city of Washington. Mr. Lincoln during the month of January paid several visits to the theatre and had it been Booth's intention to have assassinated him at this time, he could have accomplished it with the same ease then that he did at a later period. In fact, many instances presented themselves, afar from the intercourse of a crowded city or a theatre, when he could have done so, and perhaps none would have been able to have discovered whose hand it was that struck the blow.

#### BOOTH WAS A MONOMANIAC.

After detailing his first visit with John H. Surratt, Mr. Arnold says:

J. Wilkes Booth, if I may be allowed to pass an opinion, might have been justly termed a monomaniac on the subject. Each day he was becoming impressed more with the idea of attempting the abduction from the theatre and nothing that could be advanced upon our part, tending to establish its utter impracticability, had the slightest weight or influence toward removing his erroneous impressions. It seemed to be his only thought by day and, from his conversation, his frequent dreams by night.

Ambition, the curse of the world, was fast becoming the leading star in his destiny, destroying in its onward march the better feelings of his nature. Nervous irritability displayed itself on numerous occasions, in quick and short responses when information was asked, more especially so when combating against his mode of procedure. From this time on his determination to carry out his plan of abduction at the theatre grew stronger upon him daily, until it absorbed every other thought of his mind, and naught could be brought to bear

to move or change him from this newly contemplated manner of carrying it out.

To me it seemed like the height of madness, and would but lead to the sacrifice of us all, without obtaining the object for which we combined together. The bravest heart, surrounded by foes, looks eagerly around for some opening of escape before he commences action. Thus it was with me, conscious of the fact that failure would be followed by arrest by the Government of the United States, trial before a military tribunal on the specific charge of being spies, which would more than probable consign each to an ignominious death. All of this was brought to bear upon him and conversed over, without producing the slightest effect in changing his resolve.

#### PLOTTERS WASTED OPPORTUNITIES.

On two occasions most favorable opportunities presented themselves, which, if Booth had energetically moved in the premises, or had a desire other than attempting it at the theatre, I am perfectly confident that it would have proven successful beyond a doubt. These were occasions before I had become acquainted with the fact that others than Surratt and ourselves, already spoken of, were connected in the enterprise. The President passed over the Eastern Branch Bridge, accompanied only by his coachman, and a single guest within the carriage. To what point he went beyond was not known, his movements having been overlooked only so far as to ascertain the fact that he had passed over the river.

"Information was immediately conveyed to Booth of these occurrences. He paid but slight attention to the matter, on account, as he said, of the pressure of business at the time, and thus the only and the most favorable opportunities were permitted to pass by without, it may be truly spoken, the slightest notice being taken there of him. It became impossible under these circumstances to feel like continuing in the affair, when inaction and inattention were becoming the ruling elements, delay tending to cause our positions daily to become more insecure.

The month of January had passed and as yet nothing had been accomplished. February ushered itself in, only to be a repetition of the former month; as Booth, through riotous living and dissipation, was compelled to visit the city of New York for the purpose of replenishing his squandered means. His absence continued nearly the entire month, caused by the great difficulty experienced in borrowing money. His visit did not extend beyond the city of New York, neither did he go for any other purpose than that above stated, which fact was made known to me on his return to Washington, on or about the 25th day of February, 1865.

#### [MAN WHO WOULDN'T JOIN THEM.]

During my whole connection with Booth there was but one visit made to Canada by him, this occurring at or about the time of the St. Alban's raid, in which he was not concerned, his visit there being, as before stated, for the purpose of shipping his wardrobe by way of Nassau to the Confederate States.

In his visit in New York in the month of February he tried to induce a man by the name of Samuel Chester to engage in the enterprise, he being, as Booth said, under obligations to him. The part allotted for him to perform was the turning off of the gas on the night in question, so that in the darkness enveloping the house and confusion created therefrom, the abduction could be made a success. Many things combined caused him to fail in this. Chester would take no part in it, and Booth determined to attempt it without the assistance of any others, other than those already connected with the affair.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

# THE LINCOLN PLOT.

Samuel B. Arnold's Long-Delayed Revelation.

COLLAPSE OF THE CONSPIRACY.

Booth, Practically a Madman, Ruled It to the End.

Further Story of the Plotters' Failures and the Scheme's Final Abandonment—Booth's Deed Then and Arnold's Arrest—Real Purport of His Letter, Found in the Assassin's Trunk—Says Witnesses Were Bribed to Lie About the Plotters—His Prison Hardships.

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## CHAPTER V.

"During the entire month of February the project was at a standstill and I seldom met Booth. For the first time my situation dawned upon me and began to be felt deeply.

"Here I was without any kind of employment, wandering from place to place in my idleness, making frequent visits to Baltimore, watched, no doubt, and my footsteps dogged by the Government detectives and spies, who in various ways sought to obtain some clue as to my business and how engaged. This became insupportable, as I felt every eye was watching my movements, thereby making my position very insecure.

"After the Presidential election Booth worked energetically in the affair, and had completed all his arrangements, so he informed O'Laughlin and myself. He was always busy and in motion, having very limited time to hold conversation. I was unaware, even at this late date, that there were any others, beyond those spoken of before, who were connected with the affair.

"Prisoners were now being exchanged, so the purpose for which each had bound himself to the other and for which months of labor and time had been expended had been accomplished. Yet Booth still insisted upon carrying out the abduction. Patriotism had converged into heartless ambition on his part, and I looked upon him as a madman, and resolved, if the project were not speedily executed, to sever my connection with him."

Mr. Arnold next recites at length, as detailed in his sworn statement in 1867, of the meeting of the conspirators at Gotier's saloon and their meeting for the first time Lewis Payne, George A. Atzerodt and

David E. Herold, who, with Arnold, Booth, O'Laughlin and Surratt, made up the party of conspirators that gathered in the private parlor of the saloon to discuss the abduction.

Arnold says at this point that when Booth outlined the plans that his audience was seemingly carried away with his visionary ideas. Some few remarks of an objectionable character started a long discussion. The fact that the suspicions of the Government had seemingly been aroused from the fact that double stockades were being erected at the bridge crossing the Eastern Branch, on the Prince George's side of the river, which made the undertaking more difficult, even if success crowned the efforts at the theatre, was talked over. Arnold advanced the idea of the utter impracticability of the whole plan. He says:

### THEY WERE SPELLBOUND BY BOOTH.

"I stood not alone, yet none seemed to consider it in its proper light, they being completely spellbound by the utterances of Booth, not looking at the consequences which would follow. After arguing to great length, in fact, until the subject became exhausted and before any reasonable decision could be arrived at or rendered, it culminated in a very exciting and violent controversy between Booth and myself, the others silently looking on when Booth, in his rashness and madness, finding that he could not swerve me from my purpose and firm stand taken in the manner of its accomplishment, threatened to shoot me, or words to that effect.

"At this time it looked very much as if the meeting would be dissolved with serious consequences attending it, as two stubborn natures had met and one of us decided a character as the other when deeming the position assumed as right.

"However, it was finally settled and compromised without resorting to shooting, after which, in the presence of the entire company, I stated my determination and firm resolve to sever my connection with the affair in case it was not carried out during the week, stating, also:

"Gentlemen, you have naught to fear from me in the matter, as I never would betray you."

### THOUGHT HIM MAD, BUT PERSISTED.

The resolve to attempt to carry off the President from the hospital or encampment on Seventh street, where the Chief Executive failed to appear after the conspirators had arrived on the scene on horseback, is dealt with again by Arnold at this point. The plan was to take the carriage of the President and all seated within it, drive it around by way of Bladensburg, thence through the lower counties in the direction of Port Tobacco, cross the river at or near that point, and thence onward to Richmond.

Commenting on this plan, Mr. Arnold says:

"The most quixotic and visionary undertaking that ever entered a sane man's brain. I looked upon him as demented, but made no objection, stating that we would be ready at the appointed time. Of all the ideas existing in a man's brain, this was the most foolhardy ever advanced, and we concluded that it was done to try the nerve of his associates. We looked upon him as a madman, yet could offer no objection, from the fact that we had given our word to assist him in it during the

week.

### CARRIAGE SURPRISE PLAN FAILS.

"O'Laughlin, Payne and Arnold rode part of the way to the city in company, and Booth and Surratt went on out the road. What became of Atzerodt I am unable to state, and Herold was not present, he having been sent to T. B. or Surrattsville with Booth's horses and buggy, conveying the box containing the two carbines and other minor articles.

"About 8 o'clock that same evening, O'Laughlin and myself met Booth and Surratt back of the National Hotel, at the stable where our horses had been placed at livery, and from that day I never saw John H. Surratt until I met him a clerk at the Norfolk Line of steamers in Baltimore, some ten years ago.

"The interval allotted for carrying out the scheme expired, and O'Laughlin and myself severed all connection with Booth and his confederates, and, in fact, the general idea of the entire party was that the project was entirely abandoned, and we returned to our respective homes in Baltimore on March 20, 1865.

### BOOTH WANTED TO TRY AGAIN.

"But a few days had elapsed before Booth was again soliciting my assistance, to which I paid not the slightest attention. On March 25, 1865, as he returned from New York to the city of Washington he stopped in Baltimore, called at my father's to see me, but I was in the country. So he left a letter for me, and I found that he desired to try it once more, and, if unsuccessful, to forever abandon it.

"As requested, I called at Barnum's Hotel, but found he had departed. I, therefore, concluded that he had gone to Washington, which caused the penning of the communication of March 27, which proved so fatal in its bearings in my respective case.

### ARNOLD'S FATAL LETTER.

"The motive of the letter was to prevent, if possible, his undertaking. Whether he left this letter in his trunk to betray me, in my innocence, into the hands of the Government, through malice or forgetfulness, I cannot fathom; nevertheless, it accomplished its end, and from this fact was forced to become a witness against myself."

The trip with O'Laughlin to Washington to get money from Booth owing O'Laughlin is dealt with at length. Arnold says:

### SURRATT DROPPED OUT OF IT.

"We had an interview with Booth at the National Hotel, and the scheme was entirely abandoned. During the conversation Booth informed us that he had learned through Lewis J. Weichman, with whom he was on the most friendly terms and from whom he derived all information relating to the number of prisoners held by the United States Government, that John H. Surratt had accompanied a lady to Richmond, owing to the capture of the person by the United States authorities who had been in the habit of ferrying parties across the river, and it was through this circumstance alone that the services of Surratt were offered.

### HAD BOOTH ONLY DONE SO.

"Among the last words uttered by Booth on that occasion were that he intended returning to his profession upon the stage and that he had given up forever his project. This was the last interview I ever had and the last time I ever met him, and I have never seen nor heard from him since. Of all the others connected with the affair I never saw nor heard from any after March 17, 1865, excepting Atzerodt, whom I accidentally ran upon March 31, on my visit to Washington."

After dealing with his securing work at Old Point Comfort, Mr. Arnold tells of the receipt of the news of Lincoln's

assassination in these words:

NEWS OF THE MURDER.

"On the 15th of April, 1865, about 12 o'clock noon, whilst seated in the counting-rooms at Mr. Wharton's, at Old Point Comfort, Va., it became rumored that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated the evening preceding, whilst walking along Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington. The name of the person perpetrating the deed was unknown, in fact, the report was so vague that but few persons credited it. Toward evening, other despatches arriving announced the assassination of Mr. Seward and other officials of the Government. The greatest excitement prevailed. "It was not until the following day that any clue had been obtained to the person who had committed the deed, when the public mind became gradually impressed with the idea that John W. Booth was the guilty hand that struck the blow. This news startled me, feeling assured that my former connection and intimacy with Booth would lead to my arrest, and to be even suspected I felt was almost equivalent to death.

ARNOLD MIGHT HAVE TOLD ALL.

"Had I been differently situated, or been where I felt that the law would have protected me, I would have surrendered myself (in my entire innocence) into the hands of the Government; but, as it was, I determined to let affairs pursue their own course, and quietly as possible, to my mind's excited condition, await my arrest.

"On April 17, whilst seated in the store, two Government detectives arrived and inquired for me. I went from the office and met them, when a letter was handed me by one of them, purporting to have been sent from my father, in which it was stated that a communication written to John Wilkes Booth March 27 had been found within Booth's trunk, which seemed to connect me in some way with the deed committed and advising me to state all I knew concerning it.

HIS ADMISSION WHEN ARRESTED.

"After I had perused the letter, the detectives asked whether I intended to comply with the request of my father. I stated yes, and told them that I knew nothing concerning it, nor was I at any time in any manner connected with Booth or others.

"It became necessary from Booth's betrayal of me (no matter whether it emanated from malice or forgetfulness) to become a witness against myself, and I was forced to acknowledge that I had been at one period engaged with Booth in a scheme to attempt the abduction of Abraham Lincoln, but that I was totally disconnected with him or any other persons at this period in any unlawful undertaking.

DIDN'T DENY HIS LETTER.

"I was then asked by the detectives if the communication found in Booth's trunk was written by me. I desired to be informed of some of its contents or expressions, where headed from and when dated. They gave me the desired information—where dated from and how signed—when, without hesitation or denial, I acknowledged it was penned by me.

"I did not deny writing it, as sworn by Horner, when a witness on the stand; neither could it be expected that acknowledgment would be made to a communication before its contents were in a measure made known, as it was just as likely to have been written by some one else as myself.

THE OTHER NAMES COME OUT.

"The detectives were the first to mention the name of O'Laughlin, Surratt and Atzerodt, and I was informed that O'Laughlin

had given himself up. Finding that suspicion had centred itself upon those with whom I had been associated, in conjunction with my betrayal by Booth, I deemed it necessary in justice not only to myself, but to those with whom I had been formerly connected, to state the whole truth, as embodied in the statement made on the 18th of April in Marshal McPhail's office in Baltimore.

"After my acknowledgment to the foregoing facts I was taken into the back part of the storehouse, my person and baggage searched and property of a private nature confiscated, which to this day has never been returned, although I have repeatedly asked its restitution. There was nothing found of a compromising nature among my effects, because I had no correspondence with any one during the time that I was employed by Mr. Wharton.

HIS ARRAIGNMENT.

"I was then turned over to the military authorities, conveyed to a prison pen, where I remained during the best part of the day without a morsel of food and quizzed by some of the inmates, who seemed to be void of both reason and sense.

"In the afternoon I was brought before the provost marshal at Fortress Monroe, when I remained in the presence of its military dignitary for upward of half an hour, and was thence conveyed to the steamboat, arriving in the city of Baltimore the next morning, and confined in the office of Provost Marshal McPhail, where I remained for the most part of the day.

"Whilst there I was treated humanely and the requirements of nature were fully provided. After sending for my father and seeing him, I made my written statement, requesting that I should make it in duplicate form so that he should be the possessor of a copy. The request was denied, why can only be learned through the then Secretary of War and the Judge Advocate General of the United States.

WITNESSES LIED FOR GOLD, HE SAYS.

"Tis a useless task, I feel, to attempt to controvert testimony adduced upon my trial, as emanating from verbal statements made by me, as witnesses were blinded by the amount of glittering gold as their reward, large sums having been offered for the apprehension of any one suspected of being connected with the crime. I pronounce the little that was adduced against me through a detective as false in its impressions and pervertive of truth, many words being transposed and others added, materially changing the whole tenor of its meaning.

"But of this, at this time, I have naught to do. Let the record of that infamous proceeding stand in all its branches, with its false swearing, subornation of perjury, its hiring witnesses—a towering monument of infamy, commemorating the corruptness and baseness of the hour. I deal alone with truth, acts of heartless inhumanity, cruelty and tyranny meted me by the Government of the United States before any charge as yet had been preferred or guilt (with all the base measures adopted to secure it) had been established in the case of any.

HE ACCUSES STANTON.

"From the period of my arrest until April 18, 1865, whilst I was under the charge of and custody of Col. Wooley, my treatment was conducted upon principles of humanity and kindness. It was not until I was turned over to the custody of the commanding officer at Fort McHenry that harsh and cruel measures were resorted to, from orders no doubt emanating from Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. I was

placed in a loathsome and filthy cell, branded by suspicion as a felon, robbed of my liberty, resting under the grave charge of being implicated in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

"This of itself was of sufficient torture to one who possessed a sensitive nature without the additional acts of inhumanity heaped upon me.

PUT IN A DUNGEON.

"There happened to be a Confederate prisoner of war occupying one of the small cells back of the one in which I was confined. I recognized his voice, we having been friends and companions from our earliest youth, and entered into conversation with him.

"This fact was reported by the sergeant of the guard to the officer of the day, and forthwith I was taken from my cell, brought before the one he occupied, carefully searched, this making some half dozen times in all, thence conveyed to the quarters of the commanding officer, who interrogated me to his heart's content, becoming as wise in the matter wherewith I was charged as I was myself, which seemed to displease him, if actions afterward may be a criterion to judge by.

"Calling his orderly, who was in attendance, I was committed to his charge, conducted to the guardhouse, stripped and thoroughly searched again. I was then thrown into a dungeon, beneath the earth-work of the fort, heavily ironed, hand and foot, where not a ray of light could penetrate, and left to muse with myself in total darkness, no place to lie but the damp, slimy floor, void of covering of any description beneath or above.

LEFT IN DARKNESS TO MEDITATE.

"Looking upon the rough visage of my guardian or jailer as the door opened, I attempted to read his heart by the expression of his face, but found one as callous and as cold as the other, from which but little could be expected.

"He was a soldier every inch. I requested that a blanket be furnished me to keep myself warm, which request was unexpectedly complied with in the course of half an hour or so. The massive doors of iron creaked on their rusty hinges as it was again closed, shutting out every ray of light, leaving a feeling like unto one buried in a grave. Food soon after, in the shape of bread and coffee, was brought, as reported by the sergeant, it being impossible to penetrate the darkness, and I was then left alone, a sentinel, like unto a bronze statue, keeping guard before my iron-doored cell.

REPTILES FOR BEDFELLOWS.

"Covering my person, head and foot, to prevent rats and poisonous reptiles from coming in contact with my body, I soon was wrapped in sleep, out of which, at midnight, I was rudely aroused, brought again to the guardhouse and ordered to dress myself in quick haste.

"Surprised at such movements and utterly confounded, I attempted to fathom the surroundings, as to these mysterious actions. I thought the days of the French Revolution, with its hideous and barbarous murders, were going to be reenacted in the republic, and that I was thus taken out to be either shot or hung. Callous and indifferent to my fate, with my usual haste, I dressed myself as instructed.

"As soon as I was in readiness an ambulance was driven up to the door of the guardhouse and I was placed within it, weighted down with heavy irons and, with an armed escort, was driven to the Camden street depot, where I was turned over again to Marshal McPhail and his accompanying detectives, who transferred me (after the

weighty irons had been removed and those of lighter material placed upon my wrists) to a special car in attendance, whence I was transported to Washington.

IN IRONS ON A MONITOR.

"During my trip there my lips were sealed to those by whom I was surrounded, I being determined not to let them manufacture testimony against me. On arrival in Washington I was placed in a hack and driven to the navy yard, where I was in the hands of the United States Government. They confined me in a narrow and limited apartment, used as a closet, aboard an iron-clad monitor and irons of torturous manufacture were placed upon my wrists, and I had nothing but the hard, uneven surface of the closet to lie upon.

"The irons were so tightly fitted that the blood could not circulate, and my hands became fearfully swollen, the outward skin changing its appearance to a mixture of black, red and purple color. This fact was reported to Capt. Munroe, who kindly had them changed and a pair that fitted easier placed upon me.

"The heat was intense. The atmosphere breathed was obtained through a register, as it was puffed up by fans used for this purpose. It more frequently happened than otherwise that the machine was not at work, which caused a suffocating sensation to creep over me. To sleep was an impossibility on account of the extreme pain accruing from the torturous irons used.

*(To be continued to-morrow.)*



# THE LINCOLN PLOT.

Samuel B. Arnold Tells  
of Its Punishment.

SUFFERING BEFORE THE TRIAL.

Prisoners Lived, Chained and  
Hooded, for Six Weeks.

Torture Inflicted by Canvas Head Pieces  
and Later by Specially Devised Hoods  
Which Kept Them Blind, Deaf and  
Mute, and Were Only Removed When  
the Accused Were Under Question  
—Removals at Midnight—Four Executed—  
The Transfer to Dry Tortugas.

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## CHAPTER VI.

For several days my condition remained unchanged. Two sentinels closely guarded the entrance to my quarters, who, in every instance, were kind. Finding my frame becoming reduced and the great pains attached to lying so long on hard boards, I made a request of the officer of the day to furnish me something to lie upon, which was complied with; but only that other acts of heartless cruelty and inhumanity should follow.

A few days afterward, or about the 25th of April, Capt. Monroe, United States Marines, under whose charge I was, came into my quarters and in a very soft and kind voice stated that he had orders from Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, to encase my head in a cap, that I must not become alarmed, and that it would remain but a few days; at the same time ordering shackles to be placed upon my ankles.

But a few hours passed when the orders were carried into execution by the officer of the day. The covering for the head was made of canvas, which covered the entire head and face, dropping down in front to the lower portion of the chest. It had cords attached, which were tied around the neck and body in such manner that to remove it was a physical impossibility. No doubt Stanton wished to accustom me to the death cap before execution.

During my stay upon the monitor these particular acts of cruelty and inhumanity were continued, it being with the greatest difficulty, and frequently impossible, to place food in my mouth, a sentinel kindly volunteering his services to perform that office for me. This continued about a week,

as far as I could judge, during which period daylight never lit upon the eye, they not even permitting the cap to be withdrawn for the purpose of washing the swollen, bloated and soiled visage.

### THE REMOVAL TO WASHINGTON.

The mystery which attended each movement from the period that the United States authorities took possession of me was again brought more heavily into requisition, and as I was received, so I was removed, through orders received through the War Department, from the monitor at the usual hour set apart—midnight. As the silent hour drew near the dragging and clanking of chains was heard overhead, as victim after victim passed to and from the place provided for his reception, and then all became silent as death again.

From torture already inflicted upon me I deemed that my span of life was quickly drawing to a close and that those who had preceded me, from the deep silence reigning, had been consigned to a watery grave. I waited silently the supposed approaching hour of my doom, convinced that a man who could resort to such inhumanity to his fellow man as had already been practised in my case had soul enough for other things.

I was soon aroused from this train of thought, which was of anything but a pleasant nature, by the officer of the guard, who ordered me to hold myself in readiness for removal.

### CHAINED AND HOODED ON THE TRIP.

Within a very limited time afterward I felt the tight grasp of human hands upon each arm as I was hurriedly and roughly conveyed from my quarters to the deck of the monitor, where I was hustled here and there by those who supported me on either side.

It was impossible to learn where I was being conducted, as my head was still muffled in the bag, drawn tight around my head and throat almost to suffocation. However, I soon became aware from the spring and bend beneath my footsteps that I was being conducted upon the gangplank to some other vessel, and in a few moments I was thrust upon a bench upon its deck and strictly commanded to silence.

All the details attending this midnight mockery of justice being completed, the whistle was blown, and, from the movements and noise, I found I was aboard some side-wheeled steamer.

It seemed like hours before she started on her trip, first moving ahead and then backing repeatedly, until finally, having assumed the right position, she quickly sped on her way, landing me finally at some unknown point, where I was compelled to walk a long distance, through mud and water, with irons on my ankles eating deep into the flesh, and the rough handling of my arms by those who had me in charge, bruising and otherwise lacerating my wrists by the torturous irons used.

### CONFINEMENT AT THE ARSENAL.

Arriving at my final destination (the Arsenal as I afterward learned) I was conducted up and down long flights of stairs

and finally thrust into a damp and narrow cell upon the ground floor of the building. Bed and blanket were supplied here. The next morning I was given a cup of coffee and a very small slice of bread. This was the only food issued until the following day.

I could hear the warblings of the birds around about and occasionally the crowing of a cock, and, as forts and bastilles had been to date the order of proceedings, I judged I had at last found a home in a dungeon at Fort Washington.

It was a relief to think that I had at last arrived at my final destination or resting place, as every movement so far had been attended in each instance with increased pain and suffering. The canvas bag still continued upon my head, I never having been allowed its removal to wash my swollen face.

I had been but a few days incarcerated at this place when I was aroused at midnight in my cell by Major-Gen. Hartmanft, holding in his hand a lantern and some papers, which I saw after the removal of the hood from my head.

### CHARGE REVEALED IN HIS CELL AT MIDNIGHT.

He asked me if I could read, to which I replied in the affirmative. He then placed in my hands a paper containing the charge and specifications against me and others, which I perused in that silent midnight hour by the dim glimmer of a lantern, after which (the hood being replaced upon my head) he retired, leaving me to ponder over the charge alone in my cell.

The next morning I was removed from my cell and conveyed up several flights of stairs, to be seated upon a bench, when the hood was removed and I found myself in the presence of a number of the martial heroes of the United States, decked in their glittering uniforms, and on either side, victims like unto myself, weighted down with chains and irons.

### BEFORE THE MILITARY COURT.

The court of military inquisition was convened, the charge read to each by Assistant Judge Advocate Bingham, who asked if we had any objection to any member of the court. As it was useless to object, each replied in the negative. I pleaded "not guilty" to the charge.

After the pleading of each of those arraigned was over, the hoods were placed upon our heads as formerly before removal from court, and I was removed amidst the clanking of irons again to my cell to wait there until the next morning.

The next day I was taken from my cell, my clothing and the hood removed, and was ordered to bathe myself. I cannot conceive how I escaped from receiving my death, as the water used was as cold as ice itself, it having been taken from the barrels used for making ice water. My whole frame shook and trembled from contact with this cold fluid until my limbs nearly shook from beneath my body.

A detective, seeing me shivering and trembling in such a manner, inquired what ailed me, if I were ill, &c., when he knew within his own vile heart the causes of my suffering.

### THE HOOD DEvised FOR THE PRISONERS.

After the bath a change of clean clothing was furnished. I was taken back to my cell, when I found that a differently constructed hood had been prepared for a head cover, of a much more torturous and

painful pattern than the one formerly used. It fitted the head tightly, containing cotton pads, which were placed directly over the eyes and ears, having the tendency to push the eyeballs far back in the sockets. One small aperture allowed about the nose through which to breathe, and one by which food could be served to the mouth, thence extending with lap ears on either side to the chin, to which were attached eyelets and cords, the same extending also from the crown of the head backwards to the neck.

The cords were drawn as tight as the jailor in charge could pull them, causing the most excruciating pain and suffering, and then tied in such a manner around the neck that it was impossible to remove them.

#### SIX WEEKS DEAF AND SIGHTLESS.

Thus hooded and doubly ironed I remained day after day, until months had circled themselves away, condemned unheard, or crime imputed and branded as guilty before guilt had been established even by that inquisition court, a military commission, before which I was afterwards tried in mockery. This manner of treatment continued uninterrupted, the hoods never being removed except when I was brought before the court and always replaced on exit, if but a moment intervened, from on or about April 25 to June 10, 1865.

The surgeon in charge expressed his opinion that the hoods had the same effect upon the head and brain as if it had been encased in a poultice.

These inflictions of punishment and torture were practised upon nearly all of the others. They have all passed to the bar of God, suffering on earth ended, and silently awaiting justice at the hands of the Almighty, in whose presence truth shall be revealed. Man can hide it from his fellow man, but the truth will be established before the bar of God.

#### ATZERODT TEMPTED TO TELL.

This was the justice meted to me before trial. What could be expected when the trial itself took place. During the period of our suffering Atzerodt was daily taken from his cell into the outer prison yard, his irons and hood removed, accompanied by detectives and hiring spies, holding out to him hope of life in case he divulged all the particulars and knowledge he possessed relative to the parties connected with the assassination.

That he informed them of each and every particular is not to be doubted, and with all these infamous proceedings by detectives, courts inside and inquisitions outside, failure stamped itself in connecting me in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, as the decision of that drumhead court-martial proved the truth of the statement made in Marshal McPhail's office after my arrest.

#### PRISONERS TALKED AT EXERCISING.

After June 10 I, with others, was permitted two hours' recreation and exercise in the outer yard attached to the prison, where frequently, unobserved, I held converse in broken expressions with Herold, Payne and Atzerodt. We were not permitted to speak, it is true, being strictly and closely guarded by armed sentinels, overlooked by the officers of the prison.

David E. Herold, in the presence of Col. McCall, Major Frederick Herbert and the Government detectives, stated that John H. Surratt was not in the city of Washington at the time of the assassination, nor had he been seen by Booth since his visit to Richmond, on March 28, 1865.

Herold and Payne also publicly expressed that Mrs. Surratt was an innocent woman, which was reiterated by Payne in the presence of his executors, as he ascended to the fatal trap which launched his soul into eternity.

We were permitted this outside recreation from June 10 until our departure from there on July 17, 1865. Irons were removed on these occasions, but immediately replaced upon my return to my cell.

#### BIBLES TAKEN FROM THEM.

Bibles presented by some humane heart during the trial to some of the prisoners were taken from them by the officer in charge, they not being permitted to gain consolation even from God's holy writings. Nor were they ever furnished through their own good will, I myself having made the request to be permitted to apply to my father to furnish me a Testament. Gen. Hartranft stated he would obtain them from the Christian Association and deliver them to us.

They were furnished, as well as memory can recall, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon before the execution took place, as we were returning to our cells from the prison yards.

#### PUTTING UP A SCAFFOLD HEARD.

That same afternoon the noise of hammers was distinctly heard, as if some repairing about the building was being done. I tried to concentrate my thoughts in an attempt to unravel its meaning, never for an instant dreaming that they were erecting the scaffold to launch human souls into endless eternity in such quick and sudden haste.

The hammerings continued throughout the afternoon until late, when the noise from the hammers ceased. The next morning there was an unusual movement of feet hurrying to and fro, the rattling of chains and dragging of ponderous balls on the brick pavement in front of my cell.

I could not surmise the cause for all these mysterious movements, and finally concluded that fresh victims were being brought. Knowing the utter impossibility to obtain information relative to those proceedings, or what it could mean, I became composed, as far as composure was possible, and amused myself, as heretofore, in counting the number of small squares visible in the iron door of my cell, the number of layers of brick in the floor, the height of the ceiling of my cell, the flies and other insects which had come to share my narrow and cheerless domain.

#### NEWS THAT FOUR HAD DIED TOLD.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon Gen. Dodd came to my cell, seating himself upon a small box, which had lately been granted me for use as a table, and asked if I had noticed anything of an unusual nature pervading the prison. I replied in the affirmative, giving him an account of the bustle and confusion, attended with the clanking of irons, &c., throughout the morning, and that I judged from these circumstances that other prisoners had arrived.

He replied no, and in a soft and feeling manner informed me of the execution of four of our number. I was completely thunderstruck and amazed, and felt within my own heart, from expressions gained from Herold and Payne during our joint incarceration, that a fearful crime had been perpetrated by the United States Government in the execution of an innocent woman. That feeling has been verified and her innocence has been publicly proclaimed by thousands of the leading men, not only of this, but of other nations.

#### EXERCISED BESIDE THEIR FRIENDS' GRAVES.

A few days after the execution we were all again allowed exercise in the outer yard of the prison, which on entering forced us to be confronted by that huge machine of death, and a little to the south side of it the eye rested upon four mounds of new-heaped earth, testifying the undeniable fact that beneath those cold and cheerless

hillocks rested in the quiet sleep of death all that but a few days before were life and sensibility.

Day after day we confronted this scene, the scaffold remaining in all its hideousness, involuntarily causing the eye to wander and gaze upon the small mounds, marking its feast of death.

Every day we passed through these evolutions, all anxiety to learn what decision the court had arrived at in our own respective cases. On the afternoon of July 17 we were summoned separately to the presence of Gen. Hartranft, the military custodian, who was seated at the farther end of the yard, and the sentence of each was made known, as found by the military commission, failing, however, to disclose the fact and concealing from each that the sentence was modified by Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

#### START FOR ANOTHER JAIL.

The military commission had fulfilled its mission; the death of Abraham Lincoln had been avenged, the public cry for vengeance had been appeased, and the long-drawn out trial, which for two months had heaped fuel to the fire to add to the public excitement, passed out of existence and the nation at large became pacified.

The midnight hour, which had been set apart for removal in every instance, was again resorted to, and we were silently marched, double-ironed, to a steamboat lying in the Potomac moored at a wharf.

Each side of the wharf was lined with armed sentinels and soldiers, as we emerged from our prison gates, and as we passed between them on the way to the boat our clanking irons in the solemn midnight seeming to pierce the vaults of heaven, crying out to the living God for vengeance on those who had traduced, defamed and victimized us, to satiate the public cry for revenge.

#### VOYAGE IN IRONS TO DRY TORTUGAS.

On arrival on board the steamer which was in waiting to receive us we were swiftly conveyed down the river, to what destination was unknown. On the afternoon of July 18 we arrived at Fortress Monroe, when we were transferred from the steamer to a small tugboat, thence, under heavy guard, to the gunboat Florida, Capt. Budd, commanding.

The irons had been removed temporarily from our wrists, and shackled about our feet we were compelled to ascend the ladder to the deck of the gunboat, where the entire crew of seamen stood about gazing in mute wonder. On landing upon the deck of the gunboat, Capt. William H. Dutton, in charge of the guard, directed that the Lilly irons be replaced upon our wrists. They had been placed upon Spangler and I, when the order of Capt. Dutton was countermanded by Gen. Dodd, and the irons were removed.

#### TORTURES OF THE LEG CHAINS.

No sooner were we upon the gunboat than we were ordered into the lower hold of the vessel. It required, in our shackled condition, the greatest care to safely reach there, owing to the limited space, eight inches of chain being allowed between our ankles. After leaving the second deck we were forced to descend upon a ladder whose rounds were distant so far apart that the chains bruised and lacerated the flesh and even the bone of the ankles.

We remained in the sweltering hole during the night in an atmosphere pregnant with disagreeable odors, arising from various articles of subsistence stored within, and about 8 o'clock next morning we passed through another ordeal in our ascent to the deck, which was attended with more pain than the descent, owing to the raw condition of our wounds.

All intercourse with the crew was pro-

hibited, guards being stationed around us, and we were not permitted to move without being accompanied by an armed marine. Subsistence of the grossest kind was issued, in the shape of fat salt pork and hardtack.

We remained on deck during the day, closely watching as far as able, the steering of the vessel by the sun, and found we were steaming due south. The course was unchanged the next day and I began to suspect that fatal isle, the Dry Tortugas, was our destined home of the future.

#### THEY HEAR THEIR DESTINATION.

From this time out we remained on deck, our beds being brought up at night and taken between decks in the morning. Arriving off Hilton Head, S. C., and while lying in port, we were informed by Gen. Dodd that he was sailing under sealed orders, but as soon as we left the port he would announce our destination.

We remained there during the night, having received some guests on board, and the officers amused themselves with dancing and carousing. About 12 o'clock in the day we were informed that the Dry Tortugas was our destination.

Of it I had no idea beyond that gathered through the columns of the press, in which it had been depicted as a perfect hell, which fact was duly established by imprisonment on its limited space. After the second day on the ocean the irons were removed from our feet during the day, but replaced at night, and we were permitted from this day out the privilege of being on deck on account of the oppressive heat of the climate, where we could catch the cool sea breeze as it swept across the deck in the ship's onward track over the bounding ocean.

*To be continued to-morrow.*

# THE LINCOLN PLOT.

## Trials of the Prisoners at Dry Tortugas.

### ARNOLD WRITES OF THEIR WOES.

#### Life Never Easy, Rumors of Rescue Made It Harder.

The Islands Were the Embodiment of Desolation, the Food Coarse and Bad, but at First Their Treatment Was Tolerable—But When the Rumors of Attempts at Rescue Started, That Changed for the Worse—Arnold Declares the Rumors Made's Nests Started as a Basis for Persecution.

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#### CHAPTER VII.

We arrived in sight of Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas, Fla., on July 24, 1865. When nearing the grim-looking walls a signal gun was fired from the gunboat, which was responded to by the officer in command of the fort, and soon the officer of the day made his appearance on board and was informed of the object of the visit of the boat. Within a very short time we were placed within a small boat, were conveyed to the fort and placed within one of the many casemates existing there.

The officers who had had us in charge remained at the fort a sufficient length of time to have, as it is called, a lark. After three months of torture, both of body and mind, we thought that we had at last found a haven of rest, although in a Government Bastille, where, shut out from the world, we would dwell and pass the remaining days of our life. It was a sad thought, yet it had to be borne.

We were now left under the charge of Col. Charles Hamilton, 110th New York Volunteers, who was at that period commandant of the post. He gave us instructions relative to the rules in force, stating the consequences which would attend any breach in discipline, finally impressing upon our minds that there was a dark and gloomy dungeon within the fort, to which offenders against the rules were consigned, over whose entrances was inscribed the classic words: "Whoso entereth here leaveth all hope behind."

We asked him if there were any special instructions relating to us, to which he replied: "No, you have the same privilege of the island as any person confined here, no instructions to the contrary having been furnished by the War Department in your cases."

Our bed that night was constituted of "a soft plank," and, in fact, so continued for months, until, through our own exertions and means received from home, we were able to purchase pieces of canvas, wherewith to nail up a rudely constructed bed.

#### DRY TORTUGAS A DESOLATE PRISON.

Spangler's trade was a godsend at this time, and proved so on more than one occasion afterward. The next morning we walked around the enclosure of the fort and toward evening strolled around the breakwater wall for the purpose of forming some idea of our desolate condition.

The Dry Tortugas is a small island isolated in the Gulf of Mexico in about 25 degrees north of the equator, comprising in all seven and a half acres of land, and lying directly beneath the rays of a tropical sun. It is located sixty-five miles northwest from Key West, ninety-five miles north from Cuba and about 200 miles directly south from Tampa, Fla., this being the nearest connecting point with the mainland of Florida.

Upon its limited area was erected a huge and massive structure, hexagon shaped, of brick and mortar, in an unfinished condition; called Fort Jefferson. When completed, if ever, it would mount 480 guns.

On the outer side of the fort there existed a wide and deep moat, to prevent the surging of the sea from washing against the main structure itself, and intended at the same time as a defence against assaulting columns. It is ocean girt on either side, strongly protected by coral reefs and intricate channels of approach.

On our arrival the island was entirely destitute of vegetable matter, with the exception of some few bushes of small growth and about a dozen cocoonut trees, which had been planted many years back by the hand of man.

Beyond this there was naught to gaze upon inside save the white, glittering coral sand, which had a very injurious effect upon the eyes in many cases, causing men to become totally blind after dark, a disease known there and of frequent occurrence, termed moonblind.

#### HORRORS OF CAPTIVITY THERE.

There were upward of 600 Federal prisoners confined there for various offences against military rules and laws, who were compelled to labor daily, from morn till night, upon limited and loathsome sustenance. Without exception, it was the most horrible place the eye of man ever rested upon, where day after day a miserable existence was being dragged out, intermixed with sickness, bodily suffering, want and pinching hunger, without the additional acts of torture and inhumanity that soon I became a witness of.

Around about the fort there were several small keys, termed, respectively, Sand, East, Bird and Loggerhead keys. Sand Key, very small in area, lies in a north-easterly direction, distant about half a mile, upon which had been erected a hospital for quarantine purposes and to be used in case of any epidemic occurring at the fort. Every foot of its space was peopled with the dead, many of the bodies having been washed up by the surf of the sea, and the hospital building having been torn down for the purpose of erecting a theatre at the post.

Bird Key, the largest in area, is distant about five miles from the Dry Tortugas, upon which in the summer season sea gulls in dense flocks congregate to deposit their eggs. These were gathered by the garrison and used for food. East Key lies in a southwesterly direction, distant about one mile from the fort, and was used as a cemetery for the dead. Loggerhead Key lies northerly, about three and one-half miles from the fort, upon which is erected a lighthouse of great height, used as a guide to ships to prevent their running upon the reefy beds which abound.

Those were all the points of land visible; all else was the deep and briny ocean. I looked long and intently upon all the surroundings of the place and asked the question, "Is this, indeed, to be my home for life?"

#### FOOD VILE AND LOATHSOME.

When we had returned from our walk around the breakwater wall we were placed within our dingy casemate for the night.

Food issued was horrible in the extreme. Many were suffering dreadfully from scurvy and chronic troubles.

The bread was disgusting to look upon, being a mixture of flour, bugs, sticks and dirt. Meat, whose taint could be traced by its smell from one part of the fort to the other, in fact, rotten and to such an extent that dogs ran from coming in contact with it, was served.

No vegetable diet was issued of any description, and the coffee, which should have been good, as good quality was issued, was made into a slop by those who had charge of the cook-house. These articles with but little variation, composed the diet until the Fifth United State Artillery arrived and assumed command, which was in the month of November.

Up to the above date there was not an article of food raised upon the island. The meat and flour that had been repeatedly condemned by the inspector, the quartermaster still issued, not only to prisoners, but, in many instances, to the garrison. Our treatment during the stay of Col. Hamilton of the 110th New York Volunteers was as good as could be expected under such circumstances.

#### TREATMENT ACCORDING TO CAPTORS.

In a short time the 110th New York was relieved by the 161st New York, under whom we received far better treatment, no change occurring, however, in the nature and kind of food issued, it still being of the meanest and coarsest nature. The stay of this regiment was very short, and they were relieved by the Eighty-second United States Colored Infantry, under whom the first change occurred, rendering imprisonment almost insupportable.

Dr. Samuel Mudd, upon the arrival of the Eighty-second Regiment, on Sept. 25, 1865, made an attempt to escape, because, as he afterward informed me, he was fearful that his life would be sacrificed under their rule. Under the plea of the attempt of Mudd to escape, each of us was placed within a dungeon and shackles were placed around our ankles, and in this degraded

condition we were compelled to daily perform certain assigned labor.

MARE'S NEST CONSPIRACIES.

Col. George St. Leger Grenfell, quite an aged gentleman, arrived at the fort shortly after Mudd's attempt to escape, under the alleged charge of conspiracy, and was placed in the same dungeon with us, and the same shameful indignity and degradation heaped upon him; which leads me to suppose that Dr. Mudd's attempt at escape was not the true grounds upon which this act of barbarity and inhumanity was based.

It was hardly known throughout the country as yet that we had been sent to Dry Tortugas. The War Department, under whose sealed orders we were sent to Dry Tortugas, knew of the fact of our arrival and so did its chief detective, Gen. L. C. Baker, who must have started on his tour of the western part of the country about the same period as our departure from Washington, from the fact that less than a month had passed away before he had unearthed another conspiracy, which was organizing to rescue our imprisoned bodies from the authorities at Dry Tortugas.

The country seemed to be infested with conspiracies, or at least the heads of the different departments of the Government, breathed only poisonous vapors of combinations of persons combining together in some unlawful enterprise.

THE TALES OF RESCUE.

Why was this so? I will answer it in a very few words. They were the conspirators themselves, conspiring not only against the innocent citizens of the Republic, but against the Republic itself, creating a necessity for the purpose of carrying out the natural propensity of their own hearts. To cover up their own natures in the transaction they stooped to deception and caused to be stated that the reason for placing us in irons, &c., was Mudd's attempt at escape.

That it was all false and was so from the beginning I will endeavor to prove, using their own weapons, as will be seen by the following copy of a telegram which was forwarded to the commanding officer of Dry Tortugas, for his guidance and instruction, viz:

LOUISVILLE, Ky.

August 17, 1865, 9 A. M.

Hon. T. T. Eckert, Acting Assistant Secretary of War.

I have important papers. I think the commanding officer of Dry Tortugas should be put on guard against an attempt to rescue the State prisoners in his charge. A company is organizing in New Orleans for that purpose. I have all the facts from a reliable source.

[Signed] L. C. BAKER,  
Brig.-Gen., Pro. Mar., War Dept.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ESCAPE.

News of this conspiracy organizing, not organized, was communicated to each department commander, and soon all were in wild commotion, each endeavoring to outdo the other in their attempt to render abortive the object of that which had no existence beyond their own designing minds.

In quick succession communications from the different headquarters arrived at the post, copies of which I herewith append.

WAR DEPT., A. GEN'L'S OFFICE.

Washington, Aug. 17, 1865.

Col. C. H. Hamilton, 110th N. Y. Vol., or the Commanding Officer, Dry Tortugas, Fla.:

SIR: I inclose herewith a copy of a telegram from Brig.-Gen. L. C. Baker, Provost Marshal of the War Department. The Secretary of War directs that besides taking effectual measures against any attempt to rescue prisoners you will place the four state prisoners—Arnold, Mudd, Spangler and O'Laughlin—under such restraint and within such limits inside Fort Jefferson as shall make abortive any attempt at escape or rescue. You will return by Lieut. Carpenter, the bearer of this, a full report of the measures you take under these instructions. Very respectfully,  
your obedient servant,

[Signed.] E. D. TOWNSEND,  
Assistant Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE GULF }  
NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 20, 1865. }

Commanding Officer, Tortugas:  
The inclosed telegram is forwarded for your information. You will at once take measures to prevent the accomplishment of such purpose as the surprise of your post and the release of the prisoners there. Report by return of the bearer the strength of your garrison. Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

[Signed.] P. H. SHERIDAN,  
Major-General.

(Copy of Telegram.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17, 12:30 P. M.

Major-Gen. E. R. S. Canby:  
This department is informed that an operation is on foot in New Orleans to go to the Dry Tortugas and by surprise or stratagem seize that place and release the prisoners there. Immediately receiving this telegram please send a special messenger to notify the commanders at Key West and Dry Tortugas to take strict measures to guard against any stratagem or surprise, and secure the safety of their commands. You will also use every effort to defeat its object. You will also notify the division commander and request his cooperation. Acknowledge the receipt of this telegram.

[Signed.] E. M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.

Official.  
[Signed.] P. H. SHERIDAN,  
Major-General.

DR. MUDD'S ATTEMPT TO FLEE.

As instructed, Lieut. Carpenter, bearing these despatches, arrived at Fort Jefferson, Fla., during the month of September, while Major Willis E. Craig, 161st New York Volunteers, was in command. Capt. Prentiss, provost marshal in charge, forwarded the required information relative to the strength of the garrison and the measures adopted in our method of confinement, which seemed to be satisfactory, as we were not molested nor restricted in any particular in the privileges thus far granted and things went on as usual until Sept. 25, the day the 161st New York Volunteers were relieved by the Eighty-second United States Colored Infantry, Major George E. Wentworth commanding, the period of Dr. Mudd's attempt to escape.

NO CONFIDANTS IN HIS PLAN.

Dr. Mudd occupied quarters at the post hospital building, where he had been given the position of ward master. We never met except at morning and at night, going and returning from work. I was perfectly ignorant that he entertained the idea of attempting to escape. His secret was kept entirely within himself.

At the time I was confined to my bed with a very severe case of break-bone fever, when the news reached me of Dr. Mudd's attempt at escape, and I was informed by Capt. Prentiss that he thought that it would have an injurious effect upon each of us, as each would be held responsible for the acts of the other.

Strict post orders were forthwith issued in Dr. Mudd's case and he was ironed and placed within one of the cells attached to the guardhouse, and compelled during the day to perform the most menial labor on the island. In fact, they could not hunt up hard enough work with which to vent their spleen upon him.

It was legitimately his place to escape from his imprisonment if he could, and it was the place of his jailers to prevent it if possible, without resorting to such cruelties as were afterward imposed upon us. Soon the seed of persecution became engrafted, from which each was to bear like part. It could be read upon the countenance of every officer, and rumors gradually ripened into facts.

HARDSHIPS INCREASE.

Major-Gen. Foster, commanding the Department of Florida, arrived upon the island, verbally left instructions with the commanding officer, and I was removed from the office of the Provost Marshal, where I had been employed soon after I landed at the fort, under the plea that these positions should alone be given to men in their own army or service capable of fulfilling the required duties thereof.

In a very short time thereafter the following communication was received at the post:

HEADQUARTERS OF MIDDLE FLORIDA, }  
SECOND SEPARATE BRIGADE, D. T. }  
TALLAHASSEE, Sept. 3, 1865. }

To the Commanding Officer, Sub. District, Key West:

SIR: Official information has been received at these headquarters from Washington that a plot exists to release the prisoners at Fort Jefferson. You will take the proper precautions to prevent any uprising of the prisoners, and, in case you find this information to be correct, take measures to ferret out the leaders and place them in irons.

By command of Brig.-Gen. Newton.

[Signed.] A. C. PROTZ,

First Lieutenant and A. A. General.

Copy furnished.

Commanding Officer Dry Tortugas.

SIMPLY PERSECUTING, ARNOLD SAYS.

By referring to the previous communication it will be seen that in the first instance L. C. Baker obtained the facts from a reliable source that a conspiracy was organized in New Orleans to release the State prisoners confined at Fort Jefferson, Fla. This information was gained by him on Aug. 17, 1865, and immediately telegraphed to the War Department at Washington.

In less than a month commands and telegrams, having been forwarded here and there, finally culminated in establishing the conspiracy, as seen by communication from Gen. Newton, as existing at Dry Tortugas itself, he ordering, if it be found correct, that the leaders be placed in irons.

Therefore, no such conspiracy as detailed by Gen. Baker ever existed, excepting in his own inventive mind. We were made the leaders so that further persecution and tortures could be heaped upon us. The finding of the court was insufficient, tortures already inflicted were not enough to satisfy the pent-up hatred of those in high positions against us, their defamed and traduced victims of military injustice.

To be continued to-morrow.

## THE LINCOLN PLOT.

### Arnold's Story of Cruelty at Dry Tortugas.

#### PUNISHMENT OF CONSPIRATORS.

#### He Charges His Captors With Making Their Jail a Hell.

They Were Kept in Irons, Lived in Water-soaked Dungeons and Subject to Continuous Tortures by Rheumatism and Insect Pests—"We Can Do What We Please to You," He Asserts an Officer Told Him—Private Soldiers, as Well as Prisoners, Were Abused, He Says.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

In a short time a damp and unhealthy dungeon was placed in readiness to receive us, through which but little air could penetrate, and on Oct. 18 Col. G. St. Leger Grenfell, Mudd, Spargler, O'Laughlin and myself were removed to these selected quarters and herded together like so many cattle.

The doors for the first few days were always kept closed, with an armed sentinel walking to and fro from his seat, closely guarding against any approach to our quarters.

Soon leg irons were introduced, and each ironed, with the exception of myself, they remaining off me, because I was engaged in writing for some of the officers at post headquarters.

When the instructions contained in Gen. Newton's communication of Sept. 3 had been looked into, the ringleaders of the plot ferreted out and placed in irons, the commanding officer, to prove how willingly the duty of his superior, and likewise of himself, had been performed, penned the following communication to the War Department:

HEADQUARTERS,  
FORT JEFFERSON, FLA.,  
OCTOBER 20, 1865.

Brevet Lieut.-Col. Samuel Breck, Assistant Adjutant-General:

COLONEL:—I have the honor to report that when I relieved Major Willis E. Craig, 161st New York Volunteers, of the command of this post, he failed to turn over to me any particular order or instructions relative to the confinement of State prisoners at this post, and

to-day, for the first time, learned from Brig. Gen. Newton, commanding Department of Middle Florida, that instructions had been sent to the commanding officer of this post to keep them in close confinement when not at work. When this post was visited by Major-Gen. Foster, commanding Department of Florida, on the 14th day of this month, he gave me instructions to put them in close confinement, and I have accordingly fitted up a dungeon to carry out his instructions, but I had never until this day known anything in regard to the orders from the War Department. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

[Signed] GEO. E. WENTWORTH,  
Major Eighty-second United States Colored Infantry, commanding.

What mind among those mazy windings can unearth the cause of all these secret machinations? Everything connected so far as to the cause assigned for the placing of us in irons is concerned has been refuted by their own correspondence.

We were closely confined, when not at work, in this damp and ill-ventilated dungeon, prepared by Major George E. Wentworth for our reception—forced to labor daily, heavily ironed about our feet, our footsteps closely followed by an armed guard (black), denied intercourse with every one upon the island and locked within our gloomy dungeon at sundown.

#### CAPTORS CHANGED FOR THE WORSE.

This continued unchanged until the arrival of the Fifth Artillery, Brig.-Gen. Bennett H. Hill, commanding. The rations issued at this time were puerile, unfit to eat, and during these three months of confinement I lived upon a cup of slop coffee and the dry, hard crust of bread. This is no exaggeration, as many others can testify to its truthfulness.

Coffee was brought over to our quarters in a dirty, greasy bucket, always with grease swimming upon its surface; bread, rotten fish and meat, all mixed together—and thus we were forced to live for months until starvation nearly stared us in the face.

When the Fifth Artillery arrived and we looked upon the faces of men of our own color and race, we felt greater security for our lives. We did not think it possible that worse men could be found upon the face of the earth than most of the officers connected with the Eighty-second United States Colored Infantry; but we soon found that we had traded off the witch for the devil.

As for the enlisted men, or private soldiers, both white and black, I must say that we were treated by them with the utmost kindness and consideration, which shall ever be remembered with the most grateful feelings.

It was but a short period before the hatred of the officers of the Fifth Artillery became visible and felt in more instances than one. Their arrival dated from about Nov. 13, when Gen. Hill assumed command of the post.

Frequent visitations were made by them to our quarters without a word being spoken or a question propounded, they looking

upon us as if we were wild beasts and concocting some plan to degrade and further torture us.

"WE CAN DO WITH YOU AS WE PLEASE."

First Lieut. William Van Reed, adjutant, being officer of the day, O'Laughlin determined to ask him the cause of his being placed in irons. O'Laughlin stated to him it was not in conformity with the findings of the court; that sentence did not call for such inhuman treatment at the hands of his jailers; that he had conformed to every requirement since a prisoner in the hands of the Government, never violating any rule governing the command and firmly protesting against such barbarous treatment.

Lieut. Van Reed walked up and down our quarters, in his insignia of rank, and replied:

"Sir, your sentence is nothing; we can do with you and to you just as we please," and, without further comment, abruptly left our quarters.

If a subaltern officer could thus set aside the findings of an entire court of officers, also override the modified sentence of the President of the United States, he possessed more real power over us than either and had it in his assumed power to ignore the findings of the court in its entirety, and, if so desired, could order us on sight to be taken from our cell and executed in like manner to others.

What a parody on justice! After that long-drawn-out trial, with its horrors attending for months, its findings to be thus ignored by a subaltern officer in the service of the United States!

The time was fast approaching when I, like unto the others, was to be made again to feel the iron heel of the despot sent to overlook and guard us. It could be read in the eyes of each officer as he approached, could be viewed in their many consultations after and during a visit to our quarters, as they slyly gazed from one to the other, after looking upon my limbs, unshackled as yet.

#### ARNOLD AGAIN PUT IN IRONS.

On Nov. 17, 1865, Capt. George W. Crable, First Lieutenant United States Artillery, came into our quarters accompanied by the sergeant of the guard, and in a very gentlemanly manner thus addressed me:

"Arnold, I have a very painful duty to perform, but I am forced, as you are aware, to carry out and obey the orders from my superiors, no matter how grating against my feelings they may be. I am ordered by Gen. Bennett H. Hill to place you in irons, he having received orders to that effect from higher authority, as turned over to him by Major Wentworth, just relieved in command of the post."

I protested against it as a violation of the organic law of the land, both civil and military, and also of the sentence meted me by the military commission. I informed him that I was a prisoner, it was true, but that no act of my life had justly merited me to be imprisoned, much less incarcerated and weighted down by galling chains, and cried out against such a shameful abuse of power.

He replied that he was grieved to have to perform the duty, but that there was no alternative left but to strictly follow the order assigned him. The sergeant of the guard was then ordered to execute the command, and I was ironed in like manner to the others.

We five constituted the chain gang at Dry Tortugas. We were worked by ourselves, denied all intercourse with every one upon the desolate island, our footsteps were always accompanied by an armed guard and we were forced, in this condition, to perform the most menial and degrading work upon the key.

From Nov. 17 until Dec. 14 my person and the others were dragged here and there, from morn until night, working in degrading chains, made, in every instance that presented itself, to perform the filthiest jobs that the Provost Marshal could hunt up.

**CHAINS OFF AFTER A MONTH.**

Things continued thus until Dec. 14, when the prisoner employed as clerk to the commanding officer was released from confinement by order from the War Department. I was sent for, desired to furnish a specimen of my handwriting, which I did, and from that date was employed as clerk in the Adjutant's office.

The noise arising from the clanking chains upon my feet, when walking about the office, soon grated upon the ears of the commanding officer, who, in consequence thereof, in special post order, relieved me from the irons, indefinitely, but kept the others still ironed and occupied at labor, as before mentioned.

I had been in the office but a few days when orders were issued which separated me from my only companions upon the island. I was transferred from my dungeon to the general guardhouse, denied communication or intercourse with the few with whom I was individually imprisoned, forced to dwell amid the confusion and noise abounding among numerous sentinels.

This was of anything but a pleasant nature to my senses. I could not conceive why I had been relieved of suffering of one kind to have another heaped upon me of just as bad a nature, and I determined, if possible, to have it corrected in some way.

In a communication addressed to the commanding officer I requested to be returned to my former place of confinement, for, although a dungeon, it was far preferable to the guardhouse where I was then confined; that there were no consequences attending the change of situation; that instead of being an amelioration of my condition I found it an aggravation. My request was complied with and I was again placed in the dungeon with my companion, which fact had the tendency to ruffle the disposition of the post adjutant by whose order I had been placed there (without the sanction or knowledge of the commanding officer), as he remarked to me afterward, stating that he placed me in the guardhouse to prevent the contents of communications received at the office being divulged to the inmates of my quarters.

**HIS CHARGES OF CRUELTY.**

From that time out we remained together. The orderly accompanied me to and fro, from my cell to headquarters, and to every point I required to visit. At retreat, or sundown, we were locked together within our dungeon, remaining until carried out to our morning labors at sunrise.

With the arrival of the Fifth Artillery at the post the regulations which had been in force were changed, and cruelty became the order of the day. Not only were prisoners the recipients of it, but to a very great extent it prevailed over the enlisted men, recruits just arrived to fill up the different companies, which had been reduced through expiration of terms of enlistment.

There was scarcely a day that passed but that ten to fifteen would be seen, carrying from morning until night, heavy cannon balls upon their shoulders, and often continuing for days as well as nights.

To fail to salute an officer was a sure forerunner of punishment, when, in fact, at times it was impossible to distinguish them, they not being clad in their required uni-

form. The manual of arms was drummed into the recruits with the butt end of the musket, and the different evolutions of the command were first learned in the regions of the back, legs and breast, the drilling officer not being particular as to what part of the body the blow was given.

Our close proximity to the guardhouse afforded every opportunity of becoming conversant with the many different acts of cruelty and tyranny practised, which I will hereafter relate.

**LIVED IN FLOODED CELLS.**

We remained in our dungeon quarters until some time in the month of February, 1866, at which period our removal took place, arising from the woful condition of the quarters, it becoming flooded with water to the depth in places of one foot, created by the rains and leakage through the walls. This had been so, more or less, ever since our confinement there, but failed to attract the attention of our jailers until it became so plain that their all-seeing eyes in all else could not fail but to notice it.

The health of each had become very much impaired from confinement in this malarious dungeon, and when it was announced that we were to be removed to other quarters we heralded the change with joy, feeling that we would be able to regain our health somewhat by coming in contact with the pure, fresh sea breeze.

In this, however, we were sadly disappointed. Our quarters were placed immediately over the sally-port of the fort, the casements so constructed that we obtained less fresh air and ventilation than in the quarters we had been removed from, and to make it more confined and unwholesome an eight-inch wall was erected between the arch division dividing the casements, thereby darkening the quarters and breaking off ever particle of air from the sea.

On the water side, fronting our quarters, occasionally a glimpse of the sky above could be had, but beyond this—nothing. There were three windows, measuring five feet long and six inches in width, set about two or three feet in the wall, distant from the ground floor about seven feet, completely breaking off all view to the outer world and preventing the breeze, so necessary to health, from being obtained. The wall here, as heretofore, was a mass of slime, produced from the dampness of the casemates.

**TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM AND INSECTS.**

Often during our confinement in the place buckets were used to bail out the collected water, it having been found necessary to dig deep holes and gutters to catch the water, thereby preventing our quarters becoming flooded all over.

For months—yes, over a year—were we quartered in this filthy place, having as companions in our misery every insect known to abound on the island, in the shape of mosquitoes, bedbugs, roaches and scorpions, by which, both night and day, we were tormented. Our limbs, drawn in different shapes by rheumatism contracted from the dampness, though a wreck, my iron constitution outlived it all.

When asking that an ameliorating change be made, no notice was taken thereof; in fact, it grew worse, if possible, for the mind of man to conceive such to be possible. A guard stood at our doorway constantly, preventing the approach of any one to our quarters, excepting when accompanied by the officer of the day, the commanding officer or surgeon of the post. We were made a show of when any Nabob or officers came upon the island, to whom we were not permitted to speak, standing like so many statues in their presence.

Officers whose minds should have been clear to act with justice were revelling in intoxicating beverages, and frequently to such an extent that they dwelt on earth as in a dream, relentlessly carrying to ex-

tremes visionary orders under an assumed authority when laboring under impaired functions produced through too copious draughts upon the bottle.

**CANNON BALL PENALTY FOR SOLDIERS.**

The prisoners and soldiers received the full benefit of their wandering minds. The emaciated prisoner could be seen performing his daily labor weighted down in chains, with heavy balls attached. Another, for some supposed dereliction of duty, could be seen marching around a ring under the torrid heat of the sun, weighted down by monster cannon balls upon his shoulders.

I have seen them fall within their tracks, unable to perform the inhuman duty exacted, from sheer exhaustion, to be then thrust within a dungeon, to remain until strength was sufficiently restored to resume the barbarous task. I have seen them suspended between heaven and earth by their thumbs, and every species of inhumanity that the mind of man could invent was heaped upon both prisoners and soldiers, slaves beneath the petty tyrants' control.

This and much more, which I will in due time disclose, was practised within that stronghold, built to protect freemen and uphold liberty, while our starry banner waved majestically in the breeze, emblem of liberty to the world as seen from afar, but beneath which tyranny prevailed, devising means to surpass the cruelties inflicted in barbarous ages.

**IRONS ORDERED STRICKEN OFF.**

Our condition remained unchanged until some time in the month of February, 1866, when a communication was received from the War Department asking to be informed whether or not Dr. Mudd, as reported by his wife, was working in irons, and, if so, to relieve them at once.

Orders were received that night to discontinue the irons, and from that period out we were all released from that uncalculated and unsanctioned cruelty and indignity. This, with other communications heretofore mentioned, conclusively established the fact that a base subterfuge had been practised upon us to gratify alone the evil passions of those who were prejudiced against us.

Shortly after our change of quarters Col. George St. Leger Grenfell, who had been made to bear in part the same harsh injustice as ourselves, wrote a communication to the commanding officer, Gen. B. H. Hill, asking the reason why he had been placed in irons, as the same reasons could not be attributed to him as to the others, from the fact that he was upon Governors Island at the time Mudd made his attempt at escape, and certainly could not have been connected therewith, nor have any knowledge thereof. In fact, he did not know that there was such a person in existence as Dr. Mudd, and, if there were no just grounds for the irons, he asked that they be struck off and other quarters assigned him.

The next day he was relieved of the irons and assigned to other quarters, the General having found that there were no orders in his case, after the old Colonel had suffered through their injustice for six months.

**SCENE OF CONSTANT BARBARITY.**

The only view from our quarters was the inside of the fort. There were but few things that occurred within its environs but that came under our observation, because directly beneath was the guardhouse, the chief point where the barbarities were practised and inflicted upon prisoners and soldiers. At this time it was an every day occurrence to behold men plodding around a ring, both day and night, carrying logs and cannon balls, the balls varying in weight from 24 pounds up to 125 pounds.

To be reported was enough to award punishment, neither soldier nor prisoner

being allowed to utter a word in his own defence. To look sideways at an officer was the forerunner of a ball to be carried two hours on and two hours off, frequently for a week or ten days. There was a soldier by the name of Wheeler, Company M, Fifth Artillery, who was required to carry a ball for a month, both day and night, two hours on and two hours off, because he altered his pantaloons furnished by the Government, instead of going there to the tailor to have it done, he preferring to do it himself to save the cost of the same, he being a poor man and having a family dependent upon him.

*(To be continued to-morrow)*



**THE LINCOLN PLOT.****The Tale of Alleged Cruelty at Dry Tortugas.****PRISONER'S STORY OF TORTURE.****Bad Food and Bad Treatment Part of the Complaint.**

**Recruits Said to Have Been Persecuted by the Officers Placed Over Them—Assertion That One of Them Was Killed by a Sergeant—Drunkness Among the Commissioned Officers Also Specified in This Man's Charges.**

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**CHAPTER IX.**

During the first year and a half the Dry Tortugas was anything but a paradise. There did not pass a day but men could be seen tied up by their thumbs, between the sky and the earth, until the joints of their thumbs were nearly pulled from their sockets; some carried to the Gulf Stream, bound in cords and nearly drowned, and others tied up in the guardhouse and lashed upon their naked backs.

Many of these cruelties were inflicted because the victims had followed the example set by some of the officers in charge of them and had dared to become intoxicated. There was another mode of punishment applied in many instances. Men were what they termed nailed to the cross or spread-eagle fashion, and others were tied with their hands behind them to swinging limbs, the tips of their toes barely touching the earth.

If these same cruelties were practised in other portions of the army to the same extent as was done at Dry Tortugas the cause of so many desertions from the service could easily be discerned. Had the soldiers at that post the facilities of deserting there would have been but few of the command left to do garrison duty.

Many left in small boats, to make their way from the scenes of torture, across 200 miles of sea, preferring to risk their lives upon the deep than to remain, daily doomed to death by such brutal measures enforced there. These particular cases I will hereafter refer to, it being my desire, as far as possible, to relate each thing in order, as far as memory can recall.

A short time after Col. Grenfell's removal to other quarters a case of smallpox broke out upon the island. The patient, instead of being placed in a remote corner of the fort, there being many unoccupied casemates available at the time, where the disease would not endanger others, was brought and placed midway between our quarters and those of Col. Grenfell. We came in contact with it daily as we passed to and from our labor, Col. Grenfell receiving the full benefit therefrom upon each puff of wind that passed. We failed to become inoculated with the loathsome disease, however.

Finding the patient still remaining in close proximity to each of our quarters, Col. Grenfell obtained a large blackboard, and upon it in large letters inscribed "Smallpox Hospital," directing all persons on the island to shun it. This drew the attention of the officers, together with the murmurings heard all over the island, and the patient was removed to another portion of the fort. The action of the authorities in this affair was so pointed that not only ourselves, but each man upon the island, firmly believed that it was done for the express purpose of inoculating us with this fearful and loathsome malady.

**COL. GRENFELL'S RECORD.**

Col. Grenfell was severely reprimanded for his action and sternly commanded to take in the board and to be very careful in his actions in the future. He was not in the least intimidated, but strictly garnered the actions of the officers at the fort, recording them in a diary, which he kept during his imprisonment, and which, I learned, is now in the possession of Capt. MacElrath, Company L, Fifth United States Artillery.

At this period sustenance was horrible and of the most disgusting nature. We sustained ourselves from our own resources. It was a godsend that we possessed it, otherwise starvation would have stared us in the face.

Col. Grenfell's quarters were papered over its woodwork front inwardly with his daily rations of bread and meat, a nail having been placed through it to fasten it to the wall. Soldiers were loudly complaining about their rations and the quality issued. Often when guarding us they requested something to eat, stating that they were nearly starved; that they were robbed of their rations, &c.

Many a one's hunger was relieved by us from our own scant supply, through which we gained their friendliness in some instances, but as a general thing they were kind, and sympathized with us in our misfortunes, and would have permitted us to have escaped if in doing so they would not have been compromised in the matter.

They complained bitterly of the distribution of the company fund, stating that the benefit therefrom was not received by them, but used by the company officers themselves. This was the general complaint among them all during the first two years of our incarceration. I make no assertion myself or accusation in this matter, as I am entirely ignorant upon the subject, and I give but the

statements of others in this special instance.

**RECRUITS MALTREATED.**

Never were a lot of recruits worse maltreated. They were beaten, bruised and maimed by the harsh treatment and punishment awarded. Inhumanity seemed to be the ruling element, and barbarity and injustice the only thoughts of those in power, our rulers. Sunday morning would always find twenty or thirty packing balls at the guardhouse in the boiling sun, until some of them, exhausted and overcome by heat, would fall in an almost lifeless condition and lie there, no notice being taken of them until after the fact had been reported to the officer of the day, when they would be picked up and conveyed to the hospital for medical treatment.

A French-Canadian died about a month after his arrival, superinduced from the cruelties practised upon him by the first sergeant of his company, receiving knocks on the head, body and limbs from the butt-end of the musket, used until nature gave way, and he was consigned to a premature grave on the adjacent Island of East Key. The man who perpetrated this piece of cruelty was afterward, through examination, made a Lieutenant in the United States Army. This was not the only instance of his cruelty, as every soldier who was in the company can testify. He misused, with but few exceptions, every man in the company.

A private soldier of his company by the name of Street came into the hospital one morning while I was there with the blood streaming down his neck from a wound inflicted at the hands of this sergeant during drill. I saw the man myself and received my information directly from him. I cannot remember the names of the many so ill-treated, but they were numerous. In one instance he struck one of the soldiers of his company over the fingers with his sabre, nearly severing them from the hand. Often was I shown, also, by my roommates, deep and black bruises on their bodies.

**A SHOCKING CASE.**

Another instance of heartless inhumanity was perpetrated upon a soldier in Company D, Fifth Artillery, by name of Christian Conrad, a German. Conrad had been afflicted with fits and suffering so much therefrom that he was unable to perform his duties in his company. He was placed in the hospital. While there his condition grew rapidly worse, the lower portion of his body becoming nearly useless to him, it being with the utmost difficulty that he could drag one foot after the other.

The doctor in charge stated that this was mere pretence, and that he would bring him around to duty. He was discharged from the hospital, placed in the guardhouse and ordered to carry a twenty-four pound log, which was done under the most exorciating pain, as the man trembled like an aspen all over from the exertion required to execute the imposed task, his limbs being dragged along almost devoid of life or action. During the performance of this task, a cruelty unsurpassed, his frame was violently contorted with re-

peated fits, the command given being that no soldier should interfere or offer any assistance in the pretended spells, and he was left writhing in his agony without any helping hand being permitted to reach forth to relieve his sufferings.

For a week he remained in the guard house, attacked repeatedly with these fits. Buckets of water were ordered to be thrown over him when under their influence, and his condition grew worse and worse. He was again removed to the hospital, where he remained until some time in November, 1866, when he was discharged from the service of the United States. He was borne upon a stretcher to a steamer lying at the wharf, a helpless man, unable to stand up or move his lower limbs. He frequently expressed the opinion that the doctor was trying to kill him, and whenever the physician made his appearance in his ward his entire frame shook with fright and horror.

#### HARD DRINKERS.

Harshness began to increase in manner, both to the soldiers and prisoners. Drunkenness ran riot on the island. There was not a day passed but that officers could be seen reeling under its influence as they staggered down the walk leading from their barracks to the sally-port of the fort. Gaze where you would, the eye would come in contact with some of them, inebriated, a disgrace and dishonor to the service of the country which they represented.

Liquor was obtained from every boat that entered the harbor, and if the supply became exhausted before the arrival of a boat again inroads were made upon the hospital supplies, so that when needed in case of sickness the supply was exhausted. I state this not upon mere hearsay; I have witnessed all these things myself; have seen orders sent to the hospital for the liquor; have seen the orderly as he returned bearing the bottles; have unwrapped the covering and read the label "Spiritus Frumenti," and have seen the peculiar bottle containing the fluid upon the officers' table.

But with this I have naught to do. If the Government permits its officers to live under the influence of liquor and advances supplies for such purposes, we, the people, have no right to complain, but must support it. From the barbarous treatment daily received from the officers under the influence of intoxicating draughts, many of the soldiers began to contemplate desertion. Many succeeded in their efforts, until it became necessary to restrict them from going to Key West upon passes. Passes of every description consequently were rescinded and soldiers became as much confined on the island as prisoners.

One of the most heartless acts witnessed in this age of civilization happened on the occasion when the Paymaster had arrived at the fort to pay off the troops. It was a counterpart of the Middle Ages in cruelty and barbarity. The prisoners were engaged in unloading a vessel moored at the wharf, containing commissary and quartermaster stores for the post. During the work the prisoners, whose duty it was to unload vessels on arrival, indulged freely in spirituous liquors, in company with soldiers who had charge of them. A prisoner of the name of James Dunn became beastly intoxicated in company with two of the soldiers who were acting as provost guards.

#### TORTURE ALLEGED.

The occurrence was reported to the officer of the day, when he gave orders to the sergeant of the guard to place him on the ring to carry a ball, but, finding he was too drunk to comply with the order, he ordered him to be tied up. Accordingly, he was tied up to the bell post erected in front of the guardhouse by his wrists, it being about 11 o'clock in the morning.

On returning to my quarters for dinner Dunn was still tied up to the post, remaining there until my return to the office, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I returned to my quarters about 5:30 P. M., and found Dunn transferred from the bell post and tied up by his thumbs to the iron bars or railing immediately beneath our quarters. He was in drunken insensibility, swinging to and fro, bound around by a small rope, his legs stretched outwardly, the whole weight of his body resting upon his thumbs.

The ends of the thumbs were fearfully swollen and puffed out, having the appearance of a mortified piece of flesh. His head was drooping backward, the burning rays of the sun striking him full in the face and the face, red, blue, and in some parts, nearly black, the veins in the neck swollen and extended like cords, there being practically no circulation of blood. I viewed him hanging in this condition until after 5 o'clock.

#### COMMANDER INTERFERED.

There is no telling how long he would have remained in this position had not Major-Gen. Hill, commanding, happened to pass that way, and, seeing this piece of barbarous cruelty inflicted upon an insensible being, immediately directed the sergeant to take him down and place him in the guardhouse. He commanded that in future no man, while in a drunken condition, be punished in like manner. Instead of undoing the cords from his thumbs, they were cut away and Dunn fell heavily upon the ground, not even awakening from the deep stupor as his head came in contact with the hard ground. He was then dragged bodily into the guardhouse, where he remained until retreat.

The officer of the day came down to inspect the guard, and, looking around, failed to find Dunn. Inquiring of the sergeant where he was, he was told he was in the guardhouse. The officer ordered that he be taken out and made to carry a ball and lift, the sergeant to execute his order. Dunn was brought out, and, from the tortures already practised upon him, was unable to clasp the ball, it constantly slipping from his grasp. He essayed to balance it upon his shoulders, to comply with the orders, in his intoxicated condition. In his endeavor to do so he fell twice, once the 42-pound cannon ball falling directly upon his chest, as he fell backward, and again as he plunged forward, the weight of the ball giving impetus to his fall, he horribly mutilated the entire left side of his face as it ploughed through the coral sands.

The sergeant, to execute the orders received, strapped the ball upon his back in a knapsack, but Dunn, staggering here and there, caused the material to give way, which again, when relieved from the weight upon his back, caused him to fall forward upon his face. At this point the officer arrived, and, seeing the man's lacerated face, ordered him back to the guardhouse, there to remain until 8 o'clock, then to be taken out and made to carry the ball. This scene was witnessed by many persons on the island and the entire crew of the steamer which was lying at the wharf.

#### MORE CRUELTY.

All of the excitement attending the affair had died away and quiet prevailed throughout the fort, except loud peals of laughter from the officers' quarters, telling in unmistakable terms of the revelry which existed there. The poor tortured, drunken victim, with his lacerated hands and face, was temporarily forgotten, but the time was again approaching when they would again place their victim on the rack.

Eight o'clock was pointed by the hands of the clock, and Dunn, to the minute, was led from the guardhouse to renew his task and take his punishment. There were others confined in the guardhouse, all of

whom were brought forth and ordered to pick up a ball and carry it. Armed guards were stationed over them to enforce the order, they being authorized to bayonet them in case the orders given were not strictly complied with.

The severity of the punishment already inflicted upon Dunn made it a physical impossibility for him to conform to the orders given. His hands were unable to perform their office. Repeatedly he grasped the ball, only for the hands unconsciously to relax their hold, letting the ball fall to the earth. When, after repeated efforts, he found it impossible to obey the commands given, the sentinel threatening him with the point of the bayonet if he still persisted in not complying with the orders, in piteous cries he appealed from one to the other, saying to the sergeant, could he, he would willingly carry the ball as ordered.

"Sergeant," he said, "I am willing to carry the ball, God knows the truth of what I say, but I cannot do it. If you do not believe me, come, oh, come, look at my bleeding hands."

It was an iron heart to whom he appealed. There was one answer: "You must carry the ball. Sentinel, if he refuses to carry it obey your orders received, and run him through with your bayonet."

To prevent this he again tried to carry the ball, but to no avail. The ball fell from his grasp, and as it dropped to the earth he fell with it, crying out: "Sentinel, I cannot carry the ball. Perform your duty—bayonet and kill me."

The sentinel endeavored in various ways to cause compliance, and failing to move him in the matter, repeatedly pricked him with the bayonet. Finding Dunn did not move from its touch, the sentinel called upon the sergeant of the guard. Cords were again brought into requisition, and in the roughest manner twisted and bound around his bleeding hands, wrists and thumbs. In the midst of his cries of agony, which reached each portion of the fort, his appeals for mercy could be heard. Useless his pleadings, his prayers, his cries, as the form to which he appealed possessed a heart as hard and callous as stone, which had become more hardened through frequent imbibings by him during the day.

There was a gentleman residing with his family upon the island, in charge of the lighthouse, whose family was disturbed by the piercing cries of the tortured man as he screamed out in his agony. He was forced to call upon the officer of the day to ask that other measures be adopted in the manner of punishment. The officer sent forthwith for the sergeant, who received orders and returned to his guard. In a few moments Dunn was removed from the close proximity of Capt. Henry Benmer's lighthouse, and retied to a pair of steps by his hands and wrists, his piercing shrieks during the operation filling every space.

#### HIS CRIES SMOTHERED.

To smother these cries he was taken down, gagged with a bayonet and hurriedly hoisted up again. His smothered tones could now alone be heard as he hung suspended between heaven and earth. For the most part of the night he hung in this manner in almost lifeless condition. Next morning at guard mount, while seated on the steps at the guardhouse, I requested that he would allow me to see his hands. I found them swollen and lacerated in many places, having a gangrene appearance, and perfectly helpless, not being able to move them in any particular.

From the guardhouse he was taken to the hospital, placed under medical treatment, where he remained during the period of his confinement, some three or four months. It was decided at one time that it would become necessary to resort to amputation of one of his hands, but through careful attention paid him he finally recovered, sustaining the loss of nearly the entire use of his left hand.

To be continued to-morrow.

# THE LINCOLN PLOT.

## Arnold's Story of Prison Life at Dry Tortugas.

### HIS CHARGES OF CRUELTY.

#### Official Denials of Torture Were Lies, He Says.

**Men Suspended by the Thumbs, and Made to Carry Cannon Balls When Too Sick to Work—An Officer's Different Version Which the Condemned Plotter Says Is False—Negroes Said to Have Been Deliberately Half Drowned—One Whipped in Defiance of the Law.**

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CHAPTER X.

Col. George St. Leger Grenfell made note of the tortures to Dunn, and in a communication to a friend of his residing in Richmond, Va., gave a truthful and graphic description of the inhuman punishment which was being inflicted upon both soldiers and prisoners. His friend, deeming that the country should be informed, sent the article to a New York newspaper for publication, and in the month of November it appeared in print.

By chance one of the officers attached to the garrison had been sent North in charge of four prisoners from South Carolina and in overlooking the daily paper his eye came in contact with the article. The officer returned to the fort before the mails had been received at the post, bearing with him the paper containing the article, which he presented to Brig.-Gen. B. H. Hill, commanding.

That it was startling news to them proved itself in the rigid search that was made of the effects of the prisoners. Suspicion centred itself upon Col. Grenfell as its author and his quarters and his papers were carefully searched, when in a diary kept by him was found a copy of the article sought after.

For the heinous offence of publishing to the world the brutal tyranny existing upon the island he was removed from his quarters and placed within a dungeon in solitary confinement, where he was denied pen, paper or ink, reading matter of every description and all intercourse and communication with every one at the fort.

Small openings which had been left in the construction of the fort for ventilation were tightly boarded up and closed by orders from the commandant. His quarters were visited frequently during the day by the officer of the guard, who caused the person of the Colonel to be carefully searched to prevent the secreting of papers.

Truth had awakened them and startled them from their seeming security, when, finding that the cruelties practiced had been exposed to the country, they became very careful that it should not again happen. Col. Grenfell from this time out became the object of all their attention, he being kept closely confined and guarded from the 15th of November, 1866, until September, 1867, in the miserable cell allotted to him, suffering intensely from heart and other ailments arising from his ill-ventilated quarters.

#### CRUELITIES BEGIN AGAIN.

Feeling secure, now that the object of their solicitude had been placed beyond the power to do more harm, as they supposed, the cruelties depicted in his published article were again enacted.

Private Gosner, of Company D, a mere boy, was cruelly maltreated, his body being covered with bruises received at the hands of a non-commissioned officer of his company. I saw this myself, he having come to my quarters. He disrobed himself to show his bruised person to me.

Duffy, another member of his company, passed through the same ordeal; in fact, these instances were so numerous that it would be impossible to give a full account of them. Suffice it to say they were of daily occurrence, and inflicted by the commands of officers who were more or less under the influence of liquor.

The press of the country soon cried out against these practised cruelties and demanded that an investigation of the matter should forthwith be made. In the meantime Gen. B. H. Hill, commanding, wrote a denial in toto of the entire article and forwarded the same to the Adjutant-General, United States Army, assigning many untruths as to the cause which led to its publication by Grenfell. In a very short time after the War Department had been communicated with an officer was sent from Gen. Sheridan's department and ordered to proceed to Fort Jefferson, Fla.

Gen. Hill was absent at the time on leave at Havana, a subaltern officer being in command. The investigation was a farce, parties desiring to lay complaint were denied speech with the officer, and others were fearful of opening their lips for fear of after consequences. They had become slaves to their tyrant rulers and trembled at their approach. The officers had a picnic over the matter, indulging in frequent draughts from the Old Brown Jug, and in this manner were their cruel acts smoothed over and for the time being hushed up.

#### AN OFFICER'S SIDE OF THE STORY.

Lieut. — had lately assumed command of Company —, Major — having been placed on detached service, and branded

the entire article as a lie, as will be seen by the following article published by him in a Philadelphia paper of date July 7, 1867:

I desire to make a statement through your columns relative to some reports which have been going the rounds of the newspapers in the North. An abstract of a letter purporting to have been written from this post was published in New York, containing false and scandalous accounts of the treatment of prisoners by the officers here.

The author of this letter, it is ascertained, is one G. St. Leger Grenfell, an Englishman and an ex-Rebel officer, who is now confined at hard labor for life for infamous crimes. After exhausting every means of procuring his release, this man seems to have hit upon the plan of endeavoring to excite public sympathy in the North and also in England by having published in such papers as were willing to lend themselves to the transaction the statement referred to, in hopes that more active measures would be adopted by his friends in the latter country and elsewhere to effect his release.

This man has been treated with marked kindness by all of the officers here, and, by orders of Gen. Hill, a very pleasant and easy duty was assigned him, and greater limits were allowed him than any other prisoner. By some means he secured a medium of corresponding secretly, and an examination of his papers shows that he has forwarded similar falsehoods to various places, and that the letter published in New York was sent through Bradley Johnson of Richmond, Va.

An investigation into the subject was made a few days ago by a member of Gen. Sheridan's staff, and full reports have also been forwarded to the War Department by Gen. Hill, which I suppose will be made public in due time, if demanded by the interest of the service. In relation to this subject I will say further that I am in no way concerned in any of the allegations contained in the letter published, and can therefore speak and write freely on the subject. I recently joined the command of, and assumed command of, Company —, Fifth Artillery, on Oct. 1, or thereabouts.

Several of the cruelties referred to in that letter and said to have occurred in that company, I have called upon the sergeant and men of my company and questioned the men reported to have been thus maltreated in a public manner, and now unhesitatingly pronounce the whole statement to be false upon the evidence of the parties most vitally concerned.

Similar investigations have been made by other officers, the result of which tends to show the entire statement, as published, is what it is characterized in the communication of this letter—scandalous and false in the greatest degree.

I am, gentlemen, truly, your obedient servant,  
Second Lieutenant, Fifth United States Artillery.

#### ARNOLD SAYS HE LIED.

Never was a more base falsehood blazoned to the world that that contained in the above communication. His expressions are similar in purport to those written by the commanding officer to the War Department, proving that concert of action had been agreed upon between them.

Grenfell, it is true, had not been punished in the inhuman manner cited in his article published; he referred to others than himself, and, as written by him, was correct, far worse than depicted. His efforts in the matter were alone to break up these heartless acts of cruelty and barbarity, which daily were being practised upon the island, feeling that continuation of them might revert upon his own shoulders, as none knew what a day would bring forth, as every officer seemed to be invested with unlimited authority, practising every kind of cruelty the mind could conceive of.

It is natural that brother officers would uphold one another, as the acts of one reflected upon the whole, but doubly the dis-

honor when he stoops to deception and debasing falsehood. I speak of nothing herein but that can be substantiated by intelligent and respectable witnesses, if living at the present day, and pronounce that Grenfell's statement, with but few exceptions, was truthful in its whole tenor, notwithstanding all that has been said by Gen. Hill and others. Its truth could be seen in all parts of the island.

#### CRUELITIES NEVER CEASED.

Punishments heretofore practised were officially abolished, ball-carrying and tying men up by the thumbs were strictly prohibited, and for a few months the island, which had existed as a hell, assumed brighter appearances. The heavy cannon balls were removed from the guard house, leaving only a 24-pound shot to be carried by offenders against military rules, and orders were issued from headquarters directing that no man be punished except on orders directly from the commanding officer.

These orders were daily violated by the company commanders. Private soldiers, instead of being sent to the guard house, as formerly, were taken back of the barracks, beyond the observation of the commanding officer, and punished with the usual severity.

When it became apparent that the effect of the article punished by Grenfell had died out they gradually increased the punishment, resorting in many instances to the inhuman practice of throwing men into the sea. Drunken men were frequently wheeled to the wharf in a barrow and submerged beneath the water and almost suffocated.

#### SICK PRISONER HALF DROWNED.

There was a prisoner by the name of Brown who had been suffering from sickness for some time, and on the morning in question had gone to the doctor's call, and by him had been excused from labor during the day. Contrary to custom, he was ordered out to work by the provost marshal. He stated his case, that he was excused; in fact, that he was so weak that he could not labor. To cure him of his ailment he was ordered to carry a 42-pound shot. He did as commanded for some time, until, overcome by the sun and his affliction, when he dropped the ball and refused to carry it longer. Forthwith he was bound around the feet, his arms being tied behind him, and he was conducted to the sea and submerged beneath the waves.

The officer in charge repeatedly asked him, when his head was brought above the surface if he would carry the ball. The man, from swallowing so much salt water, was unable, no matter how much he desired to do so, to give him the required answer, when he was submerged again.

Finally, when nearly drowned, he was raised from the water to the wharf, where he remained until sufficiently restored to speak, and, finding it was death by drowning if he refused to obey the order, he acquiesced to the demands, and in his ill condition, his entire clothing saturated with salt water, plodded, more dead than alive, around the ring, with tottering footsteps, carrying the ball until sunset. Then in his wet clothing he was thrust into the guardhouse, to remain during the night, without bed or covering of any kind.

#### NEGROES THROWN INTO THE SEA.

Some time afterward quite a number of colored prisoners were released by orders from the War Department, many of whom had been waiting upon the officers at headquarters as cooks, waiters, &c. It seems as if thefts had been committed, in the shape of clothing, money, pistols, &c., by some of them, and before being allowed to leave the island, which was perfectly just, their baggage was searched. Some of the

missing articles were found in their possession, and they were closely questioned by the officers relative to the other articles, but to no avail.

Innocent and guilty alike were marched to the wharf, with Gen. Hill to view the sport occupying a prominent position on the stern of the schooner Matchless, moored at the wharf. Bound up in cords, with their hands, as usual, tied behind them, they were cast into the sea. As they were pushed off the wharf into the sea their cries filled the air, to be suddenly quenched as their bodies sank beneath the waves. This was repeated several times, when they were reconducted into the fort.

Gen. Hill seemed to enjoy the scene wonderfully, his whole frame being convulsed with laughter. After being conducted into the fort a consultation was held among the officers, when one of the prisoners, named James, of Baltimore, from the evidence being deemed innocent was released and ordered to do his duties at headquarters.

#### LASH USED ON PRISONER.

Finally all but one were released, a colored man from Louisiana, who was taken into the guardhouse, his clothing stripped down from his shoulders and back and given twenty-nine lashes upon the back, laid on well by the enlisted men of the guard.

His cries for mercy as every lash cut into the flesh could be heard in every portion of the fort, gaining force as lash quickly followed lash.

After this proceeding, in direct conflict with the laws of the land, the negro remained shut up in the guardhouse, moaning most piteously. The boat being in readiness to leave he was brought from the guardhouse, marched to the boat and left, with a bleeding and sore back, the shores of the ill-fated island of Dry Tortugas.

#### BETTER OFFICERS PUT IN CHARGE.

The system in our mode of confinement remained unchanged, still guarded and compelled to dwell in our damp and unwholesome quarters when not at work. In the month of January, 1867, a sub-district having been formed, Brevet Brigadier-General B. H. Hill was relieved of the command of Fort Jefferson and assumed command of the sub-district, with headquarters at Key West, Fla. In the meantime many of the officers composing the command were transferred to other points, and with a light heart every prisoner and soldier watched their departure.

The officers afterward assigned were of better material and more humane, governing with a rule more adapted to civilization, although, in many instances, acts of barbarity were practised. After Gen. Hill was relieved of command the charge of the garrison devolved upon —, on account of seniority. It was while he was in command that a gross injustice was enacted on the person of Col. G. St. Leger Grenfell.

#### COL. GRENFELL ILL.

Col. Grenfell for some time had been complaining very much, this complaint growing out of the harsh and cruel measures resorted to in the manner of his confinement. His dungeon quarters, go past when you would, looked as if water was constantly thrown over the floor—dampness generated from ill ventilation. Frequently he could be seen, when permission had been given him, hanging his blankets on the opposite fence to dry, moving along like one writhing in pain, scarcely able to place one foot before the other.

This had been the case for a long time; still the Colonel stood up under it. One morning every feature of his face plainly showed his condition, proving in most unmistakable terms that he was quite ill. He had never made it a habit to visit sick call since incarcerated upon the island, stating as a cause for his not doing so his

fear that poison might be administered to him, as every officer was deadly prejudiced against him on account of the articles he had published as to the inhuman tortures inflicted upon soldiers and prisoners.

#### DOCTOR AND THE PRISONER.

It seemed that Grenfell had especially created the deep dislike and hatred of each officer from the fact that he had kept, from the date of his arrival, a diary in which the acts of every officer under his observation had been pictured. This, combined with the other cause before alluded to, made Grenfell's position very insecure.

As before remarked, he visited the sick call, and, as his turn came and his name was called, he presented himself before the doctor, describing the nature and symptoms of his complaint. Every feature of his face distinctly showed the truth of his statement. The doctor refused to excuse him from labor, although Grenfell remarked to him that he was unable to work, that he had eaten nothing for five or six days, and that he was so debilitated and weakened that he could scarcely move. This was the first and last visit made to the sick-call.

Finding that he would be forced to labor in his weak condition in the broiling sun, and knowing his inability to do so, he called upon Lieut. Frederick Robinson, stating his case. He was asked if he had been before the doctor, and replied in the affirmative, but that the doctor had refused to excuse him from labor. Whereupon Lieut. Robinson informed him that he was powerless to act in the matter; that he could not excuse him without the sanction of the surgeon, as he was placed there to decide whether a man was capable of performing duty or not.

#### STORY OF TORTURE TO GRENFELL.

The labor required of Grenfell to perform had been of the heaviest sort, which fact he stated to the provost marshal. As he left the presence of the provost marshal he remarked that he would endeavor to do what he could; that his strength was not sufficient to perform the labor which had heretofore been expected of him, but what he was able to perform he would. The provost marshal placed him at his usual work, but was lenient to him, owing to his advanced age and indisposition, frequently permitting him to sit down to rest himself.

While seated in an exhausted condition upon a pile of lumber he was espied by the provost marshal, who hurriedly walked upon him and desired to know why it was that he was not at work. Grenfell replied that he was unable to perform such heavy work; that it was impossible for him to bend his back, he suffering at the time severely with lumbago, as well as other troubles, but that he would perform any labor assigned consistent with his strength.

The work assigned in this instance was the moving of heavy lumber from one pile and heaping it upon another, a common thing resorted to keep men employed and which required the utmost exertion and strength of the young, much less an old and infirm man like Grenfell. He was ordered to resume the work. Grenfell replied:

"Lieutenant, I cannot. Anything I am able to perform I will do most willingly."

This was all that was needed to fire the blood of his jailer, and, with passion depicted upon his face and fire flashing from his eye, he commanded Grenfell to be taken to the guardhouse and to be tied up. Bound around about the body, from his feet upward to his neck, in cords, he was tied to the same iron bars by which their tortured prisoner Dunn had suffered martyrdom.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

## THE LINCOLN PLOT.

### More About Inhumanities at Dry Tortugas.

### THE TORTURE OF COL. GRENFELL.

### Arnold Lays the Prisoners' Woes at Stanton's Door.

**Grenfell, Weighted With Iron, Was Thrown Into the Sea and Left Under Water Till All But Dead—"Murder Me Respectably, Gentlemen, and I'll Thank You for It," He Said—Order to Sentinels to Shoot—One Prisoner, While Drunk, Was Shot—Charges of Shocking Brutalities Inflicted on the Men Who Had Sought to Abduct Lincoln and Failed.**

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CHAPTER XI.

Col. Grenfell, in his erect position, unable to move hand, foot or body, remained like a statue during the morning, the piercing rays of the sun shining down in full force upon his venerable gray hairs, he having no covering upon his head to shield it from the sun.

His gray hairs should have protected him from such unjust punishment, without taking into consideration the position he had formerly occupied in society, Grenfell being a man of fine intellect and gentlemanly culture. Such feelings were buried, otherwise they might have interposed checks against gratifying their deep-seated hatred against him.

They could not forget that his was the voice that broke their slumbering security and forced their cruel routine of punishment to be suspended for a time. No body like unto his on which to vent their spleen and hatred. The moment long hoped for had arrived when he should be made to feel the power he had raised his voice against. The Government would support them in any measure they might adopt.

Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, was the most inveterate enemy of Col. Grenfell, which fact he was informed of through Sir Robert Bruce, British Minister at Washington, D. C., in several communications received.

#### BRUTALITY COL. GRENFELL SUFFERED.

Grenfell remained during the morning tied up in this condition. After dinner, or about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, three of the

officers of the Fifth Artillery marched down to the guardhouse, ordering the sergeant of the guard to undo Grenfell from the iron railings and conduct him to the wharf. Each of these officers was armed with a revolver, loaded with powder and ball.

Following in the rear of Col. Grenfell, bound still about the body in cords, accompanied by a corporal and ten armed guards, he was marched to the wharf, where they awaited the arrival of the officers ordained to perform as debasing and damning an act of inhumanity and barbarity as ever degraded the record of any civilized nation.

Every prisoner and soldier on the outer portion of the fort was commanded to retire within the inclosure of the fort, strict orders having been given the sentinels posted at the sally-port to allow no one to pass from within the fort. Men could be seen steering their footsteps from every direction in obedience to the command. Why all this commotion? The cause of it was soon learned, and many of the soldiers collected around the sally-port to view the proceedings.

"MURDER ME RESPECTABLY, PLEASE."

Murmurs arose on all sides and there was not a voice scarcely but that condemned the whole proceeding. Everything being completed, action soon followed. Col. Grenfell wished to be informed whether or not it was their wish for him to be submerged beneath the water of the sea. They answered yes, and he plunged from the deck of the scow lying alongside of the wharf, and was soon buffeting against the waves.

The provost sergeant, holding on to the end of the rope, repeatedly endeavored to pull him beneath the water with jerks of the rope, but failed, the old man keeping his head above the water.

The officers, maddened at their failure, resorted to sure measures to carry out their cruel and inhuman design. A half-breed was sent to the blacksmith shop to obtain heavy pieces of iron, to be used as sinkers on his feet. The sergeant was busily engaged in collecting bricks lying around the wharf.

Grenfell stood undismayed in their midst, looking callously on at the preparations being made to sink him, and, turning to one of the officers directing the proceedings, said:

"Gentleman, if it is your intention to murder me, do it in a respectable manner, and I will thank you for the act."

One of the officers remarked: "Damn you; you deserve to die for the crimes you have been guilty of."

Grenfell's reply was: "I leave God to judge between us which is the worse, you, gentlemen, or I."

**CRIED "MURDER" WHEN SUNK IN THE SEA.**

The colloquy was here cut short, the irons and bricks having been obtained. Weighing upward of forty pounds, they were tied to the feet of Grenfell. He was then cast into the sea, sinking far beneath its treacherous waves. Just as he was thrown into the sea a small boat, containing some ladies who were on a visit to the fort, was nearing the wharf.

As their feet touched upon the landing Grenfell's head was raised from beneath the water for him to catch a moment's breath. As they raised his head there

rang out in clarion notes from Grenfell "Murder! Murder!"

His piercing cry alarmed the ladies, and with quickening footsteps they hastened toward the fort, their hands placed over their ears to drown the horrible cries of murder.

Soon were his cries stifled as his head again sank beneath the water, and when raised up again to catch a breath his voice was stifled. They had nearly completed their inhuman deed, there being but little space left between life and death. In an insensible condition he was hauled upon the deck of the scow, unable to speak, respiration scarcely perceptible, the picture of death itself.

**KICKED BY AN OFFICER WHILE SENSELESS.**

While lying in this condition a Lieutenant kicked him in the side, and, accompanied by the other officers, left Grenfell in charge of the guard. As they neared the sally-port, conversing, the Lieutenant remarked that he would either make Grenfell work or he would kill him.

I viewed the whole proceeding from the casemate window adjoining our quarters, in which we were permitted to remain during the hours of the day. This casemate was the one joining that directly over the sally-port, from which the whole front of the fort facing seaward was visible, and in a direct line to the wharf, where the transaction described took place. I afterward conversed with the soldiers who were compelled to perform this piece of inhuman duty, gaining from them sufficient information to corroborate the evidence of my own eyes.

They may attempt to stamp my rendition as false, as has been done in occurrences of similar purport, but, outside of those personally connected in it, the truth of my assertions can be substantiated by respectable and competent witnesses, if at present living.

These pages contain nothing but truth throughout. They have not been written through any vindictiveness or malice on my part, but only to show the inhumanities practised upon the island at that time, which were degrading and most dishonorable of men in a civilized country.

**VERY NEAR TO DEATH.**

In a short time Grenfell, his footsteps tottering, was conducted to his quarters, supported on either side by a sentinel. He was then placed in his cell, undressed by the soldiers, where he remained during the day, sick almost unto death from the large quantity of salt water swallowed during the drowning process resorted to. From this period he remained in his cell.

A few months afterward all of the officers, with the exception of one, were transferred to other posts, new officers taking their places.

The barbarous acts of cruelty were never to such an extent resorted to thereafter. Major Valentine H. Stone arrived at the post some time in May, 1867, and assumed command. He was a strict disciplinarian, and caused the officers to stand up to the required regulations guiding the army. He was not only strict as to the enlisted men, but likewise to the officers, causing each to perform regularly his required duties.

He was not only a soldier, but also a gentleman of noble type, honorable and humane. His treatment both of us and Grenfell was very kind. He was the same to each and all who conformed to the rules laid down, punishing no one through hatred or prejudice.

**PRISONER STABS A SOLDIER.**

Any violation of the rules was severely punished, no matter by whom, he being no respecter of persons. During the period of his command, which was of short duration, everything progressed most favorably in the garrison, only one case calling for stringent measures to be resorted to.

George T. Jackson, assistant military storekeeper, was assaulted by a prisoner named James Orr. Orr was one of the gang of a working party at that time unloading lumber from a schooner lying at the wharf. It was hot, as was the general case on the island, but the men as well as the soldiers had performed the task faithfully.

Jackson happened to run upon Orr while seated upon a pile of lumber resting himself. In a gruff and commanding voice he ordered him to work again, at the same time telling him that he would report him to the provost marshal.

To say that he would report him was equivalent to saying that he must carry a ball throughout the night, after working hard during the day, which fact was known to Orr from past experience, and, as it was his fate to be punished, he determined to work very easy at his assigned task.

As ordered, he proceeded to his work as usual, no doubt studying out some mode of procedure to avenge himself upon Jackson. When Jackson was called away some time afterward to execute some order, Orr had matured his plan.

On his return toward the boat Jackson was met by Orr, who stated that there was an officer desirous of seeing him back of the stable. Jackson started to see the person, Orr following close behind him. He turned upon Jackson finally, inflicting a severe wound upon his face with a penknife in his hand.

#### GENERAL ORDER TO SHOOT.

Jackson fled toward headquarters, the blood gushing from the wound inflicted at the hands of Orr, and reported the occurrence to the commanding officer. The affair created intense commotion, and Orr was immediately arrested by the guard and confined. No doubt Orr fully intended to kill the man when he struck the blow, and deserved due punishment for the crime. Yet I could not feel that for his offence every other man confined should have been made to suffer.

About a month after the occurrence Major George P. Andrews arrived and assumed command of the post. The facts in the Orr case were communicated to him, whereupon he issued the following post order, making every man's life insecure; in fact, empowering any ill-minded sentinel to take one's life. I furnish herewith an extract from the order as promulgated, and through which one man lost his life:

HEADQUARTERS FORT JEFFERSON, FLA., }  
JUNE 11, 1867. }  
Special Order No. 78

(Extract.)

3. The attention of the officers of the post is called to the fact that atrocious crimes have been committed by prisoners at this post, who seem to think that they cannot be reached by the law. In future every sentinel must use his bayonet and cartridge, and no sentinel who faithfully tries to do his duty shall ever see the inside of the guardhouse. If a prisoner refuses to obey orders the sentinel must shoot him and then use his bayonet, at the same time calling for the guard. The responsibility for obedience to this order will be borne by the commanding officer.

By order Major George P. Andrews, Commanding Post.

(Signed) PAUL ROEMER,  
First Lt. Fifth Arty., Post Adjutant.

#### STANTON'S ORDER, ARNOLD SAYS.

After the issuing of Special Order No. 78 a man had to be very particular and careful, as his tenure of life hung upon slender threads. The sentinel held within his hands the life of every individual over whom he stood guard. To gratify his own feeling of hatred or revenge he was invested with the power to kill his victim, under cover of faithful execution of his duty, assigning cause for his deed a refusal on the part of the victim to comply with orders given. Neither in a civilized or uncivilized country

did there before emanate such an atrocious order, sanctioning murder.

It was a stigma and a disgrace upon the nation which they represented. I do not attach any blame to Major Andrews in the matter, for, from what I heard him remark on one occasion, of which I will speak hereafter, he received his orders from a higher source—from Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

Punishment of severity soon became the order of the day. Trivial offences were soon punished by the carrying of a 128-pound cannon ball from one place to another and back again, through which many men became injured.

I will now state the remark Major Andrews made, which gives the authority for the issuance of the infamous order heretofore alluded to.

I was on my way to headquarters one afternoon, and as I turned to go up the path leading to the barracks I came in contact with a soldier named Fisher, of Company I, who was straining and tugging to raise a 128-pound ball upon his shoulder, a sentinel with loaded musket standing over him. As I neared him Major Andrews turned from the garden and, approaching Fisher, who, as yet had been unsuccessful in raising the ponderous shot upon his shoulder, commanded that he should carry the shot, instructing the sentinel at the same time to shoot and bayonet him if Fisher failed to comply with the order.

He informed the sentinel that he would protect him in the premises. "For," said he, "I am supported by a higher authority, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War."

#### THE BALL-CARRYING PUNISHMENT.

Fisher replied to the commanding officer that it was very hard to be shot down and bayoneted for not obeying that which it was an impossibility for him to perform, but that if he would grant him the right to wheel them into a barrow he thought he might raise them to its bed and execute his behests, stating at the same time:

"I do not refuse, Major, to comply with your orders. Sir, it is because nature has not endowed me with sufficient strength to raise a 128-pound ball upon my shoulder.

Fisher was of a very frail and delicate form, and had lost what little strength he once possessed through the miserable subsistence issued, and the climate itself having to a great degree a tendency to debilitate the strongest constitutions.

His request was granted, and thus was saved from death this poor individual, for had he refused to obey the order the sentinel would have carried out his instructions to have saved himself from dire punishment.

The punishment inflicted at this period consisted alone in the carrying of these immense balls. Men could be seen daily straining every muscle and nerve in their forms executing this fearful task, the number required to be carried varying from 25 balls up to the number of 100, for the slightest dereliction of duty.

#### PRISONER WHO WAS SHOT DOWN.

This continued up to the latter part of July, 1867, when a terrible punishment was inflicted upon a drunken prisoner, resulting in his death in the brief space of half an hour. He was the first and last victim under the infamous Special Order No. 78.

John Winters, a prisoner confined for desertion, was shot down on July 31, 1867, within the inside limits of the fort, while in a state of intoxication bordering on insanity, by a private soldier of Company I, Fifth Artillery, stationed at Post 5, at the bastion leading to the casemates, where the prisoners were confined.

This soldier was at one time confined in the guardhouse, charged with sleeping on his post, also with theft. While confined under these charges the same man whom

he shot (Winters) bought from his own limited purse articles of food, cooking it, and furnished him with it. Winters was a harmless man, one possessing a very kind heart, and generous to a fault, but, like some men under the influence of liquor, was boisterous and unruly, but not quarrelsome. He had managed on this occasion to obtain liquor through his intimacy with the soldiers of the garrison.

In going to his quarters, at retreat, he gave two or three drinks from the bottle in his possession to the soldier standing on his post, and thence going to his casemate. When the private was placed on guard again he called to Winters, asking him to give him another pull, as it was termed among them. Winters told him that he had no more—that it was all gone.

The soldier hooted at the idea, remarking: "All right, I'll remember you for it."

About 11 o'clock Winters became noisy in his quarters and the sergeant of the guard and a file of men arrested him and marched him to the guardhouse. Winters used abusive language to the sergeant, which aroused his passion to a great extent, but at this time took but little notice of the occurrence.

#### KILLED WHILE DRINK CRAZED.

About fifteen minutes after being confined Winters requested to be allowed to go to the bastion, which was granted, the sergeant ordering the soldier not to permit him to go to his room.

Winters eluded the vigilance of the sentinel and returned to his quarters. A sergeant, in charge of the guard, with a file of men, rearrested him. In passing the soldier the sergeant gave him instructions that if Winters attempted to run by his guard to shoot him.

Winters was intrusted to a file of men, some going before and some after him. He was placed ahead of the guard, and, in descending the bastion, unconscious of his impending doom, in his drunken condition he ran out of the doorway into the limits of the fort. The soldier, who had left his post by many yards, raised his gun as Winters passed him and shot him down, from the effects of which he died in the course of thirty minutes.

The soldier never challenged, neither did he cry "Halt," but deliberately carried out the orders received from the sergeant.

#### TALE MADE TO FIT THE CASE.

The whole garrison was aroused by the report of the gun, coupled with the agonizing cries from the wounded man, who in his dying moments requested them to kill him to relieve him of his sufferings. A consultation was then held by the sergeant and the soldier, he having been relieved from his post, to arrange the tale that was to be told relative to the shooting. I could not hear much of that which passed, but I distinctly heard a man who in a very short time thereafter was made corporal state that each must tell the same tale.

While the sergeant had gone for the officer of the day Winters's piteous moans, mixed with shrieks and heartrending cries, resounded throughout the fort. Life was fast ebbing out, and by the time the officer of the day arrived nothing could be heard but his smothered groans. A stretcher was procured and the dying man conveyed to the hospital, and in a brief space of thirty minutes his spirit had passed from earth to eternity.

When the news of the affair reached headquarters the loud, ringing voice of a commander was heard crying out:

"That's the way we do things in California."

To be continued to-morrow.

## THE LINCOLN PLOT.

Arnold Tells More of Jail Life at Dry Tortugas.

## YELLOW FEVER RAVAGES THERE.

Prisoners Nursed Their Captors  
—Dr. Mudd in Charge.

The Sick Carried Away in Boats With the Coffins to Hold Their Bodies When They Succumbed—Cruelties Forgot in the General Alarm—Then, With a Change of Captors, Came Renewed Suffering—Col. Grenfell Escaped With a Deserting Soldier—Visit of a Notary Seeking to Implicate President Johnson in the Abduction.

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CHAPTER XII.

In the brief space of a month after the killing of Winters our small island and inclosure were visited by yellow fever. It made fearful ravages among the limited number stationed there, sweeping nearly every officer at the post away. It struck from earth our best officers and permitted the heartless ones to recover, to repeat again, I suppose, more of their cruelties upon humanity under their command. The ways of Providence are mysterious, and no doubt it was done for some good and wise purpose.

Among the first to succumb to the dread disease was Brevet Major J. Sim Smith, Surgeon in charge. Dr. Smith, on his arrival at the post, which was but a few months before, corrected in various instances the abuse and reigning terrors which abounded there.

He was, indeed, a man of humanity and kindness, a gentleman by birth and culture—the soldiers' and prisoners' friend and protector, and his memory lives in the mind and the heart of all by whom he was then surrounded as all that was good, pure, upright and noble.

He worked with untiring zeal while the fever raged, until the fatal malady struck him down upon the bed of sickness, where he lingered but three days and died. He received every attention from Dr. Mudd, who, at that period, had charge.

Mrs. Smith was lying in an adjacent room, sick with the fever. Dr. Mudd paid her

every attention and worked unflinchingly to save her life. His efforts were crowned with success and she recovered from the disease. During the period of the sickness of Dr. Smith and family there was neither an officer nor an officer's wife that came near them to administer to their wants, their cases devolving upon the care of Dr. Mudd, and faithfully did he perform all that lay within his power.

In a short time the fever proved epidemic, and men could be seen falling down in every section of the fort, as the dread malady seized them. When in former times officers were parading about devising plans whereby to torture the soldiers and prisoners nothing was seen or heard of them, they keeping themselves closely closeted, a pall like unto death seemingly hanging over the officers' quarters. Fear was depicted upon the countenance of every one on the island, each looking for his turn next.

Two of the companies were removed to the adjacent islands, thereby being saved from the fever's fearful ravages. Two companies were retained to guard the fort and prisoners. The prisoners had to stand the brunt of the fever, their only safety being in an overruling Providence. Out of the fifty-two prisoners confined there but two died, whereas the garrison lost in officers and men, thirty-seven.

### COFFINS AND SICK IN ONE BOAT.

Men at first, when taken sick, were carried to the small key termed Sand Key, upon which a small temporary shed had been erected as a hospital, the commanding officer thinking thereby to prevent the garrison from being infected.

Sick patients, seated in a small boat, were conveyed over, confronted by coffins which were piled up in the bow of the boat. This sight itself was sufficient to cause alarm, and men to kill the faint-hearted, of whom there were quite a number collected on that small area of seven and a half acres.

With but few exceptions those who were conveyed to the key in the small boat fell victims to the disease, and are buried beneath the sandy soil. When Dr. Mudd was given charge he stated to the commanding officer that it would be advisable to discontinue this practice; that the fever was in its midst, and that it could not be dispelled until the poison had expended itself, advising that all cases be brought to and treated at the hospital. This was acceded to, and, from his manner of treatment in the disease, a great change was soon to be noted.

From this period until the arrival from Key West of Dr. Whitehurst everything was progressing favorably, no death occurring. Dr. Whitehurst, perfectly conversant with the mode of treatment, he having had immense practice in the disease, approved Dr. Mudd's manner of treatment, and it was continued throughout the period the fever raged in our midst. The fever began to assume a more virulent type, and in spite of the untiring exertion of both began to make sad inroads into our numbers.

### FEAR MITIGATED CRUELITIES.

Every one now thought of self alone. There was no respect shown by the attendants, they being soldier staken from differ-

companies, to either the dead or the living. No sooner had the breath left the body that it was coffined and hurried over to its last resting place, there being a boat, with a crew, detailed as the burying party, always awaiting.

In many instances coffins were brought into the hospital and placed alongside the bed to receive the body of some one expected to die, and had to be removed again, the patient still tenaciously clinging to life.

Even less sick were startled viewing these proceedings, it having a tendency to cause their own condition to become worse. During the terrible ordeal of the fever the garrison kept itself, duties being neglected by both officers and soldiers.

During its progress the island assumed a different aspect. The island, which before was more like a place peopled by fiends than anything else it could be compared with, suddenly became calm, quiet and peaceful. Fear stood out upon the face of every human being.

### HEROISM OF DR. MUDD.

Some attempted to assume the tone of indolence and indifference, but upon their faces could be read traces of other feelings. For two months the fever raged in our midst, creating havoc among those dwelling there.

During this time Dr. Mudd was never idle. He worked both day and night, and was always at post, faithful to his calling, relieving the sufferings of humanity as far as laid within his power. The fever having abated through the want of more subjects, a contract physician from New York arrived at the post and relieved Dr. Whitehurst of his duties. When the new doctor took charge there were but two or three sick, and they were in a state of convalescence.

Soon thereafter Dr. Mudd was taken down with the fever in his quarters, and during the entire period of his illness was never visited by the New York doctor, the surgeon in charge, he remaining closeted in his room.

The only medical treatment received by Dr. Mudd during his illness was administered at the hands of Spangler and myself. True, neither of us knew much about the disease or its treatment, all the experience either possessed being derived from observation during its prevalence, and the mode of treatment having been learned from personal experience in the nursing of patients under our charge.

Dr. Mudd was watched over by us both day and night in turns. We adopted the same method of treatment in his case as had been administered by him in ours, through which he happily recovered. He stated upon his recovery that had it not been for our care and watchfulness he would have died, and thanked each of us in unmeasured terms for our friendly consideration.

### PRISONERS NURSED THEIR JAILORS.

Dr. Mudd had worked during the prevalence of the yellow fever with an unflinching zeal, until nature was well nigh exhausted, relieving in every way at his command and knowledge the sufferings of humanity; but when afflicted himself he was left entirely to the mercies of his God and the limited knowledge of his two companions, which fact had the appearance of a desire for his death on the part of those at the head of affairs.

We felt from the first that we had been transported to Dry Tortugas to fall victims to the many dreadful poisons of malaria generated in that climate. Happily, we lived through it all, and I am permitted to

give to the world at large some inkling of the many wrongs, tortures and sufferings inflicted upon us during the period of nearly four long years of exile.

In the month of October, 1867, the fever having exhausted itself and finally stamped out, and with it, to a great extent, the harsh and rigorous measures which had heretofore been adopted in the manner of our imprisonment, some of the privileges which we had taken during its prevalence were curtailed, but for the most part the others were not countermanded by the officer in command.

The officers who garrisoned the fort at this time, with the exception of two, fell victims to the disease. A Lieutenant recovered alone through the kind care and watchful nursing and attention of Col. Grenfell, who remained with him day and night, administering to his slightest want.

The officers who died of the disease were confined and borne to their last resting place by the prisoners of the post, no respect being shown by the other officers. Even wives were carried in like manner to the grave, the husband remaining in his quarters.

#### A NOTARY PUBLIC APPEARS.

Everything went on smoothly after the fever until the month of December, 1867, when there arrived upon the island a notary public, purporting to be from the State of Florida. His business at first was unknown, as it frequently happened that strangers came into our midst on a visit to the commanding officer.

His business, however, was soon made known to us. We were ordered separately to his presence, and found he was one of the commissioners appointed by the Congressional committee to investigate into the particulars connected with the assassination of President Lincoln.

Letters were shown us as coming from Benjamin F. Butler authorizing the notary to obtain our voluntary statements, &c. We were forced into his presence—did not go voluntarily—accompanied by an armed guard.

When I was sent for by him and seated he handed me his credentials to peruse, which I carefully did. I returned them to him, stating that I knew nothing concerning the business he was upon; that a statement of all the facts that I knew of had been placed in the hands of the Government upon my arrest, and that the Government was perfectly conversant with all the knowledge that I possessed, and, from my trial, knew more than I or any one else did supposed to be connected therewith, and refused to make any further statement.

#### MATERIAL AGAINST JOHNSON SOUGHT.

I informed him that he was a stranger to me; that he might be as base as those who had already dealt with me; that I did not trust him or any other man, stating that a burnt child dreads the fire. He told me to consider it, and I was dismissed and sent to my quarters. After conversing with my roommate over the matter we each arrived at the conclusion that it could do no harm to us, nor the living nor the dead, and concluded to conform to his request.

I called, however, upon the commanding officer, Major George P. Andrews, and stated my situation to him. I told him that I was a prisoner under his charge, and as such demanded his protection. He told me that I should have it, and, thus feeling safe, I gave a statement of similar purport as that first made.

During its writing the notary held out every inducement to cause not only myself, but the others, to swear falsely, stating that if he could implicate any others we would be released from our imprisonment and carried to Washington as witnesses. His advent was about the time of the attempted impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, and his visit alone was to attempt to cause us to falsely implicate Andrew Johnson in the assassination.

#### THREAT TO SHOOT ARNOLD.

There was a great deal of unpleasantness pervading our interviews, and high words followed when he wished me to append my signature to an affidavit drawn up by himself. Throughout my statement he attempted to place his construction upon it, and obliterated my writings, until finally I requested to be informed whether he came to write my statement himself or did he come to obtain mine.

I refused to sign my name to this affidavit as drawn up by himself, stating that it inferred that of which I knew nothing. He handed it to Major Andrews, who was seated in the room, to read. The Major could not see it in the same light that I did, stating that it was all correct, &c.

Seeing that neither justice nor protection would be given me, I stated that I would not sign it, and if he was not satisfied I would destroy that which I had written and end the interview; that I asked alone for my rights and protection in them from the commanding officer.

Major Andrews immediately rose up and spoke thus:

"Sir, I will take you out on the parade grounds and shoot you."

I replied: "I am your prisoner, Major; you certainly can do with me as you please, and if you deem you have the authority to shoot me, all that is left me, sir, I suppose, is to stand it."

#### FORCE TO GET SWORN STATEMENTS.

I was not shot, however, neither did I sign my name to the affidavit, but wrote out one that suited my way of thinking, also wrote my own statement without the notary's assistance, and in the end complied with his request, giving him my statement.

I was quite ill before I had completed it, and was annoyed by this man until he nearly worried me to death, the surgeon repeatedly cautioning him not to visit me in my low condition. He came in spite of all these things, Col. Grenfell writing my expressions down for me, my condition being such that I was unable to raise my head from my pillow. The same was likewise done to the others, and he left the post much disappointed, as I afterward learned from some of my friends in Key West.

After he had left the post we were informed through reliable authority that he was armed with the power in case we refused to furnish him our statements to place us in solitary confinement and to be fed upon bread and water, whereas by his papers exhibited to us he was to obtain our voluntary statements. There was nothing voluntary upon our part throughout the whole affair, but force in every instance was used and threats made, besides the inducements held out to swear falsely in the premises.

#### HELL AGAIN FOR THE PRISONERS.

Our condition from this time on remained unchanged until March, 1868, when Major Andrews was relieved of command of the post. Brevet Major ———, Col. George St. Leger Grenfell's inveterate enemy, was ordered back to the fort and assumed command. At the same time a new provost marshal was appointed. Between the pair the island became a hell again, they devising measures to make prisoners uncomfortable and imprisonment more galling.

As soon as the new commander assumed the reins of power the tendency to persecute Grenfell became apparent, it having been stated to me by Major Andrews, before departure, that his successor felt very bitter toward Grenfell on account of the article published by him, it nearly being the means of his dismissal from the service.

When the provost marshal found prisoners contented and obedient, some new order was issued to awaken them from it. He picked as provost guards the most contemptible men of the garrison, who abused, cursed, struck and maltreated the prisoners under their charge in every conceivable manner.

#### GRENFELL PLANS TO ESCAPE.

Col. Grenfell finding, as he afterward expressed to me, that they had started upon him to kill him inch by inch, determined to attempt escape at all hazards, preferring, as he said, a watery grave to the indignities imposed upon him.

Grenfell at this time had charge of the small garden lately made within the inclosure of the fort. The Major, on assuming command, relieved Grenfell from this duty, and placed the old man at the heaviest work that was to be done. Each day was productive of changes and each change bred a worse condition.

Finding persecution setting gradually in upon him more and more, Grenfell went cautiously to work with others and soon succeeded in making arrangements to escape. There was a soldier by the name of William Norreil who had received very harsh treatment and was anxious to desert. With this man Grenfell formed his plans, in combination with another soldier of the same company.

#### SAILED AWAY IN THE NIGHT.

On the night of March 6, 1868, their plans were completed. Norreil was a sentinel on Post No. 2, guarding the small boats within the boom. At 10 o'clock at night he went on duty, and Grenfell, with three other prisoners, succeeded in eluding the sentinel within the fort, making their way to the northwesterly side, letting themselves down through one of the port-holes into the moat, thence to the break-water wall, where they walked to the appointed rendezvous, arranging all the necessary articles of food and water for their perilous undertaking.

The night was pitch dark and a furious gale raged at the time, which had existed for six consecutive days. Never did men venture on a more perilous undertaking. The white-capped waves rose even within our sheltered harbor to fearful heights, but beyond in the Gulf, during the day, they reached the mountain heights.

The sentinel waited until 11 o'clock was called and then embarked with Grenfell and the others in a small boat picked out for the purpose, and soon, with sail set, fled from their ocean-bound home. No one as yet, outside of my roommates and myself knew anything about it. The hour of 12 arrived, when the sentinel on Post No. 1 cried out the hour. No sound came from Post No. 2. No. 1 again cried out the hour, and yet no sound from Post No. 2.

#### VANISHED OVER THE SEA.

The corporal, with a witness, advanced stealthily upon the post, expecting, no doubt, to find the sentinel asleep, a subject for court-martial. Behold his amazement when no sentinel could be found. He forthwith returned to the guardhouse, reported the fact to the sergeant, who in turn reported to the officer of the day. Soon there was a commotion all through the fort, men hurrying here and there in search of the missing man, and then to the prisoners' quarters in search, being assured that an escape had taken place.

After diligent search it was found that Grenfell and others were missing, and on looking into the boom they realized the means of accomplishing it. Norreil had deserted his post, carrying his gun and equipment with him.

Everything remained quiet during the remainder of the night, but the next morning the fort within was all bustle and preparation for pursuit. There was a steamer lying in the harbor at the time, the commander of which readily consented to go on the search, and about 8 o'clock she steamed out after the escaped party. After cruising nearly the entire day they failed to hear or see anything of the escaped party and the steamer returned into the harbor again.

To be continued to-morrow.



## THE LINCOLN PLOT.

### Arnold Tells of His Last Days at Dry Tortugas.

#### HIS PARDON BY ANDREW JOHNSON

#### Admitted, at Last, That He Might Not Be So Guilt-Stained.

Hardships of the Final Months in His Island Prison—Shut In From the Light for Fear of More Escapes Like Col. Grenfell's—No Further Charge Made—Then Finally the Pardon Came—No Monster He, Arnold Vows—The Truth in His Case Never Came Out.

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#### CHAPTER XIII.

When the commanding officer found that Grenfell and the other escaped prisoners had not been overhauled he issued the most stringent orders against the remaining prisoners.

No one after retreat was permitted to place his head out of the aperture of his casemate, under the penalty of having a musket ball sent crashing through his brain. All intercourse between soldiers and prisoners was strictly prohibited, a violation of such order being at first severely punished, and repetition leaving them open to be arraigned before a court-martial. Many orders were issued without sense or reason in them.

The escape of Grenfell was another blow struck at the commander, who felt dubious about his commission. Consequently, something had to be done to exonerate himself from all blame.

He communicated to headquarters that Grenfell had been furnished with means by outsiders, which had been used in bribing the sentinel; also that he had considerable money in his possession when he escaped.

This was not so. Grenfell did not have in his possession at the time of his escape \$25. He could have gone without a dollar, as the rule of the place was as disgusting to the soldier as it was to those confined, and help at any time would have been rendered to any man who desired to escape, providing that the soldiers in so doing were not compromised.

#### OTHERS SUFFERED FOR GRENFELL.

The remaining prisoners had to bear the brunt for the escape of Grenfell and the others. They were worked from sunrise until sunset in the heat of the broiling sun, a provost guard, with the commanding officer and the provost marshal, more frequently than otherwise, standing over them and hurrying them up. Not a moment's rest was allowed during the day, excepting at dinner hour, and this continued until the Fifth Artillery was relieved, on March 10, 1869.

Seven prisoners were sent there from Eutaw, Ala., for the alleged offence of threatening to ride a carpet-bagger on a rail. On them was centred a deep hatred and prejudice. They were termed Ku-Klux by the provost marshal for the purpose of engendering hatred in the hearts of the soldiers against them, in which it failed to some extent. Their stay was short, owing to the press of the country taking the matter up, but their manner of treatment was cruel, unjust and tyrannical in the extreme.

When they were torn from their homes and families, supplies of every kind were denied them. They suffered from indignities heaped upon them all along the route from Eutaw to Dry Tortugas, weighted down in chains and most spitefully used by those in charge of them.

As a matter of course, they were without money, and when released they asked for transportation and subsistence to their homes, which was denied them. They were taken to Key West, an island in the sea, and there, among strangers, were left to make the best of the situation that they could.

#### MORE ESCAPES FEARED.

From them I learned that they met with friends (all being Freemasons) and, without the assistance of the Government, safely arrived at their homes. But a short time after the departure of the prisoners from Eutaw, Ala., it was reported that some parties had been overheard to express an opinion as to how easy a matter it would be to break through their quarters into one of the soldiers' company quarters some night, seize their guns when the whole garrison, excepting those on duty, was at the theatre, overcome the guard and seize the Quartermaster's schooner, *Matchless*, moored at the wharf, raise anchor, cut ropes and put to sea.

This rumor reached the ears of the provost marshal, so said, when in a trice the most stringent measures were adopted to frustrate the design. Double sentinels were placed over the prisoners' quarters, and every privilege formerly granted was rescinded.

Myself and companions became the recipients of a necessity created only to persecute. From the first touch of the hand of the military branch of the United States we had received the full weight of their cruelty and tyranny; we had been made to study the effects of partial and then of total darkness, of damp and loathsome cells, of foul and filthy dungeons, of tortures, irons and chains, of degradation of all kinds.

#### PRISONERS' WINDOWS BOARDED UP.

And now we were forced to study branches of a more edifying nature, as we were boarded up and denied the pleasure of looking upon mother earth and the few green spots of vegetation growing within the inclosure of the fort, the only visible parts of the creation left us to observe being the overhanging sky and the boundless deep. They determined by such procedure and action that we should become learned in astronomy and navigation.

This unjust proceeding on the part of those ruling not only deprived our quarters of proper ventilation but caused the dampness to increase, and at the same time had a tendency to cast odium upon us alone. Every person in and out of the fort was confronted with it, and naturally were led to inquire why of all quarters this alone was boarded up.

#### NO REASON FOR SUCH A HARSHIP.

As no cause had been assigned for this unlooked-for and sudden display of hatred of the provost marshal, we applied to the commanding officer to be informed as to what offence we had committed to justify such action and whether he was acting upon secret information, and, if so, we desired to be confronted with our accusers, knowing that we had neither infringed upon the rules governing nor contemplated any unlawful undertaking.

We were informed that we were not accused of anything, but that the rumor was current of the contemplated escape of some of the prisoners, and that the boards were placed up to prevent prisoners from crossing the guardhouse shed to the corridor beyond, thence into the inclosure of the fort.

A poor excuse was better than none. Immediately below our quarters was stationed the whole guard and two sentinels guarded all exits from the fort who had full view at all times of our immediate quarters, which would have rendered it impossible for any one to have crossed over. Even had it been possible to have eluded the vigilance of the sentinels at this point, they would have been forced to have come in direct contact with the entire guard as they descended the steps leading to the groundwork of the inclosure of the fort.

#### NEWS OF PARDON RECEIVED.

Finding that we could not accomplish having the boards removed, we became resigned to the new order of things, never afterward asking any questions relative to it. This continued until a few days before our departure from the island.

When it became known that Dr. Mudd had been pardoned and the Fifth Artillery had been relieved Spangler requested that the portion of the fence directly in front of our quarters be removed, so that we could obtain light and proper ventilation to our room, the side walls of which were hung with deep masses of slime and spongy substance, created through extreme dampness.

The provost marshal said that he would consult Gen. Hill, then commanding, in regard to his request. He did so, and the following day the obstruction was removed. Very soon afterward we received the news of our pardons, when we became callous to all surroundings, feeling that their tenure of persecution and intense hatred which had existed for four years was drawing to a close.

Before the departure of the Fifth Artillery we received a telegram notifying us of our pardon, whereupon we received the congratulations of each officer of the post, whether real or fictitious it is beyond my power to state.

On March 29, 1869, having received my release from their custody by virtue of the official pardon granted by Andrew Johnson,

President of the United States, issued in our respective cases, we departed from the fort, transportation alone being furnished as far as Key West, Fla.

The Government had deported us far from our homes to a strange land and had discharged us with no means at command to return. Had it not been for my father, who came for me, I would have been left penniless among strangers, without means to reach my home or to purchase subsistence to alleviate hunger. Like justice followed my footsteps from its beginning to its end.

**PAPER THAT SET ARNOLD FREE.**

Armed with the official authority which restored me again to the world a free man, a pardon granted by the United States Government, a copy of which is herewith appended:

*Andrew Johnson, President of the United States of America:*

To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting:

*Whereas*, On the 30th day of June, in the year 1865, one Samuel B. Arnold was, by the judgment of a military commission, convened and holden in the city of Washington, declared guilty of the specification wherein he was charged in the words and figures following, to wit: And in further prosecution of said conspiracy, the said Samuel Arnold did, within the military department and the military lines aforesaid, on or before the 6th day of March, A. D. 1865, and on divers other days and times between that day and the 15th day of April, A. D. 1865, combine, conspire with and aid, counsel, abet, comfort and support the said John Wilkes Booth, Lewis Payne, George A. Atzerodt, Michael O'Laughlin and their confederates in said unlawful, murderous and traitorous conspiracy and the execution thereof as aforesaid; and

*Whereas*, The sentence imposed by said military commission upon the said Samuel Arnold was that he be imprisoned at hard labor for life, and the confinement under such sentence was directed to be had in the military prison at Dry Tortugas, Fla., and the said Samuel Arnold has been for more than three years and six months, and now is, suffering the infliction of such sentence; and

*Whereas*, The evidence adduced against said Arnold before the said military commission leaves room for uncertainty as to the true measure and nature of the complicity of the said Arnold in the said murderous and traitorous conspiracy, and it is apparent that the said Arnold rendered no active assistance whatsoever to the said Booth and his confederates in the actual execution of said abominable crime; and

*Whereas*, The pardon of the said Arnold is strongly recommended by the City Council and more than two hundred other citizens of Baltimore and vicinity;

Now, therefore, be it known, that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States of America, in consideration of the premises, divers other and sufficient reasons me thereunto moving, do hereby grant to the said Samuel B. Arnold a full and unconditional pardon.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto signed my name and cause the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[Seal.] Done at the city of Washington this first day of March, A. D. 1869, and in the independence of the United States the ninety-third.

[Signed.] **ANDREW JOHNSON,**  
President of the United States.  
**WILLIAM H. SEWARD,**  
Secretary of State.

With the receipt of this I was at last a free man.

**TRUTH, NOT MALICE.**

I have in the foregoing pages strictly confined myself to the truth, compiled from a diary as daily taken note by me. It has not been written through malice nor vindictiveness on my part, but solely for the purpose of giving to the world the manner

of treatment adopted and pursued in my respective case, both during the period awaiting trial, throughout the trial itself, and even after sentence had been imposed. Also relative to the treatment of others undergoing sentence and confined at Dry Tortugas, Florida.

The hatred engendered by the Civil War had not yet abated. The crime in which I was supposed to have been connected, and for which I was imprisoned, was of such an abominable and atrocious nature that the hatred which at first had been instilled into the hearts of the entire nation did not subside during my entire incarceration. They looked upon me as a monster, from the sentence imposed by the military commission, and nothing could be brought to bear to change or modify their deep-rooted convictions.

Not even the Government nor those in high authority could be appeased, and they still persecuted, even after sentence had been imposed, and would have continued to do so had I remained under their charge.

**NO JUSTICE IN POPULAR FRENZY.**

To have obtained justice at or about the period of my trial was an impossibility as well as a fruitless undertaking, while the public mind was in such chaotic excitement and frenzy. Evidence was hardly necessary to convict. The desire was only to gratify and appease the public mind, and to avenge the death of Abraham Lincoln.

The crime in itself was of such a base, cowardly, damnable and atrocious nature that it necessitated harsh measures, yet justice should have interposed its hand, separating the innocent from the guilty, which was not performed in the beginning, nor through the entire period of my imprisonment.

**HISTORY LIES, ARNOLD SAYS.**

History will associate my name as one of the participators in the crime, but in doing so it will lie, as I was as guiltless as an unborn babe as to knowledge or connection in any way whatsoever in the horrible crime.

When Gen. Thomas Ewing, who had been retained by me as counsel, came to see me in my cell he remarked that he would have nothing to do with the case if I was in any way connected with the crime. I told him that I was as innocent as he was himself as to knowledge, connection or participation therein; that had I been a party to it or have counselled, abetted or aided in any manner the commission of the horrible act I would have scorned to solicit defence, would have pleaded guilty to the charge and met with whatever doom the Government might impose with as much fortitude as I could command, feeling that I had by my own act entailed upon myself its full burden and merit.

After the consultation had ended he became counsel for me. I narrated to him the entire knowledge I possessed, and my connection with Booth at one time, and gave the names of witnesses to be summoned in my case.

**DAMNED HARD COURT, COUNSEL SAID.**

As he was upon the point of leaving my cell his eye centred upon the hood, which

had been removed before his entry and hurriedly thrown into one corner of the cell. He inquired of me what it was, and I remarked, handing it to him, "A torture invented by Edward M. Stanton, Secretary of War."

After a careful examination of it in all its devices and details he made some very uncomplimentary remarks in reference to Stanton, which I forbear expressing. I requested him in the opening of my defence to give the nation and the world at large my treatment. His reply, in part, was:

"The less you say about that the better; you have a damned hard court to try you."

Hope died within my heart at his utterances, and from that hour I endeavored to nerve myself to meet my fate, fully expecting to meet with death. To my father, who was allowed to see me twice during my trial, I expressed the same views, stating that perjury was being suborned and being resorted to to secure my conviction. From the moment Gen. Ewing made that remark I lost all interest in the trial and surroundings, and patiently awaited my doom—death, I thought.

(To be concluded to-morrow.)

## THE LINCOLN PLOT.

Samuel B. Arnold Ends His  
Story of Its Working.

HIS DEFENCE OF THE PLOTTERS.

A Madman, Weak Brethren and  
a Mere Boy He Calls Them.

Only These Out of the Eight Original Mem-  
bers of the Conspiracy to Abduct  
the President Pursued It to Its Fatal  
End—The Rest, Arnold With Them,  
Had Withdrawn—And the Confederacy  
Knew Nothing of the Wild Scheme at  
Any Stage—The Trials Were Marked  
by Wholesale Perjury, Arnold Charges,  
but the False Witnesses Had Their  
Reward—Last of Booth's Associates  
a Misanthropist—How He Lives.

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### CHAPTER XIV.

There never was any connection between Booth and the Confederate authorities. I was in Booth's confidence, and had anything existed as such he would have made known the fact to me. Besides, such a quixotic scheme would have been laughed at by them had it been possible for Booth to have obtained audience with them, and he would have been dismissed from their presence, and in all probability been overlooked as an insane man.

The scheme originated in Booth's own visionary mind; he became a monomaniac on the success of the Confederate arms, a condition which generally follows when a man's thoughts are constantly centred upon one subject alone.

His last act was the act of a madman, and I am convinced that he did it in a moment of temporary insanity, caused by the defeat of the Confederate armies and the loss of the cause so dear to his heart. This is my opinion, which cannot be controverted in this world; its truth or falsity will only be known in the world to come.

The men by whom he had been surrounded and who had associated themselves with him were, to a great extent, ignorant men. They clung to him for the bounty they were receiving at Booth's hand. No labor to perform to earn their living, Booth providing it, they were willing to let it so continue, hugging within themselves the thought that the fast-approaching end of the war would soon dissolve companionship and terminate the conspiracy in which they were engaged without any bodily harm falling to their lot.

When, in his frenzy, he made known his final design to them they were so entangled that retreat was impossible, and even had they attempted to do so, without surrendering themselves to the authorities, their

knowledge alone would have made them just as guilty before the law as if the blow had been struck by their own hand.

### PERSONALITY OF THE PLOTTERS

Herold, a mere boy, acting in the rôle of pilot, steering Booth through the country, taking no part in the murder itself, thought, in his ignorance of the law, that he would not be reached. Atzerodt, of same mould, thought the same when he fled, failing to execute the part assigned to him to be performed by Booth, ignorant of the fact that before the law he was just as guilty as Booth, who committed the deed.

Payne was differently situated. He was far from his native State in a strange city—penniless. Booth had for months provided for him food, lodging and raiment, and limited means to meet his daily incidental expenses. For all these things he could not be ungrateful; besides, he was subordinate to Booth's stronger mind, who controlled him in his every movement, and when the crime to be committed was sprung, upon him he was as bold and fearless as Booth himself, and tried his best to carry out the part allotted to him by Booth to perform.

### ONLY FOUR IN THE ASSASSINATION.

These four men comprised the entire conspirators in that crime. No knowledge of it extended beyond them. According to confessions made by Herold and Atzerodt, it was first made known at 8 o'clock and executed at 10 o'clock the same evening.

No officials of the Confederate Government had any knowledge in regard to it, although it was attempted to be shown by the military commission that they had, through many witnesses.

Everything went upon our trial. It was fixed in its entirety, and all were condemned before being heard. No cross-examination of witnesses, their evidence being so deep laid that no opening was left, besides counsel declined to do so, having no groundwork left to stand upon, and so that long-drawn-out trial, lasting months, daily adding to the public excitement, grew from a mere molehill to a stupendous structure, reared and built through perjury.

There was a witness to establish the conspiracy from Baltimore, by name William Spandauer, who finally died in the Maryland Penitentiary. When counsel desired that he be produced for cross-examination he was nowhere to be found; he had been spirited away by the prosecution, not, however, before leaving his imprint before the court.

### THE CIPHER LETTERS.

Cipher letters were found floating in the water at Morehead City, N. C., unblurred by contact with the water, intended no doubt to encircle me at Fortress Monroe with participation in the crime. In fact, the conspiracy through the Government witnesses grew to immense proportions, extending from the Lakes to the Gulf, even penetrating into Canada, whereas it was but the act of four deluded men, dwelling in the city of Washington.

Retribution has followed in the wake of that trial. Numerous, not very important, witnesses died during my incarceration. Soon after the verdict some died from suicide, and later on some died in the penitentiary, while some served terms in the penitentiary. Of the members of the court who sat in condemnation of me I am not advised, but the prosecuting judge, advocate and his assistants, I think, have been called before the bar of God.

### COMPARES HIMSELF TO DREYFUS.

The late Dreyfus trial in France was a counterpart in many respects to my own; the same means employed and resorted to to convict, viz., forged documentary evidence, as well as false swearing—the same arm of the Government service sitting in judgment. But I will say for France that when the prisoner appeared and stood be-

fore the military court he stood as a man, as a guiltless man, not as a condemned convict and felon weighed down in shackles and chains; neither was he tortured before and during his trial, and was publicly degraded only after conviction.

This miscarriage of justice in his case aroused the public of all nations in Europe, and also the public of the United States. The official organs, however, representing the Governments abroad, as well as my own, remained in passive silence in my case, that no offence should be given to the nations on friendly terms, or that any breach of international law should occur. At the same time every nation in Europe, as well as the United States, had been guilty of the very same thing which was later condemned by the press of the civilized world.

The sentence inflicted upon Dreyfus was loudly condemned far and near as a miscarriage of justice, and the stress upon the President of the French Republic became so great that a pardon was granted Dreyfus. The crime of which he was accused was false in every particular in his case, his only "offence" being that he was a Jew.

### BUT HE RECEIVED NO SYMPATHY.

In my case, far worse conducted than in Dreyfus's case, I have yet to learn or hear of a single voice raised in my behalf, or denouncing my treatment, but, to the contrary, correspondents of the press, at times, contributed scurrilous articles against me, in which no truth exists, their hatred not satiated, although thirty years have elapsed.

Age is creeping upon me, I am steadily marching toward that goal where many have gone before me, and before many years have passed will reach it, and there confront my accusers, and then, and not until then, will the mysteries surrounding my unjust trial, torture and condemnation be truthfully revealed.

Samuel Bland Arnold.

### ARNOLD'S LIFE IN THESE LAST YEARS.

This ends Arnold's statement. This alleged Lincoln plotter who penned it lived in Baltimore from time to time up until about six years ago, when he decided to seek the peace and quiet of a country life. Since that time he has been residing on a farm near Friendship, Anne Arundel county, going to Baltimore at infrequent periods. About twice in each year Arnold goes to Baltimore and spends a few days at the home of his brother, Charles A. Arnold, at the corner of the York road and Chestnut Hill avenue.

During his residence in Baltimore, Samuel Bland Arnold has always been looked upon by those who came in contact with him as a man of most retiring disposition, and he has always been exceedingly loath to speak of the great tragedy or its surrounding circumstances that wrecked his life.

In these later years of his life Arnold has been undoubtedly what he has described himself—a misanthropist. On the farm in Anne Arundel county he has sought seclusion and quiet which he could not find in a big city. Even in his immediate locality in the country he is simply known as Mr. Arnold, and few, if any, know that in this old man has been locked the story of one of the greatest tragedies of American history.

In striking contrast with the once powerful frame and fiery spirit of youth, this wrinkled old man, with head and beard whitened by the passage of nearly seventy years, awaits the end. A self-created hermit from the ordinary friendships and courtesies of mankind, he is beloved by the brute creation. In his dogs, his pigeons, his chickens and the animals of the farm, his greatest pleasure is centred, and all of these dumb creatures acknowledge him as a friend. With these friends of the farm, and occasionally visiting relatives from Baltimore, Samuel B. Arnold finds the consolation of his declining days.

THE END.

RECESS.

The Court then took a recess until 2 o'clock, at which time the body reassembled.

RE-EXAMINATION OF MR. FERGUSON.

By Mr. Ewing.—Q. State whether, directly after the assassination of the President, you saw Mr. Stewart get upon the stage? A. I am not acquainted with Mr. Stewart; after Booth passed off I saw a large man in light clothes, with a mustache, jump on the stage; a moment afterward Miss Harris called for water in the box; this man, whatever he was, turned around and looked toward the box; some one halloed, "Catch him;" Miss Laura Keane raised her hands and said "We have caught him," or "we will catch him;" I then saw this large man run out; it was probably two or three minutes after Booth ran out before he jumped upon the stage.

Q. Had you seen anybody else run out before him? A. No one but this man, Hawk.

Q. If anybody had gone out before, would you have seen him? I think so; I thought it very singular that no one got on the stage.

Cross-examined by Judge Bingham.—Q. On which side of the dress circle were you? A. On the right side, on the same side with the President's box.

Q. How near did you sit to the private boxes on that side? A. I went close to them; so near that I could see what was passing below distinctly; I saw Laura Keane when she ran in.

RE-EXAMINATION OF MR. BEST.

By Mr. Ewing.—Q. State your business at Washington? A. I am manager of Grover's Theater.

Q. State whether you were in the act of seeing John Wilkes Booth during the last season before the assassination of the President, and if so, whether he made any inquiry of you with regard to the President attending the theater? A. I have seen him about there frequently, and he made such an inquiry the day before the assassination; he came into the office sometime during the afternoon of Thursday, and interrupted me and the prompter of the theater in reading manuscript; he seated himself in a chair and entered into a conversation upon the subject of the illumination; there was to be a general illumination of the city on Thursday; he asked me if I intended to illuminate; I said I did, to a certain extent, but that my great illumination would be on the next night, the anniversary of the fall of Sumter; he asked me if I was going to invite the President; I think my reply was, Yes, and I must send that invitation; I had it in mind for several days to invite the Presidential party to attend on the night of the 14th.

Q. Did you invite the President? A. I sent Mrs. Lincoln an invitation; my notes were generally addressed to her as the best means of accomplishing the object.

Q. Was there anything marked in Booth's manner of making the inquiry? A. His manner struck me as rather peculiar; he must have observed that we were busy, and it was not usual to come in and disturb us; he pushed the matter so far that I got up, laid the manuscript away, and entered into conversation.

Q. State whether or not it is customary in theaters to keep the passage way between the scenes and the green-room and dressing rooms clear? A. Yes; it should be a point with the stage carpenter to keep the stage clear and the scenes put away; it depends somewhat upon how much room there is.

Q. Would you consider three feet a wide or narrow passage? A. I should consider it rather narrow, but there are no two theaters alike in that respect—it would be more necessary to keep the passage clear if it was narrow than if it was wide, of course.

Q. Would you consider a leap from the second tier of boxes in Ford's Theater to the stage an extraordinary or difficult one? A. From my present recollection I should say no very difficult.

Q. State what boxes the President was in the habit of occupying when he attended Grover's Theater?

(Question objected to by Judge Bingham as irrelevant.—Mr. Ewing stated that the object was to show that it was easier to escape from Ford's than Grover's Theater, as the reason why Ford's was selected by Booth for the accomplishment of his purpose. Objection sustained by the Court.)

TESTIMONY OF H. N. JAMES.

By Mr. Ewing.—Q. State whether you were at Ford's Theater when the President was assassinated? A. I was.

Q. State the positions of yourself and Edward Spangler at the time it occurred, if you know what they were? A. I was standing on the stage, ready to draw a flat, and Spangler was standing right opposite to me on the stage at the time I heard the shot fired.

Q. From the position you were in could you see the President's box? A. I could not; neither could Spangler; he was standing behind the scenes; he was on the same side with the President's box, and I was on the opposite side.

Q. When the shot was fired, did you see what he did? A. I did not; I did not notice whether he moved away or remained.

Q. What did you do yourself? A. I really do not know what I did; I was excited at the time; I did not go from where I was standing there behind the curtain.

Q. Which was nearer the door out of which Booth ran, you or Spangler? A. I think I was nearer the door, though there was very little difference.

Q. Did you see anybody near Spangler at the time? A. I did not.

Q. Had you seen him previously during the play? A. I had; every time the scene had to be changed I saw him at his post; I did not notice him any other time.

Q. What was the condition of the passage-way at that time? A. It was clear; it was the business of Spangler and myself to keep it clear; it was more Spangler's business than mine.

Q. Do you know whether Spangler was pleased when he entered? A. Yes; standing opposite him I heard the applause, and Spangler applauded with them, both with his hands and feet; he seemed as pleased as anybody to see the President come in.

TESTIMONY OF F. H. DOOLAY.

By Mr. Doster.—Q. State your business in this city? A. I keep a drug store near the avenue.

Q. Examine these articles—the brush and liquor taken from Atzerodt—and see if your trade-mark is upon either of the articles? A. It is not.

TESTIMONY OF H. L. MUDD.

By Mr. Ewing.—Q. In your cross-examination the day before yesterday, you stated that your brother, Dr. Samuel Mudd, was a tenant of your father; I wish you to state what you mean by that? A. I mean by that I was rather confused at the time and do not know exactly what I meant; I suppose that to be a tenant I must pay some rent; my brother never paid any rent, nor any part of the proceeds of the farm.

Q. How do you know that? A. I know it very well; I kept all of my father's accounts; the farm was always treated as my brother's.

Cross-examined by Col. Burnett.—Q. Did not the farm belong to your father? A. I considered that it belonged to my brother.

Q. Has he any title to it? A. No; my father has the title, but my brother has his word that it belongs to him.

TESTIMONY OF DR. DAVIS.

By Mr. Stone.—Q. Where do you reside? A. In the city near the Navy Yard.

Q. Have you been in the army? A. I was in the Quartermaster's Department on Gen. Wool's staff during the Mexican war.

Q. Do you know the prisoner Harrold? A. I have known him from early boyhood; part of the time I lived next door to him, though for the last several years I have lived four or five squares from him.

Q. State what is his character? A. I do not know that I can state it in any better terms than that he is a boy; I consider that he is very trifling, and has been so all his lifetime; there has been very little of a man about him; from my knowledge of him, I should say that nature has not endowed him with as much intellect as people generally have; I know his family very well, and have always known them; I suppose he is about 22 years old.

Cross-examined by Judge Bingham.—Q. Do you think that Harrold has intellect enough to know that it is a great crime to commit murder? A. He undoubtedly knows the difference between right and wrong.

TESTIMONY OF HARRY CLAY FORD.

By Mr. Ewing.—Q. State what business you were engaged in immediately preceding the 14th of April last? A. I was treasurer of Ford's Theater.

Q. State when it was first known there that the President was coming to the theater that night? A. It was known to me about 11½ o'clock; I had been to breakfast and came back, and then learned that the President had engaged a box.

Q. State whether J. Wilkes Booth was at the theater after that on that day, and if so, at what time? A. He was there at 12 o'clock, about half an hour after I returned.

Q. State whether or not the fact that the President was coming to the theater that night was communicated to Booth? A. I do not know; I did not tell him.

Q. Did you see anything of Booth afterward that day? A. Not until evening.

Q. Did you see him as you were going to the theater that day? A. No; I saw him coming down the street, I think, as I stood in the door of the theater; he commenced talking to some parties there; one of them went into the office and brought out a letter, which he sat down and read on the steps of the office; this was about 12 o'clock, and he stayed, I should think, about half an hour.

Q. State what you know about the preparations of the theater for the reception of the President that night? A. When I got to the theater my brother told me the President was to be there that night; it was Mr. Raybold's business to see about the decorations of the box, but he had the neuralgia in his face that day, and I fixed it up; I found two flags, which I looped up and placed in position; then another flag came down from the Treasury Department and I altered them, putting the new flag in the center; I had a part of the furniture changed, a sofa and a high-back chair brought from the stage, and a rocking-chair brought from my sleeping room up-stairs.

Q. Did you receive any suggestions from any body as to the preparation of the box? A. Only from Mr. Raybold and the gentleman who brought the third flag down there.

Q. What had Spangler to do with the decoration of the box? A. He took out the partition between the two boxes, leaving them both in one.

Q. Was it usual to remove that partition on such occasion? A. Yes; we always removed it when the President came there.

Q. How many times had the President been at your theater during the Winter and Spring? A. I suppose about six times.

Q. How did Spangler come to go to the box? A. I suppose Mr. Raybold sent him.

Q. Was Spangler in the box during the time you were there decorating it? A. No; he was at work on the stage at that time; I called for a hammer and nails, which he handed up to me.

Q. Do you know whether he was apprised of the fact that the President was to come there that evening? A. He knew the President was coming, for he took out the partition.

Q. Do you know whether there was any penknife used in the preparation of the President's box? A. I used a penknife, and cutting the string by which the picture was tied, I forgot it and left it there.

Q. Had the picture been there before? No, sir.

Q. Why was this chair brought from your sleeping room to the President's box? A. For nothing more than to put it with the other furniture; it was part of the same set of furniture which was originally placed in the reception-room, but the ushers were in the habit of lounging upon it, and I took it into my room.

Q. Do you know whether Booth was in the habit of engaging boxes in your theater? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What box was he in the habit of engaging? A. The one he always engaged was number seven, which was part of the box occupied by the President, nearest the audience.

Q. How often did he occupy that box during the season? A. He procured a box four or five times; I do not know whether he ever occupied it or not.

Q. Do you know whether Booth's spur caught in one of the flags as he leaped from the box? A. I heard that it caught in the blue flag in the center; I do not know it.

Q. Who put that flag there? A. I did; it was the one obtained from the Treasury building.

Q. Was there anything special or unusual in the arrangement of that box? A. The picture had never been placed in front of the box before; we mostly used smaller flags, but as General Grant was to come with the President that night, we borrowed these flags from the Treasury Department.

Q. State where you were during the performance of "The American Cousin" prior to the assassination? A. In the ticket-office.

Q. Were you not on the pavement in front of all during performance? A. I suppose I must have passed in and out two or three times.

Q. Did you see anything of the prisoner Spangler during that time? A. No, sir.

Cross-examined by Judge Bingham.—Q. Do you know the fact that the other boxes in the theater were or were not occupied that night? A. None were occupied, I think; I could tell by looking at the books.

Q. Do not you remember boxes being applied for, and the answer being given that they were all taken? A. None were applied for to me.

Q. Did you not sell all the tickets? A. No, there were four of us.

Q. Do you not know that Booth occupied the other boxes? A. No, sir; from my information he did not.

Q. Or any body else for him? A. No applications of any kind were made to me for them; there may have been applications made that I know nothing about.

Q. State whether there was any notice in the wall behind the President's box when you were up there decorating it? A. There was not.

Q. You know there was one when the President was murdered, do you not? A. I have heard so; I have not been in the box since.

Q. Was there a bar there for the purpose of fastening the entrance to the door that afternoon? A. I saw none.

Q. Was there any such contrivance there before that day? A. I never knew of any; I know there was not.

Q. Was there a hole bored through the first door that opens into the President's box before that day? A. I do not know of there being any there.

Q. Were the screws to the locks of the doors of the President's box drawn before that day? A. Not to my knowledge; I do not know.

Q. Will you swear that they were not drawn when you decorated the box that day? A. It was not done in my presence or to my knowledge; if it had been done, I did not notice it.

By Mr. Aikin.—Q. When you first saw Booth in the theater that day, how long did he remain? A. I suppose half an hour; I went into the office, and when I came out he was gone.

Q. Was the letter Booth had a long or short one? A. It was very long, it was either four or eight pages; I am not certain which.

Q. Had it been published at the time Booth left the theater that the President would be there that night? A. When I came into the theater that morning, my brother told me that he would write a little notice and put it into the evening papers that the President was to be there.

Q. Then could any one have had a knowledge of the fact unless they came to the theater? A. No, unless my brother told them.

Q. In what direction did Booth go after he left the theater? A. I do not know.

Q. Did he seem to be in a hurry to complete the conversation and get away from the theater? A. No, sir.

Q. When he learned the fact that the President would be there that evening, did you notice any partic-

lar change in his manner or conversation? A. No sir; he sat down on the steps, opened his letter, and occasionally would look up and laugh.

Q. Do you recollect the name of the messenger from the White House? A. No sir. I do not recollect his name.

Q. Did this conversation with Booth take place in the theater? A. No; out on the sidewalk in front of the gallery steps.

Q. Where was he when he read the letter? A. He went up and sat in the main entrance door of the theater.

Q. Do you know who was with him from the time he came there, got the letter and went away? A. There were some young men talking with him; I recollect Mr. Gifford, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Guerrilla.

Q. Is Mr. Evans an attaché of the theater? A. Yes, an actor there.

By Mr. Ewing—Q. Do you think if there had been a hole in the wall in the little passage between the President's box and the wall, four or five inches one way and two inches the other, you would have noticed it? A. If the door had been opened against the wall it would have brought it behind, and I would not have noticed it; if the door had been closed I certainly would have noticed it.

Q. Is not that passage pretty dark, even when the door is open? A. Yes.

Q. Did you observe the side of the wall? A. I did not take particular notice of it.

Q. If there had been any anger hole through the partition into the President's box, would you have been likely to notice it? A. I do not think I should.

Q. Did you ever see the prisoner (Arnold) about the theater? A. No; I don't know him at all.

By the Court—Q. Do you not know that the intended visit of the President was published in the morning papers? A. It was not.

Q. Did you state in a drinking saloon near Ford's Theater that the President was to be there? A. No, sir.

Q. Was it announced that Gen. Grant was to attend the theater in company with the President? A. It was.

TESTIMONY OF WILLIAM WITHERS, JR.

By Mr. Ewing—Q. In your previous examination you were unable to state definitely whether the door leading out of the passage where Booth was shut, or can you state no? A. Yes; the door was shut.

Q. Do you recollect that fact distinctly? A. Yes; after he knocked me down, as I stated in my former testimony, he made a plunge for the door; the door was shut, but he opened it very easily, and I rushed out of the door after him.

Q. Were you at the theater that day at 12 o'clock? A. I cannot recollect; I think I had rehearsal that day at 10 o'clock; there was no music in the "American Cousin" requiring it, but I think I had a full orchestra rehearsal of the song I composed.

Q. Did you see Booth or not during that day? A. I did not.

TESTIMONY OF JAMES R. FORD.

By Mr. Ewing—Q. State what business you were engaged in about the time of the assassination of the President? A. I was business manager at Ford's Theater.

Q. State when you became apprised that the President intended to visit the theater that night? A. At about 10 o'clock that morning the young man from the President's house, who usually came on such errands, came on that occasion; I do not know his name; he seemed to be a runner; he had been to the theatre half a dozen times for boxes previously.

Q. Had the President been previously invited for that night? A. No, sir.

Q. State whether on that day and, if so, how soon after you arrived, that information was communicated to J. Wilkes Booth? A. I saw him about 12 o'clock, some two hours after I had received the information, on the corner of Tenth and E-sts.; he was going up toward Eleventh-st.; I don't know whether he had been at the theater; he was coming from toward the theater.

Q. Had you any knowledge of the President's intention of visiting the theater that night previous to receiving this message? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you have anything to do with the box the President was to occupy? A. Nothing whatever.

Q. Did you procure anything to decorate it with or not? A. I procured a flag from the Treasury Department; I could not obtain the one I wanted, but got a 36-foot flag.

Q. State whether or not, on any occasion, you had a conversation with Booth as to the purchase of lands, and if so where?

[Question objected to by Mr. Bingham as irrelevant and immaterial. Mr. Ewing stated that in the testimony of the witness Weichman, a conversation at the National Hotel between Booth and the prisoner (Mudd) was introduced as a circumstance showing Mudd's connection with the conspiracy. The purpose of this evidence was to show, if that conversation ever occurred, it proved nothing, inasmuch as conversations on the part of Booth with various parties in reference to the purchase of land in Lower Maryland were very frequent. Objection sustained by the Court.]

Q. Do you know of a visit made by Booth into Charles County last Fall? A. I do not know it except from what he told me.

[Mr. Bingham—You need not state what he told you. Mr. Ewing insisted on the question being answered in full.]

Col. Burnett—Have you answered that question. Witness—I say I have never known him to go there.

Q. Have you ever heard him say what his purpose was in any visit he may have made to Charles County last Fall.

[Question objected to by Judge Bingham, and objection sustained.]

By Mr. Cox—Q. Did you send notice of the President's intended visit to *The Star* that afternoon? A. I did of his intention and that of Gen. Grant; I sent it about 12 o'clock.

Q. Whose handwriting was it? A. In mine; I wrote it.

Q. In about what time did the first edition containing that notice appear? A. About 2 o'clock, I think.

Q. Had you sent before you met Booth coming up the street with that letter? A. Yes.

Q. Did you have any conversation with Booth that day? A. No; I merely spoke to him.

By Mr. Atkin—Q. Do you know John H. Surratt? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you see any person of that description (picture of Surratt) about there that day? A. No; I do not know any such person.

Q. Do you know the actor, McCullough, and if so, do you know what time he left the city? A. I know him; he left, I believe, when Forrest did, which, I believe, was the fourth week in January; he played an engagement with him.

Q. Did McCullough return to the city in company with Forrest the 1st of March? A. He did on Forrest's last engagement; I do not know what time that was.

Q. Was it before the 1st of April? A. I think so.

Q. Do you know of your own knowledge whether McCullough had left the city before the 1st of April? A. I do not; I have no means of knowing when he left; I could ascertain from the books of the theater when Forrest left.

Cross-examined by Col. Burnett—Q. Where were you when you wrote that notice for *The Star*? A. I was in the ticket office, no one was present.

Q. Had you had any conversation with any one about sending that notice? A. I asked Mr. Phillips the actor to write me a notice; he said he would after writing the regular advertisements.

Q. Did you speak to any one else? A. I spoke to my younger brother about the propriety of writing it; I did not speak to any one else.

Q. Had you seen Booth prior to writing that notice? A. No, sir.

Q. How did you send it away? A. I sent one to *The Star and Courier*, and the other to the office of *The Republican* myself.

TESTIMONY OF J. BONEY.

Q. Where were you on the night of the 14th of April? A. At Ford's Theater.

Q. What was your business there? A. I was playing what is called "Responsible Utility."

Q. State whether you know anything of Booth's having rode up to the alley door and called for Spangler? A. He called for me first; I don't know whether he came on a horse or not, but he told me to ask Spangler to come up and hold his horse; I did not see the horse; I was on the opposite side, and I said: "Booth wants you to hold his horse," he went; Booth came inside, and said he, "Can I go across the stage," said I, "No, the dairy scene is on;" Spangler then called me, and told me to call Peanut John to hold the horse, saying that Gifford was away, and the responsibility of the scene was all on him.

Q. Did you see Spangler anywhere that evening? A. I did, three or four times.

Q. Where? A. On the stage.

Q. Was he in his proper position? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you see him about the time the shot was fired? A. About five minutes before.

Q. Where was he then? A. On the same side of the President's box.

Q. Did you see him after the shot was fired? A. I saw him five or six minutes after.

Q. Where was he then? A. On the stage with a crowd of people.

Q. What was he doing there? A. I took no notice of him at all.

Q. Did you see Booth as he left? A. I saw him as he made his exit at the first left entrance, he had a long double-edged knife that looked like a new one.

Q. Did you see any one follow him? A. I did not see any man get on the stage until he had made his exit.

Q. How long after did you see a man get on the stage? A. Two or three seconds.

Q. Who got on the stage first after Booth? A. A tall stout gentleman with gray clothes; I think he had a moustache.

Q. What did he do? A. He made his exit the same way that Mr. Booth did.

TESTIMONY OF J. J. GIFFORD.

Q. Do you know anything of a horse and buggy belonging to Booth being sold a week or so before the assassination? A. I heard Booth tell Spangler to send the horse and buggy to Tattersall's and sell it the week before the assassination.

Q. Do you know Mr. Jacob Witherspangh? A. I know a man who worked in the theater by that name; he was there two or three weeks.

Q. State whether or not since he was released from Carroll Hall, or just previous to his release, he told you at the prison that he was the assassin of the President, and not to say which way he went, meaning Booth? Did he say that Spangler hit him on the face with the back of his hand? A. No, sir; he said he had been down making a statement, and had not told all he knew, and wanted to know if he could make another statement; I told him certainly, and that he ought to be very particular and state the whole truth.

Q. State whether you know anything of the accused, Spangler, being in the custom of crabbing and other fishing? A. Yes; I know he would go on Saturday night and stay till Sunday morning; I have never seen him fishing myself.

Q. State whether this rope could be used for that purpose? A. Yes, sir; but they tie another small line out of the end.

TESTIMONY OF DR. M'KIMM.

Q. Where do you reside? A. In Washington, in the eastern part of the city.

Q. Do you know Harrold? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long have you known him? A. I don't know when; I have known him for the last twenty-two years; I have known him very well for the last six years.

Q. State his character? A. He is a light, unreliable, trivial boy, and is in mind about eleven years of age; I never would allow him to put up a prescription of mine if I could go elsewhere, believing that he would tamper with it if he thought he could play a joke upon any body.

The Court here adjourned until 10 o'clock on Friday morning.

Resume of Wednesdays Proceedings.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, May 31, 1865.

Hartman Richter, a cousin of Atzerodt, testified that the prisoner came to his house in Montgomery County, Md., on the Sunday after the assassination of the President and remained there until Thursday morning. He did not attempt to hide himself and was willing to go with the arresting officers.

Mr. Dexter, as counsel for Atzerodt, stated that he intended to set up the plea of insanity, and for this purpose had summoned relatives and friends of Atzerodt living thousands of miles away, who have not yet arrived.

Wm. S. Arnold testified as to his brother's whereabouts in Baltimore City and County from the 21st of March to the 1st of April, when the prisoner went to Fortress Monroe, giving to the witness his pistol and knife.

Frank Arnold, also a brother to the prisoner, testified that the latter went to Fortress Monroe to enter upon employment.

John T. Ford, proprietor of the theater, was called to the stand and was asked by the defense whether Booth ever applied to him to employ Chester, the actor.

Assistant Judge-Advocate Bingham objected to the question.

Mr. Ewing contended that the question was pertinent. Arnold had made a voluntary confession that there was a plan to capture the President, which Chester, in his testimony, corroborated. The object in propounding the interrogatory was to show that Booth had nobody in the theater to assist him. An answer to the question was important in justice to Spangler.

Assistant Judge-Advocate Bingham said this was not a question of relevancy, therefore it was absolutely unnecessary to ask it.

The Court sustained the Assistant Judge-Advocate's objection.

John T. Ford, manager of the theater, was recalled. He was shown the rope found in Spangler's carpet bag; said it might have been used in crabbing or for other purposes; the witness was in Richmond when the assassination occurred. H. Clay Ford testified that he was treasurer of the theater; he knew the President intended coming to the theater at 11 o'clock in the morning; Booth was at the theater at noon, but he did not tell Booth the seats had been engaged.