

REACTIONS (WASHINGTON)

DRAWER 15

DEATH

71,2009,085,03049



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The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Reactions in Washington, D.C.

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

National Hotel, Wash.

Apr 16. 1865.

My dear Dickinson

In the presence of
this terrible national calamity, I
can scarcely think of business; but
I saw the Surgeon Genl. about your
friend, & write of the result.

He said that two wards in Satterlee
are devoted to eye & ear cases, & in
charge of a ~~celebrated~~ physician who is
a specialist in the such things & he
says equal to Dr. H. He did not
see me in order to transfer,
but would write to Satterlee & ascertain
your friend's condition.

As the assassin intended his knife for
Grant, & doubtless knew me; perhaps, had
I gone with the President, I should have
had it. But, if it had saved Mr. Lincoln,
I should not have felt it was to be commended,
over at all. Yr. truly (Albany 11/2/65)

National Hotel, Wash.
Apr 16, 1865

My dear ?

In the presence of this terrible national calamity, I can scarce think of business, but I saw the Surgeon Genl. about your friend, & write you the result.

He said that two wards in Satterlee(?) are devoted to eye & ear cases, & in charge of a physician who is a specialist in such things & he says equal to D.H. He did not see how he could order the transfer, but could write to Satterlee(?) & ascertain your friend's condition.

As the assassin intended his knife for Grant, & doubtless knew me; perhaps, had I gone with the President, I should have had it. But, if it had saved Mr. Lincoln, I should not have felt it was to be sorrowed(?) over at all.

Yours truly,
Schuyler Colfax

We understand that the Colored Men of our City have been practically refused a place in the grand procession to-morrow in honor of the services and memory of President Lincoln. The grief of this class is probably deemed too real and hearty to bear any part in a mourning pageant devised and engineered by men who always opposed and never even professed to honor and respect our late President until they were quite sure he was dead.

We trust the Blacks will not take this refusal to heart. So long as a draft impended over our City, they were vouchsafed the amplest opportunities to fill the ranks of that quite earnest procession which was constantly moving hence on Richmond and Charleston in response to the President's calls for defenders of the National integrity. Should more soldiers be wanted, we warrant that a large share of those who parade to-morrow will stand back and give every negro a fair chance to go in. And, as the Blacks of our City do not need any display of banners, mottoes, regalia, &c., to convince anybody that they grieve for the loss of our good President, we suggest that they need not take to heart their exclusion from the parade of to-morrow.

The suggestion of a National Testimonial of admiration for the character and gratitude for the services of our late President in the form of a payment of \$100,000 to his stricken family—no person to give more than \$1—seems to us appropriate and timely. Abraham Lincoln has died for the country, precisely as if he had been shot down while serving in her armies. No one who now gives his dollar can be suspected of seeking to ingratiate himself with the powerful or in any manner serve his own private ends. Mr. Lincoln has been paid \$25,000 a year in greenbacks; which is hardly more than half the value he would have received in time of peace, while not merely his labors and anxieties but the claims on his hospitality, the cost of his house-keeping, have been enormously increased. Just as he had surmounted the difficulties of his position, and had a prospect of better times before him, he is stricken dead by an assassin, and the \$100,000 for a second term that the People had voted him goes to his successor. Not sympathy, nor benevolence, but simple justice, requires that this sum be made up to his family, without regard to their circumstances, whereof we know and wish to know nothing. We trust no dollar will be given to this fund by any but those who would rather pay it than not—who feel it a privilege to place the family of our great and good leader beyond the possibility of want. We hope soon to hear of some one having been appointed to receive contributions in this City. We can build all requisite monuments for our own satisfaction; but let us first pay our debt.

At a Session of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Michigan continued and adjournment to argument at the District Court Room in Detroit on Monday the Seventeenth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty five

Present

The Honorable Ross Williams

District Judge

After Russell Quinn United States District Attorney announces to the Court that since its last adjournment intelligence has been received of the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln President of the United States of America, and of the attempted Assassination of William H. Seward Secretary of State. And the Court, after hearing remarks on the event from Hon. Isaac H. Howard and George W. H. Bishop Esq and after expressing sincere and warm sympathy as well as for the Fair as well as the Nation on the great and un-precedented calamity which we have been afflicted and sympathizing with them in the feeling that it is in appearance as well as impossible to transmit Public grief while all hearts are filled with over-whelming sorrow

Ordered

That Court stand adjourned until Monday the First day of May 1865

Read and Signed in Open Court May 1st 1865.



Letter to William B. Felt

Sept. 1850

Dear William

hospitality, have invited him to occupy apartments in Castle Monroe. Here in this romantic place, free from the annoyances of official life, he can be fanned by the cool and invigorating breezes of the ocean, listen to the music of the dashing waves, and review the pleasing incidents of his past history. Having become sufficiently rested and refreshed, the Yankee government which he loves so well, may *elevate him to a higher position* than he has been accustomed to occupy.

I have read recently in the MESSENGER samples of *patriotic literature*, which had been posted up in your streets in the form of placards. "The spirit of Booth still lives." "Yes, his *spirit* doubtless lives, but I should judge from circumstances, that his black heart had got into the foul, wicked and treasonable author of those placards. I rejoice that there is only *one* unconvicted traitor in your village, base enough to utter such sentiments and to perpetrate such a villainous and dastardly work. It is a wonder that the hand which penned them was not immediately palsied. While the wise the great and the good, all over the world, are lamenting our great national calamity, and extolling the virtues of our late Chief Magistrate, we find in the village of Glen's Falls, a wretch so awfully depraved as to use language and express sentiments from which even the assassins, now on trial, would turn away with horror and disgust. And yet this monster walks about among you, on two feet, just like a man, and possibly might by some be mistaken for a human being. Arrest him at once and send him to Washington. At the present time, he will find congenial friends in the Penitentiary. Mudd, and Payne, and Surratt, and Atzerott, and other mellifluous names need his kindly sympathies at this their hour of trial.

Yesterday and to-day have been proud days for Washington and for the whole country. We have witnessed another of the varied and wonderful series of pictures which during the last few weeks have been presented to view in the city of Washington. The great military review was a spectacle which can be seen but once in our lives; and he who was privileged to behold it may "thank his stars" and congratulate himself as being one of the most fortunate of mortals. For I am confident, that, all things considered, it has never been equaled in any age or any nation and may never be again.

The field selected for the grand review was the broad and renowned Pennsylvania Avenue—probably the widest street in the United States. A stage was erected on the south side of the Avenue and directly in front of the Execu-

tive Mansion. On this was a beautiful pavillion, profusely decked with flags, evergreens, and garlands of flowers. In this pavillion were seated President JOHNSON and his Cabinet, Lieut.-Gen. GRANT, and the Diplomatic Corps. On each side of the pavillion other stands were erected for the accommodation of distinguished visitors from abroad and other privileged spectators. Here passed in review four of the victorious arms of the loyal Union,—the army of the Potomac, the army of Tennessee, the army of Georgia, and PHIL. SHERIDAN's celebrated cavalry.

Each corps, divisions and brigade was headed by its respective commander; thus giving the spectator a fine opportunity to see SHERMAN, MEADE, SHERIDAN and other renowned generals.

The troops on each day of the review, advanced at an early hour in the morning, from their various camps about the city and took their position on the street leading out from the eastern suburbs.—At precisely nine o'clock in the morning the great triumphal march commenced, and moved through the entire length of Avenue, and thence onward to their respective camps. The time taken was two days—from 9 a. m., to 3 p. m. of each day.

As on a former occasion, we had rain the previous day which laid the dust and purified the air. The sky was cloudless, the breeze cool and refreshing, and sufficiently brisk to give to the myriads of flags which sported in it a graceful and lively motion.

And now, what a magnificent picture! Cavalry, artillery, infantry and zouaves alternating and succeeding each other—the dancing and prancing war steeds proudly bearing their illustrious riders—thousands of burnished sabres and bayonets catching the sunbeams and flashing them back to the sky—the beautiful and varied uniforms of the different classes of troops—the regular and steady tramp of so many thousand feet—the numerous batteries of cannon thundering with heavy wheels over the pavement—bands of music drums and fifes, succeeding each other and pouring forth soul-stirring national airs—the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and continual cheering from windows, balconies, and housetops along the whole line of march—the storm of flowers, bouquets, and garlands, pouring down from a grateful people on the heads of our gallant troops—these, all combined, presented a scene which can never be forgotten. How remarkable the contrast of this grand triumphal entry into the capital of our country, compared

with others in other lands. No conqueror—commander or captive monarch is chained to a victorious chariot and dragged thorough our streets. No prisoners of the conquered are driven like slaves under the Roman yoke. No trophies from sacked and demolished cities grace the pageant. No clanking of chains and manacles is heard. The only trophies are the scars received in numerous battles; flags which have baptized in fire and blood, and torn to shreds by rebel bullets; no trophies but the conscientiousness of having saved the life of the Union and gained the undying gratitude of their countrymen.

The troops marched in close order, eighteen abreast, and the whole line of march extended thirty-six miles. Gen. GRANT says that if they had moved in the usual order of armies on the march, they would have extended from Washington to Richmond—a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles. The number of troops reviewed is said to have been over one hundred and fifty thousand.

The Scene Graphically Described by Walt. Whitman.

The following thrilling description of President Lincoln's assassination from the pen of Walt. Whitman, was recently published for the first time: 2. 29. 1876

Through the general hum following the stage pause, with the change of positions, &c., came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one hundredth part of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush—somehow, surely a vague, startled thrill—and then, through the ornamented, draped, starred and striped space-way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage (a distance of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet), falls out of position, catching his boot heel in the copious drapery (the American flag), falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened (he really sprains his ankle but unfelt then)—and so the figure, Booth the murderer, dressed in plain black broad-cloth, bare headed, with a full head of glossy, raven hair, and his eyes, like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along not much back from the foot-lights—turns fully toward the audience his face of statuesque beauty, lit up by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity—launches out in a firm and steady voice the words, *Sic semper tyrannis*—and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage, and disappears. (Had not all this terrible scene—making the mimic ones preposterous—had it not all been rehearsed, in blank, by Booth, beforehand?)

A moment's hush, incredulous—a scream—the cry of murder—Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, "He has killed the President." And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense—and then the deluge!—then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty—(the sound somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed)—the people burst through chairs and railings, and break them up—that noise adds to the queeriness of the scene—there is inextricable confusion and terror—women faint—quite feeble persons fall, and are trampled on—many cries of agony are heard—the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley

crowd, like some horrible carnival—the audience rush generally upon it—at least the strong men do—the actors and actresses are all there in their play costumes and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge, some trembling—some in tears—the screams and calls, confused talk—redoubled, trebled—two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box—others try to clamber up—&c., &c., &c.

In the midst of all this the soldiers of the President's Guard, with others, suddenly drawn to the scene, burst in—some 200 altogether—they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting "Clear out! clear out!—you sons of b——!" Such the wild scene, or a suggestion of it rather, inside the playhouse that night.

Outside, too, in the atmosphere of shock and craze, crowds of people, filled with frenzy, ready to seize any outlet for it, came near committing murder several times on innocent individuals. One such case was especially exciting. The infuriated crowd, through some chance, got started against one man, either for words he uttered, or perhaps without any cause at all, and were proceeding at once actually to hang him on a neighboring lamp post, when he was rescued by a few heroic policemen, who placed him in their midst and fought their way slowly and amid great peril toward the station house. It was a fitting episode of the whole affair. The crowd rushing and eddying to and fro—the night, the yells, the pale faces, many frightened people trying in vain to extricate themselves—the attacked man, not yet freed from the jaws of death, looking like a corpse—the silent, resolute half dozen policemen, with no weapons but their little clubs, yet stern and steady through all those eddying swarms—made indeed a fitting side scene to the grand tragedy of the murder. They gained the station house with the protected man, whom they placed in security for the night, and discharged in the morning.

And in the midst of that night pandemonium of senseless hate, infuriated soldiers, the audience, and the crowd—the stage, and all its actors and actresses, its paint pots, spangles, and gas lights—the life blood from those veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drips slowly down, and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips.

Such, hurriedly sketched, were the accompaniments of the death of President Lincoln. So suddenly, and in murder and horror unsurpassed, he was taken from us. But his death was painless.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

One of the Most Thrilling Episodes in the Nation's History Recalled.

The Assassination of President Lincoln in the Old Ford's Theater at Washington.

Tragic Event of Twenty-Nine Years Ago Described Again for the Benefit of Register Readers—John Wilkes Booth's Ignominious Crime.

HISTORY RECALLED.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, April 10.—Special Correspondence: Having failed to become famous, John Wilkes Booth determined to become infamous. The charitably inclined have undertaken to cultivate the impression that he was insane. As a matter of fact he was a deliberate, cold-blooded assassin, who planned the murder and his own escape, and carried out his part of a conspiracy. During the hours preceding his infamous deed, John Wilkes Booth resorted to the alcoholic demon for stimulus to nerve him to the commission of murder. He was in the theater and in the vicinity during the entire evening. Adjoining the theater on the north there still stands a small building which was then used as a saloon. At that bar Booth, the assassin, drank brandy and soda a half a dozen times between seven and half past nine o'clock. He had been drinking more than usual during the entire day. He stood near the box office with his hand on his hip when President Lincoln entered the door. The play was in progress, and Laura Keane was on the stage when the tall form of the president appeared in the box to the right of the stage. The acting ceased, the orchestra played "Hail to the Chief," the audience clapped their hands and cheered. The president was accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris and Major Rathbone. The latter were betrothed lovers. The president acknowledged the tumultuous cheering of the crowd and then took his seat. The play was resumed.

THE ASSASSIN APPEARS.

At 10 o'clock, while every eye was intent upon the stage, a man was seen to vault lightly from the president's box upon the stage. Falling, he jumped again to his feet, and, brandishing a dagger, shouted, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*" and then rushed from the stage. For an instance the audience sat gazing at the stage overcome with surprise. Major Rathbone from the box shouted, "Stop him!" and then the cry was raised, "He has shot the president!" The confusion, the appalling terror, that filled that crowded house will never be forgotten by those present. The tragic event will forever be lamented, and the scene will be depicted every year to rising generations.

Julius Caesar was stricken down by the hands of fanatics and fools, who were instigated to their deed by an infamous traitor named Cassius; a man who has been idealized into heroism by the pen of a great writer; a man, however, more infamous than Benedict Arnold. Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by the hand of a man more demoniacal than Cassius, who was absolutely without provocation for his deed.

GRANT WAS INTENDED.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact that Booth intended to kill Gen. Grant as well as President Lincoln. The general had only four days previously

married Miss Harris, some years later in a moment of dementia killed his wife, and afterwards took his own life. Boston Corbett, a private soldier who participated in the search for Booth and finally killed him in the burning barn, became insane late in life. And, strange to relate, James A. Garfield, who electrified the restless Nation with the words: "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!" lost his life by the hand of another assassin. Horror upon horror was piled upon our country by subsequent legislation which might never have been enacted if Lincoln had lived. The tragedy was not ended by the death of the president. Even until this day the Nation which has ceased to mourn, suffers in some degree from the

WILDEST EXCITEMENT.

As soon as Major Rathbone shouted: "He has shot the president," a scene of the wildest excitement followed. Men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the assassin. Others flew to the box where the wounded Lincoln lay, and the great body of the people rose to their feet and poured into the streets. Medical aid was at once procured for the wounded man, but it was soon found that he was past all help. As quickly as possible he was removed to the house immediately across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall on the ground floor.

The old house remains unchanged. The old theater walls are standing, but nine months ago the interior collapsed and many government clerks were killed and wounded in the crash. The back door of the theater and the alley through which Booth escaped are practically unchanged. The surrounding streets and alleys have altered much and the locality would scarcely be recognized by any one coming here now, who dwelt in Washington then. Old Ford's theater was in the center of the residence portion of the city. But to-day it is a business section of the city; in fact the most prosperous part of the National capital. Thousands of strangers annually visit the scene and gaze in silent awe upon the external walls of the building in which the tragedy was enacted, and peer curiously down the alley through which the escaping assassin spurred his horse.

INTENSE NERVOUS STRAIN.

Lieutenant Frank Brownell, the avenger of Colonel Ellsworth, has told me that for years he suffered from nervous prostration as the result of the intense strain upon his nervous system at the moment of that tragedy. Until his death the scene was uppermost in his memory, and some of his friends say that his entire life was overshadowed by that event. Lieutenant Brownell was a strong young man. In contrast with his experience, it is not to be wondered at that the horror of that terrible ordeal left a lasting impression upon the minds of those who were with the president when that dreadful deed was done. The mind of Mrs. Lincoln was forever clouded with the memory of the scene, and the remainder of her life was melancholy and sad, so that there was but a slight demarcation between reason and madness in her career. Major Rathbone, who was wounded by the assassin, afterwards

married Miss Harris, some years later in a moment of dementia killed his wife, and afterwards took his own life. Boston Corbett, a private soldier who participated in the search for Booth and finally killed him in the burning barn, became insane late in life. And, strange to relate, James A. Garfield, who electrified the restless Nation with the words: "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!" lost his life by the hand of another assassin. Horror upon horror was piled upon our country by subsequent legislation which might never have been enacted if Lincoln had lived. The tragedy was not ended by the death of the president. Even until this day the Nation which has ceased to mourn, suffers in some degree from the

DREADFUL UNPROVOKED CRIME

of John Wilkes Booth. Cassius plotted the death of one man; the greatest man of his age; the master mind of Rome. He plotted and accomplished the death of one man who had led the invincible hosts of his country to victory everywhere; the man of all men who made Roman citizenship respected and honored throughout the world. John Wilkes Booth completely controlled the minds and impulses of the inferior men whom he made his accomplices. He plotted the wholesale assassination of the president, the vice-president, the secretary of state and the general commanding the armies of his country.

He could nothing to his damnation add greater than this. He was the most villainous cold blooded murderer and assassin the Anglo-Saxon race ever produced. Benedict Arnold had rendered the state some service before he was tempted over much and fell into ignominy. No kind word can ever be said of Booth. There was not a single circumstance upon which the slightest palliation of his crime could rest. He was a despicable, heartless villain; the vilest traitor in the annals of American history.

SMITH D. FRY.

John Wilkes Booth

1894

J. W. B. CUT

Lights and Shadows of Washington.

Number Nine.

BY F. F. [unclear]

Our present and future.—Lincoln and Johnson.

—Booth wished for immortality.—Jeff. Davis assumes a new character.—The "Knights of Golden Circle" at Glen's Falls.—The great Military Review.

How wonderful the events which are transpiring in our country! What interesting subjects for history! How curious that you and I are living in this eventful age, and that we are witnesses of some of the most important and remarkable occurrences which the sun ever beheld. A grand Drama, which has a continent for its stage, and the inhabitants of the world for its spectators. A war, probably the most systematic, obstinate and sanguinary that ever bathed the earth with blood, is now nearly brought to a close. Undertaken to subvert the best of governments, it results in making that government ten-fold more powerful than ever;—ten-fold stronger for its very efforts to destroy it.

The boasted "corner stone" of the Southern chivalry—the Pandora's box from which have proceeded most of our political evils in the past, and our present civil war, has been dashed to atoms; and these atoms will soon be swept into the sea.

The blood that has been shed on the battle-fields of our country—the bones of the slain, now mingled with the soil, will add new freshness to the verdure of her meadows and forests, and give a boundless increase to the abundance of her harvests. Her position among the nations of the earth has become second to none, in whatever makes a nation great and powerful. All Europe now concedes the justice of her cause, the military talents of her generals, the unsurpassed bravery and patriotism of her troops.—The successful workings of our great financial system is, to all, a subject of admiration and astonishment. The great "financial crash," which the enemies of our government, both at home and abroad, predicted, has proved but a bubble in the air, which has harmlessly exploded and disappeared.

The "golden age" of our country's prosperity is dawning upon us. The clouds are breaking away, and the sun is bursting forth with an effulgence which we have never before witnessed.

Dr. Dwight wrote, at the close of the Revolution, the beautiful poem, commencing with

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The Queen of the world, and the child of the
skies;
Thy duty commands thee with rapture behold;
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold."

If he could look down on our country, and be conscious of its wonderful progress since those lines were penned, with what delight would he realize the more than fulfillment of his most hopeful prophecies. With what increased joy would he look forward to the glittering future.

Dr. Franklin, who was cotemporary with the above-mentioned poet, once remarked, that it would be a source of much gratification if he could revisit the United States in the course of fifty or a hundred years from that time. Has the spirit of Franklin lingered among us, or has it come back from its mysterious wanderings, to view the scenes of this momentous period of our history? If so, with what profound interest does he witness the events now passing before us!

The rebellion is virtually ended. The subjugation of the South which was so bitterly deprecated by Northern sympathizers, became a matter of necessity.—And, notwithstanding the oft-repeated story—"you can't subdue the south"—the work has been accomplished. It is true, there are many obstinate, malicious secessionists still grating their teeth and pouring out imprecations against the Yankees. It is true, there are yet organized bodies of Rebel troops who have not surrendered; but their time is short. The great armies have disbanded and returned to their homes; satisfied that the "favorite doctrine of State Rights" is a humbug, that the great rebellion is a failure, and, in fine, that they are completely whipped. The masses and most of the leaders now view with regret the error they have committed, and are anxious to return to the glorious old flag which they rashly abandoned.

No man's funeral was ever attended by so many mourners—no man's death ever occasioned such universal regret and lamentation throughout the world as that of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The star of his fame had culminated; it could rise no higher. All nations saw and admired its surpassing splendor. Indeed, the language of Cicero to Pompey, might well be applied to Mr. LINCOLN. "He lived long enough for fame but certainly too short a time for his country." And yet who knows but that Providence had appointed Mr. LINCOLN for a certain work; and that when this work had been faithfully accomplished, deeming another less lenient, necessary to restore complete tranquility to the country he permitted the assassin's dagger to prepare the way?

And, if the great and good LINCOLN must have been taken from us, upon whom could his mantle fall more worthily and more safely than on ANDY JOHNSON.—He possesses all the firmness of ANDREW JACKSON, while at the same time, he has more regard for the wishes and opinions of the people. Believing like his predecessor, that he is merely their agent to carry out certain principles, his policy will be the same; tempered with less of the tender and more of the rigorous in his dealings with the guilty. Like Mr. LINCOLN, he is easy of approach by all classes of people; plain and yet affable in

his manners. All who have been favored with an interview, are pleased with his kindly bearing and social qualities. The nation seem to have full confidence in his ability and patriotism to guide the ship of state safely through the storms, billows and breakers of these perilous times.

A friend has by letter, inquired of me if Mr. JOHNSON is intemperate. I answer emphatically No. I have the very best evidence to the contrary. Those who know the facts in regard to the unfortunate occurrence at the inauguration, entirely exonerate him from any wrong or blame whatever. As I have seen in the MESSENGER a truthful statement on this subject, I need not repeat the circumstances.

Poor Booth! Detestable wretch! to what a miserable end has he come! Wounded, lame, suffering with intense physical pain and mental agony—the "undying worm" already gnawing his guilty conscience—he skulks in barns and swamps, till at last he found, shot down like a rabid dog, and his loathsome carcass buried where neither curiosity nor sympathy will ever find it.—Accursed be his memory! Cain's mark, though black as night was white compared with his. He is said to have remarked some time before the assassination that a man could afford to die for the immortal fame which such a deed would procure him. Such was the foolish ambition of the wretch who set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus.—On being asked his motive for so great a crime, he replied, "that posterity might know that such a man as — once lived." The temple of Diana is remembered by every reader of history as being one of the "seven wonders of the world;" but how many at the present know the name of the base incendiary who undertook to destroy it?

Jeff. Davis, too, has fallen. And, "O what a fall was there, my countrymen." Yesterday, the pompous, haughty embodiment of Southern Chivalry—the mighty commander-in-chief of all the armies and navies of the great "Southern Confederacy" To day, what a transformation! See his face blooming like the rose in that beautiful bonnet. See his sylph-like form draped in flowing robes and gracefully gliding to his favorite arbor in the grove! See how nicely those buskins fit his delicate little ankles! Delightful sight! Queen of the Fairies! But hark! The Yankees smile him; when, with feeling more horrible than those of the poor frightened wight whom the ghosts chased from the grave yard, he exclaims, "I—thought your government had more magnanimity—than to hunt down women and children."

"Thus flourishes and fades majestic" Jeff. Davis! All of his misfortunes thus far have been "blessings in disguise." Wonder if he will say this *crucial* "disguise" is a "blessing." Well, Jeff. having served his country according to the best of his ability and acquired

"An immortal name that was not born to die," has begged to be relieved from his onerous duties, and to retire to private life.—

MOB ATTACKED GLOATER OVER LINCOLN DEATH

Frank S. Fosdick Tells of Incident Here Day After Emancipator's Murder — Recalls Speech of President at American Hotel.

"The day following Lincoln's assassination, a man climbed up on the steps of the old postoffice building at Seneca and Washington streets and said he was glad the President had been murdered and that he ought to have been killed two years before. The crowd that had gathered about the speaker seized him and pulled him down into the road with cries of: 'Kill him. Kill him!' They dragged him into a grocery store that they might get a rope to hang the wretch. Timely arrival of the police prevented their carrying out their purpose."

The foregoing was one of the stories related, as incidents witnessed with his own eyes, by Principal Frank S. Fosdick of Masten Park high school, who addressed the Rotary club, Thursday, on "The Great Emancipator."

Mr. Fosdick recalled the visit of Lincoln to Buffalo on February 16, 1861. He said he was one of the crowd that stood in Main street before the American hotel and listened to a speech by the President. The American hotel stood where Adam, Meldrum & Anderson's building now is. Mr. Fosdick said the two things stressed by Lincoln in that address were respect for the constitution and supreme trust in the Living God. During the war, Mr. Fosdick said, the people had great faith in whatever Lincoln said.

The speaker stated that the city was plunged in deepest gloom by the news of the President's assassination, and recalled that the body of the martyred leader lay in state here for part of a day when the President's remains were being taken west.

"During the time the body was here, former President Millard Fillmore stood at the head of the casket," said Mr. Fosdick. "When I passed the coffin, Mr. Fillmore was weeping as though his heart had broken."

Major Josiah Willets read Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

The report in the attendance contest among the Philadelphia, Buffalo and Pittsburgh Rotary clubs showed the attendance at this week's meetings was as follows: Philadelphia, 82; Buffalo, 80; Pittsburgh, 72.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Gen. James R. O'Beirne's Account of
the Assassination of President
Lincoln.

Andrew Johnson Notable for the
Coolness He Displayed at
the Time.

The Scene in the Room Where the
Great Executive Passed His
Final Hours.

What the Grant Men Have to Say
About the Material of Car-
field's Cabinet.

Their Guesses Diametrically Opposed
to the Assertions of the Other
Fellows.

Text of the Forthcoming Report in Favor
of Chicago's Claim to the Lake
Front Property.

Miscellaneous Washington Matters.

Editors of THE TIMES, having their headquarters in Wash-
ington, telegraph as follows this morning:

COLONEL JAMES R. O'BEIRNE, ex-United States provost marshal of the District of Columbia, incumbent of the office at the time of Mr. Lincoln's murder in 1865, has published in his newspaper, *The Sunday Gazette*, of Washington, a very interesting account of his own experiences of that most atrocious assassination. The style is simple and strong, and unconsciously reveals the peculiar disposition of the American people, when excited beyond self-control, to vent their fury upon something that symbolizes what they are angry with, rather than upon the body of an offender, unless the latter happens to offend in some region where judge and juries are not handy, or where law has only an existence in name, as in many of the western territories, and in portions of Kentucky, Tennessee, and other wild regions of the sunny south. Thus, when the mob, or crowd, rather, found a man dressed in the rebel uniform near Mr. Seward's residence, immediately after his attempted destruction, they tore the gray clothing from his back, and then let him depart unharmed. Had the man been a Fenian with a green suit on after the Clerkenwell explosion, a London mob would have first trampled him in the mud and next hanged him to a lamp-post; or had he been a Bonapartist discovered in Paris after the rising of the commune, the French sans culottes would have either shortened him by a head, or cast him into the Seine with a stone tied to his neck to keep him from being a floater. It is this absence of blood-thirstiness among the majority of Americans outside of the unregenerated sections already specified that explains the mild manner in which the leaders of the rebellion were treated, an example which England subsequently felt constrained to follow in the case of Colonel Thomas F. Burke, sentenced to death for high treason; and nothing but the butchery attempted on members of the cabinet and carried out on the president could have braced the victor nation up to the act of hanging some of the conspirators, and particularly of consenting to the execution of the unfortunate Mrs. Surratt, an act that will forever stain the

memory of Andrew Johnson, who had it in his power to punish her sufficiently for complicity without resorting to the disgraceful method of legal or illegal strangulation. In this Johnson showed the ferocity of his Carolinian birth and blood. Had he been a New Englander he would never have committed himself to such a deed, however it might have appeared to be justified at the time. Colonel O'Beirne's paper, which is published substantially in the news columns, will be found an illustration of the dogged courage of the "accidental president." Andrew Johnson firmly declined a military escort from the hotel to the room where Lincoln lay dying, and walked on foot, linked arm in arm with the provost marshal, who was armed only with a revolver. The picture of the able but vindictive Stanton standing by the death-bed of his chief, in the gray of the fatal morning, can not fail to bring back his image strongly to anybody who has ever looked on his peculiar countenance, which indicated the broad capacity and iron will that sent our citizen soldiery to the field equipped, and clothed, and fed as no armies had ever been—not even those of France and Germany—in the history of the world. The American Carnot is a picture in the gallery of the provost marshal's memory that time cannot destroy, and who that reads the brief but bold description of Lincoln's "last heaved sigh" in that shabby little room fronting Ford's theatre can fail to be affected by the remembrance of his cruel martyrdom, even after so many years? As this is the first time Colonel O'Beirne's narrative has been published, because of his having been sworn to secrecy for many years after the events narrated therein occurred, additional interest will attach to the publication of the sketch in THE TIMES. Not the least interesting point of the story is that in which, on his return to the hotel, Andrew Johnson, then sworn in as president by the wish of the uninjured members of the cabinet, in reply to a suggestion from the marshal that the perpetrators of the crimes ought to be punished without mercy, said: "When you know more of me you will think better of me," or words to that effect. This opens a good field for speculation. For instance, it may be asked, did the "accidental president" think that the provost marshal suspected him, or did Johnson mean that because of his southern birth the marshal should not doubt his determination to destroy the offenders? The latter is the more plausible theory, because Andrew Johnson was a man of too much nerve and self-command to hint at such a thing as suspicion of himself at a time when the public distrust led many people to suspect everybody who could have been in the slightest degree benefited by the death of Abraham Lincoln. Not a particle of evidence pointed to the vice president as having even anticipated such a catastrophe. His silence at the death-couch of the head of the nation was that of a strong man impressed with the sudden assumption of a grave and stern responsibility. Perhaps another reason for his harshness in the case of Mrs. Surratt was a desire to show the north that his being of southern origin could not make him spare even sex, allied to ambiguous guilt, in anything connected with the assassination. But in any case, from the humble room where Lincoln died, and which remains almost unchanged to this day, on that dreary morning of April 15, 1865, the smitten nation saw again a head, albeit not like the one lost forever, come forth to guide it, and six weeks later the solemn tramp of our brave armies through the streets of Washington, as they came laden with the laurels of victory, announced the salvation of the republic and the burial of secession.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

Special Telegram.

THE INNER DETAILS OF THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—Gen. James R. O'Beirne, who was provost marshal in the District at the time of Lincoln's assassination, publishes to-day for the first time, a narrative of his official knowledge of the inner details of this great tragedy. After speaking of the general situation, Gen. O'Beirne says: Bunting and flags were brought out in profusion and the city was generally decorated, some of the public buildings being literally covered with a drapery of union flags. As the joyous masses surged to and fro the congratulations became harmlessly boisterous. The public buildings, and lastly the white house, received visits from thousands, and Mr. Lincoln, in good spirits and in charitable accents, greeted people on the auspicious occasion. He was so full of forgiveness that he consented jocosely, in response to a call from one of the crowd, that the serenading band should play "Dixie," for, said he, "as we have captured Richmond, and, therefore, the confederacy, we have captured 'Dixie' with it, and are entitled to hear it played, as it is one of our own tunes now." This great public rejoicing was, however, of brief existence, for

THE ASSASSIN

by whose hand the centre of all this glad scene was to be removed from its midst, without a moment's warning, was abroad in the streets that day, and even mixed up unsuspected with the jubilant throng. Barely twenty-four hours elapsed after the rejoicings were exhausted and the participants had resumed the serious business of every-day routine and habit, when a pale, youthful, light-haired young man, Walter Hellen, the son of a banker by that name, rushed into the Metropolitan hotel, almost breathless with excitement, and gasped out: "President Lincoln has just been shot while in a box in Ford's theatre!" It was then located where the army medical museum now is, on Tenth street, between E and F streets. This was said to a small group of persons, among whom were the provost marshal of the District and one of his special detectives. The former, jumping into a buggy at the door, precipitately

RODE TO FORD'S THEATRE,

but a few blocks distant, where he found a shuffling crowd, dazed and panic-stricken, moving around outside of the building. They acted as if they knew not whither they were going, nor what they were doing, but were indulging in such ejaculations as "Oh! what a terrible thing! Who could have done it? If we only had the assassin, we would make short work of him." No one among them knew where Mr. Lincoln was then, and none could answer intelligibly inquiries made, but the hasty glance of a practiced eye took in the situation as he elbowed his way through the stupefied lookers-on, and a small bunch of men was discovered to be carrying the inanimate and apparently lifeless body of Mr. Lincoln up the steps of a small house opposite the theatre, now occupied by Mr. Louis Schade, editor of *The Washington Sentinel*. He was carried into the rear room at the end of the hall, which had a large double bed in it. This apartment was evidently used for sleeping purposes, and had

little other furniture than a few chairs, a small table, and a washstand of a cheap kind. The floor was covered with a kind of grass matting, and everything betokened a simplicity and absence of expenditure which the limited means possessed by the occupant of the house rendered necessary. After describing the scene outside, the general says: "Mr. Lincoln was

LAI D GENTLY ON THE BED,

after having been partially disrobed. Dr. Charles A. Teale was holding and examining his head, from the side of which, near the left ear, blood was oozing with some parts of the cerebral matter mixed with it, which trickled over the pillow and counterpane. Life seemed extinct, and no breathing was at first apparent. The expression of Mr. Lincoln's face was, however, more that of one in a comatose than in a dead state, and without the slightest expression of pain. The physician in loud tones and peremptorily, after examining Mr. Lincoln's chest, as he held his head slightly raised in his hand, said: "Run and get me some brandy." The provost marshal dashed from the room and over the way to a bar-room opposite, where he procured a large glass of brandy, with which he quickly returned and assisted Dr. Teale to pour some liquor down Mr. Lincoln's throat. After a few moments the president's chest surged, and with a spasmodic effort he drew a long breath and continued thereafter in rapid but short stertorous respirations. Proceeding to place guards at the door to keep the crowd back, the provost marshal observed a gentleman standing in the hall bleeding profusely from a wound in the arm, and manifesting some signs of faintness as he slowly moved toward the hall door. This proved to be Col. Rathbone, who had accompanied Mr. Lincoln to the theatre that night, and sat in the box with him and the rest of the presidential party. He had come over when Mr. Lincoln was carried to the humble back room where he then laid. He was

SUFFERING FROM A STAB WOUND

in the right arm, inflicted by the same hand which fired the fatal shot at Mr. Lincoln. It was received while he was in the act of seizing hold of Wilkes Booth as he sprang from the theatre box to the stage to make his escape when he inflicted the deadly injury. The provost marshal exchanged a few words with Col. Rathbone, who did not speak of his own wound in the great and overshadowing presence of the more serious damage to Mr. Lincoln; but he was observed to grow suddenly pale and faint, then staggered a little, when the provost marshal remarked that he, too, was injured, but he merely responded in reply: "It is only a mere trifle." It being evident that he was growing weak from loss of blood, the provost marshal led him down the front steps of the house, and assisted in placing him in a carriage, which was rapidly driven to his residence, some friends accompanying him and administering restoratives to cope with the effects of the profuse bleeding.

"Through the hurrying and agitated crowds of people now in the streets, when Mr. Lincoln was found to be as well cared for as possible, the provost marshal drove rapidly to the houses of Messrs. Seward and Stanton, the secretaries of state and war, who were reported also to have been assassinated. At the first place an excited and angry crowd of loyal citizens were found, and the information obtained that Mr. Seward was then (though just recovering from injuries received in a carriage accident) bleeding and al-

most anxious about the safety of Mr. Lincoln's knife. His son, too, in the attempt to save the father, had been struck down, and both were lying insensible in an upper bed-chamber. A man wearing a confederate uniform was met immediately opposite the house, and, being questioned, said he was a paroled prisoner. His gray jacket was instantly torn from him and thrown into the park, and he ordered on his way. In the agitated condition of the crowd it is likely that, in a moment of blind fury, which then prevailed on all sides, had he not quickly obeyed the provost marshal's orders he would have been

LYNCHED ON THE SPOT.

This ex-confederate soldier has never turned up to tell his story, and among a great many a doubt still exists whether he had any connection with the man Payne, who attempted to kill Mr. Seward and his son William. Why he was there at that particular time has never been accounted for in the minds of the officials, but certain it is he knew of the fresh tragedy when he was on the verge of being assailed. Dispositions for further safety having been made, the provost marshal proceeded instantly to the residence of Mr. Stanton, secretary of war, and thence to where Mr. Lincoln was lying, whither the former was reported to have gone. Upon arrival there it was found that the uninjured members of the cabinet had arrived at Mr. Lincoln's bedside, and a consultation was had and a cabinet session immediately resolved on, which was held in a back parlor adjoining. Mr. Lincoln was fast nearing death. After the meeting Mr. Stanton, to whom the provost marshal reported for orders, directed the latter to proceed immediately to the Kirkwood house and escort Mr. Andrew Johnson, vice president elect, to where the remaining representatives of the administration then were. Mr. Johnson was found in his room in his shirt sleeves, sitting with a friend Mr. Farwell, who had long been on terms of intimacy with him. The evening was warm and oppressive. Both seemed to be in a meditative and silent mood. On being ushered in by Mr. Browning, private secretary to the vice president, the provost marshal announced the wishes and request of the secretary of war that Mr. Johnson would proceed to the house on Tenth street, where the members of the cabinet were assembled.

MR. JOHNSON QUIETLY ASSENTED,

and putting on his coat announced to the provost marshal that he was ready to accompany him. When on the street the latter asked whether it would not be advisable to have a guard accompany him as a precaution. In the excited condition of affairs a hidden danger was supposed by everyone to be lurking in close proximity, one knew not where. Such was the unbinged condition of every thing among the populace a sense of insecurity existed on all sides. No one could tell where a new calamity might be found. To the provost guard Mr. Johnson objected. He was then requested to ride in the buggy of the provost marshal, as it would be more safe than moving through the crowd, where another assassin might be found who would plunge a knife into the back of the vice president and easily kill him, thus carrying out apparently the plan of leaving the government without its head. Again Mr. Johnson objected and said he would prefer to walk. A whispered conversation was then held with him on the steps of the Kirkwood house, then on the site of the Shepherd building, intimating the great danger possible and urging provision for safety. Mr. Johnson was steadfast in declining to go otherwise than alone, but asked the provost marshal if he had "any weapons." To this he replied that he had a Colt's navy revolver, and reaching to his breast pocket proposed to give it to Mr. Johnson. He said, "No, I do not want it, but as you have that means of protection it will do should anything happen." Then taking the arm of the provost marshal he proceeded coolly to walk toward Tenth street by way of Pennsylvania avenue. Both elbowed their way through the crowd, with his protector, and the remaining head of the government was jostled about here and there among the throng. The provost marshal says he had great apprehension lest Mr. Johnson should be recognized and some desperado attempt his life while in his company. It was with a great sense of relief that, having elbowed his way through the dense crowd on Tenth street above and below Ford's theatre, now the army medical museum, he safely

reached the house where Mr. Lincoln was dying, and conducted him to the room where Secretary Stanton and the rest of the cabinet were, and the doors were then closed and the situation calmly discussed. To provide for future contingencies, it was resolved that as soon as possible after the death of Mr. Lincoln, which was a foregone conclusion, Mr. Johnson should be

SWORN IN AS PRESIDENT.

After looking at the still insensible form of Mr. Lincoln for a few moments, and without an expression of any kind, which reticence he had observed from the beginning, Mr. Johnson signified his readiness to return to his rooms with the provost marshal. In going or coming but few words were spoken. Once, however, the provost marshal, who felt deeply the waning condition of Mr. Lincoln, his good friend, ventured to remark that he hoped now that all kindness and forbearance had proved unavailing a policy of severe and uncompromising punishment would be visited upon the bad men who were leading in the attempt to destroy the nation. To this he replied, 'When you know more of me you will think better of me.' To this day the enigmatical words have never been explained. Mr. Johnson safely left at his hotel, the provost marshal resumed his post at the side of Secretary Stanton in the room where Mr. Lincoln was. Acting Assistant Surgeons C. S. Taft and F. A. King, who had helped Dr. Teal to carry Mr. Lincoln out of the theatre, were joined by Dr. Robert K. Stone, Surgeon General Barnes, and Assistant Surgeon General C. H. Crane, who were endeavoring to do all they could to restore Mr. Lincoln to consciousness." After describing the affecting scenes of Lincoln's bed-chamber that long evening, the general says: "During the night Secretary Stanton, with wonderful thoughtfulness, dictated from time to time a large number of messages to various sections of the union. He was remarkably calm throughout, methodical and reflective, betraying no evidence of emotion except once or twice when the breathing of Mr. Lincoln became less audible, and it was supposed that the last moments of life had come. At these times he turned almost involuntarily from a little table at which he stood,

HEAVED A SIGH,

reassured himself that death had not supervened, and then, looking out thoughtfully through the open window into the starlit night, apparently gave himself up to the business of reflecting upon what was to be done next by the administration to meet the emergency and provide for the future. Mr. Lincoln's respiration gradually became inaudible as daylight appeared on the morning of April 15, and just as dawn was blending with day a sudden short deep guttural noise, occasioned by a last struggle for breath, excited the attention of the watchers. It sounded as if caused by a choking obstacle or thickness of phlegm in the throat. The chest expanded to its utmost capacity, and slowly sank. Then all was silent. Surgeon General Barnes moved noiselessly to the side of the bed, examined the pulse, shook his head,

and walked away. His assistant, Gen. Crane, also made an examination, and both signified unmistakably by their looks that Abraham Lincoln, the faithful and devoted president of the United States, was dead. Mr. Stanton then approached the bed and looked intently for a few minutes at the features of the murdered one. He resumed his position at the window, placing one foot on the chair-seat near by, leant upon his knee with the left arm bent as a prop, braced his chin with the closed hand, sighed bitterly, and, almost

AS IF WITH REVENGEFUL FEELINGS,

the stern gaze out into the early morning was again resumed. The union was for the time being without a president. The first one who had met death by violence while in office, and the first who had lost his life by the hand of an assassin; the first one who had dared by a proclamation to liberate four millions of slaves in the name of freedom had now passed to immortality; a man, though loved and respected by all, and who had never even wronged the feelings of his fellow man. Gradually all the witnesses of the sad scene withdrew. Preparations were at once made for embalming the body and its removal to the white house. Secretary Stanton immediately gave orders for the necessary arrangements. No one who has gone through the incidents of this awful tragedy will ever forget that night of horror, and few, if any, can describe it in all its sadness."

TELLS OF ASSASSINATION NIGHT

Interesting Account Given by J. S. Criswell of Malvern.

Among those now Iowa men, who saw Lincoln, and had a part in the stirring scenes in Washington at the time of the Lincoln assassination, was J. S. Criswell of Malvern, Ia. Mr. Criswell enlisted in 1861 from York county, Pennsylvania, in Company H, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania volunteers, which made a rendezvous at Camp Cameron, Harrisburg.

"We marched into Harrisburg, 1,010 strong," says Mr. Criswell in telling of the experience, "feeling afraid that the war might end before we saw a fight. We went through Baltimore and down the bay to Fortress Monroe. We left there on Dec. 5, 1861, and landed on Hilton Head Island on December 10."

Mr. Criswell tells how he served under different generals until 1863, when he was discharged for disability caused by fever. In New York, en route home, he learned that the rebels were in his county seat town, and he was forced to go down the east side of the Susquehanna river and come up in Lee's rear to get home. During the following summer he again enlisted as a musician. His command was quartered in Washington on Sept. 1, 1864, for brigade duty in the veteran reserve corps, and remained there until after the war. *COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA*

Night of Tragedy.

Mr. Criswell continues his account as follows: "NOM PARCEL"

"Our band took part in the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, after his second election, played at the inaugural ball and at Lincoln's funeral, occupying the second post of honor in the procession from the white house to the capitol.

"On the night of Lincoln's assassination we were playing for a torchlight procession of the workmen of the arsenal, by order of Edward M. Stanton, secretary of war. We reported at Four-and-a-Half street and Pennsylvania avenue (if my memory serves me right). We were placed on the extreme right, or head of the procession. We marched to Secretary Stanton's residence, and he came out and made a speech to the men and then walked off with some men in the direction of the Willard hotel. We then marched out Pennsylvania avenue to the white house, marching close to the balcony. 2-12-1905

Waved Recognition.

"Mr. Lincoln came out and waved recognition, and the boys cheered loudly, but did not halt, as they knew that he was due at the theater, as advertised. We marched up somewhere in the neighborhood of Twenty-first and E streets, where lived some officer of the arsenal who came out and made a speech to the men. While he was talking, William Sewall, our solo alto player, came to where our bandmaster, Joe Winters, and I were standing, and said 'Joe, I don't want to go back with your procession to Four-and-a-Half street.'

"How are you going to help it?" said Joe. "Just this way," said Bill; and he broke a valve from his instrument. Then the baritone player did the same and I broke a valve from my cornet. Then we asked Winters to report to the officer in charge that these three important instruments were broken, and ask that he excuse the band for the remainder of the parade and place one of the other bands at the right. He complied with our request.

Heard Long Roll.

"We skipped to our quarters a few blocks away. As we were hanging up our instruments and fixtures we heard the long roll. We ran out of doors and could hear the long roll from all the military posts within reach.

"With a comrade, I started up the street toward Pennsylvania avenue. We met a man in a dark suit, coming down the

street. We halted him and asked if he knew what was wrong. He replied that Abe Lincoln was killed, the lieutenant of patrol had been shot and Secretary Seward's throat cut, and Mosby's men were in the city in disguise, in conspiracy to murder the president and the entire cabinet and leave our government without a head. After saying this, he trotted on, using language not found in any religious work.

Military Protects From Mob.

"We hurried up the avenue and found the military out in squads protecting civilians. When the mob would get after anyone, the crowd would increase until the military arrived and drove it away at the point of the bayonet. Sometimes I saw men climb up over the shoulders of the crowd, to get clear of the bayonets. It was reported that four strangers were killed by brickbats and other missiles near where I was.

"Many things happened that I cannot recall clearly. One incident showing the spirit of revenge that possessed the minds of the people was as follows:

"A man was chased into a brick house somewhere near Tenth street. The crowd threatened to break into the house, when a military man appeared at a window in the upper part of the building and waved his hand to the crowd until it became quiet. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, I know the man you chased in here to be a good union man."

"Kill Him Anyhow."

"One of the crowd yelled, 'D—n him, kill him anyhow,' he may have had something to do with it."

"The next morning everything seemed quiet. Little groups of people all through the city discussed what would be done under the administration of Andrew Johnson.

"I am glad that I have lived to see the day that I can say to another generation that I was personally acquainted with one of the greatest men that ever lived—Abraham Lincoln."

RULED CITY NIGHT LINCOLN WAS SHOT

Gen. James R. O'Beirne Was
Provost Marshal of District

Fifty Years Ago.

~~WASHINGTON D.C.~~
FOUND CLUES THAT LED
TO CAPTURE OF BOOTH

STAR

Under Orders of Secretary Stanton,
He Escorted Johnson to Lin-
coln's Deathbed.

9. 25 1915

Among the visitors to Washington for the G. A. R. reunion is Gen. James R. O'Beirne of New York, who was provost marshal of the District of Columbia the night Lincoln was assassinated, and who talked today with a reporter for The Star of his experiences that night and upon other occasions during the civil war period, in connection with subjects in which the older residents of Washington are especially interested.

Gen. O'Beirne, who is now connected with the supreme court of the state of New York, was at one time assistant United States marshal for the District, upon another occasion register of wills of the District, and after the war he was in charge of the Washington bureau of the New York Herald. During the civil war, while he was provost marshal, he received the thanks of the mayor of Washington, Richard Wallace, and of the board of aldermen and of the board of councilmen of Washington, for his services in relieving the District of what was considered an excessive draft of men.

Present at Lincoln's Deathbed.

Discussing civil war conditions in Washington, Gen. O'Beirne said today at the New Ebbitt House, where he is staying, that the claim that Andrew Johnson was not present at the deathbed of Lincoln, which has appeared in print many times, is not true.

"I will state it as a fact," the general declared, "Andrew Johnson was there, for I brought him to the deathbed on my own arm by direction of the Secretary of War. I was sent especially to bring Mr. Johnson to that scene and I did. Incidentally, I may say that I am the only man now living who was present at that scene officially."

Gen. O'Beirne, who has been United States commissioner of immigration at New York and commissioner of charities of the city of New York, enlisted for the war in the 37th New York Volunteers, known in the Army of the Potomac as "The Irish Rifles." This regiment was not in the famous Irish Brigade, as, for some unexplained reason, Gen. Kearny would not let the 27th join that brigade, Gen. O'Beirne says. The latter advanced rapidly through the various grades, and was in every campaign from the second battle of Bull Run to the battle of Chancellorsville, in which he was shot through the lungs and the leg and received shell wounds on both sides of the head, making four wounds in one battle. He received the medal of honor and the thanks of Congress for gallantry in action, on the recommendation of Gen. Kearny and Gen. Mayhew, at the battle of Fair Oaks.

Detailed to Duty Here.

"After I became unfit for field duty, because of my wounds," Gen. O'Beirne said, "I was detailed on duty at the War Department here in Washington, in the provost marshal general's bureau. I helped to organize the enlisted men of the Veteran Reserve Corps, composed of wounded soldiers and temporarily invalided men. There were twenty-two regiments of them. Then I was ordered by the Secretary of War to take charge of the provost marshal's office of the District of Columbia.

"It was I, who directed the drafting of men in the District of Columbia. Incidentally, I sent to the front \$3,380,000 in substitute money, which came here from the New England states, the substitutes bringing the fees those who were drafted and did not go to the front paid the government. This came largely from Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. The money was all sent to City Point, Va. It was at this time that I had the opportunity to be of service to the people of the District of Columbia, in getting the draft here cut down.

"I know my Washington pretty well, the old as well as the new, for I was also provost marshal of the defenses of Washington during the raid of Gen. Jubal Early. I paroled his prisoners and buried his dead. I saw and was within a few feet of Lincoln at the battle of Fort Stevens, when the bullets were flying around him in the dust, and he was being urged by the officers to remain out of danger. I had a circuit of about twelve miles around Washington, which I rode constantly, and at the time of Early's raid I was in the saddle practically twelve days, never once sleeping in a bed, just catching 'cat-naps' here and there.

On Trail of Early.

"After Early withdrew I was sent by the Secretary of War on scouting parties into Pennsylvania to find his whereabouts after he left the front of Washington. I took twelve picked men, obtained the information desired and was back in Washington in eight days. Later I was assigned to capture Mosby, after it was learned that he was lying wounded at Upperville, Va., in the Blue Ridge mountains. They got me out of bed at midnight one night for that job, but I missed him, his friends having spirited him away, although we came mighty close to him, for I got his horse and saddle and saddle bags. I had a detail of the 8th Illinois Cavalry on that trip, and I may say that the 8th Illinois Cavalry were the best scouting troops I ever saw. The horses as well as the men were trained to the minute and they could stand anything and everything. We made that march in fifteen hours from Washington, which was fast time."

After leaving the provost marshal's office here Gen. O'Beirne was placed in command of the camp of Confederate prisoners at Cleveland, Ohio, and later entered civil life, returning eventually to his home state of New York. Some of his most interesting reminiscences, however, were the result of his experience as provost marshal of Washington, and he said today that it was he who found the clue and instituted the search which led to the capture of Booth, Lincoln's assassin.

Clues to Assassination Plot.

"When I went to get Vice President Johnson," the general said, "and bring him to the bedside of Lincoln, as I had been ordered to do, he lived at the Kirkwood House, on the spot where now stands the Raleigh Hotel. When I told Mr. Johnson that Lincoln had been shot he informed me his suspicions had been aroused that night at the Kirkwood House. Mr. Johnson had heard footsteps for hours in the room above him. In the morning I went to the hotel again, and in the room which had been let to George Atzerodt I found Booth's bank book, a large bowie knife, a Colt navy revolver and a handkerchief with the initial H embroidered on it. This turned out to be evidence of the complicity of Booth, Herold and Atzerodt, and established the fact that there had been a plot. Adding this material to the fact that Payne, who tried to kill Secretary Seward, had frequented the room in which I found this

evidence, got me further along, and I at once laid all the facts and material before Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War.

"The Secretary of War issued an order directing me to take up the pursuit of Booth at once. In twenty-four hours I had detectives at the gateways of Maryland and sent others to join

Mosby's Confederate command to see what they could learn there. With six detectives and twenty-five privates and non-commissioned officers, under Lieut. Lafferty, a gallant officer, we dashed down the Potomac on the flagship Martin, to Port Tobacco, where Booth and his accomplices played poker, drank and hatched their plot. We went ashore and scoured the Bryantown swamp, and after a while I stopped to light my pipe.

Marks of Booth's Crutches.

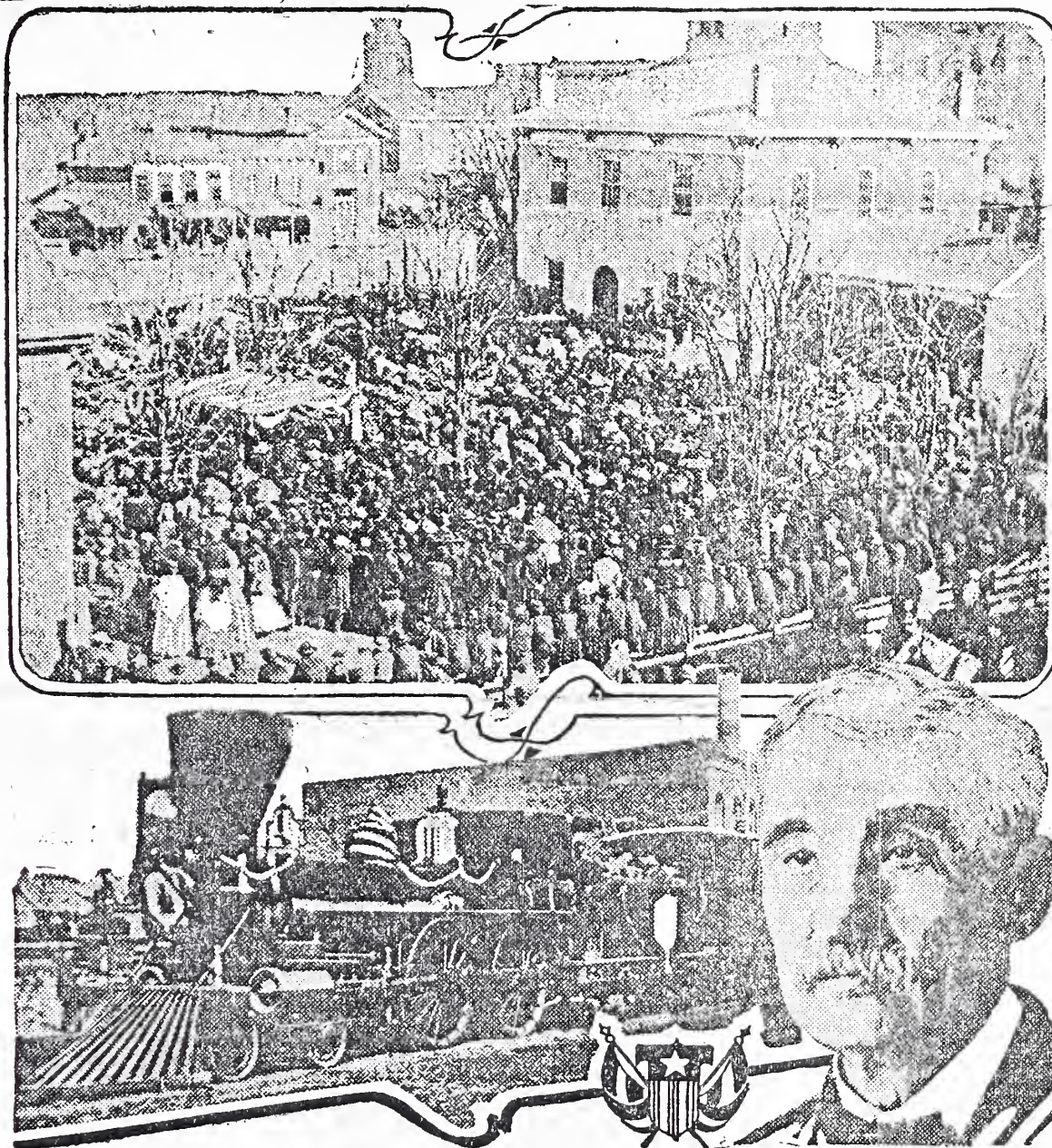
"I threw the burning match among the dry leaves and there was a little blaze, and as I looked down I saw a queer little hole in the ground. It attracted my attention, and there were others leading to the river and across it. It was the mark made by Booth's crutch, and we followed it for miles, until my men were exhausted after ten days' pursuit. We went back to Port Tobacco for supplies, and S. C. H. Beckwith, cipher telegraph operator on Grant's staff, who had been sent to join us, did so, and he tapped a telegraph wire. We sent Mr. Stanton a message saying Booth was near Port Royal, and there he was captured the next day."

Gen. O'Beirne succeeded William R. Hearst as president of the American Boy Scouts, of which Maj. Gen. E. A. McAlpin, also of New York, is now the head. While head of that organization Gen. O'Beirne raised \$42,000 for its support. During the Boer war the Boer government endeavored to have the United States recognize Gen. O'Beirne as minister at Washington.

J WRIGHT

How Lincoln's Death Roused the Nation's Ire

APRIL 23, 1919



Above, a recently discovered print of a Lincoln indignation meeting held at Bloomington April 25, 1865. The Lincoln funeral train as it appeared May 3, and William Porter, the last survivor of the Lincoln train crew.

IT WAS fifty-four years ago last Monday that Abraham Lincoln was shot and mortally wounded by John Wilkes Booth. Indignation and horror swept over the north when the intelligence was flashed to every state that his death had followed soon after the bullet was fired. It is impossible for the present generation to realize the intensity of public feeling of a half century ago. A series of indignation meetings was held, one of the most notable being that in Bloomington, Ill., on April 25, 1865. This gathering was held upon the court horse square. Thousands of people assembled from central Illinois points. The speakers were the famous spellbinders of that era and included Jesse Pell, the closest friend of Lincoln; David Davis, afterwards chief justice

of the supreme court; Judge Lawrence Weldon and others. A photographer, fortunately, secured a negative of the scene and this was recently discovered after a lapse of a half century.

The famous funeral train, which conveyed the body from Washington to Springfield, Ill., was also photographed. The train was composed of but a single coach and was pulled by one of the old time wood burning locomotives with the enormous smoke stacks of the pioneer days. Of the crew that handled the train between Chicago and Springfield over the Chicago and Alton one brakeman, William S. Porter, of Jerseyville, yet survives. Porter was a soldier of the Civil war but was mustered out in the fall of 1864 and secured a position as trainman. He was assigned to the Lincoln funeral train. He recalls that the catafalque car was fitted up especially for the purpose, all the seats

being removed. The corpse of Lincoln was placed upon a pyramid in the center of the car and a railing erected around it. Thousands viewed the body in this car at points where the funeral train was stopped.

A guard of honor from New York City accompanied the body and rode in a following train. Elaborate precautions were taken to prevent delays and accidents. Pilot engines were sent ahead, all switches were spiked and all other trains ordered to sidings one hour ahead of the funeral train. On the evening of the May 2, the special left Chicago for Springfield, arriving at the latter city about noon of May 3.

At every station along the way, it appeared as if the entire populace had assembled to witness the movement of the funeral special. The demonstration furnished one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of the nation.

The Anniversary

4-15-
1922

By GEORGE BYRON LOUD



FIFTY-SEVEN years ago, April 15, 1865, the nation was robed in mourning and shrouded in gloom and sorrow by the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, and his funeral casket was drenched with a nation's tears. His tragic death in the path of duty, though a costly sacrifice on the altar of freedom, added the crowning glory of a martyr to the spotless fame of the patriot, and caused a world to sigh in pity and all civilized nations to crave the privilege of dropping a tear on his tomb.

On the night of April 14th, 1865, John Wilkes Booth fired that awful bullet and shortly after the first rays of the golden sunshine drifted into his window, the Angel of Death kissed down the eyelids of Abraham Lincoln, and the hands which had wrought such noble work in life and had never been stained by an ignoble deed, were folded across his breast. Peacefully as a little child that great heart whose religion had been love of humanity, passed into unending love of God.

On that morning, April 15, the news flashed across the wires of the civilized world, so shaking the social system of our country with the terrible tidings that all loyal hearts were filled with a dreadful suspense which made them tremble with the palsy of direful forebodings, and even the South, till then so embittered in the despair of a threatened defeat, lifted up its hands in horror, fearful of the result of such a useless deed of murder.

IMPOSSIBLE OF DESCRIPTION

Among the troops in our camp at Terre Bonne, La., the effect of the news was to create a sense of things impossible of description then and now. A great feeling of oppression weighed down personality and everything around us; the very cane brakes on the borders of the bayous appeared to join in the melancholy of the hour, as it were, to assume a most dismal appearance, while the overhanging moss on the live oaks and magnolias seemed to cast their greenish gray hue and to assume a more sombre shade and an additional length of natural drapery trailing to the very earth like nature's veil of mourning for the martyred President.

For the time chaos of thoughts and condition took precedence of military order and duties. To us the whole earth was at a standstill; man looked at man with that silent questioning in which souls talk to each other without the aid of speech. It seemed as if a terrible lightning shaft had struck our camp in front and rear and in falling had seared us all, intellectually and physically, everyone unable to speak except in whispers when conversing with each other. Even our appetites were gone—the food remaining untouched upon the mess tables.

But when the news did come proving the first statement to have been true, and the horrible details reached us in full, the colored men of one of the detachments became almost frantic and unmanageable in their despair. Great lamentations in company quarters ensued, during which moans and prayers of the most heartrending pathos followed each other with sincerity of utterance which none could witness unmoved, for these men somehow seemed to think that in the death of Lincoln their freedom was in jeopardy, if not entirely lost. So long as he lived they believed their freedom safe; hence

with the positive news of his assassination their hopes of liberty after the war became for the moment clouded, confused and seemingly blasted; for to them President Lincoln was father, brother, friend and liberator.

A WELL-REMEMBERED EVENING

The feeling of grief and despondency that thrilled the armies of the Union from the Atlantic to the Gulf can be attributed to no other sentiment, than that of love and veneration for one who had gradually grown near and dear to his soldiers. It was known to all how in the dark days of defeat and loss his eyes grew heavy and his heart sore, depressed with sorrowing for the mothers and wives of those who had gone down to unnamed graves on the battlefield, and the closing words of his last inaugural address held President, army and navy together with bands of gold.

I remember that evening when the news had been confirmed, a downfall of rain came upon us from overshadowing black clouds, as if the very heavens joined with the loyal people of this country in weeping and wailing over the calamity that had befallen the nation on the eve of returning peace. And when Abraham Lincoln died all who were loyal in the nation wept with a sincere sorrow. The silent monitors of grief glistened in every eye. Business, pleasure, trade and commerce stood still to do him reverential homage.

It was as though there were one dead in every house. The mourners went about the streets uncomfited; men forgot their love for gold and their lust for power; statesmen grouped about like blind men for some hand to lead. The world was in mourning; for all the world knew that he had come to the kingdom for such a time as that. Not only the victors but many of the vanquished who had come up out of a great struggle to ground their arms at his feet, and who had received his benediction of peace and good will were alike mourners when the assassin's

bullet did its deadly work; for no one bullet ever went forth on a more gigantic, terribly mistaken mission or inflicted so crushing a blow to friends and foes alike, as did the leaden missile which silenced forever the generous heart beating of Abraham Lincoln.

It was no accident that the assassin was caught in the American flag when he attempted to escape after he had shot the President. It was the vengeance of the flag. The flag was the country's nemesis. That flag kept securely in a glass case, is held sacred in the treasure house of the nation.

HISTORY'S BRIGHTEST PAGES

He was fortunate in his career while living and fortunate in his sad and tragic death. Hardly in the history of the human race has a ruler died whose loss seemed to the people so near a personal one. His life was filled to overflowing with sorrow. From the day of his inauguration to the hour of his death was one long night of Gethsemane; closing as it did at a moment when its dramatic unity was complete.

His story is written on the brightest pages of the world's history. It is sanctified in every patriotic household—the stately mansion of luxurious life, the cottage in the lane, the little cabin on the plantation. It is glorified in the God-ordained pure and untrammelled liberty of every man, woman and child on American soil. One hundred millions of people are studying that story, the key to righteous statesmanship, patriotic grandeur, national love and honor.

He approached the Christ himself more than any other ruler within the knowledge of mankind. What a Moses was he in leading us through the Red Sea of rebellion before he sank to rest under the cruel shot of the assassin. Made in the image of his God, none but the Son of Man and his faithful apostle St. Paul had a more delicate mission and performed it more faithfully. Since the Master in Israel went about the earth doing good, no one has so beautifully

and lovingly spoken and no one has so drawn all men unto himself. His sad, pathetic face is ever before us and his life is a constant and abiding factor in human affairs. He is one of the few among the myriads of earth who have successfully defied oblivion, enthroned as he is in the heart of the world.

All of the great leaders marshalled by Lincoln have passed to that mystic shore and the roll call of his soldiers and sailors will soon receive no response; but immortal history shall bear witness that he has lived and that neither life nor wealth nor any principality or power shall be able to separate us and our glorious institutions from the influences of his sublime character. And the wider the interval of time since the day of his death, and the farther we get away from the few feet of earth enriched by his sleeping dust, the more convinced are we that it was very little of Abraham Lincoln that John Wilkes Booth was able to kill and a very small part of him that his loved ones were able to bury.

The record of our first martyred President is in Heaven and is graven on the heart of every loyal American with the pen of immortality. No human eulogy can enhance his glory, no failure to do him justice can lessen it. He will guide from his grave the patriotic thought of America, yea, largely of the world for centuries to come, as manifestly as does the humble Nazarene guide Christian thought from Gethsemane and the Cross.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

Sunshine and shadows each in turn ascendant were strangely blended in Lincoln's life; but when disasters came thick and fast and days of agony lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and months into seemingly hopeless years, melancholy took complete possession of his soul and he became in truth a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Every burden rested on his shoulders, every arrow penetrated his heart; every soldier on the weary march and every mother mourning for her first-born knew that he was a profoundly sympathizing friend; yet withall his judgment never wavered and he never faltered in his work. He brushed aside the politician and went direct to the people and took them by the hand, and explained his every plan and purpose with such evident sincerity and wisdom that he gained their confidence to a remarkable degree and bound them to him with hooks of steel. Lincoln was large enough to love the people North and South, and only hate the things that made two people where there ought to have been one people.

The robins come to build their nests, the songbirds pipe their sweet melodies in the early spring as they did on that memorable April morning fifty-seven years ago, when Abraham Lincoln joined the choir invisible whose music is the gladness of the world. The flag he uplifted is the banner honored of all nations, and heads the procession in the world's great march of universal civilization. And beneath that banner of the free waving in triumph all over the world, millions are grateful to Almighty God for having given to our nation an Abraham Lincoln.

MAN OF THE AGES

What a glorious welcome must have been his when without a tarnish or blot on his fair fame he passed in full-orbed glory to that realm of love and light, that God-inspired, miracle made man, the colossal figure of all history, the greatest, noblest heart in the annals of human liberty, the best civic ruler that has appeared since Christ died, the model statesman of all the ages, America's own Lincoln.

Wherever civilization throbs and pulsates, wherever human rights is the subject of contention, wherever virtue and sincerity are cherished and respected, wherever the stars and stripes float in the zenith under God's unfading blue of the heavens, a beacon of hope and a promise of deliverance to the

oppressed and enslaved of every land, wherever a struggling soul is fighting its way up through the darkness and into the light, the resplendent name of Lincoln is known and honored. Cannons speak it, banners wave it, human hearts treasure it. His grand aggregate of honor will gild the traditions of deathless centuries. The lips of memory kiss the crown of spotless roses that shall shed their fragrance of unfading love around the name of Abraham Lincoln.

WRIGHT

TRAGEDY OF LINCOLN'S DEATH HALTED FEAST OF REJOICING

Midnight Dinner at White House in Celebration of Downfall of Confederacy Hastily Abandoned.

BY GEORGE M. BATTEY, JR.

A midnight feast, celebrating the fall of Richmond, the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee and the end of the Civil War was due to have been held at the White House the night of Good Friday, April 14, 1865.

The mansion had been appropriately set in order for the joyous occasion, tempting viands were steaming on the great stove in the basement, and the hired help, allowed to repair to their homes for a few hours, had been ordered to report back about 11 o'clock, to serve and attend the guests.

This prandial affair was supposed to assemble congenial and diplomatic spirits who might exercise a helpful influence upon the sensitive relations existing between the North and the South, and thus aid in realizing the dream of President Lincoln of a reunited country.

The places at table were never filled; the stove wood was reduced to ashes, and the stew congealed in the kettle as White House attaches forsook their allotted employments on hearing that Mr. Lincoln had been mortally shot.

Instead of gathering at the appointed hour at the White House, the prospective guests went their several ways to guard their own households, to join in the pursuit of the assassins or to augment that melancholy circle around Mr. Lincoln's bed at the Peterson home.

Incident of Unwritten History.

So far as the writer is aware, the circumstance of a planned supper at the White House on this memorable day is unwritten history. That such an event, told to as many as six people, should have escaped the notice of biographers or been obscured so long in any manner is almost beyond belief. Yet we know that certain officials were uncommonly reticent concerning that last day, not only as to their own whereabouts but as to any event connected with it; and, on the other hand, a witness appears whose story in other particulars so neatly dovetails with fact that it appears impossible to doubt his tale. In an hour of close questioning this man relates so much that was common knowledge of the period that his contribution recommends itself to the category of stray fragments which have bobbed up after some time to make the mosaic of Lincoln what it is today.

Assuming it to be fact that a party was scheduled for the White House after the presentation of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's, it may be thought of as an occasion bringing together Cabinet ministers, generals and others to the number of 25 (beyond which limit it could not well have remained secret 63 years), or it may be conceived as a grouping of a handful of close personal friends of the Lincolns and even as a quiet compliment to the affianced pair who occupied the Presidential box with them that night—Major Henry R. Rathbone of Albany, N. Y., and the United States Volunteers and Miss Clara Harris, daughter of Senator Harris of New York City.

Matter of Speculation.

Going a step further, considering the ramifications of the plot and the desperate character of the assassins, it is not impossible that had Booth been foiled at the theater and Payne restrained at the hour his foul blows were directed at Secretary Seward, the attempt upon the life of Mr. Lincoln might have been made at the White House itself. While those who know little of the inner workings of the conspiracy may scout such a theory, a peg in support of it may be borrowed from the memoirs of Gen. Grant, who testified to Booth's frantic activities on this fateful day in marshaling his wavering forces for the climax of his villainy. As the Grants were having their mid-day meal a designing person was so insistent on forcing his presence upon them that they were obliged to leave the dining room. When they were proceeding in their carriage to the depot, en route to Burlington, this same individual, now mounted on a spirited horse, followed them closely, rode ahead, then executing a sharp about-face, peered impertinently into the closed vehicle as he passed again.

Booth did not follow farther, but roused Michael O'Laughlin and put him on the trail. O'Laughlin took the same train and tried to force his way into the Grant coach on nearing Baltimore, but found the door securely locked.

Gen. Grant Precaution Noted.

By catching the 6 o'clock train, Gen. Grant made it almost impossible for the conspirators to work in consonance as they had planned, with himself considered one of the prospective victims, and not only saved himself, but endangered the whole plan, the main part of which was rescued by the astute young tragedian. If Grant had been killed at any time before 9:30 o'clock the alarm would have been spread to Washington and the horrors there averted. Lukewarm in his resolve and believing he could not reach Grant, O'Laughlin probably left the cars at Baltimore and went to his brother's home. A telegram announcing the assassination was received by Grant at Philadelphia. Instead of obeying Stanton's order to return to Washington at once, he continued on to Burlington, arriving about 2 o'clock in the morning of Saturday, and reaching Washington 12 hours later, where he immediately conferred with President Johnson's outraged cabinet.

Former Slave's Testimony.

Now let the grizzled witness, a former slave, who had some acquaintance with President Lincoln, relate his narrative that the reader may form conclusions of his own. Robert S. Brown of 1435 N street is a son of the late Peter Brown, who served as butler at the White House through the Buchanan and Lincoln administrations and the first part of the incumbency of Andrew Johnson. Brown will be 78 years old April 25, having been born April 25, 1850, at Rectortown, Fauquier County, Va. He is not a talkative man and he enjoys a reputation for veracity; further, his mind is perfectly clear on the things he relates. As a Washington bootblack he won the confidence of notables in public life, particularly

President Grant, whose recommendation of him was sufficient to gain him the position of coachman to President Garfield. He lived temperately, saved his money and bought a house and lot at 506 Forty-seventh street. Yesterday he came to the business section to get his rent. Seated in the realty office of Charles S. Muir, son of the late Rev. J. J. Muir, chaplain of the United States Senate, at 1403 New York avenue, he recalled those stirring times, in very good Washington dialect.

Brown's Statement.

"My father was born a slave and became the property of Mr. Ed Turner of Fauquier County, Va.," he said. "I was born at Rectortown, nearby, and was owned by Conrad B. Kincheloe, the master of quite an estate. Mrs. Kincheloe was a member of the Glasgow family of Virginia. Their son, Mr. James M. Kincheloe, is a loan broker in the Franklin National Bank Building in this city.

"In our neighborhood there was some talk about settling the slaves free several years before the Civil War, and Mr. Priest, an Englishman engaged in conducting an 'underground railroad' for smuggling slaves out of the South into the North, advised Mr. Martin and

Mr. Kincheloe to let our family go, saying, 'They will probably go to Washington like many of the colored people who look on that place now as their heaven; when they get tired of it up there you can take them back, and then they will be in the notion to stay.' So they let us go, and helped us off.

"Mr. Turner had been a supporter of Mr. Buchanan in his race for the presidency, and was in a position to drive a bargain or two. He kept a string tied to my father by having Mr. Buchanan appoint him butler at the White House, and, everything arranged, Mr. Buchanan agreed that my father's pay in cash should go to my father's former master in Virginia. I don't know the details, but they made the arrangement, and left it so my father would have upkeep for himself and family. The butler was expected to eat at the White House, and now and then some other member of the family did too. I will say that those who worked around the White House received more pay then than they do now, but why that is I am unable to explain.

Made Home in Alexandria.

"My parents lived first at Alexandria, where I saw coming down the road one day in a fine carriage Gen. Robert E. Lee of Arlington. He never knew I used to ride with him, because I was behind, but other people did. If I didn't ride the Lee coach it was because the driver happened to whip up the horses.

"After five months we removed from Alexandria and went to live in a house on Twelfth street between G and H streets in Washington. While my father was butlering at the White House I started shining shoes around the Treasury Building, and now and then ranged elsewhere. I met lots of big men in this way—Congressmen, members of the Supreme Court, cabinet ministers, heads of Government departments and natives of Washington. I used to shine around the White House, hoping Mr. Lincoln would call me, but somebody was shining his shoes and boots inside. So not long after the inauguration in March, 1861, my father took me to the White House to see Abraham Lincoln. We found him in his office.

"My father said, 'Mr. Lincoln, I want you to see my boy.'

"Mr. Lincoln pulled himself to his feet, and said, 'He's a handsome boy, all right.' Then he put his big right hand on my bare head and rubbed it over my scalp. Lord, but he made me mad; I wanted to hit him, so I ducked away. I suppose I was surprised, because the way my mistress did when she wanted to punish me was to lay a

hickory across my back.

Took Up "Odd Jobs."

"I made myself at home around the kitchen and the butler's pantry, and found it convenient to do odd jobs, running errands and carrying things back and forth. At this time I was 11 years old, nine years younger than Robert T. Lincoln, and two or three years older than Tad, the youngest son, and I guess about the same age as Willie.

"Robert went away to college, so I didn't see much of him except when he returned home in Summer, but Tad was there all the time and kept everybody on the move, including his father. Willie was a great favorite with his parents; he was quieter than the other two, and died about the middle of the war. Robert was what you would call rough-and-ready for anything, but Tad could follow his pace. The boys had a regular menagerie in the rear of the White House grounds. Among the animals were donkeys, horses and goats, and of course bird pets came to them from everywhere. Some kind of riding tournament was always going on, and there were sufficient animals to play circus whenever we took the notion.

"The animals were supposed to be kept up by the hostler, but they managed to get out and roam at will about the inclosure, and they just ruined the flowers, and kept the gardener distracted. They also rode the donkeys and ponies in wet weather, and just tracked up everything. Tad often drove his team of goats through the White House, and didn't care what else he did. There was no color line there; the bootblacks and other colored boys, who came and peeped through the fence were invited in. Now and then when we got too noisy for the cook, the hostler and the gardener, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln came out to see what we were up to, and gave us nice presents. Tad was a liberal-hearted boy, and would have given away everything if he had not been stopped.

President Evaded Crowds.

"Mrs. Lincoln enjoyed fixing up for company, but the President did not like crowds so much—when he had time from official business he used to pace up and down the halls in deep thought, or he would sit for hours reading a book."

"How did Mr. Lincoln impress you personally?" he was asked. "He was a kindly, tolerant man, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he was kind to everybody. I never heard him speak unkindly of any one or get out of patience. He just moved along about the same each day."

"Certain persons have circulated the report that he was careless in his personal habits. Did you ever see him walk around in his socks or put his feet up on the mantelpiece?"

"No, sir, I never did. When he reached the front door he took off his hat and cape and quietly handed them to my father just like any other gentleman. He was never noisy in his conversation, but he enjoyed telling jokes, and now and then he would break into a laugh. He had a lot on him in those days."

"Absurd Stories" Cited.

"You heard many absurd stories outside about things that never happened over there, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir, people have to have something to talk about."

"Did he appear sad and downcast over the war?"

"Not that I could notice, though I

suppose he had other thoughts when he was alone in his room."

"Mr. Lincoln wasn't exactly the kind of man you best remembered from Virginia, was he?"

"No, sir, he was a poor man who learned to work hard as a boy. He knew all about life and the struggles of the unfortunate. That was why he sympathized with us colored folks, and we loved him."

"Was he a heavy eater? What dish did he like best? Did he like fancy foods?"

Brown chuckled as he ran his fingers over the iron gray stubble on his chin:

No Fancy Foods for Lincoln.

"Fancy foods for Abraham Lincoln?"

No, siree! He was old-fashioned about that. He liked cabbage better than anything else. The cook had to fix him a mess of cabbage nearly every day. He wasn't a big eater or little—just moderate. I would say he had a good appetite and digestion."

"He was the kind of man who, if he went down South, would pass up the asparagus tips and braised beef and call for a fat 'possum?"

"That's it, you hit it right. With some yellow yams, of course. And he liked Irish potatoes, too."

"Tell about some conversation you had with him."

"Well, sir, I remember once a meeting with him in the hall, when he called out to me, and says, 'Peter, are you hungry?' Peter was the name he gave me, after my father, though my real name was Robert. Says I, 'Always, Mr. Lincoln.'

"Well, that's a terrible state for a growing boy to be in. We'll have to see about that."

"He told my father to come there, and said to him, 'Peter, I want you to feed this boy. He looks hungry, and admits it. Fill up his legs, too; if he is like my boys, his legs are hollow.'

"I didn't need a second invitation to enter the White House pantry. Tad and I had been there before, as we said, looking for mice."

"Where were you on the night of the assassination?"

"I was home on Twelfth street, between G and H, about three or four blocks from Ford's. It was about half past 10, and I was taking off my clothes to go to bed. My father had just left the house, saying he had orders to return to the Executive Mansion about 11 and help with a supper they intended to have, and he would be back when he could, but he didn't say what time. He went out and I was just ready to crawl into bed when I heard a big commotion in the street, men running this way and that, people shouting, military giving orders, horses dashing by. When I stuck my head out the door some one ran up, saying Mr. Lincoln was shot at the theater. My mother pulled me back in the house and made me stay in bed. She said it was dangerous to be out, and we should stay in. We kept awake till my father returned and told us of the excitement over at the White House. He stayed over there trying to comfort Tad, but after putting him to bed there wasn't anything he could do, so he locked up after a while and came home. Then I fell asleep."

"Who was to have made up the party over at the White House?"

"That I couldn't say. My father just said they were to have some kind of supper after the performance, and he was needed there."

"How many were invited?"

"That I don't know, sir. You see, my father wasn't the steward, otherwise he would have known how many. He only helped wait on the table in emergencies, and I can't say whether he was to do table duty that night."

"Were the guests coming from Ford's Theater with the Lincolns or from elsewhere?"

"That, sir, is beyond me."

