

REACTION TO
ASSASSINATION

DRAWER 15

ITEM

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The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Reactions to the Assassination

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

C O P Y

St. Louis, Mo., April 15th, 1865

Dear Mother:-

We were going to celebrate our victories today, and dress the city in Gala-day costume, but alas all is changed now, and we are busy draping Hs Ls in mourning, for Southern chivalry murdered our President last night, and we have cause to mourn, though thank God, they, have more. What a brave deed it was, how they could boast, why it even surpasses the daring of Brooks when he caned Sumner - Surely the Southern Sun is rising with fresh glory; They have gained an advantage - of a peculiar kind, they have slain the only man kind enough to have compassion on their follies, for he was devising means to make them happy and forgive their sins. I hope our new President will take a different course, and do to J. W. Booth, the man who so bravely attacked the President without giving him the slightest warning and afterwards made an equally successful onslaught on Mr. Seward (a poor invalid with nearly every bone in his body broken). I hope Mr. Johnson and Secretary Stanton will give him to the populace to be put to death by slow torture, or cut to pieces inch by inch, his gallantries entitle him to some such fate. You can't imagine what delight I'd have taken this morning in casually dropping into stores where owners were secessionists, and hinting that it would not be taken amiss if they were to show a little sympathy with our cause, by fittingly decorating their establishments. I hoped all the time that they would give me an excuse to try their J.W. B. game on them for me, they were only too bland and accommodating. We are going to Ben De Bars' the ater to-night to hiss him down, he is a miserable rebel, rejoices at Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Seward's undoing.

Love to relatives,

Affectionately

E. Jonas

Drawn 15

Army of the Potomac
Berryville, VA.
April 16, 1865

Dear Wife,

I am answering your letter of the 7th instance, and suppose there is another one in Winchester for me but that is fourteen miles from here and we have few opportunities for receiving our mail.

I am in my usual good health, the weather is rather mild and everything is morning off finely. An order has been issued to stop all hostilities and, no armed parties are allowed to scout through the country. A proposition has been made to Mosby to surrender himself and men and it is thought that he will comply in a day or two and, this will end matters in Virginia.

I suppose 'ere this you have heard of the sad tragedy, that has been enacted in Washington City of the Presidents assassination and death. It hardly appeared to me like a reality, when the news was received here early, the next morning, but more like an unpleasant dream. The cavalry were mounted 8000 strong and, ready to move to Fort Royal but all went into camp without morning.

When the news was first received by the soldiers, there was no outbursts of feeling as might have been expected, but every cheek was pale and, every eye as if the receiving of the news of a near and dear friend. Everything was quiet for about four hours and then came the burst of indignation.

There was one thing for sure that Abraham Lincoln could die with a clear conscience that he had done his duty. For the past four years with unwavering determination, he has steered the barge of the Union through storms when often ready to be wrecked on the rocks of anarchy. If this had occurred two years ago when the political horizon was dark and everything appeared gloomy, it would not appeared do awful but now that we can speak of the war as a thing of the past and every star in our banner is bright it is to astounding to be realized.

I am confident that his name will be enrolled on the pages of history and engraved in the minds of his grateful countrymen, till the consummation of the natural world.

Richmond has fallen, Lee has surrendered the mission of the Army of the Potomac is ended and those two things were to be the price of the vision. Over woods paved with human graves; over fiends drenched with human gore, the Confederate Capital has been reached. But Oh God, protect the heart stricken widows and orphans; the aged parent and the affectionate sister whose natural protection sleeps their last sleep in the soils of old Virginia where there is no kind had to plant flowers or an eye to shed tears.

They sleep their last sleep; they fought their last fight. No sound can awake them to glory again.

Virginia is great as a campground where repose the remains of brave men of both sections. Such is the fearful picture that concluded the panorama of war. A few more conclusive efforts and history will grasp her pen to record the sequel of one of the most stupendous undertakings that were marked to change of

antiquity and their human destiny. But when the heroes of yesteryear and their names have sank into oblivion the name of Abraham Lincoln will be nearer and dearer to this countryman.

When you write I want you to tell me what some of the people in our part of the country think of this affair. I want you to send me a copy of the Indiana paper; Indiana Democrate if you can.

As I have not much time to write must draw this letter to a close and go on duty in the next half hour.

Hope this finds you and the baby well, a kiss for you and the baby boy.

Your loving husband,

Sidney Marlin

A tale of tragedy



On April 16, 1865, as the Civil War was drawing to a close, Sidney Marlin, a member of the Signal Corps in the Union's Army of the Potomac, wrote this letter home from Berryville, Va., to his wife Sally, who lived in Willet, in Washington Township.

"I suppose ere this you have heard of the sad tragedy that has been enacted in Washington city of the president's assassination and death. It hardly appeared to me like a reality but more like an unpleasant dream when the news was received here early the next morning ... When the news was first received by the soldiers there was no

outburst of feeling as might have been expected but every cheek was pallid as having received the news of the death of some near and dear relative. Everything was quiet for about four hours and then came the burst of indignation.

"There is one thing sure that Abraham Lincoln could die with a clear conscience that he had done his duty for the past four years with an unwavering resolution. He had steered the barge of the union through storms when it was often ready to be wrecked on the rocks of anarchy.

"... Virginia is a great campground where repose the remains of brave men of both sections. Such is a fearful picture that concludes the panorama of war. A few more convulsive efforts and history will grasp her pen to record the sequel of one of the most stupendous undertakings that ever marked the change of human destiny.

"When you write I want you to tell me what some of the people in our portion of the country say. I want you to send me some copies of Indiana papers, ones that have editorials in them about the assassination ...

"As I have not much to write this evening and will be called to duty in some half hour, I will draw this letter to a close, wishing you welfare and kiss the baby for me -- Your affectionate husband,

Sidney Marlin"

Marlin's original letter was donated to the Lincoln Museum in Illinois. His descendants still live in Indiana.

Members of the John T. Crawford Camp #43, Sons of Union Veterans, and the Sara Crawford Auxiliary local Civil War reenactors groups, recreate a scene of mailing home news from the front lines. Jason Krecota of Ford City portrays the Union soldier, and his mother Peg Krecota and his fiancée Charlene Jewart of Indiana read his letter on the home front. Each year the more than 80 members of the two groups por-

SIDNEY MARLIN
APRIL 16, 1865

Camp Carrington, Indiana
Sunday, April 16, 1865

Dear Wife and Children:

I am seated this pleasant Sabbath day to again say to you that I am well and comfortably situated, but depressed in spirit. I am almost unnerved. Do you ask is it because I am drafted into the service of my country? I answer no. Is it because I am deprived of the society of my loved family? Not so. But it is because I am almost persuaded to believe in the doctrine of total depravity. Can a man have one redeeming quality, one trait of humanity, one impulse of the heart, that God will respect who is so low, so debased and degraded, so lost to every instinct of humanity and honor as to lift the assassins hand and strike down our noble President, that Patriot and Savior of our country, who by his wisdom and patriotism, by his honesty of purpose, decision of character, and unequalled judgment and statesmanship has justly and rightly become the idol of the nation; respected and revered by the whole civilized world. In my opinion the historian will give him a place second to no man that has trod the earth since the days of inspiration. But O! the heart sickens to think of the awful responsibility of that second Judas, that son of perdition, that would sell his Savior for thirty pieces of silver. But perhaps it is all providential. There is a striking resemblance between Moses, that Servant of God, and deliverer of the children of Israel, and Abraham Lincoln, that model of humanity and deliverer of the American people. Moses was permitted to lead the children of Israel till the promised land appeared in view and his fond anticipations were almost realized. But in the providence of God he was not permitted to pass over. So Abraham Lincoln was permitted to lead the American people for four years and through the darkest ordeal that any modern nation ever passed through. But like Moses of old, he was not permitted to pass over into Caanan and realize the goal of his ambition. But just as the rebellion (that machination of hell) was pierced to the heart and it's life blood was oozing out Abraham Lincoln had to fall, a victim to the assassin's hand.

Perhaps you will ask, do I think the death of the President will materially prolong the war? I think not, yet it may. I am sure the rebels will not get as good terms now as they would under Lincoln if he had lived. But it will unite the north as one man. The union soldiers will be exasperated and they will scatter the Rebel Lords like fog before the rising sun. I don't think we will ever go to the front. But I feel more like going now than I ever did.

Well, I must tell you a little about camp doings. In Camp Burnside's adjoining they hung five men yesterday till nearly dead for saying they were glad Lincoln was killed, making demonstrations of joy, etc. It was their comrades that hung them, not the officers. I say Amen to it. A many a Rebel will bite the dust that would not if President Lincoln had not been assassinated.

Be sure and send the children to school every day they can go. Harrison and Parradine you must go to school every day, be good, children obey your May and your teacher. Linkey, you must make Jessey take good care of your mare. All be cheerful and in good heart. I am all right. I will write you again Tuesday. Ira Patton, Henry Nearhoof and several others from Carroll are here. Arzy Truitt is in the hospital very sick, not expected to live.

Your husband,

I. R. PATTON

P.S. You must write to me and let me know what you think of the farm, how you are getting along, etc.

I. R. PATTON

Camp Carrington, Box 57

Monday morning. Arzy Truitt is dead.

Presented by the Indiana Historical Society Patton Electric Co. S. C. C. C.

Camp Carrington, Indiana
Sunday, April 16, 1865

Dear Wife and Children,

I am seated this pleasant Sabbath day to again say to you that I am well and comfortably situated but depressed in spirit. I am almost unnerved. Do you ask if it is because I have been drafted into the service of my country? I answer no. Is it because I am deprived of the society of my beloved family. not so. But it is because I am almost persuaded to believe in the doctrine of total depravity. Can a man have one redeeming quality, one trait of humanity, one impulse of the heart that God will respect, who is so low, so debased and depraved, so lost to every instinct of humanity and honor as to lift the assassins hand and strike down our noble President, that patriot and savior of our country, who by his wisdom and patriotism, by his honesty of purpose, decision of character, and unequalled judgment and statesmanship had justly and rightly become the idol of the nation; respected and revered by the whole civilized world. In my opinion the historians will give him space second to no man that had trod the earth since the days of inspiration. But Oh! the heart sickness to think of the awful responsibility of that second Judas that son of perdition, that would sell his savior for thirty pieces of silver. But perhaps it is all providential. There is a striking resemblance between Moses, that servant of God, and deliverer of the children of Israel, and Abraham Lincoln, that model of humanity and deliverer of the American people. Moses was permitted to lead the children of Israel till the promised land appeared in view and his fond anticipations were almost realized. But in the providence of God he was not permitted to pass over. So Abraham Lincoln was permitted to lead the American people for four years through the darkest ordeal that any modern nation ever passed through. But like Moses of old, he was not permitted to pass over to Canaan and realize the goal of his ambition. But just as the rebellion (that machination of hell) was pierced to the heart of it's life blood was ceasing out Abraham Lincoln had to fall, a victim to the assassin's hand.

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Yours Husband,
T. R. Patton

To. H. M. Patton

P. S. You must write to me and let me know what you think of the farm, how you are getting along, etc.

Monday morning, Arzy Truitt is dead

T. R. Patton
Camp Carrington, Box 57



LINCOLN ASSASSINATION INDIGNATION MEET

This is the only photograph ever to be made of one of the nation-wide series of indignation meetings held after the assassination of President Lincoln. The picture, made from a window of a building near Courthouse Square, Bloomington,

Ill., now hangs in the public library at Bloomington. The meeting took place April 18, 1865, three days after Lincoln's death. Today, the 122d anniversary of his birth, tribute is being paid to the man of the ages.

Indignation scene from International News Photos, Inc.

Yankee Boasts Leave Diarist Yearning for a Hearty Cry

By Cora Owens Hume.

This is the ninth installment of a War Between the States diary written by a Louisville still living.

Feb. 4th, 1865.

Last night Mrs. Stanton held prayers in the Drawing or Painting room and in some preliminary remarks to the young ladies told them that they should be thankful that they live in such an age—when such great and good events are transpiring. She supposed all the young ladies had heard of the noble act of congress—in amending the constitution (13th Amendment)—thereby making Freedom to reign henceforth throughout the nation and never allowing mankind to be enslaved—an action which shall be handed down to posterity. She said she never hoped to live to this glorious day.

Oh! I am wretchedly homesick, I feel like doing nothing but cry. Oh! for a place of uninterrupted solitude and a hearty cry. The weather is cold & it is snowing so I can't go out of doors—but I had a sobbing cry at prayers last night. I cannot write.

**Kentucky Wants
Clay's Portrait.**

Feb. 12th, 1865.

I had a long conversation with Col. Stanton—who seems to be a very nice gentleman. He thinks very favorably of a notice Papa sent him of the Kentucky Legislature's wanting a life-size portrait of Henry Clay—and he has one in Brooklyn which he will perhaps offer; that is, if it is not sold. He refused to take \$10,000 for it from the City of Brooklyn.

**French Girl
Only Other Rebel.**

Feb. 13th, 1865.

There is one true rebel in school besides myself. 'Tis Miss Anna Dumont. She is a French girl. Was born in Paris—but raised in New York City.

**Cheers Ordered
for Burning of Charleston.**

Feb. 22d, 1865.

Monday eve Mr. Parsons had news and he said that he thought it would bear a little cheering. He said that Columbia the Capital of South Carolina had been evacuated and that Charleston—which has for four long years bid defiance to us—is evacuated. The Confederates blew up their magazines before leaving and burned most of the city. I expect the truth is that the rebels blew up the magazines just in time to blow the vandals up.

Day before yesterday, Mrs. Stanton sent for Miss Amelia Austin (nineteen years old; from Kalamazoo, Mich.) and I to take a sleigh-ride, and Phinny Stanton, who is thirteen years old, drove us. We had a splendid ride but when we started to turn around to return the snow was so deep that the horse fell. Some portion of the harness was broken, but Miss

Austin, Phinny and I paid for the mending which was only four shillings or 50 cents. Phinny would not tell his Aunt Marietta for he said she would not let him drive any more—if he was raised on a farm and knew how to drive.

**Hopes Yankee Fetes
Get Rained On.**

Saturday, March 4th, 1865.

Today is the day of inauguration, and tomorrow will be the anniversary of Mrs. Stanton's and Mrs. Hays birth-day. They will be fifty something. This evening it was announced at supper that the young ladies were invited to the parlors to spend the evening as there was to be a musical review, which they have once a month I believe. We spent a very

pleasant evening—for Mrs. Stanton invited to us to take our sewing and spend a sociable evening. After the review we had ice-cream and cake, then we spent part of the time in the greenhouse, where it was quite light from the brightness of the night, though it rained very hard all day. I hope that it stormed so in Washington City and in New York, too, for in the latter place there were preparations for a grand procession in celebration.

**River Full of Ice
In March.**

(Undated entry, between March 11 and March 20, 1865.)

The snow and ice have been so thick on the river ever since I have been here, that I could not tell the size of it, but now the ice is broken up and I see quite a large river (she gives the name as Oatco) and I feel like it has been put out there lately. At this large bridge near us there is quite a high fall of the water and as tremendous cakes of ice tumble over and break it is a grand sight.

**Report Received of
Surrender of Richmond**

April 4th, 1865.

Today the news passed Leroy, in the form of a telegraphic dispatch, that Richmond has been given up by our troops. It seems very likely an "April Fool" proceeding for it to come so near the 1st of April. I try to keep cool in outward appearance, but oh! how I feel in my Southern heart. I do not feel like it is right for me to be here, I feel that all of us should be with our people. Though I know that it is dreadful to lose Richmond, yet that is not our army. I cannot get the truth till I hear from home. The town-people have been firing a small cannon, on the bridge near here, and the flags are all flying down street. The university flag has been put upon top of this building. The girls have been ringing bells, etc., in celebration of the fall of Richmond. Last night the boys, in town, had a torch-light procession, and they came in front of the university.

Some of the girls rang the tea bell, and the table bells, out of Upper Third windows to bring the procession here. We are to have the holiday (which Mrs. Stanton

promised to this school four years ago) tomorrow.

I was reading one of Pa's letters today, written March 13th, and he said Mr. Brannon has moved to Mr. Theodore Brown's place, above the "Point." St. Matthews.

I received a letter from Pa yesterday. He says—"There is a general stagnation in business, in consequence of the decline of gold, and now the fall of Richmond adds additional excitement, no one can foresee the result. The most probable effect at first will be still farther depression in all articles of commerce in which the excess of paper money has induced men to speculate. I read your letters with a great deal of interest; yet, my child, remember that it is not the extent of a letter that gives its value, it is its substance. Study to give proper details in becoming language and in expression of thoughts or reflection emulate smoothness of style, elegance of expression, well balanced sentences and well rounded periods."

**News Received of
Lincoln Assassination**

Monday, April 15th, 1865.

I wrote to mama this morning, but before I wrote two pages the news flew through the house that Lincoln was killed last night at a theater and Seward was stabbed. Some of the teachers and scholars are crying and others raving about the outrageous act. The excitement is intense. All of the flags in town are at half mast

and draped in black, but they are just beginning to turn the stars down for they did not know that was the proper way for a mourning flag until Miss Shedd's brother told them. He is in the army and, I suppose, has seen them so. About nine o'clock the official report of Secretary Stanton was read in front hall. (She then gives details of the assassination.) The papers say that two men connected with the theater are strongly suspected, but they cannot be found. They are said to have hired two horses and saddles, about ten o'clock that night, from a livery-stable in Washington. One of the names was John W. Boothe, a Marylander, and the other is —.

Seven & a half, P.M.

At dinner, Mr. Parsons said that if there was a man or woman in the nation that rejoices at the death of President Lincoln, they are murderers themselves. He said that they (the South) lost their best friend in President Lincoln, and that they would have no friends in the North now except those who are in the conspiracy for the whole North would be aroused to vengeance.

Mrs. Stanton was more subdued tonight at prayers than I ever saw her. Mrs. Parsons read the latest news about President Lincoln's death. The paper says that Boothe has been captured in Baltimore, but there are so many conflicting reports that it was

impossible for me to tell which is the latest.

**Man Arrested At
Booth Released**

April 18th, 1865.

The day scholars brought a report this morning that Boothe had been arrested and brought to this place. The man says that he is an Englishman who has lost his trunk and he is on his way to Canada. They have him at the "Eagle Hotel" here. They released that man, this evening. They suspect him of some crime but do not think that he is Boothe.

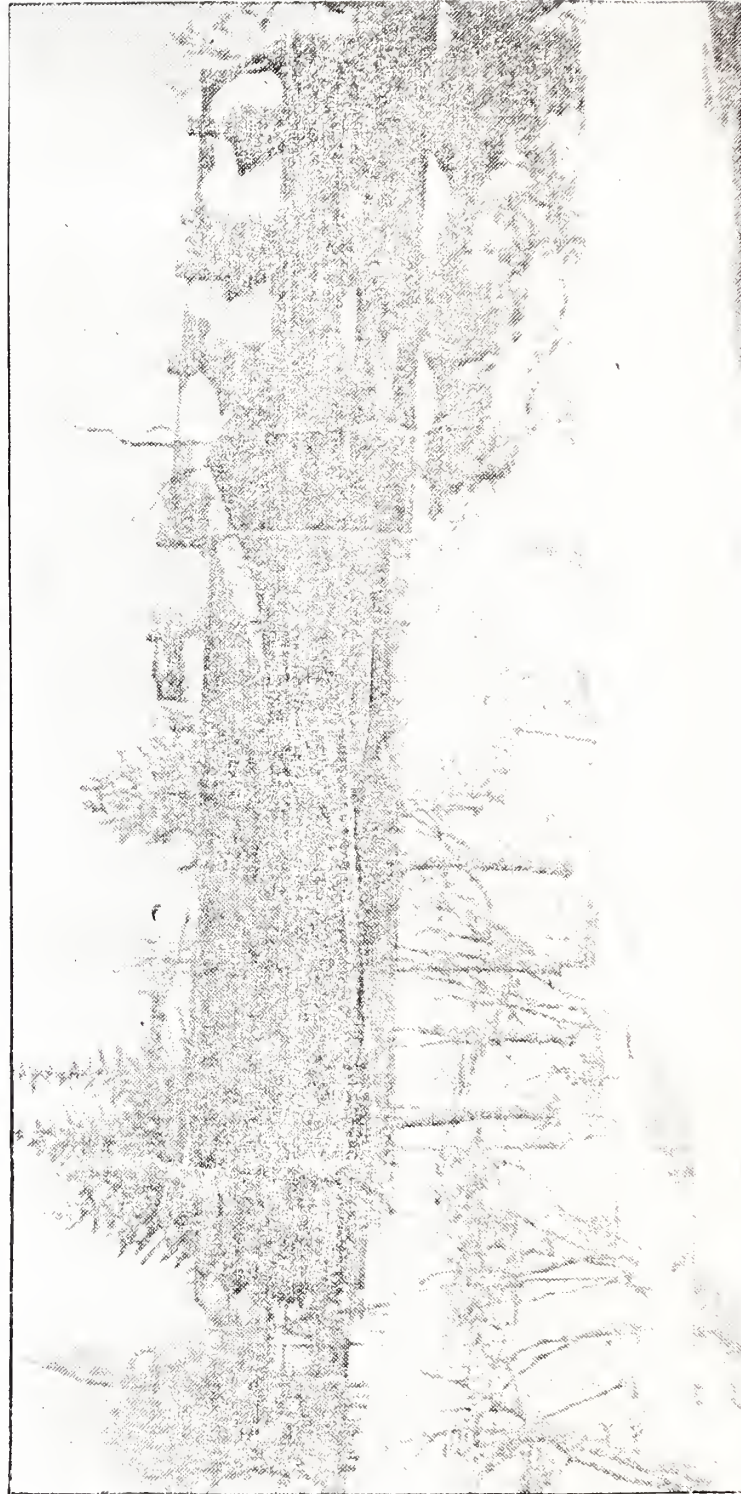
**Fails to Join In
Lincoln Tribute**

April 19th, 1865.

We had school to-day, until 11 o'clock; it was then dismissed and at half-past eleven, the teachers and girls joined in a procession which went up street to hear a eulogy on Lincoln. The order of the day was as follows—Cannon fired from ten to three, every half hour, bells tolled from 11 to 12, and the procession formed at half past 11. The music went first in order, then the military (the returned soldiers), the clergy and orator (had he come as expected), then the officers and students of Ingham University, and the officers and students of the Academic Institute and lastly, the citizens. I did not join the procession of course, nor did I go at all.

(To Be Continued In Next Sunday's Magazine Section.)

Little Confederate Cold and Homesick In Northern School



Ingham University, in New York State, was a lonely place for the young Confederate diary-writer.

Lincoln Assassin Meets His End; General

By Cora Owens Hume

This is the tenth installment of a War between the States diary written by a Louisvillian still living.

April 27th, 1865.

The programme about the transportation of the funeral cortege of Mr. Lincoln has been changed again, and it will pass through New York City. I was exceedingly anxious to go to Buffalo, but Mrs. Parsons thought that ladies would not have much opportunity to see the corpse. Mr. Parsons and Colonel Stanton have gone. We heard late this evening that John Wilkes Booth has been captured, but dead. It is said that he was found in Maryland.

Surrender of General Johnston Reported

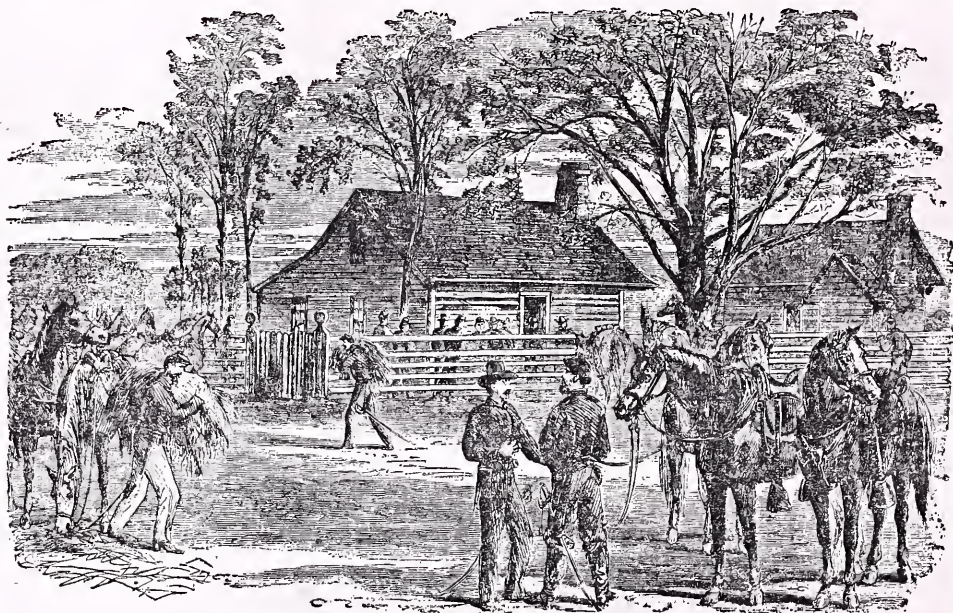
April 28th, 1865.

Mr. Parsons told us this morning that it is confirmed about Booth. He says that Lincoln's face is considerably blackened, but that he should have recognized it from his photograph. He says that Buffalo is deeply draped.

Last evening the news came that General Joe Johnston has surrendered.

From the Rochester Express.

"The Reward—The captors of Booth and Harrold have made quite a handsome sum of money by the operation. The War Department offered fifty thousand dollars reward for the capture of Booth and twenty-five thou-



The surrender of General Johnston, sketched for Harper's Weekly in May, 1865.

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sand each for Harrold and Alzroth. Besides this, Washington City, Baltimore and other authorities offered rewards probably amounting to thirty or forty thousand more. The reward is undoubtedly the same for them, dead or alive."

[In the original diary, the writer then devotes about nine pages to extracts from the Rochester Express giving details of the capture and death of Booth.]

Invited to Go On Fishing Trip

2d of May, 1865.

Miss Amelia Austin told me some time ago that Mr. Dan Streeter—the gentleman to whom she is engaged to be married, was coming out here (from Niles, Michigan) and had written to her asking her to tell Della Taggart [of Batavia, N. Y.] and I that he would be happy to have us go with them to Caledonia on a fishing excursion. He had heard Miss Amelia speak of us in her letters as her favorites. He came today.

Man Will Be Older After a While

May 3rd, 1865.

We went to Caledonia (four miles or five miles from here) in a light double buggy, with two pretty bay horses to it and we had a charming ride. Mr. Streeter is a very nice gentleman but (as Dell and I both concluded) he will be older after while for he is only in his 21st year. The carriage was literally covered with Buffalo robes which made it more comfortable as the wind blew a good deal. We drove to the principal hotel in Caledonia which is a small town, and Mr. Streeter went to the man who took his horses and told him that he would like to have his horses put up and fed. The man said: "We don't keep

feed for horses." Mr. Streeter asked him if we could get dinner. He coolly replied: "No, sir, we've been to dinner." Mr. Streeter laughed and said "Why I thought you kept hotel here." He drove a mile further to Mumford. There we got a very nice dinner. After dinner we went to Mr. Allen's mills on the bank of Allen's Creek, alias Oatco River. We started on our return in time to get here by sunset. Dell and I gave the back seat to Miss Austin and Mr. Streeter until we got near Leroy. We drove that far, when we took our proper seats.

Laughs at Report Of Tight Lacing

May 11, 1865.

Sunday at dinner I did not feel well and at 4 o'clock I had to give up and go to bed. Because my pain was on the left side principally, about my heart, the rumor soon got afloat that Dr. Williams said I had disease of the heart, and others said it was caused from constant tight lacing. I could not help laughing when I heard it. Unless a person has a waist like a hog's head they are said to be killing themselves by lacing.

I got a letter from Papa today. I deeply regret to hear of Mr. Henry Crutcher's death.

Get a "Bernanna" For Sick Room

May 13, 1865.

At dinner time Mrs. Ingham sent some chicken soup with nice crackers in it and it did me good. I felt quite sick all the evening (afternoon — Northern translation into common every-

day talk)—but as long as I can sit up I will.

Mrs. Ingham had a present of a large bunch of Bernannas, today, and as it is quite a curiosity here, Mrs. Hume Parsons brought it to the tea table and said that after the young ladies saw it, each table might have one Bernanna. She gave them to the teachers to cut and there was a taste for each girl. I never liked them when they were plentiful, but it seemed nice last night.

Feels Dreadfully, Must Stop Writing

Sunday, May 14th, 1865.

Those who did not attend church remained in Front Hall and Mrs. Parsons read Henry Ward Beecher's account of his visit to Charleston and Sumpter. I need not express an opinion. I feel dreadfully, and I must cease writing.

(During the remainder of May our young writer was ill with fever and missed much time from her studies. She was treated with great kindness by teachers and students. Neither fever nor headache kept her away very long from her beloved diary.)

Buttermilk Falls Scenery Praised

May 25th, 1865.

This morning we went to "Buttermilk Falls." I enjoyed it very much. The scenery is very fine and the water falls over a perpendicular rock bank 80 or 90 feet high.

Yard and Garden Look Beautiful

Sunday, May 25th, 1865.

This yard and garden are perfectly charming now and Leroy

looks beautiful. Tonight Mrs. Parsons read something about the dreadful condition of men from the Southern prisons. I wonder if they think of our men in cold Northern prisons. They spoke also of the grand review of the army at Washington, 200,000 strong. I suppose the soldiers are being disbanded; indeed I know they are. I cannot realize it.

Starts to School, Has Latin, Rhetoric

May 29th, 1865.

I went in school, two divisions, today—for Latin and rhetoric. Mrs. Parsons thought I had better not attempt any more today.

Parents Write Her of Their Anxieties

May 31st, 1865.

I received a letter from Papa yesterday, in answer to mine of Monday 22nd apprising them of my sickness. He says that they fear I have been very sick but as I was so earnest in begging them not to be uneasy or anxious and as I claimed to be convalescent he tried to calm his fears, but it is quite difficult to allay Mama's anxieties.

School Dismissed for Fasting, Prayer

Thursday, June 1st, 1865.

This day has been appointed by "Andy Johnson" as a day of humiliation and prayer, so there was no school. Mrs. Ingham gave me permission to walk down street with Lottie Ingham. I went to the Bakery, and there they had some fresh pine apples—two of which I bought for 35 a piece.

Papa tells me of the surrender of Gen. Kirby Smith. He says he

thinks it best that he surrendered. How I do long to get home!!!!

I cut one of my pine apples tonight and after giving Mr. and Mrs. Parsons some of it, I called to Miss Nellie Price (from near Elizabeth, New Jersey), whose room is the corner one in Upper West, and told her to let a string down. I put some pine apple in a saucer, tied it up in a napkin and sent it up. I then told Mae B. Hall (of Washington, D. C.) to let a string down and I sent some up in like manner to her and Miss Peck, who sent a string down last week with some cakes tied to it. Their windows are right over ours, and it is very convenient. The pine apple is very fresh and delicious.

The new catalogues were distributed in school day before yesterday. My name is the only name of a Southerner in the catalogue. Two girls are down from St. Louis, and any stranger might judge them to be Southern, but both are Northern in politics, and one is a Yankee, the other parents are English. I hope nobody will think when they see my name, if they should notice it, that because I came here to school we were not Southern born and raised in our own country.

Invited Tea On Wedding Anniversary

June 2nd, 1865.

Mrs. Stanton said that she would take tea with us on the 18th anniversary of her marriage, and after tea she would be happy to have us over to her cottage, where she would endeavor to make it very pleasant for us.

(To Be Concluded In Next Sunday's Magazine Section.)

THE MAN WHO CARRIED NEWS
OF LINCOLN'S DEATH TO
HIS STEPMOTHER.

1908
The February American Magazine contains the story of Lincoln's birth and boyhood as told by Dennis Hanks Lincoln's cousin and playmate. It is an extraordinary contribution. Dennis Hanks is the man who carried the news of Lincoln's death to Sarah Lincoln, the President's stepmother. Sarah Lincoln is the woman who brought Lincoln up. Here is what Hanks says of the news of the President's death:

"The next spring after I went to Washington, Abe was shot. I heerd of it in this a way. I was settin' in my shop peggin' away at a shoe when a man come in and said: 'Dennis, Honest Abe is dead!' 'Dead, dead. Old Abe dead!' I kep' sayin' to myself. 'My God, it ain't so!' I went out to see Aunt Sairy, where she then lived, all alone after Tom died, and said: 'Aunt Sairy, Abe's dead.' 'Yes, I know,' sez she. 'I've been awaiting fur it. I knowed they'd kill him.' An' she never asked any questions. A body'd a' thought the 'arth stopped a whirlin' for a few days, the way everybody went on. It was like, even here in Charleston, like a black cloud that kivered the sun.'

"You don't remember it?"

"No, I don't remember it."

"Them that does has got a tang to think of. Why, we stopped in the streets, strong men, and' cried. I don't believe the sun shone ag'in fur weeks after he was laid away at Springfield. Thar wasn't any tradin' done scarcely. Every house had black on it. It was like the plague that took the first-born. To hit, to strike him after the war was over! 'Dennis, Honest Abe's dead!' I've heerd that in the night, and in dreams in the daytime fur twenty-four years, and I kain't believe it yet."

When Lincoln Died

How the News Was Received in the Old City of Brooklyn.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I was a boy when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated and I remember reading on the Brooklyn newspaper bulletin boards the thrilling telegraph dispatch:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 1865—
The President died at 7:22 this morning.
"EDWIN M. STANTON,
"Secretary of War."

Of course, little Brooklyn was bathed in tears. There was sorrow everywhere. It seemed as if a pall hung over the nation and that hearts lately overflowing with joy through the capitulation of Richmond and the overwhelming victory of Grant were almost paralyzed by this dreadful announcement.

Appropriate steps were taken everywhere by official representatives and private citizens. Wherever there was opportunity for mourning to be shown there was no halt or delay in announcing the grief felt by the people in the tragic loss of their beloved leader. I remember one inscription on a building in Fulton street, and it particularly touched me. It was from "Hamlet" and was the beautiful farewell admonition: "Good night, Sweet Prince, and many flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!" Brooklyn was a very patriotic city. It was a time when newspaper extras were called out announcing that big battles had been fought and householders got out of their beds at 2 and 3 in the morning to hear the latest news from the war front. Those were truly times that tried men's souls. There are possibly some old citizens left who remember when Colonel Alfred M. Wood, commander of "the Fighting Fourteenth," known as the red-legged devils, came near losing his life while a prisoner of war with Colonel Michael Corcoran of the glorious old Sixty-ninth Regiment in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.

There was a dispute between the Union and Confederate forces over an exchange of prisoners, and the discussion became so violent that there was talk of hostages of war and it looked as if at one time both Wood and Corcoran might be called upon to face a firing squad and sacrifice their lives on a question of military policy. Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed and both men were saved.

Colonel Wood later on was elected Mayor of the old city of Brooklyn. When he was released from Libby Prison there was an ovation extended to him and I remember seeing him seated in an open carriage bowing right and left in response to the plaudits of his fellow citizens, his face wreathed in smiles. Brooklyn acted most generously during the civil war and behaved most liberally toward the Union defenders. It raised through its Sanitary Fair \$400,000. I was present at the opening of that great event, February 22, 1864.

WILLIAM F. HAMMOND.

Brooklyn, April 14.

Legend of an Ohio Court House.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"If the old Court House should be torn down after the new one is ready for occupancy, some of the old time Republicans will feel a sense of satisfaction to see the work of the architect put out of existence," said an aged habitue of the building yesterday.

The remark revived the old story about the architect's name being chiseled off the front of the building a day or two after the assassination of President Lincoln. The names of the architect, contractor and county commissioners in office at the time the building was erected had been chiseled on the front of the building near the entrance. After the word was received of the assassination of Lincoln the Court House architect, J. J. Husband, stood in front of the old Kennard house and shouted "He got just what he deserved."

One of the commissioners at once called a meeting of that board and had Husband's name removed from the building.

LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

BY IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."



THE first edition of the morning papers in all the cities and towns of the North told their readers on Saturday, April 15, 1865, that Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, lay mortally wounded in Washington. The extras within the next two hours told them he was dead. The

first impulse of men everywhere seems to have been to doubt. It could not be. They realized only too quickly that it was true! There was no discrediting the circumstantial accounts of the later telegrams. There was no escape from the horror and uncertainty which filled the air, driving out the joy and exultation which for days had inundated the country.

In the great cities like New York a deathlike silence followed the spreading of the news—a silence made the more terrible by the presence of hundreds of men and women walking in the streets with bent heads, white faces, and knit brows. Automatically, without thought of what their neighbors were doing, men went to their shops only to send away their clerks and close their doors for the day. Stock exchanges met only to adjourn. By ten o'clock business had ceased. It was not only in the cities, where the tension of feeling is always greatest, that this was true. It was the same in the small towns.

"I was a compositor then, working in a printing-office at Danville, Illinois," says Professor Amos Draper, of Washington, D. C. "The editor came into the room early in the forenoon with a telegram in his hand; he was regarding it intently, with a pale face. Without saying a word he passed it to one and another of the compositors. I noticed that as the men read it they laid down their sticks, and without a word went, one after another, took their coats and hats off the nails where they were hanging, put them on, and went into the street. Finally the telegram was passed to me. It was the announcement that Lincoln had been shot the night before and had died that morning. Automatically I laid down my stick, took my hat and coat, and

went into the street. It seemed to me as if every man in town had dropped his business just where it was and come out. There was no sound; but the people, with pale faces and tense looks, regarded one another as if questioning what would happen next."*

Just as the first universal impulse seems to have been to cease all business, so the next was to drag down the banners of victory which hung everywhere and replace them by crape. New York City before noon of Saturday was hung in black from the Battery to Harlem. It was not only Broadway and Washington Square and Fifth Avenue which mourned. The soiled windows of Five Points tenements and saloons were draped, and from the doors of the poor hovels of upper Manhattan west of Central Park bits of black weed were strung; and so it was in all the cities and towns of the North.

"About nine o'clock on Saturday the intelligence reached us of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the attempt upon Mr. Seward's life," wrote Senator Grimes from Burlington, Iowa. "Immediately the people began to assemble about the 'Hawkeye' office, and soon Third Street became packed with people. And such expressions of horror, indignation, sorrow, and wonder were never heard before. Shortly, some one began to decorate his house with the habiliments of mourning; and soon all the business parts of the town, even the vilest liquor dens, were shrouded with the outward signs of sorrow. All business was at once suspended, and not resumed during the day; but every one waited for further intelligence from Washington."

And this was true not only of the towns; it was true of the distant farms. There the news was slower in coming. A traveler journeying from the town stopped to tell it at a farm-house. The farmer, leaving his plow, walked or rode across lots to repeat it to a neighbor. Everywhere they dropped their work, and everywhere they brought out a strip of black and tied it to the door-knob.

* From an interview with Professor Draper for McClure's Magazine.

The awful quiet of the North through the first few hours after the tragedy covered not grief alone; below it was a righteous anger, which, as the hours passed, began to break out. It showed itself first against those of Southern sympathy who were bold enough to say they were "glad of it." In New York a man was heard to remark that "it served old Abe right." Cries of "Lynch him, lynch him!" were raised. He was set upon by the crowd, and escaped narrowly. All day the police were busy hustling suspected Copperheads away from the mobs which seemed to rise from the ground at the first word of treason.

"I was kept busy last night," further wrote Senator Grimes from Burlington, "trying to prevent the destruction of the store of a foolish woman who, it was said, expressed her joy at Mr. Lincoln's murder. Had she been a man, so much was the old Adam aroused in me, I would not have uttered a word to save her."

In Cincinnati, which had spent the day and night before in the most elaborate jubilation, the rage against treason broke out at the least provocation. "Some individuals of the 'butternut' inclination," says a former citizen, in recalling the scenes, "were knocked into the gutters and kicked, because they would make no expression of sorrow, or because of their well-known past sympathy with the rebellion. Others as loyal as any suffered also, through mistaken ideas of meanness on the part of personal enemies. Junius Brutus Booth, a brother of the assassin, was closing a two-weeks' engagement at Pike's Opera House. He was stopping at the Burnet House. While there was no violent public demonstration against him, it was well known that his life would not be worth a farthing should he be seen on the streets or in public. Of course the bills were taken down, and there was no performance that night. Mr. Booth was well pleased to quietly escape from the Burnet and disappear."

In one New Hampshire town, where a company of volunteers from the country had gathered to drill, only to be met by the news, it was rumored that a man in a factory near by had been heard to say, "The old abolitionist ought to have been killed long ago." The volunteers marched in a body to the factory, entered, and dragged the offender out into the road. There they held a crude court-martial. "The company surrounded him," says one of the men, "in such military order as raw recruits could get into, and questioned

him as to his utterances. He was willing to do or say anything. 'Duck him!' was the cry raised on every hand. The canal was close at hand, but there were voices heard saying: 'He's an old man. Don't duck him. Send him out of town.' And so it was done. He was compelled to give three cheers for the Stars and Stripes. I shall never forget his pitiful little 'Hooray!' He was made to kneel down and repeat something in praise of Abraham Lincoln that one of the officers dictated to him, and then he was marched to his boarding-place, given certain minutes to pack up his effects, and escorted to the railroad station, where he was sent off on the next train. This was a very mild example of the feeling there was. Had the man been a real American Copperhead, he would scarcely have escaped a ducking, and perhaps a drubbing also; but many said: 'He's only an Englishman, and doesn't know any better.'"

The most important expression of the feeling was that at a great noon meeting held at the Custom House in New York. Among the speakers were General Butler, E. L. Chittenden, Daniel S. Dickinson, William P. Fessenden, and General Garfield. The awful, righteous indignation of the meeting is indicated in the following citations from the speeches:

"If rebellion can do this to the wise, the kind, the benevolent Abraham Lincoln," said Butler, "what ought we to do to those who from high places incited the assassin's mind and guided the assassin's knife? [Applause, and cries of 'Hang them!'] Shall we content ourselves with simply crushing out the strength, the power, the material resources of the rebellion? ['Never, never!'] Shall we leave it yet unsubdued to light the torch of conflagration in our cities? Are we to have peace in fact or peace only in name? ['Cries of 'In fact' and applause.] Is this nation hereafter to live in peace, or are men to go about in fear and in dread, as in some of the countries of the Old World, in times past, when every man feared his neighbor, and no man went about except he was armed to the teeth or was clad in panoply of steel? This question is to be decided this day, and at this hour, by the American people. It may be that this is a dispensation of God, through His providence, to teach us that the spirit of rebellion has not been broken with the surrender of its arms." [Applause.]

"Fellow-citizens," said Garfield, "they have slain the noblest and most generous spirit that ever put down a rebellion on this earth. [Applause.] It may be almost impious to say it; but it does seem to me that his death almost parallels that of the Son of God, Who cried out, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' But in taking away that life they have left the iron hand of the people to fall upon them. [Great applause.] Peace, forgiveness, and mercy are the attributes of this government, but Justice and Judgment with inexorable tread follow behind, and when they have slain love, when they have despised mercy, when they have rejected those that would be their best friends, then comes justice with hoodwinked eyes and the sword."

The tense despair and rage of the people on Saturday had not broken when they gathered on Sunday for worship. Never, perhaps, in any sorrow, any disaster that this nation has suffered, was there so spontaneous a turning to the church for consolation as on this Sabbath day. Never, perhaps, did the clergy of a country rise more universally to console the grief of the people than on this day. Everywhere, from East to West, the death of the President was the theme of the sermons, and men who never before in their lives had said anything but commonplaces rose this day to eloquence. One of the most touching of the Sunday gatherings was at Bloomington, Illinois. Elsewhere it was only a President, a national leader, who had been lost; here it was a personal friend, and people refused to be comforted. On Sunday morning there were sermons in all the churches, but they seemed in no way to relieve the tension. Later in the day word was circulated that a general out-of-door meeting would be held at the court-house, and people gathered from far and near, townspeople and country people, in the yard about the court-house, where for years they had been accustomed to see Lincoln coming and going; and the ministers of the town, all of them his friends, talked one after another, until finally, comforted and resigned, the people separated silently and went home.

On Monday a slight distraction came in the announcement of the plan for the funeral ceremonies. After much discussion, it had been decided that a public funeral should be held in Washington, and that the body should then lie in state for brief periods at each of the larger cities on the way to Springfield, whither it was to be taken for burial. The necessity of at once beginning preparations for the reception of the funeral party furnished the first real relief to the universal grief which had paralyzed the country.

The dead President had lain in an upper chamber of the White House from the time of his removal there on Saturday morning until Tuesday morning, when he was laid under a magnificent catafalque in the center of the great East Room. Although there were in Washington many citizens who sympathized with the South, although the plot for assassination had been developed there, yet no sign appeared of any feeling but grief and indignation. It is said that there were not fifty houses in the city that were not draped in black, and it seemed as if every man, woman, and child were seeking some sou-

venir of the tragedy. A child was found at the Tenth Street house staining bits of soft paper with the half-dried blood on the steps. Fragments of the stained linen from the bed on which the President died were passed from hand to hand; locks of the hair cut away by the surgeons were begged; his latest photograph, the papers of the day, programmes of the funeral, a hundred trivial relics were gathered together, and are treasured to-day by the original owners or their children. They

"dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue."

On Tuesday morning, when the White House was opened, it was practically the whole population, augmented by hundreds from the North, who waited at the gates. All day long they surged steadily through the East Room, and at night, when the gates were closed, Lafayette Park and the adjoining streets were still packed with people waiting for admission. In this great company of mourners two classes were conspicuous, the soldiers and the negroes. One had come from camp and hospital, the other from country and hovel, and both wept unrestrainedly as they looked on the dead face of the man who had been to one a father, to the other a liberator.

Wednesday had been chosen for the funeral, and every device was employed by the Government to make the ceremony fitting in pomp and solemnity. The greatest of the nation—members of the cabinet, senators, Congressmen, diplomats; representatives of the churches, of the courts, of commerce, of all that was distinguished and powerful in the North, were present in the East Room. Mr. Lincoln's friend, Bishop Simpson, and his pastor, Dr. Gurley, conducted the services. More than one spectator noted that in the great assembly there was but one person bearing the name of Lincoln and related to the President—his son Robert. Mrs. Lincoln was not able to endure the emotion of the scene, and little Tad could not be induced to be present.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the booming of cannon and the tolling of bells announced that the services were ended. A few moments later, the coffin was borne from the White House and placed in a magnificent funeral car, and under the conduct of a splendid military and civilian escort, conveyed

slowly to the Capitol, attended by thousands upon thousands of men and women. At the east front of the Capitol the procession halted, and the body of Abraham Lincoln was borne across the portico, from which six weeks before, in assuming for the second time the Presidency, he had explained to the country his views upon reconstruction: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The rotunda of the Capitol, into which the coffin was now carried, was draped in black, and under the dome was a great catafalque. On this the coffin was placed, and after a simple service there left alone, save for the soldiers who paced back and forth at the head and foot.

But it was not in Washington alone that funeral services were held that day. All over the North, in Canada, in the Army of the Potomac, even in Richmond, business was suspended, and at noon people gathered to listen to eulogies of the dead. Twenty-five million people literally participated in the funeral rites of that Wednesday.

On Thursday the Capitol was opened, and here again, in spite of a steady rain, were repeated the scenes of Tuesday at the White House, thousands of persons slowly mounting the long flight of steps leading to the east entrance and passing through the rotunda.

FROM WASHINGTON TO SPRINGFIELD.

At six o'clock on the morning of April 21st, there gathered in the rotunda the members of the cabinet, Lieutenant-General Grant and his staff, many senators, army and navy officers, and other dignitaries. After a prayer by Dr. Gurley, the party followed the coffin to the railway station, where the funeral train which was to convey the remains of Abraham Lincoln from Washington to Springfield now stood. A great company of people had gathered for the last scene of the tragedy, and they waited in absolute silence and with uncovered heads while the coffin was placed in the car. At its foot was placed a smaller coffin, that of Willie Lincoln, the President's beloved son, who had died in February, 1862. At Mrs. Lincoln's request,

father and son were to make together this last earthly journey.

Following the remains of the President came the party which was to serve as an escort to Springfield. It included several of Lincoln's old-time friends, among them Judge David Davis and Ward Lamon; a Guard of Honor, composed of prominent army officers; a large Congressional committee, several governors of States, a special delegation from Illinois, and a Body-guard. From time to time on the journey this party was joined for brief periods by other eminent men, though it remained practically the same throughout. Three of its members—Judge Davis, General Hunter, and Marshal Lamon—had been with Mr. Lincoln when he came on to Washington for his first inauguration.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the train of nine cars pulled out from the station. It moved slowly, almost noiselessly, not a bell ringing nor a whistle sounding, through a mourning throng that lined the way to the borders of the town.

The line of the journey begun on this Friday morning was practically the same that Mr. Lincoln had followed four years before when he came to Washington for his first inauguration. It led through Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago, to Springfield. The entire programme of the journey, including the hours when the train would pass certain towns where it could not stop, had been published long enough beforehand to enable the people along the way to arrange, if they wished, to pay a tribute to the dead President. The result was a demonstration which in sincerity and unanimity has never been equalled in the world's history. The journey began at six o'clock on the morning of April 21st, and lasted until nine o'clock of the morning of May 3d; and it might almost be said that during the whole time there was not an hour of the night or day, whether the coffin lay in state in some heavily draped public building or was being whirled across the country, when mourning crowds were not regarding it with wet eyes and bowed heads. Night and darkness in no way lessened the number of the mourners. Thus it was not until eight o'clock on Saturday evening (April 22d) that the coffin was placed in Independence Hall, at Philadelphia. The building was at once opened to the public, and through the whole night thousands filed in to look on the dead man's face. It was at one o'clock in the morning, on Monday, that the coffin was car-

ried from Independence Hall to the train, but thousands of men, women, and children stood in the streets while the procession passed, as if it were day. In New York, on the following Tuesday, City Hall, where the coffin had been placed in the afternoon, remained open the whole night. The crowd was even greater than during the day, filling the side streets around the square in every direction. It was more impressive, too, for the men and women who were willing to watch out the night in the flare of torches and gaslights were laborers who could not secure release in daytime. Many of them had come great distances, and hundreds were obliged, after leaving the hall, to find a bed in a doorway, so overfilled was the town. The crowd was at its greatest at midnight, when, as the bells were tolling the hour, a German chorus of some seventy voices commenced suddenly to sing the *Inter vitæ*. The thrilling sweetness of the music coming unexpectedly upon the mourners produced an effect never to be forgotten.

Nor did rain make any more difference with the crowd than the darkness. Several times during the journey there arose heavy storms; but the people, in utter indifference, stood in the streets, often uncovered, to see the catafalque and its guard go by, or waiting their turn to be admitted to view the coffin.

The great demonstrations were, of course, in the cities where the remains lay in state for a few hours. These demonstrations were perforce much alike. The funeral train was met at the station by the distinguished men of the city and representatives of organizations. The coffin was transferred to a stately hearse, draped in velvet and crape, surmounted by heavy plumes, ornamented in silver, and drawn by six, eight, ten, or more horses. Then, to the tolling of the bells and the regular firing of minute guns, followed by a vast concourse of people, it was carried to the place appointed for the lying in state. Here a crowd which seemed unending filed by until the time came to close the coffin, when the procession reformed to attend the hearse to the funeral train.

The first of these demonstrations was in Baltimore, the city which a little over four years before it had been thought unsafe for the President to pass through openly, the city in which the first troops called out for the defense of the Union had been mobbed. Now no offering was sufficient to express the feeling of sorrow. All buildings draped in

black, all business suspended, the people poured out in a driving rain to follow the catafalque to the Exchange, where for two hours, on April 21st, the public was admitted.

As was to be expected, the most elaborate of the series of funeral ceremonies was in New York. There, when the funeral train arrived on Tuesday, April 25th, the whole city was swathed in crape, and vast crowds filled the streets. The climax of the obsequies was the procession which, on Wednesday, followed the hearse up Broadway and Fifth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street and thence to the Hudson River station. For a week this procession had been preparing, until finally it included representatives of almost every organization of every nature in the city and vicinity. The military was represented by detachments from scores of different regiments, and by many distinguished officers of the army and navy, among them General Scott and Admiral Farragut. Companies of the Seventh Regiment were on each side of the funeral car. The city sent its officials—educational, judicial, protective. The foreign consuls marched in full uniform. There were scores of societies and clubs, including all the organizations of Irish, Germans, and Hebrews. The whole life of the city was, in fact, represented in the solid column of men which marched that day through the streets of New York in such numbers that it took four hours to pass a single point. Deepest in significance of all the long rank was the rear body in the last division: 200 colored men bearing a banner inscribed with the words, "Abraham Lincoln—Our Emancipator." A platoon of police preceded, another followed the delegation, for the presence of these freedmen would, it was believed by many, cause disorder, and permission for them to march had only been obtained by an appeal to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. Several white men walked with them; and at many points sympathizers took pains to applaud. With this single exception, the procession passed through a silent multitude, the only sound being from the steady tramp of feet and the music of the funeral dirges.

At four o'clock the funeral car reached the station, and the journey was continued toward Albany. But the obsequies in New York did not end then. A meeting was held that night in Union Square, at which George Bancroft delivered an oration that will remain as one of the great expressions of the day upon Lincoln and the ideas for which he

worked. It was for this gathering that Bryant wrote his "Ode for the Burial of Abraham Lincoln," beginning:

"Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just;
Who in the fear of God did'st bear
The sword of power, a Nation's trust."

Imposing, solemn, and sincere as was this series of municipal demonstrations over the bier of Lincoln, there was another feature of the funeral march which showed more vividly the affectionate reverence in which the whole people held the President. This was the outpouring at villages, country cross-roads, and farms to salute, as it passed, the train bearing his remains. From Washington to Springfield the train entered scarcely a town that the bells were not tolling, the minute guns firing, the stations draped, and all the spaces beside the track crowded with people with uncovered heads. At many points arches were erected over the track; at others the bridges were wreathed from end to end in crape and evergreens and flags. And this was not in the towns alone; every farm-house by which the train passed became for the time a funeral house; the plow was left in the furrow, crape was on the door, the neighbors were gathered, and those who watched from the train as it flew by could see groups of weeping women, of men with uncovered heads, sometimes a minister among them, his arms raised in prayer. Night did not hinder them. Great bonfires were built in lonely country-sides, around which the farmers waited patiently to salute their dead. At the towns the length of the train was lit by blazing torches. Storm as well as darkness was unheeded. Much of the journey was made through the rain, in fact, but the people seemed to have forgotten all things but that Abraham Lincoln, the man they loved and trusted, was passing by for the last time.

IN ILLINOIS.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of Monday, May 1st, the funeral train reached Chicago, and here the mourning began to take on a character distinctly different from what had marked it through the East. The people who now met the coffin, who followed it to the court-house, who passed in endless streams by it to look on Lincoln's face, dated their trust in him many years earlier than 1861. Man after man of them had come to pay their last tribute, not to the late President of the United States, but to the genial

lawyer; the resourceful, witty political debater who had educated Illinois to believe that a country could not endure half slave and half free, and who, after defeat, had kept her faithful to the "durable struggle" by his counsel. The tears these men shed were the tears of long-time friends and personal followers.

As the train advanced from Chicago toward Springfield the personal and intimate character of the mourning grew. The journey was made at night, but the whole population of the country lined the route. Nearly every one of the towns passed—indeed, one might almost say every one of the farms passed—had been visited personally by Lincoln on legal or political errands, and a vast number of those who thus in the dead of night watched the flying train he had at some time in his life taken by the hand.

It was nine o'clock on the morning of May 3d that the funeral train stopped at the station where, four years and two months before, Abraham Lincoln had bidden his friends farewell, as he left them to go to Washington. Nearly all of those who on that dreary February morning had listened to his solemn farewell words were present in the May sunshine to receive him. Their hearts had been heavy as he departed; they were broken now, for he was more than a great leader, an honored martyr, to the men of Springfield. He was their neighbor and friend and helper, and as they bore his coffin to the State House, in the center of the city, their minds were busy, not with the greatness and honor that had come to him and to them through him, but with the scenes of more than a quarter of a century in which he had always been a conspicuous figure. Every corner of the street suggested that past. Here was the office in which he had first studied law; here, draped in mourning, the one before which his name still hung. Here was the house where he had lived, the church he had attended, the store in which he had been accustomed to tell stories and to discuss politics. His name was written everywhere, even on the walls of the Hall of Representatives in the State House, where they placed his coffin, for here he had spoken again and again.

During the time that the body lay in state—from the noon of May 3d until the noon of May 4th—the place Lincoln held in Springfield and the surrounding country was shown as never before. The men and women who came to look on his face were many of them the plain farmers of Sangamon and adjacent counties, and they wept as over the coffin

of a father. Their grief at finding him so changed was insupportable. In the days after leaving Washington the face changed greatly, and by the time Springfield was reached it was black and shrunken almost beyond recognition. To many the last look at their friend was so painful that the remembrance has never left them. The writer has seen men weep as they recalled the scene, and heard them say repeatedly, "If I had not seen him dead; if I could only remember him alive!"

It was on May 4th, fifteen days after the funeral in Washington, that Abraham Lincoln's remains finally rested in Oakland Cemetery, a shaded and beautiful spot, two miles from Springfield. Here, at the foot of a woody knoll, a vault had been prepared; and thither, attended by a great concourse of military and civic dignitaries, by governors of States, members of Congress, officers of the army and navy, delegations from orders, from cities, from churches, by the friends of his youth, his young manhood, his maturer years, was Lincoln carried and laid, by his side his little son. The solemn rite was followed by dirge and prayer, by the reading of his last inaugural address, and by a noble funeral oration by Bishop Simpson. Then, as the beautiful day drew toward evening, the vault was closed, and the great multitudes slowly returned to their duties.

The funeral pageant was at an end, but the mourning was not silenced. From every corner of the earth there came to the family and to the Government tributes to the greatness of the character and the life of the murdered man. Medals were cast, tablets engraved, parchments engrossed. At the end of the year, when the State Department came to publish the diplomatic correspondence of 1865, there was a volume of over 700 pages, containing nothing but expressions of condolence and sympathy on Lincoln's death. Nor did the mourning and the honor end there. From the day of his death until now, the world has gone on rearing monuments to Abraham Lincoln.

The first and inevitable result of the emotion which swept over the earth at Lincoln's death was to enroll him among martyrs and heroes. Men forgot that they had despised him, jeered at him, doubted him. They forgot his mistakes, forgot his plodding caution, forgot his homely ways. They saw now, with the vision which an awful and sudden disaster so often gives, the simple, noble outlines on which he had worked. They realized how completely he had sunk every partisan and personal consideration, every non-essential,

in the tasks which he had set for himself—to prevent the extension of slavery, to save the Union. They realized how, while they had forgotten everything in disputes over this man, this measure, this event, he had seen only the two great objects of the struggle. They saw how slowly, but surely, he had educated them to feel the vital importance of these objects, had resolved their partisan warfare into a moral struggle. The wisdom of his words, the sincerity of his acts, the steadfastness of his life were clear to them at last. With this realization came a feeling that he was more than a man. He was a prophet, they said, a man raised up by God for a special work, and they laid then the foundation of the Lincoln myth which still entralls so many minds.

The real Lincoln, the great Lincoln, is not, however, this prophet and martyr. He is the simple, steady, resolute, unselfish man whose supreme ambition was to find out the truth of the questions which confronted him in life, and whose highest satisfaction was in following the truth he discovered. He was not endowed by nature with the vision of a seer. His power of getting at the truth of things he had won by incessant mental effort. From his boyhood he would *understand* though he must walk the floor all night with his problem. Nor had nature made him a saint. His lofty moral courage in the Civil War was the logical result of life-long fidelity to his own conscience. From his boyhood he would keep faith with that which his mind told him was true, though he lost friend and place by it. When he entered public life these qualities at first won him position; but they cost him a position more than once. They sent him to Congress; but, in 1849, they forced him out of public life. They brought him face to face with Douglas from 1854 to 1858, and enabled him to shape the moral sentiment of the Northwest; but later they defeated him. They made him Illinois's candidate for the Presidency in 1860; but they brought upon him as President the distrust and hatred of even his own party. It took four years of dogged struggle, of constant repetitions of the few truths which he believed to be essential, to teach the people of the United States that they could trust him; it took a murderer's bullet to make them realize the surpassing greatness of his simplicity, his common sense, and his resolution. It is this man who never rested until he had found what he believed to be the right, and who, having found it, could never be turned from it, who is the Real Lincoln.

The Seven Blunders of the World

by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

I TAKE the word "blunder" to mean: "A gross and avoidable mistake which brings irreparable disaster upon the perpetrator thereof."

Let me shed some further light upon this rather intricate definition by a concrete example. If I bump up against a stranger somewhere in the streets of New York and say, "Hey, you big bum! Look where you're going," (unconsciously borrowing the charming mode of expression of our handsome traffic officers), and that person, as I find out a few days later, happened to be Gene Tunney, then I have merely made a mistake. But if I go out of my way to pick a quarrel with a man whom I know to be Tunney and tell him that he is only a little bit of a sawed-off shrimp (which, speaking in the matter of tonnage he undoubtedly is when compared to the author of this eminently learned essay), then I commit a "blunder" and I soon realize it.

So I shall restrict myself in the enumeration of my pet blunders to such events as were avoidable, and I shall not take them at random but I shall devote one blunder apiece to every important social, spiritual, and economic organization which has played a rôle of importance during the last three thousand years. I shall not go too far back. The greatest blunder of all time probably occurred on the day when the first of our prehistoric ancestors discovered that by making certain grunts and wheezes he could impart his own ideas to some of the more intelligent among his neighbors and when (here comes the blun-

der) he did not keep that information to himself but set the whole world talking and caused all the misery that has followed in the wake of knowledge imparted to the unteachable. But that happened so long ago that we had better leave it out of consideration and for the present moment, at least, confine ourselves strictly to the last three thousand years.

BLUNDER NUMBER ONE.— *Allowing through sheer carelessness the murder of Abraham Lincoln at the moment when he could least be spared.* In the first place, then, I beg to offer you the worst blunder, the most ghastly blunder, the costliest blunder in the history of our own country since its beginning.

On the fourteenth of April of the year 1865, Abraham Lincoln, having just returned from the city of Richmond, visited Ford's theater in Washington for an evening of relaxation after one of the most trying periods in his very trying life. The secret service people must have suspected that after such a tremendous upheaval as four years of civil warfare the woods would be full of fanatics who, no longer able to exhibit their glorious postur-

ings on the field of battle, would try to distinguish themselves in other and more terrible ways. But they took no precautions whatsoever for the safety of their President, and he was murdered as a result of their criminal negligence. His death retarded the normal development of the relations between the South and the North for at least an entire generation. His successor, poor, boozy



Drawings by James Daugherty

Johnson, was a man of the plain people (very, very plain indeed). And the slothful blunder of those entrusted with the care of the Chief Executive of a nation going through a terrifically difficult era of readjustment caused what must always be regarded as a national disaster reaching far beyond the death of a great and kind individual.

BLUNDER NUMBER TWO. — *Refusal of the Allies to make peace with Germany before Russia had gone over to Bolshevism.* This was the worst blunder in modern years. On November 7, 1917, the Bolsheviks had driven the Kerensky government out of power and had occupied Petrograd. Whether the Germans had favored the return of Lenin to Russia we do not know for sure. Very likely they had done so. They would have overlooked an excellent card if they had not played so valuable a King of Spades at so precious a moment. But they quickly enough recognized the danger to their own future safety if they allowed the Bolsheviks to be entirely victorious and establish themselves as the rulers of Russia. A little bit of street fighting in Petrograd to weaken the Imperial Government — yes, that by all means! But a full-fledged Marxian Republic on their eastern flank — no, that was not what they had bargained for. They fully realized what this would mean and von Kühlmann, who was then the German foreign minister, approached the Allied powers by way of Switzerland and Holland and proposed that the possibilities of a reasonable peace be discussed before it was too late. He offered far-reaching concessions to the French national pride in regard to Alsace and Lorraine and expressed the willingness to meet the Allies more than halfway in regard to all other questions.

But the Allies did not recognize the peril implied in the word "world revolution." They put their faith in that mysterious London propaganda which even to-day predicts the downfall of the futile Bolshevik uprising within



the next three weeks. Clemenceau, who had lived for the last sixty years of his life on hate and onion soup, as other old gentlemen have succeeded in thriving upon buttermilk and kindness, would have shot anybody who dared propose a solution which failed to satisfy his own sadistic desire for revenge. Most unfortunately, he was able to make the rest of the world accept his own prejudices as manifestation of an "inspired patriotism." And so the negotiations came to nothing. A year later, Germany was defeated. Two years later, the whole world had been defeated. I am writing these words fourteen years after the event, and Brother Bolshevik is sitting pretty in the Moscow Kremlin and the rest of Christianity is wringing its hands and saying, "If only we had not let things come to such a pass!" And the Goddess of History smiles pleasantly and whispers, "A bit too late, my dear friends."

BLUNDER NUMBER THREE. — *The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in 70 A.D., forcing the Jews into exile all over the world and helping thereby the dissemination of that Christianity which eventually was to destroy Rome.* And now for some other errors of judgment. The Romans had had a great deal of experience with the



Jews. They had known them intimately for several centuries and they must have clearly recognized that that strange Judaic nationalism, based upon the most rigid laws of an uncompromising spiritual intolerance, was the sort of thing one could deal with in only one way — by leaving it severely alone. Instead of putting a *cordon sanitaire* (I borrow the expression from a French general who suggested such treatment for Russia a few years ago) around the small enclave of Palestine, turning it into a first-century Indian reservation and leaving those queer people blissfully to themselves and to the fury of their own partisan strife (which in the end would have made them destroy each other), they not only interfered with the affairs of those obstinate zealots but they besieged their capital city and took it by storm and destroyed it and forced the survivors to spread all over the length and breadth of the vast imperial territories.

Three hundred years before, in the case of Carthage, they had very clearly realized that there could be no compromise between the two conflicting races as long as they were both of them obliged to live along the banks of the same inland sea. But in the year 70 they forced the Jews, who were at that precise moment beginning to take notice of a mysterious new prophet whose teaching they either accepted or rejected with shrill-voiced enthusiasm or horror, to spread all over the Empire. And of course those small Jewish settlements became

the natural breeding places for the discussion and dissemination of a doctrine which was as dangerous to the safety of the state as the teachings of Lenin and Marx were to be to that of our modern capitalistic and industrial society. In the end, as we all know, the new ideas triumphed and Rome as a social and political organization disappeared from the face of the earth.

No, Titus should never have destroyed Jerusalem. He should have left the Jews alone. It was a sad error of judgment on his part. One of the worst of all history.

BLUNDER NUMBER FOUR. — *Refusal of the Jews to make common cause with Mohammed, thereby throwing away their last chance to make Judaism a world-wide religion.* Well, it appears that everybody is apt to commit a blunder now and then and here is one the Jews themselves made six centuries later, a most costly hallucination of greatness which deprived Judaism of its last chance to become a world power.

When Mohammed first commenced his "evangelistic" labors in the city of Medina (I know that word is not the right one, but I want you to think of the Mecca camel merchant as a sort of prehistoric Billy Sunday, slightly better mannered and fortunately a little less crude than our own great preacher of the Gospel for the dumb), there was a large colony of Jews in that prosperous commercial center. And Mohammed, who had not been any too successful in his spiritual endeavors, was looking for some ready-made issue that should give him a quicker and safer chance to acquire power and success than the homemade brew of philosophy which so far was all he had been able to offer his impatient followers. He therefore made overtures to the Jews of Medina, offering to accept their whole system of religion with only a few small modifications to suit the taste and the prejudices of his fellow Arabs.

But the Rabbis regarded him with great suspicion. They decided that they must first examine him on his knowledge of the mysterious and complicated books which had come to mean so much more to them than the Old Testament. Mohammed, who had led a very active life, was the last person in the world to feel any enthusiasm for the clever verbal intricacies of the Torah. The Rabbis, instead of overlooking his theological shortcomings for the sake of gaining him as their political champion, called

Mohammed an imposter and accused him of being a false prophet and flatly refused to have anything to do with him. The ruler of Medina, who meanwhile had discovered that these descendants of Abraham, Jacob, and Moses made very poor soldiers, rudely withdrew the hand he had proffered in friendship and disposed of those enemies in the usual Moslem fashion — by exterminating them. Had the Jews of Medina accepted Mohammed's offer, the Jewish faith to-day would be the dominant religion of the greater part of Asia and northern Africa.

BLUNDER NUMBER FIVE.—*Indifference of the other Christian nations to the fate of Byzantium, thereby allowing the Turk to get a foothold in Europe.* Christianity was capable of an equal lack of foresight and proved it conclusively during the first half of the fifteenth century when Constantinople, the old bridgehead of Europe against Asia, sent forth desperate calls for help against the threatening menace of the Turks, who had recently been converted to Mohammedanism and who intended to make the old town along the banks of the Bosphorus the capital of their fast growing world empire. Christianity, however, remained dumb to those entreaties and sat smilingly by while the hordes of Sultan Mohammed II stormed the gates of Byzantium. This happened exactly eighteen years after the ghastly tragedy of Rouen where the English lost their chance of ever getting hold of part of the continent by burning the French national heroine. But the fate of Jeanne of Domremy was not really an international issue and that is why I cannot include her in my official list of one hundred per cent blunders. In the year 1453 Constantinople was taken by the Turks and to-day we are still suffering the consequences of that irreparable historical mistake.

BLUNDER NUMBER SIX.—*Unwillingness of the Church to placate Luther or bring about a compromise with him, causing the Reformation and the splitting up of the Church into two hostile factions.* Alas, the Church as represented by Rome, which so often had proved itself infinitely wiser than mere Christianity, could at times also be tempted into committing errors which we can only describe as out-and-out blunders. Otherwise, when a certain professor of theology in a little tidewater college somewhere in the barbaric northern part of central



Europe happened to visit Rome in the year 1511, the Papal authorities, who as a rule had a very fine nose for that sort of thing, would have recognized the necessity of gaining the good will of this brilliant but obstinate and difficult German peasant and they would have treated him with that suave consideration which has rarely failed of its purpose when the object of such attentions was within the reach of the Vatican. Furthermore, a few years later, when this same young man had begun his career of organized opposition, they would, if they had been wise, have granted him at least the major part of his demands, rather than allow the issue to become the cause of a rebellion. But they were blind and deaf. During the fatal years from 1517 until 1527 they overlooked every opportunity for reconciliation. And as a result, the Church suffered an amputation from which it has never been able to recover.

BLUNDER NUMBER SEVEN.—*The error of our grandfathers who taught the natives in their colonies to read and write and thereby forced them to think for themselves, with the immediate result that the white man is being kicked out of the prosperous colonies which he once exploited.* As for my last blunder — ah, indeed, that was a very sad one and one for which our own fathers and grandfathers were directly responsible! Perhaps prosperity had gone to their heads. They had conquered every part of the world that was not able to defend itself suc-

cessfully with bows and arrows against the onslaught of gunpowder and dynamite. After three centuries of murder and plunder they were merrily exploiting hundreds of millions of little black and brown and yellow men and they were growing rich on the proceeds of their labors.

And then unfortunately they could not leave well enough alone, but they must go and force those unwilling little yellow and brown and black men and their wives and children to learn how to read and how to write. After a very short while the little yellow and brown and black men began to take an interest in this amusing and novel pastime. Next they took the whole thing most seriously and were importing entire libraries from London and Amsterdam and Moscow to satisfy their thirst for knowledge. And of course the moment

they began to ask questions in a serious way, the days of the white man as the happy and prosperous exploiter of the colored races were numbered.

At the moment of writing these few lines, in all of the colonies the white man is fighting a rear-guard action. He has lost China and Egypt and he is fast losing India and Africa. Another dozen or fifteen years and the great colonizing era of history will have come to an end. It will have come to an end through a perfectly natural and honorable blunder on the

part of our ancestors, who believed reading and writing and all forms of intellectual curiosity must be a positive blessing to every member of the human race. When I contemplate the incredible stupidities that have been committed in the name of the alphabet, I must humbly rise to express a doubt.



\$300 for Blunders

WHAT DO YOU consider the seven worst blunders in history? The Editor invites you to submit your selection in competition with the other readers of *THE FORUM*. A prize of \$300 will be awarded to the winning paper, which will be published in *THE FORUM*.

Read the following rules carefully:

1. There will be only one prize awarded — \$300 in cash.
2. The contest is open to everyone — non-subscribers as well as subscribers — except employees of *THE FORUM* and their families.
3. Each contestant must list seven blunders which are *not* among those chosen by Mr. van Loon, and state briefly why each deserves to rank as one of the greatest. The papers will be judged equally upon the blunders chosen and the reasons given for their choice.
4. Papers must not exceed 1200 words.
5. The contest will close at midnight on Thursday, October 1, 1931.
6. Papers should be either typewritten or penned in legible handwriting, and must bear the name and address of the contestant. Mail them to the Contest Editor.
7. *THE FORUM* will not return papers submitted in the contest and will not enter into correspondence about them.
8. Each contestant may submit as many papers as he pleases.
9. The Editor of *THE FORUM* will be the sole judge of the contest.
10. The submission of a paper in the contest will be understood to mean that the contestant accepts the rules here given and will abide by the judgment of the Editor.

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor.
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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

April 10, 1933

THE MOST SOLEMN EASTER

While there may be no spiritual depression in America the economic need everywhere is bound to temper the season of exaltation which is usually experienced at Easter time. One is led to recall other years when the normal approach to this significant religious celebration was influenced by current events.

The most solemn Easter in the history of America was April 16, 1865, when from every pulpit in the North and many in the South there emanated words of lamentation rather than praise. The assassination of Abraham Lincoln which occurred on Good Friday, April 14, 1865, was the cause of national mourning.

Inasmuch as the dates of April, 1865, coincide with the dates of April, this year, it seems timely to refer to some of the reactions of the clergy who felt moved to lay aside their prepared messages of joy and speak of the great calamity which had fallen on the nation by the death of Abraham Lincoln.

The excerpts which follow, selected from messages delivered by the preachers of Boston, Massachusetts, are typical of those heard throughout the nation.

Rev. Warren H. Cudworth

"We would have celebrated the joyous festival of Easter today, . . . But, yesterday morning like a clap of thunder from clear skies, came the appalling announcement, 'The President has been assassinated.' . . . And is it not strange that Good Friday was the day, of all days in the year, chosen by the murderer for his infamous deed? It is one of those remarkable historical coincidences, which, whether we will or not, challenge observation and cause remark; and, no doubt, could our President have spoken after he was shot, he would have forgiven the cowardly perpetrator of this inhuman act, and rounded the parallel with a final and complete imitation of our Lord's example."

Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol

"What a contrast the last tragedy to our late jubilee! God seems to have chosen sacred days for his messages—on two successive Sundays appointing celebrations of victory—and now giving to Good Friday and Easter a new association indeed in Christian minds!"

Rev. James Freeman Clark

"Perhaps the crime committed last Friday night, in Washington, is the worst ever committed on any Good Friday since the crucifixion of Christ. It was not only assassination—for despots and tyrants have been assassinated—but it was patricide; for Abraham Lincoln was as a father to the whole nation."

Rev. Chandler Robbins

"And now, on this blessed Easter Sunday, which we were expecting to celebrate with double gladness, through the association of our joy for our country's triumph with our rejoicings for our Redeemer's victory, He has permitted our land to be shrouded with such a tragic gloom as even the radiance of the resurrection cannot wholly dispel."

Rev. W. S. Studley

"This bright Easter morning is one of the saddest, and, at the same time, one of the most hopeful mornings that ever dawned upon the American people. . . . Abraham Lincoln, our President, whose mental and moral vision was as clear and true as a sunbeam, and whose great heart was as tender and loving as a woman's, a man who possessed such a genial and generous nature that he had scarcely a personal enemy in the world. . . . this wise and just and merciful ruler lies murdered in the capital!"

Rev. E. N. Kirk

"On Sunday, the 16th, the voice of song has died in our streets. The triumphant banner of the Republic wears the weeds of widowhood. A word can start the tear in every eye. Arrangements for rejoicing are suspended. A nation is making preparations for a funeral; the greatest funeral but one it ever attended; yes, the greatest: for, the people never buried such a President at such a time—a murdered President."

Rev. W. R. Nicholson

"Easter is the synonym of joy and triumph, and Easter-day has come. How sweetly its blessed light has dawned upon us this morning. And yet it has brought with it the saddest tidings—yes, in an important sense, the saddest tidings—which have ever concerned us since we were a people. Today, our whole land is filled with sorrow and mourning; not only so, but with the keenest sense of national shame and mortification."

Rev. William Hague

"Never, we believe, since the death of Washington did the countenance of every man, every woman, and every child, over the broad area of the republic, express a sentiment of grief so profound and keen as that which greets us now, whithersoever we may turn."

Rev. Rufus Ellis

"Our Easter flowers shall remain in the house of prayer, not because we are glad—we cannot be glad today—but because we are full of the great hope which is the Christian's anchor, and which holds in the stormiest sea. They are providentially here to grace the burial of our Chief Magistrate. . ."

Rev. Edward E. Hale

"'And on earth peace, good will toward men.' The martyrdom of Good Friday does not make us veil the motto, though we read it through our

tears. Of such martyrs, it is as true as ever, that their blood is the seed of the church."

Rev. George L. Chaney

"All speech is so feeble in the presence of the national grief and indignation, that I would choose to be a silent worshipper with you, while each should listen to the solemn preaching of the event, as his own heart might only interpret it. But since the occasion, and your general expectation, not unfairly demand speech, I will try so to speak as not to disturb your hearts' conference with its own bitter grief."

Rev. E. B. Webb

"Men hold their breath, and turn pale at the appalling words. Citizens meet, and shake hands, and part in silence. Words express nothing when uttered. All attempt to express the nation's grief is utterly commonplace and insignificant. An eclipse seems to have come upon the brilliancy of the flag—a smile seems irrelevant and sacrilegious. Even the fresh, green grass, just coming forth to meet the return of spring and the singing of birds, seems to wear the shadows of twilight at noonday. The sun is less bright than before, and the very atmosphere seems to hold in it for the tearful eyes a strange ethereal element of gloom. Surely 'the night cometh.'"

Rev. Henry W. Foote

"Our hearts, so recently, alas! throbbing with an exultant sense of security in the blessed assurance of approaching peace, have been quickly clothed again in the habit of anguish so familiar, but now in a sackcloth blacker than the loss of many battles could have brought, whose hues of mourning must hereafter darken all our lives. . . . Nor even can God's whitest angel of peace return, save with tear-dimmed eyes, and the disquiet of a mighty sorrow."

Rev. John E. Todd

"Such was the dreadful story. It was ticked off at first, at midnight, to a few blanched faces, and was rejected. It came again with stronger authority. It stared out in grim and terrible lines from the morning papers, making the brain of the reader to reel, and the heart to grow sick. It was told in husky and frightened tones by one to another, and with voices choked with tears. It leaped from face to face, pale and livid, as we never saw the faces of the people before. It began to fringe the flags, and darken the streets which were but recently so gay. It began to create gloom, and a hush and loneliness in business haunts, which, but a few days since were filled with crowds and processions and cheers and music. It began to wail from steeple to steeple. It broke at last from the cannon's mouth in solemn thunder. And, at length, we begin to realize today, that our beloved President is no more."

MAY 1936

May 28 will be the 68th anniversary of the death of Kit Carson. He had returned from a mission in Washington, in the best of health, and was visiting his son at Fort Lyon, Colorado. While he was in the act of mounting a horse an artery in his neck was ruptured, and he died in a few moments. He was 58 years of age. Both he and Abraham Lincoln were born in the same year, 1809, and both in Kentucky.

When news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln reached Jackson, Amador County, a German baker was heard to say that it was a good thing. Within a short time patriotic citizens waited upon him and gave him the alternative of leaving the town immediately or hanging. He chose to leave and did not wait to finish his baking nor even to close his bakery.

*Placerville City
Courier?*

ASSASSINATION BY BOOTH

John Wilkes Booth's last stage appearance was in the play, Julius Caesar, in which he took the role of Mark Antony, whose part in the play was to incite the Roman populace against the assassin, Brutus.

The yearly income of John Wilkes Booth at the time he assassinated Lincoln amounted to approximately \$20,000.00.

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated four years to a day from his first proclamation calling for 75,000 soldiers.

Booth was only 27 years old when he shot Lincoln.

Lincoln's assassination and death was one of the greatest news events in American history.

Major Rathbone and Miss Harris, who attended Ford's Theatre as the guest of President and Mrs. Lincoln the night of the assassination, were later married. Major Rathbone some years later murdered his wife, and, after being confined to a hospital, committed suicide.

Robert T. Lincoln was present at the death or assassination of the three martyr presidents.

There is no marker over the grave of John Wilkes Booth in the Booth cemetery at Baltimore, Md.

John Wilkes Booth during his career on the stage was the youngest tragedian in the world.

Sergeant Boston Corbett, who killed John Wilkes Booth, went insane. After being confined to an asylum for some time he escaped and was never heard of again.

Abraham Lincoln was shot with a derringer pistol, a type used in the South and of the same make as was carried by Stephen A. Douglas during his political career.

Lincoln's last photograph was taken April 10, 1865, only five days before his assassination.

Ford's Theatre was closed after the assassination of Lincoln, and the roof collapsed and fell to the ground the day that Edwin Booth died. (a brother of John Wilkes Booth)

Edwin Booth never appeared on the stage in Washington, D. C., after Lincoln's assassination by his brother.

REPORT
LETTER

LETTER FROM GR JUDGE TELLS NATION'S SORROW

Crowds Wept as Lincoln Died

Written to his mother here 85 years ago, a letter from Judge John W. Holcomb, an early Grand Rapids attorney and judge, is descriptive of the sorrow and anger prevalent in New York City the day following the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln in the Spring of 1865.

It is now among the treasured possessions of Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, of 1349 Bridge St., NW.

At the time, Mr. Holcomb had just begun the practice of law in New York City, and was in his early 20's when he wrote the letter which concludes with the prophetic postscript, "Please keep this letter as long as you can. Put it away carefully. It is a part of history."

A few days after the missive telling of the effect on the New York Populace of the Great Emancipator's murder, he mailed his mother a photograph (he had purchased) of the group about Lincoln's deathbed in the Nation's Capital.

THE LETTER

Mr. Holcomb, later to become one of the pioneer members of the Bar in Grand Rapids, wrote on April 15, 1865:

"It is hardly possible to write with calmness of the intense excitement now pervading the City. The news came here about 12 o'clock last night but was not generally known till this morning.

"At an early hour, however, the papers detailing the circumstances of the attack, and the flags floating at half mast, told the Metropolis the peace of yesterday had passed away, and that to the thousands of brave lives which had gone down in the tumult of war, one other and the greatest of sacrifices had been added.

"The criticism of yesterday was turned into the lamentation of today, and there were few tables this morning at which the name of Mr. Lincoln was not mentioned with reverence. Thousands of hearts surged hope that the assassin's knife (sic) had not done its work . . .

"Places of business are closing. The City is a scene of mourning. The man who hints today that Mr. Lincoln was not as he ought to be receives the punishment of his hearers.

'FRIEND OF MAN'

"I wrote you some days ago of an immense meeting in this street. I then spoke of the banners, of music, and I was exultant in the thought of that new peace then about to settle over this long disordered people . . . Today, I look down on thousands of whom I then saw hundreds — men with

cheeks furrowed by care pour forth tears like children for the Friend of Man. The personal friend of each of us died.

"Not many hours before, he spoke of the South, how much he was willing to give them — the kindness he felt for General Lee, and even in dying his heart would have pardoned what the Nation now thunders to avenge . . .

"In time, Davis (Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy) would have been back in his place in the Senate. I have heard it said today, 'Lincoln would have allowed the South to come back too kindly, too freely, without slavery . . .

"Personally, I am very much grieved. I have felt not only very sadly at the loss of a very great and good man, but also at the possible dangers which may come from the calamity to the Nation.

"Let us, however, free ourselves from the political passions and avenge what we ought . . .

"Very affectionately,
J. W. Holcomb."

New York April 15/65
Dear Mother I write with calmness of the intense excitement now pervading the City. The news came here about 12 o'clock last night but was not generally known till this morning. At an early hour, however, the papers detailing the circumstances of the attack, and the flags floating at half mast, told the Metropolis the peace of yesterday had passed away, and that to the thousands of brave lives which had gone down in the tumult of war, one other and the greatest of sacrifices had been added. The criticism of yesterday was turned into the lamentation of today, and there were few tables this morning at which the name of Mr. Lincoln was not mentioned with reverence. Thousands of hearts surged hope that the assassin's knife (sic) had not done its work . . .



Letter and Picture Tell of a Tragedy

Above, facsimile of part of letter written on April 15, 1865, by John W. Holcomb, then a lawyer in New York City, to his mother, with Holcomb in Grand Rapids, telling her reactions to Lincoln's assassination. Mr. Holcomb later became one of Grand Rapids'

first judges. Below is photograph of Lincoln's deathbed Mr. Holcomb purchased in New York City a few days after the assassination and also sent to his mother. At Lincoln's bedside are Cabinet members and Civil War generals.

Most Delawareans Horrified At News of Lincoln's Death

State Was Still Celebrating Surrender of Lee When President's Murder Touched Off Wave of Conflicting Reactions

Following is the third in a series on Abraham Lincoln's impression and influence on Delaware, written for the Journal-Every Evening by Harold Hancock in conjunction with Lincoln's birthday observance yesterday. A Delaware historian, Mr. Hancock is chairman of the department of history and government of Otterbein College, Westerville, O.

By HAROLD HANCOCK

News of Lincoln's death arrived in Delaware in the midst of celebrations in connection with the fall of Richmond and Petersburg and the surrender of Lee. Most Delawareans were horrified at the news, but a few openly and more secretly rejoiced.

Official announcement that Richmond and Petersburg had fallen arrived in Wilmington on Monday, April 3, at 8 o'clock in the morning. Citizens were reported "nearly crazy" upon receipt of the news, and the city was wild with excitement. Places of business closed, bells were rung, firecrackers were exploded and flags were displayed. In the evening the Mayor presided at a public meeting, which was followed by an elaborate parade of soldiers, firemen, and members of various societies.

In Smyrna the intelligence ran through the town like an "electric shock," and the people crowded the stores selling newspapers. Union supporters rejoiced, but southern sympathizers retired to their homes.

When the Philadelphia newspapers arrived in Georgetown, bells on various buildings were rung so violently that they were heard eight miles away in the country. A huge pyre of hogsheads, boxes and pine wood was burned in the public square. The Georgetown Union welcomed the victory in large headlines in its next issue.

News that Lee had surrendered arrived in Wilmington on Sunday night, April 9, at 10 o'clock. A Wilmington diarist noted that bells were still ringing after midnight and that cannon had not ceased firing. The writer rejoiced that they spoke

of peace and good will to men, and would possibly ring in the thousand years of peace. The streets were soon thronged with people. Cheers resounded for Grant, Sherman and the Army. An official announcement of the surrender was read from the steps of City Hall, and the Star Spangled Banner was sung. An impromptu procession was formed, houses were illuminated, and bonfires burned until the wee hours of the morning.

Democrats Attached
On Monday the stores were closed and the celebration con-

tinued. In the afternoon a turbulent mob forced the Democratic commissioners, who were in charge of distribution of the military bounty, to display flags. The homes of several Democrats were visited, and demands made that some patriotic emblem be displayed. According to one observer, ministers encouraged the disturbance, the Mayor was absent, the police half-neutral, and the soldiers in direct col-

lusion. Senator George Riddle and Thomas F. Bayard were forced to hang out flags. One Democrat accidentally dropped a flag stick with a nail in it, and in the subsequent tumult, he fired several times over the head of the crowd. The windows of his home were broken, a flag nailed over his door, and he was marched off to jail.

In Smyrna the town was illuminated, fireworks were exploded, and there was general rejoicing at the news. The festivities were somewhat marred by the appearance of the McClellan Band, which played Dixie and other similar tunes. In Georgetown the people "generally went crazy over the glorious news" and a great celebration followed.

Amid Victory, Death
In the midst of these victory celebrations, word arrived in Wilmington on April 13 that the

President had been shot the previous evening and had died that morning. The news was first probably received in a telegram delivered at 7:50 a. m. to a Wilmington resident. A Wilmington woman reported that many said upon hearing of the murder, "They have killed their best friend," and she believed that God would punish the conspirators.

A Sussex County resident wrote that Lincoln's death horrified the nation, created a million mourners, and overwhelmed the country with sadness; an American greater than Washington had fallen. The day after the assassination a Wilmington diarist reported that nothing else was thought of or talked of than the horrible murder, that everything was draped in mourning and that everyone looked as if he had lost a dear friend.

The Delaware press universally condemned the outrage and reported the news in black-bordered columns. The editor of the Georgetown Union thought the assassination the foulest deed that ever sullied the name of humanity and the blackest that ever earth witnessed or Hell devised. The Smyrna Times compared his martyrdom at this critical moment to the removal of Moses on the eve of entrance into the Promised Land. The Journal in Wilmington declared that no event had ever taken place which had created such universal sorrow among our people as the atrocious murder. It printed a

memorial picture of Lincoln, the only picture of the President printed in any Delaware newspaper during the Civil War. The Delawarean in Dover reported that never had the community been so much stirred up by a piece of news.

Some Rejoiced
While many Delawareans regretted the death of Lincoln, there were some who openly rejoiced. One resident of Wilmington was arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the assassination plot. Another was confined for saying that he would befriend Booth if he appeared. A man in Middletown thought the assassination the best news he had heard in four years and would have liked to have had Lincoln's body for soap grease.

In Smyrna the Episcopalian rector was accused of Copperhead sympathies because he objected to draping the church in black. In Dover mourning was torn down and debauched with filth.

In Camden the Copperhead minister of the Methodist Church concluded some remarks about the assassination by saying that he had not approved of all the measures of the late President. Amid a scene of great confusion some left the church and others shouted for him to sit down. In Sussex County an ardent Republican reported to military authorities that Senator Willard Saulsbury had foretold the death of Lin-

coln by violence several weeks before the assassination.

Many Saw Coffin
Services in churches were held throughout Delaware and the land in memory of the President, and many Delawareans stood long hours on the streets of Philadelphia to catch a glimpse of his coffin.

Would the new President be equal to his responsibilities and duties? Lamented a woman diarist, "We shall have no more speeches overflowing with the milk of human kindness and breathing 'Charity to all.' We shall still 'conquer a peace,' but I am afraid we shall lose its crowning triumph of mercy and forgiveness. There was only one heart large enough and warm enough to obey the divine command to love his enemies, and waited and longed for the opportunity to do good to those that hated and persecuted him. The lips that spake only the law of kindness are silent forever, and mind of conscious rectitude that would have made that 'crooked paths strait' and regulated the lines of human policy by the law of Christian law, no longer rules the nation to make peace truly the expression of 'good will to man.' The 'good President' struck down by an assassin, while in the very act of inaugurating a policy so benign that his enemies could ask for nothing more, seems an incredible atrocity and we wonder whether love and mercy still

reign in Heaven, while such unpurged wickedness walks the earth."

A new day had arrived with a new President, and reconstruction had begun.

Theories abound regarding Lincoln's assassination

By FRANK GRAY
Staff Writer

The emergence of another theory about the assassination of Abraham Lincoln is nothing new, said Mark E. Neely, director of the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum in Fort Wayne.

The first yarns began to appear the day after Lincoln was shot, Neely said, and over the years experts and kooks have woven dozens of tales, some plausible, some ridiculous, about how Lincoln was killed.

One of the more extreme theories, developed in an era when much of America was anti-Catholic, holds that the assassination was a papal plot.

Another claims the assassination was engineered by Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, who differed strongly with Lincoln about plans for reconstruction of the South after the Civil War. Neely rejects that completely, pointing out that Stanton spent more time than anyone worrying about Lincoln's well-being and even arranged security for the president.

Neely cites several reasons why the assassination has stirred curiosity and is open to new theories.

■ To Americans, the murder was shocking. It was the first assassination of a U.S. president. No one thought anyone would ever shoot the president.

■ The primary party involved, John Wilkes Booth, was at large for 12 days after the assassination, but apparently shot himself when cornered by Union troops. He was never questioned, and no one ever found out what was going through his mind.

■ "Unlike the Warren Commission (which investigated the assassination of John F. Kennedy) the investigation that followed the killing of Lincoln was conducted in an atmosphere of war hysteria," Neely said. "The assassination was seen as an extension of the war. (The attitude was that) it had to be a Confederate plot," and the investigation was poor.

The significant twist in the new theory proposed by three researchers, including historian James O. Hall,

is that Booth and his co-conspirators were definitely well-paid Confederate agents.

"That would be startling if it is true," Neely said, "because the entire government prosecution was trying as hard as it could to prove he was a confederate agent. But they weren't able to do it, using all the resources of the War Department, even with live witnesses who had been part of the John Wilkes Booth plot."

The notion that Booth was a Confederate agent has generally been rejected, Neely said.

"Booth may have met with Confederate agents in Canada, but lots of people met with Confederate agents," Neely said.

"He (Hall) has been saying for years that he was working on the assassination, and everyone wants to know what he found out," Neely said. "But I'm skeptical that he's found the smoking gun that connects John Wilkes Booth and Jefferson Davis (the president of the Confederacy)."

The most widely accepted account of the assassination is that Booth and his team acted independently to avenge the South. Sometime during the summer of 1864, Booth decided to kidnap Lincoln.

Booth spent the fall and winter assembling a team of spies, sympathizers, ex-Confederate soldiers and escaped Confederate POWs. Booth planned to kidnap Lincoln during the summer as he rode from Washington to the Soldier's Home, where he slept during the summer because it was cooler.

But then Richmond fell, and Booth had nowhere to take Lincoln, and the war ended. Booth proposed kidnapping Lincoln while he was at the theater, but his conspirators rejected that and began to drop out.

In the end, out of frustration, Booth decided to assassinate Lincoln and to have fellow conspirators assassinate the vice president and secretary of state. Wiping out the top level of American government, Booth reasoned, may have let the South remain an independent nation.



Lincoln Lore

Bulletin of The Lincoln National Life Foundation . . . Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, Editor
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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

April, 1957

ERRONEOUS ASSASSINATION REPORTS

While the account of the assassination of the Sixteenth President and the conspiracy to eliminate certain officials of the Lincoln administration may have been one of the most sensational news stories ever printed, it was also one of the most garbled.

The suddenness of the events caught most newspaper editors flatfooted and the wire service out of Washington was terribly jammed with startling reports which were hurriedly compiled and inaccurately prepared. Then, too, harassed editors often read into local events a certain cloak-and-dagger significance, which for a time would share the national spotlight, only to fade into insignificance later on.

One newspaper even enjoyed the dubious distinction of making no mention, whatever, of Lincoln's assassination or death, which undoubtedly indicates that the April 15, 1865 issue of the *New-York Times* was printed in advance of the tragic events.

A casual reading of approximately fifty newspapers featuring the assassination reveals considerable misinformation. Some newspapers were quick to condemn the Confederacy, and even a Spanish firm and a French desperado were accused of being implicated in a deep-laid plot. Some reports erroneously stated that an attempt was made on the life of Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, and a great many newspapers stated emphatically that Secretary of State, Seward, was dead. Booth was reported captured alive in about a dozen different places, and John Surratt was generally accused of being Seward's assassin.

Later editions of newspapers often corrected earlier issues, but even then many minor details which were inaccurately reported were allowed to be accepted as facts, and some readers likely never got an accurate newspaper account of the tragedy.

Some of the more glaring errors follow:

Hour Lincoln Died

"One dispatch announces that the president died at 12½ p.m. Another an hour later, states that he is still living, but dying slowly. We go to press without knowing the exact truth. . . ."

New-York Tribune
April 15, 1865

Midnight

"Who the assassins were nobody knows, though everybody supposes them to have been rebels."

Boston Evening Transcript
April 15, 1865

More Evidence That The Act Was A Conspiracy

"During a conversation yesterday among the members of a Spanish firm in this city (New York) it was stated that to-day the greatest news would be received that had yet been made known to the public."

Boston Sunday Herald
April 16, 1865

Rumored Attempt On The Life Of Mr. Stanton

"Reports have prevailed that an attempt was also made on the life of Mr. Stanton."

The New-York Times
April 15, 1865

The President Dead

"The President Dead: Probable Attempt to Assassinate Sec'y. Stanton."

Bangor Daily Whig and Courier
April 17, 1865

9:30 This Morning

"Dispatches just received from Washington say that Secretary Seward died at 9:30 this morning."

The Saint Paul Press
April 16, 1865

Latest Afternoon Dispatches

"The attempted assassin of Mr. Seward named John Surritt.(sic)"

Buffalo Morning Express
April 17, 1865

Heart-Rending Intelligence

"Another patriot has fallen a victim, Secretary Seward, like the President, lies a corpse."

The Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle
April 15, 1865

Latest

"Secretary Seward has just expired."

Daily Milwaukee News
April 16, 1865

Special Dispatch

"The president died at 7½ o'clock this morning. Secretary Seward is just reported dead. His son Frederick is dead."

The Boston Herald
(Third Evening Edition)
April 15, 1865

Death of Seward

"He (Seward) died at 9:45 o'clock this morning."

Cleveland Morning Leader
April 15, 1865



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

At Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the night of Friday, April 14, 1865

PUBLISHED BY A. PHARAZYN AND NORTH STREET PHILADELPHIA

An inaccurate and crudely drawn assassination print published by A. Pharazyn, 229 South Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Messenger of State Department Died

"Mr. Hansell, messenger in State Department, who was with Mr. Seward at the time of the assassination has died."

Herald Extra. Newburyport
April 15, 1865

Seward's Assassin Named Thompson

"New York:—The Commercial's special says: 'The name of the assassin who entered Mr. Seward's house is Thompson.'"

Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch
April 18, 1865

The Supposed Assassin and the French Lady

"It was stated in a former dispatch that the person arrested this morning as the party who attempted to take the life of the Secretary of State was supposed to be SURRAT. But there is reason to believe that the desperado is no other than THOMAS, the so-called French lady, who, it will be remembered, captured the steamer St. Nicholas in 1861, and was subsequently apprehended, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary, from which by some means he was released. Nothing positive, however, is known on the subject."

The New-York Times
April 19, 1865

Pennsylvania Offers a Reward

"Gov. Curtin has issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest of Booth, who is reported to have been seen in this state, if arrested in Pennsylvania."

New York-Tribune
April 21, 1865

Taken Near Fort Hastings

"It is reported by a private dispatch, believed to be authentic, that Booth, the assassin of the president, was taken, Saturday afternoon, near Fort Hastings."

Springfield Daily Republican
April 15, 1865

The Assassin Arrested

"Booth is in custody. The other assassin not yet arrested. The detectives are on his track."

Dayton Daily Journal
April 15, 1865

Booth Captured

"It is reported that Booth was captured this morning. The story is that his horse threw him and injured him so severely that he was obliged to seek relief in a house on the Seventh Street road (Washington)."

The Indiana State Sentinel
April 17, 1865

The Herald's Special

"Booth has been captured near Baltimore, and will be placed on board a monitor anchored in the Potomac, off the Washington Navy Yard."

The Indianapolis Daily Journal
April 17, 1865

Booth, The Assassin Arrested

"The Merchants' Exchange has a dispatch that Booth, the assassin of the President, is arrested, and is safe in prison in Washington. The dispatch is dated 12 M."

Boston Daily Journal
April 15, 1865

Arrest of J. Wilkes Booth

"Tribune special from Washington says J. Wilkes Booth was arrested at 9 o'clock A.M. on the Bladensburg

road. He boldly approached our pickets, and was arrested, and has just been brought to this city."

Boston Daily Evening Transcript
April 15, 1865

Booth Captured

"A man who answers the exact description given of Booth, the assassin, was arrested this morning on the accommodation train between Altoona and Greenburg."

The Pittsburgh Gazette
April 18, 1865

Booth Caught

"Booth, the murderer, was caught this morning, near Fort Washington."

The Pittsburgh Commercial
April 15, 1865

About Thirty In Number

"A gentleman who was at Point Lookout yesterday A. M., was informed by an officer of one of our gunboats, that Booth and the other conspirators, about 30 in number, were in St. Mary's County, heavily armed, and endeavoring to make their way across the Potomac."

Galena (Ill.) Weekly Gazette
April 25, 1865

Surratt's Brother

"Today, it was confidently stated that Surratt, the supposed assassin of Mr. Seward, was captured. It is now reported to be his brother."

New-York Tribune
April 18, 1865

A Prediction

"Sometime during last March the *New York Journal of Commerce* stated upon what authority we know not, that the Confederates were about to do something that would astonish the nation. Little was thought of it at the time, but since the assassination of president Lincoln more than one has had his mind turned towards this prediction and wondered if it did not refer to the murder of our president."

LaPorte (Ind.) Herald
April 22, 1865

Oddities In The News Concerning Lincoln's Death and Funeral

Further Details

"For hours after the removal of the President's body from the house opposite Ford's, the building was regarded by thousands with the greatest curiosity."

"Later in the day a little boy was discovered rubbing bits of white paper on the steps, and afterwards carefully placing them in his pocket."

"On being asked to explain the reason for this singular proceeding, he said, with childish simplicity, 'Don't you see those dark stains on the board? It is the blood of the President, and I want to save it.' In years to come how priceless will be those scraps of paper, darkened by the heart's blood of the great emancipator."

New-York Tribune, April 17, 1865

The Dog Mourner

"Under the car (hearse) there is walking a dog, though invisible from the outside. It is 'Bruno' the great Saint Bernard dog belonging to Edward H. Morton, Esq. He was standing with his master at the corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, as the car passed by, when suddenly, without warning, and in spite of his master's call to him to return, he sprang into the street, passed beneath the car, followed its motions, and is still there. By what instinct was this? For 'Bruno' was a friend and acquaintance of Mr. LINCOLN'S, and had passed some time with him only a few days before his death."

The New-York Times, April 26, 1865



O.S. Clinton Street
Box 1110
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801

12-5.

HISTORY DEPT. AU 0921 FEB 17 1987

Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum

1300 South Clinton Street
P.O. Box 1110
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46801



Mr. Robert J. Chandler
History Dept. #921
Wells Fargo Bank
420 Montgomery Street
San Francisco, CA 94111

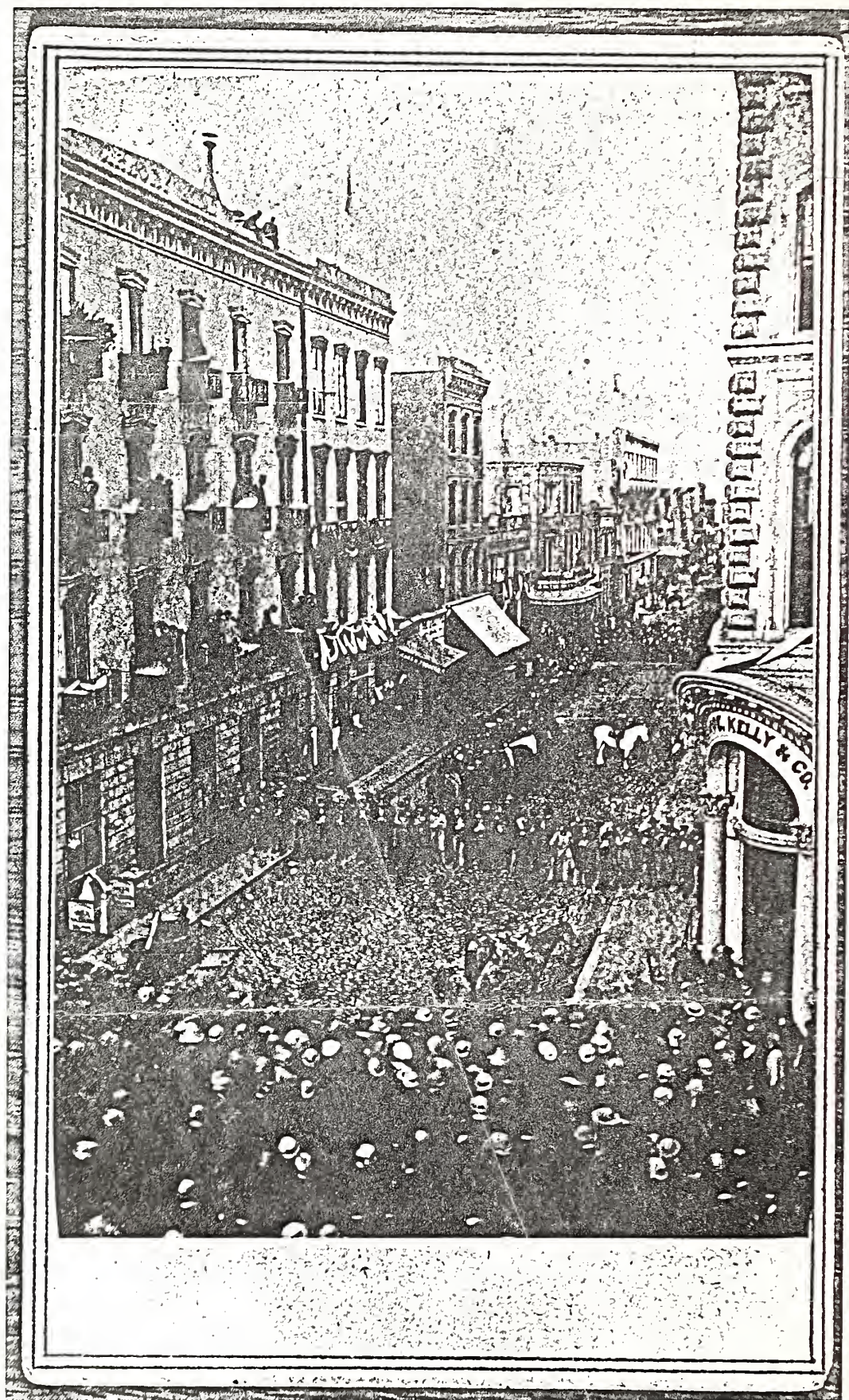
Form 230 6/83

About 4 PM, April 15, 1865 Lincoln Assass mob
Armory Hall, left, with flags flying from
balconies for Surrender of Lee. (NE cor. Monty
and Sacto)
Alta California Building, flag at half staff.
crepe and mourning out. 536 Sacramento
Fire shutters on first floor closed.
(French Imperialist Echo du Pacifique, 4th fl)
The Grotto 2 doors down from Alta.

Police Guard with muskets in front. Horsemen
probably Provost Guard cavalry.

Donahoe, Kelly & Co. Bankers on corner.

Bradley & Rulofson, photographers, 429
Montgomery (SW cor. Sacramento)





OC-1458

June 18, 1990

Dear Mark,

Little news, but the photo of the Assassination Riot came out in the SF police monthly, so I am including a photo copy.

Have a good summer!

Regards,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'BF' or similar initials, written in a cursive style.

P.S. I enjoy your newsletters. Good scholarship in them.

First SFPD TAC Squad, April 15, 1865

by Kevin Mullen.

Though most San Franciscans supported the Union cause during the Civil War, there was some discord occasioned by the fear that the pro-Confederate sympathies of some would be translated into action. In 1862, Police Chief Martin Burke, an ardent Unionist, began to train his officers in military drill with a view to the "formation of the Police into a drilled force that can be promptly assembled in case of riot or other emergency." Later he formed a force of paid volunteers which he drilled in military formations to help suppress expected disorders during the presidential election of 1864. (The Daily Examiner, then a Democratic party organ, wondered editorially by what authority Burke reassigned a man from patrol duties to drill others.) When news of President Lincoln's assassination arrived in the city in April 1865, outraged Unionists formed themselves into a mob and began to attack Democratic newspapers they considered treasonous because of previous attacks on Lincoln. First they went to the offices of the *Democratic Press* which they wrecked, throwing the typesets out the windows to the cheers of the crowd below.

Chief Burke was notified of the riot but by the time he had assembled his forces, the crowd had moved on. One by one, they visited Democratic newspapers, one step ahead of the police. By 4 p.m. the crowd arrived at Sacramento and Montgomery Streets intent on wrecking the *L'Echo de Pacifique*. But the *Echo* was on the fourth floor of the same building as the strongly pro-Unionist *Alta California* (the building hung with crepe in the photograph) and the only way to the *Echo's* offices was through those of the *Alta*. The *Alta's* editor didn't want a mob traipsing through his offices and organized his staff to defend the premises. At that point the police showed

up and drew up in a skirmish line in front of the *Alta* building (as shown in the photo) across Sacramento Street between Montgomery and Leidesdorff. Officers wearing the grey uniforms of the period can clearly be identified in the front of the police lines with their muskets at rest. The darker clothing on some of those in line can be explained by the fact that uniform regulations were spottily enforced at the time and perhaps some of the officers were still outfitted in the blue uniforms of an earlier time. Since the department had a total force of 62 men in early 1865, and a group of officers was immediately detached to protect other newspaper offices, the police lines as shown probably contained some of Burke's trained volunteer officers (or perhaps members of the army provost guard). More than 62 men can be counted in the skirmish line and in the mounted and foot reserves along the curbline of Sacramento Street.)

Shortly after the photo was taken, the commanding general of the U.S. Army forces of the region mobilized his provost guard and called in 2,000 soldiers from the Presidio who patrolled the streets that night to prevent further disorders. In the aftermath of the riot, political opponents of Chief Burke accused him of dragging his feet in responding to the riot call. Several of the wrecked newspapers, some of which were too damaged to resume production, filed lawsuits totalling more than \$100,000 (in pre-inflation dollars) against the city, charging the police chief with wilful tardiness. In the end the plaintiffs settled for \$21,000.

(Photograph courtesy of The Lincoln Museum, Fort Wayne, Indiana. The view was evidently taken from the upstairs window of Bradley and Rulofson, Photographers, 429 Montgomery Street. Authenticated by Robert Chandler, Ph.D., Wells Fargo Historian.)



July 16, 1990

Dear Mark:

We Californians are wearing out your famed assassination riot photo! I received a NOTEBOOK clipping so include that, while the photo appears also (page 57) in my article on the CW Calif press.

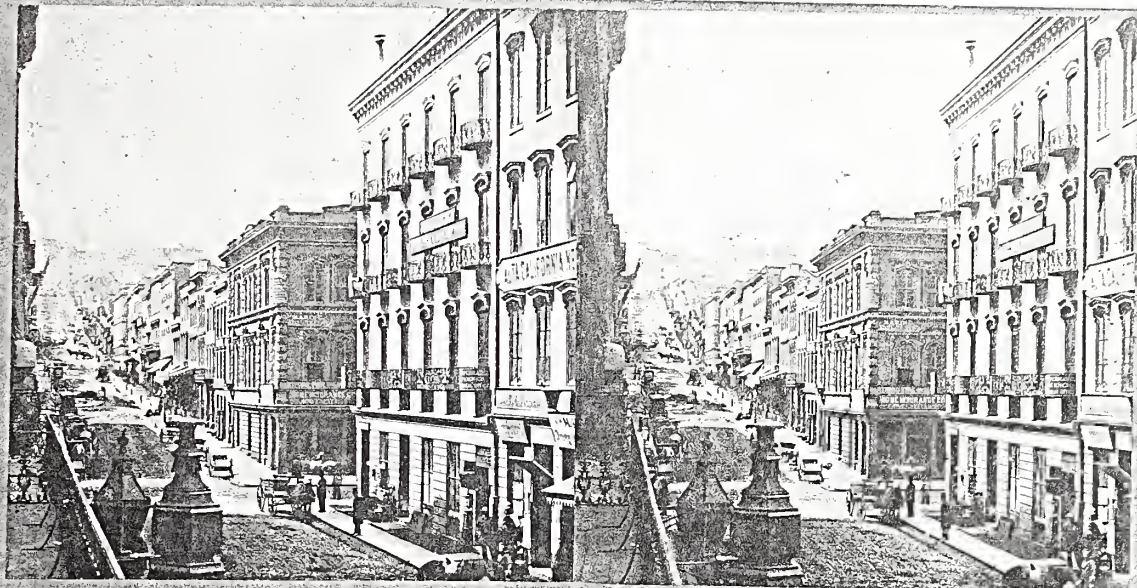
I bought some stereos taken near the scene which I send you for background--one taken either later in 1865 (the doctor's sign not in your photo) or 1866 has the ALTA in the foreground. #2 is looking down Montgomery. (the first is looking West towards Montgomery.)

Thanks for your fine article on the movie "Glory."

Regards,

A handwritten signature, possibly reading 'BZ', in dark ink.

SAN FRANCISCO
By THOMAS HOUSEWORTH & Co.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by THOMAS HOUSEWORTH & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

116. Sacramento Street, west from Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

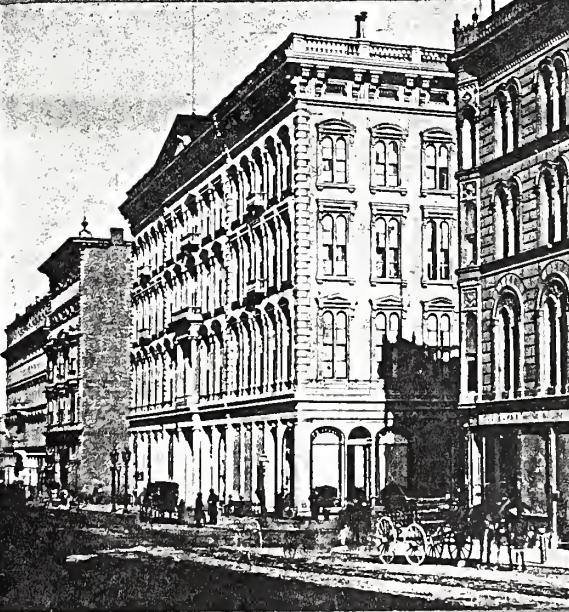
SAN FRANCISCO
By THOMAS HOUSEWORTH & Co.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by THOMAS HOUSEWORTH & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

114. East side of Montgomery Street, from Sacramento to California, San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO
By THOMAS HOUSEWORTH & Co.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by THOMAS HOUSEWORTH & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of California.

139. Bush street, from Montgomery to Sansome—Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

Abe's death was lauded in the North

Section H
Fort Wayne IN
News-Sentinel
April 14, 1998

Some Union Army
soldiers thought he
deserved it.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. (AP) — Abraham Lincoln was not as universally loved in the North as myth would have it, new research shows.

Some Union Army soldiers celebrated Lincoln's assassination, calling him a traitor and saying he should've been shot years earlier.

Amateur historians Thomas and Beverly Lowry found almost three dozen such strong denunciations of the commander-in-chief while indexing Army court-martial records from the National Archives in Washington.

"Damn him. He should have been shot four years ago," said Sgt. Henry Brainard of the 98th New York Regiment after hearing of Lincoln's death. "(Confederate President) Jeff Davis was a better man."

Brainard was punished severely for his remarks — court-martialed, found guilty of treason, dishonorably discharged and sentenced to two months of hard labor — but he wasn't alone in his opinions about Lincoln, who was fatally shot 133 years ago today and died the next day.

In a telephone interview from his home in Virginia last week, Thomas Lowry said the discovery was unexpected.

"I had been raised on 'St. Lincoln,' so I was surprised. I guess I was surprised to find so many of them," he said.

The statements were often vehement.

"I'm glad the old SOB is dead. It was no more than he deserved," said Sgt. Alexander Keenan of the 18th Regiment. Keenan was sentenced to serve five years in prison for the comment.

"Abe Lincoln is dead. Hurrah for Old Abe. Who cares a damn. Let him go to hell," said Alexander Cissell, a private in an Indiana regiment.

James Flint, a private in an Ohio regiment, applauded the assassination, saying Lincoln "ought to have been killed years ago. He is a damned traitor."

Many of the malcontents blamed Lincoln for the Civil War.

"ENEMY" OF LINCOLN IS DEAD.

**Racine Man Who Was Nearly
Lynched in War Time Dies.**

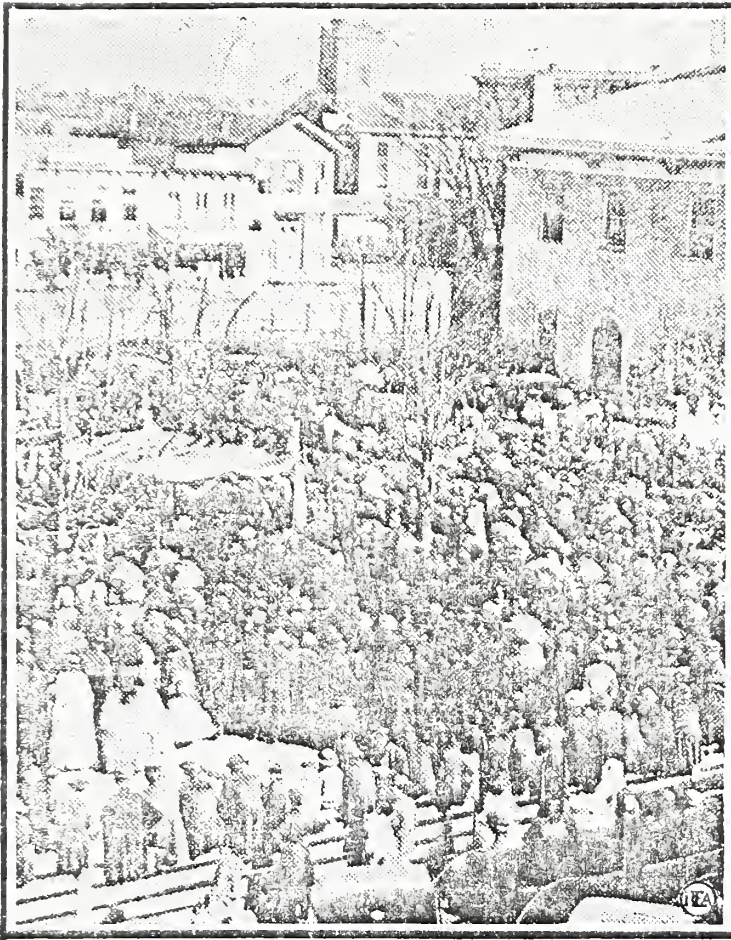
Nicholas Miller, 78 years old, one of the oldest Germans in Racine, Wis., and a former leader of Democracy, dropped dead on the tracks of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad.

When Abraham Lincoln was assassinated Miller said he would give \$100 if

it was true. In less time than it takes to tell, a mob was formed and a rope secured with which to hang him, but he was hustled away and escaped uninjured.

Miller has always contended that he did not make the remark, but it was a narrow escape and was due to the high tension of the country at the time.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Their Prayer Was Heard!



Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated! Citizens of Bloomington, Ill., who had known him when he was a young lawyer and later when he was campaigning for the Senate, gathered in mass meeting to voice their horror over his tragic death. "A Life for a Life," they demanded when John Wilkes Booth's name was mentioned. Similar gatherings were held in every city of any consequence throughout the nation. But as far as can be ascertained, this picture, hanging today in the Bloomington Public Library, is the only photographic evidence that yet remains of any of them.

C. L. Amrine, while chipping mortar and cleaning the brick around the foundation of his brick home in Vermont, uncovered in a number of places the black paint with which the house was entirely painted when Lincoln died. Lincoln stayed over night in this home, the guest of Chan's grandfather, Homer, when he came to Vermont to make one of his famous speeches at the time of the Lincoln-Douglas debate. The paint has soaked into and become part of the brick in many places, and as long as this house stands there will be plain evidence of the paint job mourning Lincoln's death. The house was constructed in 1837, and it is interesting to note that there are enough of the original bricks with which the house was built, left on the premises to do any repair job that might come up in connection with it. Rushville Ill. June 1915

