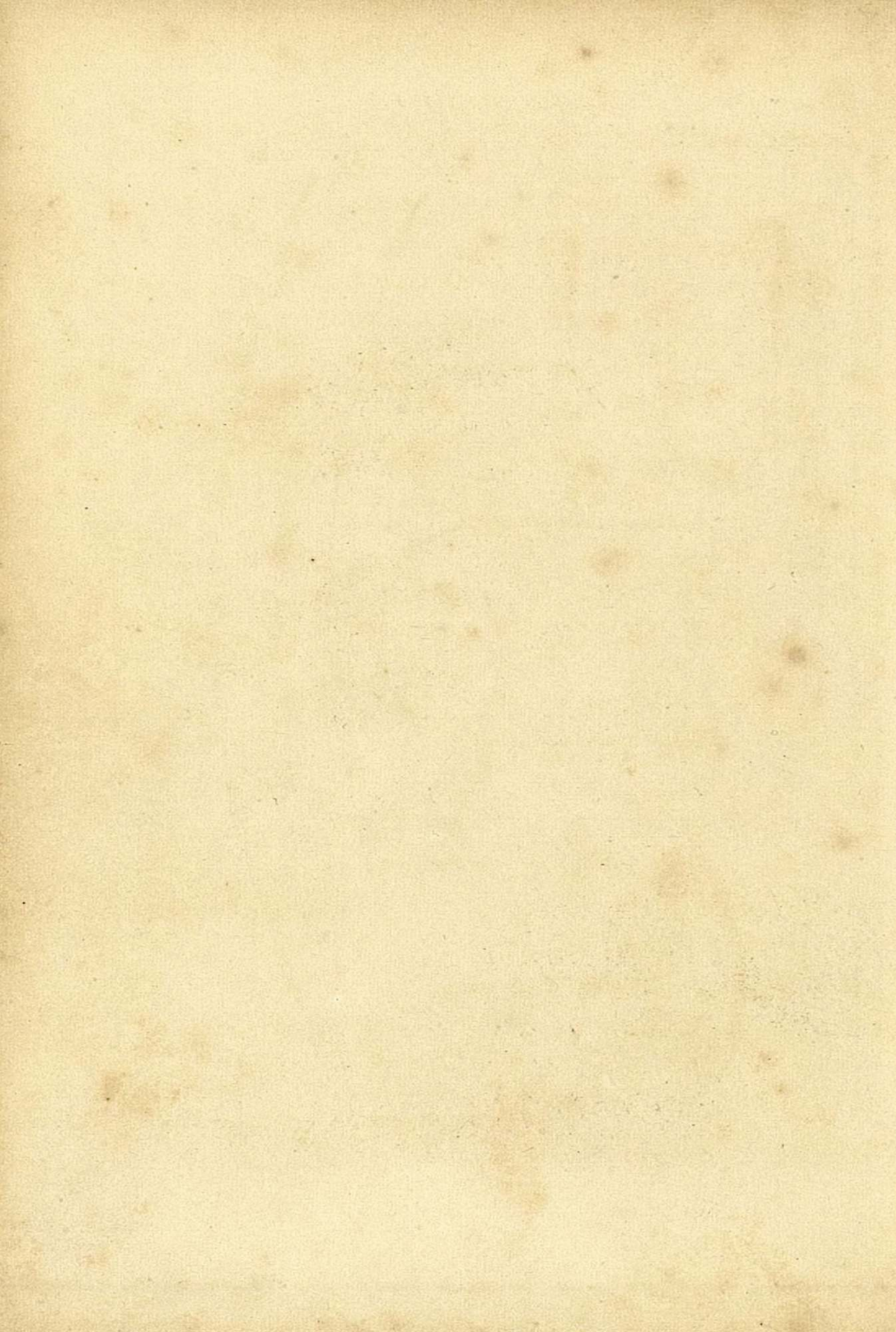




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BY NOAH BROOKS,

May 1895

Author of "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for Young People," "American Statesmen," etc.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR DRAMA — THE GREAT TRAGEDY — THE DOOM OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR DRAMA.



IN the latter part of the month of March, 1865, Washington saw many signs of a collapse of the rebellion. The Confederate army appeared to be badly demoralized, and deserters, who arrived constantly in large numbers, reported that men from Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and the Carolinas could not be expected to have any heart in a fight which then seemed only for the defense of Virginia, while their own States were overrun by the armies of the Union. During the month of March more than 3000 deserters were received at Washington, and great numbers were quartered at Fort Monroe, Annapolis, and other points nearer the lines, where they were put to work in the quartermaster's department or in the naval service. One curiosity of the times was a Confederate regimental band which had deserted in a body with its instruments, and was allowed to march through the streets of the national capital playing Union airs. This was one of the oddest signs of the final break-up. People recalled a story, told by Hooker, that when the Union army scaled and occupied Lookout Mountain, a rebel sentry on duty on the crest of one of the most difficult precipices saw our men pile up in solid masses over steeps which had been thought inaccessible, and was so surprised that he forgot to run, but stood with feet rooted to the spot, watching the Union force climbing up, and streaming past him, and driving the enemy far to the rear, until he was left alone, a statue of amazement. Recovering himself at last, he threw down his musket, stripped off his rebel-gray jacket, stood on them both, and, looking far off to the sunny South, stretched out as a map below him, said, "How are you, Southern Confederacy?"

But, notwithstanding such indications of a collapse of the rebellion, at this very time many Northern Union newspapers, led by Horace Greeley and others of his stamp, were demanding that appeals should be made to the Southern people "to stop the flow of blood and the waste of treasure," and that some message should be sent to the Southerners "so terse that

it will surely be circulated, and so lucid that it cannot be misconstrued or perverted," by way of an invitation to cease fighting. Curiously enough, the nearer the time came for a final surrender, the more fervid was the demand for negotiation and appeal from the unreasonable radicals in the ranks of Northern Unionists. But all this was soon to end; and while a small party was asking, "Why not negotiate?" the downfall came.

The army of Grant had been enveloping Petersburg on March 28 and 29, and about ten o'clock on the morning of April 3 word was received in Washington from President Lincoln at City Point that that city had been evacuated, and that our army was pushing into it, sweeping around it, and pursuing the flying squadrons of Lee. At a quarter to eleven in that forenoon came a despatch to the War Department from General Weitzel, dated at Richmond, announcing the fall of the Confederate capital. It was not many minutes before the news spread like wildfire through Washington, and the intelligence, at first doubted, was speedily made positive by the circulation of thousands of newspaper "extras" containing the news in bulletins issued from the War Department. In a moment of time the city was ablaze with an excitement the like of which was never seen before, and everybody who had a piece of bunting spread it to the breeze; and from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other the air seemed to burn with the bright hues of the flag. The sky was shaken by a grand salute of 800 guns, fired by order of the Secretary of War — 300 for Petersburg and 500 for Richmond. Almost by magic the streets were crowded with hosts of people, talking, laughing, hurrahing, and shouting in the fullness of their joy. Men embraced one another, "treated" one another, made up old quarrels, renewed old friendships, marched through the streets arm in arm, singing and chatting in that happy sort of abandon which characterizes people when under the influence of a great and universal happiness. The atmosphere was full of the intoxication of joy. The departments of the Government and many stores and private offices were closed for the day, and hosts of hard-worked clerks had their full share of the general holiday. Bands of music, apparently without any special direction or

formal call, paraded the streets, and boomed and blared from every public place, until the air was resonant with the expression of the popular jubilation in all the national airs, not forgetting "Dixie," which, it will be remembered, President Lincoln afterward declared to be among the spoils of war.

The American habit of speech-making was never before so conspicuously exemplified. Wherever any man was found who could make a speech, or who thought he could make a speech, there a speech was made; and a great many who had never before made one found themselves thrust upon a crowd of enthusiastic sovereigns who demanded of them something by way of jubilant oratory. One of the best of these offhand addresses extorted by the enthusiastic crowds was that of Secretary Stanton, who was called upon at the War Department by an eager multitude clamorous for more details and for a speech. The great War Secretary, for once in his life so overcome by emotion that he could not speak continuously, said this:

"Friends and fellow-citizens: In this great hour of triumph my heart, as well as yours, is penetrated with gratitude to Almighty God for his deliverance of the nation. Our thanks are due to the President, to the army and navy, to the great commanders by sea and land, to the gallant officers and men who have periled their lives upon the battle-field, and drenched the soil with their blood. Henceforth all commiseration and aid should be given to the wounded, the maimed, and the suffering, who bear the marks of their great sacrifices in the mighty struggle. Let us humbly offer up our thanks to divine Providence for his care over us, and beseech him to guide and govern us in our duties hereafter, as he has carried us forward to victory; to teach us how to be humble in the midst of triumph, how to be just in the hour of victory, and to help us secure the foundations of this republic, soaked as they have been in blood, so that it shall live for ever and ever. Let us not forget the laboring millions in other lands, who in this struggle have given us their sympathies, their aid, and their prayers; and let us bid them rejoice with us in our great triumph. Then, having done this, let us trust the future to him who will guide us as heretofore, according to his own good will." Nearly every line of this address was punctuated with applause.

The Secretary then read Grant's despatch, announcing the capture of Richmond, and the fact that the city was on fire, upon which the Secretary asked the crowd what they would reply to Grant. Some cried, "Let her burn!" others, "Burn it! burn it!" but one voice shouted, "Hold Richmond for the Northern mudsills!" which sally was received with considerable

laughter. Mr. Stanton introduced to the crowd Willie Kettles, a bright Vermont boy about fourteen years old, an operator in the telegraph-room of the War Office, who had been the fortunate recipient of the important despatch announcing the capture of Richmond. Of course the crowd wanted a speech from the lad, who discreetly held his tongue, and bowed with modesty. Secretary Seward, who happened to be at the War Department to hear the news, was espied and called out, and he made a little address in which he said that he had always been in favor of a change in the cabinet, particularly in the War Department, and that recent events proved that he was right. "Why," said he, "I started to go to 'the front' the other day, and when I got to City Point they told me it was at Hatcher's Run, and when I got there I was told it was not there but somewhere else, and when I get back I am told by the Secretary that it is at Petersburg; but before I can realize that, I am told again that it is at Richmond, and west of that. Now I leave you to judge what I ought to think of such a Secretary of War as this." The crowds continually circulated through the city, and from a building near the War Department Senator Nye of Nevada and Preston King of New York spoke, and at Willard's Hotel General Butler, Green Clay Smith of Kentucky, and Vice-President Johnson responded to the eager and uproarious demand. The day of jubilee did not end with the day, but rejoicing and cheering were prolonged far into the night. Many illuminated their houses, and bands were still playing, and leading men and public officials were serenaded all over the city. There are always hosts of people who drown their joys effectually in the flowing bowl, and Washington on April 3 was full of those. Thousands besieged the drinking-saloons, champagne popped everywhere, and a more liquorish crowd was never seen in Washington than on that night. Many and many a man of years of habitual sobriety seemed to think it a patriotic duty to "get full" on that eventful night, and not only so, but to advertise the fact of fullness as widely as possible. I saw one big, sedate Vermonter, chief of an executive bureau, standing on the corner of F and Fourteenth streets, with owlish gravity giving away fifty-cent "shin-plasters" (fractional currency) to every colored person who came past him, brokenly saying with each gift, "Babylon has fallen!"

On the night of April 4, in pursuance of a recommendation by the Secretary of State, the city was generally illuminated. All the public buildings and a great proportion of private residences and business houses were alight with fireworks and illuminations of every de-

scription. The War Department was gorgeously decorated with a mass of flags, the windows were filled with lights, and a huge transparency of patriotic devices crowned the portico. The same was true of the Navy Department, the Winder building (occupied by the Government), the White House, and the State and Treasury buildings. Secretary Seward was the author of a much-admired motto over the portico of the State Department, which read: "At home Union is order, and Union is peace. Abroad Union is strength, and strength is peace." Over another entrance of the building was: "Peace and good will to all nations, but no entangling alliances and no foreign intervention." The Treasury had over its chief entrance a huge transparency which was a tolerable imitation of a ten-dollar, interest-bearing United States note, with a mammoth facsimile of Treasurer Spinner's signature in all its unique ugliness. The Treasury motto was: "U. S. Greenbacks and U. S. Grant. Grant gives the greenbacks a metallic ring."

With that wonderful adaptability which is characteristic of the American people, Richmond was no sooner in our hands than all the machinery of war, transportation, and subsistence began to tend thither, and orders were at once carried out to rebuild railroads, equip steamboat lines, and put up piers and bridges, so that in a few days Washington was in regular communication with Richmond, and that city was used as a base of supplies against whatever of rebellion might be left in arms. The Orange and Alexandria route to Richmond was at once reestablished, although for the time being the line of transportation was from Washington via Acquia Creek and Fredericksburg. Steamers were at once despatched from Washington to Richmond with hospital supplies, and a United States mail agent took possession of the Richmond post-office; and while Washington was celebrating the downfall of the rebel capital, the General Post-office received its first regular mail from the captured city. Governor Peirpoint, who, as Senator Sumner picturesquely said, had been carrying the State government of loyal Virginia in his trousers pocket for several years, announced that the peripatetic ark of the government finally rested in its proper seat; and so the "Common Council of Alexandria," as Sumner had contemptuously styled the loyal legislature of Virginia, was once more holding sittings in Richmond.

But greater things were yet to come. Most people were sleeping soundly in their beds when, at daylight on the rainy morning of April 10, 1865, a great boom startled the misty air of Washington, shaking the very earth, and breaking the windows of houses about Lafayette

Square, and moving the inhabitants of that aristocratic locality to say once more that they would be glad when Union victories were done with, or should be celebrated elsewhere. Boom! boom! went the guns, until five hundred were fired. A few people got up in the chill twilight of the morning, and raced about in the mud to learn what the good news might be, while others formed a procession and resumed their parades,—no dampness, no fatigue, being sufficient to depress their ardor. But many placidly lay abed, well knowing that only one military event could cause all this mighty pother in the air of Washington; and if their nap in the gray dawn was disturbed with dreams of guns and of terms of armies surrendered to Grant by Lee, they awoke later to read of these in the daily papers; for this was Secretary Stanton's way of telling the people that the Army of Northern Virginia had at last laid down its arms, and that peace had come again.

But the great news had really reached Washington the night before (Palm Sunday), and a few newspaper men and others of late habits, who were up through the darkness and the dampness of those memorable hours, had sent the glad tidings all over the Union from Maine to California, and had then unbent themselves in a private and exclusive jollification. When the capital was broad awake, and had taken in the full value of the news, the fever-heat that had fired the city on the day after the fall of Richmond did not return. Popular feeling had culminated then, and after that great event there was nothing that could surprise us, not even if "Jeff" Davis himself had come to Washington to surrender. The streets were shockingly muddy, but were all alive with people singing and cheering, carrying flags, and saluting everybody, hungering and thirsting for speeches. General Butler was called out, among others, and he made a speech full of surprising liberality and generosity toward the enemy. The departments gave another holiday to their clerks; so did many business firms; and the Treasury employees assembled in the great corridor of their building and sang "Old Hundredth" with thrilling, even tear-compelling effect. Then they marched in a body across the grounds to the White House, where the President was at breakfast, and serenaded him with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As the forenoon wore on, an impromptu procession came up from the navy-yard, dragging six boat-howitzers, which were fired through the streets as they rolled on. This crowd, reinforced by the hurrahing legions along the route, speedily swelled to enormous proportions, and filled the whole area in front of the White House, where guns were fired and bands played

while the multitude waited for a speech. The young hope of the house of Lincoln—"Tad"—made his appearance at the well-known window from which the President always spoke, and was received with great shouts of applause, whereupon he waved a captured rebel flag, to the uproarious delight of the sovereign people below. When Lincoln came to the window shortly after, the scene before him was one of the wildest confusion. It seemed impossible for men adequately to express their feelings. They fairly yelled with delight, threw up their hats again and again, or threw up one another's hats, and screamed like mad. From the windows of the White House the surface of that crowd looked like an agitated sea of hats, faces, and arms. Quiet being restored, the President briefly congratulated the people on the occasion which called out such unrestrained enthusiasm, and said that as arrangements were being made for a more formal celebration, he would defer his remarks until that occasion; "for," said he, "I shall have nothing to say then if it is all dribbled out of me now." He said that as the good old tune of "Dixie" had been captured on the 9th of April, he had submitted the question of its ownership to the Attorney-General, who had decided that that tune was now our lawful property; and he asked that the band should play it, which was done with a will, "Yankee Doodle" following. Then the President proposed three cheers for General Grant and the officers and men under him, then three cheers for the navy, all of which were given heartily, the President leading off, waving his hand; and the laughing, joyous crowd dispersed.

The special celebration to which Lincoln referred was that of the 11th of April, when, in answer to the customary serenade, the President made a long and formal speech. All of the government buildings were again illuminated, and the people, almost with unanimity, followed the example. The night was misty, and the exhibition was a splendid one. The reflection of the illuminated dome of the Capitol on the moist air was remarked as being especially fine; it was seen many miles away. Arlington House, across the river, the old home of Lee, was brilliantly lighted, and rockets and colored lights blazed on the lawn, where ex-slaves by the thousand sang "The Year of Jubilee."

The notable feature of the evening, of course, was the President's speech, delivered to an immense throng of people, who, with bands, banners, and loud huzzas, poured into the semi-circular avenue in front of the Executive Mansion. After repeated calls, loud and enthusiastic, the President appeared at the window, which was a signal for a great outburst. There was

something terrible in the enthusiasm with which the beloved Chief Magistrate was received. Cheers upon cheers, wave after wave of applause, rolled up, the President patiently standing quiet until it was all over. The speech was longer than most people had expected, and of a different character. It was chiefly devoted to a discussion of the policy of reconstruction which had been outlined by him in previous public documents. It began with the words, now classic, "We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart. The evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and the surrender of the principal insurgent army, give hope of a righteous and speedy peace, whose joyous expression cannot be restrained. In the midst of this, however, he from whom all blessings flow must not be forgotten. A call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared, and will be duly promulgated. Nor must those whose harder part gave us the cause of rejoicing be overlooked. Their honors must not be parceled out with others. I myself was near the front, and had the high pleasure of transmitting much of the good news to you, but no part of the honor for plan or execution is mine. To General Grant, his skilful officers and brave men, all belongs. The gallant navy stood ready, but was not in reach to take active part."

While the crowd was assembling in front of the house, and before the President went up-stairs to the window from which he was to speak, I was with him, and noticed that his speech was written out, and that he carried a roll of manuscript in his hand. He explained that this was a precaution to prevent a repetition of the criticisms which had sometimes been made by fastidious persons upon his off-hand addresses. Senator Sumner, it may be remembered, had objected to the President's using on a former occasion the expression, "The rebels turned tail and ran," as being undignified from the lips of the President of the United States. Lincoln recalled that criticism with a smile. From a point of concealment behind the window drapery I held a light while he read, dropping the pages of his written speech one by one upon the floor as he finished them. Little Tad, who found the crowd no longer responsive to his antics, had now sought the chief point of attraction, and scrambled around on the floor, importuning his father to give him "another," as he collected the sheets of paper fluttering from the President's hand. Outside was a vast sea of faces, illuminated by the lights that burned in the festal array of the White House, and stretching far out into the misty darkness. It was a silent, intent, and perhaps surprised multitude. Within stood the tall, gaunt figure of the President, deeply thoughtful, intent upon the elucidation of the policy which should be

pursued toward the South. That this was not the sort of speech which the multitude had expected is tolerably certain. In the hour of his triumph as the patriotic Chief Magistrate of a great people, Lincoln appeared to think only of the great problem then pressing upon the Government — a problem which would demand the highest statesmanship, the greatest wisdom, and the firmest generosity.

I have said that some of Lincoln's more fastidious critics had objected to certain of his offhand phrases, which readily took with the multitude, and which more graphically conveyed his meaning than those commonly used by the scholars. Against advice, he had, in a formal message to Congress, adhered to the use of the phrase "sugar-coated pill." He argued that the time would probably never come when the American people would not understand what a sugar-coated pill was; and on this historic occasion he used another favorite figure of his when he said, "Concede that the new government of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than smashing it." But it turned out that Senator Sumner, for one, was no better pleased with this metaphor than he had been with others on previous occasions; for in a letter to Dr. Lieber of Philadelphia, next day, he wrote: "The President's speech, and other things, augur confusion and uncertainty in the future, with hot controversy. Alas! alas!" And still later in that year, Sumner said: "The eggs of crocodiles can produce only crocodiles, and it is not easy to see how eggs laid by military power can be hatched into an American State."

Years have passed since then, and the grave has long since closed over the President and the senators who opposed his policy and his judgment. Posterity has vindicated the wisdom of Lincoln, and has dealt charitably with the errors of those who in their day lacked that charity which is now entreated of mankind for them. That they meant well, that they were patriotic, that they were sincere, no man can doubt; but as we turn our thoughts backward to that April night when the great President made his last public speech to a silent and wondering crowd, we may well regard his figure with veneration and reverence, aware now, if we were not then, that he builded better than they knew. In the general jubilation of that hour, however, there was very little criticism of the President's last public speech. It was felt, perhaps, that the man who had brought us safe through the great trial of our strength and patience, himself strong and patient, might well be trusted with the adjustment of terms of reunion. Reunion was then the foremost thought in the minds of men.

Slavery was dead, peace had returned, and henceforth the grateful task of reuniting the long-estranged brotherhood of the States was ours. Is it any wonder that men fairly cried with joy when this happy consummation rose in their minds?

But even while we stood under the light of a new day, joyful as a people, triumphant as citizens, there was preparing for us a portentous and inconceivable disaster.

THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

THE afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw, and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the President at the White House, and was told by him that he "had had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln; but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, New Jersey. The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington, he (the President) had "felt inclined to give up the whole thing"; but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theater that night, Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go, in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed. On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who tarried with me on the sidewalk a little while, talking about the trip, and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento whom he wished to meet. Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibilities of his eventually taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over. He thought, he said, that that country would afford better opportunities for his two boys than any of the older States; and when he heard that Colfax was going to California, he was greatly interested in his trip, and said that he hoped that Colfax would bring him back a good report of what his keen and practised observation would note in the country which he (Colfax) was about to see for the first time.

The evening being inclement, I stayed within doors to nurse a violent cold with which I was afflicted; and my room-mate McA—— and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half-past ten our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of

cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York Avenue, near the State Department building. After a while quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping-room in the rear part of the house. As I turned down the gas, I said to my room-mate: "Will, I have guessed the cause of the clatter outside to-night. You know Wade Hampton has disappeared with his cavalry somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. Now, my theory of the racket is that he has raided Washington, and has pounced down upon the President, and has attempted to carry him off." Of course this was said jocosely and without the slightest thought that the President was in any way in danger; and my friend, in a similar spirit, banteringly replied, "What good will that do the rebs unless they carry off Andy Johnson also?" The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying, "Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks! I have dreadful news." I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling, and woebegone, like him who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night," and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the President, Mr. Seward, Vice-President Johnson, and other members of the Government, had been killed; and this was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the loud weeping of my comrade, who had not left his bed in another part of the room.

When we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women, and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if everybody was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the President and Mr. Seward's family. The President still lived, but at half-past seven o'clock in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the lamenting people that he had ceased to breathe. His great and loving heart was still. The last official bulletin from the War Department stated that he died at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of April 15.

Instantly flags were raised at half-mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, govern-

ment departments, and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and somber sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad-faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before. Wandering aimlessly up F street toward Ford's Theater, we met a tragical procession. It was headed by a group of army officers walking bareheaded, and behind them, carried tenderly by a company of soldiers, was the bier of the dead President, covered with the flag of the Union, and accompanied by an escort of soldiers who had been on duty at the house where Lincoln died. As the little cortège passed down the street to the White House, every head was uncovered, and the profound silence which prevailed was broken only by sobs and by the sound of the measured tread of those who bore the martyred President back to the home which he had so lately quitted full of life, hope, and courage.

On the night of the 17th the remains of Lincoln were laid in the casket prepared for their reception, and were taken from the large guest-chamber of the house to the famous East Room, where so many brilliant receptions and so many important public events had been witnessed; and there they lay in state until the day of the funeral (April 19). The great room was draped with crape and black cloth, relieved only here and there by white flowers and green leaves. The catafalque upon which the casket lay was about fifteen feet high, and consisted of an elevated platform resting on a dais and covered with a domed canopy of black cloth which was supported by four pillars, and was lined beneath with fluted white silk. In those days the custom of sending floral tributes on funereal occasions was little known, but the funeral of Lincoln was remarkable for the unusual abundance and beauty of the devices in flowers that were sent by individuals and public bodies. From the time the body had been made ready for burial until the last services in the house, it was watched night and day by a guard of honor, the members of which were one major-general, one brigadier-general, two field officers, and four line officers of the army and four of the navy. Before the public were admitted to view the face of the dead, the scene in the darkened room—a sort of *chappelle ardente*—was most impressive. At the head and foot and on each side of the casket of their dead chief stood the motionless figures of his armed warriors.

When the funeral exercises took place, the

floor of the East Room had been transformed into something like an amphitheater by the erection of an inclined platform, broken into steps, and filling all but the entrance side of the apartment and the area about the catafalque. This platform was covered with black cloth, and upon it stood the various persons designated as participants in the ceremonies, no seats being provided. In the northwest corner were the pall-bearers — senators Lafayette S. Foster of Connecticut, E. D. Morgan of New York, Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, Richard Yates of Illinois, Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio, and John Conness of California; representatives Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, A. H. Coffroth of Pennsylvania, Green Clay Smith of Kentucky, Schuyler Colfax of Indiana, E. B. Washburne of Illinois, and H. G. Worthington of Nevada; Lieutenant-General Grant, Major-General Halleck, and Brevet Brigadier General Nichols; Vice-Admiral Farragut, Rear-Admiral Shubrick, and Colonel Zeilin, of the Marine Corps; civilians O. H. Browning, George Ashmun, Thomas Corwin, and Simon Cameron. The New York Chamber of Commerce was represented by its officers, and the New York Associated Merchants by Simeon Draper, Moses Grinnell, John Jacob Astor, Jonathan Sturges, and Hiram Walbridge. Next to them, at the extreme southern end of the room, were the governors of the States; and on the east side of the coffin, which lay north and south, and opposite the main entrance of the East Room, stood Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. He was supported on each side by his faithful friend Preston King and ex-Vice-President Hamlin. Behind these were Chief Justice Chase and his associates on the Supreme Bench, and near them were the members of the cabinet and their wives, all of whom were in deep mourning. On the right of the cabinet officers, at the northern end of the room, were the diplomatic corps, whose brilliant court costumes gleamed in strange contrast with the somber monotony of the rest of the spectacle. The members of the Senate and House of Representatives were disposed about the room and adjoining apartments, and at the foot of the catafalque was a little semicircle of chairs for the family and friends. Robert T. Lincoln, son of the President, was the only one of the family present, Mrs. Lincoln being unable to leave her room, where she remained with "Tad." General Grant, separated from the others, sat alone at the head of the catafalque, and during the solemn services was often moved to tears. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the President, who preached the funeral sermon; the Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Epiphany Episcopal Church; the Rev. Dr. Gray,

who was chaplain of the Senate; and Bishop Simpson, who was an intimate friend of Lincoln. A singular omission, whether intentional or not I do not know, was that no music of any sort was mingled with the exercises.

The sight of the funeral pageant will probably never be forgotten by those who saw it. Long before the services in the White House were over, the streets were blocked by crowds of people thronging to see the procession, which moved from the house precisely at two o'clock, amid the tolling of bells and the booming of minute-guns from three batteries that had been brought into the city, and from each of the many forts about Washington. The day was cloudless, and the sun shone brilliantly upon cavalry, infantry, artillery, marines, associations, and societies, with draped banners, and accompanied in their slow march by mournful dirges from numerous military bands. The Ninth and Tenth Regiments of Veteran Reserves headed the column; next came a battalion of marines in gorgeous uniforms; then the Sixteenth New York and the Eighth Illinois Cavalry Regiments; then eight pieces of United States light artillery in all the pomp and panoply peculiar to that branch of the service; next several mounted major-generals and brigadiers, accompanied by their staffs; then army and naval officers on foot by the hundred, more mounted officers, and pall-bearers in carriages; then the funeral car, a large structure canopied and covered with black cloth, somewhat like the catafalque which had been erected in the White House. The casket rested on a high platform eight or ten feet above the level of the street. As it passed many shed tears, and all heads were uncovered. The car was guarded by a detachment of the First West Virginia Artillery, on foot, and the company of cavalry known as the President's body-guard, also on foot; then came the carriages for the family, and then the President, the cabinet, the diplomatic corps, both houses of Congress, and others.

One noticeable feature of the procession was the appearance of the colored societies which brought up the rear, humbly, as was their wont; but just before the procession began to move, the Twenty-Second United States Colored Infantry (organized in Pennsylvania), landed from Petersburg, marched up to a position on the avenue, and when the head of the column came up, played a dirge, and headed the procession to the Capitol. The coffin was taken from the funeral car and placed on a catafalque within the rotunda of the Capitol, which had been darkened and draped in mourning. When the lying in state at the Capitol was over, the funeral procession from Washington to Springfield, Illinois, began, the cortège passing over

the same route which was taken by Abraham Lincoln when he left his home for the national capital to assume the great office which he laid down only with his life.

It would be superfluous now to dwell on the incidents of that historic and most lamentable procession, or to recall to the minds of the present and passing generation the impressiveness of the wonderful popular demonstration of grief that stretched from the seaboard to the heart of Illinois. History has recorded how thousands of the plain people whom Lincoln loved came out from their homes to stand bareheaded and reverent as the funeral train swept by, while bells were tolled and the westward progress through the night was marked by camp-fires built along the course by which the great emancipator was borne at last to his dreamless rest.

THE DOOM OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

THE court-room in which were tried in May, 1865, the eight conspirators arraigned for being concerned in the plot against the lives of the heads of the Government, was a place of fascinating and perhaps morbid interest. The trial was arranged to be secret, but it was finally opened to those who could procure passes from the president of the court. The room in which the trial was held is a part of the great United States Arsenal establishment, attached to which is the penitentiary in which the conspirators were confined. It is on the banks of the Potomac, in the suburbs of the city. Entering an old-fashioned brick building, one was shown into a large, bare room on the ground floor, where sat a couple of staff-officers receiving the credentials of those who applied for admission; they sent these up to the court, where an officer inspected them, and returned them, if satisfactory, with the desired card of admission. A narrow flight of stairs brought the visitor to a small chamber in the second story, where a knot of orderlies were lounging about, and an officer inspected one's pass; after another flight of stairs, another inspection of the pass permitted one to enter the court-room, which was in the third story. It was an apartment about twenty-five feet wide and thirty feet long, the entrance being at the end opposite the penitentiary. Looking up the room, one saw that it was divided lengthwise into two parts, the portion on the right being occupied by the court, sitting around a long, green-covered table, General Hunter at one end, and Judge-Advocate-General Holt with his assistants at the other. The part of the room which was not occupied by the court was railed off, and was taken up with a few seats for reporters and spectators generally, who were crowded confusedly about, and rested as best they could against the bare, whitewashed

walls of the room. At the farther end of the apartment was a wooden railing, behind which, on a narrow, raised platform, sat the accused men, all in a solemn row, with an armed soldier sitting between every two persons. At the left-hand corner behind them was a heavy iron door opening into the corridor along which were the cells of the prisoners. Each one of the accused was manacled hand and foot, and sat grimly against the wall, facing the court and the witnesses, the witness-stand being a raised box in the center of the room.

On the left, in the line of prisoners, sat Mrs. Surratt, deeply veiled, with her face turned to the wall, slowly and constantly fanning herself, and never raising her head except when ordered to show her countenance for the purpose of identification by witnesses. She was a dark-looking, fleshy, placid, and matronly woman, apparently about forty-five years of age. She was accused of being privy to the plot, assisting both before and after the assassination, and secreting in her house the arms and other implements to be used in carrying out the conspiracy.

Next the guard who sat by Mrs. Surratt's side was Herold, a small, dark fellow, about twenty-five years old, with a low, receding forehead, scanty black hair and whiskers, a stooping figure, protruding teeth, and a vulgar face. This man was Booth's intimate companion, and left him only when he was burned out in the Maryland barn.

Next was Payne, the assassin detailed for the murder of Seward. He sat bolt upright against the wall, looming up like a young giant above all the others. Payne's face would defy the ordinary physiognomist. It certainly appeared to be a good face. His coarse, black hair was brushed well off his low, broad forehead; his eyes were dark gray, unusually large and liquid. His brawny, muscular chest, which was covered only by a dark, close-fitting "sweater," was that of an athlete. He was apparently not much over twenty-four years old, and his face, figure, and bearing bespoke him the powerful, resolute creature that he proved to be. It was curious to see the quick flash of intelligence that involuntarily shot from his eyes when the knife with which he had done the bloody work at Seward's house was identified by the man who found it in the street near the house in the gray dawn of the morning after that dreadful night. The knife was a heavy, horn-handled implement, with a double edge at the point, and a blade about ten inches long, thick at the back, but evidently ground carefully to a fine point. This knife was subsequently given to Robinson, the faithful nurse who saved the life of Seward, and who was afterward made a paymaster in the army of the United States.

Next in order sat Atzerot, who had been assigned, it was believed, to the murder of Vice-President Johnson, but whose heart failed him when the time came to strike the blow. This fellow might safely challenge the rest of the party as the completest personification of a low and cunning scoundrel. He was small and sinewy, with long, dark-brown hair, dark-blue and unsteady eyes, a receding, narrow chin and forehead, and a generally villainous countenance. It was observed that when any ludicrous incident disturbed the gravity of the court, as sometimes happened, Atzerot was the only man who never smiled, although the others, Payne especially, would often grin in sympathy with the auditors.

O'Laughlin, who was supposed to have been set apart for the murder of Stanton or Grant, had the appearance of the traditional stage villain. He had a high, broad forehead, a mass of tangled black hair, a heavy black mustache and chin-whiskers, and his face was blackened by a rough, unshaven beard. His large eyes, black and wild, were never still, but appeared to take in everything within the room, scanning each new arrival at the door, watching the witnesses, but occasionally resting on the green trees and sunny sky seen through the grated window on his left. He often moved his feet, and the clanking of his manacles would attract his attention, and he would look down, then back and forth at the scene within the courtroom. A California vigilance committee in 1849 probably would have hanged him "on general principles." He was accused of being in league with both Surratt and Herold, and was seen at Stanton's house on the night of the murder, asking for General Grant.

Spangler, the stage-carpenter of Ford's Theater, was about forty, heavily built, sandy in complexion, slovenly in appearance. He held Booth's horse at odd times, kept clear the way to the rear of the theater, and was suspected of being his lackey. The poor creature, more than any other, appeared to be under the influence of imminent bodily fear. His hands were incessantly moving along his legs from knee to thigh, his bony fingers traveling back and forth like spiders, as he sat with his eyes fixed on each witness.

Dr. Mudd, the companion and associate of Booth, who received the flying assassin into his house on the night of the murder, and set his fractured limb, in appearance was about thirty-five years of age, and had mild blue eyes, a good, broad forehead, ruddy face, hair scanty and thin, a high head, and a sanguine temperament. He sat in his shirt-sleeves, with a white handkerchief knotted loosely about his neck, and attentively regarded the proceedings with the air of a man who felt sure of himself.

Last in the row, and looking out of the window upon the pleasant sky and tree-tops beyond, was Arnold, the "Sam" of Booth's correspondence, who, writing from Hookstown, Maryland, informed the assassin that he had concluded to "give up the job," and was tired of keeping up appearances. This man was as uneasy as a caged whelp. He leaned his head on the rail before him, or looked out of the window, or lounged against the wall, or rested his chin on his breast, and was generally absolutely inattentive to everything that went on. He had retreated from the conspiracy, and was caught at Fort Monroe, where he had gone to get out of the way until suspicion had passed. It then appeared that he figured only in the original plan of abducting Lincoln, and was to have caught him on the stage when the rest of the villains had thrown him over from the box.

The appearance and demeanor of the court, it must be admitted, were neither solemn nor impressive. The members of the commission sat about in various negligent attitudes, and a general appearance of disorder was evident. Many ladies were present, and their irrepressible whispering was a continual nuisance to the reporters, who desired to keep track of the evidence. The witnesses were first examined by the judge-advocate, the members of the court putting in a question now and then, and the counsel for the prisoners taking up the cross-examination, each counselor attending only to the witness whose testimony affected his own client. The witnesses were brought in without regard to any particular criminal, all being tried at once. Occasionally an attorney for one prisoner would "develop" the witness under examination in such a manner as to injure the cause of another of the defendants, and then a petty quarrel would ensue between the different counsel.

Of the eight prisoners at the bar, Payne, Atzerot, Herold, and Mrs. Surratt were declared by the court guilty of murder, and were hanged on July 7, 1865. O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Dr. Mudd were found guilty of being accessory to the conspiracy, and were sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life. Spangler, who impressed most people as being a weak creature and unaware of being concerned in any real crime, was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, and, with O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Mudd, was sent to the forts of the Dry Tortugas. Dr. Mudd was pardoned by President Johnson in February, 1869, and Arnold and Spangler about a month later in the same year. O'Laughlin died of yellow fever while in prison at Fort Jefferson, Florida. John H. Surratt, who was at first believed to have been the would-be assassin of Mr. Seward, escaped from Washington immediately after the tragedy, and fled

to Canada; thence he went to Italy, where he enlisted in the Papal Zouaves, but was traced by the sleuth-hounds of the United States detective force, and was brought back to this country on an American frigate in December, 1866, and tried, but not convicted.

A painful and depressing feature of this tragical business was the ease with which many well-meaning but unreasonable people not only appeared to forget the awfulness of the crime committed, but made objection to the findings of the court. Judge John A. Bingham, who assisted the judge-advocate in the trial, was unjustly, even wickedly, pursued by some of these wrong-headed persons for the part he took in the conviction of Mrs. Surratt. All the evidence in her case pointed unerringly to her guilt as an intelligent accomplice of the assassins. And the fact that Payne sought her house as a place of refuge after his murderous assault upon Seward, was only one of many more conclusive evidences of her active share in the great conspiracy. Her sex appears to have blinded the judgment of many who did not follow the trial with attentiveness.

It was natural, but to a lover of Lincoln almost surprising, that while the lifeless form of the martyr was being borne home to Illinois, the newly installed President, Andrew Johnson, was surrounded, courted, and flattered by eager crowds of courtiers and office-seekers in Washington. If Johnson had just been inaugurated, after a political campaign in which he

had defeated Lincoln, and was expected to overturn everything that remained of his predecessor's work, the appearance of things would not have been different from what it was. Multitudes from every part of the country rushed upon Washington, some with windy and turgid addresses to the new President, and many more with applications for official favor. To a thoughtful man this exhibition was disgusting beyond description.

Nor was one's respect for a pure democracy heightened by the habitual pose of President Johnson. It was a remarkable illustration of the elasticity and steadiness of our form of government that its machinery moved on without a jar, without tumult, when the head was suddenly stricken down. But the vulgar clamor of the crowds that beset Johnson, the boisterous ravings of the successor of Lincoln, and the complete absorption of Washington quidnuncs in speculations on the "policy" of the new head of the Government, saddened those who regarded this ignoble spectacle with hearts sore with grief for the loss of him who was yet unburied.

All these petty details are but a small part of our history; but they do belong to history. Posterity is already making up its verdict. We must be content to leave to posterity the final adjustment of all things. Smaller men are passing out of human memory. In the words of one who knew him well, Lincoln "belongs to the ages."

Noah Brooks.



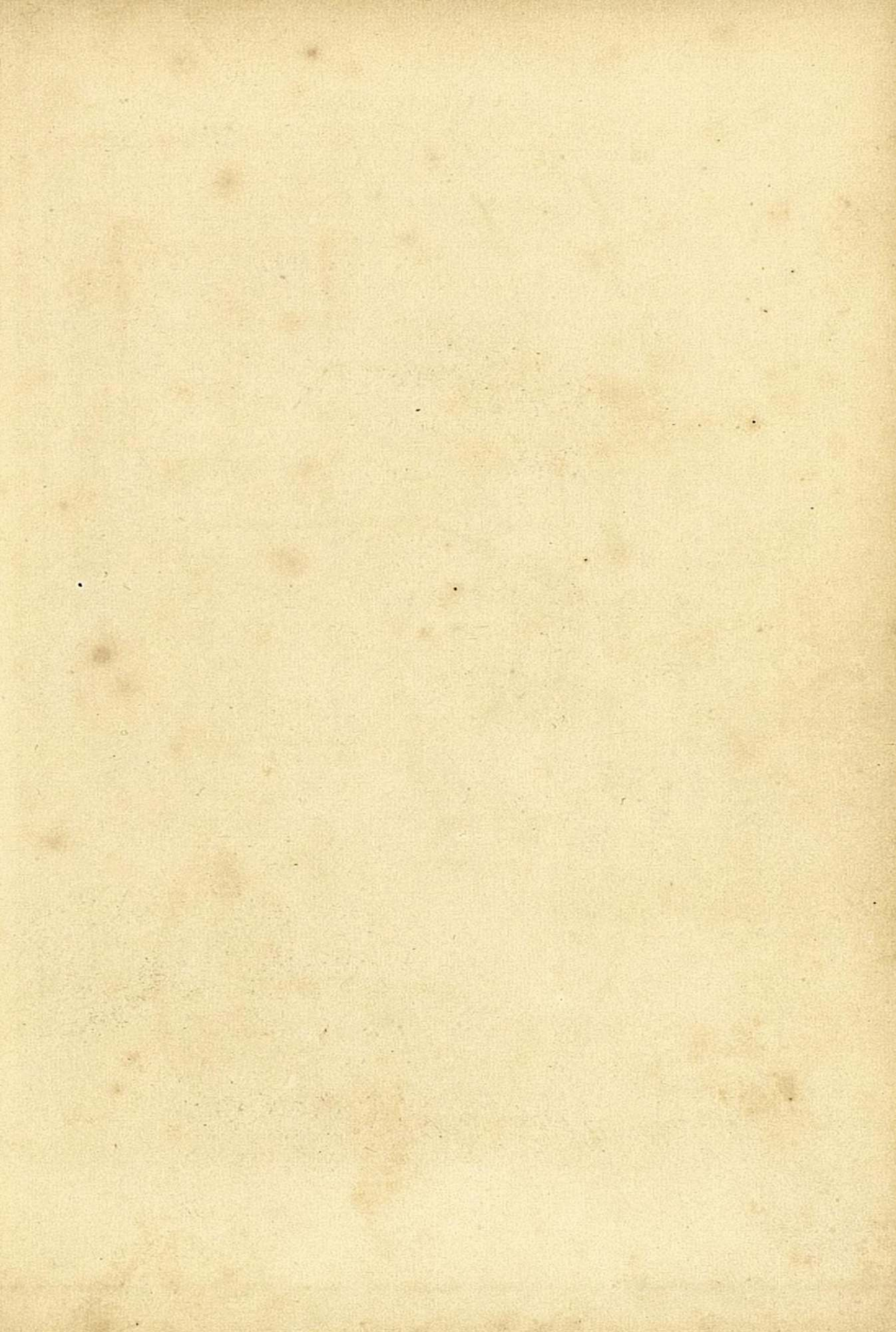
UNANSWERED.

HER eyes are closed, that were the door
Through which the light had fond access
To her sweet soul: forevermore
The fair soul-house is tenantless.

Her eyes are closed; yet, in the night
That saw her fuller life begin,
The watchers knew the clearest light,
Just dawned, was that her eyes shut in.

O strangely radiant gates of Death!
Could we look past you through her eyes,
Should we too lay aside our breath
With such eternal glad surprise?

Charles Buxton Going.





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