PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF

THE CIVIL WAR

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

By BENSON J. LOSSING.

ILLUSTRATED BY MANY HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, BY LOSSING AND BARRITT, FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS.

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dark cloud appeared, and suddenly overspread the firmament as with a pall. Before midnight the electric messengers went over the land with the tidings that the President had been murdered! The sad story may be briefly told as follows:—

On the morning of the 14th, General Grant arrived in Washington.[1] Captain Robert Lincoln, the President's son, was one of his staff officers. They had arrived in time for the latter to breakfast with his father, and give him the narrative of an eye-witness, as he was, of the scenes of Lee's surrender. At 11 o'clock the President attended a Cabinet meeting, at which Grant was present. When the meeting adjourned, he made an arrangement with the General to attend Ford's Theater in the evening, and sent a messenger to engage a box. When, awhile afterward, Schuyler Colfax, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, visited him, he invited that gentleman to accompany Mrs. Lincoln and himself to the theater, but previous engagements caused Mr. Colfax to decline. General Grant was called to New York that evening.

It was publicly announced in the afternoon, that the President and General Grant would be at the theater. The house was crowded. Mr. Lincoln and a little party[2] arrived just after eight o'clock. The President was seated in a high-backed rocking-chair, with Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris on his left. The box had been draped with an American flag in honor of the President. The play, "Our American Cousin," was drawing to a close, when, at a little past ten o'clock, John Wilkes Booth, an actor by profession, passed near the box where the President and his party were seated, and after presenting a card to Mr. Lincoln's messenger, in the passage way,[3] he stood and looked down upon the orchestra and the audience for a few minutes. He then entered the vestibule of the President's box, closed the door and fastened it from the inside with a piece of plank previously provided, so that it might not be opened from the outside. He then drew a Derringer pistol, and with this in his right hand, and a long two-edged dagger in his left, he entered the inner door of the box directly behind the President, who was leaning a little forward, absorbed in the interest of the drama. Holding the pistol over the back of the chair, he shot Mr. Lincoln in the head. The ball entered back of the ear, and passing through the brain, lodged just behind the right eye. The President's head fell slightly forward, and his eyes closed; he lived nine hours afterward, but was not conscious.

Major Rathbone was startled by the report of the pistol, and seeing Booth, who was half hidden by the powder-smoke that filled the box, seized him. The murderer tore away from his grasp, dropped his pistol, and striking with his dagger, made a serious wound on the Major's left arm. The assassin then rushed to the front of the box, with the gleaming weapon in his hand, and shouted, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*"—so may it be always with Tyrants—the motto of the seal of Virginia, and then leaped upon the stage.

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[1] Unlike most conquerors, Grant did not enter the capital of the conquered, and enjoy the sensations that await visitors on such occasions, but following simply in the path of duty, when his work was done, he went directly to his own capital to report its results to his Government.

[2] Composed of Mrs. Lincoln, Major H. R. Rathbone, and Miss Clara W. Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris.

[3] At nine o'clock a man appeared at the same place, with a large package, and inquired for General Grant. No doubt the intention was to murder the General at the same time Mr. Lincoln was assassinated.

He was booted and spurred for a night ride. One of his spurs caught in the flag, and he fell. Rising, he turned to the audience and exclaimed, "*The South is avenged!*" and then escaped by a back door, where he mounted a horse a boy was holding for him, fled across the Anacosta, and found temporary refuge with some sympathizing friends, among the Maryland slave-holders. The President was carried from the theater to the house of Mr. Peterson, on the opposite side of the street, where he died the next morning* at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock.[1]

* April 15, 1865.

So fell, by the hands of an assassin—an embodiment of the dark spirit of the Conspirators against the Republic—ABRAHAM LINCOLN,[2] the best rep-

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[1] Mrs. Lincoln, half dead with fright and grief, was taken to the house where her husband lay. He was soon surrounded by the prominent officers of the Government, and other distinguished gentlemen, who remained with him until the last.

[2] There is evidence on record, that during the whole war, as well as before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, plots were formed, from time to time, for his assassination, not only in this country, but among the friends of the Conspirators in Europe. But, having in his heart, "Charity toward all, and malice toward none," he could not believe that anybody would be so wicked as to deliberately murder him; and he never took a precaution against assassination, voluntarily.

In the first and second volumes of this work may be found extended narratives of events connected with a plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln while on his way to Washington City, in February, 1861. The following interesting account, not only of those circumstances, but of early movements in the preparations for overturning the Government, have been kindly communicated to the author by S. M. Felton, the Superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railway. Mr. Pinkerton, mentioned in this narrative, has, in an interesting pamphlet, given a history similar in the tenor of many facts. Mr. Felton's communication, dated Nov. 15, 1867, is as follows, after speaking of the determination of the Southern politicians to rebel, after the election of Mr. Lincoln:—

"My own business relations for the last ten years, as manager of a railroad connecting the North with the South, had brought me into relations somewhat intimate with Southern men. I saw trouble, and tried to avert it as far as I could by my personal influence. I advised on both sides a conservative policy, and endeavored, so far as I could, to bring both parties together by adjusting differences. The plot was, however, more deeply laid than appeared on the surface, and soon broke out in open rebellion. From this moment I did not hesitate to decide what course I was to pursue, and this was to support the Government with all the means at my disposal. I was importuned to remain neutral, and also to decline to place the road at the disposal of the Government for the transportation of troops and supplies; but I regarded such a course as no less treasonable than open rebellion. It soon came to my knowledge, first from rumors, and then from evidence which I could not doubt, that there was a deep-laid conspiracy to capture Washington, destroy all the avenues to it, from the north, east and west, and thus prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln in the Capitol of the country; and if this plot did not succeed, then to murder him on his way to the Capital, and thus inaugurate a revolution which, they hoped, would end in establishing a Southern Confederacy, uniting all the slave States, while the North was to be divided into separate cliques, each striving for the destruction of the other. Early in the year 1861, Miss Dix, the philanthropist, came into my office on a Saturday afternoon. I had known her for some years, as one engaged in alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted. Her occupation in Southern hospitals had brought her in contact with the prominent men South. She had become familiar with the structure of Southern society, and also with the working of its political machinery. She stated to me that she had an important communication to make to me personally. I listened attentively to what she had to say for more than an hour. She put in a tangible and reliable shape, by the facts she related, what before I had heard, in numerous and detached parcels. The sum of it all was, that there was then an extensive and organized conspiracy throughout the South, to seize upon Washington, with its archives and records, and then declare the Southern Conspirators, *de facto*, the Government of the United States; at the same time they were to cut off all modes of communication between Washington and the North, East, and West, and thus prevent the transportation of troops, to wrest the Capital from the hands of the insurgents. Mr. Lincoln's inauguration was thus to be prevented, or his life was to fall a sacrifice. In fact, she said troops were then drilling on the line of our own road, the Washington and Annapolis line, and other lines of railroad. The men drilled were to obey the commands of their leaders, and the leaders were banded together to capture Washington. As soon as the interview was ended, I called Mr. N. P. Trist, who was then, and is now, in confidential relations with the railroad, into my office, and told him I wanted him to go to Washington that night and communicate these facts to General Scott. I also furnished him with some data for General Scott, as to the other routes to Washington, that might be adopted in case the direct route was cut off. One was the Delaware railroad to Seaford, and then up the Chesapeake and the Potomac to Washington, or to Annapolis, and thence to Washington; another to Perryville, and thence by water to Annapolis, and thence to Washington. Mr. Trist left that night, and arrived in Washington at six the next morning. He immediately had an interview with General Scott, who, after listening to him, told him he had foreseen the trouble that was coming, and in October previous, had made a communication to President Buchanan predicting trouble at the South, and urging strongly the garrisoning of all the Southern forts and arsenals with forces sufficient to hold them, but that his advice had been unheeded and nothing had been done, and he feared nothing would be done; that he was powerless, and that he feared it would be necessary to inaugurate Mr. Lincoln at Philadelphia. He should, however, do all he could to bring troops to Washington, sufficient to make it secure; but he had no influence with the administration, and feared

resentative of true Democracy in America, known in this generation. His death occasioned the most profound grief throughout the Republic, and sor-

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the worst consequences. Thus matters stood on Mr. Trist's visit to Washington, and thus they stood for some time afterward. A few days subsequently, a gentleman from Baltimore came out to Back River Bridge, on the railroad, about five miles east of the city, and told the bridge-keeper that he had come to give information, which had come to his knowledge, of vital importance to the road, which he wished communicated to me. The nature of this communication was, that a party was then organized in Baltimore for burning our bridges in case Mr. Lincoln came over the road, or in case we attempted to carry troops for the defense of Washington. This party had combustible materials then prepared to take out and pour over the bridges; that they were to disguise themselves as negroes, and be at the bridge just before the train, bringing Mr. Lincoln, arrived. The bridge was then to be burned, and the train attacked, and Mr. Lincoln to be put out of the way. This man appeared to be a gentleman, and in earnest, and honest in what he said; but he would not give his name, nor allow any inquiries to be made as to his name or exact abode, as he said his life would be in peril were it known that he had given this information. He said if we would not attempt to find him out, he would continue to come and give us information. He came, subsequently, several times, and gave items of information as to the movements of the Conspirators, but I have never been able to ascertain who he was. Immediately after the development of these facts, I went to Washington, and there met a prominent and reliable man from Baltimore, who was well acquainted with Marshal Kane, then the chief of police. I was anxious to ascertain whether he was loyal and reliable, and made particular inquiries upon both these points. I was assured that he was perfectly reliable, whereupon I made known some few of the reports that had come to my knowledge in reference to the designs to burn the bridges, and requested that they should be laid before Marshal Kane, with a request that he should detail a police force to make the necessary investigation. Marshal Kane was seen, and it was suggested to him that there were reports of a conspiracy to burn the bridges and cut off Washington, and his advice was asked, as to the best way of ferreting out the Conspirators. He scouted the idea that there was any such thing on foot, said he had thoroughly investigated the whole matter, and there was not the slightest foundation for such rumors. Kane's manner of treating the subject, satisfied me that he was not reliable. I then determined to have nothing more to do with him, but to investigate the matter in my own way, and at once sent for a celebrated detective, Allan Pinkerton, who resided in the West, and whom I had before employed in an important matter. He was a man of great skill and resources. I furnished him with a few hints only, and at once set him on the track, with eight assistants. There were then drilling on the line of the railroad, some three military organizations, professedly for home defense, pretending to be Union, and, in one or two instances, tendering their services to the railroad in case of trouble. Their propositions were duly considered, but the defense of the road was never intrusted to them. The first thing done by Pinkerton was to enlist a volunteer in each of these military companies. They pretended to come from New Orleans and Mobile, and did not appear to be wanting in sympathy for the South. They were furnished with uniforms at the expense of the road, and drilled as often as their associates in arms; became initiated into all the secrets of the organization, and reported every day or two to their chief, who immediately reported to me the designs and plans of the companies. One of these organizations was loyal, but the other two were disloyal and fully in the plot to destroy the bridges and march to Washington, to help wrest it from the hands of the legally constituted authorities. Every nook and corner on the road and its vicinity was explored by the chief and his detectives, and the secret working of secession and treason made bare, and brought to light. Societies were formed in Baltimore, and various modes, known to and practiced only by detectives, were resorted to to win the confidence of the Conspirators and get into their secrets. The plan worked to a charm, and the midnight plottings and the daily consultations of the Conspirators were treasured up as a guide to our future plans for thwarting them. It turned out that all that had been communicated by Miss Dix and the gentleman from Baltimore, rested upon a foundation of fact, and that the half had not been told. It was made as certain by these investigations, as strong circumstantial, and positive evidence could make it, that there was a plot to burn the bridges and destroy the road, and murder Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washington, if it turned out that he went there before troops were called. If troops were first called, then the bridges were to be burned, and Washington cut off and taken possession of by the South. I at once organized and armed a force of about two hundred men, whom I distributed along the line, between the Susquehanna and Baltimore, principally at the bridges. These men were drilled regularly by drill-masters, and were apparently employed in whitewashing the bridges, putting on some six or seven coats of wash, saturated with salt and alum, to make the outside of the bridges as nearly fire-proof as possible. This whitewashing, so extensive in its application, became the nine days' wonder of the neighborhood. Thus the bridges were strongly guarded and a train was arranged so as to concentrate all the forces at one point in case of trouble. The programme of Mr. Lincoln was changed, and it was decided that he should go to Harrisburg from Philadelphia, and thence over the Northern Central road by way of Baltimore, and thence to Washington. We were then informed by our detective, that the attention of the Conspirators was turned from our road to the Northern Central, and that they would there await the coming of Mr. Lincoln. This statement was confirmed by our Baltimore gentleman, who came out again, and said that their designs upon our road were postponed for the present, and until we carried troops, would not be renewed. Mr. Lincoln was to be waylaid on the line of the Northern Central road, and prevented from reaching Washington, or his life was to fall a sacrifice to the attempt. Thus matters stood on the afternoon of his arrival in Philadelphia. I felt it my duty to communicate to him the facts that had come to my knowledge, and urge his going to Washington privately that night in our sleeping-car, instead of publicly two days after, as was proposed. I went to a hotel in Philadelphia, where I met the detective, Pinkerton, who was registered under an assumed name, and arranged with him to bring Mr. Judd, Mr. Lincoln's intimate friend, to his room, in season to arrange for the journey to Washington that night. One of our sub-detectives made three efforts to communicate with Mr. Judd while passing through the streets in the procession, and was three times arrested and carried out of the crowd by the police. The fourth time he succeeded, and brought Mr. Judd to the room at the hotel, where he met the detective-in-chief and myself. We lost no time

row wherever civilization prevailed. The manner of his death sent a thrill of horror everywhere; the rebound of feeling decreed his earthly apotheosis. By the consent of the common conscience and judgment, the honored and beloved Emancipator became an adored Martyr; and Democrats in all lands instantly placed him by the side of Washington, in the calendar of their saints and sages. The solemn words of his last inaugural address were recalled in nearly all civilized languages;[1] and forty thousand French Demo-

in making known to him the facts which had come to our knowledge in reference to the conspiracy, and I most earnestly advised that Mr. Lincoln should go to Washington privately that night in our sleeping-car. Mr. Judd fully entered into the plan, and said he would urge Mr. Lincoln to adopt it. On his and Pinkerton's communicating with Mr. Lincoln after the services of the evening were over, he answered that he had engaged to go to Harrisburg and speak the next day, and he would not break his engagement, even in the face of such peril, but that after he had fulfilled the engagement he would follow such advice as we might give him in reference to his journey to Washington. It was then arranged by myself and Pinkerton that Mr. Lincoln should go to Harrisburg the next day, and make his address, after which he was apparently to retire to Governor Curtin's house for the night, but in reality to go to a point about two miles out of Harrisburg, on the Pennsylvania railroad, where an extra car and engine awaited to take him to Philadelphia. At the time of his retiring, the telegraph lines east, west, north and south from Harrisburg were cut, so that no message as to his movements could be sent off in any direction. Mr. Lincoln could not probably arrive in season for our regular train that left at 11 P. M., and I did not dare to send him by an extra, for fear of its being found out or suspected that he was on the road, and it became necessary for me to devise some excuse for the detention of the train. But three persons on the road besides myself knew the plan. One of these, Mr. Wm. Stearns, I sent by an earlier train to say to the people of the Washington branch road that I had an important package which I was getting ready for the 11 P. M. train; that it was necessary I should have this package delivered in Washington early the next morning, without fail; that I was straining every nerve to get it ready by 11 o'clock, but in case I did not succeed, I should delay the train until it was ready, probably not more than half an hour, and I wished, as a personal favor, that the Washington train should await the coming of ours from Philadelphia, before leaving. This request was willingly complied with by the managers of the Washington branch, and Mr. Stearns, whom I had sent to Baltimore, so informed me by telegraph in cipher. The second person in the secret, Mr. H. F. Kenney, I sent to West Philadelphia, in company with Pinkerton, in a carriage, to await the coming of Mr. Lincoln. I gave him a package of old railroad reports, done up with great care, with a great seal attached to it, and directed, in a fair round hand, to a person at Willard's 'E. J. Allen' (the assumed name of Pinkerton). I marked it 'very important, to be delivered without fail by 11 o'clock train,' indorsing my own name upon the package. Mr. Lincoln arrived in West Philadelphia, and was immediately taken into the carriage with Mr. Kenney and Pinkerton, and driven to within a square of our station, where Mr. Kenney jumped off with the package and waited till he saw the carriage drive up to the door and Mr. Lincoln and the detective get out and go in. He then came up and gave the package to the conductor, who was waiting at the door to receive it, in company with a police officer. Tickets had been bought beforehand for Mr. Lincoln and party to Washington, including a tier of berths in the sleeping-car. He passed between the conductor and the police officer at the door, and neither suspected who he was. The conductor remarked as he passed, 'Well, old fellow, it is lucky for you that our President detained the train to send a package by it, or you would have been left.' Mr. Lincoln and the detective being safely ensconced in the sleeping-car, and my package safely in the hands of the conductor, the train started for Baltimore, about fifteen minutes behind time. Our man number three, George Stearns, started on the train to go to Baltimore, and hand it over, with its contents, to man number one, William Stearns, who awaited its arrival in Baltimore. Before the train reached Gray's Ferry bridge, and before Mr. Lincoln had resigned himself to slumber, the conductor came to George Stearns, and accosting him, said: 'George, I thought you and I were friends. Why did you not tell me Old Abe was on board?" George, thinking the conductor had, in some way, become possessed of the secret, answered: 'John, we are friends, and, as you have found it out, Old Abe is on board, and we will still be friends, and see him safely through.' John answered, 'Yes, if it costs me my life, he shall have a safe passage,' and so George stuck to one end of the car, and the conductor to the other every moment that his duties to the other passengers would admit of it. And Mr. Lincoln did arrive safely. It turned out, however, that the conductor was mistaken in his man. A man strongly resembling Mr. Lincoln had come down to the train about half an hour before it left, and bought a ticket to Washington, with a ticket for the sleeping-car. The conductor had seen him, and concluded he was the veritable 'Old Abe.' George delivered the sleeping-car and train over to William, in Baltimore, and William, as had been previously arranged, took his place at the back and rode to Washington, where he arrived on the rear of the sleeping-car, at about six A. M. on time, and saw Mr. Lincoln in the hands of a friend, safely delivered at Willard's, when he secretly ejaculated, 'God be praised!" He also saw my package of railroad reports marked 'highly important,' safely delivered into the hands for which it was intended. This being done, he performed his morning ablutions in peace and quiet, and enjoyed with unusual zest a breakfast at Willard's. At eight o'clock, the time agreed upon, the telegraph wires were joined, and the first message flashed across the line was, 'Your package has arrived safely, and been delivered.—WILLIAM.' Then there went up from the writer of this a shout of joy, and a devout thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow, and the few in the secret joined in a heartfelt amen. Thus began and ended a chapter in the history of the Rebellion that has never been before written, but about which there have been many hints entitled a Scotch cap and riding cloak, &c., neither of which had any foundation in truth. Mr. Lincoln was safely inaugurated, after which I discharged our detective force, and also the semi-military whitewashers, and all was quiet and serene again on the railroad."

[1] The *British Standard*, a leading English journal, said of it: "It is the most remarkable thing of the sort ever pronounced by any President of the United States, from the first day until now. Its Alpha and its Omega