THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

AS TOLD BY FATHER CHINIQUY

[Reprinted by request.]

[From "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome."]

Charles Chiniquy was born July 30, 1809, at Kamoraska, Canada. Five years later his parents emigrated to Murray Bay, at which place he received his early education at the hands of his mother, there being no schools located there at that time. The Bible, printed in Latin and French, was the book in which he was taught to read, and it was from this circumstance that Mr. Chiniquy learned so much of it, and, when the time came when he could no longer be a Romanist without giving up the Bible, he chose to leave the priesthood. It was his devotion and love of the Bible that made his life as a priest of Roman paganism one that was incessantly full of toil, hardship, trials and peril. His history reads like a romance. At all times and places he was discovering where the Bible and the church conflicted, and, in his loyalty to the Book his mother taught him to read, he was ever being placed in antagonistic positions with his ecclesiastical superiors and his fellow priests. There was in all his experience as a priest one broad and grand work, that of becoming the foremost figure in the cause of temperance in Canada, and he was so successful in that work that he was the means of reforming not only the various parishes he successfully had charge of as a priest, but the neighboring parishes and priests, and lastly, his bishop, as well. This work was of so pronounced a character that he was officially named by the bishop of Montreal

"The Apostle of Temperance of Canada."

These facts in Mr. Chiniquy's early history prove incontestably that he was a man of unswerving devotion to what he believed to be right. He had the courage of his convictions so as to act them out; in a word, he was all that goes to make a brave and upright man. It is no wonder then, that, after his signal success in the cause of temperance, he was selected to be the standard-bearer for the French Canadian Catholic colonies that were designed to be planted upon the broad prairies of Illinois. The Bishop

of Chicago invited him to carry out this work, and Mr. Chiniquy accepted the task. Shortly after arriving in Illinois, he selected the site of what is now the town of St. Anne, his present home, as the best place for a colony, and inside of ten days after, fifty families located on the spot. His great success aroused the jealousy of some disreputable priests who sought to create trouble between him and his bishop by writing letters of a defamatory nature and attributing their authorship to Mr. Chiniquy. The priest who wrote these letters was detected, and Mr. Chiniquy was exonerated. The bishop finding so

Much Wickedness Among His Priests,

resigned, and a new bishop, Rev. O'Regan was appointed in his place. This bishop was influenced against Mr. Chiniquy, however, successfully, and he forbade Mr. Chiniquy to circulate the Bible. Bishop O'Regan, becoming guilty of depriving the French Catholics of their church, etc., Mr. Chiniquy remonstrated, and the bishop did all in his power to remove him. In this the bishop was unsuccessful, for he could not find anything against Mr. Chiniquy's character. Other causes also led to a rupture, such as trying to make Mr. Chiniquy associate with dissolute and drunken priests. Failing in all these things, a plot was concocted against Mr. Chiniquy and he was several times brought before the criminal courts; each time, however, Mr. Chiniquy defeated his enemies. Lastly, a charge was brought against him of a terrible character and the case was set to be tried in a distant county where Mr. Chiniquy was unknown. Instead of being tried at Kankakee where he was known, a change of venue was brought to the court of Urbana, in Champaign County, Mr. Chiniquy in the meantime being held as a prisoner, under bail, by the sheriff. In this "dark hour" a stranger advised him to secure the services of Abraham Lincoln, and meeting with a favorable response from his lawyers, he telegraphed Mr. Lincoln if he would defend his honor and his life at the next May term of the court at Urbana. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln replied:

"Yes, I will defend your honor and your life at the next May term at Urbana.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Of the first trial at Urbana, Mr. Chiniquy says: "I spent six long days at Urbana as a criminal. During the greater part of that time all that human language can express of abuse and insult was heaped on my poor head. . . . I never heard anything like

The Eloquence of Abraham Lincoln

when he demolished the testimony of the two perjured priests who, with a dozen other false witnesses, had

sworn against me." Through the mistake of having one Roman Catholic on the jury, it was unable to agree—the Catholic being like the man who never met eleven men before. And the case was again set for trial for the following October.

Now came the greatest trial of Mr. Chiniquy's life. His enemies, rich, powerful, high in position, scrupled at no means and left no stone unturned to crush him. At the last trial so positive was the perjured evidence that when it was once heard the Chicago papers were telegraphed that he would be convicted. Yet this very circumstance saved Mr. Chiniquy's being a victim to his foes. A lady in Chicago reading the papers said it would be too bad, for she knew Mr. Chiniquy was innocent. Not being able to go to Urbana, her husband prevailed on another lady who knew the same facts to go in her place. Upon her arrival the whole plot was exposed and Mr. Chiniquy was saved,—the witnesses leaving town before court opened the second day for fear of being lynched. Indeed, so grave was the case and so strong the evidence that at the close of the first day Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Chiniquy, "The only way to be sure of a favorable verdict to-morrow is, that God Almighty would take your part and show your innocence! Go to Him and pray, for He alone can save you." Mr. Chiniquy went to his room, but not to sleep, as we may readily suppose, but to pray. When the lady arrived from Chicago she went direct to Mr. Lincoln and told him all. At three o'clock Mr. Lincoln told Mr. Chiniquy he was saved. At the opening of the court the next morning the prosecution withdrew the case, acknowledging the innocence of Mr. Chiniquy. "Mr. Lincoln," says Mr. Chiniquy, "having accepted that reparation in my name, made a short, but one of the most admirable speeches I had ever heard, on the cruel injuries I had suffered from my merciless persecutors, and denounced

The Rascality of the Priests

who had perjured themselves with such terrible stories that it had been wise on their part to fly away and disappear before the opening of the court, for the whole city was ransacked for them by hundreds." Abraham Lincoln had now defended Mr. Chiniquy for more than a year, yet such was the friendship he acquired for Mr. Chiniquy that he would not accept over fifty dollars for his services, writing a note for that amount for Mr. Chiniquy to sign. We here quote from "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," page 663-4:

"When Abraham Lincoln was writing the due-bill, the relaxation of the great strain upon my mind, and the great kindness of my benefactor and defender in charging me so little for such a service, and the terrible presenti-

ment that he would pay with his life for what he had done for me, caused me to break into sobs and tears.

"As Mr. Lincoln had finished writing the due-bill, he turned round to me and said, 'Father Chiniquy, what are you crying for? Ought you not to be the most happy man alive? You have beaten your enemies and gained the most glorious victory, and you will come out of all your troubles in triumph.'

"Mr. Lincoln," I answered, "allow me to tell you that the joy I should naturally feel for such a victory is destroyed in my mind by the fear of what it may cost you. There were then in the crowd not less than ten or twelve Jesuits from Chicago and St. Louis, who came to hear my sentence of condemnation to the penitentiary. But it was on their heads that you have brought the thunders of heaven and earth! Nothing can be compared to the expression of their rage against you, when you not only wrenched me from their cruel hands, but you were making the walls of the court-house tremble under the awful and superhuman eloquent denunciation of their infamy, diabolical malice and total want of Christian and human principle in the plot they had formed for my destruction. What troubles my soul just now and draws my tears is, that it seems to me that **I have read your sentence of death in their bloody eyes.** How many other noble victims have already fallen at their feet!"

"He tried to divert my mind, at first, with a joke. 'Sign this,' said he, 'It will be my warrant of death.'

"But after I had signed he became more solemn, and said, 'I know that Jesuits never forget nor forsake. **But man must not care how nor when he dies, provided he dies at the post of honor and duty,**" and he left me.

Shortly after these occurrences Mr. Chiniquy and all his people with him

Withdrew From the Catholic Communion,

and to this day, in the town of St. Anne, Illinois, are pastor and people faithful to each other.

We must now introduce Mr. Chiniquy's evidence regarding the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, who in the meantime had been elected President, and see how his fears were only too sadly realized.

At the end of August, having known from a Roman Catholic priest whom, by the mercy of God, I had persuaded to leave the errors of popery, that there was a plot among them to assassinate the President, I thought it was my duty to go and tell him what I knew, at the same time giving him a new assurance of gratitude for what he had done for me.

Knowing that I was among those who were waiting in the ante-chamber, he sent immediately for me, and received me with greater cordiality and marks of kindness than I could expect.

"I am so glad to meet you again," he said; "you see that your friends, the Jesuits, have not yet killed me. But they would have surely done it, when I passed through their most devoted city, Baltimore, had I not defeated their plans, by passing incognito a few hours before they expected me. We had the proof that the company which had been selected and organized to murder me was led by a rabid Roman Catholic, called Byrne; it was almost entirely composed of Roman Catholics; more than that, there were two disguised priests among them, to lead and encourage them. I am sorry to have so little time to see you; but I will not let you go before telling you that a few days ago I saw Mr. Morse, the learned inventor of electric telegraphy; he told me that when he was in Rome, not long ago, he found out the proofs of a most formidable conspiracy against this country and all its institutions. It is evident that it is to the

Intrigues and Emissaries of the Pope

that we owe, in great part, the horrible civil war which is threatening to cover the country with blood and ruins."

Shortly afterward the President excused himself and made an appointment to see Mr. Chiniquy the next day, saying:

"Please come again to-morrow at ten o'clock; I have a very important question to ask you, on a matter which has been constantly before my mind, these last few weeks."

The next day, I was there, at the appointed hour, with my noble friend, who said:

"I could not give you more than ten minutes yesterday, but I will give you twenty to-day. I want your views about a thing which is exceedingly puzzling to me, and you are the only one to whom I would like to speak on that subject. A great number of Democratic papers have been sent to me lately, evidently written by Roman Catholics, publishing that I was born a Roman Catholic, and baptized by a priest. They call me a renegade, an apostate, on account of that; and they heap upon my head mountains of abuse. At first I laughed at that, for it is a lie. Thanks be to God, I have never been a Roman Catholic. No priest of Rome has ever laid his hand upon my head. But the persistency of the Romish press to present this falsehood to their readers as a gospel truth, must have a meaning. Please tell me, as briefly as possible, what you think about that."

"My dear President," I answered, "it was just this strange story published about you which brought me here yesterday. I wanted to say a word about it, but you were too busy.

"Let me tell you that I wept as a child when I read that story for the first time. For, not only my impression

is that it is your sentence of death, but I have from the lips of a converted priest, that it is in order to excite the fanaticism of the Roman Catholic murderers, whom they hope to find, sooner or later, to strike you down, they have invented that false story of your being born in the church of Rome, and of your being baptized by a priest. They want by that to brand your face with the igominious mark of apostacy. Do not forget that in the church of Rome, an apostate is an outcast who has no place in society, and who has no right to live.

"The Jesuits want a Roman Catholic to believe that you are a monster,

An Open Enemy of God and His Church,

that you are an excommunicated man. For every apostate is, ipso facto (by that very fact) excommunicated. I have brought to you the theology of one of the most learned and approved of the Jesuits of his time, Busenbaum, who, with many others, say that the man who will kill you will do a good and holy work. More than that, here is a copy of the decree of Gregory VII., proclaiming that the killing of an apostate, or an heretic and an excommunicated man, as you are declared to be, is not murder; nay, that it is a good, a Christian action. That decree is incorporated in the canon law, which every priest must study; and which every good Catholic must follow.

"My dear President, I must repeat to you here what I said when in Urbana, in 1850. My fear is that you will fall under the blows of a Jesuit assassin, if you do not pay more attention than you have done, till now, to protect yourself. Remember that because Coligny was an heretic, as you are, he was brutally murdered on the St. Bartholomew night; that Henry IV. was stabbed by the Jesuit assassin, Revaillac, the 14th day of May, 1610, for having given liberty of conscience to his people, and that William the Taciturn was shot dead by another Jesuit murderer called Gerard, for having broken the yoke of the pope. The church of Rome is absolutely the same to-day as she was then; she does believe and teach, to-day, as then, that she has the right and that it is her duty to punish by death any heretic who is in her way as an obstacle to her designs. The unanimity with which the Catholic hierarchy of the United States is on the side of the rebels is an uncontrovertible evidence that Rome wants to destroy this Republic, and as you are, by your personal virtues, your popularity, your love for liberty, your position, the greatest obstacle to their diabolical scheme, their hatred is concentrated upon you; you are the daily object of their maledictions; it is at your breast they will direct their blows. My blood chills in my veins when I contemplate the day which may come, sooner or later, when Rome will add to her other iniquities

The Murder of Abraham Lincoln."

When saying these things to the President, I was exceedingly moved, my voice was as choked, and I could hardly retain my tears. But the President was perfectly calm. When I had finished speaking, he took the volume of Busenbaum from my hands, read the lines which I had marked with red ink, and I helped him to translate them into English. He then gave me back the book and said:

"I will repeat to you what I said at Urbana, when for the first time you told me your fears lest I would be assassinated by the Jesuits: 'Man must not care where and when he will die, provided he dies at the post of honor and duty.' But I may add, to-day, that I have a presentiment that God will call me to him through the hand of an assassin. Let his will, and not mine, be done!" He then looked at his watch, and said, "I am sorry that the twenty minutes I had consecrated to our interview have almost passed away; I will be forever grateful for the warning words you have addressed to me about the dangers ahead to my life, from Rome. I know that they are not imaginary dangers. If I were fighting against a Protestant South, as a nation, there would be no danger of assassination. The nations who read the Bible fight bravely on the battle-fields, but they do not assassinate their enemies.

The Pope and the Jesuits,

with their infernal inquisition, are the only organized power in the wrld which has recourse to the dagger of the assassin to murder those whom they cannot convince with their arguments, or conquer with the sword.

"Unfortunately, I feel more and more every day, that it is not against the Americans of the South alone I am fighting; it is more against the pope of Rome, his perfidious Jesuits, and their blind and blood-thirsty slaves, than against the real American Protestants, that we have to defend ourselves.

"Surely we have some brave and reliable Roman Catholic officers and soldiers in our armies, but they form an insignificant minority when compared with the Roman Catholic traitors against whom we have to guard ourselves, day and night. The fact is, that the immense majority of the Roman Catholic bishops, priests, and laymen are rebels in heart, when they cannot be in fact; with very few exceptions they are publicly in favor of slavery. I understand now why the patriots of France, who determined to see the colors of liberty floating over their great and beautiful country, were forced to hang or shoot almost all the priests and the monks as the irreconcilable enemies of liberty. For it is a fact which is now evident to me that,

with very few exceptions, every priest and every true Roman Catholic is

A Determined Enemy of Liberty.

Their extermination in France was one of those terrible necessities which no human wisdom could avoid; it looks to me now as an order from heaven to save France. May God grant that the same terrible necessity be never felt in the United States! But there is a thing which is very certain; it is, that if the American people could learn what I know of the fierce hatred of the generality of the priests of Rome against our institutions, our schools, our most sacred rights, and our so dearly bought liberties, they would drive them away, to-morrow, from among us, or they would shoot them as traitors. But I keep those sad secrets in my heart; you are the only one to whom I reveal them, for I know that you learned them before me. The history of these last thousand years tells us that wherever the Church of Rome is not a dagger to pierce the bosom of a free nation, she is a stone to her neck, and a ball to her feet, to paralyze her and prevent her advance in the ways of civilization, science, intelligence, happiness, and liberty. But I forget that my twenty minutes are gone long ago.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the new lights you have given me on the dangers of my position, and come again. I will always see you with a new pleasure."

My second visit to Abraham Lincoln was the beginning of June, 1862. The grand victory of the Monitor over the Merrimac, and the conquest of New Orleans, by the brave and Christian Farragut, had filled every heart with joy; I wanted to unite my feeble voice to that of the whole country, to tell him how I blessed God for that glorious success. But I found him so busy that I could only shake hands with him.

Chiniquy's Last Visit to Lincoln.

The third and last time I went to pay my respects to the doomed President and to warn him against the impending dangers which I knew were threatening him, was on the morning of June 8th, 1864, when he was absolutely besieged by people who wanted to see him. After a kind and warm shaking of hands, he said:

"I am much pleased to see you again. But it is impossible, to-day, to say anything more than this. To-morrow afternoon I will receive the delegation of deputies of all loyal States, sent to officially announce the desire of the country that I should remain the President for four years more. I invite you to be present with them at that interesting meeting. You will see some of the most prominent men of our republic, and I will be glad to introduce you to them. You will not present yourself as a delegate of the people, but only as the guest of the President; and, that there may be no trouble, I will give you this card with a permit to enter the delegation. But do not leave Washington before I see you again; I have some important matters on which I wish to know your mind."

The next day it was my privilege to have the greatest honor ever received by me. The good President wanted me to stand at his right hand when he received the delegation, and hear the address presented by Governor Dennison, the President of the Convention, to which he replied in his own admirable simplicity and eloquence, finishing by one of his most witty anecdotes. "I am reminded in this convention of a story of an old Dutch farmer, who remarked to a companion, wisely, "that it was not best to swap horses when crossing a stream."

The next day he kindly took me with him in his carriage when visiting the 30,000 wounded soldiers picked up on the battle-fields of the seven days' battle of the Wilderness, and the thirty days' battle around Richmond, where Grant was just breaking the backbone of the rebellion. On the way to and from the hospitals I could not talk much. The noise of the carriage rapidly drawn on the pavement was too great. Besides that, my soul was so much distressed and my heart so much broken by the sight of the horrors of that fratricidal war, that my voice was as stifled. The only thought which seemed to occupy the mind of the President was the part which Rome had in that horrible struggle. Many times he repeated:

"This war would never have been possible without the sinister influence of the Jesuits. We owe it to popery that we now see our land reddened with the blood of her noblest sons. I pity the priests, the bishops, and the monks of Rome in the United States when the people realize that they are, in great part, responsible for the tears and blood shed in this war; the later, the more terrible will the retribution be. I conceal what I know on that subject from the knowledge of the nation; for, if the people knew the whole truth, this war would turn into a religious war and it would at once take a tenfold more savage and bloody character. It would become merciless as all religious wars are. It would become a war of extermination on both sides. The Protestants

Of Both North and the South

would surely unite to exterminate the priests and the Jesuits if they could hear what Prof. Morse has said to me of the plots made in the very city of Rome to destroy this republic, and if they could learn how the priests, the nuns and the monks, who daily land on our shores under the pretext of preaching their religion, instructing the people

in their schools, taking care of the sick in the hospitals, are nothing else but the emissaries of the pope, of Napoleon, and the other despots of Europe, to undermine our institutions, alienate the hearts of our people from our constitution and our laws, destroy our schools, and prepare a reign of anarchy here as they have done in Ireland, in Spain, and wherever there are any people who want to be free, etc."

When the President was speaking thus, we arrived at the door os his mansion. He invited me to go with him to his study, and said:

"Though I am very busy, I must rest an hour with you. I am in need of that rest. My head is aching; I feel as crushed under the burden of affairs which are on my shoulders. There are many important things about the plots of the Jesuits that I can learn only from you. Please wait just a moment, I have just received some dispatches from General Grant, to which I must give an answer. My secretary is waiting for me. I go to him. Please amuse yourself with those books during my short absence."

When he returned the president listened to my words with breathless attention. He replied:

"You confirm me in the views I had taken of the letter of the pope. Professor Morse is of the same mind with you. It is, indeed, the most perfidious act which could occur under present circumstances. You are perfectly correct when you say that it was to detach the Roman Catholics who had enrolled themselves in our armies. Since the publication of that letter a great many of them have

Deserted Their Banners and Turned Traitors;

very few, comparatively, have remained true to their oath of fidelity. It is, however, very lucky that one of those few, Sheridan, is worth a whole army by his ability, his patriotism, and his heroic courage. It is true, also, that Meade has remained with us and gained the bloody battle of Gettysburgh. But how could he lose it, when he was surrounded by such heroes as Howard, Reynolds, Buford, Wadsworth, Cutler, Slocum, Sickles, Hancock, Barnes, etc. But it is evident that his Romanism superseded his patriotism after the battle. He let the army of Lee escape, when it was so easy to cut his retreat and force him to surrender, after having lost nearly the half of his soldiers in the last three days' carnage.

"When Meade was to order the pursuit, after the battle, a stranger came in haste to the headquarters, and that stranger was a disguised Jesuit. After ten minutes' conversation with him, Meade made such arrangements for the pursuit of the enemy that he escaped almost untouched, with the loss of only two guns.

"You are right," continued the President, "when you say that this letter of the pope has entirely changed the nature and the ground of the war. Before they read it, the Roman Catholics could see that I was fighting against Jeff Davis and his Southern Confederacy. But now they must believe that it is against Christ and his holy vicar, the pope, that I am raising my sacriligious hands; we have the daily proofs that their indignation, their hatred, their malice against me are an hundred-fold intensified. New projects of assassination are detected almost every day, accompanied with such savage circumstances that they bring to my memory the massacres of St. Bartholomew and the gunpowder plot. We feel, at their investigation, that they come from the same masters in the art of murder—the Jesuits.

"Till lately I was in favor of the unlimited liberty of conscience, as our constitution gives it to the Roman Catholics. But now it seems to me that, sooner or later, the people will be forced to put a restriction to that clause toward the papists. Is it not an act of folly to give

Absolute Liberty of Conscience

to a set of men who are publicly sworn to cut our throats the very day they have their opportunity for doing it? Is it right to give the privilege of citizenship to men who are the sworn and public enemies of our constitution, our laws, our liberties and our lives?

"The very moment that popery assumed the right of life and death on a citizen of France, Spain, Germany, England, or the United States, it assumed to be the power in the government of France, Spain, England, Germany, and the United States. Those states then committed a suicidal act by allowing popery to put a foot on their territory with the privilege of citizenship. The power of life and death is the supreme power, and two supreme powers cannot exist on the same territory without anarchy, riots, bloodshed, and civil wars without end. When popery will give up the power of life and death which is proclaims as its own divine power in all its theological books and canon laws, then alone it can be tolerated and can receive the privilege of citizenship in a free country.

Is it not an absurdity to give to a man a thing which he is sworn to hate, curse and destroy? And does not the Church of Rome hate, curse and destroy liberty of conscience whenever she can do it safely?

"I am for liberty of conscience in its noblest, broadest, highest sense. But I cannot give liberty of conscience to the pope or his followers, the papists, so long as they tell me, through all their councils, theologians and canon laws, that their conscience orders them to burn my wife, strangle my children, and cut my throat when they find the opportunity!

"This does not seem to be understood by the people to-day. But sooner or later the light of common sense will make it clear to every one that no liberty of conscience can be granted to men who are sworn to obey a pope who pretends to have the right to put to death those who differ from his religion.

"You are not the first to warn me against

The Dangers of Assassination.

My ambassadors in Italy, France, and England, as well as Prof. Morse, have many times warned me against the plots of the murderers whom they have detected in those different countries. But I see no other safeguard against those murderers but to be always ready to die."

Much more was said by the President at this interview of a religious character, in which Mr. Lincoln expressed his conviction that he would die by the hands of a Jesuit assassin, just as soon as peace should be declared. After which Mr. Chiniquy bade him adieu for the last time.

Later on Mr. Chiniquy says: "More than once I felt as if I were in the presence of an old prophet when listening to his views about the future destinies of the United States," and gives the following from the President, which we select as being very important:

"You are almost the only one with whom I speak freely on that subject. But sooner or later the nation will know the real origin of those rivers of blood and tears which are spreading desolation and death everywhere. And then those who have caused those desolations and disasters will be called to give an account of them.

"I do not pretend to be a prophet. But though not a prophet, I see a very dark cloud on our horizon. And that dark cloud is coming from Rome. It is filled with tears of blood. It will rise and increase till its flanks will be torn by a flash of lightning, followed by a fearful peal of thunder. Then a cyclone such as the world has never seen will pass over this country, spreading ruin and desolation from north to south. After it is over there will be long days of peace and prosperity, for popery with its Jesuits and merciless inquisition, will have been forever swept away from our country. Neither I nor you, but our children, will see those things."

In the book of the testimonies given in the prosecution of

The Assassination of Lincoln,

published by Ben Pitman, and in the two volumes of the trial of John Surratt in 1867, we have the legal and irrefutable proof that the plot of the assassins of Lincoln was matured, if not started, in the house of Mary Surratt, No. 561 H street, Washington City, D. C. But who were

living in that house and who were visiting that family? The legal answer says: "The most devoted Catholics in the city!" The sworn testimonies show more than that. They show that it was the common rendezvous of the priests of Washington. Several priests swear that they were going there "sometimes," and when pressed to answer what they meant by "sometimes," they were not sure if it was not once a week, or once a month. One of them, less on his guard, swore that he seldom passed before that house without entering; and he said he never passed less than once a week. The devoted Roman Catholic (an apostate from Protestantism) called L. J. Weichmann, who was himself living in that house, swears that Father Wiget was very often there, and Father Lahiman syears that he was living with Mrs. Surratt in the same house!

What does the presence of so many priests in that house reveal to the world? No man of common sense, who knows anything about the priests of Rome, can entertain any doubt that not only they knew all that was going on inside those walls, but that they were the advisers, the counselors, the very soul of that infernal plot. Why did Rome keep one of her priests under that roof from morning till night and from night till morning? Why did she send many others, almost every day in the week, into that dark nest of plotters against the very existence of the great republic, and against the life of her President, her principal generals and leading men, if it were not to be the advisers, the rulers, the secret motive power of the infernal plot?

No one, if he is not an infernal idiot, will think and say that those priests, who were the personal friends and father confessors of Booth, John Surratt, Mrs. and Misses Surratt, could be constantly there without knowing what was going on, particularly when we know that every one of those priests was a rabid rebel in heart.

Read the histories of the assassination of Admiral Coligny, Henry III. and Henry IV., and William the Taciturn, by the

Hired Assassins of the Jesuits:

compare them with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and you will find that one resembles the other as one drop of water resembles another. You will understand that they all come from the same source—Rome.

In all those murders you will find that the murderers, selected and trained by the Jesuits, were of the most exalted Roman Catholic piety, living in company of priests, going to confession very often, receiving the communion the day before, if not the very day of the murder. You will see in all those horrible deeds of hell, prepared behind the dark walls of the holy inquisition, that the assassins were considering themselves as the chosen instruments of

God, to save the nation by striking its tyrant; that they firmly believed that there was no sin in killing the enemy of the people, of the holy church and of the infallible pope!

Compare the last hours of the Jesuit Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry VI., who absolutely refuses to repent, though suffering the most horrible tortures on the rack, with Booth, who, suffering also the most horrible tortures from his broken leg, writes in his daily memorandum, the very day before his death: "I can never repent, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all our troubles to him (Lincoln) and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment."—(Trial of Surratt, vol. 1, page 310.)

Compare the bloody deeds of those two assassins and you will see that they had been trained in the same school; they had been taught by the same teachers. Evidently the Jesuit Ravaillac, calling all the saints of heaven to his help at his last hour, and Booth, pressing the medal of the Virgin Mary on his breast when falling mortally wounded (Trial of Surratt, page 310), both came from the same Jesuit mould.

Who does not see the lessons given by the Jesuits to Booth, in their daily intercourse in Mary Surratt's house, when he reads those lines written by Booth a few hours before his death:

"I Can Never Repent:

God made me the instrument of his punishment!" Compare these words with the doctrines and principles taught by the councils, the decrees of the pope and the laws of holy inquisition, as you find them in chapter 55 of this volume, and you will find that the sentiments and belief of Booth flow from those principles, as the river flows from its source.

And that pious Mrs. Surratt who, the very next day after the murder of Lincoln, said, without being rebuked, in the presence of several other witnesses: "The death of Abraham Lincoln is no more than the death of any nigger in the army;" where did she get that maxim, if not from her church! Had not that church recently proclaimed, through her highest legal and civil authority, the devoted Roman Catholic, Judge Taney, in his Dred-Scott decision, that negroes have no right which the white is bound to respect! By bringing the President on a level with the lowest nigger, Rome was saying that he had no right even to his life; for this was the maxim of the rebel priests, who, everywhere, had made themselves the echoes of the sentence of their distinguished co-religionist—Taney.

It was from the very lips of the priests who were

Constantly Coming in and Going Out

of their house, that those young ladies had learned those anti-Christian doctrines. Read in the testimony concern-

ing Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, (p. 122-23) how the Jesuits had perfectly drilled her in the art of perjuring herself. In the very moment when the government officer orders her to prepare herself, with her daughter, to follow him as prisoners, at about 10 P. M., Payne, the would-be murderer of Seward, knocks at the door and wants to see Mrs. Surratt. But instead of having Mrs. Surratt to open the door, he finds himself confronted face to face with the government detective, Major Smith, who swears:

"I questioned him in regard to his occupation and what business he had at the house at this late hour of the night. He stated that he was a laborer and had come to dig a gutter, at the request of Mrs.Surratt.

"I went to the parlor door and said: 'Mrs. Surratt, will you step here a minute?' She came out, and I asked her: 'Did you know this man, and did you hire him to come and dig a gutter for you?' She answered, raising her right hand: 'Before God, sir, I do not know this man. I have never seen him, and I did not hire him to dig a gutter for me.'" (Assassination of Lincoln, p. 122.)

But it was proved after, by several unimpeachable witnesses, that she knew very well that Payne was a personal friend of her son, who, many times, had come to her house in company with his friend and pet, Booth. She had received the communion just two or three days before that public perjury. Just a moment after making it, the officer ordered her to step into the carriage. Before doing it she asked permission to kneel down and pray, which was granted (page 123.)

Such sang froid, such calm in the soul of Mrs. Surratt in such a terrible and solemn hour, could only come from the teachings of those Jesuits who, for more than six months, were in her house, showing her a crown of eternal glory if she would help to kill the monster apostate—Lincoln—the only cause of that horrible civil war! There is not the least doubt that the priests had perfectly succeeded in persuading Mary Surratt and Booth that the killing of Lincoln was a most holy and deserving work, for which God had an eternal reward in store.

There is a fact to which the American people have not yet given a sufficient attention. It is that, without a single exception, the conspirators were Roman Catholics. The learned and great patriot, Gen. Baker, in his admirable report, struck and bewildered by that strange, mysterious and portentous fact, said:

"I mention, as an exceptional and remarkable fact, that every conspirator in custody is, by education, a Catholic."

But those words which, if well understood by the United States, would have thrown so much light on the

true causes of their untold and unspeakable disasters, fell as if on the ears of deaf men. Very few, if any, paid attention to them. As Gen. Baker says, all the conspirators were attending Catholic church services and were educated Roman Catholics. It is true that some of them as Atzerodt, Payne, and Harold, asked for Protestant ministers when they were to be hung. But they had been considered till then as converts to Romanism. At page 436, of "The Trial of John Surratt," Louis Weichmann tells us that he was going to St. Aloysius church with Atzerodt, and that it was there that he introduced him to Mr. Brothy, another Roman Catholic.

It is a well-authenticated fact that Booth and Weichmann, who were themselves

Protestant Perverts to Romanism,

had proselytized a good number of semi-Protestants and infidels who, either from conviction or from hope of the fortunes promised to the successful murderers, were themselves very zealous for the Church of Rome. Payne, Atzerodt, and Harold were among those proselytes. But when those murderers were to appear before the country and receive the just punishment of their crime, the Jesuits were too shrewd to ignore that if they were all coming on the scaffold as Roman Catholics, and accompanied by their father confessors, it would at once open the eyes of the American people and clearly show that this was a Roman Catholic plot. They persuaded three of their proselytes to avail themselves of the theological principles of the Church of Rome, that a man is allowed to conceal his religion, nay, that he may say that he is a heretic, a Protestant, though he is a Roman Catholic, when it is for his own interest or the best interests of his church to conceal the truth and deceive the people. Here is the doctrine of Rome on that subject:

"Soepe melius est ad dei honorem, et utiliatatem proximi, tegere fidem quam frateri, ut si latens inter herticos, plus boni facis; vel si ex confessione fidei, plus mali sequeretur, verbi gratia turbatio, neces exacerbotio tyrannis." Ligouri Theologia, b. ii., chap. iii., p. 6.

"It is often to the glory of God and the good of our neighbor to conceal our religious faith, as when, we live among heretics we can more easily do them good in that way; or, if by declaring our religion we cause some disturbances, or deaths, or even the wrath of the tyrant."

The great, the

Fatal Mistake of the American Government

in the prosecution of the assassins of Abraham Lincoln was to constantly keep out of sight the religious element of that terrible drama. Nothing would have been more easy, then,

than to find out the complicity of the priests who were not only coming every week and every day, but who were even living in that den of murderers. But this was carefully avoided from the beginning to the end of the trial. When, not long after the execution of the murderers, I went incognito to Washington to begin my investigation about its real and true authors, I was not a little surprised to see that not a single one of the government men, to whom I addressed myself, would consent to have any talk with me on that matter, except after I had given my word of honor that I would never mention their names in connection with the result of my investigation. I saw, with a profound distress, that the influence of Rome was almost supreme in Washington.

Several of the government men, in whom I had more confidence, told me:

"We had not the least doubt that the Jesuits were at the bottom of that great iniquity. Had we been in days of peace, we know that with a little more pressure on the witnesses many priests would have been compromised, for Mrs. Surratt's house was their common rendezvous; it is more than probable that several of them might have been hung."

But if any one has any doubts of the complicity of the Jesuits in the murder of Abraham Lincoln, let them give a moment of attention to the following facts, and their doubts will be forever removed. It is only from the very Jesuit accomplices' lips that I take my sworn testimonies.

It is evident that

A Very Elaborate Plan of Escape

had been prepared by the priests of Rome, to save the lives of the assassins and the conspirators. Let us fix our eyes on John Surratt, who was in Washington on the 14th of April, helping Booth in the preparation of the assassination. Who will press him on their bosoms, put their mantles on his shoulder to conceal him from the just vengeance of the human and divine laws?

The priest, Charles Boucher (Trial of John Surratt ,vol ii, pages 904-912), swears that only a few days after the murder, John Surratt was sent to him by Father Lapierre, of Montreal; that he kept him concealed in his parsonage of St. Liboire, from the end of April to the end of July, then he took him back secretly to Father Lapierre, who kept him secreted in his own father's house, under the very shadow of the Montreal bishop's palace. He says (p. 905-914) that Father Lapierre visited him (Surratt) often when secreted at St. Liboire, and that he (Father Boucher) visited him, at least twice a week, from the end of July to September, when concealed in Father Lapierre's house in Montreal.

That same Father Charles Boucher swears that he accompanied John Surratt in a carriage, in the company of Father Lapierre, to the steamer "Montreal," when strating for Quebec. That Father Lapierre kept him (John Surratt) under lock, during the voyage from Montreal to Quebec, and that he accompanied him disguised, from the Montreal steamer, "Peruvian."—Trial of John Surratt, p. 910.

The doctor of the steamer "Peruvian," L. I. A. McMillan, swears (vol. i, p. 460) that Father Lapierre introduced him to John Surratt, under the false name of McCarthy, whom he was keeping locked in his state-room, and whom he conducted disguised to the ocean steamer "Peruvian," and with whom he remained till he left Quebec for Europe, the 15th of September, 1865.

But who is that Father Lapierre who takes such a tender, I dare say a paternal, care of Surratt? It is not less a personage than the canon of Bishop Bourget, of Montreal.

He Is the Confidence Man of the Bishop.

He lives with the bishop, eats at his table, assists him with his counsel, and has to receive his advice in every step of life. According to the laws of Rome, the canons are to the bishops what the arms are to the body.

But where will those bishops and priests of Canada send Surratt when they find it impossible to conceal him any longer from the thousands of detectives of the United States, who are ransacking Canada to find out his retreat? Who will conceal, feed, lodge, and protect him after the priests of Canada pressed his hand for the last time, on board of the "Peruvian," the 15th of September, 1865?

Who can have any doubt about that? Who can suppose that any one but the pope himself and his Jesuits will protect the murderer of Abraham Lincoln in Europe?

If you want to see him after he has crossed the ocean go to the Vitry at the door of Rome, and there you will find him enrolled under the banner of the pope in the Ninth Company of his Zouaves, under the false name of Watson (Trial of John Surratt, vol. i, p. 492). Of course the pope was forced to withdraw his protection over him after the government of the United States had found him there, and he was brought back to Washington to be tried.

But on his arrival as a prisoner in the United States, his Jesuit father confessor whispered in his ear: "Fear not, you will not be condemned! Through the influence of a high Roman Catholic lady, two or three of the jurymen will be Roman Catholics, and you will be safe."

Those who have read the two volumes of the trial of John Surratt, know that never more evident proofs of guilt were brought against a murderer than in that case. But

the Roman Catholic jurymen had read the "Theology of St. Thomas," a book which the pope had ordered to be taught in every college, academy, and university of Rome; they had learned that it is the duty of the Roman Catholics to exterminate all the heretics.—St. Thomas' Theology, vol. iv., p. 90.

They had read the decree of the councils of Constance, that no faith was to be kept with the heretics. They had read in the council of Lateran that the Catholics who arm themselves for the extermination of hertics have all their sins forgiven, and receive the same blessings as those who go and fight for the rescue of the Holy Land.

Those jurymen were told by their father confessors that the most holy father, the Pope Gregory VIII., had solmenly and infallibly declared that the "killing of an heretic was no murder."—Fure Canonico.

After such teachings, how could the Roman Catholic jurymen find John Surratt guilty of murder for killing the heretic Lincoln?

The Jury Having Disagreed, No Verdict Could be Given.

The government was forced to let the murderer go unpunished.

But when the irreconcilable enemies of all the rights and liberties of men were congratulating themselves on their successful efforts to save the life of John Surratt, the God of heaven was stamping on their faces the mark of murder in such a way that all eyes will see it.

"Murder will out," is a truth repeated by all nations from the beginning of the world. It is the knowledge of that truth which has sustained me in my long and difficult researches of the true authors of the assassination of Lincoln, and which enables me to-day, to present to the world a fact which seems almost miraculous, to show the complicity of the priests of Rome in the murder of the martyred President.

Some time ago I providentially met the Rev. F. A. Conwell, of Chicago. Having known that I was in search of facts about the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, he told me he knew one of those facts, which might perhaps throw some light on the subject of my researches.

"The very day of the murder," he said, "he was in the Roman Catholic village of St. Joseph, Minnesota State, when, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, he was told by a Roman Catholic of the place who was a purveyor to a great number of priests who lived in that town, where they have a monastery, that the State Secretary, Seward, and the President Lincoln had just been killed. This was told me," he said, "in the presence of a most respectable gentle-

man, called Bennett, who was no less puzzled than me. As there were no railroad line nearer than 40 miles, nor telegraph office nearer than 80 miles from that place, we could not see how such news was spread in that town. The next day, the 15th of April, I was at St. Cloud, a town about twelve miles distant, where there are neither railroad nor telegraph. I said to several people that I had been told in the priestly village of St. Joseph, by a Roman Catholic, that Abraham Lincoln and the Secretary Seward had been assassinated. They answered me that they had heard nothing about it. But the next Sabbath, the 16th of April, when going to the church of St. Cloud to preach, a friend gave me a copy of a telegram sent to him on the Saturday, reporting that Abraham Lincoln and Secretary Seward had been assassinated the very day before, which was Friday, the 14th, at 10 P. M. But how could the Roman Catholic purveyor of the priests of St. Joseph have told me the same thing before several witnesses

Just Four Hours Before Its Occurrence?

I spoke of that strange thing to many, the same day, and the very next day I wrote to the St. Paul "Press," under the heading of "A Strange Coincidence." Sometime later, the editor of the St. Paul "Pioneer," having denied what I had written on that subject, I addressed him the following note, you may keep it as an infallible proof of my veracity:

"To the Editor of 'The St. Paul Pioneer':

"You assume the non-truth of a short paragraph addressed by me to the St. Paul 'Press,' viz:

"A Strange Coincidence!

"At 6.30 P. M., Friday last, April 14th, I was told as an item of news, 8 miles west of this place, that Lincoln and Seward had been assassinated. This was three hours after I had heard the news."

St. Cloud, 17th of April, 1865.

"The integrity of history requires that the above coincidence be established. And if anyone calls it in question, then proofs more ample than reared their sanguinary shadows to comfort a traitor can now be given.

Respectfully,

F. A. CONWELL."

I asked that gentleman if he would be kind enough to give me the fact under oath, that I might make use of it in the report I intended to publish about the assassination of Lincoln. And he kindly granted my request in the following form:

State of Illinois, Cook County, s. s.

Rev. F. A. Conwell being sworn, deposes and says he is seventy-one years old, that he is a resident of North

Evanston, in Cook County, State of Illinois, that he has been in the ministry for fifty-six years, and is now one of the chaplains of the "Seamen's Bethel Home" in Chicago; that he was chaplain of the First Minnesota Regiment in the War of the Rebellion. That on the 14th day of April, A. D., 1865, he was in St. Joseph, Minnesota, and reached there as early as six o'clock in the evening in company with Mr. Bennett, who then and now is a resident of St. Cloud, Minnesota. That on that date there was no telegraph nearer than Minneapolis, about eighty miles from St. Joseph; and there was no railroad communication nearer than Avoka, Minnesota, about forty miles distant. That when he reached St. Joseph on the 14th day of April, 1865, one Mr. Linneman, who then kept the hotel of St. Joseph, told affiant that

President Lincoln and Secretary Seward Were Assassinated;

that it was not later than half-past six o'clock on Friday, April 14, 1865, when Mr. Linneman told me this. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Bennett came in the hotel, and I told him that Mr. Linneman said that President Lincoln and Secretary Seward were assassinated; and then the same Mr. Linneman reported the same conversation to Mr. Bennett in my presence. That during that time Mr. Linneman told me that he had the charge of the friary or college for young men under the priests, who were studying for the priesthood at St. Joseph. That there was a large multitude of this kind at St. Joseph at this time. Affiant says that on Saturday morning, April 15, 1865, he went to St. Cloud, a distance of about ten miles, and reached there about eight o'clock in the morning. That there was no railroad or telegraph communication to St. Cloud. When he arrived at St. Cloud he told Mr. Haworth, the hotel-keeper, that he had been told that President Lincoln and Secretary Seward had been assassinated, and asked if it was true. He further told Henry Clay Wait, Charles Gilman, who was afterward Lieutenant-Governor of Minnesota, and Rev. Mr. Tice, the same thing, and inquired of them if they had any such views; and they replied that they had not heard anything of the kind.

Affiant says that on Sunday morning, April 16, 1865, he preached in St. Cloud, and on the way to the church a copy of the telegram was handed him, stating that the President and Secretary were assassinated Friday evening at about nine o'clock. This telegram had been brought to St. Cloud by Mr. Gorton, who had reached St. Cloud by stage, and this was the first intelligence that had reached St. Cloud of the event.

Affiant says further that on Monday morning, April 17, 1865, he furnished the "Press," a paper of St. Paul, a statement that

Three Hours Before the Event Took Place,

he had been informed at St. Joseph, Minnesota, that the President had been assassinated, and this was published in the "Press."

FRANCIS ASBURY CONWELL.

Subscribed and sworn to by Francis A. Conwell, befare me, a notary public of Kankakee County, Illinois, at Chicago, Cook County, the 6th day of September, 1883.

STEPHEN R. MOORE, Notary Public.

Though this document was very important and precious to me, I felt that it would be much more valuable if it could be corroborated by the testimonies of Messrs. Bennett and Linneman themselves, and I immediately sent a magistrate to find out if they were still living, and if they remembered the facts of the sworn declaration of Rev. Mr. Conwell. By the good providence of God, both of these gentlemen were found living, and both gave the following testimonies:—

State of Minnesota,
Sterns County, City
of St. Cloud.

Horace B. Bennett, being sworn, deposes and says that he is aged sixty-four years; that he is a resident of St. Cloud, Minnesota, and has resided in this county since 1856; that he is acquainted with the Rev. F. A. Conwell, who was chaplain of the First Minnesota Regiment in the War of the Rebellion; that on the 14th of April, 1865, he was in St. Joseph, Minnesota, in company with Mr. Francis A. Conwell; that they reached St. Joseph about sundown of said April 14th; that there was no railroad or telegraph communication with St. Joseph at that time, nor nearer than Avoka, about 40 miles distant. That affiant, on reaching the hotel kept by Mr. Linneman, went to the barn, while Rev. F. A. Conwell entered the hotel; and shortly afterward affiant had returned to the hotel. Mr. Conwell told him that Mr. Linneman had reported to him the assassination of President Lincoln; that Linneman was present and substantiated the statement.

That on Saturday morning, April 15th, affiant and Rev. Conwell came to St. Cloud and reported that they had been told at St. Joseph about the assassination of President Lincoln; that no one at St. Cloud had heard of the event at this time; that the first news of the event which reached St. Cloud was on Sunday morning, April 16th, when the news was brought by Leander Gorton, who had just come up from Avoka, Minnesota; that they spoke to several persons of St. Cloud concerning the matter, when they reached there on Sunday morning, but affiant does not now remember who those different persons were, and further affiant says not.

HORACE P. BENNETT.

Sworn before me and subscribed in my presence this 18th c' October, A. D. 1883.

ANDREW C. ROBERTSON, Notary Public.

Mr. Linneman having refused to swear on his written declaration, which I have in my possession, I take only from it what refers to the principal fact, viz., that three or four hours before Lincoln was assassinated at Washingnto, the 14th of April, 1865, the fact was told as already accomplished, in the priestly village of St. Joseph, Minnesota.

He (Linneman) remembers the time that Messrs. Conwell and Bennett came to this place (St. Joseph. Minnesota), on Friday evening, before the President was killed, and he asked them if they had heard he was dead, and they replied they had not. He heard this rumor in his store from people who came in and out. But he cannot remember from whom.

October 20th, 1883. J. H. LINNEMAN.

I present here to the world

A Fact of the Greatest Gravity,

and that fact is so well authenticated that it cannot allow even the possibility of a doubt.

Three or four hours before Lincoln was murdered in Washington, the 14th of April, 1865, that murder was not only known by some one, but it was circulated and talked of in the streets and in the houses of the priestly and Romish town of St. Joseph, Minnesota. The fact is undeniable; the testimonies are unchallengeable, and there was no railroad nor any telegraph communication nearer than 40 or 80 miles from the nearest station to St. Joseph.

Naturally every one asked: "How could such news spread? Where is the source of such a rumor?" Mr. Linneman, who is a Roman Catholic, tells us that though he heard this from many in his store and in the streets, he does not remember the name of a single one who told him that. And when we hear this from him, we understand why he did not dare to swear upon it, and shrunk from the idea of perjuring himself.