WASHINGTON,

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

A PICTURE AND A NARRATIVE

OF THE

ORIGIN, GROWTH, EXCELLENCES, ABUSES, BEAUTIES, AND PERSONAGES

OF

OUR GOVERNING CITY.

By GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND, "GATH,"

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"We do not know of any American newspaper-English which we like better, as English, than that of Mr. Geo. Alfred Townsend. Our readers are not ignorant of Mr. Townsend's services at the Capital, where he has distinguished himself as a hater of shams and friendly to all those measures of political reform to which the better portion of the Republican party is irrevocably committed. It is, to be sure, sometimes easier to be amused by Mr. Townsend's personalities, than to apologize for them; but there is a humor and picturesqueness about them which is nothing less than poetical."—New York Nation.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

EXCURSIONS IN THE POTOMAC COUNTRY.

A neighbor of mine, possessed of a good horse, came to my house one Sunday afternoon and asked me to go over the field and dueling-ground of Bladensburg with him. I took the reins, the road being an old one to me, and in fifteen minutes we were across the Eastern Branch of the Potomac.

I need not tell any of your readers who possess the luxury of a map that a mile below Washington City the Potomac receives a tributary called the East Branch. The East Branch, so called to distinguish it from the North and the South Branch of the main Potomac—which unite near Cumberland, more than one hundred miles above Washington—was originally named the Anacostia; but, except as painted on the front of a suburban engine house, which stands near the East Branch, "Anacostia" is an obsolete term. Formerly the East Branch was navigable several miles above Washington and large vessels cleared from Bladensburg piers to the West Indies and to Liverpool. But its length is insignificant—less than that of Bull Run or Antietam Creek. It is a cove merely, taking advantage of some flats to overflow them, and above Bladensburg it divides into a pair of brooks, frothy after a rain, but in fair weather merely rills.

From the city to Bladensburg by that nearer route which the militia retreated by—the British after them hard—and by which carriage loads of insulted honor trotted to Bladensburg with one flash of powder and twenty flasks of cock-tails to each—it is no

more than five miles. In the present instance, however, we crossed the East Branch and followed its farther bank to the village, by which our way led through more novel scenery, but was prolonged by several miles.

The East Branch divides the city from the peninsula of darkness. On this side are the spires and haze of the metropolis, the dome of the Capitol in the midst of its basin, like an egg end-upwards in a bird's nest, and all the instances and articles of life, society and human contact push to the water side. Beyond the East Branch is a squalid suburb, scrambling up barren hills, a lunatic asylum, a horse-boiling factory, deserted earthen forts. Behind that wall of hills is the wilderness of Edom, the land of Wilkes Booth's ride toward the coast, the cape of Point Lookout. A little old creaking stage goes every day through the clefts of those hills, carrying a haggard mail-bag. Every night it comes back from Marlboro, or Leonardstown, or Port Tobacco, like an old hunch-backed hermit from a land of caves and ghosts. What it saw behind there, in the starved peninsula, no one prefers to guess. Perhaps the face of Dr. Mudd, telling the neighbors at his gate about the Dry Tortugas. Perhaps the woman at Port Tobacco whose heathen children wear the likeness of the hanged Atzerodt. Perhaps John Lloyd at the old Surratt Tavern, who hears every night in his dreams the voice of his landlady saying: "Get them shooting irons ready for to-night. They will be called for!"

Whatever the visions on the roadside or in the woods which are beheld by the driver of this old stage, he always looks to me leaner, more solemn and more mysterious every time he comes through those hill-clefts. Now and then he has a passenger who seems to have been rescued from captivity, some sunburnt and hairy Selkirk or Crusoe, wild-eyed, as if used to hearing only crows and parrots talk. The mail-bag is like a hollow belly, a very weazen of a pouch, as if it were the sack of a scavenger in Sahara. It looks like a mail-bag for whom nobody waits when the stage, with its old driver, creeps into the little

Cross-Roads Post-Office, where the Postmaster, perhaps, carries the Post-Office in his hat.

"Any letter for me?" says some old crone or prodigal son exiled off there to keep swine, coming up with this listless inquiry once a month.

"Yes," says the Postmaster, producing the Post-Office out of his hat, "hyur's one tolabul old, and I reckon it's a dead letter."

"But it ought to be alive, considerin' whom it came from!" says the prodigal son: and this joke makes the old cross-roads cheer up as if a ghastly blue light had been set off in the dark.

We cross the East Branch bridge over the same planks which echoed to the hoofs of Booth's and Harold's horses. We pass the guard-house of heavy, bark-covered timbers, loopholed, standing yet, where Booth was challenged. We leave to the right the turnpike road he fled along in the night, going down into the necks and swamps of Charles County—pain in his broken ankle, the fresh ecstacy of his first murder in his temples, the thought of the aroused theatre behind, and Death stalking in to stop the play like the most stirring actor of them all. We turn northward along that bank of the East Branch opposite Washington, and versatile landscapes lie along our road. Now from some crest we see the city across the water, with Arlington crowned far beyond it, and Georgetown College turretts standing in the plumage of sunset. Now we descend into some nook, where nature has not one neighbor, except some fish-hawk, struggling to a blasted tree-top with a herring in its beak. There the cannibal bird eats screaming, as if revenge were in its appetite; and round the base of its column lies rotting timber, swept down by frequent freshets from the old forts above.

Again we rise through a ravine to a hill, where we are almost level with the nearest breastwork, and can look through its falling embrasures. Some negro has built himself a cabin of the timbers of its bomb-proof, and the gray smoke curls into patches of fir trees, where his hut clings to the heights precariously. Turning again toward the city, we see, across the river, the Poor House of Washington.

Looking still across the river we see in a darker wrinkle of the grassy bluffs the Cemetery of Congress, of little repute in these days of greater places of interest, but good enough to take the bones of mighty George Clinton and Elbridge Gerry, two of our Vice-Presidents, and of William Wirt. Now in an unpopular quarter the grave-yard gets only the bones of private souls, and therefore ancient fame has some show in it beyond the reach of shoddy and "style." (See p. 639.)

A railroad from Washington to Baltimore, and the lower necks of Maryland crosses the Eastern Branch under the tourist's eye.

Wirt was born in Bladensburg, a hamlet which now bears out the reputation of Nazareth. As we keep steadily toward it, the river breaks in view to our left sometimes, widening in a meadow, deepening under a woody bluff, flowing narrowly between the bushes and willows. On the right the heights are vigorous with timber. The rains have cut broad, marshy swaths, of the width of a broad city street, round the caps of these heights, and above the bridge we have crossed two miles or more, in one of these marshy coves, lies the duelling ground of Graves and Cilley.

You cannot cure the Bladensburg and Washington villagers of their belief that this duel between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, a Democrat, and W. T. Graves, of Kentucky, a Whig, was fought on any other spot than the regular dueling ground at Bladensburg. It was in truth fought here in Marlboro, and one of its survivors, Mr. Jones, of Wisconsin, Cilley's second, walked over the ground with a newspaper reporter several years ago. He paced the distance, if I am not misinformed, placed the men in imagination, again, and related the story with the vivid interest of an actor in it. In like manner, Aaron Burr is said to have exhibited the battle ground on Weehawken Heights, where he killed Hamilton, and told with the last minuteness the circumstances of the tragedy. More people live

who figured on this site of Cilley's death than survive almost any historical combat.

First, there is James Watson Webb, our late noisy Minister Resident at Rio Janeiro, and the especial pet of Mr. Seward; he was the original challenger of Cilley. He lives on in boisterous vitality, and Cilley has been dead more than thirty years. Webb's quarrel was the cause of Cilley's death as much as if I had put a substitute into battle, and he had been shot in my place. The report of Congress extant upon this subject says:

"The committee entertain no doubt that James Watson Webb has been guilty of a breach of privilege of the House; but they also concur unanimously in the opinion that if there be any real ground to believe that a conspiracy to assassinate Mr. Cilley actually existed, as set forth in an atrocious paper drawn up by him, signed by his friends, sworn to and published in the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, he be left to the chastisement of the court of law and of public opinion, and that the House will consult its own dignity and the public interest by bestowing on him no further notice."

In this elastic world, however, public opinion goes backward often, and Mr. Webb has had his full share of honors despite the opinion of Congress. One of our Presidents, Jackson, and one of our Vice-Presidents, Burr, have killed people in duels. Jackson was nevertheless raised to the Chief Magistracy.

Next, there live of the family of the successful duelist, Mr. Graves, his widow and several children. The present writer has had the pleasure of being a visitor at the house of Mr. Graves so recently as 1868. It is in Louisville, and is now the home of a son-in-law, Mr. Osborne, a journalist. Said the latter to me on that occasion:

"Mr. Gath, Mrs. Graves never knew her husband's whereabouts on the day of that duel till that duel was done."

Next, there exist both the rifles used on that field, and the fatal one is possessed by the heirs of John C. Rives, who lived but a mile or two from the place of conflict.

And lastly, old Henry A. Wise is living, Graves's second, himself hanging on to life by the ears and eyelids, and soon to be summoned into the presence of old John Brown. In this duel he was the industrious bagpipe.

I stood on this lonely spot a few days ago, as I have said, and thought again how contemptible every man in the affray must have felt, when Cilley dropped his rifle with a groan, cried to the next man, "I am shot," pressed both hands upon his wound and fell dead. The scene of the beastly tournament is not known to be such by any of the neighbors now. It is lonely as if cursed, but the "affair of honor" is an old barnyard tradition, long expired, at least in that neighborhood.

On another occasion, I rode with Mr. E. B. Wight, a fellow-correspondent, to Surrattsville, ten miles from the end of the Eastern Branch bridge.

I had gone down to the old town of Upper Marlborough, a venerable and ague-ridden place, the county-seat of Prince George, where Reverdy Johnson studied law. This county formerly contained more slaves and shipped more tobacco than any in Maryland. The road from Washington to Marlborough has been macadamized and graveled since the war, and it is now one of the best roads in the region of the city. There is little to be seen on the way except the Hamlet of Long Old Field, where both the British and the American armies bivouaced in 1814. Beyond this point the old road by which the British advanced, is discerned winding along the way like a hidden brook all overgrown with rank shade. Marlborough has not at present above three hundred people, though it formerly had five times as many. The "Star Spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key, while seeking to recover a citizen of Marlborough whom the British had carried off on their retreat, for breaking his cartel, and firing on their rear,—one Doctor Beans. Key undertook to obtain his release, and was carried on the British fleet to Baltimore where he witnessed the bombardment and sketched the song.

After looking into the old court-house and the three grave-

yards of Marlborough, and seeing the negroes carousing on Saturday night around the stores, and making a night's rest on a hard bed, we drove back in the morning nearly to Long Old Field, and then taking a by-road to the south passed many Catholic farmers riding to church on horseback, and changed our direction at the Wood-yard.

The Wood-yard stands at the source of Piscataway Creek, and near by the ground is marshy. An old mill, mill-race, and a couple of deserted barns are within a few furlongs distance in an old sloping field. The aspect of the place is dismal, except that a large dwelling surveys a part of the scenery from a moundy hill above the deep dell of the stream. Here the American army tarried a time awaiting the British, under General Ross. The movements were about as follows: Commodore Barney, with four hundred men, sailors and marines, marched into Upper Marlborough, on the evening of August 21, 1814, and left it next morning for American position at the Wood-yard, where he was joined by Captain Miller, with eighty marines, and five pieces of artillery. The British were now advancing directly upon the Wood-yard, but suddenly they turned off to the right and advanced upon Marlborough, when immediately the American army marched by the left, and encamped that night at Long Old Field, or "Battalion Old Field." Barney's fleet was blown up a few miles from Marlborough, on the 22d. The same night the President and several of the heads of departments slept close in the rear of the army, of about 3,200 men, and President Madison reviewed them on the morning of the 23d, and made a speech. Nearly all the army remained this day at Old Field, while General Winder proceeded with Major Peter, and a small body to skirmish with the British, near the present hamlet of Centreville. At sunset the whole army abandoned Long Old Field, after one day's occupation, and before midnight crossed the Eastern Branch bridge, and entered Washington. Nearly at the same time, the British coming up to the Long Old Field, passed through it wheeled to the right, and were in quick march for

Bladensburg, where the fight began next morning. On the night of the 25th, the British moved back by the same road to Marlborough, and near Long Old Field, rested the forenoon of the 26th, wholly worn out with marching and fighting. That night they reposed again in Marlborough, and much of the next day.

Three miles to the South of the Wood-yard, on higher grounds and a sandy plain, is the point celebrated more than half a century after the Wood-yard had been commemorated as Surrattsville. A frame dwelling of commodious size, at a cross-roads, with a blacksmith shop and two houses adjacent, in the midst of small forest clearing, with a peach-orchard, the peach-orchard at that side of the house which was formerly a tavern, bar, and post-office. There was nothing remarkable about the house; it was painted white, and a neat yard and front porch, with some pigeon-boxes and small oaks, cedars, and locusts stood at hand. While making a sketch of the house, the proprietor came out and told us that John Surratt was teaching school at Frederick, and John Lloyd, who kept tavern here on the fatal afternoon and night when Mrs. Surratt, Booth, and Harold drove out from Washington, was now living in the latter city. At the time we spoke, tobacco hogsheads were strewn around the lawn—that same lawn on which Mrs. Surratt had halted her buggy, and, dismounting, told Lloyd to have them shooting-irons ready, as they would be called for that night; the same lawn on which Booth and Harold had paused near midnight of that same day, Booth crying out triumphantly: "Do you want to hear some news? we have murdered the President and the Secretary of State!"

The story of this house, briefly given, is this: It was built by Mrs. Surratt's husband who was not a Catholic, while she was a convert. During the war, the tavern being conveniently near Washington, and on the road to the lower necks of the Potomac, became a rebel post-office and stopping-place, for spies, Jews, and all manner of inter-plyers. Mrs. Surratt removed to Washington, and it is believed that her house there,

in the neighborhood of the Patent Office, was also a way-place for blockade-runners. Late in the war, a man named John M. Lloyd took the tavern and kept it as a drinking place, although he was a farmer. Lloyd testified that a few weeks before the assassination, Surratt, Harold, and Atzerodt came to his house and Surratt brought two carbines with ammunition, a rope about three times a man's length, and a monkey wrench. Surratt asked Lloyd to conceal those articles, took Lloyd into a room he had never been in, immediately above the store-room, in the back part of the building. They were hidden under the joists of the second floor, by Surratt's direction. Some time elapsed until Lloyd was riding to Washington, four days before the assassination, when he met Mrs. Surratt at the end of the bridge, and she told him to get the shooting irons out ready, as they would be wanted very soon. It is probable that the conspirators had, up to this time, designed to abduct Mr. Lincoln, and expected to tie or hang him with the rope they had secured. But when Booth suddenly resolved to kill Mr. Lincoln, at the theatre, he sent Mrs. Surratt on the afternoon of April 14th, with a field-glass, to tell John Lloyd to have the shooting-irons, as she called them, ready for that night, as some parties would call for them. Mrs. Surratt was driven out to her farm by Lewis Weichmann, a boarder in her house, and a government clerk, who had been a school-mate of her son. Weichmann testified that as they were going to take the buggy at Mrs. Surratt's city house, Booth talked to Mrs. Surratt in the parlor. The twain left Washington about half-past two o'clock, got to Surrattsville about half-past four, and there found Lloyd who had just returned from court at Marlborough, bringing in some fish and oysters. While Weichmann loitered at the bar and around the yard, Mrs. Surratt went into the house, and Lloyd says that she gave him a field-glass, and told him to have two bottles of whisky, and the shooting-irons ready, as some parties would call for them that night.

About midnight that Friday, or within six hours after Mrs. Surratt left the tavern, Harold, Booth's traveling companion,

burst into the old tavern and said, "Lloyd, for God's sake, make haste and get those things." Lloyd looked out on his yard, and in the moonshine he saw a man on a light-colored horse. He was told that this man had his leg broken, and therefore only one of the carbines was requested. Everybody was excited, according to the evidence, and Harold and Booth drank the better part of a bottle of whisky. Lloyd was already drunk when he got back from Marlborough. Stopping no more than five minutes, the two guilty outlaws galloped down the neck of Charles County. The next day, soldiers from Washington reconnoitered all around Surrattsville, and passed further down the County, and on Sunday night the tavern was searched and after several days of obstinate silence and denial, Lloyd related the secret at last. The two outlaws rode that night through the hamlets of Tee Bee and Beantown, to a doctor's house, in the edge of Bryantown, thirty miles from Washington. Harold knocked at Dr. Mudd's door, at day-break, and Mudd and Harold helped Booth off his horse, took him into the house and set his leg. Booth also shaved off his mustache, and Dr. Mudd improvised a pair of crutches for him. Mudd had been acquainted with Booth in Washington, and they had been seen to have confidential interviews at the National Hotel. That Saturday morning, after two or three hours' rest, Booth and Harold got into Zachariah, or Zekiah Swamp, and Mudd denied any knowledge of Booth as late as the following Tuesday. Booth left his boot in the house with "J. Wilkes" written inside it, and this was found when Mudd was arrested one week afterwards.

Of Booth and Harold nothing more is known with certainty for several days. Extracts from Booth's diary, the nature of the country, and the period of their disappearance would indicate that in the pain and fever of his broken leg, Booth remained in the neighborhood of Zekiah Swamp, and Allen's Fresh, near the present Terminus at Pope's Creek, of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad. He may have been harbored by some of Mudd's acquaintances, and this was a strong position,

almost surrounded by the waters of the Wicomico and the Potomac, in a country sparsely settled. One week after the murder, on Friday, a whiteman's canoe disappeared from near Swan Point, and the same afternoon some men at work in Westmoreland county, Virginia, only a few miles from the birth-place of Washington, saw two men land, tie the boat's rope to a stone and fling it ashore, and strike at once across a ploughed field, in the direction of King George's Court House. These facts were reported to Washington, and a small detachment of cavalry and two detective police were despatched on Monday, the eleventh day after the assassination, to Ball Plain to cut off the fugitives. If there was any logic in Booth's course he probably designed to cross the State of Virginia through the mountain country, and work his way amongst the mountains to the Gulf or to Texas. He had killed his horse in the Maryland swamps, and crippled, sick, and without other companions than a mere boy, his prospects were gloomy enough. He crossed the Rappahannock river with some Confederate cavalry just disbanded, and laid up at a farm-house, near the hamlet of Bowling Green. There the cavalry party, commanded by Lieutenant Doherty, surrounded him in a barn, in the dark of the morning of Wednesday, the thirteenth day after the assassination. Young Harold gave himself up. The barn was set on fire, and Booth, shot by a soldier named Boston Corbett, expired just after sunrise, on the porch of Garrett's Virginia farmhouse.

Payne, the assassin of Seward, was too late to get across the Eastern Branch bridge, and, riding to the forts north of Washington, abandoned his horse, took up a pick, and in a clumsy disguise returned to Mrs. Surratt's house just as the officers had arrested her. A fellow named Atzerodt, who was appointed to kill Andrew Johnson, and who lived at Port Tobacco, a low place in Charles county, was arrested at the house of one Richter, near Germanstown, Montgomery county, northwest of Washington. Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Harold, and Atzerodt, were hanged. John Surratt escaped to Canada, and

thence to Rome and Egypt. He possibly might have saved his mother's life by giving himself up for her, but he was a worthless fellow, and a civil jury failed to convict him. He illustrated his entire contemptibility of assassination by delivering lectures on the subject in the year 1869.

It appears to have been shown to the cooler judgment of men that the assassination of President Lincoln was no matter to which the Confederate Government was accessory. Wilkes Booth was the conceiver and chief of the whole affair. He was the son of an actor of Jacobin tendencies, who was fond of playing Brutus, and was accustomed to mistake himself for that character, to the risk of his fellow actors. *John Wilkes* Booth, named for a violent London politician, grew up with a stagey code of morals, and had been a volunteer against John Brown's band. Of a subtle and diseased nature, enamored of the Confederacy, proud of his physical powers, and seeking illustrious notoriety, he aimed to become a historical personage, and he has succeeded; but mankind has not seen fit to place him in the list with Brutus. He belonged to the dark line of Ravailac, Lorenzino de Medici, Guy Fawkes, and Balthasar Gerard.

Returning to the theme of Surrattsville, I may give a scrap of conversation which I held in 1867, with Lewis J. Weichmann, who told me of his first visit to Surrattsville, while Mrs. Surratt inhabited the tavern, one year or more before the murder. He said as follows:

"It was on a Friday afternoon, in March, rainy and dreary, when at last I went down to Surrattsville, with John. He came for me in a buggy, and the road was so rutty and miry that we were four hours on the way. On coming in sight of the house, I was miserably disappointed. The theme of so much panegyric was a solitary frame tavern, at a cross-road, a few sheds and barns around it, and a hitching stall, and a peach orchard reaching behind. The farm consisted of 300 acres, and it was afterward let, with the tavern, for $600 a year. A small porch stood in the middle, on which opened a

hall reaching quite through the house. At the foot of this hall, to the left, was the bar-room and post-office, with a door opening upon one of the cross roads, and to the right were the parlor and dining room. Altogether there were eight rooms, comfortably furnished. Mrs. Surratt received me pleasantly, and we had a good warm supper, after which I went awhile to the bar-room, where there were some of the Rebel farmers of the neighborhood, come to get their letters, to lounge, and to play cards. John kept the bar, and we had a game with two Jewish persons, who had carpet-bags with them. These carpet-bags Mrs. Surratt came in and removed. Their owners left before day-light next morning, and one of them, named Jacobs, was arrested, crossing the Potomac, with $50,000 upon him. Mrs. Surratt was proud, and counted her beads a great deal. She was a convert, and not an original Catholic, and her husband was a Protestant till his death, which happened of apoplexy in August, 1862. There were three or four negroes about the place ; it was a dull, cross-roads' existence, but pleasant for a day or two to a stranger. Next morning, at daylight we were awakened by very beautiful music. It was a brass band, come out from the Washington Navy Yard, to serenade the Democratic county officers just elected. Among the hangers-on was a seedy, frowsy, monkey-faced boy, whom Surratt introduced to me as Mr. Harold. He came in with the rest, took a drink, and went further up the road with them. I left the house on Monday, pleased with my visit, and we stopped at a drug store by the Navy-Yard, Surratt and I, to get a cigar. The boy, Harold, was clerk there. Surratt told me, on the way, that his brother, Isaac Surratt, an engineer, had left his home on the 7th of March, 1861, at the news of Lincoln's inauguration, and gone to Texas, where he had been ever since in the Confederate service."

Allison Nailor, jr., told me, in 1873, that he hired to Harold the single-footed racker which Booth rode on the night of the murder of President Lincoln. Harold had been introduced to Nailor by Atzerodt, who kept his horses at Nailor's stables.

This man Mr. Nailor describes to have been a low-flung German, almost Jewish in his nature, who traded in horses and was a great coward, but yet might serve the purposes of a conspiracy in case he could make anything out of it and go at liberty. He belonged to that class of men who would take advantage of a condition of war to rob, outrage, and, if necessary, murder prisoners and non-combatants, and yet had no manliness. Mr. Nailor says that his horse was kept out for so long a time that his man was apprehensive that the hirer had got drunk, and being in some manner responsible for the horse kept the stable open and listened to hear him. Late in the evening he heard two horses come down Pennsylvania Avenue around the Treasury building, and one of them he knew by the time of the step to be the horse loaned to Harold. On the east side of 14th street the stableman presented himself as if to stop the horses. Seeing him Harold and his companion turned sharply to the left and went at a high rate of speed up the side of Willard's Hotel, and, turning into F street passed out towards the Navy Yard. Mr. Nailor feels satisfied that the man with Harold was Payne or Powell, and that they were just then returning from the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward. Harold staid outside while Payne undertook to enter the house and do the work.

Mr. Nailor's man immediately returned to the stable and saddling a horse rode out toward the Navy Yard bridge. He had heard Harold and Atzerodt talk together in the afternoon about lower Maryland, and supposed that a drunk was going on and the favorite horse of the stable was being ridden down into those country necks. He proceeded along and having crossed Capitol Hill, when he got to the Navy Yard bridge, the guard told him that two persons had just crossed over and that one of them rode such a horse as he described ; this proved that Booth and Harold had met beforehand at or about Ford's Theater and that they had changed horses, Booth taking Nailor's horse. The guard said to Mr. Nailor's man : " You can go over the bridge if you want to, but the countersign will be given out

before you come back and you cannot return to-night. Satisfied from the description that he had got on the track of the parties, the stableman returned, and as he came down the Avenue saw groups of people, and when near the stable heard some one say that one of the murderers had ridden out of town on a single-footed racking horse. Mr. Nailor never got his pony, and believes from the evidence that when Booth was about to escape across the Potomac he rode it down into the swamp and shot it. He never demanded the horse, being glad to keep out of the Old Capitol Prison, for such was the panic at that time on the subject of the assassination that nobody had a chance for justice. Booth's horse had been hired in the rear of the National Hotel, at Pumphreys; it was a blackish bay, and he never returned it.

It may be interesting reading while on this subject to describe a scene between a clergyman and Mr. Lincoln.

Dr. Byron Sunderland, a Vermonter, long resident at Washington as pastor of the First Presbyterian church, is a small, active, indignant gentleman, with a fierce patriotism that fathomed the pro-slavery spirit years before the war, and saw that no compromise could be expected with it but that made over its decapitated trunk. Accordingly, when Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, he and others of his congregation hastened to wait upon the President and urged him to take a determined philanthropic and patriotic front. The first of these visits was made by Mr. Zenos Robbins, a resident here for thirty years, but a native of New Hampshire.

Mr. Robbins had been acquainted with Mr. Lincoln when the latter was a Member of Congress, and he said to him in the White House the day before the call was issued for 75,000 men:

"Mr. President, we hope—all your friends hope—that there will be no more blank cartridges, but a square, direct, and powerful exhibition of the strength of the Government."

"Are those your opinions?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, sir!"

"Then I suppose that you will be interested in the newspapers to-morrow!" said the President.

And next day the proclamation appeared.

In like manner, Mr. Robbins and Dr. Sunderland went to the White House a few days before the expiration of the time that the President had given the South to submit under penalty of emancipation.

Said Mr. Robbins:

"We are confident that you will come up to the mark, Mr. Lincoln."

"Oh," said the President, "I don't know about that. You know Peter denied his Master."

"I don't think you will, sir!" said Dr. Sunderland, promptly, "we are full of faith and prayer that you will make clean sweep for the Right."

Mr. Lincoln's face resolved into its half shrewd, half sad expression. He took a chair, and leaning toward the clergyman, said:

"Doctor, it's very hard sometimes to know what is right! You pray often and honestly, but so do those people across the lines. They pray and all their preachers pray devoutly. You and I do not think them justified in praying for their objects, but they pray earnestly, no doubt! If you and I had our own way, doctor, we would settle this war without bloodshed, but Providence permits blood to be shed. It's hard to tell what Providence wants of us. Sometimes we, ourselves, are more humane than the Divine mercy seems to us to be."

This familiar conversation exhibits the struggle in Lincoln's mind before the commission of any leading act of his administration. It shows that the act of emancipation was no mere military thunder, but a triumph over grave scruples, an anxiety to be vindicated and to do only right. It was an act counselled by thought and prayer, turned over in the wakefulness of night, subjected to the accusations and cavils of its own author and to the tests of argument and law, and like the solemn founding of the Plymouth State upon the Mayflower, it was among the soberest resolutions of history.

Mr. Robbins, of whom I have written, was the patent lawyer who obtained Mr. Lincoln's patent for lightening the draught of steamboats upon Western rivers, a patent applied for while Mr. Lincoln was a member of Congress, living here in comparative obscurity. Mr. Lincoln came into Mr. Robbins' office, at the corner of F and Seventh streets, with the model under his arm, and the same model now is one of the most precious relics of the Patent Office.

The water is often so low in Western rivers that steamers get aground and lie helpless for weeks. Mr. Lincoln's contrivance was to set air chambers under the guards, made of canvas or oilskin, and by inflating these to increase the buoyancy of the boat in the dry seasons. It is no reflection upon our genial martyr to say that his patent takes poor rank among inventions, but it shows that his mind was ever at work to do good, and this model is not the least of his monuments.

Andrew Johnson pardoned the remaining conspirators, if such they were, Mudd, Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Spangler in 1867 and permitted the bones of the rest to be disinterred.

Mrs. Surratt's body was exhumed and decently buried. It was decomposed to a shriveled pulp of mummy, and a worm-befriending skeleton. The head was turned aside, as by the wrench of the rope; the gaiters on her feet were in mouldy preservation; the hair was luxuriant as in life. The relics were put in a coffin and interred north of the city in a shady cemetery, where her grave will often be the inspiration of a thrill or a paragraph.

The fate of this woman will be investigated in the future with keen interest, but I incline to the belief that it will meet with posterity's acquiescence as pitiful, only because she was a woman, but deserved because she was privy to the murder of a just and blameless ruler. Some Albert Smith may turn her memory over, and with it make a heroine to match Brinvilliers; but the greater halo of the murdered President will make her grave, if not a shunned, an unhallowed, spot forever. In common life she was a woman without romance, without

character or affections, eminent enough for illustration, with little beauty; and between a country tavern and a lodging-house in town, the poet must spin her *misericordia*. Art is long, but it will scarcely pass the benignant statue to apostrophize the toadstool at his feet.

Wilkes Booth's body was finally dug up at the Penitentiary, Washington, and sent to Baltimore—a mass of corruption in a blanket, the head off the spine, part of the spine and one leg gone, but an old shoe and a boot remaining, and a suit of handsome short hair clinging to a skull! They put the carcass in the old stable where he kept his poor nag the night before the murder—the nag he rode like a demon across the bridge of Styx—and there behind the scene of his supposed glory he lay as he had lain the last night of his life, in a barn amongst the cattle.

Atzerodt's body was found to be a dissevered skull and a crooked spine. I saw this poor blabberer hanged, with a bag over his head not whiter than his bleached face. It was the poor white trash that did to death the great human Friend at last. Have mercy on them, who know not what they do!

Meantime Harold, the *pal* of Wilkes Booth, has been buried in the Congressional Cemetery, close by William Wirt, George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, and other great people. This seems to be a case of irreverent Gerrymandering. The old arsenal, where the assassins lie, has been pulled down. The great crime has passed out of the revenge into the pity of men.

The lower counties of Maryland are good but hilly roads. There are no taverns fit for lodging except at Port Tobacco, Leonardtown, and Marlborough. One has only to go fifteen miles out of Washington to find cross gates on all the roads which he must dismount and open. At the same time a kind of a rude hospitality prevails, and if the tourist will supply himself with a few bottles of whisky he can pay for his welcome. The new railroad system may have some effect on these old slave-holding Catholic countries, but they will come up slowly as they declined, like a patient after the typhus fever.