The Century Magazine
Vol LI No 6
April, 1896

FOUR LINCOLN CONSPIRACIES.

INCLUDING NEW PARTICULARS OF THE FLIGHT AND CAPTURE OF THE ASSASSIN.

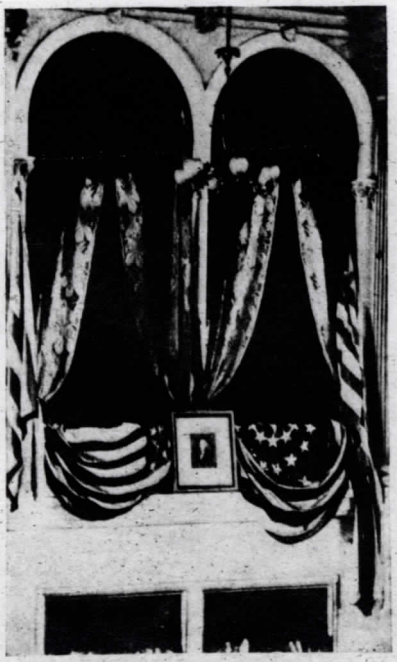
THERE are recorded no fewer than four conspiracies against President Abraham Lincoln—three to murder and one to kidnap. And in each instance not only was the plot conceived, but execution was attempted: the first immediately before his inauguration in 1861; the other three during the period beginning August, 1864, and ending April 14, 1865, the date of the assassination.

Much of the evidence in reference to the fourth plot to assassinate was brought out in the trial of the conspirators, and subsequently in the trial of John H. Surratt. The lapse of thirty years has made possible a dispassionate consideration of the facts associated with this most historic murder in the annals of history; and many persons, particularly those who were connected with the flight, whom fear of prosecution has prevented from telling all they knew, are now willing to talk more freely. The history of the conspiracies themselves is full of interest and instruction; but the interest in the plots wanes before an account of the misery suffered by the innocent as well as the guilty who came in contact with the assassin before and after the execution of the conspiracy; for the murderer left everywhere a trail of unhappiness.

I.

As the first attempt on the life of Mr. Lincoln has been recently related in full, I will give only the main facts.

In the latter part of February, 1861, the President-elect was advertised to appear publicly, among other places, in Philadelphia, Harrisburg, and Baltimore, en route to Washington for his inauguration. He reached Philadelphia on the evening of the second day previous to his expected arrival in Baltimore, and it was there that he first received knowledge of the plot to assassinate him while in the latter city. The information was positive and reliable, as it came from Allan Pinkerton, who had been in Baltimore himself, with his corps of detectives, on other business, and had been careful to verify the rumored plot, which he first learned of there, before taking steps to warn Mr. Lincoln. Information of a like character was communicated to General Winfield Scott and Senator Seward, both of whom were then in Washington, by a New York detective on duty in Baltimore; and the intention of the conspirators was made known from a third source, equally reliable.

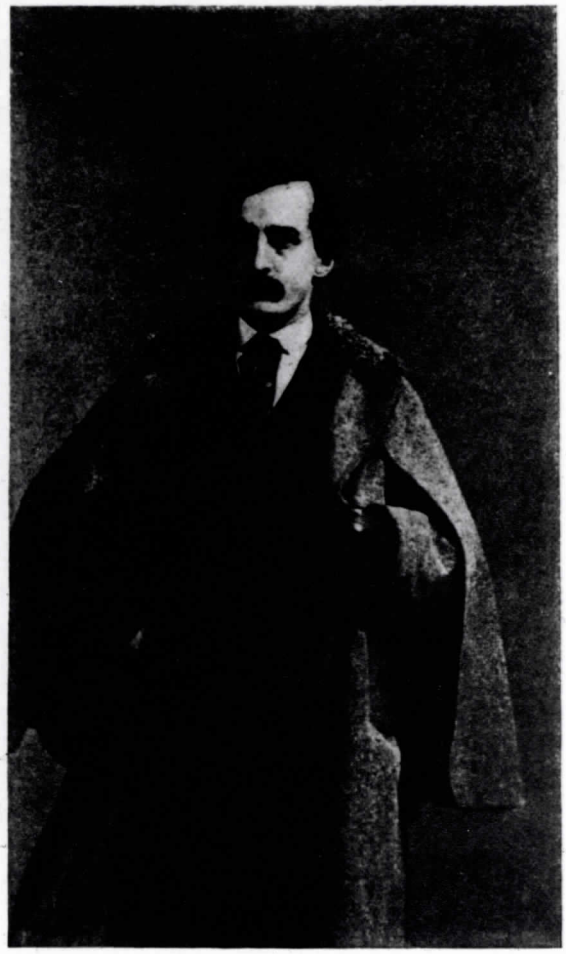


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE PROSCENIUM BOX ON THE RIGHT OF THE STAGE OF FORD'S THEATER, AS DECORATED FOR THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY, APRIL 14, 1865.

Mr. Lincoln and his friends were so impressed with the three warnings, which reached them within a few hours of one another, and from such varying sources, that they decided to yield to the advice of Mr. Pinkerton, and leave for Washington, if not immediately, at a time much earlier than publicly advertised. Mr. Pinkerton suggested that they depart at once; but the President-elect, having pledged himself to be present the next day at two ceremonious functions,—one in Harrisburg and the other in Philadelphia,—positively declined.

Mr. Lincoln reached Washington in safety in



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

the early hours of the morning of the day that the would-be assassins awaited the «hated abolitionist» at the Baltimore railway station; but that he did so is due only to the cautious foresight of Allan Pinkerton, who made all the arrangements for the safe conduct of his charge, and staked his life on the result; cutting telegraph lines, chartering trains, stationing men along the railroad between Philadelphia and Baltimore to watch bridges, and attending to other minute details.

II.

THE evidence in relation to the second plot against the President, in the summer of 1864, is almost entirely circumstantial, but is nevertheless of such a nature as to leave little room for doubt as to its existence.

On August 13, 1864, John Wilkes Booth was playing a dramatic engagement in Meadville, Pennsylvania. Upon his arrival in the city that day, he registered at the McHenry House, then kept by a Mr. R. M. U. Taylor, and after the performance in the evening retired alone to his room. When the servant entered his room the next morning, after Booth had left the hotel and city, an inscription was discovered scratched in a large hand on one of the window-panes: «*Abe Lincoln departed this life Aug. 13th, 1864, by the effects of poison.*» Little attention was paid to the writing on the glass at the time; but as soon as it was learned that Booth had killed the President, the circumstances connected with the window inscription were recalled, the glass was removed from its sash, framed in a plain black wooden frame, a piece of dark velvet being placed at its back to facilitate reading, and the signature of Booth entered on the register on August 13 was cut from the book and attached to the window-glass. The photograph on the opposite page was made from the original pane, now in the possession of the War Department, to which it was presented by the daughter of the owner of the hotel, Miss Mary McHenry, some time after the assassination of the President. All of the circumstances in connection with the glass are certified to by Miss McHenry and by other residents of Meadville.

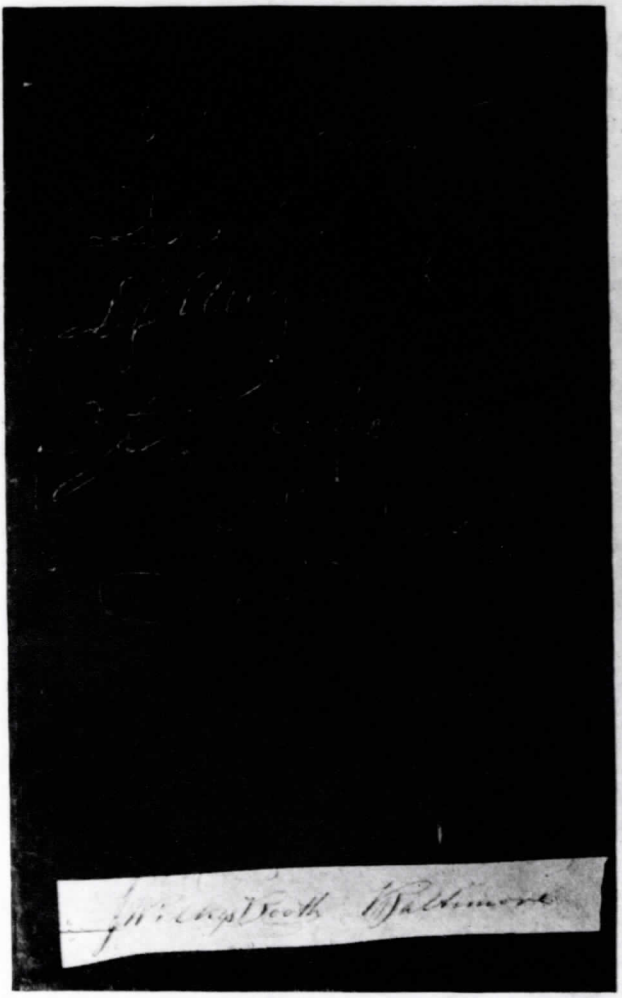
At this same time David E. Herold — the silly, frivolous, shallow-minded Herold, who attempted to guide Booth in his flight through Maryland — was a drug clerk in the establishment of Mr. William S. Thompson, Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania Avenue, near the White House, where the President was in the habit of having his prescriptions compounded. Herold was an easy tool in Booth's hands; for, although a man in years and stature, he was a mere boy in judgment and reason; and his courage appeared only as a reflex of the enthusiasm of Booth.

Further evidence in this connection, showing that such a plot did exist, is given by Mrs. Mary Hudspeth. While this lady was riding with her young daughter in one of the street cars in New York city during the month of November, 1864, she observed two men opposite

her engaged in low but earnest conversation. One of them in particular attracted her attention for the reason that, although dressed in the garb of a workingman, he had the smooth, white hand of a gentleman. Upon further observation she discovered that the beard of this man was false, and noticed also that the skin under the beard was much lighter than that of the other portions of his face, which were apparently stained. A pistol was also detected at his side.

These men exchanged letters in the car, and left before Mrs. Hudspeth. After their departure, her daughter found an envelop containing two letters on the floor of the car beneath the seats occupied by the men. The first of these letters, although in a disguised hand, was identified by an expert chirographer at the trial of John H. Surratt as the writing of Booth; and at the same trial Mrs. Hudspeth testified that the photograph of Booth exhibited to her was, to the best of her belief, that of the disguised man. It was proved also that Booth was in New York on the date of the finding of the papers.

The letter was as follows:



FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF THE WRITING ON THE WINDOW-PANE OF THE MEADVILLE HOTEL, AND BOOTH'S SIGNATURE CUT FROM THE HOTEL REGISTER.

DEAR LEWIS: The time has at last come that we have all so wished for, and upon you everything depends. As it was decided before you left, we were to cast lots. Accordingly we did so, and you are to be the Charlotte Corday of the nineteenth century. When you remember the fearful solemn vow that was taken by us, you will feel there is no drawback—Abe must die, and now. You can choose your weapons. The cup, the knife, the bullet. *The cup failed us once*, and might again. Johnson, who will give this, has been like an enraged demon since the meeting, because it has not fallen upon him to rid the world of the monster. He says the blood of his gray-haired father and his noble brother call upon him for revenge, and revenge he will have; if he cannot wreak it upon the fountainhead, he will upon some of the bloodthirsty Generals. Butler would suit him. As our plans were all concocted and well arranged, we separated, and as I am writing — on my way to Detroit — I will only say that all rests upon you. You know where to find your friends. Your disguises are so perfect and complete that without one knew your face no police telegraphic dispatch would catch you. The English gentleman Harcourt must not act rashly. Remember he has ten days. Strike for your home, strike for your country; bide your time, but strike sure. Get introduced, congratulate him, listen to his stories — not many more will the brute tell to earthly friends. Do anything but fail, and meet us at the appointed place within the fortnight. Inclose this note, together with one of poor Leenea. I will give the reasons for this when we meet. Return by Johnson. I wish I could go to you, but duty calls me to the West; you will probably hear from me in Washington. Sanders is doing us no good in Canada.

Believe me, your brother in love,

CHARLES SELBY.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

JOHN H. SURRATT IN THE UNIFORM OF THE PAPAL ZOUAVES.

This letter was intended for Lewis Payne, who afterward attempted the assassination of Secretary Seward. The following, from his wife, which accompanied it, while not exactly relevant, is interesting. It served to prove, however, that the above letter was for Payne, an ardent satellite of Booth, possessed of much brute courage and strength.

ST. LOUIS, October 23, 1864.

DEAREST HUSBAND: Why do you not come home? You left me for ten days only, and now you have been from home more than two weeks. In that long time, only sent me one short note—a few cold words—and a check for money, which I did not require. What has come over you? Have you forgotten your wife and child? Baby calls for papa until my heart aches. We are so lonely without you. I have written you again and again, and, as a last resource, yesterday wrote to Charlie, begging him to see you and tell you to come home. I am so ill, not able to leave my room; if I was, I would go to you wherever you were, if in this world. Mamma says I must not write any more, as I am too weak. Lewis, darling, do not stay away any longer from your heartbroken wife

LEENEA.

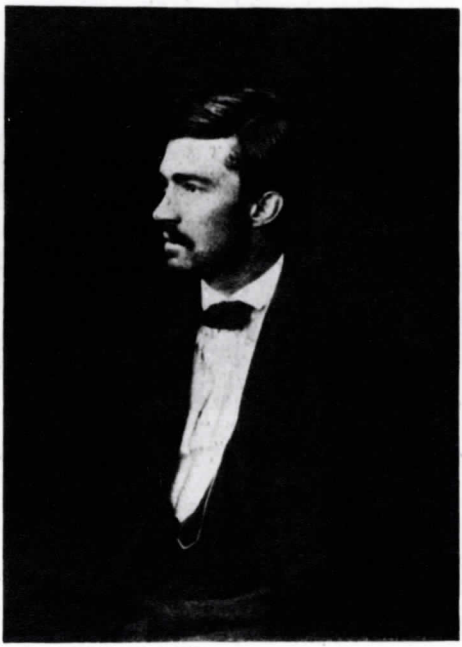
The cause of the unsuccessful culmination of this plot is not known, and perhaps never will be; but its failure is in all likelihood due to lack of courage on the part of Herold, who probably weakened when the time arrived for him to act.

III.

BOOTH was the moving spirit in the plot to poison, and probably the originator, and undoubtedly the leader, of the two subsequent conspiracies—to abduct and to assassinate.

At this time John Wilkes Booth was twenty-seven years old, a man of striking presence, handsome face, and very winning manners, and yet withal given to the most violent excesses of every description. As an actor he gave promise of being the equal, if not the superior, of his elder brother, and, if his own statements are to be credited, his income from his profession alone amounted to twenty thousand dollars a year. Up to the date of the failure of the plot to poison he had played quite regularly, invariably before large audiences, with whom he enjoyed much favor. He appears now to have devoted all his energies to the furtherance of the matter nearest his heart—the plots against the President. John Wilkes was the only member of the Booth family who espoused the Southern cause.

During the month of October, 1864, Booth



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

SAMUEL ARNOLD.



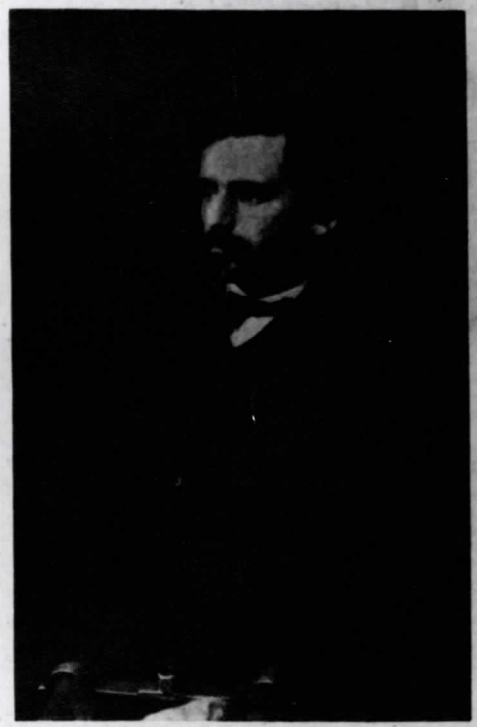
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MRS. MARY E. SURRATT.

paid a visit to Prince George and Charles counties, Maryland, for the ostensible purpose of buying lands and purchasing a riding-horse; and, armed with a letter of introduction to Dr. Queen, a prominent resident in the upper part of the latter county, he soon became acquainted with most of the residents in that neighborhood who were Southern sympathizers. He felt his way cautiously, and when he deemed it safe to do so, the abduction plot was broached, and the particulars of the proposed plan were explained. It was considered a legitimate undertaking in time of war, and many respectable gentlemen, Southern sympathizers, in these two counties pledged themselves to take an active interest in the scheme; that is, to see that the necessary horses were furnished for the relays —about the only part they could perform other than to report constantly the condition of the roads and that the coast was clear.

The road over which it was proposed to conduct the distinguished captive was known in the secret service of the Confederacy as the «underground route»; that is, a route not generally known between Richmond and Washington, and used by spies and contrabandists in the employ of the South. It ran a roundabout course through southern Maryland, across the Potomac in the vicinity of Port Tobacco Creek, or Pope's Creek, and thence to Richmond, crossing the Rappahannock at Port Conway and Port Royal. It was the only overland route, in fact, that could be taken to Richmond, as all communication north from that city was cut off in Virginia, and even it was guarded with more or less care by the Federal authorities, so that travel thereby was attended with no little danger. Over this course, too, the Confederate mail passed daily on its way to Richmond or Montreal; and such was the secrecy with which the «underground mail» service was maintained, that a man might be engaged in it during the entire war without the knowledge of his family.

Booth had learned of this route probably while in Canada, and also that John H. Surratt was in the habit of making frequent trips over it between Richmond and Montreal. The underground route on the Maryland side ended at Port Tobacco Creek, and it was at Port Tobacco, at the head of the creek, that Booth met George A. Atzerodt, a German-American of little intelligence and less morality. Atzerodt had been, up to the opening of the war, a coach-painter, but was now engaged in conveying passengers and contraband goods to the Virginia side, a less laborious and more lucrative occupation. Booth's offers of gold made Atzerodt enthusiastic. He constructed a boat capable of carrying the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

MICHAEL O'LAUGHLIN.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

LEWIS PAYNE.

entire abduction party,—estimated at fifteen,—a large, flat-bottomed bateau, painted lead-color in order that it might the more easily escape detection in its passage across the Potomac in the gray of the morning, when the attempt was to be made. The Potomac at that time was patrolled by Federal gunboats.

During Booth's second visit to Charles County, in November, 1864, one Sunday while at church he made the acquaintance of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. As Booth stated in the doctor's presence that he desired to purchase land, and the doctor remarked that his own was for sale, Booth took supper at Dr. Mudd's that evening to inspect the property. He spent only two or three hours there, and left the same night. While at Dr. Mudd's house he was inquisitive concerning the political sentiments of the people, inquired about the contraband trade that existed between the North and the South, and wished to be informed about the country and the roads bordering on the Potomac. He desired Dr. Mudd to give him a letter of introduction to some of his friends on the Potomac, which the latter declined to do, knowing nothing about Booth. From the nature of Booth's interrogatives, Dr. Mudd believed him to be a Federal spy; and John H. Surratt, according to his own statement, came to the same conclusion when he first met Booth.

Booth now returned to Washington, and secured the coöperation in the plot to abduct of Michael O'Laughlin and Samuel Arnold, both ex-Confederate soldiers and residents of his native city, Baltimore.

On December 23, Dr. Mudd and two friends came to Washington for the purpose of meeting relatives from Baltimore who were to spend the Christmas holidays with the doctor's family. While in Washington, on the afternoon of that day, Dr. Mudd met Booth by accident at the National Hotel, and the latter immediately asked the doctor if he knew John H. Surratt, and if he would introduce him. At first the doctor declined, having met Booth on only one occasion, and not knowing either his sympathies or his purposes; but Booth persisted, stating that it would require but a few minutes, and that he had the address of Surratt's house, which was but a short walk from the hotel. The doctor reluctantly consented, and while on their way to Mrs. Surratt's house, guided by Booth, Surratt and Lewis J. Weichmann were passed on the street. This was the first meeting between Booth and Surratt, the second and last between Dr. Mudd and Booth until the arrival of the latter at the doctor's house on the morning after the assassination, nearly four months later.

During the fall of 1864 Herold had been visiting relatives in the vicinity of Port Tobacco, undoubtedly in Booth's employ, studying the roads; and all this time, too, Payne, who was in close touch with Booth, was probably regularly employed by him to perform such functions, in connection with the plots, as might be assigned to him by the chief conspirator.

As Surratt was the only one living permanently in Washington, his mother's house naturally became the rendezvous of the conspirators; and it was here they repeatedly met as a body and individually, according to the testi-

mony of Lewis J. Weichmann, Surratt's bedfellow, the most important government witness at the trial of the assassin conspirators. He wove the thread of testimony which closed upon Mrs. Surratt, and in doing so escaped the gallows himself. Mrs. Surratt, too, who owned the tavern at Surrattsville, about twelve miles southeast of Washington on the «underground route,» undoubtedly lent her sanction to the plans of Booth, or «Pet,» as she called him. In her house also Atzerodt was known as «Port Tobacco,» and Payne as «the Baptist minister» and as «Wood.»

About the middle of March, 1865, word was received from those along the «underground route» that the roads and the time were propitious for undertaking the abduction, and that the horses would be held in readiness for the relays. Accordingly, at Mrs. Surratt's Booth assembled his assistants, John H. Surratt, Payne, Atzerodt, Herold, O'Laughlin, and Arnold, all mounted for the kidnapping.

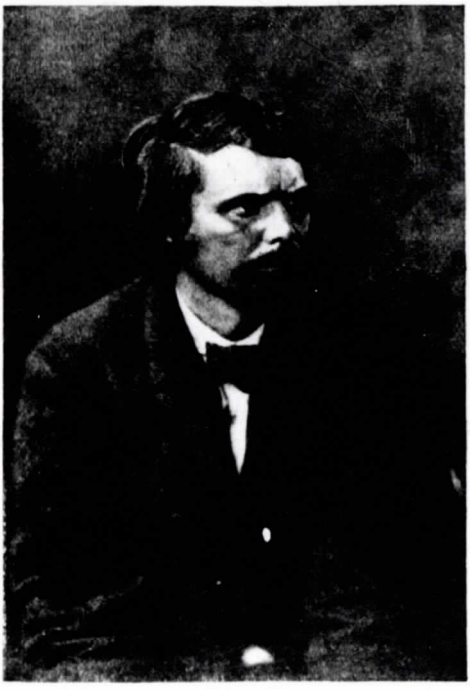
Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon they left the house and made for the Seventh Street Road, where it was reported that the President would pass that evening on his way to the Seventh Street Hospital.

Mr. Lincoln would frequently ride out to the Soldiers' Home on the Seventh Street Road, entirely unguarded, or if in a carriage, with only a driver, much against the protestations of his friends, who were fearful for his safety. The coach of the President was to be seized in a secluded spot on the road near the city, and Surratt was to jump on the box (as he was more familiar with the roads) and to make for «T. B.,» a collection of two or three houses and stores on the «underground route,» about twenty-two miles southeast of Washington, and thence to the Potomac. The carriage was to be abandoned as soon as the city limits were passed. Relays of fast horses were in readiness, and the boat at Port Tobacco was prepared to cross the river.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

DAVID E. HEROLD.



GEORGE A. ATZERODT.

As the distance from Washington to Port Tobacco Creek was about forty miles, the intention was to make the entire trip the first night, and crossing the river, to be within the lines of the Confederacy at the expiration of twenty-four hours.

The plan was not so ridiculously absurd as at first glance it appears. It was not a difficult matter at that time to pass the pickets stationed at the Navy Yard bridge, and once in the country, where friends were willing, fresh horses ready, and Federal soldiers few, the chances of reaching the Potomac in safety were not unfavorable.

The plot failed because Mr. Lincoln did not



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.

VIEW OF THE SCAFFOLD IN THE OLD ARSENAL PRISON-YARD AS PREPARED FOR THE EXECUTION OF MRS. SURRATT, PAYNE, ATZERODT, AND HEROLD, ON JULY 7, 1865.

go out on the Seventh Street Road on the afternoon expected, Secretary Chase going in his stead. Booth and his companions returned to Mrs. Surratt's disappointed, disgusted, and enraged. Such a favorable opportunity would not likely occur again, and the conspirators disbanded. Surratt went to Richmond, Arnold secured a position at Old Point (near Fort Monroe), and O'Laughlin returned to Baltimore; but Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt still hovered about their leader awaiting further developments, living in Washington at his expense.

IV.

BOOTH now determined upon the assassination. The Confederacy was fast losing ground, and its collapse daily seemed more imminent. Something must be done, and that quickly; and Booth considered himself the Lord's anointed to rid the country of the tyrant whom he deemed responsible for the war. There is little evidence to prove that Booth actually determined upon murder until the day of the assassination, and none to show that he confided his intention to any one until that day.

While in Washington, Booth was to be found about Ford's Theater, in the rear of which his horses were stabled and cared for by Edmund Spangler, the ignorant scene-shifter, who without doubt was unjustly sentenced to six years' imprisonment at hard labor (four of which he served) for his suspected complicity in the plot. Part of the scanty evidence against this man was that witnesses for the prosecution testified to having seen Spangler talking with Booth outside of the theater during the hour immediately preceding the assassination; but they testified further that Spangler wore a mustache. The defendant proved that he did not wear a mustache that night, and that he did not leave the theater during the performance. The Government, however, was not satisfied, and Spangler was convicted of aiding Booth in his escape, and sentenced to six years' imprisonment. It is only now, after the lapse of thirty years, that the man who was in conversation with the assassin for that hour makes his identity known—the costumer of the theater, who states that for three days after the assassination he did not leave his house, fearing that he would be seen and identified, and consequently connected with the assassination in some way, so intensely bitter was the feeling at the time against all who happened to be associated with Booth that day, no matter what the connection.

On the morning of April 14, Booth learned that the President and General Grant,[1] with their wives, were to be at the theater that night to witness the performance of Miss Laura Keene's company in «Our American Cousin.» This was his chance.

Whether Surratt was in the city on that day will probably never be positively known. During his trial he attempted to prove that he



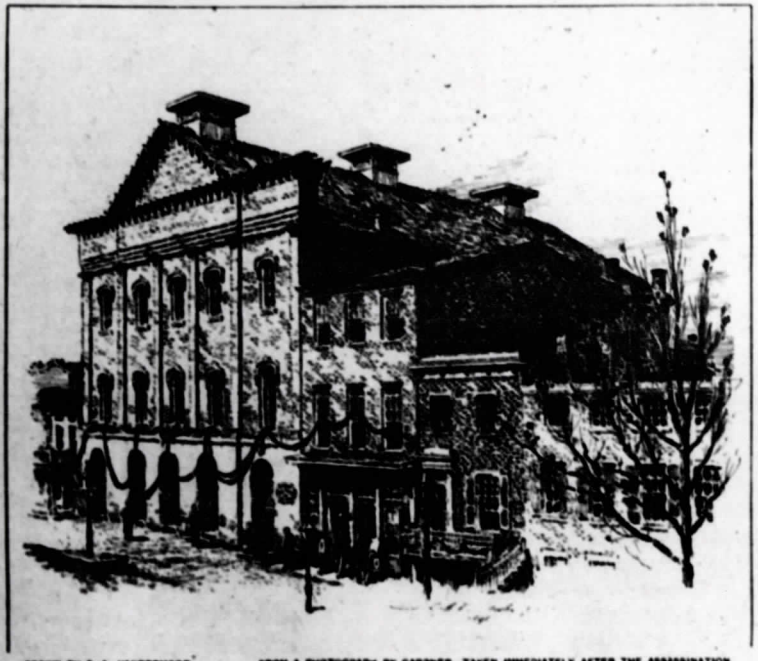
DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MRS. SURRATT'S HOUSE IN WASHINGTON, 604 H STREET, N. W.

was in Elmira, New York, doing special service for the Confederacy; and the proof which he furnished was sufficient to convince eight out of the twelve jurors that he was not present and took no part in the plot. Surratt claims to have first learned of the murder, on the morning following the assassination, from the newspapers while in Elmira, and on the next morning, while en route to New York city, of his suspected complicity in the plot. He fled immediately to Canada, where he remained concealed by Catholic priests for nearly five months. Leaving Canada, he went to England, thence to Paris, and thence to Rome, where, under the name of Watson, he enlisted in the Zouaves of the Pope. While in the Papal Zouaves he was recognized by a Canadian acquaintance, who betrayed him. On the day following his arrest, while under the guard of six men, he leaped blindly from a rocky precipice over one hundred feet in depth, and alighting by chance on a projecting rock thirty feet below, clambered

[1] General Grant was suddenly called away from the city late that afternoon, and consequently did not go with the President, as he had expected.

quickly down the abyss, escaped, reached Naples in the course of a week, and sailed to Alexandria on the same vessel which carried the instructions to the consul there that led to his capture. He was finally brought back to the United States and tried at Washington by a civil court. The trial extended over a period of two months, and more than two hundred witnesses appeared on the stand. The jury



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ASSASSINATION.

FORD'S THEATER, DRAPED IN MOURNING.

disagreed, as above stated, and the Government did not prosecute the case further.

Before the performance, Booth provided against interruption while in the President's box by preparing a large wooden bar to fit in a corner of the wall and the panel of the door, in which a small peep-hole was bored in order that he might the better take in the relative position of the occupants before entering. During the day he was frequently seen about the theater, laboring under suppressed excitement. He also made two calls on Mrs. Surratt, and had interviews with her on each occasion.

Shortly after his first visit in the forenoon, Mrs. Surratt secured a horse and buggy, and, with Weichmann as driver, set out for Surrattsville, a distance of about fourteen miles from her residence. She carried with her a package containing a field-glass, the property of Booth, which was deposited with the tavern-keeper, John M. Lloyd. Mrs. Surratt told Lloyd to «be sure and have those *shooting-irons* ready for some gentlemen» who would call there that night (meaning two carbines left at the house three or four weeks previously by John H. Surratt), and instructed him also to have at hand the field-glass and two bottles of whisky for the same persons. In view of these instructions, Lloyd took the guns from their hiding-place beneath the boards of the second floor, and placed them, together with the field-glass and the whisky, on his bed. While on her way to Surrattsville a picket of cavalrymen was passed; and when Mrs. Surratt was informed, in reply to her inquiry, that they were not on guard that night, she remarked, «I am glad of that.»

The city of Washington lies in a large basin, the old bed of a greater Potomac in early geological ages; and Good Hope Hill, just outside on the Maryland side, is over two hundred feet above the level of the capital's streets, and commands a sweeping view of the city at its foot. On reaching the top of this hill while returning that night, the tiny, twinkling lights of a torchlight procession, on its way to serenade the President, could be seen. (The city was then rejoicing over the fall of Richmond.) Mrs. Surratt remarked to Weichmann, when informed what the procession was: «All this joy will be turned to sadness, and this proud and licentious people shall be punished.» After her return to the city Booth had the second interview with Mrs. Surratt.

The theater was densely crowded that night, and as the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, and Major Rathbone entered the building on their way to the upper right-hand tier of boxes, one of the actors, Mr. Harry Hawke, was interpolating, «This reminds me of a story, as Mr. Lincoln says,» and was proceeding to tell the story. The enthusiasm of the audience at the sight of the President

interrupted Mr. Hawke for several minutes, and after Mr. Lincoln was seated the actor was forced by the people to tell his «story» over again.

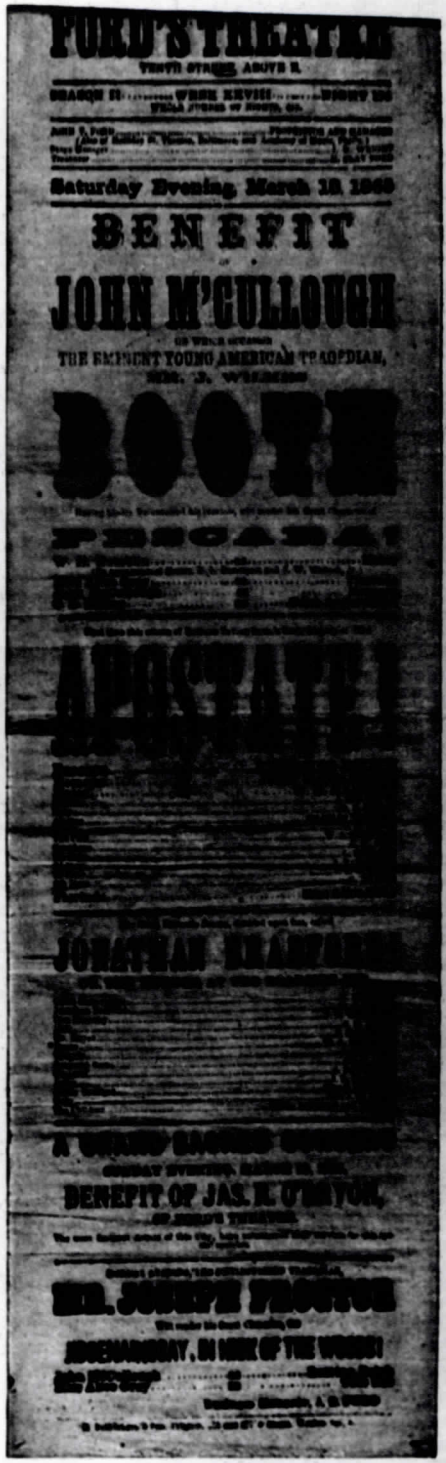
During the third act Booth stealthily entered the President's box, and after silently barring the door inside with the large wooden stick provided for the purpose, advanced within a foot of Mr. Lincoln from the rear, and fired the fatal shot.[1] The head of the President fell forward on his breast, and Booth, emerging from the smoke, cried dramatically at the edge of the box, «*Sic semper tyrannis!*» stabbed Major Rathbone, and vaulted the railing. The spur of the assassin catching in the folds of the American flag forming part of the draperies of the box, he fell heavily to the stage below, a distance of fourteen feet. But he was on his feet in an instant, and strutting across the stage brandishing his bloody knife, shouted tragically, «The South is avenged!» and disappeared behind the scenes. The fall, however, had splintered horizontally the fibula of his right leg.

Two men from the audience followed him in close pursuit—Mr. William Withers, the leader of the orchestra, and Mr. Joseph B. Stewart, a lawyer. The former came so close to the murderer that he turned and, stabbing at Mr. Withers, cut two large gashes in his coat. Mr. Stewart pursued Booth through the flies and into the alley at the back of the theater, where Booth's horse stood in readiness, held by the ignorant boy «Peanuts,» whose reward for holding the horse over an hour was a blow and a kick from the assassin that felled him. Twice Mr. Stewart reached the flank of the horse and grasped for its bridle. Not a word was spoken. The quick breathing of the two men in the dim light of the rising moon, and the nervous stamping of the starting horse, were the only noises that broke the stillness in the alley. But the angry mutterings of the enraged crowd, which burst out into the alley soon after, were heard by Booth before he reached the street.

After passing two miles through the very heart of the city, horse and rider reached the Navy Yard bridge. Booth there gave his true name, and stating that he lived near Beantown in Charles County and had been «detained in the city,» was allowed to pass the picket.

The long roll was beaten all over the city, and every avenue of escape at once guarded; but it was too late, as the assassins had reached

[1] For a detailed account of the tragedy, see THE CENTURY for January, 1890.—EDITOR.



PLAYBILL OF J. WILKES BOOTH'S LAST APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE.



MAP OF THE ASSASSIN'S FLIGHT.

and crossed the bridge. A daily paper, commenting on that memorable night, said the next morning: «Such a night of horror has seldom darkened any community.»

In the mean time Payne and Herold rode to Secretary Seward's residence. Payne dismounted, leaving Herold to hold both horses, and reaching the house, stated that he had been sent by the doctor to administer an important prescription to the Secretary, who was then confined to his bed with a broken arm and fractured jaw, the result of a runaway accident about ten days before. Upon being denied admittance by the colored servant, Payne pushed him aside and walked heavily up two flights of stairs toward Secretary Seward's room. The noise attracted Mr. Frederick W. Seward to the door; and after a few words with the assassin, in which he was told that the Secretary could not be seen, Payne struck him on the head with his heavy pistol, breaking a portion of the cartridge-extracting apparatus, so heavy was the blow. Mr. Seward continued to grapple with the assassin until he fell in a swoon, from which he did not emerge for many days. Payne rushed into the sick-chamber, slashing right and left with his large knife; and after stabbing Colonel Augustus H. Seward and two male nurses, fell upon the defenseless Secretary in bed, and inflicted three stabs upon his neck. The life of Mr. Seward was saved by the steel frame supporting his fractured jaw, and by the further fact that while the men in the room were trying to drag the fierce murderer off the Secretary's bed, the latter rolled out upon the floor and beneath the bedstead. In the mean time the colored servant had rushed to the door and shouted, «Murder, murder, murder!» This was enough for Herold. He left Payne's horse, and fled down Pennsylvania Avenue to Fourteenth street, where the stabler from whom he and Booth had hired their horses, never to be returned, recognized and pursued him. Herold reached Ford's Theater a few minutes after Booth had fled, and following him to the Navy Yard bridge, was also permitted to cross by the sergeant on duty there. But when the owner of the horses arrived in pursuit of Herold, the good man at the bridge refused entrance to the only honest one of the three.

The Bennings bridge and the Navy Yard bridge, both crossing the Eastern Branch (a small stream forming the southeastern limit of the city), are not over half a mile apart, and the streets leading to each could easily be mistaken by one unfamiliar with the city. Payne fled to the Bennings bridge instead of the Navy Yard bridge, and remained in hiding for three days and nights in the woods near the city.

On the night of Monday, April 17, Mrs. Surratt was arrested. While the officers were searching her house Payne appeared at the door. He was admitted by one of the searching party, and being examined as to his identity, stated that he had been engaged by Mrs. Surratt to dig a gutter for her in the back yard the next morning (he had a pick



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

SURRATT'S TAVERN, SURRATTSVILLE, MARYLAND.

on his shoulder), and had come to receive further instructions as to the work: this at eleven o'clock at night! Mrs. Surratt was summoned, and when asked if she knew the man, said vehemently, raising her hands to heaven: «Before God I do not know this man, and did not engage him to dig a gutter for me.» Payne had spent the night at Mrs. Surratt's on one or two occasions, had visited the house frequently, and she knew him well. At the moment of this statement by Mrs. Surratt, Payne stood in the full light of the gas-jet. The evidence, both circumstantial and direct, is conclusive that Mrs. Surratt was an accessory before the fact.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

HOUSE OF DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD.

The assassination of Vice-President Johnson and Secretary Stanton was not attempted, owing probably to failure of courage on the part of Atzerodt and O'Laughlin, to whom they were respectively assigned.

Herold crossed the bridge a few minutes after Booth, and teamsters, on their way to Washington, met the riders separately on Good Hope Hill, and were asked by each «if a horseman had passed ahead.»

The assassins reached Surratt's Tavern together about twelve o'clock that night, and when Herold demanded «those things» of Lloyd, the carbines, field-glass, and whisky were delivered. Booth declined his carbine on account of his inability to carry it, due to his broken leg. The assassins drank nearly a quart of whisky, and rode on toward T. B. at a rapid pace. The moon was shining brightly.

A short time before daybreak the fugitives met a negro, and on asking to be guided to the nearest doctor, were informed that they had passed the residence of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd half a mile back. Booth and Herold retraced their way, and aroused the doctor, whom Herold informed that «while riding rapidly his companion's horse had fallen on him and broken his leg,» and that he was in sore need of medical assistance. This statement was supported by a fresh scar on the shoulder of Booth's horse. Booth, who appeared to be suffering much, dismounted with the aid of Herold and the doctor, and after entering the house the broken limb was dressed by Dr. Mudd and his helpful wife. The hospitality of the house was offered to the newcomers, and they retired. The fugitives had ridden thirty miles that night.

Doctor and Mrs. Mudd and their household assert that Booth not only did not make himself known, but that he was so disguised by a heavy, long black beard that he was not recognized. The assassin gave the name of Boyd, an alias which he repeatedly used during his flight. He remained in bed in his room until his departure in the afternoon, between three and four o'clock.

Herold appeared at the breakfast-table, and related in detail the circumstances connected with his companion's «accident,» stating that while riding rapidly his horse had slipped under him; and further said that they were on their way to the Potomac, which they were anxious to reach that day. He inquired as to the roads, and particularly requested to be informed of the way to Parson Wilmer's, one of the few Union men in the neighborhood. After breakfast Dr. Mudd took Herold to the rear of the house, and indicated to him the nearest road to this man's residence, which was about half a mile distant by a «short cut» through Zekiah Swamp, a large marsh about fifteen miles long, which had its head one hundred and fifty yards from the doctor's house.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

BRYANTOWN.

The doctor visited his patient after breakfast to render him such medical assistance as was in his power. He did not see the assassin afterward. In the course of the day Herold borrowed a razor, soap, etc., and Booth re-

moved his mustache. A rude crutch was also prepared for him by a man on the place.

Booth's breakfast and dinner had been carried to his room by one of the servants, who reported to Mrs. Mudd that he had touched neither. Mrs. Mudd then daintily prepared a salver of oranges, cake, and wine for her guest, and carried them in person to his room. He declined these also; whereupon he was offered some whisky, and refused it, but asked for brandy, which Mrs. Mudd did not have. Booth was still in much pain, and complained of his back, which he informed Mrs. Mudd he had injured in the fall from his horse.

Herold appeared again at dinner, and remarked to Dr. Mudd that they were so anxious to reach the river that day that he would make the effort to secure a conveyance for his friend. As Dr. Mudd was going after the mail to Bryantown that afternoon, a distance of about three and a half miles, he said that Herold might go with him, and he would try to secure a buggy from his father, a wealthy landowner on the road to Bryantown, half a mile from the doctor's house. The carriage, however, could not be spared, as the next day was Easter Sunday, and the family of Mr. Mudd, senior, needed the conveyance for that great church day. Herold continued with the doctor about a quarter of a mile farther, and then, appearing to change his mind, stated that he would go back and endeavor to get his companion off on horseback. He returned to the house, alone, in less than an hour after he had left, and informing Mrs. Mudd that a carriage could not be secured, stated that he would take his friend to his «lady love's, who lives a short distance.» Mrs. Mudd endeavored to persuade Herold not to remove his friend while in his present condition. Herold, however, had the horses saddled, and between 3 and 4 P. M. the two set out in the direction of Zekiah Swamp, where the tracks of their horses, discovered two or three days after, indicated that they floundered about for some time. They were not seen again by any member of Dr. Mudd's family.



RELICS IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEP'T.[1]

1 and 3. Revolver and knife found in the room of Atzerodt; 2. Payne's pick; 4. Payne's revolver. This weapon was broken, as shown, by a blow upon the head of Mr. Frederick W. Seward.



RELICS IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEP'T.[1]

1. The Spencer repeating-carbines. The one with the strap was carried by Herold over their entire course; 2. The little pocket compass used by Booth in crossing the Potomac. The white spots represent candle-grease; 3. Booth's riding boot left at Dr. Mudd's. The long slit at the instep was made by Dr. Mudd when the broken limb was set; 4 and 5. Knife and revolver found upon Booth's body after his death.

Dr. Mudd learned at Bryantown, where a body of soldiers in pursuit had in the mean time arrived, that Mr. Lincoln had been murdered, and also the supposed name of the murderer, which was then given as «Boose.» At that time it was not known that Booth's leg was broken, nor that his companion was Herold. It was thought that his companion was John H. Surratt. Dr. Mudd did not connect his visitors in any way with the horrible murder, and returning home, found that they had left two hours before. The next day at

[1] These photographs, and those on pages 906 and 907, were made by permission of the Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, Secretary of War.

church, while discussing the absorbing topic, he reported to his cousin, Dr. George Mudd, a Union man, that two men had been at his house the day before, and that one of them had removed his mustache while there, a circumstance which looked suspicious.

On the Tuesday following the assassination a searching party of detectives called at Dr. Mudd's house, and were informed, in answer to their inquiries, that two men had been there during the greater part of Saturday; that they had asked to be directed to Parson Wilmer's, and had left, going in the direction of Zekiah Swamp.

The detectives paid a second and a third visit to the Mudds, and on the second visit asked to be given the razor with which the assassin had shaved himself, this incident having been mentioned by Dr. Mudd on the occasion of their first arrival. At the same time the doctor voluntarily stated that the man had also left his boot, which had been found in the room of the conspirators afterward. The boot—a long riding-boot reaching to the hip, commonly worn in those days—was delivered to one of the detectives, who, turning down the edge, discovered the initials «J. W. B.» The circumstance was immediately seized upon as suspicious, and this incident, more probably than any other, led to Dr. Mudd's arrest and subsequent confinement. On the same visit a photograph of Booth was exhibited to Dr. and Mrs. Mudd, and they recognized no similarity between their visitor of three days previous, except in the forehead, which they stated resembled that of the man who had been at their house. Dr. Mudd further described accurately the only one of the horses which he had seen.

On the night of the assassination, less than two hours after the fatal shot was fired, printed circulars were being posted in every direction offering $10,000 for the apprehension of the assassin, and within a week the larger offer of the Secretary of War was spread throughout the Union.

The large reward offered had its baneful as well as its good effects. It is certain that in the case of Dr. Mudd the testimony against him was colored, as it was attempted to prove that he was an accessory before the fact. He was tried by the military commission which tried the conspirators, and was sentenced to hard labor for life in the Dry Tortugas. To this prison also were sentenced Spangler, Arnold, and O'Laughlin. During the fourth year of their confinement yellow fever broke out in the prison. O'Laughlin died during the plague, and as the resident surgeon also fell a victim, Dr. Mudd was called upon to attend the sick, and his skill and zeal in their behalf saved the lives of many. After the recovery of Spangler and Arnold, the doctor himself was seized with the fever, and his recovery was due to the care of Spangler. There was a bond of affinity between the intelligent doctor and the ignorant scene-shifter—both were innocent men. Soon after, Dr. Mudd, Spangler, and Arnold were pardoned by President Johnson. Dr. Mudd returned to his home in Maryland, and there, after the lapse of two years more, poor old Spangler made his way. The affection of this man for the doctor, whom he had never met before their trial, was so strong as to be almost pathetic.


War Department, Washington, April 20, 1865.

$100,000 REWARD!

THE MURDERER

Of our late beloved President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

IS STILL AT LARGE.

$50,000 REWARD!

will be paid by this Department for his apprehension, in addition to any reward offered by Municipal Authorities or State Executives.

$25,000 REWARD!

will be paid for the apprehension of JOHN H. SURRATT, one of Booth's accomplices.

$25,000 REWARD!

will be paid for the apprehension of DAVID C. HARROLD, another of Booth's accomplices.

LIBERAL REWARDS will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above-named criminals, or their accomplices.

All persons harboring or concealing the said persons, or either of them, or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a Military Commission and the punishment of DEATH.

Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

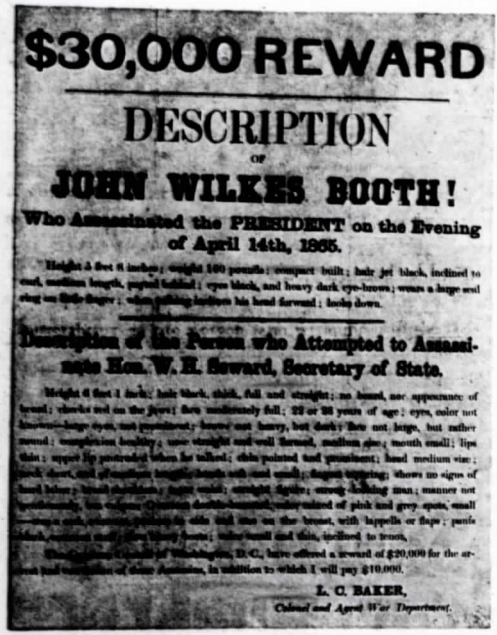
All good citizens are exhorted to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should shudder at the very remembrance charged with the colossal duty, and rest neither night nor day until it be accomplished.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF THE POSTER ORDERED BY THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Spangler died there in 1879, and the doctor in 1882; and each left a sworn statement treating fully the circumstances which led to their imprisonment, and each protested his innocence to the last.

On Sunday morning, about four o'clock, Booth and Herold arrived at the residence of Captain Samuel Cox, a wealthy Southern sympathizer living about four miles from the banks of the Potomac, in the southwestern portion of Charles County. The fugitives had consumed twelve hours in traveling about as many miles. As they arrived at Captain Cox's with a pair of blankets, and did not get them at Dr. Mudd's, the presump-



$30,000 REWARD

DESCRIPTION

OF

JOHN WILKES BOOTH!

Who Assassinated the PRESIDENT on the Evening of April 14th, 1865.

Height 5 feet 8 inches; weight 160 pounds; compact built; hair jet black, inclined to curl, medium length, parted behind; eyes black, and heavy dark eye-brows; wears a large seal ring on little finger; when talking inclines his head forward; looks down.

Description of the Person who Attempted to Assassinate Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

Height 6 feet 1 inch; hair black, thick, full and straight; no beard, nor appearance of beard; cheeks red on the jaws; face moderately full; 22 or 23 years of age; eyes, color not known—large eyes, not prominent; brows not heavy, but dark; face not large, but rather round; complexion healthy; nose straight and well formed, medium size; mouth small; lips thin; upper lip protected when he talked; chin pointed and prominent; hand medium size; [illegible] dress, coat of medium length, dark with coat small; fingers tapering; shows no signs of [illegible] beard below; beard [illegible]; voice small; straight figure; strong looking man; manner not [illegible]; has various disguises during [illegible]; color mixed of pink and grey spots, small [illegible] on side and one on the breast, with lappels or flaps; pants [illegible]; under small and thin, inclined to tremble.

[illegible] of Washington, D. C., have offered a reward of $20,000 for the arrest and [illegible] of above Assassins, in addition to which I will pay $10,000.

L. C. BAKER,
Colonel and Agent War Department.

FACSIMILE (REDUCED) OF THE POSTER ORDERED BY COLONEL BAKER OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

tion is warranted that they stopped at some house on the way—where has never yet been made known. Oswald Swan, a negro, guided them from a few miles east of Bryantown, where he met them, to the residence of Captain Cox, whom Herold probably knew by reputation while spending the summer of 1864 in the vicinity of Port Tobacco, about seven miles from Cox's house, Rich Hill.

Herold approached the piazza and aroused Captain Cox, Booth remaining on his horse at the gate. As Herold refused to make their names known, Captain Cox declined to entertain them, whereupon Booth dismounted from his horse and hobbled to the porch. After a brief conversation with Captain Cox, the latter said in a loud voice, «I cannot entertain you, gentlemen whom I know nothing about,» and Swan was dismissed. Booth then made himself known, exhibiting the initials in India ink on his arm. He threw himself upon the mercy of Captain Cox, and appealed to him tragically in the name of his mother not to betray him; stated that he was sick with a broken limb, and that what he had done he thought was for the best interests of the South; and said that all that he asked of the captain was that he assist him in crossing the river. Captain Cox in a general way then directed Booth and Herold to hide in a thicket of pines about a quarter of a mile east of the house, and said that he would do what he could for them later in the day. Captain Cox did not leave the piazza, and neither Booth nor Herold entered the house, although the negro Swan testified that they entered, and that he saw them «drinking champagne at the table.» The entire conversation was heard by Captain Cox's son and a lady of the household, both of whom were at the window over the entrance to the house, and could easily see what took place in the strong light of the full moon then shining, and they testified that neither of them entered the house. A negress on the premises swore to the same effect.

Later in the morning Captain Cox visited Booth and Herold, and guided them through a dense undergrowth of pines to a spot two miles south of his house and about one mile south of the present railway station of Cox's (Bel Alton), not then in existence.

Although that section of the country was then overrun by ten thousand cavalry and one fourth as many detectives, the Government never knew what became of Booth and Herold from early Sunday morning to the next Sunday, a period of eight days, until the publication of Mr. George Alfred Townsend's article in April, 1884, which treats in a very interesting manner of this portion of the flight.[1]

The spot to which Captain Cox led the assassins was an old tobacco-bed covered with broom-sedge in a dense thicket of young pines, which was not near any roadway.

Thomas A. Jones, a foster-brother of Captain Cox, and who had been his overseer, lived within half a mile of the Potomac, on a place called «Huckleberry»; and as he had been regularly engaged in conveying spies and blockade-runners surreptitiously across the Potomac, Cox sent for him and placed Booth and Herold in his charge. Jones daily brought food covered with corn in a basket to the fugitives, and called lustily to his hogs as he paid his visit. Each day he found Booth suffering much from his leg, and usually on the ground rolled in his blanket. He was eager for the papers giving an account of the murder, and seemed to be much distressed that his foul deed met with little approbation in the South. Jones watched his opportunity to take his dangerous charge to the river, about two and a half miles distant; and nearly a week—a gloomy, cloudy week of chilly mist—passed before the favorable opportunity came.

On the third or fourth day after Booth reached the pines, it was decided to dispose

[1] «How Wilkes Booth Crossed the Potomac,» in THE CENTURY for April, 1884.—EDITOR.

of their horses, which had become restless from lack of food and proper stabling, as it was feared that their neighing would betray them. Accordingly, Herold and Franklin A. Roby, Captain Cox's overseer at that time, led the horses about two miles distant into Zekiah Swamp, where it makes a junction with Clarke's Run, and here they were shot. As the place was boggy, the bodies of the dead horses disappeared from view in the course of a week, and were never seen afterward.

The carcasses of these animals, however, came near betraying Captain Cox. A large



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

« HUCKLEBERRY.»

troop of colored cavalrymen came to his residence for the purpose of securing information as to the route taken by the assassins after they left Rich Hill. Captain Cox showed them the general direction of their course early Sunday morning, which was toward Zekiah Swamp. The troopers started for the swamp, and Captain Cox and his son retired to a knoll about one fourth of a mile in the rear of his house, which commanded an extensive view of the entrance to the swamp in the valley below. They could easily see the buzzards hovering over the spot where the horses had been killed a few days before, their bodies not having yet sunk in the bog. Captain Cox and his son anxiously watched the cavalrymen approach the swamp. Would they or would they not enter below the dead horses? Captain Cox nervously questioned. « My son,» said he, « if those men enter below the spot where the bodies of the horses are, I shall hang for it.»

The colored cavalry entered but a short distance above where the horses lay, and deploying at intervals of fifty feet, beat the swamp from Captain Cox's to Dr. Mudd's, nearly fifteen miles.

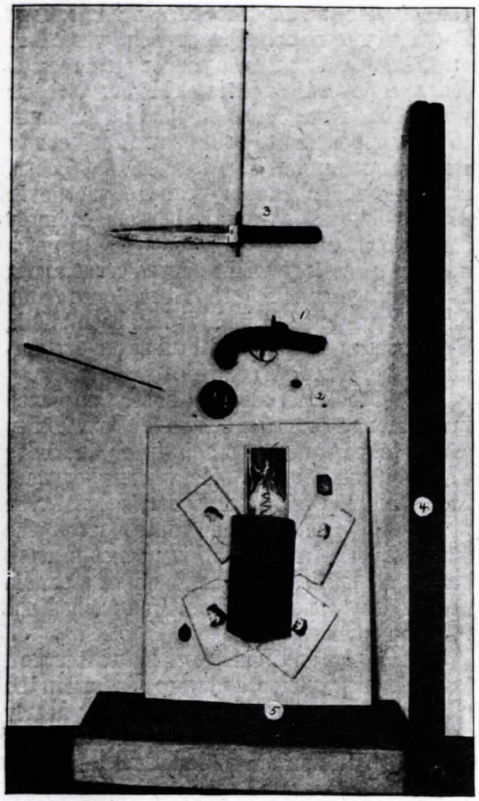
The night of Friday, April 21, 1865, closed in dark, dreary, and drizzly, and Jones thought the weather and conditions favorable to lead Booth to the river. The assassin was lifted on Jones's horse, and the perilous and tedious journey of over two miles was begun. On their way to the river Jones stopped at his home to get supper and to bring some food out to Booth and Herold. It was then that Booth, standing under an old pear-tree not over seventy-five yards from the house, pleadingly asked to be allowed to enter « just to get a hot cup of coffee,» which caused great alarm to Jones. On reaching the river, Jones found his boat waiting for him. It had been left in a secluded spot by his faithful negro and former slave, Henry Woodland.

Herold took the oars and Booth was placed in the stern. Jones laid down the course they should take in order to reach Upper Machodoc Creek on the Virginia side, where they were to seek Mrs. E. R. Quesenberry's house, the first on the « underground route » across the river. Booth drew from his pocket a small compass, and lighting the stump of a candle provided by Jones, the boat was pushed out into the darkness.

Captain Cox and Jones were both afterward arrested on suspicion, and were confined in the old Capitol prison at Washington for nearly two months. The government detectives learned that Henry Woodland had taken the boat which conveyed Booth and Herold across the river to the spot from which they left the Maryland shore; but he swore so positively that the boat had been sunk there, even going so far as to show the detectives the « exact spot,» that he was believed. Henry Woodland is still living, and although he admits that he perjured himself, he states that in doing so he saved the life of his master and his master's best friend, Captain Cox.

The intense darkness, Herold's inexperience as an oarsman, and a heavy flood-tide that night, all assisted to carry the assassins far out of their course. The light of morning found them ten miles north of Machodoc Creek, and still on the Maryland side. Booth told Mrs. Quesenberry on Sunday morning that twice that night they were within an oar's length of the Federal gunboats then patrolling the river, and that the voices of those on board were distinctly heard.

The fugitives landed near Nanjemoy Stores, in the cove of that name. During the day (Saturday) Herold called at the residence of Colonel John J. Hughes, and asked for food, which was given. Moreover, he informed Colonel Hughes who he was, and stated what Booth had done, which he did on three subsequent occasions when the latter was not in hearing.



RELICS IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEP'T.

1. The little derringer used by the assassin; 2. The fatal bullet; 3. The dagger with which he wounded Major Rathbone. This knife bore the inscription "AMERICA—Liberty and independence—THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE." 4. The wooden bar used to prevent admittance to the box after the assassin had entered. 5. The exterior of Booth's diary, and photographs found in it.

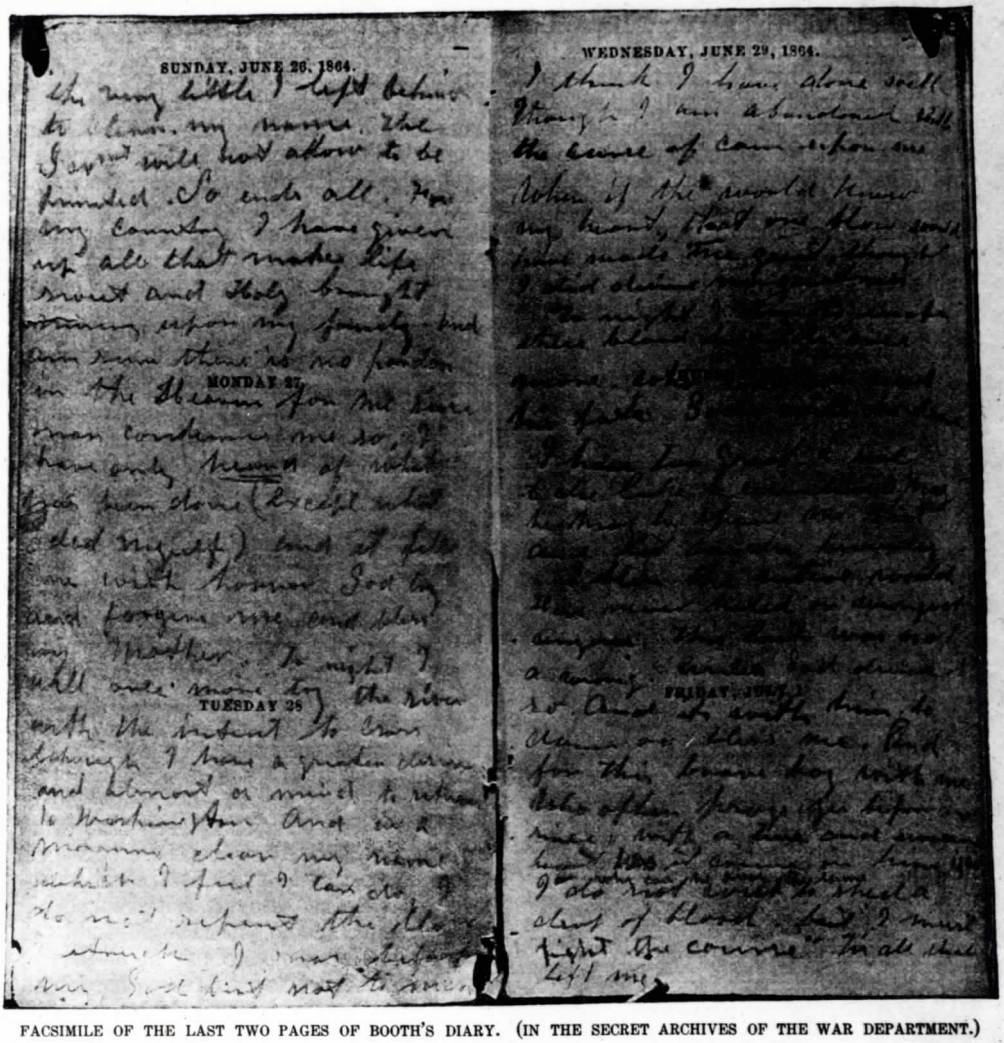
While hiding in the marshes of Nanjemoy Cove, Booth probably wrote the diary found upon his person when shot, which, in addition to being full of interest, is full of errors:

April 14, Friday the Ides.—Until to-day nothing was ever *thought* of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But, our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on. A Colonel was at his side. I shouted *sic semper before* I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode 60 miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it. Though we hated to kill, our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night (before the deed) I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the "National Intelligencer," in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He or the South.

Friday, 21.—After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return, wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero. And yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cutthroat. My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the other had not only his country, but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain; I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone. A country ground beneath this tyranny, and prayed for this end; and yet behold now the cold hand they extend to me! God *cannot* pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see any wrong except in serving a degenerate people. The little—the very little I left behind to clear my name, the Gov'mt will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and Holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the Heaven for me since man condemns me so. I have only *heard* of what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God! try and forgive me and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river with the intent to cross, although I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to men. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, *that one* blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To-night I try to escape these blood hounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. O may he, may he spare me that, and let me die bravely! I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged anyone. This last was not a wrong unless God deems it so. And it 's with him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but «I must fight the course.» 'T is all that 's left me.[1]

Sometime during Saturday they were discovered by a negro, who reported what he had seen to one of the detectives of Colonel Baker, who was in charge of the Federal secret service. The negro's testimony was regarded as so important that he was taken

[1] Proof corrected by comparison with the original.



FACSIMILE OF THE LAST TWO PAGES OF BOOTH'S DIARY. (IN THE SECRET ARCHIVES OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.)

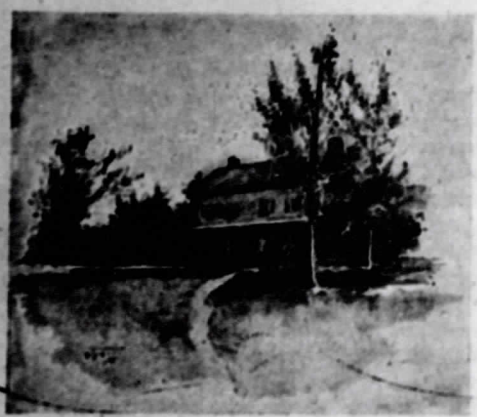
immediately to Washington to appear before Colonel Baker in person, who, after examining him closely, became satisfied that he had seen the fugitives, and despatched the body of cavalry to Virginia which ultimately overtook the assassins.

Saturday night Booth and Herold again attempted to reach Machodoc Creek, but the light of morning came upon them before they could do so, and they were forced to enter Gambo Creek, a small inlet on Machodoc Point, about one mile from Mrs. Quesenberry's, up Machodoc Creek.

Eleven o'clock Sunday morning Herold appeared at the house of Mrs. Quesenberry, stated that he had been directed to call upon her for assistance by Mr. Thomas A. Jones, and informed her that «the man who killed Abe Lincoln is within a mile of the house.» Mrs. Quesenberry and Mr. Thomas Harbin, a guest at her house at the time, accompanied Herold to the hiding-place of Booth, in a secluded spot up Gambo Creek, where they found him stretched on the ground, suffering much from his leg. Booth talked little, but stated that he thought the worst of his trip was over, and that while his journey thus far had been attended with much danger, he anticipated little difficulty over the remainder of the course, as he soon expected to be among friends. He desired Mrs. Quesenberry to secure a conveyance in order that he might reach the residence of the nearest physician, Dr. Richard Stuart, about eight miles distant.

Mrs. Quesenberry sent dinner to Booth and Herold, and later in the afternoon made ar-

rangements with a neighbor, Mr. William Bryan, to take them to the doctor's. She also prepared a luncheon for the party while en route to Dr. Stuart's country home, «Cleydyle.» In appreciation of Mrs. Quesenberry's kindness, Booth presented her with the boat which he had bought from Jones. The boat was removed to her house, and about ten days later, when her premises were searched, it was taken to Washington; it has been on exhibition in the National Museum for many years. Mrs. Quesenberry was arrested and



DRAWN BY HENRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

«CLEYDYLE,» THE SUMMER HOME OF DR. STUART.

confined at Washington; but as nothing could be proved against her, she was finally released.

During the day Booth was assisted to the house of Mr. Bryan, and remained on one of the beds there until the horses for the party arrived.

Sunday afternoon, between five and six o'clock, Booth, Herold, and Mr. Bryan arrived at the summer home of Dr. Stuart, the entire party much under the influence of intoxicants. Bryan brought the men up to the house and left them without further delay. Dr. Stuart informed the men that they could not be accommodated that night, as the house was full of guests; and that as the murderer of President Lincoln was still at large, he could not afford to shelter any one whom he did not know. He, however, offered the fugitives supper, which was served in the dining-room by the ladies of the house. Herold said, «Doctor, we have a secret to tell you.» The doctor turned on him sternly, and replied, «Young man, if you have any secrets, keep them. I do not want to know your secret, and if you are going South you had better go immediately.»

Dr. Stuart's and Mrs. Quesenberry's were both regular stopping-places on the «underground road»; and while the house of the former was somewhat off the direct road to Port Conway, the ferry across the Rappahannock, his unbounded hospitality and his sympathy for the Southern cause made it a rendezvous for those engaged in the secret service of the Confederacy. His hospitality and frankness had twice caused him to be arrested and confined, on one occasion in Washington, and later in a prison-ship near his residence on the Potomac. When Booth and Herold reached his house he had just returned from his second imprisonment, and was little inclined to run the risk again of entertaining any one whom he did not know well. Moreover, he was much displeased to find on his premises two unknown men under the influence of liquor, whose actions were suspicious, while the assassin of Mr. Lincoln was at large.

A free-born negro named William Lucas, living within a quarter of a mile of the doctor's house, and on the latter's premises, was regularly engaged in conveying guests at Dr. Stuart's to the Rappahannock River, a distance of about fifteen miles, and it was to this man's house that Booth and Herold were directed to go that evening.

Booth was keenly stung by the treatment he received at Dr. Stuart's, and that evening, when he arrived at the house of Lucas, whom he frightened much by the announcement that he had killed «that damned old tyrant, Abe Lincoln,» the negro implored Booth and Herold not to stay at his house; but the assassin was inexorable, and forced the negro to secure more whisky for him. Herold and Booth spent the night at Lucas's in a drunken debauch.

The next morning (Monday), before starting for the Rappahannock, Booth sent to Dr. Stuart the following letter by one of Lucas's children:

MY DEA—[piece torn out] forgive me, but I have some little pride. I cannot blame you for your want of hospitality. You know your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken limb, and in need of medical advice. I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight. However, you were kind enough to give us something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but on account of the rebuke and manner in which to [piece torn out]. It is not the substance but the way in which kindness is extended that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The sauce to meat is ceremony. Meeting were bare without it. Be kind enough

to accept the enclosed $5 (although hard to spare) for what I have rec'd.

Most respectfully your obedient servant,

[No signature.]

Dr. Stuart was afterward again arrested, and was confined for a short period in the old Capitol prison.

On the way to the river Booth and Herold



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

FRONT VIEW OF THE GARRETT FARM-HOUSE.

stopped that noon at Office Hall, the home of Mr. William McDaniell, where they took dinner; and about three o'clock that afternoon they reached Port Conway, the northern terminus of the ferry across the Rappahannock. Lucas left his troublesome guests at the ferry, and returned home without delay.

Herold here approached a fisherman named William Rollins, and asked him to take them across. Rollins stated that he would ferry them over in two or three hours, but could not row them across then, as he wanted to set his gill-nets; besides, as the ferry-boat was aground, they would have to wait for higher tide before it could be floated.

In the mean time three Confederate soldiers, returning home from the war, rode up; and after introducing himself, Herold, pointing toward Booth, who was sitting at some distance on the door-step of a deserted house, despondently nursing his chin, said, «There 's the man who killed Abe Lincoln!» The party consisted of William Jett, a young man of about nineteen or twenty, Lieutenant Bainbridge, and Major Ruggles.[1] Jett offered to assist Booth, and forced the ferryman to take them all across the river immediately. On reaching Port Royal, at the other side of the river, which is here about three hundred yards wide, Booth mounted behind Jett, and Herold behind Ruggles.

Three miles farther, on the road to Bowling Green, Jett and Booth rode up to the residence of Mr. Garrett, whose house was situated about one eighth of a mile off the road,—Bainbridge, Ruggles, and Herold being left at the gate. Booth was introduced to Mr. Garrett by Jett, the son of an old friend of his, as «James William Boyd.» The good farmer was asked to take care of Jett's friend, who was described as having been wounded in the Confederate cause, until Wednesday morning, when Jett would return for him.

Jett, Bainbridge, Ruggles, and Herold rode five miles farther on toward Bowling Green, and all, except Jett, spent that night and the greater portion of the next day (Tuesday) at Mrs. Clarke's, a short distance from a famous old tavern called the Old Trap, where the men of the neighborhood sometimes assembled to see cock-fights, dog-fights, and other less innocent amusements. Jett proceeded on alone to Bowling Green, and stopped at the Goldman House, then kept by Mr. Goldman, the father of his sweetheart.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

SIDE VIEW OF THE GARRETT FARM-HOUSE.

Booth slept Monday night at Mr. Garrett's, in a room with his two sons Jack and Willie, young men who had just returned from the war. Tuesday was spent in lounging about the lawn playing with the children on the place, where he made himself very agreeable. The news of the assassination had not yet reached this section of the country, as there were no telegraph lines in the neighborhood

[1] For the narrative of Major Ruggles and that of Captain Doherty, who led the pursuing cavalry, see THE CENTURY for January, 1890.—EDITOR.

and no mail service at that time, and consequently Mr. Garrett's family knew nothing of the murder.

During the afternoon of Tuesday, Booth asked little Rob Garrett, then a boy of ten, to take down a large map of the United States that hung on the wall in his father's house. The map was spread upon the floor, and Booth and little Garrett then knelt upon it, and the assassin traced with a pencil several routes, all leading to Mexico. One was to Norfolk, thence by water to Savannah; another touched at New Orleans and Galveston. He studied the map for a long time, and made some notes on a slip of paper, which he must have destroyed subsequently, as it was not found upon his person. Herold came to Mr. Garrett's during the day, and later made the significant remark, «When we get our fortune in Spain we 'll be all right.» (At that time no extradition treaty existed between Spain and this country.)

In the mean time the troop of cavalry sent from Washington on Monday reached Port Conway. About 5 P. M. on Tuesday the officer in charge met Rollins, asked him if he had seen a lame man in citizen's clothes cross the river, and showed him a photograph of Booth. Rollins said the photograph resembled the man who had been there on the day previous, whom he described accurately (of course he had no knowledge of Booth's identity), and was pressed to guide the troopers to Bowling Green, whither, he stated, Jett, who seemed to be the guide of the assassins, had gone.

Poor Rollins has lived a hermit's life ever since. His neighbors charge him with the betrayal of Booth, and have consequently ostracized him completely during a period of thirty years. The claim was also made that he received money for his part in the transaction, which Rollins stanchly denies; and the records at the Treasury Department do not substantiate the charge.

As the body of cavalrymen passed the gate leading to Mr. Garrett's residence, on their way to Bowling Green, Booth plainly saw them from the porch, but exhibited no emotion whatever; and Herold, who at this time was in the lane leading from the road to the house, saw the soldiers and was seen by them.

As soon as they disappeared from view, Booth left the porch of the house, where he had been sitting, and went to meet Herold; and in his conversation with him, at a short distance from the house, exhibited the only excitement which he displayed while there.

That night the assassin attempted to leave Mr. Garrett's. Jack Garrett was offered one hundred and fifty dollars for his horse, which he refused to sell, but agreed to take the two the next morning to Guinea's Station, a distance of about eighteen miles, for which Booth paid him ten dollars in advance. Booth explained to Mr. Garrett's family that he had had «a little brush with the Yankees over in Maryland» to account for his excitement after the cavalry rode by, and stated that he and Herold would like to sleep in the barn that night. The actions of the fugitives had already aroused the suspicions of Jack Garrett and his brother Willie, and they interpreted the wish of the assassins to sleep in the barn as a ruse to secure their horses during the night. After Booth and Herold went to the barn, therefore, the horses were secretly led into the woods half a mile distant, and Jack and Willie Garrett, after quietly locking Booth and Herold in the barn, slept on their arms in the corn-crib near by.[1]

The cavalry, guided by Rollins, who was not informed of the name of the man whom they were pursuing, rode on to Bowling Green, which they reached about one o'clock Wednesday morning. Jett awoke to see by the dim light of a candle four men at his bedside, each of whom held a large cocked pistol leveled at his head. A voice gruffly demanded, «Where did you leave those men? Tell us quickly, or we 'll blow out your brains.» Only half awake, and much frightened by the sight before him, Jett stated that he had left them at Garrett's. Under the threat of death he was forced to lead the soldiers back about twelve miles to Garrett's, which was reached between three and four o'clock Wednesday morning. For Jett's connection with this affair he was jilted by his sweetheart, ostracized by his friends, outlawed by his family, and finally obliged to leave the neighborhood. This was not because he guided Booth, but because he «betrayed» him. He died in an insane asylum in Baltimore.

Upon reaching Garrett's farm the cavalry were picketed before each window and door of every building on the place. Jack Garrett, when awakened, without hesitation informed the soldiers where they would find the two men, whose true names of course he did not know; and was directed to go into the barn and tell the men to surrender. He aroused the assassins, who were asleep on the straw; and when he communicated the message as

[1] For this interesting account of the assassin's movements on Tuesday and Wednesday, the writer is indebted to Mr. Jack Garrett, who now lives within a few miles of his father's old home. The old homestead still remains in the hands of the Garrett family.

directed, Booth turned on him angrily and said, «Young man, your life is in danger. Get out of here!» Young Garrett did not waste any time in retreating. Booth was then called upon to surrender, which he refused to do; and when informed that if he did not the barn would be fired, he remarked, «But there is a man in here who does want to surrender pretty bad,» whereupon Herold presented himself at the door.

In the mean time Jack Garrett had been instructed to pile brush about the barn. While doing so he was discovered by Booth, who, putting his mouth to a crack where the young man was, whispered, «I advise you to keep away from here for your own safety.»

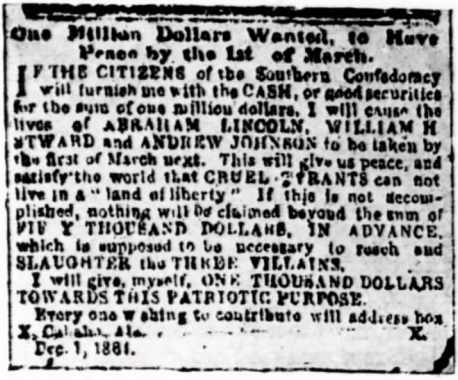
A few minutes afterward the barn was fired by one of the detectives in the party, and a soldier, Boston Corbett, in direct disobedience of orders, shot Booth through one of the cracks in the barn while the assassin was standing in the full light of the flames, which then encircled him completely. The bullet entered in almost the same spot as the shot he had fired two weeks before at the President. Corbett was afterward court-martialed for his insubordination.

The assassin fell forward on his face unconscious, and being seized by the feet by the soldiers, who rushed into the barn, was dragged out quickly through the flames, and carried to the porch of the house, about one hundred and fifty feet distant. Upon Booth's person were found, in addition to the diary and pocket compass, three six-shooting revolvers and a large knife. The newspapers at the time described him as «a walking armory, for upon him were found half a dozen pistols, three large knives, a dagger, and a slung-shot»!

Booth died on the porch of Mr. Garrett's house about three hours after he was shot, and among the only words he spoke were, «Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was for the best.» When he attempted to lift his hands, which seemed to be paralyzed, he said, «Useless, useless!»

His body was carried to Washington and secretly buried in the grounds of the Arsenal. Two years afterward it was delivered to his family, and now lies in a cemetery in Baltimore.

During the trial of the conspirators the Government attempted to prove that Jefferson Davis was not only cognizant of the plot, but the instigator of it; and in support of this claim the following advertisement, which appeared in the «Selma Morning Despatch,» Alabama, December 1, 1864, was submitted in evidence:



One Million Dollars Wanted, to Have Peace by the 1st of March.

IF THE CITIZENS of the Southern Confederacy will furnish me with the CASH, or good securities for the sum of one million dollars, I will cause the lives of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WILLIAM H STWARD and ANDREW JOHNSON to be taken by the first of March next. This will give us peace, and satisfy the world that CRUEL TYRANTS can not live in a "land of liberty" If this is not accomplished, nothing will be claimed beyond the sum of FIV Y THOUSAND DOLLARS, IN ADVANCE, which is supposed to be necessary to reach and SLAUGHTER the THREE VILLAINS.

I will give, myself, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TOWARDS THIS PATRIOTIC PURPOSE.

Every one wishing to contribute will address box X, Cahaba, Ala. X.

Dec. 1, 1864.

But the Government was unable to prove any connection between Booth and the officers of the Southern Confederacy, or, indeed, that Booth's movements were known by any one in the South. It is also interesting to note that a strenuous effort was made later to show that Vice-President Andrew Johnson sanctioned the conspiracy, and was privy to it. It was claimed that Booth was repeatedly seen calling at Mr. Johnson's hotel prior to the assassination, and was in secret communication with the Vice-President. Atzerodt occupied a room in the hotel where the Vice-President stopped, and immediately over his rooms.

Victor Louis Mason.

