LINCOLN CONSPIRACY

AND ITS CONSPIRATORS — BY SAMUEL BLAND ARNOLD, WHO WAS IMPRISONED AT DRY TORTUGAS.

PART V.

During the entire month of February the project was at a standstill, and I seldom met Booth. For the first time my situation dawned upon me and began to be felt deeply. Here I was without any kind of employment, wandering from place to place in my idleness, making frequent visits to Baltimore, watched, no doubt, and my footsteps dogged by the Government detectives and spies, who in various ways sought to obtain some clew as to my business and how engaged. This became insupportable, as I felt every eye was watching my movements, thereby making my position very insecure.

After the Presidential election Booth worked energetically in the affair, and had completed all his arrangements, so he informed O'Laughlin and myself. He was always busy and in motion, having very limited time to hold conversation. I was unaware, even at this late date, that there were any others, beyond those spoken of before, who were connected with the affair.

Prisoners were now being exchanged and the purpose for which each had bound himself to the other, and for which months of labor and time had been expended, had been accomplished. Yet he still insisted upon carrying out the abduction. Patriotism had converged into heartless ambition on his part, and I looked upon him as a madman, and resolved, if the project were not speedily executed, to sever my connection with him.

Mr. Arnold next recites at length, as detailed in his sworn statement before Gleason, in 1867, of the meeting of the conspirators at Gotier's saloon and there meeting for the first time Lewis Payne, George A. Atzerodt and David E. Herold, who, with Arnold, Booth, O'Laughlin and Surratt, made up the party of conspirators that gathered in the private parlor of the saloon to discuss the abduction. Arnold says at this point that when Booth outlined the plans that his audience was seemingly carried away with his visionary ideas. Some few remarks of an objectionable character started a lengthy discussion. The fact that the suspicions of the Government had seemingly been aroused from the fact that double stockades were being erected at the bridge crossing the Eastern Branch, on the Prince Georges sides of the river, which made the undertaking more difficult, even if success crowned the efforts at the theater, was talked over, and Arnold advanced the idea of the utter impracticability of the whole plan.

Spellbound by Booth.

He then says: "I stood not alone, yet none seemed to consider it in its proper light, they being completely spellbound by the utterances of Booth, not looking at the consequences which would follow. After arguing to great length, in fact until the subject became exhausted and before any reasonable decision could be arrived at or rendered, it culminated in a very exciting and violent controversy between Booth and myself, the others silently looking on when Booth, in his rashness and madness, finding that he could not swerve me from my purpose and firm stand taken in the manner of its accomplishment, threatened to shoot me, or words to that effect.

At this time it looked very much as if the meeting would be dissolved with serious consequences attending it, as two stubborn natures had met, and one of us as decided a character as the other when deeming the position assumed as right. However, it was finally settled and compromised without resort to shooting, after which, in the presence of the entire company, I stated my determination and firm resolve to sever my connection with the affair in case it was not carried out during the week, stating, also, "Gentlemen, you have naught to fear from me in the matter, as I would never betray you."

The resolve to attempt to carry off the President from the hospital or encampment on Seventh street, where the Chief Executive failed to appear after the conspirators had arrived on the scene on horseback, is dealt with again by Arnold at this point. The plan was to take the carriage of the President and all seated within it, drive around by way of Bladensburg, thence through the lower counties in the direction of Fort Tobacco, cross the river at or near that point, and thence onward to Richmond.

A Quixotic Undertaking.

Commenting on this plan, Mr. Arnold says: The most quixotic and visionary undertaking that ever entered a sane man's brain. I looked upon him as demented, but made no objection, stating that we would be ready at the appointed time. Of all the ideas existing in a man's brain, this was the most foolhardy ever advanced, and we concluded that it was done to try the nerves of his associates. We looked upon him as a madman, yet could offer no objection, from the fact that we had given him our word to assist him in it during the week.

O'Laughlin, Payne and Arnold rode part of the way to the city in company, and Booth and Surratt went on out the road. What became of Atzerodt I am unable to state, and Herold was not present, he having been sent to T. B. or Surrattsville with Booth's horse and buggy, conveying the box containing the two carbines and other minor articles. About 8 o'clock that same evening O'Laughlin and myself met Booth and Surratt back of the National Hotel, at the stable where our horses had been placed at livery, and from that day I never saw John H. Surratt until I met him a clerk at the Norfolk line of steamers in Baltimore, some 10 years ago.

The interval allotted for carrying out the scheme expired, and O'Laughlin and myself severed all connection with Booth and his confederates, and, in fact, the general idea of the entire party was that the project was entirely abandoned, and we returned to our respective homes in Baltimore on March 20, 1865.

Still Another Appeal.

But a few days had elapsed before Booth was again soliciting my assistance, to which I paid not the slightest attention. On March 25, 1865, as he returned from New York to the City of Washington he stopped in Baltimore, called at my father's to see me, but I was in the country. So he left a letter for me, and I found that he desired to try it once more, and, if unsuccessful, to forever abandon it. As requested, I called at Barnum's Hotel, but found he had departed. I, therefore, concluded that he had gone to Washington, which caused the penning of the communication of March 27, which proved so fatal in its bearings in my respective case.

The motive of the letter was to prevent, if possible, his undertaking. Whether he left this letter in his trunk to betray me, in my innocence, into the hands of the Government, through malice or forgetfulness, I cannot fathom; nevertheless, it accomplished its end, and from this fact was forced to become a witness against myself.

The trip with O'Laughlin to Washington to get money from Booth, owing O'Laughlin, is dealt with at length. He says: We had an interview with Booth at the National Hotel, and the scheme was entirely abandoned. During the conversation Booth informed us that he had learned, through Lewis J. Weichman, with whom he was on the most friendly terms and from whom he derived all information relating to the number of prisoners held by the United States Government, that John H. Surratt had accompanied a lady to Richmond, owing to the capture of the person by the United States authorities who had been in the habit of ferrying parties across the river, and it was through this circumstance alone that the services of Surratt were offered.

Had He But Done So.

Among the last words uttered by Booth on that occasion were that he intended returning to his profession upon the stage and that he had given up forever his project. This was the last interview I ever had and the last time I ever met him, and I have never seen nor heard from him since. Of all the others connected with the affair I never saw nor heard from any after March 17, 1865, excepting Atzerodt, whom I accidentally ran upon March 31, on my visit to Washington.

After dealing with his securing work at Old Point Comfort, Mr. Arnold tells of the receipt of the news of Lincoln's assassination in the following words:

On the 15th of April, 1865, about 12 o'clock noon, whilst seated in the counting-rooms at Mr. Wharton's, at Old Point Comfort, Va., it became rumored that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated the evening preceding, whilst walking along Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington. The name of the person perpetrating the deed was unknown, in fact the report was so vague that but few persons credited it. Towards evening, other dispatches arriving announced the assassination of Mr. Seward and other officials of the Government. The greatest excitement prevailed.

It was not until the following day that any clue had been obtained to the person who had committed the deed, when the public mind became gradually impressed with the idea that John W. Booth was the guilty hand that struck the blow. This news startled me, feeling assured that my former connection and intimacy with Booth would lead to my arrest, and to be even suspected I felt was almost equivalent to death.

Had I been differently situated, or been where I felt that the law would have protected me, I would have surrendered myself (in my entire innocence) into the hands of the Government; but, as it was, I determined to let affairs pursue their own course, and quietly as possible, to my mind's excited condition, await my arrest.

Two Detectives Arrive.

On April 17, whilst seated in the store, two Government detectives arrived and inquired for me. I went from the office and met them, when a letter was handed me by one of them, purporting to have been sent from my father, in which it was stated that a communication written to John Wilkes Booth, March 27, had been found within Booth's trunk, which seemed to connect me in some way with the deed committed and advising me to state all I knew concerning it.

After perusing it, the detectives asked whether I intended to comply with the request of my father. I stated yes, and told them that I knew nothing concerning it, nor was I at any time in any manner connected with Booth or others. It became necessary from Booth's betrayal of me (no matter whether it emanated from malice or forgetfulness) to become a witness against myself, and I was forced to acknowledge that I had been at one period engaged with Booth in a scheme to attempt the abduction of Abraham Lincoln, but that I was totally disconnected with him or any other persons at this period in any unlawful undertaking.

I was then asked by the detectives if the communication found in Booth's trunk was written by me. I desired to be informed of some of its contents or expressions, where headed from and when dated. They gave me the desired information—where dated from and how signed—when, without hesitation or denial, I acknowledged it was penned by me. I did not deny writing it, as sworn by Horner, when a witness on the stand, neither could it be expected that acknowledgment would be made to a communication before its contents were in a measure made known, as it was just as likely to have been written by some one else as myself.

Other Names Mentioned.

The detectives were the first to mention the names of O'Laughlin, Surratt and Atzerodt, and I was informed that O'Laughlin had given himself up. Finding that suspicion had centered itself upon those with whom I had been associated, in conjunction with my betrayal by Booth, I deemed it necessary in justice not only to myself but to those with whom I had been formerly connected, to state the whole truth, as embodied in the statement made on the 18th of April in Marshal McPhail's office, in Baltimore.

After my acknowledgment to the foregoing facts I was taken into the back part of the storehouse, my person and baggage searched and property of a private nature confiscated, which to this day has never been returned, although I have repeatedly asked its restitution. There was nothing found of a compromising nature among my effects, because I had no correspondence with any one during the time that I was employed by Mr. Wharton.

I was then turned over to the military authorities, conveyed to a prison pen, where I remained during the best part of the day without a morsel of food and quizzed by some of the inmates, who seemed to be devoid of both reason and sense. In the afternoon I was brought before the Provost Marshal at Fortress Monroe, when I remained in the presence of its military dignitary for upwards of half an hour, and was thence conveyed to the steamboat, arriving in the City of Baltimore the next morning, and confined in the office of Provost Marshal McPhail, where I remained for the most part of the day.

Whilst there I was treated humanely, and the requirements of nature were fully provided. After sending for my father and seeing him, I made my written statement, requesting that I should make it in duplicate form so that he should be the possessor of a copy. The request was denied, why, can only be learned through the then Secretary of War and the Judge Advocate-General of the United States.

"Blinded by Gold."

'Tis a useless task I feel to attempt to controvert testimony adduced upon my trial, as emanating from verbal statements made by me, as witnesses were blinded by the amount of glittering gold as their reward, large sums having been offered for the apprehension of any one suspected of being connected with the crime. I pronounce the little that was adduced against me, through a detective, as false in its impressions and pervertive of truth, many words being transposed and others added, materially changing the whole tenor of its meaning.

But of this, at this time, I have naught to do. Let the record of that infamous proceeding stand, in all its branches, with its false swearing, subornation of perjury, its hireling witnesses—a towering monument of infamy, commemorating the corruptness and baseness of the hour. I deal alone with truth, acts of heartless inhumanity, cruelty and tyranny meted me by the Government of the United States, before any charge as yet had been preferred or guilt (with all the base measures adopted to secure it) had been established in the case of any.

From the period of my arrest until April 18, 1865, whilst I was under the charge of and custody of Colonel Wooley, my treatment was conducted upon principles of humanity and kindness. It was not until I was turned over to the custody of the commanding officer at Fort McHenry that harsh and cruel measures were resorted to, from orders no doubt emanating from Edward M. Stanton, Secretary of War. I was placed in a loathsome and filthy cell, branded by suspicion as a felon, robbed of my liberty, resting under the grave charge of being implicated in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

A Confederate Prisoner.

This of itself was sufficient torture to one who possessed a sensitive nature, without the additional acts of inhumanity heaped upon me. There happened to be a Confederate prisoner of war occupying one of the small cells back of the one in which I was confined. I recognized his voice, we having been friends and companions from our earliest youth, and entered into conversation with him. This fact was reported to the Sergeant of the Guard to the officer of the day, and forthwith I was taken from my cell, brought before the one he occupied, carefully searched, this making some half-dozen times in all, thence conveyed to the quarters of the commanding officer, who interrogated me to his heart's content, becoming as wise in the matter wherewith I was charged as I was myself, which seemed to displease him, if actions afterwards may be a criterion to judge by.

Calling his orderly, who was in attendance, I was committed to his charge, conducted to the guardhouse, stripped and thoroughly searched again. I was then thrown into a dungeon beneath the earthwork of the fort, heavily ironed, hand and foot, where not a ray of light could penetrate, and left to muse with myself in total darkness, no place to lie but the damp, slimy floor, void of covering of any description beneath or above. Looking upon the rough visage of my guardian or jailer as the door opened, I attempted to read his heart by the expression of his face, but found as callous and as cold as the other, from which but little could be expected.

He was a soldier every inch. I requested a blanket be furnished me, to keep myself warm, which request was unexpectedly complied with in the course of half an hour or so. The massive doors of iron creaked on their rusty hinges, as it was again closed, shutting out every ray of light, leaving a feeling like unto one buried in a grave. Food soon after, in the shape of bread and coffee, was brought, as reported by the Sergeant, it being impossible to penetrate the darkness, and I was then left alone, a sentinel, like unto a bronze statue, keeping guard before my iron-doored cell.

Reptiles for Bedfellows.

Covering my person, head and foot, to prevent rats and poisonous reptiles from coming in contact with my body, I soon was wrapped in sleep, out of which at midnight I was rudely aroused, brought again to the guardhouse and ordered to dress myself in quick haste. Surprised at such movements, and utterly confounded, I attempted to fathom the surroundings, as to these mysterious actions. I thought the days of the French Revolution, with its hideous and barbarous murders, were going to be re-enacted in the Republic, and that I was thus taken out to be either shot or hung. Callous and indifferent to my fate, with my usual haste, I dressed myself as instructed.

As soon as I was in readiness an ambulance was driven up to the door of the guardhouse, and I was placed within, weighted down with heavy irons and, with an armed escort, was driven to the Camden-Street Depot, where I was turned over again to Marshal McPhail and his accompanying detectives, who transferred me (after the weighty irons had been removed and those of lighter material placed upon my wrists) to a special car in attendance, whence I was transported to Washington.

Maintained Silence.

During my trip there my lips were sealed to those by whom I was surrounded, I being determined not to let them manufacture testimony against me. On arrival in Washington, I was placed in a hack and driven to the navy-yard, where I was in the hands of the United States Government. They confined me in a narrow and limited apartment, used as a closet, aboard an iron-clad monitor and irons of torturous manufacture were placed upon my wrists, and I had nothing but the hard, uneven surface of the closet to lie upon.

The irons were so tightly fitted that the blood could not circulate, and my hands became fearfully swollen, the outward skin changing its appearance to a mixture of black, red and purple color. This fact was reported to Captain Munroe, who kindly had them changed and a pair that fitted easier placed upon me. The heat was intense. The atmosphere breathed was obtained through a register, as it was puffed up by fans used for this purpose. It more frequently happened than otherwise that the machine was not at work, which caused a suffocating sensation to creep over me. To sleep was an impossibility, on account of the extreme pain accruing from the torturous irons used.

PART VI.

For several days my condition remained unchanged. Two sentinels closely guarded the entrance to my quarters, who, in every instance, were kind. Finding my frame becoming reduced and the great pains attached to lying so long on hard boards, I made a request of the officer of the day to furnish me something to lie upon, which was complied with, but only that other acts of heartless cruelty and inhumanity should follow. A few days afterward, or about the 25th of April, Captain Munroe, United States Marines, under whose charge I was, came into my quarters and in a very soft and kind voice stated that he had orders from Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, to encase my head in a cap, that I must not become alarmed and that it would remain but a few days, at the same time ordering shackles to be placed upon my ankles.

But a few hours passed when the orders were carried into execution by the officer of the day. The covering for the head was made of canvas, which covered the entire head and face, dropping down in front of the lower portion of the chest. It had cords attached, which were tied around the neck and body in such manner that to remove it was a physical impossibility. No doubt Stanton wished to accustom me to the death cap before execution.

During my stay upon the monitor these particular acts of cruelty and inhumanity were continued, it being with the greatest difficulty, and frequently impossible, to place food in my mouth, a sentinel kindly volunteering his services to perform that office for me. This continued about a week, as far as I could judge, during which period daylight never lit upon the eye, they not even permitting the cap to be withdrawn for the purpose of washing the swollen, bloated and soiled visage.

The mystery which attended each movement from the period that the United States authorities took possession of me was again brought more heavily into requisition, and I was removed through orders received through the War Department from the monitor at the usual hour set apart—midnight. As the silenet hour drew near, the dragging and clanking of chains was heard overhead, as victim after victim passed to and fro to the place provided for his reception, and then all became silent as death again.

Thought Life Was Short.

From torture already inflicted upon me I deemed that my span of life was quickly drawing to a close and that those who had preceded me, from the deep silence reigning, had been consigned to a watery grave. I awaited silently the supposed approaching hour of my doom, convinced that a man who could resort to such inhumanity to his fellowman as had already been practiced in my case had soul enough for other things. I was soon aroused from this train of thought, which was of anything but a pleasant nature, by the officer of the guard, who ordered me to hold myself in readiness for removal.

Within a very limited time afterwards I felt the tight grasp of some human hand upon each arm, as I was hurriedly and roughly conveyed from my quarters to the deck of the monitor, where I was hustled here and there by those who supported me on either side. It was impossible to learn where I was being conducted, as my head was still muffled in the bag, drawn tight around my head and throat almost to suffocation. However, I soon became aware from the spring and bend beneath my footsteps that I was being conducted upon the gangplank to some other vessel, and in a few moments I was thrust upon a bench upon its deck and strictly commanded to silence.

All the details attending this midnight mockery of justice being completed, the whistle was blown, and, from the movements and noise, I found I was aboard some sidewheeled steamer. It seemed like hours before she started on her trip, first moving ahead and then backing repeatedly, until finally, having assumed the right position, she quickly sped on her way, landing me finally at some unknown point, where I was compelled to walk a long distance, through mud and water, with irons on my ankles eating deep into the flesh, and the rough handling of my arms by those who had me in charge, bruising and otherwise lacerating my wrists by the torturous irons used.

Confined at Arsenal.

Arriving at my final destination (the Arsenal, as I afterwards learned) I was conducted up and down long flights of stairs and finally thrust into a damp and narrow cell upon the ground floor of the building. Bed and blanket were supplied here. The next morning I was given a cup of coffee and a very small slice of bread. This was the only food issued until the following day. I could hear the warbling of the birds around about and occasionally the crowing of a cock, and, as forts and bastiles had been to date the order of proceedings, I judged I had at last found a home in a dungeon at Fort Washington.

It was a relief to think that I had at last arrived at my final destination or resting place, as every movement so far had been attended in each instance with increased pain and suffering. The canvas bag still continued upon my head, I never having been allowed its removal to wash my swollen face. I had been but a few days incarcerated at this place when I was aroused at midnight in my cell by Major General Hartranft, holding in his hand a lantern and some papers, which I saw after the removal of the hood from my head.

He asked me if I could read, to which I replied in the affirmative. He then placed in my hand a paper containing the charge and specifications against me and others, which I perused in that silent midnight hour by the dim glimmer of a lantern, after which (the hood being replaced upon my head) he retired, leaving me to ponder over the charge in my cell.

The next morning I was removed from my cell and conveyed up several flights of stairs, to be seated upon a bench, when the hood was removed and I found myself in the presence of a number of the martial heroes of the United States, decked in their glittering uniforms, and on either side, victims like unto myself, weighted down with chains and irons.

The Military Court.

The court of military inquisition was convened, the charge read to each by Assistant Judge Advocate Bingham, who asked if we had any objection to any member of the court. As it was useless to object, each replied in the negative. I pleaded "not guilty" to the charge. After the pleading of each of those arraigned was over, the hoods were placed upon our heads as formerly before removal from court, and I was removed amidst the clanking of irons again to my cell to wait there until the next morning.

The next day I was taken from my cell, my clothing and the hood removed, and was ordered to bathe myself. I cannot conceive how I escaped from receiving my death, as the water used was as cold as ice itself, it having been taken from the barrels used for making ice water. My whole frame shook and trembled from contact with this cold fluid, until my limbs nearly shook from beneath my body.

A detective, seeing me shivering and trembling in such a manner, inquired what ailed me, if I were ill, etc., when he knew within his own vile heart the causes of my suffering. After the bath a change of clean clothing was furnished. I was taken back to my cell, when I found that a differently constructed hood had been prepared for a headcover of a much more torturous and painful pattern than the one formerly used.

It fitted the head tightly, containing cotton pads, which were placed directly over the eyes and ears, having the tendency to push the eyeballs far back in the sockets. One small aperture allowed about the nose through which to breathe, and one by which food could be served to the mouth, thence extending with lap ears on either side to the chin, to which were attached eyelets and cords, the same extending also from the crown of the head backwards to the neck. The cords were drawn as tight as the jailor in charge could pull them, causing the most excruciating pain and suffering, and then tied in such a manner around the neck that it was impossible to remove them.

Hooded and Ironed.

Thus hooded and doubly ironed, I remained day after day, until months had circled themselves away, condemned unheard, crime imputed and branded as guilty before guilt had been established even by that inquisition court, a military commission, before which I was afterwards tried in mockery. This manner of treatment continued uninterrupted, the hoods never being removed except when I was brought before the court, and always replaced on exit, if but a moment intervened, from on or about April 25 to June 10, 1865.

The surgeon in charge expressed his opinion that the hoods had the same effect upon the head and brain as if it had been encased in a poultice. These inflictions of punishment and torture were practiced upon nearly all of the others. They have all passed to the bar of God, suffering on earth ended, and silently awaiting justice at the hands of the Almighty, in whose presence truth shall be revealed. Man can hide it from his fellow-man, but the truth will be established before the bar of God.

This was the justice meted to me before trial. What could be expected when the trial itself took place? During the period of our suffering Atzerodt was daily taken from his cell into the outer prison yard, his irons and hood removed, accompanied by detectives and hireling spies, holding out to him hope of life in case he divulged all the particulars and knowledge he possessed relative to the parties connected with the assassination. That he informed them of each and every particular is not to be doubted, and with all these infamous proceedings by detectives, courts inside and inquisitions outside, failure stamped itself in connecting me in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, as the decision of that drumhead court-martial proved the truth of the statement made in Marshal McPhail's office after my arrest.

Secret Conversations.

After June 10 I, with others, was permitted two hours' recreation and exercise in the outer yard attached to the prison, where frequently, unobserved, I held converse in broken expressions with Herold, Payne and Atzerodt. We were not permitted to speak, it is true, being strictly and closely guarded by armed sentinels, overlooked by the officers of the prison. David E. Herold, in the presence of Colonel McCall, Major Frederick Herbert and the Government detectives, stated that John H. Surratt was not in the City of Washington at the time of the assassination, nor had he been seen by Booth since his visit to Richmond, on March 23, 1865.

Herold and Payne also publicly expressed that Mrs. Surratt was an innocent woman, which was reiterated by Payne in the presence of his executors, as he ascended to the fatal trap which launched his soul into eternity.

We were permitted this outside recreation from June 10 until our departure from there, on July 17, 1865. Irons were removed on those occasions, but immediately replaced upon my return to my cell. Bibles presented by some humane heart during the trial to some of the prisoners were taken from them by the officer in charge, they not being permitted to gain consolation even from God's holy writings. Nor were they ever furnished through their own good will, I myself having made the request to be permitted to apply to my father to furnish me a Testament. General Hartranft stated he would obtain them from the Christian Association and deliver them to us. They were furnished, as well as memory can recall, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon before the execution took place, as we were returning to our cells from the prison-yard.

Mysterious Sounds.

That same afternoon the noise of hammers was distinctly heard, as if some repairing about the building was being done. I tried to concentrate my thoughts in an attempt to unravel its meaning, never for an instant dreaming that they were erecting the scaffold to launch human souls into endless eternity in such quick and sudden haste. The hammerings continued throughout the afternoon until late, when the noise from the hammers ceased. The next morning there was an unusual movement of feet hurrying to and fro, the rattling of chains and dragging of ponderous balls on the brick pavement in front of my cell.

I could not surmise the cause for all these mysterious movements, and finally concluded that fresh victims were being brought. Knowing the utter impossibility to obtain information relative to those proceedings, or what it could mean, I became composed, as far as composure was possible, and amused myself, as heretofore, in counting the number of small squares visible in the iron door of my cell, the number of layers of brick in the floor, the height of the ceiling of my cell, the flies and other insects which had come to share my narrow and cheerless domain.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon General Dodd came to my cell, seating himself upon a small box, which had lately been granted me for use as a table, and asked if I had noticed anything of an unusual nature pervading the prison. I replied in the affirmative, giving him an account of the bustle and confusion, attended with the clanking of irons, etc., throughout the morning, and that I judged from these circumstances that other prisoners had arrived.

Four Meet Their Doom.

He replied no, and in a soft and feeling manner informed me of the execution of four of our number. I was completely thunderstruck and amazed, and felt within my own heart, from expressions gained from Herold and Payne during our joint incarceration, that a fearful crime had been perpetrated by the United States Government in the execution of an innocent woman. That feeling has been verified, and her innocence has been publicly proclaimed by thousands of the leading men, not only of this, but of other nations.

A few days after the execution we were all again allowed exercise in the outer yard of the prison, which, on entering, forced us to be confronted by that huge machine of death, and a little to the south side of it the eye rested upon four mounds of new-heaped earth, testifying the undeniable fact that beneath those cold and cheerless hillocks rested in the quiet sleep of death all that but a few days before were life and sensibility. Day after day we confronted this scene, the scaffold remaining in all its hideousness, involuntarily causing the eye to wander and gaze upon the small mounds marking its feast of death.

Every day we passed through these evolutions, all anxiety to learn what decision the court had arrived at in our own respective cases. On the afternoon of July 17 were were summoned separately to the presence of General Hartranft, the military custodian, who was seated at the farther end of the yard, and sentence of each was made known, as found by the military commission, failing, however, to disclose the fact, and concealing from each the sentence as modified by Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

Assassination Avenged.

The military commission had fulfilled its mission; the death of Abraham Lincoln had been avenged, the public cry for vengeance had been appeased, and the long-drawn-out trial, which for two months had heaped fuel to the fire to add to the public excitement, passed out of existence and the Nation at large became pacified.

The midnight hour, which had been set apart for removal in every instance, was again resorted to, and we were silently marched, double-ironed, to a steamboat lying in the Potomac moored at a wharf. Each side of the wharf was lined with armed sentinels and soldiers, as we emerged from our prison gates, and as we passed between them on the way to the boat our clanking irons in the solemn midnight seeming to pierce the vaults of heaven, crying out to the living God for vengeance on those who had traduced, defamed and victimized us, to satiate the public cry for revenge.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Little Liver Pills.

A CAUSE OF HEADACHE.

One Very Common Cause, Generally Overlooked.

Headache is a symptom, an indication of derangement or disease in some organ, and the cause of the headache is difficult to locate, because so many diseases have headache as a prominent symptom; derangement of the stomach and liver, heart trouble, kidney disease, lung trouble, eye strain or ill-fitting glasses all produce headaches, and if we could always locate the organ which is at fault the cure of obstinate headaches would be a much simpler matter.

However, for that form of headache called frontal headache, pain back of the eyes and in forehead, the cause is now known to be catarrh of the head and throat; when the headache is located in back of head and neck it is often caused from catarrh of the stomach or liver.

At any rate catarrh is the most common cause of such headaches, and the cure of the catarrh causes a prompt disappearance of the headaches.

There is at present no treatment for catarrh so convenient and effective as Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a new internal remedy in tablet form, composed of antiseptics like red gum, blood root which act upon the blood and cause the elimination of the catarrhal poison from the system through the natural channels.

Miss Cora Ainsley, a prominent school teacher in one of our normal schools, speaks of her experience with catarrhal headaches and eulogizes Stuart's Catarrh Tablets as a cure for them. She says: "I suffered daily from severe frontal headache and pain in and back of the eyes, at times so intensely as to incapacitate me in my daily duties. I had suffered from catarrh, more or less, for years, but never thought it was the cause of my headaches, but finally became convinced that such was the case, because the headaches were always worse whenever I had a cold or fresh attack of catarrh.

"Stuart's Catarrh Tablets were highly recommended to me as a safe and pleasant catarrh cure, and after using a few 50-cent boxes, which I procured from my druggist's, I was surprised and delighted to find that both the catarrh and headaches had gone for good."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold by druggists at 50 cents per package, under the guarantee of the proprietors that they contain absolutely no cocaine (found in so many catarrh cures), no opium (so common in cheap cough cures), nor any harmful drug. They contain simply the wholesome antiseptics necessary to destroy and drive from the system the germs of catarrhal disease.

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