

LINCOLN'S LAST DAY ON EARTH

ONE OF THE HAPPIEST
IF NOT THE HAPPIEST
OF HIS LIFE; A DAY
WHICH REVEALED
HIS GREAT HEART
TO THE FULL

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
REGION. PÖDERAT. AMERIC. PRAESIDIUM
HVM. EX. SERV. VI. L. AGGERE. LAPIDEM
QVQV. T. R. S. OVE
LIBERTATIS ADSEKTORIS. FORTISS
MEMORIA. CONIVNCTIVR
CIVES. ROMANI
D.
A. MDCCCLXY.

STONE SENT BY CITIZENS OF ROME WHEN HE FREED THE SLAVES.

Abe Lincoln
Started this
Life Aug 13th 1864

Other Effects of
Liberation

THE INSCRIPTION THAT JOHN WILKES BOOTH WROTE ON
A MURKIN IN MEADVILLE, PA., MONTHS BEFORE
HE KILLED LINCOLN.

"THE war is over." Throughout the breadth of the North this was the jubilant cry with which people greeted one another on the morning of April 14, 1865. For ten days reports of victories had been coming to them: Jefferson evacuated, Richmond fallen, Petersburg Davis and his Cabinet fled, Lee surrendered, Mobile captured. Nothing of the Confederacy, in short, remained but Johnston's army, and it was generally believed that its surrender to Sherman was but a matter of hours. How completely the conflict was at an end, however, the people of the North had not realized until they read in their newspapers, on that Good Friday morning, an order of the Secretary of War suspending the draft, stopping the purchase of military supplies, and removing military restrictions from trade. The war was over, indeed.

Such a day of rejoicing as followed the world has rarely seen. One man before all others in the Nation felt and showed his gladness that day—the President, Abraham Lincoln. For weeks now he had been coming to them: Jefferson evacuated, Richmond fallen, Petersburg Davis and his Cabinet fled, Lee surrendered, Mobile captured. Nothing of the Confederacy, in short, remained but Johnston's army, and it was generally believed that its surrender to Sherman was but a matter of hours. How completely the conflict was at an end, however, the people of the North had not realized until they read in their newspapers, on that Good Friday morning, an order of the Secretary of War suspending the draft, stopping the purchase of military supplies, and removing military restrictions from trade. The war was over, indeed.

straightened, his face cleared, the lines became less accentuated. "His whole appearance, poise and bearing had marvelously changed," says Hon. James Harlan. "He was, in fact, transfigured. That indescribable sadness which had previously seemed to be an adamant element of his very being, had been suddenly changed for an equally indescribable expression of serene joy, as if conscious that the great purpose of his life had been achieved."

The Last Day a Happy One.

Never since he had become convinced that the end of the war was near had Mr. Lincoln seemed to his friends more glad, more serene, than on the 14th of April. At the White House the family party which met at breakfast was unusually happy. Captain Robert Lincoln, the President's oldest son, and an aide-de-camp on Grant's staff, had arrived that morning, and the closing scenes of Grant's campaign were discussed with the deepest interest by father and son. Soon after breakfast the President received Schuyler Colfax, who was about to leave for the West, and later in the morning the cabinet met. Friday being the regular day when Grant was invited to remain to his session. There was the greatest interest at the moment in General Sherman's movements, and Grant was plying with questions by the cabinet. The President was least anxious of all. The news would soon come, he said, and it would be favorable. He had no doubt of this, for the night before he had had a dream which had preceded nearly every important event of the war. "He said it was in my department, it related to the water," Secretary Welles later wrote; "that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter; the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, and the others. Victory did not always follow his dream, but the event and results were important. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place, or was about being fought, and Johnston would be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no other very important event which is likely to now occur."

The greater part of the meeting was taken up with a discussion of the policy of reconstruction. How were they to treat the States and the men who had tried to leave the Union, but who now were forced back into their old relations? How could practical civil government be re-established; how could trade be restored between North and South; what should be done with those who had led the States to revolt? The President urged his cabinet to consider carefully all these questions, and he warned them emphatically, Mr. Welles says, that he did not sympathize with and would not participate in any feelings of hate and vindictiveness. "He hoped there would be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war was over."

None need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, let down the bars, scare them off, said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep. Enough lives had been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentment if we expect harmony and union. There was too much desire on the part of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere with and dictate to these States, to treat the people not as fellow-citizens; there was too little respect for their rights. He didn't sympathize in these feelings."

The impression he made on all the cabinet that day was expressed 24 hours later by Secretary Stanton. "He was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him, rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition, and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

"We Will Go Back to Illinois." In the afternoon the President went for his usual drive. Only Mrs. Lincoln was with him. Years afterward Mrs. Lincoln related to Isaac Arnold what she remembered of Mr. Lincoln's words that day. "Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington, but the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois, and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid by some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois and I will open a law office at Springfield or Chicago, and practice law, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood."

It was late in the afternoon when he returned from his drive, and as he left his carriage he saw going across the lawn toward the Treasury a group of friends, among them Richard Oglesby, then Governor of Illinois. "Come back, boys, come back," he shouted. The party turned and joined the President on the

War Department, Washington, April 20

\$100,000 REWARD
THE MURDERER
Of our late beloved President ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
IS STILL AT LARGE.
\$50,000 REWARD!
will be paid for the apprehension of JOHN W. B. BOOTH, son of Booth's accomplice.
\$25,000 REWARD!
will be paid for the apprehension of DANIEL HARBO, another of Booth's accomplices.
will be paid for the apprehension of DANIEL HARBO, another of Booth's accomplices.
will be paid for the apprehension of DANIEL HARBO, another of Booth's accomplices.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

REWARD FOR LINCOLN'S ASSASSIN



LAST PHOTO TAKEN OF LINCOLN
MADE THIS SUNDAY BEFORE
HE DIED. HE WAS
CHAPERONED BY A BEARER FOR
HIS SON JOE.

sitting calmly in the chair, stretched it out on the floor, and began to tear away the clothing to find the wound, which they supposed was in the breast. It was a moment before it was discovered that the ball had entered the head back of the left ear, and was imbedded in the brain. There seemed to be but one desire then; that was to get the wounded man from the scene of the murder. Two persons lifted him and the stricken party passed from the box, through the dress circle, down the stairs into the street.

Where Last Two Hours Were Spent.

Across the street, on the high front steps of a plain, three-story brick house, stood a man, who but a moment before had left the theater, rather bored by the play. He had seen, as he stood there idly wondering if he should go in to bed or not, a violent commotion in the vestibule of the theater; had seen people rushing out, the street filling up, policemen and soldiers appearing. He did not know what it all meant. Then two men bearing a body came from the theater, behind them a woman in evening gown, flowers in her hair, jewels on her neck. She was wringing her hands and moaning. The man on the steps heard the bearers of the body asking, "Where shall we take him?" and quickly coming forward, he said, "Bring him here into my room."

And so the President was carried up the high steps, through a narrow hall, and laid, still unconscious, still motionless, on the bed of a poor, little commonplace room of a commonplace lodging-house, where surgeons and physicians gathered about in a desperate attempt to rescue him from death. While the surgeons worked the news was spreading to the town. Every man and woman in the theater rushed forth to get the latest news of the tragedy, the streets exclaiming to those they met, "The President is killed! The President is killed!" One rushed into a ballroom and told the dancers another rushing into a room where a party of eminent public men were playing cards, cried, "Lincoln is shot!"

In the meantime there had gathered in the house on Tenth street, where the President lay, his family physician and intimate friends, as well as many prominent officials. Before the tragedy, it was known there was no hope, that the wound was fatal. They grouped themselves about the bedside or in the adjoining rooms, waiting with agonized anxiety for the latest news. The steady moaning and labored breathing of the unconscious man, which at times could be heard in the hall, seemed to them what precautions to take, what persons to arrest. Grant, now returning to Washington, he directed should be warned to keep close watch on all persons who came close to him in the cars and to see that an engine be sent in front of his train. He sent out, too, an official account of the assassination. To say the least, the account of the night's awful work remains the one which Secretary Stanton dictated within sound of the moaning of the dying President.

"Now He Belongs to the Ages."

And so the hours passed without perceptible change in the President's condition, and the only slight shifting of the scene around him. The testimony of those who had witnessed the murder began to be taken in an adjoining room. Occasionally the figure, at the bedside, changed. Mrs. Lincoln came in at intervals, sobbing out her grief, and then was led away. This man went, another took his place. It was not until daylight that there came a perceptible change. Then the breathing grew quiet, the face became more calm. The doctors at Lincoln's side knew that dissolution was near. "Pulse falling," that of half-past 6, "Still falling," that of 7, "Symptoms of immediate dissolution," and at 7:15 minutes past 7, the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, died. There was a prayer, and then the solemn voice of Stanton broke the stillness. "Now he belongs to the ages." Two hours later the body of the President, wrapped in an American flag, was borne from the house in Tenth street, and carried through the hustled streets, where already thousands of flags were at half-mast and the gay bunting and garlands had been replaced by black draperies, and where the men who for days had been cheering in excess of joy and relief now stood with uncovered heads and wet eyes. They carried him to an upper room in the private apartments of the White House, and there he lay until three days later to look for a last time on his face.

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Allow Mr. Ashmun
& friends to come in
at 9 A.M. to mor
row
A. Lincoln
April 14, 1865

LINCOLN'S LAST BIT OF WRITING.

Mr. Harris and his stepson, Major H. R. Rathbone, had been invited to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant. Schuyler Colfax and Mr. Ashmun, of Massachusetts, had called early in the evening, and the President had talked with them a little while. He rose finally with evident regret to go to his carriage. The two gentlemen accompanied him to the door, and he paused there long enough to write on a card, "Admit Mr. Ashmun and friend tomorrow morning at nine o'clock." As he shook hands with them he said to Mr. Colfax: "Colfax, don't forget to tell those people in the mining regions what I told you this morning." Then, entering his carriage, he was driven to the theater on Tenth street, between B and F.

When the Presidential party finally entered the theater, making its way along the gallery behind the seats of the dress circle, the orchestra broke into "Hail to the Chief," and the people, rising in their seats and waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheered and cheered, the actors on the stage standing silent in the meantime. The party passed through the narrow entrance into the box, and several members laid aside their wraps, and bowing and smiling to the enthusiastic crowd below seated themselves.

The party in the box was well entertained, it seemed, especially the President, who laughed and chatted cheerfully between the acts. He moved from his seat but once, rising then to put on his overcoat, for the house was chilly. The audience was well entertained, too, though not a few kept an eye on the box entrance, still expecting General Grant. The few whose eyes sought the box now and then noticed, in the second scene of the third act, that a man was passing behind the seats of the dress circle and approaching the entrance to the box. Those who did not know him noticed that he was strikingly handsome, though very pale; that was all. They did not look again. It was not General Grant.

One man did watch him. He knew him and wanted to see who in the Presidential box it could be that he knew well enough to call on in the

middle of an act. If any attendant saw him, there was no question of his movements. He was a privileged person, every corner. He had been there in the course of the day; he had passed out and in once or twice during the evening. Crowding behind some loose chairs in the aisle, the man took from his pocket a package of visiting cards, and, selecting one, gave it to the messenger at the door, saying he knew the President. A moment later he passed out of sight through the door leading into the passage behind the box. He closed the door behind him, and did a curious thing for a visitor to a theater party. He picked up a piece of stout plank which he seemed to know just where to find, and slipped one end into a hole gouged into the wall close to the door-casing. The plank extended across the door, making a rough but effective bolt. Turning to the door which led from the passage to the boxes, he may have peered through a tiny hole which had been drilled through the panel. If he did, he saw a quiet party intent on the play, the President just then smiling over a bit of homely wit.

Opening the door so quietly that no one heard him, the man entered the box. Then if any eye in the house could but have looked, if one head in the box had been turned, it would have seen that the man held in his right hand a Derringer pistol, and that he raised the weapon and aimed it steadily at the head of the smiling President.

No eye saw him, but a second later and every ear heard a pistol shot. Those in the house unfamiliar with the play, thought it a part of the performance, and waited expectant. Those familiar with "Our American Cousin," the orchestra, attendants, actors, searched in amazement to see from where the sound came. Only three persons in all the house knew just where it was—three of the four in the box knew it was there by their side—a tragedy. The fourth saw nothing, heard nothing, thought nothing. His head had fallen quietly on his breast, his arms had relaxed a little, the smile was still on his lips.

Physicians lifted the silent figure, still