



Gov. Oglesby,  
Vice-Pres. Johnson,

Gen. Farnsworth,

Judge Otto,  
Dr. Stone

Speaker Colfax,  
Surgeon C. A. Leall

P. M. Gen. Demmlon,  
Robt. Lincoln,  
Mrs. Lincoln,  
Major Jno. Hay,

Attorney Gen. Speed,  
Dr. Crane,  
Dr. Barnes, Surgeon General.

Gen. Usher,  
Gen. Halleck,  
Rev. Dr.

Lincoln's Death, April 15, 1865.

Out...

Sen. S...

42

5

...any de-... from Wash-...  
I have oftentimes since marvelled at the stolidism of this remarkable man, in whose hands peculiarly had been and evidence

...they may be still concealed in swamp, which leads from Bryanton to Allen's. At the

...force had arrested Dr. Mudd and Thom-son. Mudd set Booth's left leg (fractured), furnished crutches and helped him and Herold off. They have been tracked as far as the swamp near Bryanton, when we were safely through, taken by Him to receive the reward that is given to them who serve faithfully both God and men. This world will never see a kindlier, nobler, braver, wiser man.

### XIII.

#### The Pursuit of the Assassin.

I REMAINED in Washington until the 22d of April, when I was ordered to the lower Potomac to establish communication by telegraph with the War Department and keep the authorities in touch with the several parties that had been detailed to that section to search for Booth, the assassin. It was rumored that he had passed through Maryland in his flight and was somewhere in hiding near Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac River. I left the capital on the river boat Keystone, taking with me as my only companion a lineman whom I expected to use in tapping and repairing the wire in case of emergency. Pursuant to orders, I made my way to Port Tobacco, a little hamlet on Tobacco Creek in southern Maryland, arriving there at 1 o'clock the next morning, Monday, April 24. The first thing that I did was to secure lodgings and turn in for a few hours' sleep. After an early breakfast I set out a-horse to find Major James R. O'Beirne, who, with a small command, had been hurried southward soon after the shooting, and who had been prosecuting diligent search for the fugitive. I had proceeded but a short distance when I met the Major returning from a quest which he had conducted with substantial results. We dismounted and he gave me the latest news of the probable whereabouts of Booth and his accessory, Herold. I at once galloped back to the telegraph line, tapped the wire and sent this despatch to Washington:

PORT TOBACCO, Md.,  
April 24, 1865—10 A. M.  
Major Eckert:  
Have just met Major

...I am requested by the Lieutenant-General to inform you of his safe arrival. Please inform Mrs. Dent. The President died this morning. There are still hopes of an in-law, Gen. F. T. Dent, and I took a train for Washington. Little was said by any of us during the long hours that followed.

Gen. Halleck met us at the station upon our arrival in Washington (we had now learned of the President's death and of the vicious assault on Seward) and we drove in a closed carriage to the War Department. Grant went at once to Stanton's private office, while Halleck and I remained outside in the corridor. For several minutes the General paced nervously up and down before me, apparently laboring under much worryment. At length he paused and, turning to me, said:

"Beckwith, I wish you would warn Gen. Grant against going to Willard's Hotel. That is where he usually stops and it is generally known. He ought to avoid publicity at this time and keep out of danger. There is no telling what I told him that I thought it would be presumptuous in me to advise the Lieutenant-General as to any course of conduct but that if he desired me to convey a message to Grant. I would gladly do so.

"Then do so," he replied; "give him my warning as a message from me." When Gen. Grant came from the Secretary's office, I met him and we walked together from the building and toward the White House. I imparted Halleck's forebodings to him in front of the Executive Mansion. He had been walking in thoughtful silence with his eyes at me and said:

"I'll guess, Beckwith, if they want me, they'll get me wherever I am. We'll go to Willard's." And so we did. So much for Halleck's fears.

Ever mindful of the anxiety of his family for his welfare, Grant, upon our arrival in the city, had directed me to send a telegram to his wife at Burlington, notifying her of his safety. This I did in the following message:

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, '65.

...ward to... from Wash-...  
I also requested the operator to notify me if he learned of any new developments in the situation.

...steps to carry out the Secretary's injunction. Before resuming our journey to Burlington the morning at the office to inform you of his safe arrival. Please inform Mrs. Dent. The President died this morning. There are still hopes of an in-law, Gen. F. T. Dent, and I took a train for Washington. Little was said by any of us during the long hours that followed.

When we reached Philadelphia we left the train and drove to Bloodgood's Hotel. The street was thronged with people and a crowd of men filled the lobby. As we entered and made our way through the throng I felt by the silence that greeted the General and by the stern faces around us that it must be unpleasant news that awaited us. I was about to inquire the cause of the gathering when a man, the night operator I assume he was, stepped forward and handed a telegram to Grant. We walked into the parlor and the three of us, General and Mrs. Grant and I, sat down upon a sofa in one corner of the room. He read the despatch and without comment passed it to his wife, who in turn read it and with an exclamation of painful surprise handed it to me.

I shall never forget the dumb horror of that moment. My heart seemed to leap into my throat. None of us spoke a word. We simply sat there and wondered. Lincoln was shot.

A sudden movement in the crowd attracted my attention. The operator who had delivered the message to Grant raised a finger and beckoned to me and I got up to answer the summons. He took me to one side and pressed into my hand a telegram. It was from Stanton and to me personally. It directed me to have a pilot engine precede our train on its way back to Washington without fail. Was it possible that the Government feared a wholesale attempt upon the lives of our prominent officials? Possibly others besides the President had already fallen beneath an assassin's bullet.

I did not disclose the communication to Grant, for I knew that he would scoff at the order as needless precaution; but I quietly took the necessary

...of these threats, on to them. He

### XII.

#### the Fourteenth.

14th day of April, 1865, and black in the calendar of American history; for it marks the commission of one of the most heinous crimes ever perpetrated—the assassination of Abraham

Washington on the day men-Gen. Grant. Arrangements made for the attendance at the theatre in the evening of a dis-party. The President and I were to occupy a box at the performance of "Our American Hero" which they had invited the General's wife to accompany them. The papers chronicled the happy announcement was made with general approval. The day was a day of peace for which the people waited so many anxious years as at hand. Joy and hope were manifest everywhere. People wanted to see these leaders, who, above all others, were responsible for the fruition of our hopes. And doubtless both Grant and Stanton felt the need of relaxation.

the life of the great soldier, had been declared forfeited by the traitors, was spared to the nation for further usefulness. Secretary Stanton, upon learning of the arrangements for the theatre party, promptly made strenuous objections to it. He had for some months been that threats of assassination were being made by certain evil persons against the leaders of the Government and army, and, giving full credence to the reports and rumors, he believed that such measures should be taken for the safeguarding of the lives of the President and his Cabinet and Gen-

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