

O 662
M 2197

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 40

THE TRAGEDY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN - - - - HIRAM D. TORRIE
LINCOLN AS A STORY TELLER - - - - WILLIAM C. CHURCH
THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN - REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL. B.

WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN

1915

NEW YORK



THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY
WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Numbers 37-40

VOL. X.

WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN

NEW YORK

1915

INDEX TO VOLUME X

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Numbers 37-40

CONTENTS

URIAH TRACY, PORTRAIT	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE "TIMES" ON THE AMERICAN WAR . . .	<i>Leslie Stephen</i> 1
A HISTORICAL SKETCH	
"SCIPIO'S" REFLECTIONS ON MONROE'S VIEW (1798)	
	<i>Uriah Tracy</i> 105
THE INDIAN COUNCIL IN THE VALLEY OF THE WALLA-WALLA	<i>Lawrence Kip</i> 199
THE TRAGEDY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN .	<i>Hiram D. Torrie</i> 225
LINCOLN AS A STORY TELLER	<i>William C. Church</i> 315
THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN	
	<i>Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.</i> 321

INDEX

- Armstrong, John.....272, 279
Armstrong, Mrs.....261
Augur, Capt. C. C.....186
"Black Bob".....256, 264, 273, 277, 278, 299
Bonneville, Capt. B. L. E.....181, 186
Booth, John Wilkes.....301-306, 309-314
Bright, Jesse D.....317
"Brownley"Mrs.....298-300
(Mrs. Scott, mother of William)
"Brownley, William".....294, 311, 314
(William Scott,—Vt. Vols.)
Butler, Gen. B. F.....308
Cameron, Simon299
Camaiken, Indian chief.....211 *et seq.*
Cayuse Indians.....199 *et seq.*
Church, William C.,
Lincoln as a Story-Teller.....315
Du Pont, Admiral S. F.....315
Findlay, Bob306
Goodall, "Col."270
Gracie, Lieut. Archibald, 181, 190 192 *et seq.*
Grant, Gen. U. S.....293-95
Grattan, Lieut. John L.....217
Greeley, Horace.....296
Hall Rev. Newman,
The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln, 321
Haller, Captain G. O.....181
Hanks, John.....235 *et seq.*
Hansom, Judge.....263-64
Hodges, Lieut. H. C.....181, 187
Jay, John.....115 *et seq.*
Kinglake, A. W.....3
Kip, Lawrence.....181 *et seq.*
"Lawyer," Indian chief.....197 *et seq.*
Lincoln, Abraham.....25 *et seq.*
Tragedy of (H. D. Torrie).....225
As a Story-Teller (W. C. Church).....315
Lincoln, Mrs. Abraham....255, 260, 262, 307
Looking-Glass, Indian chief.....214 *et seq.*
Mayberry, Judge.....246
Mayberry, Sarah.....239
Mayberry, Susan.....243, 247, 256
Monroe, James.....107 *et seq.*
Morris, Gouverneur.....116, 119
Nez Percé Indians.....195 *et seq.*
Owhi, Indian chief.....211 *et seq.*
Palmer, General.....194 *et seq.*
Polk, Trusten.....317
Putnam, George Haven.....1
Paine, Thomas.....65 *et seq.*
Peepe-Mox-Mox, Indian chief.....210 *et seq.*
Pinckney, Charles C.....142
Purviance, John.....131, 136
Rains, Major Gabriel J.....181, 189
Red Wing, Indian.....256
Russell, Captain David A.....181
Russell, William H.....52
Salmon Fishery, Columbia River.....188
"Scipio,"111 *et seq.*
Seward, William H.....50 *et seq.*
Sherman, Gen. W. T.....84 *et seq.*
Spence, James.....31
Stanton, E. M.....307
Stephen, Leslie1
Stevens, Gen. Isaac I.....181, 189 *et seq.*
Stoddard, Capt.....278, 280-84, 292, 302, 314
Sumner, Charles.....296
Times, London.....3 *et seq.*
Todd, R. S.....255
Todd, Mary.....238, 241-243, 250, 255
Torrie, Henry (Hiram)D.....227
Tracy, Uriah ("Scipio") portrait.*Frontispiece*
—biography.....107
Vallandigham, Clement L.....68
Wallen, Colonel Henry D.....181, 186
Washington, George.....107
Whitman, Rev. Marcus.....181, 200
Wolcott, Oliver107
Wool, Brig. Gen. John E.....181

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IN FIVE ACTS
BY
AN AMERICAN ARTIST
HIRAM D. TORRIE

Some crushing actions in our life-time strike
Too rudely on the heart's o'er-burden'd strings,
To let thro' words, its aching music forth;
Thus strangely out of tune my heart-strings speak.—LINCOLN

GLASGOW:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES BROWN & SON
MDCCCLXXVI

TARRYTOWN
NEW YORK
REPRINTED
WILLIAM ABBATT
1915

Being Extra No. 40 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

RES ARDUA VETUSTIS NOVITATUM DARE; NOVIS AUCTORITATEM; OBSOLETIS, NITOREM;
OBSCURIS, LUCEM; FASTIDITIS, GRATICUM; DUBIIS, FIDEM; OMNIBUS VERO NATURAM, ET
NATURAL SUA OMNIA.

ITAQUE ETIAM NON ASSECUTIS, VOLUISSE ABUNDE PULCHRUM UTQUE MAGNIFICUM EST.

(It is a difficult thing to give newness to old things, authority to new things, beauty to things out of use, fame to the obscure, favor to the hateful (or ugly), credit to the doubtful, nature to all and all to nature. To such, nevertheless as cannot attain to all these, it is greatly commendable and magnificial to have attempted the same.

PLINY,—preface to his *Natural History*.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE "Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln" is the third of the Lincoln plays which we have published (see Extra No. 34 for the full list), and, like the rest, is of extreme rarity. We are indebted to Mr. Judd Stewart for the opportunity of furnishing it to our subscribers. The author was Henry (or Hiram) D. Torrie, who at the time was living in Glasgow.

We regret having been unable to obtain any particulars about him.

The article by Colonel Church, the veteran Editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, is a very scarce item. Its only appearance was in the little paper published in aid of the fair for the Building Fund of the Seventh Regiment Armory, in New York, in 1871; and but few persons know of its existence.

The third article is by one of the best friends of our Union during the dark days of 1861-65: the celebrated Newman Hall, pastor of Rowland Hill's Chapel, London; and like our other items is much sought for by Lincoln collectors.

INTRODUCTION

IT is doubtful if history has ever given a more striking subject to the tragic muse, than the assassination of the noble Lincoln; yet a play only depicting the incidents surrounding or associated with his death, would fail in giving the great lessons that such a life as his imparts. As it is no less doubtful if many lives have furnished greater contrasts, or more striking incidents for dramatic effort than his—leading from the rude prairie cabin to the Presidency of the United States, probably at the time of their most perilous vitality—the author endeavours in this play to portray selections from the startling events, crowding such a stride from comparative obscurity to undying fame and violent death; plot and poetry have been kept mostly subordinate to facts, though some license has been taken with names, dates, &c. To give continuity and harmonious unity, some characters have been made to take the parts of others who, if introduced, would too greatly extend the *Dramatis Personæ*; still it is affirmed that no play built upon reality ever adhered more closely to real transaction than does the effort now offered.

As in adhering closely to Mr. Lincoln's life, the author found it impossible to carry the early associates of his penury and poverty on into the society and exalted position finally secured him by his exceptional talents, the characters of some, who might otherwise be entitled to appear, have been blended in those of others made to figure throughout the piece. We may add that several are so united in John Hanks, thought necessary by the author to continue on until the final destruction of Mr. Lincoln's assassin. Kind, affectionate, even tender as our subject ever was, still very little of the romance of stage love can accord with the strong points

in his career, and, so far as introduced, is aimed to give the character of the man, and the frontier life in which he was such a hero. Sorry that he is not worthy to treat the great subject in the spirit it so eminently deserves, the Author, in presenting his weak effort, would say to the public, be as charitable as you can.

*The author gained many facts from this early associate of Mr. Lincoln, never elsewhere seen.

TO THE READER

THE poem which I have the presumption to offer was commenced soon after the death of Mr. Lincoln,* under the following circumstances: Mr. N. K. Richardson, a noted public reader in Philadelphia, honoured me by including selections from several patriotic and other poems of mine in various programmes recited by him during the rebellion. Upon one occasion, having so given one entitled "The Death of Lincoln," an auditor came and complimented me still further by urging me to undertake a tragedy founded upon the lamented President. I stated then the conviction of my inability to do so, and though feeling impelled to make the attempt, and every endeavour to learn the marked points in the life of such a man, I have realized since more and more my incapacity to grasp so lofty a theme. The play had been well started, and anticipated in the States whilst everything was fresh, some of the striking points particularly, after a long interview with Mr. Lincoln's old companion and friend, the now celebrated John Hanks. Though completed in this country some years ago, it was thought hardly fit or proper to introduce it on the stage, particularly the American; but some three years since I was induced by parties who had perused it to submit it to the judgment of the lamented Harcourt Beatty-Bland, who suggested its early adaptation for the stage. I may not state here—although it is well known to some—all the praise he kindly bestowed upon it, as it might be thought egotistical; suffice it to say that he requested a second perusal, and stated among other things, in giving back the manuscript, that if I had presented my subject correctly he did not

*Probably Locke Richardson.—[ED.]

think a better one than the noble Lincoln, for a stage tragedy, had ever lived and died.

I need not repeat more of his words, but to his kind opinion and that of another, long and favourably known in connection with the Theatre-Royal, and other theatres of this town, rather than my own, you will considerably attribute the publicity here given to it, imperfect as it is.

THE AUTHOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF U. S. A.

JOHN HANKS, afterwards PEARSLEY. PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY.	YOUNG ARMSTRONG.
GEN. U. S. GRANT.	WILLIE BROWNLEY.
W. H. SEWARD.	BOOTH, Principal Assassin.
H. GREELEY.	RED WING, Indian.
E. M. STANTON.	COL. RANSOM.
SIMON CAMERON.	MISS TODD, afterwards Mrs. LINCOLN.
B. F. BUTLER.	MRS. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. SUMNER.	MRS. BROWNLEY.
CAPT. afterwards COL. STODDARD.	MISSSES SUSAN and SARAH MAYBERRY.
JUDGE MAYBERRY.	SUSANNAH STUBBS.
MR. TODD.	ELLA FINDLEY.
COL. GOODALL.	
MR. ARMSTRONG.	
MR. HANSOM.	
BLACK BOB.	
<hr/>	
SOUTHERN CITIZENS, RAILROAD MEN, and NEWSBOYS.	UMPIRES, HUNTERS, WRESTLERS, RUNNERS, POLITICIANS and JUDGES, SOLDIERS, SERVANTS, etc., ASSASSINS, KNIGHTS, and men of "THE GOLDEN CIRCLE."



TRAGEDY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ACT I.—SCENE I

Forest and Prairie with Log-Cabin

JOHN HANKS (*splitting rails*).—It may be rite, this thrumin' over books,
This toilin' over sheets, whar type an' ink hev lef thar black-en'd tracs to puzzle brains.
Parchance I haint sufficient ov the last
Tu comprehen' the nature of the fust.
But, why a chap that stan's nigh six feet now,
Shud load his "coon-skin" with sich paltry stuff,
Is mor' 'an I ken rattle thro' my mug.
I swow tu cats I wud'nt 'low my dorg tu read
This law stuff, fear the purp wud get the fits.

[*Lincoln is heard driving cattle.*

Thar cumz the libr'y and post orfis tu!

[*Lincoln appears with a gun strapped on his back, a book in one hand, and a whip in the other.*

(*Hanks laughing*)—Ha! ha! law, literatoor, an rail-splittin' tu!

LIN.—So, John, my friend, you don't quite like my rig?
You think too many guns I carry, eh?
And may be not the ballast for my sail?

HANKS.—Wall, Abe, my coon, the noshun's got about
That larnin's kinder softnin' down yer brain,
An' spilin' yer fur shootin', an' fur work.

LIN.—I know it, Jack! and they who challenge me
To test with theirs my strength to-day, will see;
And if I fail—well, Hanks, we part this night:

You'll have to break this prairie up alone!
Two axes make more music, Jack, than one.

[*Lincoln laying aside gun, whip, etc., after apparently securing his cattle, proceeds to split rails with Hanks.*

We'll split this lot, and put the place to rights:
They've named the hour of four, to meet us here.

HANKS.—But, Abe, old chap, this trial's all for fun,
An' when you've beat them all, they'll crown you king.
You've nary en'my in the clearin, hoss,
Nor elswhar', less 'tis Douglas down below;
An rival, he is jealous-like, yer know.

LIN.—What, Douglas! Steve! no enemy is he;
He's studied hard to get ahead of me.
I often wish I had his head and brains!

HANKS.—Yers aint so all-fired hansum, Abe, I own,
'Twould do tho', if you'd let those books alone.
This is my last—(*stops work, looking at the rails*)—yours
finishes the lot! [Picks up Lincoln's gun.

LIN.—That's my committee on reports to-day,
And when reported, is discharged, you know.

HANKS.—Wall, let her du her best, fur "Sue" an' "Sal,"
An' other gals are 'spected out, I hear,
It aint yer cut, tu hanker much for gals.
(*Aside*)—He's got sich feelin's ater them I swow,
As I hev got fur catamounts an' bars!
I'll drive the cattle hum' an' cum rite back.

[*Exeunt Hanks, driving cattle.*

LIN. (*taking out his book again*).—Among the lists there's
not a lad I see,
In all these sports, I have not beaten oft.

(*Trying to fix his mind on his book.*)

It may turn out that what Hanks says is right;
That these warm friends would have a little spree
Before my duties at the store commence—

This selling conscience, like my goods, so much per yard.
 They now should come, I hope they'll be in time;
 I never was too late—they're coming now.
 I'll put this "Blackstone" up. (*Hiding his book.*) They'd
 laugh at me.

[Enter HUNTERS, WRESTLERS, JUMPERS, JUDGES, SPECTATORS,
 &c.]

1st HUNTER.—Well, Abraham, as father of the tribe,
 'Tis best, perhaps, to see you first on hand.
 (*Looking at the rails*)—Have split the rails for all creation yet?

LIN.—I've split enough to fence you fellows in,
 But don't intend to leave you any *stakes*!

1st H.—First rate; it's believed, I know, that you'll take
 them.

1st RUNNER.—If running tongues can win, you chaps stand
 well!

[*Judges, Umpires, etc., coming forward.*

UMPIRE.—From this small stone, and round to this here tree,
 (*Pointing*)—Who passes first, can call this purse his own.

[Shows a purse. All prepare to run.

LIN.—As I in innocence am like the lamb,
 Like him you'd have me gambol with my legs.
 Think'st thou upon a *bank* I'll make a *run*?

JUDGE.—I should, perhaps, an explanation make:
 There is an object—noble it doth seem,
 To which each winner gives what he has won;
 And we—they've made me chairman of the board—
 Here pledge ourselves with those who win the sums,
 To give each farthing to the scheme at heart.

LIN.—Well, since I now the object understand,
 Let me but add my mite, I'll do my best; (*gives a bill which
 is taken*)

The race is short, these legs a trifle long.

UMPIRE.—Here! all upon this line, no dodging now!

At the count of three each runner starts.

There! One! Two! Three!—(*they all start*)—it's right,
(*To the Judge*)—They're off, you see. [*To Hanks, who comes up*.
What think you, if he wins will he consent?

HANKS.—He's sure to win, we'll make him du the rest.
The plan is good, an' he desarves it tu;
Another way he'd never tetch a cent!
But when he's read the resolushuns o'er,
Our plan tu raise the spelter jist fur him.
That he's the honest chap, an' sitch like stuff,
He'll twist an' wriggle like a half-sucked cub!
But see! he's comin' full a rod ahead!
Now don't forget tu make him promise sure.

(*Loud shouts are heard as Lincoln comes in ahead.*)

JUDGE.—Now for the leaping, 'tis the best in three.
So Stodard declines, we'll not shoot to-day,
As Abr'am has scared the others, they say.

(*Proceed to jump according to stage facilities, Lincoln winning
each and all.*)

HANKS.—(*To a boy, as the Misses Susan and Sarah Mayberry appear, with another young lady, a stranger, having apparently arrived on horseback.*)—You groom these hosses while I groom the gals;

Tu make things chime I'll try an' ring these belles.

Is that you, Susan? ah! Miss Sarah tu!

How's all the folks tu hum? Come this way, du.

(*To the stranger*)—And Miss—

(*To Susan*)—Sue, what's her name? you stan' right here.

SUSAN (*introducing*).—Friend John, Miss Molly (Cousin)
from Kentuck.

(*To lady*)—Moll, don't blush so! now have a little pluck!

(*To Sarah*)—But Sarah, see, she's got her eyes on Lincoln!

How white she grows—I wonder what she's thinkin'?

[*All watch Miss Todd closely.*

MISS TODD (*aside*).—'Tis he; I could not well mistake that face,

They say he's ugly, common, but to me—
He's coming and I will not stay the sports;
Another time I'll make him hear my thanks.

SUSAN.—(*introducing*) Abr'am,—our Cousin from your native State!

By Papa's orders we just took a ride,
To show our interest in the men who ran,
And maybe crown the victor of the games.

SARAH.—And from the shouting as we rode along,
The winner of the last we recognize:

I b'lieve, all but the final feat we miss.

(*To Lin.*)—They form a ring for wrestling, I suppose—

(*In sport*)—I'll give my Cousin to the man who throws.

LINCOLN (*blushing and looking to Miss Todd*).—She may perchance have just one word to say.

(*Aside.*) Did she consent I'd die or win the day!

Why, Sallie, are your keenest sallies aimed,
Unmeasured, poisoned, straight at bashful me?
Like game of dice, who throws the biggest, gains;
From off his pins that giant I must twist!

And farewell now,—(*Leaves*). (*Aside*)—Yet for that living crown

I'll struggle bravely, whether up or down.

[*Lincoln is seen to throw the best.*

MISS TODD.—Shame on you Cousin mine, to be so rude!
And worst of all, to chafe me to the face—
Well to his face; I'd have it least of all—

SARAH (*interrupting*)—Ah, ha! so, ho! you've seen that face before?

Yes, yes; I see! that throw—(*pointing to Lin.*)—may yet win you.

HANKS.—Come, Ladies! now tu see the crowning sport;

It needs sum caliker tu grace the court.

JUDGE (*to all*).—Respected citizens, my friends and all,
Somehow it seems the honour's fell on me
To tell you now, what you can plainly see,
That this “rail splittin' lad” has bagged the tin.

[Great cheering for the rail splitter.]

The settlers on Sangamon hereabout
Have pledged themselves!—I b'lieve that this is so?

[All answer ‘yes.’]

In case they won tu give up every cent.

It seems that these won cents lump up in gold.

Five hundred dollars handsome, in hard cash,—

[Cheers.]

And I as chairman, all these dollars hold.

But to the point, does Abr'am Lincoln now,

Before us all, most solemnly devote

And pledge, upon a Hoosier's* sacred word,

Each penny to the lad I now make known?

We'd hear him speak, don't crowd around the lad.

LIN.—Your honour, Judge! Kind citizens and all,
By your fires I've warmed, at your tables fed,
You know I'm poor, as we all are at home;
But e'er I'd touch one cent of what I've won,—

(Hanks aside—Not when you know the lad in just three jiffs?)
I'd disavow my kindred and my kind.
But bring the lad, I'd see him—take the cash!

HANKS (*Rubbing his hands and dancing about*).—It's rich,
too rich!

I swow tu cats, it's good!

LINCOLN (*to Hanks, smiling*).—If you're the honest chap,
why, step right up!

JUDGE (*Giving Lincoln a paper and motioning to Hanks*).—
You'll see him now, just read that when you've time.

(*To all*)—You've seen the contest, friends—the thing is fair?—
[All exclaim “It is.”]

*The author was evidently not familiar with our State sobriquets: “Hoosier” belongs to Indiana, not to Illinois, which is the “Sucker” state.—[Ed.]

I now commission Hanks to take this purse,
(Lincoln is overjoyed.)

And place it safely in friend Lincoln's hand.

(Lincoln is utterly overcome, as Hanks, hugging him with delight, exclaims:

HANKS.—Wall, Hoss! what think you of this honest chap?
[Cheering and great excitement; Hanks crowds the purse into Lincoln's pocket.

LIN.—Some crushing actions in our life-time strike
 Too rudely on the heart's o'er-burdened strings,
 To let thro' words, its aching music forth;
 Thus strangely out of tune, my heart-strings speak.
 You say I've won the prizes; had I failed,
 Your kindness still had thrust them in my hands;
 Well, somewhere in the far-off future time,
 I'll pay you back by what I then may be!
 It strikes me now I've seen this modest lad.
 I bid you all good day! God bless you all!

[Amid great excitement, Lincoln is carried away on the shoulders of the crowd.

HANKS (*throwing his cap in the air*).—You didn't know you'se
 so desarvin, Abe!

(Trying to kiss a Hoosier girl, he gets his ears boxed.)
 Down this way, boys! I've got a roasted bar! *(Great cheering.)*

End of Scene First.

ACT. I.—SCENE II.

Scene, Drawing room in Judge Mayberry's house.

MISS TODD. (*Solus*)—To me what were all other loves but
 his!
 Soft words, suitors, music, the world beside,
 Such dimness and obscurity assume

As form a fitting background, for the one
That with the hallowed light and tone of love,
Embodies all the touches mind can give
To stamp him hero of my very life!
It seems a dream, but oh! he must be mine,
I've seen my presence thrill him to the soul!
I would be womanly, discreet with all—
But what the world calls fashion I will pass,
To gain this priceless treasure whilst I'm here.
Philosophy at play with Earth and Sky,
And all the subtle agencies they hold,
Has shaken wonder in its grand results;
But oh! The heart! This little human heart—
How it defies all scientific skill,
And jeers all cold philosophy to scorn!
It fashions awkwardness to natural grace;
The common dresses up in beauty's garb;
On the ungainly stamps perfection's seal;
As God draws rugged rocky regions grand,
E'en making their contortions picturesque.
Creating, and interpreting its own
Irregular features, love can paint divine!
For it, wealth cannot garnish up a grace—
It rears this Lincoln, God-like, in my soul,
And from him, pride, position, wealth, and fame
But shrink, and leave him all the world to me!
When taken from the water in his arms,
Conveyed as with a giant's careless ease,
In coming to, how tender was the touch
That swept the dripping tresses from my brow—
What sympathy and pity in his eye!
If not the wife, I'd be the dog or bird,
To win caresses from a man like him.
I'd watch him, guard him, shield him from all harm:

If I could only see this honest Hanks,
 Whom, rumour says doth idolize this man
 By diplomatic tact— [Enter Susan.]

SUSAN (*surprised*).—Why how is this! Who had you here
 just now?

MISS T.—Save imaginary presence, I've had none!

SUSAN.—I'm sure I heard some animated talk:
 Well coz., this secret, are you for a scold?
 'Twas Sall that teased, I only smiled assent.
 But tell me, with the rest, what made you pale?

[Approaching and putting an arm around her.]

MISS T.—Ah! Sue! not Sarah or yourself I blame,
 When kindness cuts, the wound is easy heal'd.
 I have a secret—though you'll laugh I know,
 When in your ears I've emptied all its dregs.
 I love this homely man—this Abraham.
 Some six years back, at peril of his own
 He saved my worthless life, and gave it me,
 As though the act were naught, and hied away
 To shun, as 'twere a contact with our thanks!

SUSAN.—All this is fine, but what am I to do?
 Well, well! so you're in love! it must be fine;
 Now truly, coz., just say what I'm to do?

MISS TODD.—I'd meet him, as a stranger meets the same,
 And learn if what I've heard is really true.
 And more—by accident I'd have him told
 I am the same, whose life he once had saved.
 I'd have each word and action closely weighed,
 To see from all, if I can fashion hope.
 Now Susan, can you smother fun awhile,
 And help your cousin in this work of love?

SUSAN.—Oh! I will help you—seriously I will;
 It must be nice, I wish I had a beau.
 But who is there befitting such as I?

There's Slimpy Jim, with ramrod legs and arms,
 So green and soft, you'd wring him like a rag—
 And what a nose—I wonder how he'd do!
 But 'bout this Abe of yours, I tell you what,
 He's not o'er pretty, but he's got a heart
 So big and warm, you feel it outside round
 Like sunshine, yielding life to all about.
 I think my father looks for him to-day!
 I'll lay my plans, then lay the siege straightway;
 But see (*looking out the window*), he comes,
 The very man we want!

MISS TODD (*looking*).—'Tis he, I'd like to meet him, but
 not now;
 I'll see him, if I get a good report,
 And, getting bad, he ne'er shall see my face.
 I go, now don't forget the trust I leave. [Exeunt.

SUSAN.—Not I; I'll read him in the largest type.
Solus (*fixing her dress*). As Bill's away I'll have to let him in.
 Ah me! it must be rich to be in love!
 If I could find a chap I'd try it on.
 But there, he knocks (*knocking is heard*),
 I'll screw my courage up. [Enter Lincoln.
 Ah, good day, Abr'am; come right in—come in!

LINCOLN.—Good day, Miss Susan; it's a pleasant day—
 All well at home? the judge expects me here.

SUSAN.—We're well! all well—my father is just out.
(Aside)—[Oh how shall I commence?] Please take a seat
 Till he comes in! Sit down! you came off more than conqueror
 last week!

LIN.—We'll pass that if you please—I like it not;
 Tho' still I'm grateful for all friendship shown,
 But deem the money loan'd—shall pay it back!

SUSAN.—I guess not Abr'am, who would take a cent?
 You'd have to scatter it for miles around.

To change, why stared you at my cousin so?
If I saw right you almost made her blush.

LIN.—Well, can you keep a secret if I tell?

SUSAN (*aside*).—Another secret—I'll have my hands and ears, and may be heart, all full.

(*To Lincoln*)—A secret, well, I'll try if 'taint too big.

LIN.—You see, your cousin so resembled one
That years ago, I for a moment met,
And held as 'twere, so near this awkward heart,
That ever since I've felt her nestling there—
It staggered me, 'till I bethought that she,
Of whom I long had dreamed, was far away.

[SUSAN (*aside*).—*I think I've found one hope for Moll, at least.*

But it has passed, and I could meet her now
As I could meet an Indian, face to face.

[SUSAN (*Solus*).—*I'd like to see them meet.* To *Lincoln*:
But Indians, are such *awful chaps* you know.
You never told us of your early love.

LIN.—Her father in a mansion lived, whilst I
Slept in a cabin on the forest edge:
One day, whilst plunging in the rapids near,
A boat against a rock gave one wild dash
And went from 'neath that struggling girl and one
Who proved her brother, when her life was saved.
Him, as by chance, the rushing torrent caught
And hurl'd all pow'rless, far beyond her reach.
Twice sank she in the boiling waves from sight,
Ere I was forced to use this brawny hand,
And catch her by that wavy wealth of hair!
I saved her, and I know not if 'twas love—
But when I thought of her estate, and mine,
And hied away, to clear the gaping group,
I felt that in exchange for that dear load

I'd got at heart a burthen heavier far,—
Which has not lighter grown, in six long years.

[*Susan aside.*—That's just the time, it must be he I'm sure.]
'Tis pass'd; I hear that she is married now.

SUSAN.—At least, I'll tell you one thing, very strange,
My cousin thus was saved, at such a time,
From just the awful fate you have described.
But I will go and look my father up.

[*Aside,*—This secret's growing big for one small girl.]
Excuse me for a little moment, please. [Exeunt.
LIN. (*greatly excited*).—So like, what's this, and saved like
her I saved:

Oh, would it could be her! what if it could,
The same deep gulf divides us, if it's her;
Twice I have heard that she was married, sure.

Here comes the judge. [Enter Judge.

JUDGE—Good day my boy! I'm 'fraid I've kept you long!
I've something to propose; and why my heart
So long has held it from my tongue, is strange.
If from your duties in the store you've time,
You're welcome to my library—and beside,
If I can serve you, ask me what you will.

LIN. (*overpowered*).—Kind friend—.

[*Judge interrupting.*—There, there, no thanks! I know what
you would say; you'll stay to tea.]
Well, Judge, to-day I'd rather not; 'tis late.
My mail is yet to sort—the carrier waits.

JUDGE (*teazingly*).—You haven't thought of sorting *fe-mails*
yet.

[*Lincoln preparing confusedly to leave.*

You off, and leave no answering joke behind?

LIN.—Judge Mayberry, you'll hear of me some day.

[Exeunt Lincoln.

JUDGE.—I rather think that time I hit a corn.

[Enter Susan and Miss Todd.]

SUSAN.—Well papa, what d'you think, 'twas this same Abe
That saved Moll's life, down at the roaring Forks.

JUDGE.—It couldn't have fallen into better hands,
Not if he had it there to keep for life,—
I'd give my full consent; what say you, Moll?
Alas, poor Abe! he's no time left for girls!

SUSAN (*aside*).—Alas, poor Abe! I guess he'll find the time.

JUDGE.—But, Moll, you'll strike for beauty, money, ha?
And does he know 'twas you whose life he saved?

[*Miss Todd is affected.*]

But how is this, you seem to take it hard?

MISS T.—'Tis but a dizzy spell I sometimes have.

[*The girls prepare to leave.*]

JUDGE (*aside*).—I had such spells when my wife was a girl.
Upon my word, there's something in the wind.
The bag is open, and the cat is out.

End of Scene Second.

ACT. I—SCENE III.

View, Bend in Sangamon River—Flat Boat, partly built—Lincoln and Hanks at work in the foreground.

HANKS.—Wal, lost you much in closin' out the store?

LIN.—'Twas all a gain in money and in mind;
For me, it suited neither legs nor brains
To run as others bade me come and go,
And blather up old last year's goods as new.
But John, I've added to my little bank,
And in my time for studying the books—
As counsel, given freely by the Judge,
I've polished off the angles of my ways;
An' e'en the Judge says, in a month or so

I may "tie up,"* and stick my shingle out.

HANKS.—Wall, Abe, I'm all tu hum on tyin' up;
But dang it, sticking out one's shingle's new.
For me, I'd stick a plank rite out at first,
And go the wholesale grunter, pigs and all.

LIN.—You see in law, the thing is something thus:
Your shingle out, you make the clients *plank*.
But, neighbour Hanks, whilst on this theme of planks,
We've got to fix that deck before we load.
You know we launch our craft to-morrow night,
In just six weeks we must be back at home.

HANKS.—Say, Cap'n in the book-lore, and the law,
You're stickin' out your shingle and the like,
You'll skarsely make a confidant much more
Of me, and tell me all the little things
You used tu unload at my very ears.
But, boy, yeou know I've been your partner long:
Thro' sunshine and in storm we've bunked in pair,
You've never been tu proud tu tell me, clean.
Are you and Molly Todd agoin' tu hitch?
Are you, who darsent look at any gal,
Agoin' to turn me out, and take her in?
If Moll's to take my place, I'd know it now.

LIN.—Your first surmise, I answer, is not so!
The latter one, I fear me, may be true.
I'll not turn out John Hanks whilst I've a bed;
If Moll takes me, she may be taken in:
But while I have a cot, and it a door,
To you the string hangs out forever more.
If made the President of these great States,
The greatest in the land will find in me
No better, truer friend, than him I see.
I'll tell you Jack, what—had a thought occurred,
Or I but known myself all I had wished—

*To locate in life and put out a sign.

I might perchance have told you long before;
 For awkward, looney as to most I seem,
 I fancy Molly has a kinder eye,
 That paints me better than I really am:
 To morrow night I go to learn my fate,
 And until then we both will have to wait.

HANKS.—Abe, if yer nominated in the fall
 To go to Congress, will you stan'—that's all?

LIN.—The Legislature, not the Congress John,
 Will be honoured, if I go at all;
 My friends their minds may change, and cut me dead
 And come I not with glory from this war
 I would these “Sacs” and “Foxes” ’d kept their holes:
 I’d had far less in many of my plans.

HANKS.—Ha, ha! that’s good! but hoss, I reckon now
 You’d have the whole kaboozle knock’d in holes,
 Before you’d have one *sac* from little Moll!

[Lincoln stops apparently lost in thought.]

There, there, old boy, I will not twit on facts!

I only—*[A boy is heard calling “Post Master.”]*

LIN.—Young Snyder for his mails,
[Taking off his hat and looking among papers and letters.]

It isn’t here, I guess I’ll have to leave;
 We’ll, anyhow it’s getting late I see,
 You finish that and then you’d better stop. *[Exeunt Lin.]*

HANKS (*laughing immoderately..*)—Now if I didn’t know that
 chap so well
 I’d think he’s dazed, I wud I swow tu kits!
 ‘Mongst all the other irons in his fire,
 I b’lieve he’s ’nculated now with love.
 He’ll trap that gal too, sure’s my name is Hanks;
 He never tried and didn’t do—I swow—ow,
 From pleadin’ cases, up tu holdin’ plow.
 He studies ’long the road, whilst in his cap

He keeps the mail for all the clarins 'roun'.
 Cap'n of the Greys, cap'n of this craft,—
 He's lawyer, merchant—still I've heard him pray.
 That's strange! but stranger still nor all the rest,
 They say he's never known tu cheat or lie:
 An' good luck doesn't spile him, not a bit;
 That chap is bound tu cum tu somethin' yit.
 Wall, Moll has iled her feathers if it's so,
 But I will follow them where'er they go;
 And if he goes tu Congress—I go tu—
 I've stuck tu him so fur, I'll see him through.

[Enter Miss Todd disguised as an old lady.]

MISS TODD.—Am I addressing Mr. Hanks, kind sir?

HANKS.—I'm never mistered much; I'm Hanks—John Hanks.

(Aside)—That's good! Moll Todd, strait out, I swow tu cats;
 I think the wind seems settin' fur sum fun;—
 Your sarvant, madam, but jis call me Jack.

[Taking out some tracts.]

MISS TODD.—You'll pardon if I offer you a tract?

HANKS.—It needs no pardon mam, but bless you, still
 I'm better follerin' far, nor readin' tracts:
 But Abe takes readin' as I take my grog,
 An' I but listen, he will read me dum.

MISS T.—Of whom was that you spoke—a friend of yours?

HANKS.—Don't know Cap'n Lincoln—"Abe"—"honest Abe."

Wall, when you know him once, you'll know a man.

(Aside)—She cumts tu pump, I'll overflow tu onct!—

LADY.—Oh, yes; I've heard, and still I would hear more:
 I take great interest in the young of course;
 What do you know about this wondrous Abe?

HANKS.—What do I know?—(aside)—I'll salt her mutton so
 'twill keep awhile!

You see we're reckoned friends,
 An' what I speak, I spec that you'll keep mum;
 He'll fool somebody yet—he drinks like wrath,
 And lately's turnin' dazed about the gals;
 It staggers you? Waal, facts will out, old gal,
 And then if he don't change, he may git shot;
 It somewhat shocks you—no relashun, ha!

MISS T.—No; but if he is bad, I'd know it not;
 I know of one 'twould pain to hear such news:
 Is there not some mistake? I've heard of him
 Self sacrificing gen'rous, noble, true!

HANKS (*aside*).—I'll stop, I've gone tu fur, I—I—know you
 don't—

Now aged one just hark! I'll tell you facts,
 I kennot larf at other people's tears;
 I'll tell yer what I know of this ere chap,
 I know he's honer's shadder, truth distilled:

[*Miss T. aside*.—I hope I am not known.
 All brains from head tu heels, an' back;
 His nerves are made of iron, his heart ov oak!
 Yer brighten up!

MISS T.—How's this, you change?

HANKS.—Waal, yes; I do not like tu cut a gash
 Jist for the fun of droppin' in the salt;
 I foun' yer didn't like the other yarn.
 An' started this, it suits yer better, eh?

MISS T.—Well, does he drink, or risk the fatal shot?

HANKS.—I know it well, that he both eats and drinks;
 An' if he fites the Injuns, may get shot.
 Yer haven't axed about ther gals—but see!
 I know he's found out some how, Molly Todd's
 The gal whose life he saved long time ago,
 An' talks, an' dreams ov her, by day an' nite;
 I know if he shud ax her fur to splice,

An' she knows what I know, he'll not ax twice.
 And more an' all, I know, despite that cloak
 An' curls, an' paint, that you are Molly Todd.

[*Miss Todd in distress wrings her hands.*
 Now don't do that, I swow I'll never blow!
 (*Aside*)—I wish I'se Abe, I'd swaller that gal hull.

End of Scene Third.

ACT I.—SCENE IV.

Scene—Judge Mayberry's Parlour.

LINCOLN.—I wait again on fortune, fate, or luck.
 Or He who shapes them to His creatures' good.
 I know not why, but as I now look back,
 Sometimes pointing, and sometimes beck'ning me,
 Outstretched, the hand of Providence I see;—
 And often wonder where 'twill lead me yet!
 With scarce a month of most incipient school,
 My lib'ry little else than Nature's book,
 A few years since a shoeless ragged boy,—
 I stand astonished at the change I've seen.
 And almost doubt if I'm myself to-day.
 Hence I have come to ask a timid girl,
 More beautiful than brightest day of Spring,
 Descendant of a stainless hue of blood,
 To link her life—such hopes as hers—with mine.
 What positives and negatives to join!—
 A living type of “Beauty and the Beast;—
 And can I do it with my conscience clear?
 It is not yet too late, I'll tell her so!
 And now—(*listening*)—for sure I ought to know that step;
 Not her's!—she keeps me waiting long to-night.
 Now that I thought her near, my heart felt weak:

I fear I've held her image there too long,
 To pull it like some venomed barb away,
 As Providence directs I still will act.
 This time I *know* the step—I would 'twere past.

[*Miss Todd enters*

(*Saluting*)—Ah, Mollie!

MISS T.—Abr'am, have I kept you long? You'll pardon
 When you know what 'twas!—You're well?

LIN.—Just so; the *pains* I take to keep me well,
Well keep all *pains* but those I *take*, away.
 What news? You got some by the mail to-day.

MISS T.—Ah, yes; and for detaining you so long,
 I'll offer papa's letter, as excuse!

LIN.—Well, Molly, is it yes or no with him?
 Impressed upon that face I see not no,
 And yet I somehow fear to hear you speak.

MISS T.—He sends me yes! And more, almost as good;
 He's painted me a portrait of yourself—
 Just struck the outline out in words you see—
 It's splendid, though it flatters not I know.

LIN.—Well if it's like, it must be *pretty*, Moll!
 MISS T.—It's like, at least, what many cannot be,
 And yet not quite the original to me.

LIN.—Have you well turned this matter to the light,
 And weighed what 'tis you give to such as me?
 Long time I've wandered, groping for the dawn
 To usher in this happiest day of days,
 When life seems yielding what I most have asked.
 On me, such blissful glory seems ill cast;
 O'erwhelmed, I doubt my right to act, and ask
 You to advise—who stoop so far to me
 Which of these waiting paths I see, to take.
 One beckons on to ruin, gloom, and death;
 The other flashes with perennial light,

And yet o'er you its radiance throws a shade.
 In battling with the world I've shown some strength,
 But kindly tell me, which of these two ways!

MISS TODD.—I answer then, the one that leads with me.
 I've loved to think our paths in one will blend.
 I rather *soar*, than stoop to such as thee!
 If brighter gems there be than hearts like thine,
 I ask them not—they need not flash for me.
 On such an arm as thine I long to lean,
 And feel within its clasp, how safe I'll be:
 I know 'tis love that shows you what you fear,
 And this but teaches what a love it is!

LIN.—Well, from this hour, I shake all fear away;
 Such new resolves you'll love to help me keep,
 And bless me, when you find how well they're kept.
 Now wing and gild the intervening days,
 To speed the hours that seal our fates in one.
 Shall we, when up the river I return,
 This sacred transfer of our hearts foreclose,
 Or see how from the "Blackhawk" war I come?

MISS TODD—I'd be thy wife ere on the Indian trail
 You leave, perchance to never more return!

LIN.—Ah then, 'tis fixed, thank God! and on that day
 Forged to this heart, you will be truly mine;
 And by that heart, I'll try and make you feel
 In all and all, how little you have lost.

[Looking at his watch.]

How swift impassioned moments waft us on,
 When love both forms and fills their golden wings.

(Preparing to leave)—Be careful, dear, when I'm away; it's late.

[Drawing her to him and looking up.]

MISS TODD—When on the Mississippi's bosom borne,
 May'st be as safe as thou art here by mine
 I'll count each moment, 'till one comes with thee.
 Our Father keep us both.

[*They embrace.*

End of Scene Fourth.

ACT I.—SCENE V.

Drawing-room in Judge Mayberry's house.

*Reception of the bride and groom, and Calithumpian Serenade—
 The Bride's Father—The Judge—Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln—
 and the Misses Mayberry in attendance.*

MR. TODD—A great mistake, young man, I've seen you oft,
 And knowing you were plotting thus with Moll,
 I hardly think your merits would have weighed.

MRS. L.—What plotting, Papa? that is pretty good
 The whole has come and gone just like a flash.
 It's been all worked out in my visit here.

Time has done something since you saved me, Abe!

MR. T.—Ah! you but gave her then, to take her back!

LIN.—My first reception was a damper, sure;
 Our second (*looking about*) will not be so chilly, think?
 I b'lieve I saved her once again last night!

MRS. LIN.—'Twas I took pity and saved you, you mean.

LIN.—Well now we both are saved, let's try and *save*.

JUDGE—Well, *save* the mark, but saved or lost, I'll say
 The wear and tear of courtship has been *saved*
 If nothing else, by cutting matters short—
 (*Aside*)—(The youngsters acted openly and frank).
 (*Takes up a glass.*) Nothing but fun we'll have to night, your
 health!
 As you are both *linked* to make one *Lincoln*,

So may you never to unlink, be thinkin',
 But may the chain—each little *link'* you add,
 Be like its ma—the image of its dad!

[*Mrs. Lincoln gives the Judge a good beating.*]

LIN.—The wine is good for *berrys* ripe too soon,
May-berrys must be green enough in June,
 But since as Judge you tied us both in one,
 We'll hold you good for any damage done. [All drink.]

[*Sarah M. (as black Bob the Fiddler is shown in.)*

Whist! see here's Bob! Bob, toast the bride and groom!

BOB.—Toas' him, honey? sure he's gone dun brown.
 (Fills glass.) Wal, Massa Linkum, facts are stubby things,
 you know

I'se too overpowered for suppression!
 De momentum is too momentous like,
 Fer de lusion molicum of dis yer child,
 Dafour I makes my toas' superfluous sar;
 I jist wish both yer, sacs and gobs of joy!

(Many of Lincoln's former and recent companions, hunters, &c., enter, among which an Indian, styled "Red Wing," and Stoddard are seen, who pay their respects, and, excepting the Indian, leave.)

MISS SUSAN.—Now, Red Wing, you must give the folks a toast!

RED WING.—Eh, eh! Burnt Bison! Toas' good, burnt bread—ha!

Eh! warrior love to give young brother toas'—
 Give white brave whisky, cabin, rifle, life!
 Tall Pine go fight bad Indian, Red Wing go.

LIN.—Red Wing, you don't know what my sister means!
 When you go to drink wish us (*points to his wife*) some good!

RED WING.—Indian dum baby! learn new kind of toas'
 Eh, eh! wish brother, sister, great uncounted time
 Dis side, Red Spirit's hunting ground beyond!

Eh, Red Wing talk too much! say nuffin too.

[*Shakes Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln by the hand, and walks directly out.*

LIN.—He's true as steel, he goes with me as scout.

MR. TODD.—I'll make it pay you to give up that trip!

LIN.—Captain to desert his men—at such a time?—

[*1st Hunter and others are shown in.*

1st HUN.—Wall, Abe! Ole hoss! you've picked your flint I see

Is this yer gal? I wish yer ternal joy! (*Shakes both by the hand*)

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong are shown in, when Lincoln leaves all to go forward and give them a most hearty welcome.)

LIN.—Mollie! father! judge, cousins, one and all,

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong! Two good old friends,

Who've journeyed far to be with us to-night;

They served and helped me when I'd scarce a friend,

I'd have them welcome as myself—Here, wife,

These are the two who taught me how to read!

(*The Misses Mayberry step forward and are introduced with whom they retire.*)

I'll serve those two a kind turn yet sometime.

[*John Hanks now makes his appearance.*

Another hero I must offer you;

My groomsman, friend, and chum, kind friends;—

John Hanks! I'd press his hand in any court

To those not knowing, find him out straight forth.

HANKS.—Ambassador—Penitentiary—profound!

Somehow, I make my bow just now—I swow—ow!

Mrs. L., bearin' yer presents, and the rest,

Your pardon! I'm not used to sitch ere stuff!

And when I strike tu hard, just cry enuff!

Abe sed as I'se to make myself tu hum

Down here to-night, if I wud only cum;

So I pitched on these fixins an' am here.
 Tho' dang it all! things do look kinder queer.
(Fills up his glass) Here's tu Old Abe! railsplitter of the west,
 In anything he undertakes the best!
 And Mrs. Abe! a lucky gal, I swow—ow—ow—
 Ah, hold! I ain't agoin, to finish now—
 Here's to Abe Lincoln! who'll jump higher,
 Dive deeper, swim longer, an cum out dryer,
 Than any "white" "red" "Indian" or "nigger"
(Sees Bob) Is that you, Bob? I swow tu ca—a—kittens;
*(Hanks, disgusted with the frequent use of that expression, makes
 strange work hereafter in trying to avoid it.)*

No yer didn't, old, young, little or bigger—
 Wall, ther's my toas' an now yer promise, Abe—
 Yer tole me, hoss, that I'se tu buss yer bride!

LIN.—Yes Molly! John must have a kiss to-night;
 That is if "Sue" don't happen to be by.

HANKS.—*(Wiping his hands and puckering his lips)*
 Wall, sure enuff, *(looking around)* the critter hasn't cum!
 She sed she's comin' roun' tu take a trot;
 Now, Abe, look on and see the thing dun rite *(gives a kiss)*

SUSAN.—Is some one killed! I thought I heard a shot.
 HANKS.—I'm double-barrelled Sue, jist wait your tarn,
 One good tarn desarves a half-a-dozen,
 Now both! yer might for oncee, throw in a hug!

Opens his arms as Mrs. L. retreats, quickly followed by Miss Susan Mayberry, just as the door opens and Susannah Stubbs enters.

Ah, Susan and Susannah! what a fix!
 Tu Sues, an neither like to bring a suit,

LIN.—If your suit suits so badly, seek redress.

HANKS.—*(Pretending arrangement.)*

It doesn't suit; Susannah you're in time.

[She is cordially received.]

JUDGE.—It's getting late! Abe, my boy, the dance, the dance!

LIN.—True, true, the dance! we'll not forget old Bob—
He's better drawing bows than most the gals.

BOB.—Ees Massa Linkum, clar de floor for sure!

They commence a dance, in which first the Judge leads off with Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Todd with Susan Mayberry, Mr. Lincoln with Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. A. with Miss Sarah Mayberry, and John with Susannah—secondly, John Hanks leads off with the bride, Mr. Todd with Susannah, and otherwise as Stage Manager elects, when a western country dance is fully illustrated. The dance concluded, congratulations are exchanged, and Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln are left to themselves.

LIN.—Well Moll, what think you of my western friends?

Mrs. L.—They're rough, but kind and honest I should think—

LIN.—Yes, 'neath the homespun, as 'neath cloth of gold,
The kindest promptings of a heart may throb—

What's that? [The Calithumpians are heard.]

Mrs. L.—(Holding her ears) Oh my; what dreadful sounds
are those?

LIN.—(laughing) Ha! ha! I might have known those
boys would come,
They're bound to have their food and drink, or play.

Mrs. L.—It's open insult—you'll not treat them, sure?

LIN.—Fun! only fun; they're all old friends of mine.

The following instruments are distinctly heard, viz., the famous Calithumpian fiddle, made by rosining the opposite sides of an empty dry goods box, and a long rough stick of timber or rail, and pushing or pulling the latter over the former, like a fiddle bow (to which noise nothing earthly can be likened) cracked clarionets, tin horns, tin pans, drums, bells, toy whistles, with imitations of pigs, cats, dogs, donkeys, etc.

MRS. L.—Well this is too much—ask them in, pray do!
 [Both hold their ears.

LIN.—It's rather steep, I guess we'll grease their pipes.

MRS. L.—Hurry! hurry! pray ask them in just now,
 I havn't got a cultivated ear.

Lincoln goes to the door and invites a motley crowd in all disguises to enter; some of them who have just left his company; many have their instruments.

LIN.—Upon your strings the night air must be bad;
 Take something warm, then give us just one pull.

[Refreshments are brought and healths drank.

Now just one dulcet strain, to please my wife!

LEADER.—We'll try and strain you one mellifluous strain.
(Mrs. Lincoln holds her ears, they give one horrid blast, and the curtain drops.)

End of Act First.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Scene, Library in Mr. Lincoln's house, Springfield, Ill., eight years having elapsed since closing of the last Act.

LIN.—(Solus) It is said that wealth and fashion most secure

The honors, friends, position, fame we seek;
 Not either of these gilded baits I cast,
 But with stern poverty's half covered barb,
 I've hooked more honors than I really want—
 Of friends it seems I've made a wondrous haul!
 Fame and position just begin to bite—
 Scenes I had drawn as swampy slimy pools,
 Have turned to fairy lakes, o'er which my bark
 From gilded prow has flung but silv'ry spray;
 In far-off prints I read about myself,

With comments on my marvellous career,
With extracts from my lectures, speeches—jokes—
Some famous jokes they coin and lay to me.
They've garnished up that Mississippi trip,
In that old scow that Hanks and I put up,
Tending store and pigs, holding plough and court,
My wrestling, jumping, splitting sides and rails,
As each were on some noble virtue based.
Now, face to face with Douglas—on the stump—
They've thrust me; and how I wonder what he'll think,
That "little giant" of the mighty west!
Just one more meeting and the contest's through;
This time I'll try and get him "on the hip"—

[*Knocking is heard.*]

'Tis strange, but John is showing some one in.

[*Servant shows in a lady.*]

Ah! Mrs. Armstrong, how are you? Sit down!

MRS. A.—Oh, Mr. Lincoln! God will bless your heart!
My boy! my boy! you've given him back to me,
And oh, to think that if he had been hung,
Or thought a murderer whilst being saved.
He lives! and not a blood-tint dims his name,
To trickle on his race for coming years;
And I have walked the way to pay and thank;

[*Pulling out and offering a roll of bills.*]

For you, this cash my many friends have raised—

LIN.—Oh, put that by, we'll have a little talk;
Not as a lawyer pled I for your son—
Who taught me how to read. My offer see!
So as you ne'er engaged, I charge no fee.

MRS. A.—But see! just hark! the money's plainly yours,
I have not counted, but they say who have
There's nigh unto a thousand dollars there.

LIN.—Well since its mine, I'll tell you what I'll do
 [Writes on a paper.

There see! I'll make it over to your son;
 He'll need it for the time and money lost.
 I never hope too busy yet to be,
 Or rich, or proud, or have a heart too hard
 To save an old friend's child, his honest life.

MRS. A.—Oh Mr. Lincoln, I am stricken dumb!
 This money's John's and I'm to take it back?
 You will not take it from me; bless your soul.

[*Mrs. A. gets up to go.*

LIN.—Not a cent, but stay; you've far to go,
 Ah boy, look here! (*Servant appears*) [Points to a door.
 So, so, in there; you'll some refreshment take;
 Ah don't refuse, you'll take a cup of tea. [*Exeunt Mrs. A.*
(Solus) To think for doing right we would be paid,
 Where else but in this life can one earn Heaven?
 And for the devil, would folks blindly buy
 What conscience doth approve, with gold?
 The real murderers first put the law,
 Then circumstances on this young man's track
 To save their wicked lives by hanging him
 I felt that I could clear him, and 'tis done;
 But pay would rather steep the act in scorn.
 Oh no; when I remember whence I sprung,
 To e'er forget the poor becomes me not.

[*Doors opens and Mrs. Lincoln enters.*

MRS. A.—(*returning*) God bless you, Sir; Oh Sir, most
 noble Sir! [*Exeunt*

MRS. LIN.—Dearest, poor Bob, whose mother is a slave,
 Has called for what you promised you would give.

LIN.—I promised him his mother should be freed,
 We lack two hundred of the sum he named

[*Looking in the drawer.*

I've but one hundred with me, by-the-by
As I'm expecting Hanson 'bout the bridge,
Will you, dear, run to Marshall's, cross the way,
And ask the other for a day or so?

MRS. LIN.—I will with pleasure—do not toil too much
I fancy o'er this work and case, you're pale!

LIN.—'Tis anxious love that dims my Molly's eye,
I ne'er was half so well as I am now,
These kindly acts refresh both mind and heart!

MRS. LIN.—Well, well, I'll serve this black man, well as
you.

[*Exeunt as servant announces Judge Hansom.*

LIN.—Ah yes; he's prompt, just show him in at once!
(*looking at the clock as the Judge enters.*) You and the
pointers, Judge, are at the hour.

JUDGE.—I would not trespass on such time as yours;
About this bridge case, that I wrote you of,
I had such counsel as I thought would do,
Now, without you, they swear they'll leave the case
And me too, in a rather ticklish place;
What say you? you'll not have much work to do,
What are your terms to put the matter through?

LIN.—I'll take a thousand as my fee at start,
If we gain, leave the balance to your heart.

HAN.—Good gracious! what? sure you are jesting now;
I've read you gen'rous in each trivial act;
And last week, did you not for nothing plead
“Assault and battery case,” for Hardfare Frail?
The honour of this case you see is great,
Its interest affects one-half the State.

LIN.—And did I not well charge such men as you,
When these poor women call, what could I do?
This great case, of great men and the State,
Methinks the pay should too, be something great.

I measure all my clients by their purse,
 Then strike an average 'twixt the bad and worse;
 I never barter; will my terms suffice?

HAN.—I have no choice but to accept your charge.

[*Counting out the money.*

'Tis fixed; at ten to-morrow, I will call
 And bring my papers, and my counsel all.

[*Enter black Bob in great haste, with his hat under his arm.*

BOB.—Oh Massa! Halalewyer, bless de Lor!
 I'se clar broke down, I'll hab my mudder now.
 (*Kneels in great excitement and clasps Mr. Lincoln around the knees.*)

I bress de day I followed you out har.

(*Mrs. Lincoln, affected, comes in and looks on, while even Hansom is touched.*)

End of Scene I. Act Second.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

Scene in hotel, Springfield.

Several politicians, among whom is John Hanks. On a prominent board, the following drinks are enumerated in bright colors, "Hot Punch," "Egg Nog," "Tom and Jerry," "Rail Fence," "Jersey Lightning," "Tangle Foot," &c.

1ST POL.—(*holding a newspaper*) It seems the Wigwam chaps are gettin' hot

On Cameron, the Keystone boys give out,
 An "Abe" our Springfield Nag, is leadin all;
 He's smart I own, he's picked up some of late—
 He'd make a pretty President though I swow.

HANKS.—Now what dye mean by purty? hold a bit;
 I've known this man since he's a ragged boy,

And never saw his ek'l or his like!
 I've chopped, and hoed, and mowed an slept with him;—
 I've seen him give a squaw his last red cent;
 At work or play, I never saw him beat;
 Gentle as a dove, kind as any gal,
 I've known him turn a lion at a word.
 Who but him, e'er took Steve Douglas down?

2D POL.—Steve licked him though, when once they cum to vote.

HANKS.—Them Egypt fellows allus vote one way.
 Steve owned in speechifying he was throwed,
 The last time that he spoke, I heard him do't.

1ST POL.—Abe's smart enuff but on the “nigger” wild,
 [To Bob (*aside*) who is seen grinning at the window.]
 Clear out there “Snow Ball,” or I'll wool you sure.

HANKS.—Yaas, on the nigger wild, that same old gag,
 He b'leves the outside shade don't reach the heart,
 That man's no right to chain his fellerman,
 Or sell his wife and children off like sheep,
 Stock slaves, upon our prairies' stead of free,
 Build slave pens here, instead of churches, skules;
 I say he's right! and you a pack of fules.

3D POL.—Hurrah for Hanks! you titched him on the quick,
 [Several join in the laugh and propose to “licker” up.]
 That time you tolle the truth old boy, ha, ha!
 Out in Kansas one of these masters cum
 An bought at least ten miles of land around,
 To work the whole cabosh with boughten nigs,
 To keep the Eastern boys from settlin' there.

1ST POL.—Why you're a reg'lar abolitionist, Simms,
3D POL.—Well, call me what you like, they say a rose
 By any other name will smell somewhat,
 (*all laugh*) Or something of the sort. I'm just Free Sile.

1ST POL.—Wal here's one little fact, you all can bet,

The South, if he's elected will not stand
An' see a "nigger shrieker" rule the land,

HANKS.—Oh, they'll pull wool, an eat fire won't they now?
Just mark my word, if he's elected, and
He will be if he's nominated, sure,
He'll take his seat, and keep it tu, just mind,
Till all this abolition cry is hushed.

1ST. POL.—All bosh; the South will rally to a man,
Take Washington, and drive these Yankees home.
If Lincoln reaches there alive—

[*Loud shouts are heard, and martial music. A man rushes in with a telegraphic dispatch, hands it to Hanks, who reads, "Wigwam, Chicago, 2.30 P. M. Cameron and Seward Withdrawn, and the 'Rail Splitter nominated, by a unanimous vote. All Chicago is in a blaze. A committee is appointed to inform Mr. Lincoln of his nomination. By order of the committee."*]

HANKS.—Now, boys! three rousers, and a tiger too;
Hip, hip, (*the hotel is fairly shaken with the cheering*)

3D POL.—Put up the barrel on the counter there,
An let the critter run as free as air.

[*Bar keeper puts up the barrel and all who wish help themselves.*

1ST POL.—Well, go it coons, you're bound to come to grief,
Old Breckinridge will win, or I'm a thief.

3D POL.—It seems you are, whether he wins or no.

1ST POL.—Ah, ha, what! Zounds who said that ar to me?

[*Draws a Bowie knife.*

You barkin' woolly dogs, who darsen't bite,
Crawl in your holes, I'll show you how to fight.

[*Rushes towards 3rd Pol. with knife, while Hanks coming up behind with one hand catches the handle of his knife, and with the other pushes his cap down over his eyes.*)

HANKS.—Say what you will, and vote for who you like!
But I'm tu hum, when once you cum to strike.

[Holds him while two revolvers are taken from his pocket.
These are your arguments, when others fail!

[Some are about to kick and cuff him.
Now all stan' back, 'we'll sentence this ere chap.
[Several rush up to help 1st Politician, but are roughly pushed
back amid cheers for "Old Abe," the "Rail Splitter," &c.
You chaps that's drawn no weapons, you retire!
Free speech, free thought, we rather much admire,
For knives and pistols never care a rap;
What shall we do with this ere lousy chap?

3RD POL.—Let's take him to the pump, and 'neath the
spout

Prepare to put his southern fire out,
Then give him just one hour to leave the place,
Never again to show his hansum face
On pain of "tar and feathers," and the rail!
Or sumthin' worse, in case the others fail!

[Amid cheers and shoutings they are kicked and hustled out.

[Pointing to the drinks.

Ha! "Rail Splittin," "Rail Ridin," and "Rail fence!"

[Capt. Stoddard enters here, and helps to sing.
Another drink than that would hev no sense!
That's it upon the counter, by the way,
I've only tasted half a cask to-day.

2ND POL.—We'll try a dozen yards to clear our throats,
This drinkin' lightly make us feel our oats!

[All drink and sing, in which Bob joins, "De Kingdom's coming."

End of Scene Third.

ACT II.—SCENE III.

(*Corner of Street, near Lincoln's house—Time, Night—Hanks and Armstrong enter.*)

ARMSTRONG—I watched my chance to get a word with you,
You know the funds that Lincoln gave to me—
Perhaps you have not heard about it, Hanks!

HANKS.—I rely know not what you mean, my lad!

ARM.—My friends had raised a purse, to pay his fee
For saving me in my late awful case.

HANKS.—I know he cleared you, but about the rest?

ARM.—Well, one day mother brought it here afoot,
And think you, not a cent of it he'd touch!

HANKS.—Ah, lad! I sure could well hev told you that—

ARM.—He took and signed the money all to me—
And now I know how I can pay him back!
Last night, Jim Jones came over to our house
With startling news from Baltimore, direct—
The “Union League” have ascertained somehow
An oath that’s passed the “Golden Circle” Lodge;
They’ve hired assassins to way-lay poor Abe—
And at the *dépôt*, shoot him like a dog!

HANKS.—Shoot Abe! how’s that? say that agin, my boy!
Ah! now I’ll do what I had thought to do!

ARM.—Just wait, I’ll tell you what I’ve got to say.
All in hard cash, I’ve got that money yet—
That rifle cane of mine, that’s some, you know—
I’ll take it, then, when dress’d in some disguise,
With “Black Bob” and my money, I shall start
For Baltimore—from all but you unknown.
I know the Union boys will have their men,
But do they miss, I’ll be upon the ground.

HANKS.—And I’ll be near you, boy; I’ve promised Abe
To go an’ see the ’naugeration. Mind,

If man shoots him, and don't get shot, henceforth
 John Hanks, a renegade, will shrink away.
 Art sure that this is truthful news you bring?

ARM.—Are you a member of the “Union League?”

HANKS.—I am!

ARM.—Then, sure you need not question me.

HANKS.—’Tis right! while he an’ they are splurgin’ round,
 We’ll beat them inter Baltimore a week—
 Well, well, I’m mighty glad you told me lad.

ARM.—’Twas that that brought me all the way to-night,
 The serenade will be all extra, see—

HANKS.—Well, Abe shall know it when the fuss is o’er,
 And Hanks your service will not soon forget;
 I’d give my life for Lincoln’s, any day—
 And is this all? yer see it’s gettin’ late!

[*People begin to come.*

Hallo! the crowd begins to come, we’ll stay;
 Well, then, to-morrow evening at eight,
 We’ll meet you at the cars, and make things straight.

[The great crowd (among which is a brass band and torchbearers) call loudly for “Lincoln,” who soon appears at an upper window of his house.]

LIN.—Friends, fellow-citizens! brothers, all!
 I’ve asked myself, and found no answer yet—
 What’s in me? what I ever yet have done
 To earn the honours that you make me bear?
 Why out of mighty minds, that crowd our land,
 You jostle giants by, and grappling me,
 Exalt to highest seat of earth a man
 To fame and glory most as yet, unknown!
 Long since the lightning flashed athwart the land,
 The verdict that our ballot box had given,
 And then, as now, you made our town alive
 With deaf’ning cheers, and music, light, and joy.

The cannon thundered forth, the rockets gleamed;
Congratulation in unbroken sound
Has feasted me on smiles, and shouts and tears—
Ah! tears of joy I've seen from honest eyes,
Like raindrops falling on my hand when clasped!
What shall I promise to all this, or say?
Those knowing me, know what I'll try and do—
Justice alike to our extended land;
And they who know me not, will waiting, learn,
That free from prejudice—aye, party too—
I'll strive to be the President of all.
My heart and mind, and more than all, my tongue,
Seems far too weak, when measured with the glow
That flashes from this host of kindred friends,
To form my deep emotions into words!
As these are moments when the heart, run wild,
Will jingle all the senses out of tune.
Accept thus all the thanks my tongue would shape,
And could my o'erwrought heart but let it speak.
To keep that heart, and guide my mind, I ask
When I am gone, your thoughtful fervent prayers!
I bid you all good-bye! God bless each one!

(Band plays, amid great cheering, "Hail to the Chief." Then cries are raised for "Goodall." One says:—"Goodall! Goodall! let's have some fun!" Goodall, mounted on a box, finally delivers himself.)

GOODALL—We know, my boys, "Old Abe" is not a fool,
If he only went but seven days tu skule!
He doesn't know what's in him—what he's ever done.
We chaps kin tell him if he doesn't know:
He stands to-day an Ajax in this land—
A cross of alligator, hoss, an bar!
Before his tarm of orfiss has gin out,
He'll 'nex the smaller hemispheres to ourn;

You'll see our eagle roostin' on each pole,
 A crowin', flappin', like "Ole Chapman's cock,"
 An broodin' all creashun' 'neath his wings.
 We'll cram our banner full of rajiant stars
 'Till nary space is lef' for enny stripes! [Some one crows.
 Oh, squeak away yer locyfoccy skunk!
 Each week we'll have a inderpendence day—

[Some one brays, another cackles.

There's dimicrats about! Salt River's full, I s'pose!
 When all the airth ole "Yankee doodle" hum—
 An "Hail Columbia" swells her stanzas sum.
 Mind you, my friends, he'll rather make things cum,
 An now I wish I had a swig of rum;
 I feel as I cud soar, and so—o—o—
 [A package of crackers explodes, the box upsets, and he is borne
 off, crying, "Locofoco by thunder!"

End of Scene Third.

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

(An alley leading to Rail Road Dépôt, Baltimore. Assassins plotting to shoot Lincoln.)

1ST ASSAS.—You've got the programme in your noddle drilled?

'Tis understood, when Cap'n shoots the cuss,
 He passes thar, an once on Lightfoot's back,
 On for the rebel grouns, with hosses fresh
 Awaiting him most every mile, he goes!—
 At first, we act the blind, to balk pursuit;
 If need be, get the poliss on our track
 An be arrested—if it cum to that—
 The pay is good; you know we're sure of that!

2ND ASSAS.—Oh! that's all right, and we've to look him out

But from this picter (*shows a photograph*) that should not be hard—

Full dress or black, and rushan stove-pipe hat—

[*Hanks, Armstrong, and Bob are seen.*

I'd prig him in the darkest night, I would—

'Twill not be long now, till the cars arrive!

2ND ASSAS.—His eye is mild (*looking at picture*) I'd kinder hate tu shoot—

[*Listening, he seems to hear a noise.*

Hist! what is that? I seem to hear a noise!

[*Hanks and party shrink away.*

1ST ASSAS.—Yo'r gittin' skeery! now thar's no one 'bout;

[*Engine whistle is heard.*

But thar's the whistle at the upper curve!

[*They move towards the cars, which are seen to arrive.*

HANKS (*and party following*)—A pretty brace of wretches those, I swow!

YOUNG ARMSTRONG.—And after all, another wretch will do't.

HANKS.—I'd like to set these peepers on the coon;

But thar's one point they don't expec'—disguise!

When Abe is dressed, they say he dus beat all!

He's cumin' secon' class they tell me, too;

Now, put yer blinkers on that car; d'ye mind?

ARM.—Just so; but tell me 'bout ole Abe's new dress!

Explain what new contoglements he's got!

HANKS.—Wal, when you see a grey Scotch plaid, and cap, Pull'd down like this, 'tis him yer see!

Ole Abe yer know, was lengthy; now, he'll stoop.

Now mind! is that ar cane of your's O. K.!

ARM.—O. K. All cocked and primed; if some one fires, I'll shoot the dog who does it, in his tracks!

HANKS.—I b'lieve it, but they've laid their plans for nix; But jine me ef yer hear these critters bark!

[*Shows a pair of revolvers.*

Thar's lots of Union Leaguers scattered round,
 If once thar play begins, thar'll be a muss!
 I have a little biziness with that hoss,
 They'll not use Light feet much to-day, I guess—
 Bob, go an' bring that hoss's hind off shoe.
 Mind, coves, I'm known as John Hanks now no more. Mean
 time
 I'm known as *Pearsley*, till I change,——

[Bob leaves.]

So don't forget! thar cum the cars, I swow!
 Somebody's 'spected, but they'll think 'taint him!

(Cars are seen, and among the crowd, porters moving trunks,
 boys selling papers, as also the assassins, with Pearsley
 and Armstrong, watching them and the cars; whilst a person,
 disguised as before mentioned, is seen walking quietly off,
 with an old carpet bag in his hand.)

PEARSLEY.—Wall now, I never! who'd a thought that's Abe!
 I swow tu cats, if Moll wud know him now—
 He's had ther knife for twenty years, I know:^{*}
 Zouns! but he ought to have another sure.

(Bob comes up with the horse shoe, and points out one of the
 assassins, who is watching Lincoln rather closely.)

Is that yer game? don't go ter close, my buck—

(Bob hands the shoe.)

That shoe may shew us somethin yet!

So, so! he ain't the man yer want!

Don't answer to the picter, does he, ha?

An, Bob, see thar! how Armstrong watches Abe—

(A shot is fired near by.)

Halloo! what's that? but we will stan' our ground!

(A man looking something like Lincoln should, is brought into
 view, wounded, and a crowd gather.)

*The ugliest man is said to be presented with a knife, which he carries until he meets
 one uglier than himself.

ARMSTRONG.—(*Coming back*)—Well, that's too bad, but still it isn't Abe!

(*The cry is raised that Lincoln has been shot.*)

1ST ASSAS. (*coming nearer*)—Judge Ransom, the slave-holder, has been killed.

(*Aside*) He duz look like the picter, that's a fac!

PEARSLEY (*aside*).—Now, blast yer picter if he don't, I swow!

Wall, Armstrong, one of their own ones has got rubbed—

I'm sorry; but its better so nor wuss;

But Abe is safe—an' through this devilish hole—

An I must have a yell, ef I get shot! (*so that all can hear*)—

Fur Abram Lincoln still alive—three cheers!

(*Many join in the cheering, when the assassins and others menacingly draw nigh.*)

1ST. ASSAS.—Who are you that cheers that old gorilla here?

PEARSLEY.—Me! I'm a man! I dusent fight for pay!

But stan' yer back! I'll shiver yer to shucks!

[*Revolvers are drawn.*

Don't talk tu me, yer orn'ry braggin pups!

(*Stones and clubs begin to fall around, and firing is heard. Bob snatches a knife from 1st Assassin's hands, and rushes like a tiger on the 2nd, who is about to strike Pearsley from behind; others rush on Bob, when Armstrong, and finally Pearsley, joining in, they knock the rioters right and left.*)

RIOTER.—Yer sneakin, stingy, dirty Yankee curs—

Yer can't pass through this city, to and fro.

PEARSLEY.—If I hit you, you'll think the moon has fell Right on your head curslung, with both horns down!

We can't? How bout thar Massachusetts boys?

A han'ful licked yer all they say, last week—

We'll pass yer city, or we'll sink it mind!
An now stan' back or else we'll rub yer out.

(*Then closes a Baltimore riot, in which, with revolvers, canes, and pistols, Pearsley, party and friends have the best of it.*)

End of Scene Fourth and Act Second.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Cabinet Room, White House.

LIN. (*Solus*)—Farewell repose! Retirement, ease, farewell!
I miss thee now as I do miss those scenes
In which I revelled—prairie, wood and lake—
All artless, careless, ignorant, but free.
As from those scenes I've struggled on towards fame,
It seems I've staggered just so far from thee!
One wave of trial cleared, a dagger shunned—
A sea of danger passed, and still ahead
I see an avalanche of weightier cares!
And had not Curtin proffered that disguise,
'Tis sure I would have found that peace, ere this
Which through an open grave, attracts but few;
But it has passed, and I forgive them all.
Still later—on inauguration day—
It pained me that above the shouts of cheer,
I heard an army shouting, under Scott:
For the first time to guard their chief elect.
What have I done? What have I done—alas!
To wring such venom from my brothers' hearts!
I feel it in my bosom's aching core—
Not love of power, or wild ambition's voice
Was it, that lured me to exalted state;
I had no wish but greatest good to all.
For toiling hard to learn what course was right,

And thinking I had found it, it would take,
 Why name it, differing though we may—a crime?
 Some, who with reeking clutch would rend away
 These hallowed temples—altars—by the hands
 Of fathers long since dead, so proudly reared—
 By some strange process of the brain, may deem
 'Tis voice of duty bids them bare those palms
 And paint with brother's gore these very walls—
 Bids them launch here the blazing brand, to flash
 Mad devastation forth! With lapping flames
 The records of the past to eat away!—
 Some conscience from within may bid them act:
 Mine tells me, with my trust in freedom's God,
 To watch and pray within these walls, and die—
 If dying, I can leave my country life!
 Well, if for this they'd strike I bent my neck!
 What glory in a death that brings such life!
 All they who kill me, err in their intent;
 They know me not, and know not what they do
 What object's theirs, I've come too far to halt.
 I've sought for counsel with our greatest men—
 In secret wrestlings I have prayed to God
 For mind to bring this “proclamation” forth.

[Rings the bell and black Bob appears.]

Bob, you've a scar burnt in your back I b'lieve;
 Twice you have ventured to that land of chains;
 Among the slaves you've met the well-informed—
 The giant minds, outliving whips and brands:
 The causes, consequences now, at last—
 Of this vast war, the hope of freedom's dawn—
 Our Father up in heaven must direct!
 And as His humble instrument I'll act.
 I've talked with white folks, Bob, I'd talk with black;
 Now, listen! Should I by to-morrow night

Proclaim on paper every chattel free,
 On master as on slave, how will it act?
 Don't be afraid, but tell me what you think!
 Be quick, my boy, before the Cab'net come.

BOB.—Oh Massa Linkum, dis is mose too much!
 De President to ax advice of Bob!
 Well ef I muss, I'm boun' I spose I muss!

LIN. (*gently pushing Bob into a chair*)—
 Come Bob, sit down, and strike right at the root!

BOB.—I'll tell yer what I know es straight es shot
 Wall den, in the fust place, secontly, sar:
 De blacks, dey was dey cause of dis yer war!
 De quinceences of it thirdly sar
 Will be to cause dese cullured folks to fite
 If dey are backed up by yer honer's oaf;
 And when dey come aroun de Union camp,
 Der soldiers do not drike dem off like sheep;
 Dey tink so long as dey're acknowledged slaves,
 An driven from our line, dey ain't much use:—
 Fendin de picaninnies—hoein' de rice,
 Dey hear about de fitin goin' on,
 An for the jubilashun wait an wait!
 Oh Massa! when dat proclamation cumns—
 Den gosh a mity! won't de niggers rush?

LIN.—Well, Bob, now tell me, if they're once set free,
 Will they like fiends to massacre resort?
 And kill, and wrong the innocent at home?

BOB.—Ah Massa! Massa! Sure dat ye don't believe!
 Dey've suffered much, but dat dey wouldn't do!
 Beneaf der scars and bruises, sar, dey've hearts—
 De whites might do it ef they'd borne so much—
 Not many darkies cherish up revenge.

LIN.—This is a confirmation I have sought.
 Bob, I've known you long, too, have helped you some;

I want the promises of all the slaves,
 By meetings held throughout the furthest south,
 That lawlessness and murder shall not be;
 Then by such proclamation I can stand,
 As by my conscience and the world approved;
 Through Douglas and the rest, you'll promise that?

BOB.—For you dey'd do dat, ef dey's never free.

[Bell rings.]

LIN.—Attend the bell; report me matters soon.

[Bob shows in Captain Stoddard.]

LIN.—Ah Captain. Yes; I sent for you last night—
 Friend Pearsley got my promise of your aid,
 And with no questioning Stanton gave consent.
 I b'lieve you're posted up about the work—
 I know that he is running some great risk,
 And know 'tis for his country, and for me—
 In private, give him ev'ry aid he needs,
 Are Milly and the babies well at home?

CAPT.—All well—at least they were all well last week.

LIN.—Do you remember Bob? Bob, here! Look here!

[Bob shows himself.]

CAPT. S.—Ah, Robert, is that you? You don't know me?

BOB. (overjoyed)—Goodness grashus! Massa Stoddard.

Is dat you?

I kinder thort I knew you—I declar.

But 'pears you're twice as big; and den dat suit?

CAPT.—Bob, do you scrape the cat-gut any more?

BOB.—Dun got no time; I've laid der fiddle by.

LIN.—You're waiting for the jubilorum, Bob—

We'll murder music when this war is o'er.

BOB.—Oh, gemmen, when dat happy day arrives—

LIN.—See, Bob, you'll serve the captain any time.

BOB.—I understan': I'll serve him like a book.

STODDARD (*aside, preparing to leave*)—The great and lowly
are to him alike,
How simple, yet how God-like. What a man. [Exit.
BOB.—(*looking intently at the Captain*)—
Sakes alive, what's de matter wid him now?
Gone sure he's got de milkyatory cramp.

End of Scene First, Act Third.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

Scene—Bar-Room in outskirts of Washington, with Pearsley, Armstrong, and Capt. Stoddard.

PEARSLEY.—For what I know this country may be free;
I sometimes think we're far too free, I sw—I guess.
This Washington's a gallows hole at best;
I swow tu cats, if I but had my say,
I'd sift a few chaps out, and let her sink;
“Old Abe” was far tu honest tu cum here,
I know'd it, felt it, told him so at fust;
The party that elected him are mad—
Or sum of them at least—I won't say all—
Fur not gwine blind, nigger wool and lip;
And cause he was elected, don't yer see?
The “Cops” are mad, as mad as they can be.
The “Grey backs” they are madder than the rest
Because we've got a man tu put them thro'.
They cannot buy or sell “Old Abe,” that's so:
Wherever duty pints he's sure to go:
They're coaxing at him this way, swearing that,
But there he stans, as true as my old hat!

ARMSTRONG.—What's all this proclamation fuss about
The papers are a harpin' on each day?

PEARSLEY. —Now you've got me, but Stoddard's posted up
He'll make the matter plain as day tu both.

STODD.—Well, gentlemen, you see the facts are these:
These human cattle that the rebels own,
Tho' not quite safe with guns can use the spade,
Hoe, plough, and reap, and build intrenchments, too,
Can care for things at home, whilst rebels fight;
Some think, if Lincoln says these slaves are free,
'Twould much reduce our enemies, you see,
And want him to proclaim them free as air.

ARM.—Why don't he do it? Sure the thing is fair!

STODD.—Yes, fair. But would the Southerns let them go?
They wouldn't heed his proclamation that (*snaps his fingers.*)
And then, he's hoped to win them back again
By giving time to still lay down their arms.
You'll see, when time and patience have expired,
The wish'd-for proclamation coming forth!

PEARSLEY.—That's good; I'd free 'em, let 'em fight,
I would. But say, I meant tu ask the thing before:
What think you really brought this war about:
Till it began wasn't abolition scarce?

STODD.—Just so; numbered scarce a Corporal's guard.
But men in Congress told the jealous South—
Too willing to believe—that you and I,
And all who voted not with them, were such,
But abolition en'mies to the South.
The sympathizing Northern Press arose,
Gave column after column but to prove
Our ev'ry act and wish but showed intent
To hurt and injure all our Southern friends;
They taught and wrote in Press and Congress thus,
And from such sources came such seeming facts,
That masters, maddened at the seeming wrong,
After long years of frenzy thus acquired,

Most falsely leaning on a rotten strength,
 The Omniscent power above forgot!
 O'er shackles, chains, and tears their rights upheld,
 And falsely dreamed that God would bless their cause,
 I tell you both, I tell the wond'ring world,
 That speaking, writing, teaching have done more
 To stir and fire the jealous Southern heart
 Than any real act that both had given:
 From such false teaching sprang this cursed war.
 They'd called "Old Abe" an Abolitionist, see,
 Thro' Congress and these Northern hireling sheets,
 Swore he would set their shackled millions free—
 Seek ev'ry cause to aggravate the South,
 Till hoof and horns, tail, spear, and all, they saw
 A devil, and would curse him ever more.

PEARSLEY—Well, Stoddard, since you speak I believe you're right!

Long, long I've known just what Old Abe believed.
 How has he been belied and they deceived.
 I—blast that swow—if he could clasp them all,
 He would have hugged all colours, great and small!

ARM.—We'll own one thing, these "grey back" chaps can fight.

However wrong, they've got the pluck at least!

STODD.—Ah, there you're right! and were they *right* as you,
 No human power their valour could subdue:
 Divinity will shape the end, till right
 Above all error, yet shall show its might!

(To Pearsley) But to the business that brought us here:
 Art still determined on your scheme, old boy?
 It's dangerous work, but if you still insist,
 We'll straightforward lay our plans to give you aid.
 We know the "lodge" room where the circle meet,
 Whilst you the password, grip, and summons have.

PEARSLEY.—Im boun' to try the thing,, you see! that's so;
 I'll go as far as I kin go, on oath;
 I mean a white man's oath, some one must do't—
 I spec thar'll be a row, I'll bet a fite,
 I'll try; they can't do more 'an rub me out;
 I want yer near at hand, and when I give a yell
 Just take it as a hint somebody's hit!

STODD.—I'm staying in the city just for this;
 And soon as you are safe I'm off to work.

PEARSLEY—Wall, Cap'n everything is fixed, I b'lieve;
 But Armstrong says yer wife has writ a song
 An' sent it on; that lifts a fellow's heart!
 If 'taint too much trouble, Cap'n before you go.
 Jist trill a verse or so, 'twill do us good.

STODD.—Yes, wife, dear wife! she sends me good advice;
 It's like herself all bravery, truth, and love.
 I cannot sing it right, but I will try!

PEARSLEY.—Ah, thankee, Cap'n, don't know how it is.
 But seems tu me, that music gives tu words
 A truer aim, tu make em hit the mark.
 Sum strains but make us sink, and sum to rise,
 With grief now down, with joy now to the skies!
 Sing, Cap'n, sing, if we can find the key
 We'll help you thro' the chorus tu, yer see.

[*Stoddard sings.*

“LOYAL WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.”

SONG AND CHORUS

CHORUS— Stand my husband by our banner,
 Face the foremost rebel foe;
 Where your brothers battle fiercest,
 There, my darling, bravely go.

I am weeping morn and ev'ning,
 Dreading what thy fate might be;
 Still with home and country ruined
 What were life and love to me?

(*Chorus.*)

With our infant to my bosom,
 Our united hands on high;
 We will plead with God to shield thee:
 Turn each bullet harmless by!

(*Chorus.*)

Who could clasp a shrinking craven
 To a wife's devoted heart;
 Or divide with him its treasures,
 Who essayed the coward's part?

(*Chorus.*)

Battle, then, tho' death may call thee
 From these arms till time's no more;
 I will join thee—true and loyal—
 On the bright unchanging shore.

(*Chorus.*)

PEARSLEY.—Waal, thankee, Cap'n, thankee, thar she's rite!
 She cudn't luv a chap that wudn't fite!
 It's so, just any way yer cook it up—
 A coward is a dirty on'ry pup.
 It must be fine tu hev a wife like that!—
 'Twould ile the springs of anything you'se at!—
 I've sometimes had a noshun to hitch up—
 If I live through, I think I'll taste the cup.
 On Sangamon's banks my Susannah stands,
 With pouting lips, a wavin ov her hands!

[*Smacks his lips and hugs himself.*

STODD.—Be to a wife as to your country, true,
 And, Pearsley, as a husband you will do!

PEARSLEY.—Thar Cap'n, thar now, don't begin on that—
Now jis for blarney, yer can take the hat!

ARM.—I am no judge, but thank you for the song.

STODD.—You're welcome boys; and now I'll move along;
All's fixed, we know the place, the night, the hour.
If the cry is raised you'll find me with a power.

PEARSLEY.—All right; I'll take my part as Col. Trump,
Yer watch ter see which way the cat'll jump.

End of Scene II, Act III.

ACT III.—SCENE III.

Corner of an Alley, Washington; Assassins in consultation.

1ST ASSAS.—Come closer, boys, what's on the docket now?

2ND ASSAS.—Thar's nothing bloody goin', jist a talk;
Things doesn't move so smoothly as they ought,
Lee and his generals are too dirty far,
To finish up this cussed nigger war.
They will not countenance at all, they say,
The plans we've laid to surely win the day—
Refuse ter pay fer wipin' out these Yanks,
And give us cusses, 'stead of honest thanks!

1ST R.—Now, Slinkey, do you tell me that's the play?
My time is up, I'll jine the Yanks straitway!

2ND R.—Now hold a bit and hold yer coward tongue!
A privit puss is raised tu meet our case,
An tho' the thing smells bad the pay is good.

1ST R.—Fust, last, an all the time, I work fur pay—
If they've "the ready needful," then I'll stay!

2ND R.—Wall, 'mongst us all I guess its understood,
We work for money, not the public good!
But 'side from pay our matters don't move right,
An that is why we're meetin' here to-night.

Bill Johnsing and his Greek fire has been took--
 His syfurs read jist like a last year's book;
 Whilst our own lodge, an one at Baltimore,
 Are all--throughout the north--of eighty-four--
 Who cum tu dots for usin' fire an knife,
 Jis fur abbreviatin' Yankee life.

3RD R.—The offer's good fur snuffin Lincoln's wick:
 The South will think it but a cruel trick

2ND R.—Ah! on that point I wish ter drop a word,
 "Three times an out," yer know is allers heard;
 So oft has fortin' favored that lank cuss,
 Thar's spies about us, an thar'll be a muss;
 'Tis spicioned that a secret guard is set,
 A watchin' us, we'll foil the niggers yet!

PEARSLEY (*showing himself round the corner*)—
 Maybe, an may be not, ole greaser ha!

2ND R. (*aside*)—'Tis true thar's been some dust put on
 our springs.

PEARSLEY.—I rather guess they'd hardly do sich things.

3RD R (*aside*)—Well, spies or not, they're far too dumb for
 us,

An at the serenade I'll try and end ther fuss.

PEARSLEY (*showing a pistol*)—Skeersely, I think I hear this
 critter say—

1ST R.—I cum up last night with my secret dots—
 And here are news will make some people wink.

3D R (*alarmed*)—Thar's some one prowlin' round, quick
 come this way!

[*Rebels leave in haste, while Pearsley and Armstrong consult.*

PEARSLEY.—I'm jist so dumb that paper I must have—
 It must be did! Now yer snuff Slinkey's wick!
 I'll plum that other, so he'll never kick!
 Now mind your eye, and quick let fly !

[Both fire, and Armstrong leaves and returns with the papers.]

ARM.—How number three made tracks! We've killed enough—

I wonder now if Lincoln's wick they'll snuff?

PEARSLEY.—I swow tu cats, I didn't like tu shoot:
I'll keep a good look-out, read the items loud;
Jist glance it o'er—I want ter twig ther heds!
So, so superb, the cat's agoin tu jump.

ARM.—“On Tuesday next, at 5, the Rebel Ram
(The Merrimac) goes down to Fort Monroe.”

PEARSLEY.—Horn-spoons and forks, I'll give old Welles the tip:

They'll go and let the “little cheese-box”* slip:

ARM.—An here's a lot about the “K.G.C.'s.”

PEARSLEY.—Well, dun, we've gone and bagged a nest of fleas!

All 'bacca for the pipe of Col. Trump:

Quick here, there comes a party on a jump.

[*Exeunt.*

End of Scene Third, Act Third.

[The following may be played or not.]

ACT III.—SCENE IV.

Scene—Ante-room to Lodge of the K. G. C's.

PEARSLEY (*alias Col. Trump, in disguise*)—

Soap suds and celery, I swow tu dogs!

In sich a suit tu peas what you are not;

(*Looks at himself*) Dang my brass buttons if this ain't a fit;

Let me get in there, we'll see who is trump,

Wade on old Pearsley if you're squeezed a bit.

But stay, I'll practice colonel just a piff.

(*Struts about*) That's hunkey Col. Trump of the C. S. A.—

The fourteenth Georgy, and division K.—

[*Looking at paper.*

*So the first American Monitor was called.

Jist so, that's what that covey's papers say;
 A job might happen, I'll take in my tools.

[*Secretes his knife and revolver.*

And here's for it now, a stiff upper lip!

I think that'll do, so let her rip.

(*Four men armed with swords come out and address him.*)

GUARD—“The path is narrow, rough, and drear—

And none but brave men enter here.”

[*They seize him roughly and enter.*

(*Scene opens disclosing Lodge-room of the “Knights of the Golden Circle,” draped in black, with skeleton lettered “Old Abe,” hung by the neck, paraphernalia, officers, members, etc.*)

PRESIDENT.—Attend, brave knights of chivalry and right,
 In majesty becoming sons of light;
 Aware what dest’nies to your acts belong,
 My brothers make our circle long and strong;
 Look forth and say, if to our sacred cause
 Spy or traitor bows, let my brothers pause!

[*They look and shake their heads.*

So far ’tis well, an humble suppliant waits—
 A native of the mighty Southern States:
 In arms, and fighting for a blessed rule,
 Whose deeds our children’s sons may learn at school.
 It is not well in private scenes to pry,
 A few prime tests, and pass him quickly by.
 With due precaution let the brave appear,
 For only such as they, can enter here.

(*Blindfolded, with a sword at his breast, they commence the ceremony of initiation, a blue light burning in the centre. Thirty-six knights in squads of twelve, six facing six, cross their lances, forming an archway, beneath which the novice wends his way, an executioner moves along on either side, presenting towards him the points of drawn swords, as he is ques-*

tioned between the squads, by the Grand Knight, and finally by the President.)

GRAND K.—Are you for Southern rights and Southern laws?

PEARSLEY.—My Lord, you know I am, have done this stuff.

GRAND K (*at the next squad*)—And by all means, would you secure this end?

PEARSLEY.—I'm not a jackass—don't you know me well? And all I know, do you suppose I'll tell?

[*Some object to his answer.*

MEMBER.—Are such replies as that to pass, my Lord? I hold such jesting out of order here!

PEARSLEY.—And when yer hold, yer'd better hold yer tongue!

[*One of the executioners, at a sign, pricks him.*

All right: I feel the pint, so put me through!

GRAND K.—You see his cut, we know the thing is right, He'll reach the test; we've twenty more to-night.

[*Pearsley passes and is questioned again by the same.*

GRAND K.—On oath, do you most solemnly believe That our most sacred object to achieve, 'Tis necessary Lincoln should be killed?

PEARSLEY.—Oh, now, you talk of claret bein' spilled, I'm in; but on this point will put it flat, Your hired assassins must attend to that!

GRAND K.—I see you'll do, and well are christened Trump— We'll put him through, and take him in the lump.

[*Passes on, and is questioned by the President.*

PRES.—Do you on oath, as born a Southern man, Approve, uphold, our latest solemn plan Of spreading death by poison, fire and knife, Thro' all the gathering haunts of Northern life? Of burning churches, theatres, and boats, And cutting all the cussed Yankee throats?

PEARSLEY (*pausing a moment*)—You've got me foul: you put it rather thick:
 When I'm tu hum, I'm called a reg'lar brick;
 But as tu pison, cuttin' throats, an' such,
 I think, Sir Knight, you're askin' rather much.

[Reaches under his coat

I never was a murderer or thief,
 And never will be, jest to make things brief.

(Draws his revolver and knife, and rushes to the door, three men who attack him are wounded, he is slightly hurt, but kills two as —rushing to the door and looking back—he exclaims: “I’m Pearsley, an’ you’ll find my mark on sum.”

End of Act Third.

ACT IV—SCENE I.

Room in White House, Washington.

LIN (*Solus*).—There gathered, oh my country, at thy birth,
 Such god-like relics of time’s grandest wrecks,
 As fired by Freedom, fresh baptized in blood:
 Tried by such hearts as only great minds moved:
 Bless’d by Jehovah’s unmistakened smile:
 That thou dost seem to hold the germs of all,
 Bound by a new world’s throbings to be free.
 And here alone, not dropt to party ears
 For orators to build new speeches on,
 I’d offer hope, and life, and all, to save
 From these o’erwhelming waves of strife and blood,
 Thy scarred and battered members for that time,
 When in the sunshine ever following storms,
 No more the shadow of a living slave
 Shall cast its blotch of infamy and shame!
 Nor from the block be wives and children sold,

Beneath the flaunting of thy freedom's flag;
And chattels, modelled in both form and tint,
To masters, rather than reputed sires,
Shall shrink no more from the accursed lash,
Or blood-hounds reek their fangs on fugitives
Through Freedom's realms, who but that freedom seek!
Then one by one, though hallowed altars fall,
And liberty her red libation yields,
Till martyred millions to its crimson flood
Give every drop, to drench their homes in gore!
Though one by one, upon our honoured walls,
The watch fires of our Nation pale and die—
The planks and hull of our "old ship of state"
Spread bleached, and rotting, on some trait'rous sands:
Still truth, unsullied truth, eternal truth,
From darkness, wreck—from blood and death shall bend,
And write consistency in words of fire!
I read upon the shaft that cuts the clouds,
Liberty, Freedom, Equality to all—
The sod o'er its foundation thrown aside,
I on some crumbling stones, as plainly read,
Tyranny, bondage, cruelty, and crime!
Oh God! If purging, washing out with blood,
Cementing with it granites, where these blocks
Dissolve by tears, and foul injustice wrought,
Will let the marr'd and mangled column stand,
Oh! let it run, and that the only price,
'Till rivulets from patriot bosoms oozed,
Shall reddens all Columbia's pleasant fields!
How have I prayed, and wept, and wept and prayed,
And felt the blood that from my brothers well'd,
Forever bubbling from my own torn heart,
Till it doth seem of resolution bleached,
And childish weakness has sapped out the strength,

Or what I fancied strength, in its weak cells.

[*The bell rings.*

I—but strength! the bell, none shall see me thus.

[*Enter servant.*

SERVANT—A sing'lar man, who seems to force his way
And having dogg'd me up, will not hear no!

PEARSLEY (*crowding past*)—I guess not, hoss, “Old Abe”
and I are friends.

[*Servant tries to push him back. Lincoln motions to let him alone.*

Here! you get eout! I know him like a book;

How are you, Abraham?

(*To the Servant*)—Get out, you skunk.

(*To his dog who growls*)—Shut pan yeou dorg, he isn't worth a
growl.

[*Exit Servant. Looking back Pearsley modifies his disguise and Lincoln takes him by the hand.*)

LINCOLN—Well, welcome, welcome, any way you come!

Old comrade, how do matters move with you?

PEARSLEY—Jest so so, Abe, tu get here was the thing;
By playin' fool, my whisperin's I bring;
I've entered, seen, an hearn, an now disclose,
The dev'lish acts those K. G. C.'s propose;
My plotting took, and without taking oath
I've seen the bottom of their hellish acts.

As Colonel Trump, with well worn suit of gray,
I with such vengeful ardour entered in,
They tho't it nonsense to impose a test.

Beyond the door oath, any man could swear
Who knows what good thar still is left the South,
But tu the pint, I soon must be away;
I yet must meet a Southern Scout at nine!
What Cam'ron told you was about the thing;
'Bout burnin' churches, theatres, and sich—

[*Throws down a paper.*

But there's the items, read em when you've time.
 To shoot you down, arrangements had been made
 For 12th of April, at the Serenade;
 It's given up, the feller had tu leave. (*aside*)
 (I helped him off,) its but a short reprieve.
 What think you of the plot, how will it work?

LIN.—What think I? mad, misguided, misled men!
 I fain would serve them all, both friends and foes;
 They know me not, but 'tis not by the South—
 Thou sayest right—these hellish plots are hatched;
 They know I'd save them, serve them too,
 Could I but save my country, with them all.
 But still, at heart, I do not seem to fear.
 Enough; on what you've said I'll surely act.

[*Pearsley preparing to leave.*

They knew you not in passing through the hall?

PEARSLEY—Not one, nor hev they ever guessed, I trow;
 Of all my suits, this suits me best, you think?
 Wal, good-bye Abe; I'll fetch 'roun' once'n a while.

LIN.—My toiling, trusting, more than friend, good-bye.

[*Pearsley leading his dog out is heard to say:*

PEARSLEY—Wal now, I swow tu kittens, Abe's a trump.

End of Scene First, Act Fourth.

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

*Outside the Camp of Union Army, preparations are made
 for shooting a soldier.*

COL. STODDARD (*to his men*)—'Tis doubtless law this,
 shooting down a boy:
 They say such acts are mercies under mask;
 I like not masks (*shaking his head*); I'd let the young one live—
 My George is 'bout his age. "Tis hard I say to cut him off,

When scarcely wean'd from home!
 His curls still savour of a mother's hand—
 Her parting kiss upon his whiten'd brow
 Seems burning yet—I'd rule for just one hour—
 The time is drawing nigh; 'tis cruel this.
 'Twas hinted that a scape-goat would be found,
 Or something to appease this hungry rule.

[*The drum is heard.*

But hark! the time is up! There goes his knell.

[*John Hanks, still disguised as Pearsley, rushes in.*

HANKS.—Blue Bird's here! The captain!—
 Where's General Grant? (*Flies wildly about.*)
 Help raise a muss! I've most important news;
 This boy must live, or Pearsley must peg out.
 Hurra! I say, drum up the General quick!
 I have no straps; but now I'll have a say.

[*The General coming in.*

GRANT (*to soldiers*).—Fall back there!

Halt! Please let this scout advance.

PEARSLEY (*coming forward*).—Your pardon, General, but
 a moment's time.

I have no order, no written order here,
 But in God's name, (*hands a card,*) I beg you pause a while!
 Did you but know of what I feel assured,
 You'd stay this execution for an hour.

GRANT (*looking at the card*).—Ah, Pearsley. Yes, I've
 heard of you before.
 But this—quite right—can have no bearing now,
 The only pow'r to save is far away.
 Stern pity reek'd in tears, may rend his heart,
 Still with the soldier duty must control.
 I'd yield a full year's pay—aye, yield this sword
 To let this young heart with its hopes beat on!

[*Advancing and halting at the place of execution.*

The truest aim in such is kindest act:
Be firm and circumspect, yet kind—but stay!

*[Loud shouts are heard as a horseman seen coming
In wild tornado haste, a horseman comes—
Hold! Beyond a carriage too, at similar speed!
Oh! This is Randolph—the equipage too—
I sure should know—the President, at last!
He's saved—thank God!]*

*(Messenger hands a letter, which, whilst the cry, "He's saved,"
is wildly shouted on all sides, Colonel Stoddard, the General's aid, reads aloud at his order, The following is a copy,
penned en route, and despatched by courier.)*

(The letter to General U. S. Grant, commanding, &c., &c.)

MY DEAR GENERAL—

In case I do not reach you in person, take this order, to spare the life of the Sentinel, William Brownley, who was convicted of falling asleep on duty; at any rate I shall not be far away when this reaches you.—I am most kindly and truly,

A. LINCOLN.

[Lincoln coming up is received with a perfect ovation.]

PEARSLEY (aside to soldiers)—I did the business right.
Abe comes in time.

LIN. (*modestly disregarding any applause*).—A trifle is the act, I claim no meed!

If in result most glorious, it is well;
Let me with you our grateful thanks unite:
How many life-beats fresh as this young man's
Will cease to throb, e'er this dread struggle ends!
Oh, would some simple word of mine could stay
Like this, the end of each doom'd shaft of death!
I'd see the lad, and take him by the hand.

GRANT.—Ah sure, it should be so, bring up the boy!

LIN.—Your life is spared, my boy, now use it well!
So, never mind, you need not try to speak;

I know again at such a post as that,
 Which nearly cost your life, you will not sleep,
 And by your look—that beaming of the eye—
 I look for future deeds to more than pay
 (*To the soldiers*)—My boys, keep taunt and taint from this
 young lad

I've ridden, striven, thus to-day, to save.

GRANT (*pointing to Pearsley*)—I've here another hero to
 present,
 What he has done, we'll not pass idly by.

LIN. (*aside*)—(What! Hanks again!
 Without his ruse, ere this the boy had died.)
 My old friend Pearsley here—
 How turned this up?

PEARSLEY.—Waal, Abe, my man, I care not if you know!
 I came like you, to save the sentinel's life—
 We've done sich things as this in days gone by;
 I knew your ev'ry step was dogg'd to death
 By Orfis-seekin' skunks, an' sich like trash,
 An fearin' arter all you mite be late,
 I pulled some wool to shut the General's eyes.

[*The lad rushes to thank him.*
 Thar, don't du that; I'm glad your're living, true,
 But I was wonct a boy, an so war he:

[*Pointing to Lincoln.*
 Just show 'em in the future what you'll be;
 I have a call to make; good-bye, good-bye!

[*Shakes hands with the boy, Lincoln, Grant, &c., and starts.*

GRANT (*to the soldiers*).—Three cheers for Pearsley, every
 “boy in blue!” [All cheer.]

Our morning duties take a pleasant turn.

[*Pointing to Lincoln.*
 How proud we all should be of such a friend.

[*Caps are swung, and the air is filled with huzzas.*

Report this squad at quarters A. Return!

(Grant falls back for Lincoln, who insists upon following him with the lad's arm in his. Cheers and shouts arise, as curtain drops the soldiers file off.)

End of Scene II. Act IV.

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

Cabinet-Room, White House. Messrs. Seward, Sumner, Cameron, and Greeley, in waiting.

GREELEY.—Sumner, how takes the plan, you've broken it? These makers of our masters, open-eared, Await the startling summons from his pen, That striking off their chains shall arm a host! The people north will not be pacified— No other than a Lincoln could withhold The fiat that his party wills so long; 'Tis strange that I the man have so misjudged! I cannot make him out!

SUMNER.—Ah, gentlemen, long since had but the edict fell Transforming driven enemies to troops, A half million to our "boys in blue," Tho' black, to fight as never Roman fought, It sure had riven rebeldom in twain! Set free its slaves, its system could not stand; How could the body work without a hand? But to the point—your visit is in vain; Unmoved by all combined, he still will take The even tenor of his careful way. Unending arguments I've often used, In all the eloquence my soul could shape, But to awaken arguments more deep, Or melancholy joke, as it might be—

Beneath his ev'ry joke there seems a tear;—
 'Tis useless, but I wish the man would come.

GREELEY.—What thinks he of the meeting in New York?
 The votes and resolutions offer'd there?
 Does he forget what party placed him here?

SUM.—Forget? Has that man power to forget?
 If having it in fullest strength displayed,
 An army of reminders he ne'er lacks!

GREELEY.—I've charged a bomb, expressly for his ear,
 And long to touch the fuse, and see the shock!

SEWARD.—Well touch, but guard against a sure recoil,
 Replies seem crowding others from his tongue
 So fast (*Lincoln is heard*)—there's Lincoln now, just draw him
 mild. [Enters *Lincoln shaking hands*.

LINCOLN.—Ah! Sumner, Greeley, Seward, time once was
 I'd give each friendly hand a shake,
 And deem it "no great shakes"—another joke!—
 I thought my jokes too deeply frozen up
 For even friendship's glowing warmth to thaw;
 Well, who fires first? let's have the biggest gun;
 Suppose you empty all your muzzles into one:
 Then in one common aim make common fire—
 Be capped and primed, and sure you fizzles not;
 In candour gentlemen, I know your mark;
 You radicals like hungry wolves in packs,
 For months my ev'ry step have dogged,
 With very nightmares even crammed my sleep;
 None but my country's drudgery I'll do;
 Your votes but made me President of *all!*—
 The slave than President, would be more apt;—
 Some think, perhaps, that I've turned Democrat,
 That honied words will make me grind their axe;
 And "Cops,"* in meek committee sally forth.

*Copperheads, northern friends of the South.

Beyond what it is just, I'll favour none—
 From duty's line I will not swerve an inch,
 For all the gold our treasury may hold!
 Or more—to save my life a single hour.
 You've coaxed, and ordered, flattered, swore and urged,
 And would have forced to foul miscarriage oft,
 Hope long in travail, to some monstrous birth!
 Not prematurely now, but full timed, she bears
 This freedom's proclamation child.

[Showing his proclamation.]

SUM.—Saved! saved!

GREELEY.—I thought 'twould come.

[In great excitement all congratulate.]

LIN.—Go spread the news! bid lightning do her work,
 And to our land emancipation give;
 Affix, prefix, no paragraph to say
 'Twas coaxed, or forced or bargained from my pen!
 Now Heaven knows I've done what I thought right!
 If but my country's bleeding heart it heals,
 'Twill more than pay each dreadful pang it cost.

SEWARD.—We will not say a word, though coming late,
 We know and love the hand from which it sprung,
 What we'd to say, were useless now if said—
 You've guessed our errand well—

GREELEY—But Seward here (*pointing*).

SEWARD.—'Tis Cameron sure you mean!

CAM.—Intent on argument I came, I'll shrink not back!
 Yet deem it better that the charge is drawn.

I wish the "babe" had found an earlier birth,
 But coming late, we'll nurse it, tend it well.

(*Black Bob is seen outside the hall-door, conversing sotto voce with Mrs. Brownley, mother of the Sentinel.*)

WOMAN (*trying to get past*)—Pray, let me in I know not
 what you say!

BOB.—Jist hold a bit, 'pears thar's a sumfin' born;
 Hush! didn't Cam'ron say, dey'd nuss de chile;
 I'm boun', it 'pears dat gemman's wife should know.
 (*Woman trying to get past*)—Jist gib poor Massa Abe a breavin
 spell!

[Lincoln's friends shaking hands retire by another door.]

WOMAN— What's that you call the child? me let it breathe!

LIN.—Ah, peace, peace! when shall I again know peace?

BOB.—I guess dat dat'll do, I'd better slope.

[Shows in Mrs. Brownley and retires.]

LIN. (*aside*)—So soon! ah woman, come this way and take
 a chair.

MRS. B. (*mistaking Mr. Lincoln's simplicity*)—Kind Sir,
 if right, is Mr. Lincoln in?

LIN. (*aside*)—I should be he, sometimes I think I'm not;
 I'm Mr. Lincoln, can I serve you friend?

MRS. B. (*on her knees*)—My Lord, your pardon! how could
 I mistake?

LIN.—Of Him you speak we have but One, arise!

[Raising her.]

MRS. B.—At Petersburg my boy, poor William fell,
 E'er since his father's death I've leaned on him;;
 His father, sir, had fought at Lundy's Lane,
 And kindling at the mem'ry of his tales,
 When first the drum and fife passed by our door,
 I told poor William of his father's deeds,
 And bid him follow up the "Stars and Stripes!"
 He 'listed—how he looked all dressed in blue!
 We made his regiment a flag, they left;
 I'm seventy now; he used to send his pay!
 Last week 'twas hinted, that for such as me
 Our Bedlam poorhouse would do very well.

LIN. (*startled*)—Pauper? Can soldier's widows be such
 here?

No! Not while I've one single cent to give.
 Nor shall a Union soldier's mother want
 Whilst I can hold a pen, or shape a law.

I know, I've learned such cruel tales by heart.

(*Gives a purse.*) 'Twill do you much more good than me,
 take that,

Your tears speak better thanks than softest words;
 For such as you there'll be a fund—but stay!
 What is the name? Just give the name in full;
 I keep a list, and read them o'er at times.

MRS. B.—No shame upon our name! 'tis Brownley sir.

LIN. (*excited*)—Ah Bradley—Brownley—William was his
 name?

Who told you? Did they tell you how he fell?

[*Rings bell and asks for a paper which he reads*
 Give me your town, his regiment and all.

MRS. B.—'Tis Yarmouth, sir. Poor William joined the
 8th.

LIN. (*aside*)—*I dare not break the joy, 'twas him I saved!*
 There must be some mistake, I think he lives.

MRS. B.—Lives? Lives, sir, did you say? Oh speak again.
 My boy—my William lives! They said he's shot.

[*Tottering to the door.*

Oh show me! let me see him ere I die.

LIN.—Be calm! Last night the news had reached your
 town,

I sent the word myself that he was safe.

[*Speaking to his secretary.*

Just now your son is far away from here,
 We'll send for him straightway, you'll see him soon.

MRS. B.—Oh thank you! gen'rous noble sir, I'll go.

LIN. (*to his Sec.*) This friend will see your every want sup-
 plied.

Be calm and hopeful, he will tell you all.

[*Exeunt Sec. and Mrs. B. Bell rings.*

Oh! Oh that bell will be my funeral knell!

[*Servant hands card.*

Ah! Stanton, Butler! attributes of power—

Yes, show them in. Now heart play bold again.

STANTON—We bring great news, just gathered by the way.

Come forth! be quick, for Richmond now is ours!

[*Bells and cannon are heard.*

I've ordered every bell to ring it forth.

LIN. (*overcome*) Thank God! I felt in His good time 'twould come.

I'll go: I hear the thousands shout! Thank God!

[*Exeunt all.*

End of Act Fourth.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Room in Mrs. S——t's house; murderers in conclave.*

BOOTH—Do places where unwelcome ears may sip Such evidence, as by court distilled Would lift us dangling by a piece of hemp, Adjoin us anywhere? Without and search! [Parties leave.
I've fancied that the very air about Must guard our efforts with unnumbered ears

[*Safety is assured.*

To honest work; each man repeat the oath:

Stand in a circle, round, and look at me.

(All repeat) As we hope or wish in life or death, By Bible or religious faith construed, We in our secret hearts renounce such hopes,

*Surratt's

And call on God to blast our dying wish,
 If what we know, or may know, we reveal
 Of aught that's said, or may be uttered here,
 Concerning, most remotely, Lincoln's death:
 Or others that stern justice may require;
 Or fail to aid by act, or deed, or wish,
 The consummation of this sacred work;
 So help us hope in life, or death, or God!

BOOTH—Art sure? is some one on the watch without?
 (1ST ASSAS. (*looking out.*)—Aye, aye, sir; Madam's on the
 stair below.)

BOOTH—Short work to-night, but give us your reports.

3RD ASSAS.—If it's in order, I'll just say my say;
 Rob, all his papers had pulled out tu read,
 When full a dozen Yanks, as I'm alive,
 With clubs and pistols, pitched right into me,
 We ploom'd 'em all but two, when Robby caved;
 Then I took Slinkey, wounded, on my back,
 And carried him, till he gave up the ghost—

BOOTH—Let that suffice, they got his paper off,
 And Robby being killed, killed not his man!
 Now mark me well, if you had, too, been shot,
 You'd got not half you earned (*commotion*), but hear me out!
 The man who breathes of matters here like that,
 Or thinks aloud at corner of the street—
 Aye even in the “circle” hints a hint,
 Since that damn'd Yankee's advent t'other night,
 Dies if I stab him to the heart myself!
 I'd take this matter from the circle's hand.
 (To 3rd Assas).—Your pardon, Sir, no doubt you suffer'd much,
 But Lincoln, well, survived the serenade,
 And for your wounds, and trouble, you'll be paid.
 (To 4th Assas. and others)—How stands our funds, is every-
 thing in shape?

Are relays for my speedy flight assigned,
That hitch, or drag, may not by chance occur?
The nag that should have served in Baltimore
Will do me now, when once the deed is done;
Then life and death depends upon the chase.
When first the public vultures sniffle blood,
And old Thad Stevens whistles out his hounds,
Strive by each act that I have drilled you in
To turn these hounds upon mistaken scent.
First have me seen in New York going North,
Next, shipp'd for Europe in the *Scotia*, sure.
On these plots much of all I hope depends;
By ev'ry artful scheme turn search all wrong.

2ND ASSAS.—And if by chance Lincoln goes not out
Upon the special evening that is named—

BOOTH—Hell and fiends infernal, do you know me?
No other work I find till that man dies!
'Tis almost certain he will go as fixed;
If not, submissive slave, I wait his wish;
And be it day or year, I'll know the hour,
And wait its coming to redeem my oath.
In case he fails, I'll summon you straightforward.
Once more—this Pearsley—devil, fiend or what—
In some disguise, will prowl around the place.
The man who shoots, or stabs, or strangles him,
On certain proof will get a "thousand" down.
Is there no way to track the Hoosier out?
You all have ready weapons I believe,
How holds the ammunition out?

6TH ASSAS.—We've lots and gaubs of that on hand just
now.

BOOTH—Well, now, the filthy *stuff* bring forth,
And as I number, give to each his purse.

[*Numbers and the money is given.*

(*After a thought*)—Are any here who believe that there's a God?

If such there be, I bid them now stand forth!

[*Four men advance.*

The rest can go, let each well keep his oath.

[*Exeunt all but the four.*

And you believe, that round, about, above,

Within, of all, o'er all, there is a God? [*They bow.*

To please a mother, I pretended to—

(*Affected*)—Ah—mother, mother! yes—well never mind)

She was so like, just what a God should be,

In ev'ry noble act—I once believed

In some great central something, God or soul,

My brothers too—yes, mother, brothers, all—

Yes, all but me, believed—but back—not now!

Well, what I want you see my men, is this:

Our awful oath with some, may pass for naught!

I'd have another vow, I'd have you swear

As *you* have hope in death, or in thy God,

To watch these others, as you'd watch a snake—

You see, I double each believer's sum:—

[*Gives money.*

For over all, I take it—gold is God—

Here is a Bible, swear strong, kiss the book!

[*They comply.*

And now my *pious* friends, I'd be alone!

Each take a different way when you go out.

[*Exeunt.*

SOLUS—I count their hate of Lincoln more than oaths!

(*Looking at the Bible*)—Strange book!

Thou canst not now shake my resolve;

Not to thee, but the hand that gave, I've paused before!

This time, I swear—by God or man inspired—

Thou shalt not make my resolution quail,

And shake my will, 'till like a bended reed
 Stript of its true intentions by a blast
 Of filial love, it withers to the root!
 What devil prompted me to bring thee forth?
 Why do I bear thee so within my reach?
 I see; I promised her to keep thee here!—(*to his heart*),
 Thy presence brings that sacred image up,
 Till o'er me mem'ry rolls unmeasured waves
 Of love, that madden as I gaze back to't.
 Thee and this bloody work my hands have sought,
 Cannot together rest about this place.
 Just now I'll lock thee somewhere from my sight—
 What if thy precepts she was wont to teach,
 With hand upon my head, and eyes brimful,
 Should prove as true as she believed, and taught!
 Oh why a loving mother's mem'ry damn!—
 My fam'ly and profession curse with shame!
 Cold-blooded murder is unknown to both.
 Shall this frail hand at one stroke do so much?
 Cut off a human life it can't recall?—
 Bring widowhood and orphanage to life,
 Unseal the blighting founts of public shame,,
 And let them in infamy's eternal flood
 Roll back, o'erwhelming all I ever loved?
 Shall I do this—all this? (*To the Bible.*) Ha, ha!—Well,
 well!

Paper, print, cover, clasp, a simple book:
 What more than last year's almanac art thou?
 Ha, ha! Well, well, I am not conquered yet.

[*Throws down the Bible.*

Lay there, till I have drawn my plans at least!
 Yet will the glorious South be masters here;
 And I, avenger of their direful wrongs,
 The sealer of the second Nero's doom,

Will hear my name in acclamation borne
 In honour over "Washington" and "Tell."
 To gain but this I'd make a sea of blood
 And swim it, with the crimson to my lip.
 So, so! I feel myself a man again.

—*Takes up the Bible.*

'Twas hardly fair to treat thee thus I own:
 I'll lay you for a season out of reach.

[*Exit.*

End of Scene First, Act Fifth.

ACT V.—SCENE II.

Scene—Opening on an Alley near Ford's Theatre, Washington; little girl crying on a step, when Pearsley comes up.

PEARSLEY—Ah, young 'un; what's the matter now? Don't cry!

GIRL—My pap and mam are sick—we've got no bread!

PEARSLEY—Is't here about yer hang up, little dear?

GIRL—Just out in Quay Street sir, aside the yard.

PEARSLEY (*aside*)—If 'twasn't fur the theatre, an'Abe—

I swow tu cats I'd go an' see this house—

To-night I must not leave my post, for gad

I got a despret hint about this work.

(To girl)—But here's sum cakes an' crackers, jist fur now;
 Say, what's your daddy's handle—name, I mean?

GIRL—It's Robert Findlay, sir; Bob Findlay, up the stairs.

PEARSLEY—All right, all right! Jis take this Green-back
 now,

I kinder guess you need it more'n I—

Thar, little un, don't cry, I'll fix yer up.

(*Takes off a shawl, and while he is wrapping it about and caressing her, three ruffians approach from behind, throw a blanket over his head, then a rope, and after a desperate struggle two of them pull him into the alley.*)

3RD RUFF.—Thunder an' lightning! now that job'll pay—
Well, he'll not stand in Wilkes's way to-night.
We'll see if his old chum is prowlin' round.

(Armstrong comes cautiously across at the moment, and tracks them into the alley.)

Scene opens—Showing through private box in Ford's Theatre where part of the "American Cousin" is being played, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Major and Miss† — watching the play.*

LIN.—Ha, ha! Dundreary beats the cousin there.

MAJOR—In Great Britain that's the greatest part, they say.

(Booth, with revolver concealed, is seen looking on, and hisses through his teeth:—

Yes, old gorilla, laugh! your time has come!

No cut throat Pearsley's here to save you now.)

MRS. L.—How dreary poor Dundreary look'd just now!
They ought to let him have just one good sneeze.

(The play proceeds, as Booth is seen to fire; dropping the pistol, and exclaiming, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," he jumps over upon the stage, falling and wounding himself by catching his foot in a flag hung over the box front. Mr. Lincoln falling back is surrounded by Mrs. L. and companions, who scream in anguish and consternation, and the cry prevails that the President is shot. Surgeons are called, and officers with others gather.)

GEN GRANT—Immediately surround the house! all haste!

[The pistol is handed to him.

And this frail thing has done so vast a wrong:

Lived there a man with nerve to still that heart!

Gracious heaven! what will our country do?

STANTON—Dead! dead! they say that Godlike man is dead.
Better be him, like Cæsar in his fall,

*Rathbone. †Harris.

Than be the hunted miscreant who struck—
I cannot follow—cannot look again!

BUTLER—God will'd this blow, to seal his deathless fame!
(*As they start to remove the dying Lincoln, another cry is raised on all hands that Seward and his son have been killed.*)

End of Scene III, Act V.

ACT V.—SCENE IV.

(*Stone wall, with trees and bushes, and open country in distance—Stoddard, Pearsley, Armstrong, Brownley, Black Bob, Officers, etc., in search.*)

STODDARD—Why think you this his route, I see no signs?

PEARSLEY—No signs, no signs! why Cap'n jist look here!
Why here's his horse's measure to a T.

2ND OFF.—Horse's measure, explain yourself, my man!

PEARSLEY.—Wa'al, Armstrong, Bob an' I, I swow-ou-ou!
At Baltimore, jist fastened on this shoe,
Or fastened off, I'd better say, I guess;

[*Fitting it to the tracks.*

You see it fits the measure to a pin!

2ND OFF.—Well, sure enough, he can't be far away,
Push on my men, make search, he's near at hand!
I hate to look upon so vile a wretch.

PEARSLEY—But you knew Lincoln as a public man—
(*weeping*).

STODDARD—We knew him long ago, it matters not—
I understand, I comprehend your grief—
It matters not, we have our orders strict,
We take Booth living, if it can be done.
Fire not upon him till you hear the word!
Push on! push on, and follow up the track.

[*Exeunt all on search.*

(As they leave, a wretched-looking, half-starved man, limping, peers from the bushes, and gazes on the party.)

BOOTH—They've tracked me! gods, I see the game is up!
Gold, stronger than affection, buys one's friends;
Yet homeless, foodless, countryless, I feel—
But for this leg, I yet would have a chance.
The thought but struck me, as I struck the stage,
Was it not God, who crushed these gritting bones;—
Some Providence thus cutting off my flight!

[Looking after his pursuers.

That devil's shadow, Pearsley, has escaped;
And were I on that horse's back just now,
That riderless and unrestrained they track,
The sooner might this gath'ring tempest break.
And smother out this doomed worthless life,
And launch me into death's untrodden courts
Beyond the reach of mocking millions' sneers—
Of being strangled by a common rope!
As that freed horse goes dashing from me now,
Go hopes and aspirations ill matured:
That promised welcome, if I reached but here,
In isolation changes to a coarse disgust—
No hand to dress this bruised dragging limb;
And this the chivalry for which I struck!
I thought to be an idol—hero—here:
Where are the worshippers, of which I dream'd?

[Two men are seen gazing at some hand bill.

Now staring at these government rewards.
Avenger and deliverer--to--be
All wounded, starving, sleepless, here I stand—
Life's golden visions into nightmares turned,
That waiting not for night come all the day,
Their demons marshallng on my heart and brain!
I look to where ambition's finger waved—

Perdition absolute and night brood there,
 And crushing though the space that intervenes,
 Dark seething waves of blood and shame, roll on,
 Tearing from me all I ever loved:
 I hear fresh sounds again—I'll seek my lair.

(Hides again, as two men draw near conversing.)

1ST CITIZEN—A hundred thousand dollars, think of that!
 2ND Do.—Waal, thar it is. I think the thing was right,
 Or least I think it had tu be, and war—

1ST CIT.—Think you if we hook him they will come down?*
 2ND.—Waal, yeas, I think that Jonathan will fork.

1ST CIT.—Then let us try, 'twar this way he was seen.

[Exeunt both.]

BOOTH (*stepping out and looking around*)—
 I know not if 'tis gold or blood they snuff!
 I'd sooner rush to yonder soldiers' arms
 Than let these patriotic traitors win—
 'Tis getting late and I must crawl away;
 Oh for a crust to hush these pangs within!—
 That gnawing at my vitals lap for blood—
 Wounds, disappointment, hunger, thirst—then death!
 How soon has all I wished for changed to these!
 But curses on the earth: this air I breathe:
 Aye! curses on Divinity assumed—
 Black curses on my country and my kind!
 Nor food nor consolation, bed or drink,
 They offer, or escape; I curse them all!
(Selects a big stick for a staff, and begins to hobble off under the shadow of the wall.)
 If strength to wield my weapons yet holds out,
 Some more I'll send to settle their account.

*Means to pay.

On finding my unmounted horse, I fear
 They may return, and take me weakened thus—
 I must have food to manufacture strength.

[*Exeunt.*

End of Scene IV.

ACT V.—SCENE V.

Scene—Early morning, old barn and out buildings, with plain country in the distance. Officers, Soldiers, Pearsley, Armstrong, Brownley, and others surrounding the barn.

ARMSTRONG (*sotto voce*).—My God, I wish he would give up at once!

(*Looking through a crack*) He stands doom'd man, revolver in each hand.

And other arms—a human beast at bay!

But in defence were we allowed to fire

Just through this crack, how soon I'd end his pain.

1ST OFFICER—'Tis at one's peril if a shot is fired.

PEARSLEY—He's but a beast, an' sich will not stan' fire;
 I've got a plan if all else fails tu work,
 He's worse nor wolves, we used tu smoke them out.

BROWNLEY—Poor Lincoln saved my life—I'd give it now
 To catch the murderer of that noble man;
 But if from out the grave his voice could speak,
 He'd plead, he'd pray 'gainst such a cruel act!
 What burn, and by that act a martyr make!

PEARSLEY—You wrong me, lad; ne'er fear he's goin' tu burn;
 I've seen it tried on Injins and on whites,
 Horn spoons an' forks! They'd rather swing than roast.
 They thought they'd got me caged, an chain'd tu—ha!

(*musing.*)

Ah! yes; tu think they caught me nappin' so—
 An stole me from my friend. Poor Abe! Poor Abe! (*overcome.*)

STODDARD—Our friend is right, but let me try a word.

[*Puts his mouth near an aperture.*

Lost man! there's not a chance for your escape!

Although all time cannot your crime excel—

Our orders are to harm your person not,

Unless perchance all other measures fail.

Come forth and stand before a righteous court,

And force us not to kill you like a dog!

BOOTH (*from within*)—What care I for your righteous courts
or dogs?

Come one, come all! I go not hence alive!

I have twelve shots, eight die who enter first.

I've killed the greatest of your tribe—come on!

Come on! I hunger—thirst for blood—more blood!

1ST OFFICER—Have done with imprecations vile, and
threats;

Would you with hope of mercy shed more blood?

Your skirts are crimson now with precious gore.

Secure by giving up, some time to pray.

BOOTH—To pray! Who asks for time to pray? Not I?
Come on! I'd kill a dozen more and die!

If I have been deceived I've earned a name;

I'd redder up the record yet—advance!

PEARSLEY (*sotto*)—Now Captain, let me speak! I'll put it
strong.

1ST OFFICER—'Tis idle; but you have the leave to speak.

PEARSLEY—Young man, just let me speak! You've got
the pluck—

As far as game's consarned, we call you game.

Brute that you are, you're kinder sorter brave.

We would not roast brave men like pigs, come out!

Don't think like hungry fishes to a hook,

Right at your muzzles we will run our heads.

Give me my chice, I'll die some other way—

Come out, and if you kill me let it went;
 Remember tho', I shoot you if I like—
 That is, of course, if I hev leave tu fire;
 But this I don't intend to do, jest now—
 Before we'll ventur in, we'll singe you out;
 I tell you hanging's nothing like to fire!

BOOTH—I know that lovely voice, 'tis Pearsley speaks—
 [Pearsley dodges as a shot is fired.

Take that, I've got a plenty for some more!

PEARSLEY—You missed me, young un, tho' the shot was
 good;
 Captain jest fire that barn, and he'll come out!
 I'll bet roast punkin on it, he gives in.

STODDARD (*sotto voce*)—When all else fails, I'll try the plan
 you name!

(To Booth)—You've had our promise of no harm; once more—
 I'd take not yours, nor for it sacrifice
 Another life, till so compelled to do—
 All parley ends—ten minutes is the most—
 Then if you come not forth, we'll fire the barn!

[Another shot from within strikes near the Officer.

BOOTH—You've got my answer, kindle up your fire!

PEARSLEY (*pointing his gun at a crack*)—Captain, with your
 leave I'll cut his matter short!

I swow to kits we're losing precious time!

OFFICER (*counting the minutes with his watch*)—

He's got three minutes, then if not out we'll try your plan

(Low to Pearsley)—But never let him burn!

All watch and if the flames then move him not,
 Before he suffocates you'll have to shoot!

(To Booth)—Your time is up! we now shall strike the match!

PEARSLEY (*striking and throwing in a match as another
 shot is heard*)—

I tell you when the smoke and flames crawl close,

And not 'till then, you'll see him crawling out.

BROWNLEY (*looking through a crack*)—

Dodge Pearsley! dodge! he's aiming thro' at you!

[*Three shots are heard as Pearsley jumps aside.*

PEARSLEY—I thank you, boy, he'd like to rub me out!

[*Fire and smoke are now seen through the crevices.*

BROWNLEY—My God! I'm 'fraid the madman means to roast!
(*Pointing up*)—He's on that side now breathing thro' a hole!

ARMSTRONG (*looking*)—The flames sweep near, he's rushing
for the door!

STODDARD—Watch close, if he attempts to fire, why shoot.
(*The wretched smoke-begrimed, half-starved looking man comes*

*out with a revolver in one hand and a long knife in the other,
and seeking where to bestow more of his five remaining shots,
falls mortally wounded as his pistol goes off in the air.*)

PEARSLEY—I fired tu high, but for the best my lads!

[*They lift him carefully and try to restore him.*

STODDARD—The wretched, misled man—perhaps 'tis well!

BOOTH—I killed—kill—ed the gi-ant of them all!

ARMSTRONG (*carefully holding the head of the dying man*)—

Poor man! he's mutt'ring of his mother here?

PEARSLEY—I'll never strike a fallen foe;

I sw—e—u—ou he's got a pretty face, was full ov pluck!

I wonder why he shot poor Abe, I do,

But blood for blood, he will'd it so to be!

(*Booth gives one long gurgling groan and falls back dead, as all
gather around.*)

PEARSLEY—This had tu be, an was I spose, jist so!

Poor Abe is dead—his murderer is dead—

I'll have tu go and try tu be, John Hanks!

I dun' no, dun-no—wonder why it's so!

Curtain Drops.

T H E E N D

LINCOLN AS A STORY TELLER

IT was my fortune to witness one of the important naval engagements of our late war, and with it are associated in my mind, the recollections of an interview with President Lincoln, in which he gave so characteristic an exhibition of some of his peculiarities, that the story of that interview seems worth relating here. The engagement referred to was that at Port Royal, South Carolina, November 7, 1861, when our fleet was commanded by Commodore, afterward Rear Admiral, S. F. Du Pont, son of the French economist, Du Pont de Nemours, who, imprisoned in La Force, was only saved from the guillotine by the timely death of Robespierre.

The expedition against Port Royal was a notable one in every way, in the size of the fleet, in the character of its officers, and in the success which attended Du Pont's skillful manoeuvres of sailing in an elliptic course between the forts at Hilton Head and Port Royal, firing at each in turn. The dispatch boat *Bienville*, in which I came North, bore the first news of the successful engagement, and everywhere the report she carried was received with enthusiasm. Off Fortress Monroe, where we arrived on Sunday, the men of war of one of the frigates manned the yards and gave round upon round of cheers. It was a most inspiring scene on that lovely day, when the sailors, in their clean ducks, swarmed over the rigging and rent the air with shouts, while flags waved and cannon roared their greeting. Hastening to Washington, I found myself, as the bearer of such news, the centre of eager inquirers and listeners. In the lobbies of Willard's, crowds gathered about to hear the story of our success again and again repeated. Casually mentioning on one of these occasions that I had seen cotton growing within the lines of our army landed on Hilton Head, a little, old man stepped out from the crowd and asked that the statement be re-

peated. Assured of the fact, he introduced himself as Senator——, then having a seat in the Upper House, and asked if I were willing to go with him next day to repeat the story to President Lincoln. Nothing could have been more agreeable, and the appointment was made.

Next morning, at the hour fixed, I found myself in the Senator's room, undergoing the ceremony of introduction to numerous relatives and friends of the "conscript father;" to my astonishment, I, too, was claimed as a relative, since one of my name had, I was assured, married into the senatorial family. Of this discovery, I was more proud at the time than I had reason to be later, as the sequel will show.

To the White House we went. Being a senatorial party, we were at once admitted to the presence of the chief magistrate. Sitting in a chair, with one long leg swinging over the arm, was Mr. Lincoln. After rising and greeting us, his position was resumed, the attenuated limb once more beating time over the arm of the chair, to the sound of our voices. Here, to my surprise, I found myself brought forward as the central figure of the occasion.

"Mr. President," said the Senator, introducing me, "this gentleman was present at the capture of Port Royal, and he tells me that he has seen cotton growing there within the lines of our army."

"John," called out Mr. Lincoln, turning his head in the direction of an open door leading into an adjoining room, "John, go into Mrs. Lincoln's room and bring me a copy of *Vanity Fair*."

While John was gone for the American Punch of that day, Mr. Lincoln monopolized the conversation, telling us of the joke he was about to read to us. John came; the story was read, and after we had all duly laughed,

"Mr. President," began the Senator again, "this gentleman

tells me that he has seen cotton growing within the lines of our army, at Hilton Head——”

“That reminds me,” interrupted Mr. Lincoln, “of the attempt I made to grow cotton in Illinois;” and we listened to the details of the experiment, in which the climate of Illinois proved too much for Mr. Lincoln’s cotton.

We listened, I say; not the Senator. His impatience to bring the President to the point of hearing the story of cotton growing within reach at Port Royal was evident. But he did not succeed. Each time that he drew near to his point, the President, instead of following him, would start down some by-path of conversation with us, interested listeners, in full cry after him. And so the poor Senator never had the pleasure of fixing the presidential attention upon that cotton in South Carolina.

At the time, the moral of the incident escaped me: later on, it became apparent. Senator ——* was expelled from Congress for speculating upon his official position, and in those days, too, when men’s lives and women’s tears were the dice with which such gamblers played.

Though no such revelation was expected at the time, it was evident that our keen-sighted President had taken the measure of the man. He knew, what was hidden from me, that speculation in cotton was the motive for interest in my story—not patriotic delight in the triumph of our arms, as I, in my innocence, imagined. I am older, now, and alas! Senators do not tower before me in the majestic proportions that they then assumed.

The true secret of Mr. Lincoln’s story-telling reputation was revealed in that interview. His humor and love of a joke were the fence and foil with which he warded off the attacks of bores and self-seeking visitors. No man hated more to say no, and upon no

*The expelled Senator must have been either Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana, who was expelled Feb. 5, 1862, or Trusten Polk, of Missouri, expelled Jan. 10, 1862.—[Ed.]

man was the necessity laid more constantly. Grant's refuge, under such circumstances, was in that Sphynxlike silence, familiar to those who knew him, and which has given a ready and interesting talker the reputation of a silent man. Lincoln's refuge was in a story, and his interview with the corrupt Senator showed with what tact he could use it when occasion required.

NEW YORK

WILLIAM C. CHURCH

Fac-simile of original as near as possible.

THE ASSASSINATION
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Lecture,

BY
NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.,
AUTHOR OF "COME TO JESUS," ETC., ETC.

LONDON:
JOHN SNOW, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1865

TARRYTOWN
NEW YORK
REPRINTED
WILLIAM ABBATT
1915

Being Extra No. 40 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

THE ASSASSINATION
OF
A B R A H A M L I N C O L N

A LECTURE BY NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

IN the inaugural address delivered by the late lamented President on his re-appointment as supreme Governor of the United States, he said of the two parties in the war, "Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God. Each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully; for the Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh.' If we suppose American slavery to be one of those offences which He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both this terrible war, as was due to those by whom the offence came, shall we say there is any departure from the divine attributes? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet, if it be God's will that it continue until the wealth piled by bondsmen by two hundred and fifty years' unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' " These last words shall be our text. The motto for our meditations on his decease shall be furnished by the lamented President himself, in the speech which he delivered within six weeks of that event.

"The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."—Ps. xix. 9.

The judgments of the Lord are his revealed will contained in Holy Scripture, of which we say with David, "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes." But God speaks in Providence as well as in Scripture. His judgments are his acts as well as his words. It is our interest and duty to study both. Some persons object to ministers of the gospel referring in their sermons to public events. They say we ought to preach Christ crucified, and not talk about statesmen, rulers, or philanthropists. Certainly it would be a grievous dereliction of duty, a sad prostitution of the Church and the Sabbath, if any secular theme were substituted for the glorious gospel of the blessed God. But may not passing events be made a vehicle for conveying truth to the mind? What is the value of abstract truth if never practically applied? The events of God's providence should be contemplated in relation to God's gospel. Instead of keeping religion distinct from the interests of life, and thus rendering those interests merely secular and really godless, we should endeavour to hallow and elevate all those interests—domestic, commercial, political—by Christian faith and Christian feeling. Did the Jewish prophets never refer to political events? Their inspired ministry was directed in the first instance to their own age, and had a constant bearing on the great national events then transpiring. Did not our Lord Himself illustrate his teaching by reference to things secular? Is not the Bible full of truth embodied, of lessons drawn from the lives of men and the dealings of Providence?

There has been no death in our own day more remarkable, none which will have a more prominent place in all future history, than the assassination of President Lincoln. If it was appropriate that every pulpit in our land should make allusion to the death of our lamented Prince Consort—if the omission would have argued a culpable disloyalty—is it not right that in all the churches of

America sermons have been delivered with special reference to the death of the President? If we were bereaved as a nation, should we not feel grateful for the sympathy of Americans if they also, in public worship, alluded to our loss? So also is it fitting that throughout our country such sympathy in public worship has been and still is manifested, especially when we consider the unparalleled atrocity of the deed which has deprived them of their chief magistrate, and the peculiar crisis of affairs at which he has been taken from them.

Besides, we are one people. We have sprung from the same Anglo-Saxon stock. The same mother-country gave us birth. The Pilgrim Fathers who colonized New England planted there that freedom to worship God which was then denied them here, but which their posterity both here and there equally prize as more sacred than life. We speak the same language, cherish the same traditions, read the same Bible, and sing the same hymns to the same tunes. We are animated by the same quenchless passion for liberty. Tens of thousands of our teeming population find a home there every year. Who has not yonder some near relative, friend, or acquaintance? How many look to America as the land where, however unlikely it may seem at present, they may possibly end their days! We are linked together by a thousand ties, so that their prosperity is our prosperity, and their honour is our honour. Their sorrows are our sorrows too. Let us, then, "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Let us "rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep."

There is cause for lament. A good and a great man has fallen by the hand of an assassin, who thought that in striking down the nation's head, he was striking down the nation itself. The universal grief in America shows how he was honoured and beloved. Twice chosen by the free voice of millions of his fellow-citizens to rule over them in the most momentous crisis of their history—twice chosen to steer the vessel of the State amid waves

that threatened to overwhelm it—exposed to their keen scrutiny in all his public and private acts—he has won their universal homage and affection. Beneath an exterior unlike that which is generally found in courts, and which gave occasion to vulgar satirists to utter their rude jests, there beat a heart to which courts have been too much strangers. In President Lincoln there was a combination of honesty, sagacity, magnanimity, and gentleness, such as few rulers have ever manifested. He was faithful to the trust imposed on him. He was firm to the purpose he had maturely formed. He was true to the nation whose integrity he was sworn to maintain. He was true to those principles of freedom he had always professed and loved. He would not allow his benevolent impulses to lead him away from what he conscientiously regarded as his duty to the State which he had engaged to govern according to law. Neither would he allow his official position to deaden and keep in abeyance those impulses. The fear of misrepresentation, the charge of inconsistency, did not cause him to waver in the course he had marked out for himself. He faithfully administered those laws; but as fast as circumstances gave him the opportunity constitutionally to modify those laws in the interest of emancipation, such opportunity was promptly embraced. Those who have not studied the peculiar constitution of the United States cannot appreciate the difficulty of the position of a President urged on one side by a powerful party and his oath to observe the laws, and urged on the other side by another powerful party and his benevolent sentiments to abolish slavery. History will honour him for having accomplished both tasks.

In all his intercourse with this country he manifested dignity, combined with courtesy and kind feeling. He was prompt to satisfy every righteous demand, without compromising the honour of his own nation. To his justice and moderation it is greatly owing that peace was maintained between the two countries on more than one occasion of difficulty. In the conduct of the war

he united firmness with clemency. He was often censured as being unfeeling, because he persisted in prosecuting a contest which cost so many lives. This was said to be fighting for empire. But fighting for empire is fighting for new territory, not fighting for the maintenance of nationality. To guard one's own country from disintegration is surely not fighting for empire. No empire in the world would contend more earnestly than our own for self-preservation. It was not, therefore, indifference to suffering, but a high sense of duty to his country, which led him with such perseverance to maintain the strife. But no one ever conducted a war or governed a nation amid such perils with so much clemency combined with firmness.

One or two illustrations of his personal kindness have just come to my knowledge through a friend who has recently returned from the United States. This gentleman told me that he was one day conversing with the general in command of one of the armies on the subject of desertions, when the general said, "The first week of my command there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by court-martial to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President to be signed. He refused. I went to Washington and had an interview. I said, 'Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many.' He replied, 'Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it.' " A young sentry was found asleep at his post. He was sentenced to be shot. But the President came into camp, and granted the earnest petition of the lad. The dead body of that youth was afterwards found amongst the slain on the field of Fredericksburg, and under his waistcoat, next his heart, was a photograph of the President, beneath which the lad had written, "God bless President Lincoln." Many similar incidents might be cited to show

how tender-hearted he was, and how deeply he was beloved by multitudes who have received from him personal marks of kindness.

That he rose from a most humble station only illustrates the more the high qualities he possessed, enabling him to overcome the disadvantages of poverty. He was great enough not to be ashamed of his origin. When a parcel, carefully packed, was sent to the White House, which, being opened, was found to contain a woodman's axe, instead of being angry at this vulgar allusion to his former occupation, he ordered it to be placed in a prominent position, on a handsome mahogany stand, that all might see that he honoured labour, and was not ashamed that he once ate his bread by the sweat of his brow.

There is every reason to believe that he was more than a mere professor of Christianity. When he left Illinois for Washington, his last request to his fellow citizens was that they would pray for him. It is said that he habitually rose at five o'clock, and spent an hour in devotion. The inaugural address already quoted breathes a deeply religious spirit; so do many of his public documents and private letters. In a letter, dated April 4, 1864, he says—"If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. If God now wills the removal of the great wrong, and will also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God."

The "wrong" of slavery, he, more than any other man of our day, has been instrumental in removing. It was his well-known hostility to it which, on his election, was the proximate and avowed cause of the rebellion. As far as his pledges to the law and the course of events permitted, he steadily pursued this great object. Under his auspices slavery was speedily abolished in Columbia,* and prohibited in the Territories. The slave-trade was declared

*The District of Columbia.

penal, and the right of search fully granted. The loyal States were invited to emancipate their slaves, full compensation being offered. Then the Proclamation was issued by which all slaves in rebel States were declared free; and though for a season this was inoperative over a large district, it is now not only law, but fact. During the war two millions of slaves actually gained their freedom, and were protected wherever the power of the President extended. And now throughout those Southern States, long a house of cruel bondage, the jubilee trumpet is sounding deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound. Four millions of freed-men bless God for Abraham Lincoln!

At the very culmination of his labours—just as he saw the failure of the attempt to disintegrate the nation, and to found a rival empire on slavery as its corner-stone—just as he saw the triumph of emancipation, victory crowning his skill and perseverance—he was snatched from the scene of his toils and his triumphs. The whole world execrates the deed; all future history will stigmatize it as the blackest of crimes. But for the victim himself shall we lament? Being, as we trust he was, a sincere Christian, sudden death to him was sudden glory. He found himself in heaven before he expected. Freed from the anxious cares of government in a season of peculiar difficulty, he was suddenly “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Having done well what he was spared to do, he is now beyond the possibility of tarnishing his fair fame by the mistakes to which all men are liable. Having died a victim to the hatred which the slavery spirit ever bears to the staunch friends of freedom he will be known to all coming generations, not only as the honest, the magnanimous, the merciful President, but as the pure and illustrious martyr of American Emancipation. So that, whether we consider his condition in the other world or his reputation in this, we cannot pity *him*. The bullet of the murderer was quick

summons to the joys of heaven, and an effectual guarantee of fame on earth.

We need not lament for Lincoln. But we may and do lament for his family and for his nation. Let our tender sympathy go forth towards her, who, sitting at his side, all unconscious of the coming blow, was suddenly bereft of the endeared companion of so many years, during which they had shared together both hardship and honour. Our beloved Queen, with that prompt, spontaneous kindness of heart which she manifests to all sufferers—one royal widow to another—with her own hand wrote to express her sympathy. There is not one of her subjects who does not, if possible, love her the more for that act of kindness, and in spirit join her in it.

We lament for the nation. They have lost their chosen ruler, whose fitness for his exalted post had been severely tested and fully confirmed; under whose administration the empire had been preserved from disruption, and freed from what had been its weakness and dishonour; and whose wisdom and clemency marked him out as specially competent to complete the work of pacification and reconstruction. Our brethren yonder feel as if each of them had lost his own father. Never was such widespread, spontaneous, and universal grief. Whole cities hung with black are a feeble expression of the sorrow that is felt. Commerce suspends her trafficking, Mammon forgets his hoards, Pleasure arrays herself in sackcloth, to join the general lamentation. From twenty thousand churches, from twenty times twenty thousand family altars, go up earnest prayers for consolation and for succour in this their hour of public and of private woe. Let us join them in such prayers. It will be our best expression of good will. It will be the most solemn and most effectual sympathy. We have already often implored for America under this bereavement the special help of heaven. We have done it in public; we have done it in private. Let us do it expressly and emphatically now. Yes;

let us, one and all, once more, with affectionate fervour, implore for our bereaved sister-nation the guidance, protection, and comfort of the compassionate God and Father of all !

Let us pray:

O Thou that art King of kings and Lord of lords! the universal Ruler who doest according to thy pleasure in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth; we adore thy power and majesty, thy wisdom and goodness, thy righteousness and love. Clouds and darkness are round about Thee, but mercy and truth are the habitation of thy throne. Thy judgments are a great deep, but thy faithfulness endureth to all generations. We bow with humble reverence before Thee. We submit, we obey, we confide, we rejoice in Thee, our Refuge and our Strength. We mourn before Thee in sympathy with our brethren in America, in this their hour of bitter bereavement. We mourn with the bereaved family. God sustain and comfort them. Judge of the widow, bind up the wounds of that broken heart. We mourn with the bereaved nation. The Lord be their Lawgiver; the Lord be their King! We bless Thee for the maintenance of order at a crisis of so much peril. We bless Thee for the spirit of clemency which has restrained the natural risings of revenge. Oh, grant a continuance of the same! We pray for thy servant who, in circumstances of so much difficulty, has succeeded to the office of supreme ruler of that great nation. Give him all needful wisdom and ability—firmness tempered with kindness, justice allied with mercy. Let him rule in the fear of God. May law and order speedily be re-established. May the wounds of war be healed. May there be an immediate and final end to slavery. May the long-oppressed negro race rejoice in knowledge and industry; in the rights of freemen and the privileges of Christ's Church. May America flourish; may she be exalted in righteousness, and employ her vast influence only for the welfare of the world. Unite our nation with theirs. Draw us together with the cords of sympathy. Let there be no envy, no ill-will. Oh, save us, save the world, from the miseries of war between Great Britain and America. Scatter Thou the people that delight in war. Give peace in our time, O Lord; give peace in all time, we beseech Thee; and may these two nations, so blessed of God, be ever found united in the toils and the triumphs of civilization, freedom, and religion. God save the Queen! God bless the President! God guard our native land! God guard and prosper and bless America! For the sake of Jesus, the Prince of Peace; our Lord and theirs. Amen, and Amen!

If there is cause for lamentation, there is also cause for thankfulness. The mercy of God is revealed together with his judgments. If we weep with those who weep, we will also rejoice with those who rejoice. Let us, then, give thanks that no civil convulsion has followed this murder. There has been no interval of anarchy. The machinery of government has revolved without a moment's pause. Power has quietly been transferred to the next in station, without contention, panic, or delay. While lamenting

that the blow at the individual has taken effect, let us thank God that the blow at the nation has been averted.

Let us rejoice that there has been no outburst of popular revenge. There might have been violent assaults against the persons and property of all people supposed to be favourable to the Southern Confederacy. There might have been wholesale conflagration and massacre. There might have been a wild demand for severest measures on the part of the government against all implicated in the rebellion. There has been nothing of the sort. We have not heard of one act of violence. Justice is indeed threatened against those implicated in the murder; but the same policy of clemency and conciliation towards the conquered, inaugurated by Lincoln, has been adopted and proclaimed by his successor. When we consider the provocations which have been given by the Vermont raiders, by the New York incendiaries, by the starving to death of thousands of Federal prisoners, we regard it as a mark of the special controlling grace of God that, under this additional and most monstrous outrage, the passions of the nation have been thus restrained; and that after all their victories in battle, and all their successful sieges, they have illustrated the proverb, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

We should be thankful for that overruling Providence, which "from seeming evil still educating good," causes some benefit to result even from an event so sad, a crime so horrible, and makes the wrath of man to praise Him. In America the death of Lincoln has fused together all parties in one common sentiment of indignation, not only against the individual plotters and perpetrators of the crime, but against that slave spirit of which the crime was the undoubted and legitimate development. There are misguided men who, though they have been fighting for an institution that violated all the rights of man and all the laws of God, are nevertheless incapable of being implicated in such a crime as the assassination

of the late President. It would be unwarrantable to charge that crime, without proof, on individuals who proclaim their abhorrence of it. But it is just and rational to charge it against the *slavery spirit* which the institutions of the South have nurtured through long years of cruelty and wrong perpetrated against the negro. That slavery spirit which bought and sold human beings like cattle—which separated husbands and wives, parents and children—which flogged naked women—which hunted fugitives with blood-hounds, and burnt alive and killed, with unmentionable tortures, those slaves who resisted its wicked will; that slavery spirit which organized ruffianism, incendiaryism, and murder in Kansas—which struck down Senator Sumner in the Senate House, and hailed with plaudits in every city the would-be assassin—which plotted the burning of New York, and commissioned plunder and murder against Vermont bankers; that slavery spirit which would have shot, or hung, or burnt to death any of us, if caught in the act of helping one single slave to escape; that same slavery spirit it was which struck down the man who had given freedom to four millions. This, then, will unite all persons in execration of slavery. If there have been two parties hitherto—one desiring to abolish slavery, the other only seeking to debar it from spreading further—there will be only one party now. All will be resolved to extirpate, root and branch, that atrocious system, that embodiment of all villainies,* which has so long prevailed in the Southern States; which caused this cruel war, and which, in addition to all the lives lost in camp, in battle, in hospital, and in prison, is now answerable for that of President Lincoln, whose murderer it incited and commissioned in his deed of perfidy and revenge. We will, therefore, be thankful that at least this good has resulted from the crime—that if there was previously any possibility of compromise, any disposition, for the sake of union and peace, to deal gently with the slavery question, and not immediately and completely to let the captive go free, there will be none now; no fear now that the loyal

*That execrable sum of all villainies commonly called *A Slave Trade*.—John Wesley, *Journal*, Feb. 12, 1792.

servant shall be made to submit to the yoke of the rebel master, and the friend be worse treated than the foe. No! the death of Lincoln is the final knell of slavery.

There is also cause of thankfulness, as regards relations between this country and America. There was ill-feeling in many minds. America had eagerly looked to the mother-country for sympathy in her great struggle for existence, in her great battle with the most gigantic of wrongs. She thought she looked in vain. The great mass of the people sympathized, but many of those whose opinions America most esteemed, looked on coldly, or critically, or with undisguised sympathy for the foe. America misunderstood this country in some matters. In others she had cause for disappointment and irritation. Nor was there altogether the absence of words and deeds in America calculated to cause alienation here. But all this is obliterated in the universal sympathy elicited by the event. Whatever differences of opinion have existed among us, arising partly from incorrect information as to facts, partly from erroneous judgments as to the objects of both parties, all are one in lamenting the late President, in abhorrence of the crime, in sympathy with the nation. That which has emphatically been expressed by the Queen, by Parliament, by municipal assemblies, is felt by every inhabitant of the land, from the peer to the peasant. This sympathy over the grave of the President will facilitate the union of all parties in accepting accomplished facts, and wishing well to America, united and free. And this universal sympathy expressed here, will do more than could have been done by years of explanation, to cause Americans to forget what they had thought indicated injustice and unkindness on our part. They, as we, are a generous people. They will be melted by the spontaneous and unequivocal outburst of a universal sympathy. They will know that the heart of old England beats true, though for a season its tongue did not utter solely what they considered generous and just. Poisonous seeds of mis-

conception, which might have produced a crop of contention, have been destroyed. A more cordial union than has been felt for many years has been consecrated by this martyrdom. Fears cherished by many that the civil strife might be followed by an international war, have been allayed, and peace between the two nations rendered secure.

And who can estimate adequately the importance of maintaining such a peace? The recent war has proved that the resources, the energy, the bravery of America, are not inferior to our own. What then must be the result of war between nations thus prepared and thus resolute? Each would provoke the other to renewed efforts. There would be no yielding till there was utter exhaustion. What millions of precious lives might be sacrificed? How wide-spread would be the desolation and woe. How would universal Tyranny exult at the sight of the two great champions of Freedom turning away from the common foe, to destroy each other, instead of being allies in the great conflict of truth against error, of liberty against despotism, of right against wrong. If, then, the death of Abraham Lincoln, by evoking British sympathy, has tended to allay American irritation and to unite the two countries in the bonds of peace and good-will; and if it has ratified the late President's emancipation proclamation, so that slavery in America is buried in the same grave with him whom it slew—shall we not adore the goodness which is blended with the judgments of the Lord?

We may from this instance learn to trust in God when all things seem to be against us. To many, the murder of Lincoln seemed ruin to America and to Freedom. So every Christian can look back to periods when God was preparing for him special blessings by methods which seemed most destructive to his welfare. The brightest morning has sometimes dashed out of the darkest night. The loveliest paradise has sometimes been reached by the

roughest path. "All things work together for good to those that love God."

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace:
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

There are other lessons of an ordinary and obvious kind. We are of course reminded of the uncertainty of life. The chief danger was over; the hour of triumph had come. Mr. Lincoln, on an occasion of national rejoicing, unconscious of danger, was hurried into eternity. We may be in no danger from the hand of our fellow-man. But death is an assassin who has marked out every one of us as his victim. He dogs our steps. We can never elude his pursuit. He is close behind us watching his opportunity. The blow, though delayed, is sure some day to be delivered—sure some day to prove fatal. When that shall be none can know. Is there then no possibility of avoiding the danger? There is. Let us commit ourselves into the keeping of the Prince of Life. He is stronger than death. He is a body-guard, under whose care all are safe who put their trust in Him. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." "No weapon formed against them shall prosper." For though death will seem to strike, it will not be as an assassin, but as a friend to those whose "life is hid with Christ in God." To them death is a friendly messenger to call them home from the conflict to the triumph, from the pilgrimage to the palace, from earth to heaven. Jesus said, "He that believeth in me shall never die." When the body is summoned to the grave, the soul is summoned to

Finally, we are reminded of our Divine Emancipator. Abraham Lincoln, on Good Friday, was slain; an unconscious martyr in emancipating four millions of men from the slavery of the body. Jesus Christ, on Good Friday, was crucified; a voluntary sacrifice in redeeming the human race from the slavery of hell. He soul, from the condemnation of hell. He, the eternal Word, the Son of God, be-

held mankind toiling, groaning, dying. Moved with compassion He undertook the work of our emancipation. He assumed our nature, fulfilled our duties, suffered for our sins, died for our salvation. Of his life He said, "No man taketh it from me, I lay it down of myself." "We are redeemed not with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." But it was not only necessary that the price of redemption should be paid. The spirit of freedom needs to be awakened in the abject slave of the devil. And this also our Emancipator does. We are new creatures in Christ Jesus. Old things pass away, behold all things become new in the case of those who believe. And all are invited thus to believe and be saved, for "He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world." Are any of us still servants of sin, slaves to Satan? What? when God Himself has published a proclamation of emancipation? Let us all accept the priceless boon! Let us cast away our old fetters; let us exult in the freedom of faith and love. Let us yield ourselves in grateful homage to Christ, obeying his laws, rejoicing in his love, and aiding to proclaim throughout the world—"Liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

FINIS

71.2009.084.09533

