



## IN WORDS SO FEW...



The broken metal of war lies rusting quietly on the earthen carpet at Gettysburg. It is November 19, 1863. A few months ago, the greatest battle of the Civil War was fought here. Its dead have been laid to rest. A soft rain is falling this day and the people have gathered to hear their leader speak to them from a crude wooden platform erected on the battlefield. The leader sits and listens with great admiration as the main speaker delivers a two-hour oration. But there is despair in his heart also, for his own speech is but a few sentences in length. He wonders whether so few words can express to his people what he must tell them — that their sons have *not* died uselessly here. Now the great orator has finished his beautiful speech. The applause is thunderous. The leader gets up and walks to the speaker's station. One thought keeps panicking him: How long will such a puny speech live in the thoughts of his countrymen? Nevertheless, he begins: *"Fourscore and seven years ago . . .*



ON APRIL THIRD, THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL, RICHMOND, SURRENDERED... SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, PRESIDENT LINCOLN RODE THROUGH THE SMOULDERING CITY, REGARDLESS OF RISK.



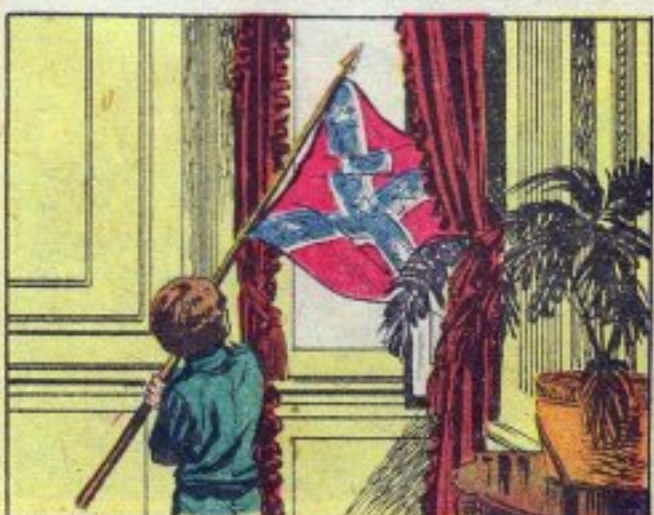
ON PALM SUNDAY, APRIL NINTH, THE SOUTH'S GREAT GENERAL, ROBERT E. LEE, SURRENDERED TO GENERAL GRANT AT APPOMATTOX! THIS PRACTICALLY ENDED THE WAR.



THE CONFEDERATE RANKS WERE STUNNED---HEARTBROKEN---BY THIS SUDDEN END TO THEIR HEROIC STRUGGLE! SOME SOBBED AS THEY LAID TORN BATTLEFLAGS ON STACKED RIFLES.



IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE WAVE AFTER WAVE OF CHEERS FROM A JOYFUL CROWD ROSE ABOVE THE BLARING OF A BRASS BAND AND THE BOOM OF CANNON SALUTES.



AND A NOTE OF COMEDY WAS SUPPLIED BY IMPISH LITTLE TAD LINCOLN! WITH A CONFEDERATE FLAG, HE RAN UP AND ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE LEADING HIS OWN CHEERING SECTION.



A MOMENT LATER, LINCOLN APPEARED, CAPTURED HIS SMALL TERROR, FLAG AND ALL... AND ANSWERED THE WILD CHEERING BY ASKING THE BRASS BAND BELOW TO PLAY "DIXIE"!



THE NEXT NIGHT, APRIL ELEVENTH, THE PRESIDENT READ A SPEECH CELEBRATING THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR: "...NOT IN SORROW, BUT IN GLADNESS OF HEART... A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING..."



IN THE LISTENING CROWD STOOD JOHN WILKES BOOTH, SELF-CENTERED YOUNG PLAY-ACTOR. HIS HEART BURNED WITH BITTER HATE... A HATE THAT WOULD END IN THE MURDER OF THE PRESIDENT.



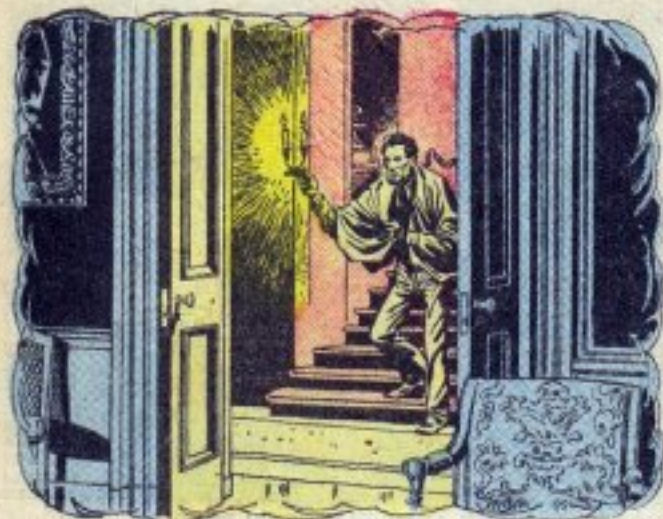
A BIT LATER, LINCOLN, SEATED WITH HIS WIFE AND A FEW FRIENDS IN THE RED ROOM, REMARKED SOLEMNLY: "IT SEEMS STRANGE HOW MUCH THERE IS IN THE BIBLE ABOUT DREAMS!"



"I HAD ONE THE OTHER NIGHT," HE WENT ON, "WHICH HAS HAUNTED ME EVER SINCE! AFTER IT OCCURED... I OPENED THE BIBLE... A DREAM OR A VISION WHEREVER I LOOKED!"



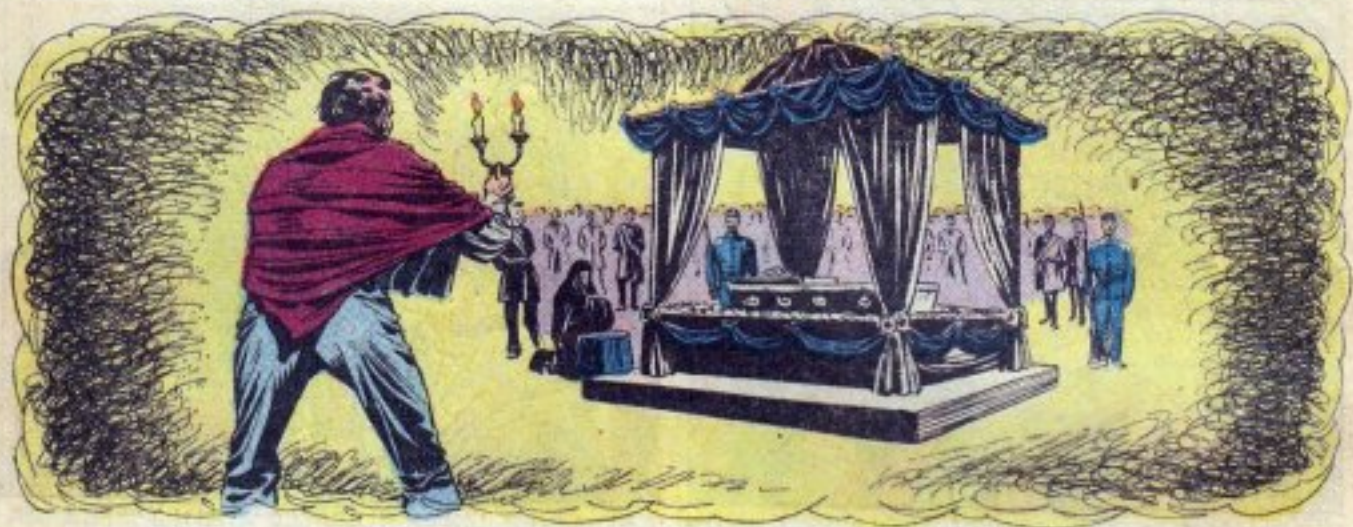
THE PRESIDENT, SEEING THAT HIS WORDS FRIGHTENED HIS WIFE, WOULD HAVE STOPPED THERE... BUT SHE URGED HIM ON. HE SAID IN HIS DREAM HE HEARD "SUBDUED SOBS," AND GOT UP.



"I LEFT MY BED AND WANDERED DOWNSTAIRS," HE WENT ON. . . "BUT THE MOURNERS WERE INVISIBLE! WHERE WERE ALL THE PEOPLE WHO WERE GRIEVING AS IF THEIR HEARTS WOULD BREAK?"



"I WENT FROM ROOM TO ROOM. . . NO LIVING PERSON WAS IN SIGHT! I WAS PUZZLED AND ALARMED! . . . I KEPT ON UNTIL I ARRIVED IN THE EAST ROOM. THERE I MET WITH----"



"---- A SICKENING SURPRISE? BEFORE ME WAS A CATAFALQUE, ON WHICH RESTED A CORPSE IN FUNERAL VESTMENTS. . . AROUND IT WAS STATIONED SOLDIERS. . . AND THERE WAS A THROG OF PEOPLE, SOME GAZING AT THE CORPSE, WHOSE FACE WAS COVERED, OTHERS WEEPING PITFULLY."



"WHO IS DEAD IN THE WHITE HOUSE?" I DEMANDED OF ONE OF THE SOLDIERS. "THE PRESIDENT," WAS HIS ANSWER. "HE WAS KILLED BY AN ASSASSIN!"



AS THE MEANING OF THIS DREAM SANK IN, LINCOLN'S COMPANIONS EXPRESSED THEIR ALARM, THEY BEGGED THE PRESIDENT NOT TO GO OUT ANY MORE AT NIGHT. . . BUT LINCOLN LAUGHED IT OFF.



ABOUT NOON, ON APRIL FOURTEENTH, JAMES FORD, OF FORD'S THEATER, WAS DRIVING BACK THERE WITH SOME FLAGS TO DECORATE THE PRESIDENT'S BOX, WHEN HE SAW BOOTH.



HE TOLD BOOTH THAT THE LINCOLNS, AND GENERAL GRANT EXPECTED TO ATTEND THE EVENING PERFORMANCE, AND HOPED BOOTH COULD COME... BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN, KEPT OUTWARDLY CALM.



HIS PULSE MUST HAVE BEEN HAMMERING HARD, BUT HE TURNED NONCHALANTLY AWAY SAYING THAT HE WOULD TRY TO ATTEND. *THIS* WAS THE CHANCE HE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR!



HE WENT TO HIS ROOM AT THE NATIONAL HOTEL AND DRESSED FOR THIS ROLE WHICH WOULD MAKE HIM THE MOST NOTORIOUS ACTOR IN AMERICA-- ALIVE OR DEAD! HE WORE NEW SPURS...



AT ABOUT FIVE THAT AFTERNOON, THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. LINCOLN CAME OUT TO THEIR BAROUCHE FOR A DRIVE IN THE FRESH SPRING AIR... THEY WOULD BE RIDING ALONE, WITH ONLY A CAVALRY GUARD...



LINCOLN WAS IN A HAPPY MOOD, LIFTING HIS HAT TO THOSE WHO WAVED AT HIM FROM THE SIDEWALKS. HE LOOKED AS IF A GREAT LOAD HAD BEEN TAKEN OFF HIM.



HE AND MRS. LINCOLN WERE SHARING THE GAIETY WHICH HAD CAUGHT THE WHOLE CITY... THEY TALKED OF THEIR FUTURE, POLITICAL AND PRIVATE... AND THEY LAUGHED A LOT.



ONCE LINCOLN REMARKED, "I NEVER FELT SO HAPPY IN MY LIFE!" STRUCK BY A STARTLING THOUGHT, SHE CRIED, "YOU WERE FEELING JUST SO, BEFORE OUR LITTLE BOY DIED!"



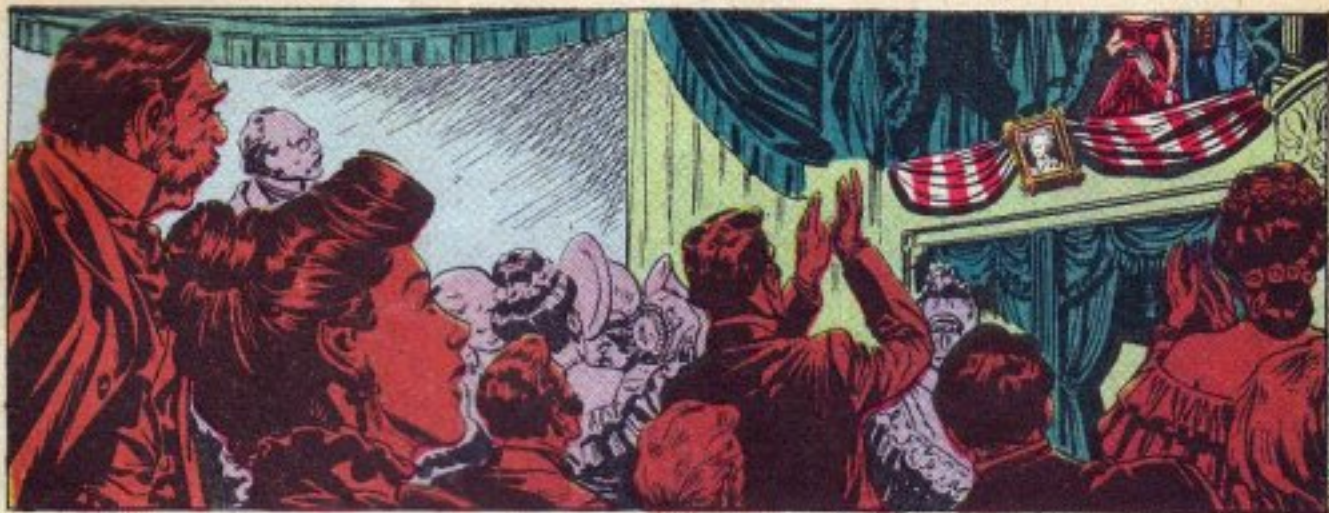
A LITTLE AFTER SIX, JOHN WILKES BOOTH GOT OFF HIS NERVOUS MARE AT THE BACK DOOR OF FORD'S THEATER, AND CALLED NED SPANGLER TO PUT HIS MOUNT IN THE STABLE.



AS AN ACTOR, KNOWN TO EVERYBODY BACKSTAGE, HE HAD NO TROUBLE GETTING UP TO THE DARK BALCONY UNSEEN, AND MAKING HIS WAY TO THE PRESIDENT'S BOX.



THERE HE TOOK OUT A LITTLE GIMLET AND BORED A HOLE IN THE PANEL OF THE DOOR WHICH OPENED INTO THE BOX--- A PEEP-HOLE WHICH HE ENLARGED WITH HIS PENKNIFE.



THE TIME WAS NOW 8:30 P. M. --- AND THE PLAY HAD ALREADY BEGUN --- WHEN THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY ARRIVED! THE ORCHESTRA STRUCK UP, "HAIL TO THE CHIEF!" THE DRESS CIRCLE ROSE...



BETWEEN ACTS ONE AND TWO, THE PRESIDENT HELD MRS. LINCOLN'S HAND, JUST AS HIS GUEST, YOUNG MAJOR RATHBONE, HELD THE HAND OF HIS FIANCEE, CLARA HARRIS.



A LITTLE BEFORE TEN O'CLOCK, LINCOLN SAID HE FELT A CHILL, AND HE PUT ON A COAT... IT WAS JUST AT THE TIME BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN, ENTERED THE BACKSTAGE!



SOME MINUTES AFTER TEN, BOOTH ENTERED FROM THE DRESS CIRCLE INTO THE LITTLE CORRIDOR BETWEEN IT AND THE PRESIDENT'S BOX... HE HAD TIMED HIS ENTRANCE EXACTLY.



HE PICKED UP FROM A DARK CORNER A WOODEN BAR HE HAD PREPARED, AND FITTED IT TIGHT AGAINST THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. THE OTHER END HE WEDGED INTO A NICHE IN THE WALL.



LOOKING THROUGH THE PEEP-HOLE HE HAD BORED IN THE DOOR OF THE PRESIDENTIAL BOX, THE MURDERER COULD SEE THE BACK OF LINCOLN'S HEAD AS HE WATCHED THE PLAY.



SILENTLY, HE OPENED THE DOOR AND STEPPED IN, HIS WEAPON COMING UP TO AIM! NOBODY WAS AWARE OF HIS ENTRANCE! BOOTH MOVED ALONG THE WALL, TO GET A CLEAR SHOT.



THE DEADLY LITTLE DERRINGER SPAT OUT ITS SINGLE BULLET--- WITH A NOISE LIKE A LOUD HAND-CLAP! EVEN THOSE IN THE BOX HARDLY NOTICED THE SOUND.



BUT BOOTH'S LUNGE TOWARD THE LEDGE OF THE BOX WAS BLOCKED BY MAJOR RATHBONE! IN THE MURDERER'S HAND A KNIFE FLASHED--- DRIVING DEEP INTO RATHBONE'S ARM.



EVADING RATHBONE'S GOOD RIGHT ARM, BOOTH SWUNG HIMSELF OVER THE LEDGE OF THE BOX, TO DROP TO THE STAGE BELOW. ONE OF HIS NEW SPURS TANGLED ITSELF IN THE DRAPED FLAG.



WITH A CRY OF "REVENGE FOR THE SOUTH!" HE DROPPED, TEARING THE FLAG, AND LANDING AWKWARDLY! HIS ANKLE SNAPPED! IT HAD ALL HAPPENED TOO FAST FOR PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND. . .





BOOTH SCRAMBLED UP, AND PASSED THE PETRIFIED ACTOR HARRY HAWKES AT A HOBBLING RUN... MAJOR STEWART CLIMBED OUT OF THE ORCHESTRA, SHOUTING, "STOP THAT MAN!"



MAJOR RATHBONE, BLEEDING BADLY, GOT LOOSE THE BAR WHICH HELD THE CORRIDOR DOOR SHUT. HE YELLED TO THE JAMMING CROWD OUTSIDE TO LET NO ONE BUT A DOCTOR THROUGH.



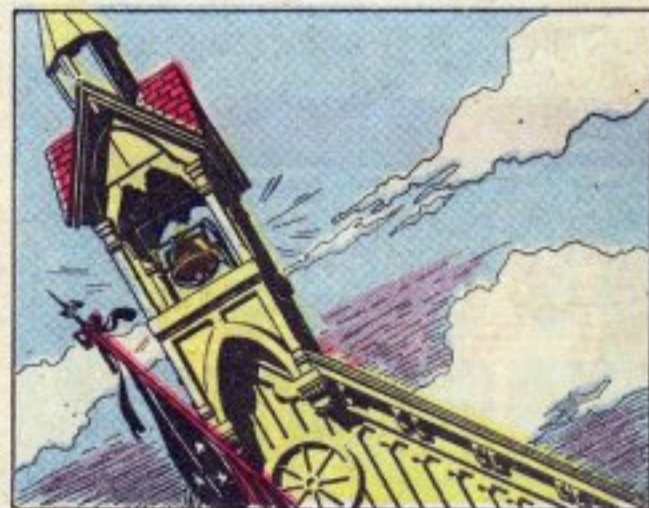
IN A FEW MOMENTS, A YOUNG ARMY SURGEON, DR. CHARLES LEALE, ENTERED THE BOX... MRS. LINCOLN SOBBED HYSTERICALLY, "OH, DOCTOR, IS HE DEAD? OH, MY DEAR HUSBAND!"



LEALE HAD THE PRESIDENT LAID FLAT ON THE FLOOR... HE FOUND THE BULLET WOUND IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD. LOOKING UP, HE SAID, "HIS WOUND IS MORTAL!"



AND BACK IN ILLINOIS, THEY BROUGHT THE SAD NEWS TO THE PRESIDENT'S STEP-MOTHER, WHO SAID: "I KNEW WHEN HE WENT... HE WOULD NEVER COME BACK ALIVE!"



NEXT DAY---THE DAY BEFORE EASTER--- BELLS IN EVERY CITY OF THE NORTH BEGAN TOLLING THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN! NOW, AS STANTON SAID, HE "BELONGED TO THE AGES!" ---

## LINCOLN'S LAST JOURNEY



LINCOLN'S LAST JOURNEY BEGAN WHEN HE WAS CARRIED, DYING, FROM FORD'S THEATER TO A PRIVATE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET



WHILE THE NATION MOURNED, THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT LAY IN STATE IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE--- AS HE HAD DREAMED!



BLACK HORSES WITH BLACK PLUMES DREW THE CASKET IN SOLEMN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS WHILE MEN WEPT.



SLOWLY HIS FUNERAL TRAIN MOVED ACROSS THE STATES. BRIEFLY HE LAY IN HIS SPRINGFIELD HOME, WHERE OLD FRIENDS MOURNED.



AT LAST, THE REMAINS OF AMERICA'S BEST-LOVED PRESIDENT CAME TO REST IN A SIMPLE VAULT AT SPRINGFIELD.