Lincoln’s Funeral Procession on Pennsylvania Avenue. Library of Congress/American Memory.

Ford’s Theater with guards posted at entrance and crepe draped from windows. Library of Congress/American Memory.

President Lincoln’s box at Ford’s Theater. Library of Congress/American Memory.

Rocking chair used by President Lincoln in Ford’s Theater. Library of Congress/American Memory.

Abraham Lincoln’s home with many people standing on the sidewalk and in the yard in front of it. Library of Congress/American Memory.

Abraham Lincoln, George Brinton McClellan and other soldiers at their camp on the Potomac River with a black mat surrounding the photograph. Library of Congress/American Memory.

Abraham Lincoln without a beard. Library of Congress/American Memory.

Abraham Lincoln with a beard. Library of Congress/Prints and Photographs Division.
Grace Bedell to Abraham Lincoln,
Thursday, October 18, 1860.
Library of Congress/
American Memory.

Abraham Lincoln to Grace Bedell,
Friday, October 19, 1860.
Library of Congress/
American Memory.

Vote for Abraham: Campaign song of
'64/by Union.
Library of Congress/
American Memory.

Map showing the distribution of the slave
population of the southern states of the
United States. Library of
Congress/American Memory.

Abraham Lincoln and his Emancipation
Proclamation. Library of
Congress/America's Library.

Poem, "My Child-hood Home I See
Again." Library of Congress/American
Memory.

U.S. War Department, Washington, April
20, 1865. $100,000 reward! Library of
Congress/Rare Book and Special
Collections Division.

Honest old Abe on the Stump. Library of
Congress/Prints and Photographs Division.
COPY.

Westfield, Chautauqua Co N Y
Oct 18-1860

Dear Sir

My father has just come from the fair and brought home your picture and Mr. Hamlin's. I am a little girl only eleven years old, but want you should be President of the United States very much so I hope you wont think me very bold to write to such a great man as you are. Have you any little girls about as large as I am if so give them my love and tell her to write to me if you cannot answer this letter. I have got 4 brother's and part of them will vote for you any way and if you will let your whiskers grow I will try and get the rest of them to vote for you you would look a great deal better for your face is so thin. All the ladies like whiskers and they would tease their husband's to vote for you and then you would be President. My father is a going to vote for you and if I was a man I would vote for you too but I will try and get every one to vote for you that I can. I think that rail fence around your picture makes it look very pretty. I have got a little baby sister she is nine weeks old and is just as cunning as can be. When you direct your letter direct to Grace Bedell Westfield Chautauqua County New York

I must not write any more answer this letter right off Good bye

Grace Bedell.
(Letter to Miss Grace Bedell.)

Springfield, Illinois,
October 16th, 1860.

My dear little Miss:

Your very agreeable letter of the 16th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I were to begin it now?

A. Lincoln.
To all true lovers of our common country.

VOTE FOR ABRAHAM

Campaign song of '64

BY UNION

BURLINGTON, Vt.
Published by H. L. STORR.

Entered, according to act of Congress, 1869, by H. L. Story, at the Clerk's office of the District Court of Vt.
VOTE FOR ABRAHAM.

ALLEGRETTO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. We
2. The

all will vote for Abraham. For President—for President; He
rebels now begin to show That Abraham, that Abraham Is
is a tried and honest man, Then vote for A- bra- ham, And
dealing them there last death-blow; Then vote for A- bra- ham; And

An-dy, too, of Tennessee, Of Tennessee, of Tennessee, Brave Copperheads may hiss and groan, May hiss and groan, may hiss and groan, Yet

An-dy, too, is just the man, To go with A- bra- ham. One will still lead on the van, 'Tis honest A- bra- ham.

3.

With Grant and Sherman in the field,
With Abraham, with Abraham;
We soon will make the traitors yield;
Then vote for Abraham.

Your time is short, ye copperheads,
Ye copperheads, ye copperheads,
For in November Uncle Sam,
Will go for Abraham.

The Union ever will remain,
For Abraham, for Abraham
Has blotted out that vilest stain
Of human slavery:
As blest and honored shall go down.
As Washington's, as Washington's,
To unborn millions through the land
The name of Abraham.
CHORUS.

Air.
We'll vote for Abraham, my boys, For Abraham; He-

Alto.

Tenor.
Well vote for Abraham, my boys, For Abraham; for Abraham, He

Bass.

Piano.
is both tried and true, my boys; Then vote for A - bra - ham.

is both tried and true, my boys; Then vote for A - bra - ham.
My child, born home of thee again
And glancing with the sun,
And still as quiet, even now, shall it
Shine, even in it too.

Oh, memory, thou woe with thine uncertainties,
Veiled with some mystery.
Who, things, with your view, look
In many shades new.

The sun, with its blazing brightness,
Shines hallowed from above.
Like zones, in sound conclusion into
All hallow in equal light.

A distant mountain, pleases the eye,
When touch the clouds, high
As bright, one, that passeth by,
In distance air array.

As leaving some grand old tree,
My anguish, last to thee, remained
No memory will hallow again,
Never known, but now no more.

Now hurried years have passed away,
Voice has its foremost content with
So soon, and faster, once forgot
And schoolmates, home as well.
Where many were, how few remain
of our families things! and no one doth tell.
But sing them to memory again up
He lost one about being:

The friend, I kept that part of me—
How changes in ten long years?
Young brethren gone, to glory in heaven's joy,
And half of all our dreams.

I hear the love surv bson
tell
These words from death and the sea, still, every sound affair, a dream,
And every spot a good.

I sang the fires with luminous hearts,
I face the hollow rooms
And feel (companions of the room)
I'm living in the tomb

A love an object more of ease,
How ought the grave contain—
A human form with可见 sense
While met with life and many—

Sir Matthew! one of genuine beauty:
A future, fairest child, may some and
New heaven for age, in created rights.
A happier condition.
To Matthew! I have never forgot;
When first with companion went
Yourself you ministered, your father taught,
And mother, too, to tell. They and we
And soon spread, and neighbors near;
Your brother's strength to bear;
And soon a leader every man,
Your hush a voice for comfort.

How then you writhe and striketh alone,
Aged bones and sinews broken, a pool
And water in the gaping sorrow
With burning eyes held, gleam upon me with

And you, begg'd, and shown, and wept, and prayed.
With mered laughter pressed and will
Your footstep on the sigh, employed,
By prayer that fills the mind all

And when at length, the day and long
Thrice on them your finger seven mark
Your plighted, upon beautiful sky.
Upon the still night speared, 1800

I've leave it off, as if I dreamed,
You, virtue, truth, and kind;
The former was it ever dreamed?
Of mystery, mine and yours, well

Heard of your with deep mark.
to drink its bowl in slow array and pull
No expanse but space
But yet the widening way
Now stretch the Eastern skies.

Air held his breath, the sea was still
Screams don't sound, simple sounds:
He's swallowing tears, courage so rare
There's no hiding, you're known

But then you past, and thought remains
That raises you in the letting, and
You read my blood, it's freezing, the strain,
Are like frozen nuns.

Now saw the old, more than the same
Have gazed with eyes of joy and woe
All memories of us, times have been
Heart lost the power to know

And a new song, it left the new
And new again as some some some
Despair is the last to fall
With less of honor, much in fall
The present and the past

The new song, where once the treasure
That forever, my love, I dream on
Now strings, the fire, and there to hear,
Are feel the part of them.
War Department, Washington, April 20, 1865,

$100,000 REWARD!

THE MURDERER

Of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln,
IS STILL AT LARGE.

$50,000 REWARD

Will be paid by this Department for his apprehension, in addition to any reward offered by Municipal Authorities or State Executives.

$25,000 REWARD

Will be paid for the apprehension of JOHN H. Surratt, one of Booth's Accomplices.

$25,000 REWARD

Will be paid for the apprehension of David C. Harold, another of Booth's accomplices.

LIBERAL REWARDS will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above-mentioned criminals, or their accomplices.

All persons harboring or secreting the said persons, or either of them, or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a Military Commission and the punishment of DEATH.

Let the state of innocent blood be presented from the hand by the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

All good citizens are exhorted to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should consider his own conscience charged with this solemn duty, and rest neither night nor day until it be accomplished.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

DESCRIPTONS.—Booth is Five Feet 7 or 8 inches high, slender build, high forehead, black hair, black eyes, and wears a heavy black mustache. John H. Surratt is about 5 feet, 9 inches. Hair rather thin and dark; eyes rather light; no beard. Would weigh 140 or 150 pounds. Complexion rather pale and clear, with color in his cheeks. Wears light clothes of fine quality. Shoulders narrow; chest broad and prominent; chin small; ears projecting at the top; forehead rather low and square, but broad. Particular hair on the right side; neck rather long. His lips are firmly set. A slim man.

David C. Harold is five feet six inches high, hair dark; eyes dark, eyebrows rather heavy, full face, nose short and full; face small, oval-shaped, naturally quick and active, slightly closes his eyes when looking at a person.

NOTICE.—In addition to the above, State and other authorities have offered rewards amounting to almost one hundred thousand dollars, making an aggregate of about TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.
Nlean old Abe on the Stamp, Springfield 1853.

Honest old Abe on the Stamp, at the ratification meeting of presidential nominations, Springfield 1860.