and horror seemed to fill every mind. The very atmosphere was burdened with stories of dark conspiracies and bloody deeds. Thousands of excited citizens, soldiers and guards, blocked up every avenue to Mr. Peterson's House, No. 453, 10th street, to which the president had been carried, and in which he was dying. None but prominent citizens known to the officers of the guard, or who could be generally vouched for, were allowed to pass, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in working my way through the crowd, and passed the guards, to the house, and then into the room in which the president had been placed. The news was all too true. There he lay, evidently in the agonies of death, his medical attendants doing all that human zeal or skill could devise, and many of his friends had gathered about him, and some were in tears.

Turning away from this sad sight, I worked my way to the house of Secretary Seward, and here, too, I found that the villains had done their work. I then returned, and reported to Mr. Johnson, the disastrous doings of the conspirators.

In a short time Mr. Johnson resolved to see the president himself. His friends thought he ought not to leave the house when there was so much excitement in the city, and when the extent of the conspiracy was unknown. President Lincoln had just been shot in the presence of a crowded assembly and his assassin had escaped; Secretary Seward had been stabbed in his chamber, and the villain had fled. But he determined to go. Major James R. O'Beirne, commanding the provost guard, desired to send a detachment of troops with him, but he declined the offer, and buttoning up his coat, and pulling his hat well down, he requested me to accompany him, and the Major to lead the way; and thus we went through the multitude that crowded the streets and filled the passage ways, till we joined the sad circle of friends who were grouped around the bedside of the dying president.

It is unnecessary to add anything more to this account of my connection with an event which forms, with the rebellion plot, the darkest chapter in our country's history.

If it is true, as regarded by many, that the life of President Johnson was saved by the arrival of citizens, at the Kirkwood, at the risk of their lives, then such risk was properly, and so far as I am concerned, joyfully incurred, and this statement may be worthy of preservation.

Trusting that this may meet the wishes of the society as expressed through you.

I have the honor to be

Respectfully your obedient servant

L. J. FARWELL.

Rt. REV'D. WILLIAM EDMOND ARMITAGE.

William Edmond Armitage was born in New York City, September the 6th 1830; educated in the private school of D. P. Bacon; graduated at Columbia college in 1849; and in theology at General Theological Seminary in 1852—all in that City.

He commenced his early ministry in New Hampshire and Maine; came west in 1859, and was pastor of St. John's Church in Detroit seven years. He was elected Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Wisconsin June 1866; consecrated December 6th in that year; and removed to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on the 6th of January 1867.
The degree S. T. D. was conferred upon him by his own college in 1866. To do common justice to the subject of this brief sketch would require a more intimate knowledge of his valuable services in the church than his biographer has had an opportunity of acquiring, his first acquaintance with the bishop having commenced not earlier than four years ago. General report however gives him the credit of having formed, in very short space of time in the city of Detroit, a large and respectable congregation—a task which could only be accomplished by youthful energy, unremitting perseverance, religious zeal, and talent of a high order—all of which the bishop possesses, as the writer can now testify from personal knowledge.

A short time before he had been elected assistant bishop, the late venerable Bishop Kemper began to exhibit symptoms of declining strength, by reason of his advanced age, and feeling his inability to discharge the duties required of him by so extensive a field as the Diocese of Wisconsin, he necessarily required assistance to relieve him from a part of these laborious duties.

In making a selection for this purpose, the personal qualities of the rector of St. John's, Detroit, having been so well established, could not have been overlooked; therefore he was elected. The selection made it a sufficient proof of the discriminating judgment of the electors: as all the acts of Bishop Armitage since his advent to the diocese of Wisconsin, and the many virtues that adorn his character as a Christian bishop, have gained for him the love and respect of all classes under his episcopal charge.

Hon. Levi Hubbell

was born, April 15, 1808 in Balston, Saratoga Co. N Y.—His parents were of patriotic stock, the one having served as a soldier, through the entire revolutionary war, and the father of the other, having been killed by the British, in that struggle for national independence.

Judge Hubbell graduated at Union College, Schenectady; read law with Hon. John Greig, of Canandaigua, and commenced practice with his brother, Walter Hubbell, in the latter place. The late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas was then a student in their office; and doubtless derived his first democratic impressions from Judge Hubbell, who was then early, an ardent supporter of the party, and assistant Editor of the Ontario Messenger.

In January 1833, he was appointed by Governor Marcy, Adjutant General of the State; which office he held until November 1836, when, on his removal to Ithaca, in Tompkins County, he resigned it. He represented