

Eyewitnesses S-Z

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Assassination Accounts

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Accounts of the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Stories of eyewitnesses, first-hand
or passed down

Surnames beginning with

S-Z

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

GEORGE N. SANDERS.

GEORGE N. SANDERS, the notorious rebel who across our northern border has been so long conspiring against the Government, was born in Kentucky, which was also the native State of JEFF DAVIS. He is between forty-five and fifty years of age, and has been for many years engaged in visionary political schemes. Under PIERCE and BUCHANAN he was happy enough to gain a brief official authority. The former appointed him Navy Agent at New York, and the latter Consul to London. In 1861 he returned to this country and embraced the rebel cause. He was engaged in several schemes for increasing the rebel navy, all of which failed. His supposed connection with the plot to murder President LINCOLN, and with other infamous schemes against the peaceable citizens of the North, is too well known to require any comment. Within the last fortnight his name has again come prominently before the public. It has been reported that some dangerous fellows from the United States have been engaged in a plot for the abduction of the rebel agent. It is probable, however, as the *Times* remarks, that the "dangerous fellows" were only thieves who had designs on SANDERS's silver spoons or Confederate gold chest.

Memorial.

The miserable behavior
of me that have ap-
peared in the New
York papers, induces
me to send you a cor-
rect likeness recently
taken by A. S. M. I
should you think it
propitious to give me
to the public. I ask
the favor to be put
into the hands of a
good reporterist
G. N. Sanders

FAC-SIMILE OF GEORGE N. SANDERS'S HANDWRITING.



GEORGE N. SANDERS.

EYEWITNESS DESCRIBES TO FORMER RESIDENT OF READING THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

THOMAS BRADFORD SANDERS, NOW EMPLOYED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR AT WASHINGTON, D. C., WAS THEN YOUNG MAINE VOLUNTEER—VISITED FORDS THEATRE TO SEE GENERAL GRANT WHO HAD BEEN EXPECTED TO ACCOMPANY THE PARTY TO SEE LAURA KEENE IN HER PRODUCTION OF "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN."

When the story of the shooting and death of President Abraham Lincoln has often been narrated by some who have parts of it and by others who know less, many details have been forgotten.

Most of the eyewitnesses of the terrible tragedy have passed away, some of those in the private box with the President on that fatal night have not strange to Thomas Bradford Sanders, of Washington, now employed in the Department of Commerce and Labor, is one of the few eyewitnesses living today.

Mr. Sanders, who is a descendant of Governor William Bradford, of Plymouth Colony, Mass., in an interview with Harvey Cleveland Hackett, a former resident of Reading, now employed as a stenographer in the same department as Mr. Sanders, gives his version of the assassination in a most graphic manner.

In his interview Mr. Sanders said: "At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln on the night of April 14, 1865, I was a young

Wanted to See General Grant.

"On April 14 I read in the newspapers that President Lincoln would visit Fords Theatre on 14th street, between F and F streets, that evening accompanied by General Grant.

"While I had seen Mr. Lincoln frequently I desired to have a good look at General Grant and went to the theatre. Laura Keene was then playing in 'Our American Cousin' at this house. I was seated in the dress circle on the same level as the box occupied by the Lincolns.

Mrs. Lincoln Much Interested.

"The party arrived late and General Grant was absent having gone to Burlington, New Jersey, to visit his children who were attending school there. The box was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, a daughter of Senator Harris, of New York, and Paymaster Major Rathbone.

"I watched the Lincolns during the performance. Mrs. Lincoln sat at the front of the box and during the play she called her husband's attention to different points. He would lean forward, respond smilingly, and then sit back a little out of sight.

Startled by a Pistol Shot.

"As the play was nearing the end I was startled by a pistol shot. I leaned forward over the balcony to see whether the shot was fired in the barroom below at the side, when a disturbance in the box opposite drew my attention. I noticed Mrs. Lincoln sitting erect and staring at something with a frozen expression.

"In an instant a man appeared near the front of the box with a dagger in his hand and turning made a lunge at Major Rathbone, wounding him, and then yelling 'Sir, remember your oath!' vaulted over the railing of the box to reach the stage.

How Booth Escaped.

"His spur caught in the bag drapery of the box and he failed to land on the stage, crest striking slightly on his side.

"I can see him now in my mind's eye tumbling from the box a distance of about 12 feet, his thick black hair extending upwards in such a manner as to give him a wild appearance.

"He immediately rushed with a halting gait from the stage. I heard afterwards that he had broken a bone of his leg. This man was John Wilkes Booth. An actor who occupied the stage at the time afterwards stated, that seeing Booth coming with a gleaming knife, he tried injury to himself and fled.

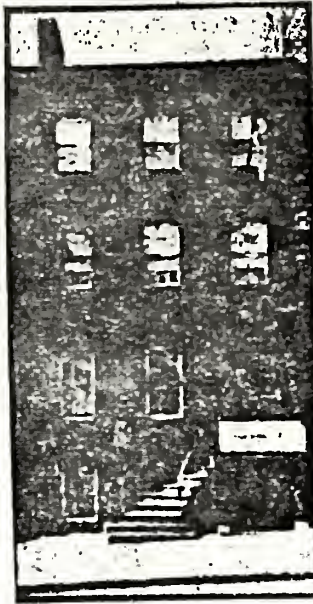
Great Confusion Follows.

"After a minute or two some one appeared at the opening of the box and announced to the audience that the President was shot. In answer to many calls from the audience, 'Who is he?'

"I ran down stairs from the dress circle through the orchestra circle and climbed over the footlights to the stage. By that time the audience was in a frenzy, and was crying 'Touch him! Seize him! Hang him!' but Booth had passed through the wings at the back and disappeared.

"Mrs. Muzzy, one of the netresses, stood near me sobbing, and Laura Keene, who, fearing a riot, had come to the stage, approaching the footlights and cried out at least twice 'For God's sake be men!'

"A man who stood near me on the stage announced that he was a surgeon when I helped him climb into the Lincoln box by pushing him up



The Peterson House in Which Lincoln Died.

until he secured a habit on the rail above and was able to climb in. "That day, it appears, Booth had visited the box, cut a slot in the door jam, and inserted a knife so that it could be dropped across, thus fastening the door leading into the box in such a manner that no one could enter from the side where the audience was. In order to get into the box it was necessary to climb up from the stage.

Went for Water.

"When the audience quieted down some, Miss Keene went to the box, some one having unlatched the door. Then there was a call from the box opening for water. I jumped from the stage and hurried through the orchestra circle to a bar room where I seized a pitcher of water and a glass, explaining that it was for the President, who had been shot.

"I then ran back with it to the door where I was met by Laura Keene who took the pitcher and glass. I noticed that her apron was bloody. She had held the head of Mr. Lincoln who was lying on the floor.

Remained Until Dying President Was Removed.

"I stood in the theatre long enough to see Mr. Lincoln carried across the street to Mr. Peterson's house.

"I then hastened to headquarters where I found the officer of the day and everyone on duty there in a high state of excitement owing to many rumors that the President and the entire Cabinet had been assassinated. A messenger who had come to the office from Secretary Seward's residence in the Slickles house declared that Mr. Seward was being murdered.

Guard Rushed to Seward Home.

"Part of our guard rushed over to the Seward home where it appears that one of the conspirators had slashed Mr. Seward's throat, nearly killed Hollingson a soldier nurse, and badly injured young Frederick W. Seward, a son of the Secretary.

"Requests were running to the office for details of guards for Vice President Andrew Johnson, who was at the Kirkwood Hotel on Penna. avenue, for Secretary War Stanton, and others.

"A rumor had gained wide circulation that the Confederate prisoners in the Old Capitol Jail were breaking out, and were about to burn the town. Wild rumors were in circulation all night.

"Provost Marshal General Col. Ingraham, of New Bedford, Mass., upon arriving at his office, asked me who shot Mr. Lincoln. I stated to him that it was not Booth as rumored, that I knew Booth well. I meant Edwin Booth whom I had seen play. Had Never Seen John Wilkes Booth Before.

"I had never seen John Wilkes Booth until that night. Of course I

knew the person whom I saw in the box and who jumped to the stage was not Edwin Booth. I accompanied the Provost Marshal General to the theatre.

"The Superintendent of Police, Mr. Richards, was on the stage at the time and my companion told him that the assassin was not Booth, meaning Edwin. The Superintendent of Police replied that the assassin was John Wilkes Booth, who was well known to many present.

Stopped by Secretary Stanton.

"From the theatre we went to Peterson's house. The Provost Marshal General entered the room where Mr. Lincoln lay dying. Mr. Stanton who stopped me in the hall, kindly placed his hands on my shoulder and said: 'Young man there are too many in here already.' I immediately went outside the house and stood on the stoop. Soldiers were arriving and some had already been placed across the street above and below the theatre to keep the people out of the house and theatre. The latter was never again used as a playhouse.

Booth Had a Horse in Waiting.

"After Booth left the theatre he ran to the alley in the rear where he had left a horse in charge of a boy, and leaping upon it, pursued his way over Benning's Bridge, which crosses the east branch of the Potomac a mile or so East of the Capitol. He pursued his way to Dr. Mudd's house where his leg was attended to.

Recognized Man Who Killed Booth.

"Some little time afterwards I was on duty at night in the office of the Provost Marshal General when a determined-looking young man entered and asked for a pass of the kind which our office furnished in proper cases. I surprised him by addressing him as Sergeant Torbett and he asked me how I knew his name.

"I replied that I had seen his picture in the newspapers and recognized him at once. He was the man who had shot Booth. In response to inquiries from me he said that he was at the side of the burning building looking through a knothole.

"He said that by the light of the fire he could see Booth standing with his rifle ready to fire at the first form that might appear, and that he did not intend to allow him an opportunity to take his (Booth's) life or the life of any of his friends and for that reason he drew a head upon Booth and fired. Soldiers rushed in and dragged Booth out after they saw him fall.

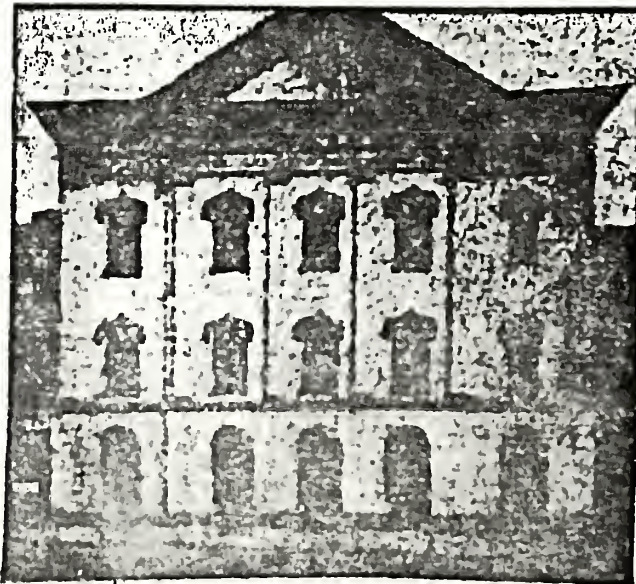
"Booth's body was brought back to Washington and was buried at the Arsenal in South Washington. The remains were subsequently removed by his friends, and buried on a Baltimore cemetery."



Thomas Bradford Sanders.

volunteer in the 15th Maine Regiment, and had been detailed as a clerk at the office of the Provost Marshal General, Defences North of the Potomac.

"The office was then located near the Treasury Department and not far from the old home of Daniel F. Sickles. The latter residence was occupied by William H. Seward and family, and later by the late James G. Blaine.



Peterson House in Which Lincoln Was Assassinated.

Restored Ford's Stirs Lincoln Memories

Bickel Had Interviewed Witness To Shooting At Theater

By LINDA DENN

When the restored Ford's Theater in Washington reopens in August, Harvey C. Bickel hopes to be in one of the dress circle cane-bottomed chairs across from the double box where President Lincoln was sitting when he was shot 102 years ago.

"I feel I could have a keener perception of the assassination and that I could be closer and more conscious of its importance as an historical event—more so perhaps than anyone else in the United States," said the lawyer and former judge of the Baltimore City People's Court.

Mr. Bickel feels this way because he is one of the few persons now living who interviewed a witness of the assassination. He has asked for a seat as close as possible to the spot where a former friend and associate sat April 14, 1865.

Met Him At Office

Mr. Bickel was private secretary to the commissioner of navigation in the Department of Navigation and Labor when he met Thomas Bradford Sanders, who was then deputy commissioner in the same department. After hearing that Mr. Sanders was at Ford's Theater during the assassination, Mr. Bickel met with him several times and took down word for word his account of that event.

Mr. Sanders told Mr. Bickel he had gone to the theater specifically to see General Grant and the President that April 14. The General did not attend that night.

The shooting occurred as the play neared its end. Mr. Bickel's yellowed notes relate. Mr. Sanders said he looked across the theater and noticed "a frozen and horrified expression" on the President's face before he understood what had happened.

"I can still recall it in my mind's eye," Mr. Sanders began as he described John Wilkes Booth leaping down from the box onto the floor below, with a shock of his black hair flying. Booth then disappeared through the wings at the back of the theater to the alley where a horse was waiting.

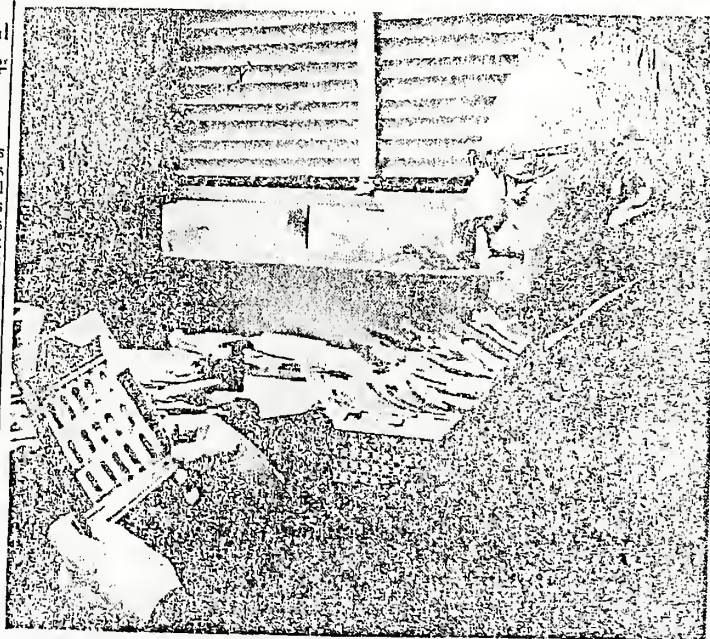
Confusion Follows

"Immediately all was in confusion in the theater," the papers relate. People shouted and yelled, first asking who was hurt and what had happened and then crying, "Catch him, seize him, hang him, lynch him."

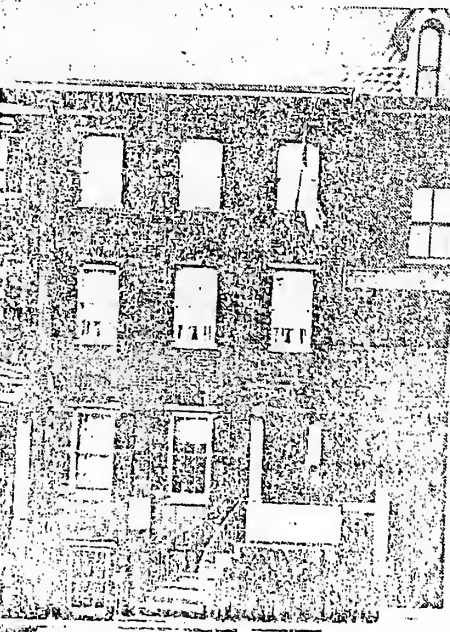
Mr. Sanders left his place in the dress circle, went down into the orchestra and climbed up over the footlights onto the stage. Laure Keene, the actress who was starring in "The American Cousin" cried out to the audience: "For God's sake, be men." A second actress stood by, sobbing.

Mr. Sanders then helped boost a man who said he was a surgeon up into the President's box, for the door down into the orchestra had been jammed—presumably by Booth earlier in the day. The doctor called for water.

Mr. Sanders returned with a pitcher of water which he gave to Laura Keene, the actress, who came to the door of the box in a



LINCOLN EXPERT—Harvey C. Bickel, Baltimore attorney and former People's Court judge, is one of few living persons to have interviewed Lincoln's assassination witness.



WHERE LINCOLN DIED—Peterson house, where wounded President was taken, shown in picture taken in early 1900's.

blood-stained apron. She had followed soon after that one of the conspirators had cut Mr. Seward's throat and seriously wounded his son.

"Wild stories were flying all night," the notes say. One rumor was that Confederate prisoners in the Old Capitol prison were breaking out and were about to burn the town.

Accompanied Investigator

Mr. Sanders accompanied the provost marshal general to the theater where the investigation of the assassination continued, and then to the Peterson House where the President lay dying. He waited outside in the hall while the soldiers arrived to guard the area and curious crowds gathered in the street.

"The next morning it was announced that Mr. Lincoln, who had been shot in the back

of the head as he sat in his easy chair in the box, was dead," the notes state.

Mr. Sanders related to Mr. Bickel the intricacies of the investigation that followed and the death of Booth himself. The sergeant who killed Booth told him that he had done so to prevent Booth from killing the soldier and his friends.

He attended the military trial of three charged with conspiracy, commenting that it was "a pitiful sight" to see the irons on Mrs. Mary Surratt, who was hanged later for her part in the plot.

Mr. Bickel looked through the many papers collected on the assassination over the past 50 years. A yellowed *Call*'s magazine dates back to 1909 and several newspaper articles are almost as old.

Mr. Bickel became interested in American history when he was young and his talks with Mr. Sanders stimulated him to read and collect more information. He now has three biographies on Mr. Lincoln as well as several folders filled with data on the assassination.

Mr. Bickel, who was born in Bucks county, Pa., came to Baltimore in 1914, to practice law. He is a member of the Maryland Society of Churches, the Maryland Historical Society, the German Society of Maryland and the Society for the History of Germans in Maryland. He is also active in the Eleventh ward Democratic Club.

Restored Ford's Stirs Lincoln Memories

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Mr. Sanders returned with a pitcher of water which he gave to Laure Keene, the actress, who came to the door of the box in a

blood-stained apron. She had been holding President Lincoln's head as he lay on the floor, Mr. Sanders thought.

"I remained until Mr. Lincoln's tall, lank form was carried from the theater across the street to Mr. Peterson's house. I recollect that I had never before been so impressed by his great length. He was 6 feet 4 inches in height."

Mr. Sanders, who was in the Army at the time, returned to his headquarters where rumors were circulating that the entire Cabinet as well as the President had been assassinated. A messenger came from Secretary of State Seward's house that he was being murdered. A report

followed soon after that one of the conspirators had cut Mr. Seward's throat and seriously wounded his son.

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WHERE LINCOLN DIED—Peterson house, where wounded President was taken, shown in picture taken in early 1900's.

ASSASSINATION
~~ASSASSINATION~~
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS
AS

TOLD BY AN EYEWITNESS
TO

Harvey Leitch

Washington, D. C.,
1910.

(Copy-B)

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE,

Office District Marshal General,

Defenses North Potomac,

Washington, D. C., June 25, 1966.

To Whom It May Concern:

I take pleasure in recommending to the favorable action of those in authority Thomas E. Sanders - late Corporal, Co. 717, 17th Regt., Maine and clerk in this office - as a man of strict integrity and honor and a clerk whose capacity, accuracy and diligence can be relied upon under each and every circumstance.

(Sd) J. T. Sherry,

Capt. . A. A. D. C.

I certify that I have compared this copy with the original on headed office paper and that it is a true copy.

March 17, 1920.

The story of Lincoln's death is a tragic one. While it has often been narrated by some who knew parts of it and by others who knew less of it, it is believed that some of the details have never been told. Obviously an eye witness can best give this world event the true color. Most of the witnesses of this important occurrence have passed away; the closest witnesses - those in the theatre box with Lincoln on the fatal night - have all met strange fates themselves. But there is given below the story of Mr. Thomas Bradford Sanders of Washington, D. C., who saw the shooting and after a lapse of 45 years related it to me as he saw it.

(Insert narration which follows).

Mr. Sanders is a descendant of Governor William Bradford of Plymouth Colony. He entered the Union Army in 1862 at a youthful age and at the close of the war entered the civil service. He is now employed in the Department of Commerce and Labor.

Harvey Cleveland Dickel

In April, 1865, I was a young volunteer in the 17th Maine Regiment and was detailed as a clerk at the office of the Provost Marshal General Defenses North of the Potomac. The office was then located near the Treasury Department at Washington in proximity to the old home of Daniel E. Sickles, near which the latter assassinated United States District Attorney Key. On April 14th I read in the newspapers that Mr. Lincoln would be at Ford's Theatre that evening accompanied by General Grant, and while I had seen the former many times I desired to have a good look at the latter and went to the theatre where Laura Keane was playing in "Our American Cousin." I took a seat in the dress circle of the second tier immediately opposite the box which was to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and General Grant, and into which I had a full view. The play was proceeding, there being but one man on the stage, when I heard a pistol shot. Leaning forward over the balcony to see whether the shot was in the barroom at the side, I noticed a commotion in the box opposite. General Grant, it appears, had left for Burlington, New Jersey, to see his children, where they were at school, and was not in the box, which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, a daughter of Senator Harris of New York, and Major Rathbone, a paymaster in the military service. I had watched Mr. Lincoln during the performance and especially Mrs. Lincoln, who sat at the mouth of the box, and during the play called Mr. Lincoln's attention to different points. He would lean forward, look out of the box, respond smilingly, and sit back

a little out of sight. The disturbance in the box drew my attention and I noticed Mrs. Lincoln sitting erect and staring at something with a frozen expression of countenance, as though she was horrified. In an instant Booth appeared with a dagger in his hand and yelling "Sic semper tyrannis," sprang over the railing of the box which was about, I should judge, 12 feet above the stage. As he sprang his spur caught in the flag draping the opening to the box, and he was twisted slightly sideways. I can see him now coming down through the air, the motion causing his thick black hair to extend upwards in such a manner as to give him a peculiar appearance. He struck on his side, on his elbow and knee perhaps, and immediately rising, rushed with a peculiar gait, off the stage. When he struck he broke a bone of his leg and probably his peculiar walk arose from that fact. An actor was on the stage, but as he afterwards stated, seeing Booth coming toward him with a gleaming knife, which he waved theatrically about his head, thought that perhaps an injury was intended to himself. Booth passed through the wings at the back and disappeared. The evidence shows that he ran through the theatre to the alley in the rear where he had a horse in charge of a boy. He leaped upon the horse and pursued his way over Bennings bridge, to what is now called Anacostia, across the east branch of the Potomac, a mile or so east of the Capitol.

All was in confusion in the theatre. At first, I with many others, thought that

the incident might have something to do with the play, but in a minute some individual in the box appeared at the opening and stated that the President had been shot. This was in answer to calls from the audience "who is hurt?" "What is the matter in the box?"

I saw Booth while in the box turn and cut at somebody who had seized him or made a demonstration toward him. This person was Major Rathbone, who was then wounded. I ran down from the balcony through the theatre and climbed over the foot lights upon the stage. The audience was immediately in a frenzy, and crying "catch him, seize him, hang him, lynch him" and applied epithets to Booth that are unprintable.

Mrs. Muzzy, one of the actresses, stood near me sobbing, and Laura Keane, fearing a riot, approached the foot lights and cried out "for God's sake be men," saying it, as I recall, at least twice.

A man announced that he was a surgeon and as he attempted to climb into the box I took hold of his legs and helped to boost him until he could secure a hold on the rail and climb in. That day, it appears, Booth had visited the box, had cut a slot in the door jam and had placed a bar so that it could be dropped across, thus fastening the door into the box from the balcony or dress circle, so that no entrance could be obtained from that side. It was necessary therefore in order to get into the box to climb up from the stage.

The audience having quieted down some, Laura Keane, went to the box whence there was a call from the opening looking on the stage, for water. I jumped off the stage and ran down through the orchestra circle and into the bar room at the lower side of the theatre, seized a pitcher of water and a glass, exclaiming that it was for the President who had been shot, and ran back with it into the theatre to the door of the box which by that time had been unbarred. Laura Keane came to the door and took the pitcher and glass. I noticed that her apron was bloody. It seems that she had held the head of Mr. Lincoln who was lying on the floor. I staid long enough to see Mr. Lincoln's tall lank form carried from the theatre across the street to Mr. Petersen's house. I recollect that I had never before been so impressed by his great length. He was 6 feet 4 inches in height/ I then ran to our headquarters at 15th and Pennsylvania Avenue where I found the Officer of the Day and everyone on duty there in a high state of excitement from rumors that the President and the entire Cabinet were being assassinated. A messenger had run to the office from Mr. Seward's residence in the Sickles House crying that he was being murdered and a part of our guard had rushed over there where it appears that Powell, alias Paine, one of the conspirators, had cut Mr. Seward's throat, had nearly killed Robinson, a soldier, and had badly injured Frederick Seward. The place, as I said, was just around the corner from our office. Requests were coming in for the detail of guards, for Mr. Andrew Johnson, Vice President, at the Kirkwood, Mr. Stanton, and I recollect well in a rumor that the prisoners at the

prisoners at the Old Capitol prison were breaking out, and were about to burn the town.

Wild stories were flying all night, many of them being entirely unfounded. Col.

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fice asked me who had shot Mr. Lincoln. I stated to him that it was not Booth, as

rumored; that I knew Booth well. I meant Edwin Booth whom I had seen play. I had

never seen John Wilkes Booth. Of course I knew it was not Edwin when I saw in the box

and in the air as he vaulted over the rail.

I went with the Provost Marshal to the theatre and talked with the Superintendent of Police whom Col. Ingraham told that the assassin was not Booth, meaning Edwin.

The Superintendent of Police, Mr. Richards, answered that it certainly was John Wilkes

Booth, who was well known to many present. From the theatre we went across to Peter-

son's house where were Surgeon General Barnes, Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and

others. The Provost Marshal General went into the house and in the room where Mr.

Lincoln lay dying. I followed him to the entry-way, where Mr. Stanton kindly plac-

ed his hand on my shoulder and said "Young man, there are too many in here already."

I immediately stepped out the door and stood on the stairway where I could see the

soldiers arriving as a guard. They had already been placed across the street above

and below the theatre to keep people out of the house. Crowds were gathering from

every direction and the street above and below the vacant space was filled with people.

The next morning it was announced that Mr. Lincoln who had been shot in the back of the head as he sat in his easy chair in the box, was dead.

Booth pursued his way to Dr. Mudd's house across the East Branch of the river where his leg was attended to and he obtained a revolver and articles which had been carried over there that afternoon by Mrs. Surratt. This act on her part led to her subsequent execution as an accessory before the fact. Evidence showed that Atzerodt was expected to assassinate Mr. Johnson, who lived at that time at the Kirkwood House, where the Raleigh is now located on Pennsylvania Avenue, about midway between the Capitol and the Treasury Department. Powell, or Payne, after a sojourn of a little time in the woods, as I recollect, north of the city, came down to Mrs. Surratt's house in the small hours of the morning and upon being met by a detective from our office stationed there stated that he had been hired to dig a ditch. He was apprehended, brought to the office and consigned to prison. He was a powerful built man. Booth and ~~Mumford~~ his party, consisting of Harold and Atzerodt, pursued their way down the Potomac river on horseback, for a number of miles and hid in a pine thicket, where they cut the throats of their horses and being afraid of capture, finally crossed the river in the early morning and proceeded through the country to a place not far from Fredericksburg, Virginia, and finally to the house of a Mr. Garrett. Pursuit was feared and they concluded to go into a building near the house. This was a number of days

after the assassination. In the meantime the whole country was on the lookout for Booth. General Baker, Chief Government Detective, had traced Booth's party down the river and finally to Garrett's house. They were informed that the men were in the building above mentioned. The giving of this information, it is reported, led to the prescription afterward of Mr. Garrett in that neighborhood. The inhabitants there, although perhaps decriing the assassination, were not satisfied with the action of the Garretts in giving up the assassins. The building was surrounded by the Federal soldiers and Booth was ordered to come out. He replied that he would not surrender, but that there was a man with him who would give himself up. The building was set on fire and burned rapidly. ~~Harold~~ Herold was received and made a prisoner, and Booth while standing in the light of the conflagration with a rifle in his hands ready for use, was shot down in nearly the same part of the body where a few days before he had shot Mr. Lincoln. He was taken out and died soon afterward. Booth, who was a son of Junius Brutus Booth, an English actor, although not living at the South, was an active sympathizer with the Confederacy and had employed his time or a part of it in acting as a spy and in conveying mail and despatches to the Southern Government at Richmond. Sheridan in his Memoirs states that he has every reason to believe that Booth was a man whom he employed as a scout or detective and who he was convinced was playing double. He stated that information he received from Booth in the Shenan-

doah Valley was only such as was known to everybody and of no value. Sheridan had him arrested, but he escaped. Booth was of the melodramatic sort and was heard often to quote the lines "The youth who fired the Ephesian dome, Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it." This affords a key to unlock the mystery of his act in murdering Mr. Lincoln.

Some little time afterward I was on duty at night in the office of the Provost Marshal General when a rather determined looking young man entered and asked for a pass such as it was the business of the office to furnish in certain cases. I addressed him as Sergeant and he asked me in some surprise how I knew the fact. I replied that I had seen his picture in the newspapers and recognized him at once. He was Sergeant Corbett who shot Booth. In response to inquiries from me he said that he was on the side of the building looking through a crack or knot-hole, that by the light of the fire which was burning the building he could see Booth standing with his rifle ready to fire at the first form presented and that he, Corbett, had no idea that the fellow should be allowed to take his life or the life of any of his friends and for that reason he drew a bead upon him and fired. Soldiers rushed in and dragged Booth out after they saw him fall. Corbett afterward went insane as did also Major Rathbone who was in the box at the theatre, and also, as I have been told, at least one of the others who were in the box.

Beeth's body was brought back to Washington, with Herold and he was buried at the Arsenal in South Washington. There is no doubt as to his complete identification. His body was subsequently removed by his friends after identification and buried, as I have been told, at Baltimore. The conspirators remaining alive with the exception of John H. Surratt, were tried before a Military Commission at the Arsenal. I was present during a part of the trial and saw Mrs. Surratt, Atzerott, and Powell, alias Payne, heavily ironed, they having been tried before a Military Commission which did not require the removal of the shackles during the trial. It was a painful sight to see the irons on the woman. They were all found guilty and executed, although the most strenuous efforts were made in behalf of Mrs. Surratt with President Johnson and others to obtain a reprieve or pardon. As I recall statements made at the time they were all buried at the Arsenal. John H. Surratt had escaped and finally enlisted as a Papal zouave at the Vatican in Rome. He was quartered, as I have been told, in the Castle of St. Angelo, near the end of the St. Angelo bridge which crosses the Tiber river and leads to St. Peter's Cathedral. Years afterward I visited the castle, which was once the tomb of Hadrian, and recollect well that as I passed under its walls exactly at twelve, noon, a cannon fired from the battlement over my head startled me. I recalled that it was the place where Surratt was quartered and went in to the Castle and inspected it which were still there.

Surratt learning that his location had been discovered, fled and was captured sub-

sequently further up the Mediterranean. He was brought home on a vessel of war and tried by a civil court. Owing to some disagreement or technicality he was granted a new trial on which there was a failure to set forth in the pleadings the fact that a new trial had been granted before the expiration of the time in which he could be tried under the Statute of Limitations. Judge Wylie of the United States Court held ~~that~~ that the fact that there was a retrial should have been set forth in the indictment and could not be shown by evidence, and that as the time limited by the statute after the assassination in which Surratt could have been tried had expired, he was a free man. Thereupon Mr. Surratt took his hat and left the court. He was never punished further except by his memories, perhaps, of the execution of his mother and of his friends through his ~~xx~~ fault in part in joining the conspiracy which led to the murder of Mr. Lincoln.

Chicago Daily Tribune
April 14, 1960

LETTER TELLS OF WILD RAGE AT ABE'S DEATH

Unpublished Note Put on Display

A hitherto unpublished letter written in Washington two days after the death of Abraham Lincoln, describing the wild excitement and rage there over his assassination, has been placed on display by a Berwyn savings and loan company which recently acquired the letter.

The letter, written by a Washington undertaker's assistant, is on exhibition in the Lincoln Federal Savings and Loan association, 6655 Cermak rd., Berwyn. Inclosed with the letter was a bloodstained remnant of the shirt Lincoln wore when he was fatally shot by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's theatre 95 years ago Thursday. The remnant also is on display.

Purchased from Expert

The savings company purchased the letter from Ralph G. Newman, a Chicago expert on Lincoln. Newman said he acquired it from a Chicago stamp collector who had purchased it last December in New Jersey.

The letter was written April 17, 1865, by Mose Sandford, the undertaker's assistant, to a "Dear Friend

Johnny," a resident of New Jersey.

"You must excuse me for not writing you before [sic] but as the old saying says better late than never," Sandford begins. "So here goes. I hardly think a letter from the City especially at this time and from an Old Friend will be apt to be thrown to one side and forgotten."

A shade gruesomely, Sandford explains he is inclosing the remnant of Lincoln's shirt, to be divided between "Johnny," "Billy Denver," and "Tom Greene." He himself, Sandford states, is keeping Lincoln's necktie as a remembrance.

Some Clothing Returned

Sandford explains he acquired the souvenirs because his undertaking firm supplied "a common pine box" in which Lincoln's body was carried to the White House after his death on April 15. The box, with some of Lincoln's clothing in it, later was returned to the undertaker.

Here are other excerpts from Sandford's letter, in his own spelling and except for some changes for the sake of clarity, with his disregard for punctuation:

"The murder took place just 25 minutes to eleven on last Friday night at Ford's Theatre on 10th St. The play was our American Cousin. I was at Grovers Theatre next to Jum Lamberts just 3 1/2 blocks from Fords they were playing Alladin or the Wonderful Lamp and had just commenced the 4th Act. I was

at the time sitting between two detective Friends of mine and one of them had just asked me the time which was 20 minutes to eleven. Miss German has just finished a song called Sherman March Down to Geo [Georgia] and was about to repeat it when the door of the theatre was pushed violently open and a man rushed in exclaiming turn out for Gods sake the President has been shot in his private box at Fords theatre. He then rushed out.

" . . . I made straight

for Fords and such another excited crowd I never before witnessed. I asked who did it and was informed Wilks Booth and they were bringing the President out when I arrived on the spot

"Business is entirely suspended and the whole city is draped in mourning. . . .

The Theatres stores every place of business and the Gin Mills all are closed and perfectly inundated with crape. It dont do for a man to open his mouth unless he

talks the right way. \$30000 reward has been offered here for the arrest and conviction of the murderer and up to date they are still at large. . . .

"Friday night was a night long to be remembered by me I was on the streets all night. Its impossible for me to describe the scenes as they occurred here the City was in one continual whirl of excitement crowds on every corner and 10th St. and yelling down with the Traitors instead of hunting for them. . . ."

ONE OF LAST TO SEE LINCOLN, SUCCUMBS

Omaha Woman Saw Emancipator Carried from Theater.

OMAHA, Neb., May 13 (AP). — Mrs. Mary Marrow, 82, who as a girl of 16 saw Abraham Lincoln, fatally wounded, carried from the Ford theater in Washington into the home where she was visiting, died last night.

At the time of the assassination Mrs. Marrow, then Miss Mary A. Sardo, lived in Washington and was a chum of Louise Peterson, whose parents conducted a rooming house for actors, two doors from the Ford theater.

On the night of the assassination, she related, she and Louise were at the Peterson home. There was a sudden commotion at the door and Lincoln was carried in. She told how later she and Miss Peterson peeped into the bedroom to catch a glimpse of the dying President.

"We always felt sorry for Booth," she told friends.

Knickerbocker, Feb 20, 1916.

Last Words Spoken on Stage Which Story of Shooting of

The marching of Union veterans in Washington fifty years after their grand march over the same route under the eyes of Grant and Sherman rivets attention upon another world-stirring incident of that olden day, writes Girard in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Of all the many hundred persons who were in Ford's theatre when John Wilkes Booth assassinated President Lincoln, only a few are living. Fred W. Schwarz, for forty years a railroad man and finally secretary of branch lines for the Pennsylvania, is one of them.

For more than a year prior to that most dramatic of American tragedies Mr. Schwarz was an employe in the war department. I asked him yesterday to narrate to me in detail what he did and saw in Ford's theatre that historic Good Friday night, 1865.

"I could scarcely see President Lincoln from my chair, which was on the first floor of the theatre and not far from the orchestra," replied this veteran witness of the assassination. "We could all see Mrs. Lincoln and also Miss Harris, who was in the upper right-hand box with the presidential party; but the President's rocking chair was so far back in the box that many in the audience could not get a glimpse of him.

"The moving pictures now displaying

the killing of Lincoln distort facts in making him appear conspicuously before the audience."

"What were the last words spoken by actors on the stage," I inquired, "which Lincoln could have heard?"

"I talked," replied Mr. Schwarz, "with Harry Hawk, leading man in the company, about that very thing. He confirmed my own recollection that it was in scene two, third act, of 'Our American Cousin,' which was the name of Laura Keene's play.

"Hawk himself was speaking when Booth's pistol shot put a permanent period to that play. As Asa Trenchard, Hawk was delivering the words of his dialogue with Mrs. Montchessington as follows:

"'Well, I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, old gal, you sockdologizing old man trap—'"

Hawk told Mr. Schwarz that he never finished that sentence, which must, therefore, have been the last words heard by Lincoln.

I asked Mr. Schwarz what he did after Booth had tumbled from the President's box upon the stage.

"He didn't leap," said Mr. Schwarz, "but he fell. There was confusion in the President's box. I saw Booth there with his dagger after he had shot Lincoln. I saw him fall upon the stage, not afraid to do something because it He dramatically waved his hand and exclaimed, 'Sic Semper Tyranni!' and hurriedly limped to the back of the stage."

Like scores of others, Mr. Schwarz then clambered upon the stage. He saw Laura Keene display her blood-stained dress. She had been in Lincoln's box and held his head in her arms.

"Hawk told me," said Mr. Schwarz, "that he had talked that very afternoon with John Booth—he always called him John—but that the assassin had not intimated what his dark intentions were."

Mr. Schwarz met Sergeant Boston Corbett, who shot and killed Booth. Corbett was a cavalryman and was among the troops sent to capture the assassin. The fleeing actor was trapped in a barn, which was set on fire when he refused to surrender.

But this, as Mr. Schwarz related it to me, is what Corbett told him very shortly after the event:

"The fire was lit, and then I could see Booth in the barn through a large crack, but he could not see me. Twice I had offered to go in and capture the man, but the officer would not permit me to go. Fearing Booth might do harm to our men, I took aim and shot him in the neck a little back of the ear. He lived about three hours after he was shot."

SEVERAL ARE LIVING.

Men Who Were at Ford's Theater When Lincoln Was Killed.

Lancaster, Ohio, March 14, 1900.

Editor Journal: On this anniversary of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln I took up Herndon's book and read the account of the great and distressing tragedy. Herndon closes by stating that but few people are to be found who were in Ford's theatre on that fearful night.

Capt. John Sears of this city and Capt. John Busby, now of Iowa, both still living, were in Ford's theatre on that night and carried Abraham Lincoln from the theatre to Peterson's home. Captain Sears preserves the blue coat he wore that night. It is still stained with a large spot, by the blood of the martyred president. This information may interest some of your readers who love the details of history. Your fellow citizen, Dr. George Kreider, is well acquainted with Captain Sears.

I have not been in Springfield since 1853. I then had business with Ninian W. Edwards, Judge Treat, Judge Trumbull, John Calhoun, Abraham Lincoln and James H. Matheny. I met all but Lincoln, who was not in his office. I also met Mr. Herndon and State Treasurer Moore and Mr. Francis of The Journal.

Springfield was then a small capital town, the business being confined to the public square. The best hotel was on a corner of the square and was kept by old man Chenery. I visited all of Illinois, including every county but six, and traveled frequently eighteen or twenty miles without passing a single home.

I was impressed with two things: The vast extent of country and the great number of talented and really distinguished men then living in the state; men of whom we read in the many histories of Abraham Lincoln.

My visit to Springfield was in the month of June. I rode up from Jacksonville on the old strap iron railroad and was in constant fear that a snake head would bob up through the floor as was sometimes the case. Springfield was, even at that time, the flower city of Illinois. Everybody cultivated flowers and the whole town seemed to be in full bloom. Many charming ladies displayed their taste in this cultivation and it was their custom to hold an annual show. The exhibition was in the senate chamber of the state house and, on this occasion, the display was very fine and attracted great crowds of people, many coming over from Jacksonville.

Your town has grown to a fine city but I doubt whether it is a more desirable place to live than the good old town of 1853, with its wealth of flowers, lovely women and intellectual men.

C. M. L. Wiseman.

Seymour, Samuel

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The Washington Times

Witness to Lincoln's killing died in 1956

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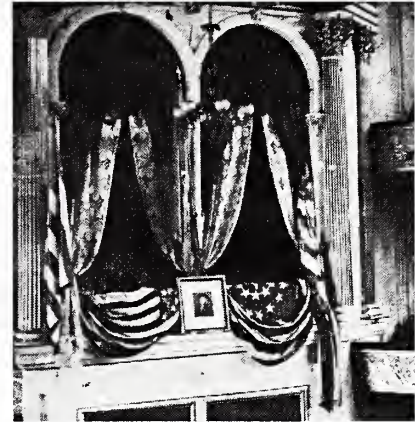
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By

The Washington Times

4:45 a.m., Thursday, August 13, 2009

The recent passing of Elizabeth Gladys Dean, last survivor of the Titanic, brings to mind the last eyewitness of the Lincoln assassination. Both disasters occurred on the night of April 14-15 - the Titanic in 1912, in the North Atlantic, and the assassination in 1865, in Washington.



As the Lincoln shooting receded further into the past, newspapers began writing up the accounts of those who were actually there. By the 1920s and '30s, the press shifted its emphasis to the last-survivor angle. Last witnesses began cropping up all over.

For example, The Washington Post of Feb. 26, 1930, reported the death of a Union veteran named Henry C. Harris, "believed to have been the last surviving witness of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln."

Another last witness died two years later, also a Union veteran, Capt. J. Hoofstittler. The Dec. 15, 1932, New York Times wrote that he was "said to be the last surviving witness of the assassination of President Lincoln."

The Times had apparently forgotten its earlier Dec. 20, 1924, issue, describing the still-living Hickson W. Field and W.J. Ferguson as the last "two survivors."

Not even close. Not until the 1950s was the matter settled.

The true last witness was Samuel J. Seymour, a Washingtonian living in Arlington.

Seymour was only 5 when he accompanied his father on a business trip to Washington from their home 150 miles away in Talbot County, Md. The elder Seymour was overseer of an estate owned by a family named Goldsboro, and Mrs. Goldsboro had suggested that the young Seymour, his father, and his nurse, Sarah Cook, come along with her and her husband.

Upon arriving in Washington, Mrs. Goldsboro told the young boy: "Sammy, you and I and Sarah are going to a play - a real play. And President Abraham Lincoln will be there."

Once inside Ford's Theatre, Mrs. Goldsboro lifted Seymour out of his chair to get a better look at the president.

He thought Lincoln "looked stern because of his whiskers."

When John Wilkes Booth leaped from the Presidential Box onto the stage after shooting Lincoln and broke a leg bone, in childish innocence Seymour wanted to help the man who had fallen down.

On Feb. 8, 1956, four days before Lincoln's birthday, the now elderly Seymour appeared on the hit television show "I've Got a Secret," which had an audience of millions. The show included a host and a panel of four. The panel used yes-no questions to try and learn their guest's secret. They did, in fact, guess Seymour's.

Seymour died shortly after, on April 12, 1956, just two days short of the April 14-15 assassination anniversary. His death may have been hastened by falling down in his New York hotel while waiting to appear on the show.

Ironically, by appearing on a TV show, Seymour was not only onstage himself, but was in front of a far larger audience than all the people who ever saw Booth perform.

- John Lockwood is a Washington writer.

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Maine Man Recalls Death Of Lincoln 71 Years Ago

Apr 14, 1930
**Thomas Sherman, Then Civil War Telegrapher,
 Saw Booth's Leap To Stage Of Ford Theater**

ATTLEBORO, Mass., April 14. (A. P.)—Seventy-one years ago today Thomas Sherman, a Maine youth who went to Washington because he had learned the new magic of the telegraph key, slipped into a balcony seat at Ford's Theater. The play sped on to the third act.

The President Shot

Suddenly a shot cracked through the theater. A scuffle broke out in a box from which powder smoke lazily drifted. A man leaped from the box to the stage, and a cry rang out:

"Hold him! The President has been shot!"

Today white-haired, white-bearded 93-year-old Thomas Sherman quietly recounted events he saw when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated April 14, 1865.

Only a polite burst of applause greeted Lincoln when he entered his box, Sherman mused. "The crowd," he said, "had come principally to see General U. S. Grant, war hero of the day, who at the last minute was unable to come.

"The shot seemed like a trick of the play until smoke issued from the President's box. Then a handsome young man of medium build, immaculately dressed in black, leaped from the box to the stage.

"He seemed a veritable fiend as he rose to his full height and brandished a dagger.

"The only actor on the stage, Harry Hawk, backed away, his hands held high; as John Wilkes Booth, the as-

sassin, made a dive at him. Then both disappeared through the red-curtained exit."

For a moment, Sherman related, it was said the murderer had been caught and there were cries "Kill him! Hang him!"

"I ran onto the stage," Sherman continued. "At the height of the confusion Laura Keane, an actress, came on. She seemed the only cool person there. 'For God's sake, gentlemen,' she begged, 'be quiet and keep cool.' She sent a pitcher of water to the President.

"Quiet was soon restored and the President, unconscious, was carried out by four men. Mrs. Lincoln followed, sobbing and wringing her hands.

"Outside was pandemonium. No one knew what plot was afoot and the city was full of rumors until word of Booth's capture came hours later."

As a telegrapher, Sherman was in the Senate gallery, he recalled, in the midst of Civil War activity. From sent messages of impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson.

Later he became private secretary to James G. Blaine and wrote a book, Twenty Years with James G. Blaine. Sherman's career also carried him to Liverpool as American consul.

Sherman was born at Bucksport, Me., and until recent months lived in retirement at Gorham, Me.

Charles Hamilton Autographs, Inc.
Sale No. 2, Gotham Hotel
October 17, 1963

Smith, Henry S.

157 LINCOLN'S MURDER. Orig. manuscript diary for 1865 of Corporal Henry S. Smith of Lowell, Mass., with entries mentioning Lincoln and Booth; with an interesting A.D.S. of James E. Murdoch execrating Booth. 2 pieces.(50.00)

In his diary, Smith records Lincoln's murder on April 14 by Booth, mentioning that he was "called up between 1 and 2 A.M." He mentions the death of Lincoln the following day, notes that half-hour guns were fired all day on April 16, and later records briefly the capture of Payne, and the shooting of Booth. The diary contains other interesting data by this soldier who was stationed in Washington. The A.D.S. by the noted American actor, JAMES E. MURDOCH, covers a full 8vo page, and prefaces a quotation from Shakespeare, which Murdoch declares "may be justly applied to the Tinsel souled wretch 'Booth' — the assassin! — one who to gratify an insatiate thirst for notoriety at the promptings of a faction as base as he was vain and heartless, in the true spirit of cowardice . . . struck at the life of the purest Patriot . . ." Murdoch's comment is dated from Hampstead Grove, Ohio, May 13, 1865.

Civil War Pensioner: No Regrets

Special to The Union

New York Times Service

HIGHLAND, N.Y. — Lottie Gildersleeve Smith, one of 166 Civil War pensioners in the country, has no regrets that she was "pushed" into marriage at 18 to a 63-year-old widower who told her he had been posted as a guard at the Ford Theater the night Lincoln was shot.

"He was a good man and I stuck with him to the end," she said. "I met him at the home of friends in Arlington, outside Poughkeepsie, and they pushed me into it. I had no place to go. I'd just come out of the hospital with typhoid fever and my aunt and uncle were ill and had moved away up to Hyde Park.

"They had lived on Brickyard Hill, on the Pleasant Valley Road, and I'd been bound out to my uncle by my father for \$2 a week. But my father wasn't too good . . . I worked hard, had to wash clothes, feed the horses . . . I had four sisters, two brothers."

James F. Smith — buddies at LeFevre Post 168, Grand Army of the Republic, called him "the Holland Dutchman" — was born in the Netherlands on Feb. 25, 1844. On March 2, 1862, he enlisted from Ulster County and was mustered into service in Kingston. He served with Company D 80th Regiment of the Infantry.

He was a guard on ammunition trains and was wounded in action. After being captured, he spent three days and two nights in the Confederate stockade at Andersonville, Ga. He was honorably discharged as a private at Portsmouth, Va., on Jan. 29, 1866. A sometime mule skinner, handyman, farmer and rider of horses that pulled barges on the Hudson, Smith acquired several acres and built a seven-room house for his bride.

Mrs. Smith is hazy about her husband's war experiences, but she recalled that he had spoken of guarding Ford Theater the night Lincoln was assassinated. She knew, too, that in 1864 he had wed Christine Van Buren of Kingston, who later died.

"He courted me, maybe for three months," she continued, "and he were married in Arlington on March 11, 1909, by Justice of the Peace John Hoppe. He wanted it that way. I didn't want it that way. But I told you I was pushed out. It wasn't anybody's business whether I married an old man."

Her voice trailed off and an acerbic edge honed her remembrances, memories alternating between fondness and bitterness. Sitting in her boxlike, one-room house on a winding village lane, the small, frail woman spoke plainly.

BOSTON, April 11.—To most of us Abraham Lincoln is but the name of one of history's most heroic figures. But to Mrs. Mary E. Smith of Lowell Lincoln is a reality.

She was in the theatre on the night John Wilkes Booth killed the man who had welded a nation. She remembers vividly the martyred President as he walked through the wards of the hospital where she was stationed to cheer and comfort the wounded.

ATTENDS G. A. R. MEET

Mrs. Smith is attending the State conference of the G. A. R. Auxiliary meeting in conjunction with the State encampment of the veteran body.

"I remember the night Lincoln was shot as well as if it were yesterday," said Mrs. Smith. "I was sitting just below the President's box watching the play. Suddenly we heard a scream and Booth jumped from the box onto the stage.

"I didn't hear a shot. There was a noise, but it was kind of muffled. The first thing we heard was Mrs. Lincoln's scream."

SHOOK HIS HAND

Among Mrs. Smith's cherished recollections of the war is the occasion when Lincoln visited her ward in Jarvis United States General Hospital, Baltimore, Md. It was there that she shook hands with him and had the pleasure of hearing him say: "After the war I shall be able to tell you Northern women how wonderful you are."

Mrs. Smith is nearly eighty-five years of age, yet her recollection of those days is clear. She keeps up with the present-day problems and is interested in all that goes on, but she does not forget that the veterans of the Civil War are her world. Her husband and brothers were killed fighting side by side with some of those who are attending the present encampment. She hopes she will be able to attend next year's encampment, because she hasn't missed one yet.

VETERAN NURSE RECALLS DEATH OF LINCOLN

Sat Close to Box Occupied by
Martyred President When
He Was Assassinated.

WASHINGTON, D. C., AT THE
TIME OF LINCOLN'S
ASSASSINATION

(From the Files of the Chester
County Historical Society)

The Civil War letter which follows was written by Charles Speakman to his sister, Abbie Speakman, Dilworthtown, Chester Co., Pa.

Quartermaster General's Office
Washington City,
April 17th, 1865.

Dear Sister,

To attempt to describe the condition of this City, since 10 o'clock on Friday night last, when a cowardly assassin murdered the President, would require a far abler pen than mine, & more words than I can coin, each newspaper in the City has appeared daily in the form of "Extras," to the number of four editions, and yet the half seems to remain untold, of how the murderous fiend first visits a drinking saloon, drinks a full glass of brandy & then stealthily steals upon the unsuspecting innocent President inflicts a fatal wound, dashes across the arm of Major Rathbun, (inflicting a severe cut), who attempts to stay his progress, & in a moment is crossing the stage of the Theater dagger aloft crying, "Sic, Semper Tyranis," & "The South is Avenged", in an alley at the rear of the building he mounts his horse knocks down the boy holding it, & is off, where he has gone the entire detective force of the Govt., aided by the Military are this moment trying to discover, & have been ever since the night that this horrible tragedy occurred.

2-11-43
Honey Brook, Pa. Herald

alogy

J. Wilkes Booth the perpetrator of this terrible crime is still at large, altho, many persons believe that he has been captured, the Govt. offers \$10,000 & the City \$20,000 making a reward of \$30,000 offered for his arrest but as yet he has eluded all search, within fifteen minutes after the deed was done, all cars, boats, & stages, were detained, & no one allowed to go out or come into the City, a picket line completely encircled it, & it is a mystery to all, how the villian escaped.

Saturday last was a sad day here, most of the houses were draped in mourning, the day was murky, & rainy, & in walking almost the entire length of Penna. Avenue I did not see a person smile altho, I met hundreds, all the clerks were dismissed as soon as they reached the Office, & there was nothing to do but brood over the terrible calamity that had befallen our country, with me it would have been a kindness to let me work, being unwell the news of the death of the President completely unnerved me—of course a reaction came to all this, & when it did come it was fearful to behold, men tore thro. the streets seeking for something to devour, & when on Sunday the Rebel Genl. Paine was brought in, the crowd made an attack on the Pro. Marshal's office, & only by carrying him off from the rear of the building in an ambulance did they succeed in saving his life, the rebel Gen. Ewell & several other rebel Genls. & their Staffs were stopping at the Metropolitan Hotel, but luckily it was from them that they got away before the crown knew it, or their lives would not have been worth much.—The attack on Seward was made about the same hour viz. 1½ o'clock & by a different person, the villian disabled four men before reaching Mr. Seward else he would in all probability have killed him, the first man encountered was the servant, who refused the murderer entrance to the house, & was stabbed in consequence, next the Sec. son, refused him entrance to the sick room, & he shared the same fate, the other son followed, also another gentleman whose name I have forgotten were all knocked down, & more or less injured, Mr. Seward's

youngest son is still in a very critical condition, but the Sec. himself at latest advices was sitting up reading a newspaper, rumors are flying thick & fast, it is reported this evening that John Sunatt the one who attempted Mr. Seward's life, was caught at one of the bridges at Georgetown disguised in a woman's dress.—Every day brings forth new revelations, it seems Vice Presdt. Johnson's life was also in danger. The 2d Regt. or part of it, of our Brid. was to report for duty at 6 o'clock this evening, & the Capt. of our Co. "A" told me that he thought our turn would come about to-morrow night, I do not believe that it will come at all, unless it is for a very short time to give the Veteran Reserve Corps who are doing nobly, some rest, almost the entire force have been on guard since Friday night—The Guerilla mostly having got scared proposes to surrender his command to-morrow at Fairfax Court House to Gen. Augur Comdg. this Dept., conditions same as those granted to Lee. I would hang the rascal as high as Hamm. Gen. Butler has returned to this City & is to have a command, it is supposed however that he will be made Pro. Marshal & aid in bringing these miscreants to justice, success to him say I.

New Taggart arrived last evening but went on to Alexa. Dill sends his compliments & the enclosed flowers from the War Dept. Yard.

The funeral procession of the President takes place on Wednesday next — his body is to be sent to Illinois, it will lie in State in the White House tomorrow.

I have had a bad head-ache for three days & yesterday was quite sick all day so do not feel like writing—Adieu.

Thy affectionate Brother,
CHARLIE.

Speakman,
Charles

THE

Oliver Towne

COLUMN



The Day Lincoln Died!

ON THIS ANNIVERSARY of Abraham Lincoln's birth I recount a strange story—nay legend—of what happened St. Joseph, Minn., on the day Lincoln was shot

It is not an untold tale, yet the vantage from which I tell it may be new.

I heard about this unusual episode, almost eerie in essence, a month ago when I went to St. Joseph on another mission—to interview Sister Sophia, an equally legendary personality of 106 years, living in the convent of St. Benedict's College.

That afternoon the conversation got around to the fact that Sister Sophia had been a girl of four when Lincoln was assassinated. An event which she once recalled, but now is hazy.

But that reminded Mother Richarda, one of the superiors, of the story of how the news of Lincoln's demise reached St. Joseph in 1865.

★ ★ ★

THE CONVENT played an unusual role.

A few days before President Lincoln's death, three of the sisters were packing to go to Atchison, Kan., to assist a Benedictine convent there.

On the day of the drama in Washington's Ford Theater, almost 1,500 miles from remote and tiny St. Joseph, Minn., three strange men entered the general store across the street from the convent. They engaged in a political discussion and announced the news that Lincoln had been killed.

The strange thing about the story is that this news was related in St. Joseph, a town 80 miles from the nearest telegraph station, three hours before the assassination.

In his book, "The Day Lincoln Died," Jim Bishop notes this oddity and suggests that perhaps the three men had been in Mrs. Surrat's boarding house, where the plot was hatched, and eavesdropped on the plan.

The storekeeper in St. Joseph always denied that the statement had been made in his store, but the tale has survived to this day.

There is an epilogue.

★ ★ ★

THE THREE BENEDICTINE nuns, preparing for their journey to Atchison, Kan., left St. Joseph—a village in mourning for Abraham Lincoln—and, by coincidence, happened to arrive in Hannibal, Mo., just as the President's funeral cortege reached there.

They left their baggage and trunks at the station to attend public burial services. Sadly, during their absence, the luggage was ransacked.

Thus did the lives of three sheltered and unprepossessing Catholic nuns in a tiny, remote hamlet near St. Cloud, Minn., become interwoven with one event in American history. On two occasions.

★ ★ ★

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

Some Interesting Reminiscences of
the Tragic Event Given by
Senator Stewart.

The Nevada Statesman the Only Man
Now Living Who Was Present
on That Occasion.

He Did Not Witness the Sad Affair,
But Had Much to do With Events
Immediately Succeeding It.

DEATH OF MARTYR PRESIDENT.
Senator Stewart Tells of the Assassination of Lincoln.

Washington, Feb. 2.—Special: The birthday of Abraham Lincoln will be appropriately celebrated this year in hundreds of cities. The memory of that martyred president grows greener year by year, and his place in history comes nearer and nearer to the pinnacle which his countrymen originally gave only to Washington.

In the national house of representatives there is not today one man living who was a member of that body when Lincoln died. Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, is the only senator now living who was a member of the senate when Lincoln died. Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, was assistant secretary of the treasury at that time, and Senator Allison, of Iowa, was a member of the house of representatives.

William E. Spencer, for many years journal clerk of the senate, once informed the writer that he was in Ford's Theater when the assassination occurred, and he named Senators Morrill, Sumner, Doolittle, Oglesby, Grimes, and a number of representatives, such as Garfield, Blaine, Randall and Carlisle, as having been present on that occasion. He said:

"The new state of Nevada was admitted to the Union in 1863, and the first senators elected were Stewart and Nye. The latter has been in his grave for many years. Senator Stewart is still here, as vigorous and strong as ever, although he is gradually approaching his eightieth birthday. He was a great favorite with President Lincoln, and was always a welcome guest at the White House during Mr. Lincoln's administration."

While Mr. Spencer was narrating these facts and turning to official documents to give me names of prominent men whom he had known at the time, Senator Stewart entered the office of the secretary of the senate, and in response to my inquiry he said:

"I remember that night very well. I came from New York with Judge Niles Searles, of California, a gentleman of prominence on the Pacific coast, who had formerly been my partner. President Lincoln held receptions at 7 o'clock in the evening and at 10 o'clock in the morning. Judge Searles desired to meet the president, and I accompanied him to the White House, where he arrived at about half-past 7 o'clock. I wrote the name of my friend upon my own card and sent it up to the president. The card was returned to me, and upon the back of it Mr. Lincoln had written: 'Going to the theater with my wife. Come tomorrow. A. Lincoln.' That is the last note Abraham Lincoln ever wrote, and I would give a great deal to have it today. As we walked slowly down stairs I tore the card into little bits in a thoughtless manner, never dreaming, of course, that it would be the last written word I would ever receive from Mr. Lincoln. We stood upon the great portico conversing for a few moments, when President and Mrs. Lincoln came out of the door and entered their carriage to be driven to the theater. Then and there I introduced Judge Searles to the president, detaining him but a moment. When the carriage drove away my friend said that, inasmuch as

he had seen the president, he would not remain over night, but would continue his journey. I accompanied him to the depot and he left on the next train. I walked along up C street to Pennsylvania avenue, and then up Pennsylvania avenue to Tenth street, where I turned north, intending to go to the theater, which was but a block away. Inasmuch as it was a warm night, and I had been traveling and walking, and was very tired, I concluded that to go into a warm room would merely make me sleepy, so I walked to Thirteenth street and called upon Senator Conness, of California. In a very short time Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, called, and we had been in conversation about half an hour when a page came in and announced that the secretary of state, William H. Seward, has been assassinated. We all three started immediately for Fifteenth street to the residence of the secretary of state, which was recently purchased and occupied by Secretary Blaine and when we arrived there we were met at the door by Hugh McCullough, the secretary of the treasury, who informed us that Mr. Seward was badly hurt and the surgeon in charge would permit no one to see him. We then walked over to the White House, and had barely reached the door when a messenger came and announced that President Lincoln had been shot at the theater. Senator Conness turned to me and said: 'Stewart, there is a tremendous plot here to assassinate all the cabinet officers.' Then turning to two soldiers who were on guard there, he directed them to go in a hurry to the residence of the secretary of war, Mr. Stanton, and they did so. When they arrived at Mr. Stanton's house a large man ran away from the door, where he had been ringing the bell, and I have no doubt that the presence of those soldiers prevented the assassination of Mr. Stanton on that night. We three senators left the White House and walked down to Tenth street to the little building across from the theater, into which Mr. Lincoln had been carried. Mr. Conness and I were informed that we might enter the house, but that it was very warm and that it would be better if fewer persons were there. So we turned and went

had. by Mr.

away. Senator Sumner, who had been unable to keep up with us, then arrived and was admitted under protest. He remained there until the president died.

"I did not go to sleep that night, but walked the streets, going from crowd to crowd to hear the utterances and ascertain the temper of the people. The war was over, and there were about 30,000 ex-Confederate soldiers in the city, who had been surrendered or were on parole. It is a singular thing, but it is a fact that wherever talk of violence originated, and there was a great deal of angry demand that every rebel in town should be killed, the quiet statement from some one in the crowd, myself on several occasions, that if Mr. Lincoln were alive he would counsel peace, quieted the angry people. His recent inaugural address, containing the memorable words, 'With malice toward none, and charity for all,' had endeared him to the people. They knew that he was a man of peace, and while dying at the hands of an assassin, the influence of his name was sufficient to maintain peace and order at the national capital at the most critical hour of our existence. I was standing in front of Willard's Hotel when Senator Solomon Foot, of Vermont, drove up in a common, cheap hack, which he had picked up on the street. He called me to him, saying that he was looking for some senator to accompany him to the residence of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, whom he was going to get to administer the oath to Vice-President Johnson. I got in with him and rode to the residence of Mr. Chase, on the corner of Sixth and E streets, and he was speedily ready to accompany us. We three then drove to the Kirkwood House, on Twelfth street and Pennsylvania avenue, and proceeded to the room of Vice-President Johnson, who had but recently fallen into a slumber from exhaustion and nervous strain. He came to the door but partly clad and admitted us. In his little parlor, which was about 12 by 14 feet in dimensions, adjoining the room which he had just left, Mr. Johnson took the oath of president of the United States, which was administered to him by Chief Justice Chase, in the presence of Senator Foote and myself. There were no other witnesses. Some other people may have entered the room, as has been stated in some newspapers, but they were not noticed by us and were not men of prominence in public life."

SMITH, D. FRY.

LINCOLN'S MURDER.

Senator Stewart Tells a Thrilling Story of the Tragedy.

STANTON'S NARROW ESCAPE

Soldiers Reached His House as Assassins Rang the Bell.

A NIGHT OF TUMULT AND TERROR

Johnson Was Routed Out of Bed in Order That He Might Take the Oath of Office.

"I probably received the last letter that Lincoln ever wrote. I didn't keep it, but I would give a thousand dollars for it now."

It was Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada who was speaking to a Washington "Star" reporter. He was telling in a graphic manner the story of the assassination, and was describing some of the scenes of that fateful night, and also giving the facts of the swearing in of Andrew Johnson as President. He was one of the four men present on that occasion, and is the only survivor.

"The day before the assassination," said the Senator, "I was in New York, talking with Niles Searles, an old friend I had known in California. He was then a judge and is still living.

"I have come to have a very high opinion of Lincoln," he said. 'I would like to meet him.'

"Come over to Washington with me and I will arrange it," I replied, and he agreed to do so.

"We took the night train, and I remember we had sections opposite, and remained up all night talking over old times, not having seen each other in ten years. We only got a little nap in the morning."

The President was unable to see Stewart and his friend during the day, but they went over to the White House in the evening and sent word to the President that they would like to see him.

The President wrote a note in reply, saying to Senator Stewart that he and Mrs. Lincoln were going to the theater, and asked him to call with his friend the next morning, fixing the hour at 10 o'clock.

The Last Letter.

"That note," said the Senator, "was the last thing Lincoln ever wrote. It was signed 'Lincoln.' I probably tore it up, never dreaming that it was the last paper to which that immortal name was to be signed by his own hand."

Stewart and his friend stood chatting at the entrance of the White House, and were there when the President and Mrs. Lincoln came out. The President shook hands with the Senator, and Judge Searles was introduced. They talked a few minutes, and Lincoln left the White House, to return no more alive.

On his return from the Baltimore and Ohio station, where he saw Mr. Searles of Senator Stewart went to the rooms of Senator Conness of California, who had

apartments on Thirteenth street, near F. While he was there Senator Charles Sumner came in, and there was a general discussion of the affairs of the nation. "Sumner," said Senator Stewart, "was talking loud and making a speech, very much as if addressing the Senate.

The First Sad News.

"In the midst of the talk Senator Conness' colored servant came in and said: 'Secretary Seward has been assassinated.'

"We all jumped to our feet," continued Senator Stewart, "and walked rapidly to the Secretary's residence, afterward known as the Blaine house, and now the site of the Lafayette Opera House. When we reached the door we met Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, coming out. 'The Secretary is seriously wounded,' he said, 'but with care will recover. The physicians will allow no one to enter the room.' We turned away and went over to the White House—Sumner, Conness and myself. Soldiers were pacing up and down in front of the door and about the grounds. We inquired if they had heard anything concerning the attempt on Seward's life, but they had not. It was while we were talking with them that a messenger came running up to the door.

"Lincoln has been killed; shot while in the theater!" he exclaimed, breathlessly. Of course we were stunned for a moment. Conness seemed to be the only man who grasped an idea, and was the only one of the three who really did any good at that time.

Stanton Saved.

"They mean to kill the President and all his Cabinet!" he said quickly. 'Go, go at once to Stanton's house and he may be saved.' Two soldiers ran to Stanton's house, and as they arrived a man was striking the bell. He ran away as the soldiers reached. Stanton himself answered the bell and came to the door. Had it been a stranger instead of the soldiers who were there, Stanton, too, would have been killed. He was saved by the quickness with which Conness had taken in the situation. The three Senators hastened to the house where the dying President lay, Stewart, steady and vigorous, arriving in advance of the others. He met the Surgeon-General at the door.

"He is mortally wounded," said that officer; "it is only a question of time until he dies. The room is too crowded now. You can go in, but you would do more harm than good."

An Awful Night.

Stewart did not go in, nor did Conness, to whom the surgeon general repeated his statement. Sumner, on the contrary, insisted upon going in and remained, while the other men went about the city and assisted in allaying the excitement.

That was the most awful night I ever witnessed, said Senator Stewart. "The city was wild with excitement. Everybody was out; all wrought up to the highest pitch. It was a wonder there was not riot and bloodshed. No one knew what might occur next. No one knew how far the conspiracy extended, nor how many were involved, and who were marked for death at their murderous hands. Seventy thousand frantic people surged through the streets demanding vengeance. There were 30,000 Confederates in the city, either as prisoners on parole or deserters from the rebel army. Occasionally, in fact, frequently, there would be heard a demand for their extermination. A voice would ring out: 'Let's kill every one of them; no loyal man is safe with these traitors in the city!' But a thousand times that night desperate acts and violent measures were prevented by some one saying to the excited person who counseled bloody deeds:

"Stop! What would Lincoln say if he could speak?"

"That was effective. The use of the

name of the man who lay dying on Tenth street saved the city and the nation.

"Amidst the excitement, amidst the clamor for revenge and the bitter feeling against the perpetrators of the foul deed, was also a profound sorrow. I saw more men weep that night than in all the years of my life. Lincoln was familiar to the people; he was their friend. They felt that they had lost one like a father. But above and beyond all there was fear as to the effect upon the nation. Fear of what was to come made the night horrible to men

who loved their country. It was a night of terror."

The Next Day.

A most interesting feature of the reminiscence by Senator Stewart was the swearing in of Andrew Johnson as President. After a restless night, a night of such intensity as was never experienced in the nation's capital, not even during the darkest times of war, the morning dawned.

Lincoln was dead!

The nation was without a ruler.

Immediate action was necessary or anarchy would soon reign rampant. Solomon Foote, a Senator from Vermont, was President pro tempore of the Senate. He had presided over that body since the inauguration, Johnson being absent about all the time. In the mist of an April morning Senator Foote drove down Pennsylvania avenue in a carriage much the worse for wear and covered with mud. Mud on the wheels, mud on every part of it. Pennsylvania avenue, now a smooth paved thoroughfare, was little better than a quagmire. The carriage lurched into ruts and mud holes, the driver whipping the jaded horses and vigorously urging them into a semblance of a trot. In front of Willard's Hotel Senator Foote was standing. Senator Foote directed the driver to stop at the curb.

"Lincoln is dead," said Foote. "We must swear in Johnson at once. There must be a head to the Government." Stewart got into the carriage, and together they drove to the residence of Chief Justice Chase. He joined them when their errand was explained, and the three drove to the Kirkwood Hotel, where Johnson had apartments. The Kirkwood was at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Twelfth street; the Raleigh now stands on the same site.

"We want to see Mr. Johnson," said Senator Stewart. "No need of sending up cards; just tell us where his rooms are and we will find him."

How Johnson Was Sworn In.

Johnson occupied two small rooms at the head of the stairs. These were pointed out to the Chief Justice and the Senators. After rapping sharply on the door the Vice-President came sleepily to it and admitted them.

"We have come to administer the oath of office to you as President of the United States," said Chase. Johnson mumbled something and went back to his bedroom. He appeared after a time with his pantaloons and vest on, and was putting on his coat. He did not make a very presentable appearance. He was not just the kind of a man that would have been picked out then for Lincoln's successor. But he had been selected long ago for the emergency which now arose, and there was nothing but to swear him as soon as possible and give him the reins of power. Under the Constitution he was the man to take the office.

In solemn tones the Chief Justice administered the oath which made Johnson President. After this ceremony he seemed a little doubtful as to what he should do. The title "Mr. President," by which he was addressed, seemed to disconcert him somewhat.

"Get over to the White House as soon as possible," urged Chase. "It is important that you should be there soon; the head of the Government should be in his office in this great crisis."

Johnson said he would go at once, and the men who had participated in the cere-

mony left him. Later in the day Senator Stewart saw him at the White House and he presented a different appearance, as changed as a man would be who has had a bath, a shave and donned a new suit of clothes. When it was known that the new President had assumed the office quiet was somewhat restored. The people had worn themselves out in the long weary night. No more assassinations were anticipated. The conspirators were fleeing for their lives, and were being pursued in every direction.

The Government lived, but the nation mourned.

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, NEW YORK,

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16,

LINCOLN DEATH LAID TO ABSENCE OF GUARD

President Without Picked Men on Night He Was Slain, Says Veteran.

BY M. ELIZABETH PERLEY.

[Special Correspondence of The Daily News.]
Fargo, N. D., Feb. 4.—"Had President Lincoln consented to have a military body-guard on all his unofficial visits about Washington, the tragedy enacted at Ford's theater on April 14, 1865, when he was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth might have been averted."

This is the opinion offered by Smith Stimmel of Fargo, national patriotic instructor for the Grand Army of the Republic, one of the few survivors of President Lincoln's bodyguard of 130 picked men who watched his comings and goings from 1863 until the time of his death. Mr. Stimmel is now 80 years old, but hale and with memory unimpaired.

Mr. Stimmel states that the duties of the body guard were to protect the main entrances to the white house and to accompany the president on his trips, mostly unofficial, in and about Washington. Mr. Lincoln flatly refused to be escorted to church, the theater or social functions. He was reported to have once said: "I don't see why I should have a crowd of soldiers trailing around after me."

"He was always kind and genial with us," said Mr. Stimmel, "though I know he was sometimes annoyed by our presence. He would often give us a pleasant word while waiting for Mrs. Lincoln to go driving with him. She was a pretty, vivacious woman and evidently very proud of her distinguished husband. I don't remember that she ever directly addressed us, but she would frequently nod and smile to us before entering the carriage."

Told "Pig Tail" Story.

"We learned to know the president best during the summer months when he used to go to the soldiers' home a little way out of the city for a good night's rest. He seemed to feel when at the home that he was off duty. I well remember how he would stroll down to our quarters, look into our tents and crack a joke, at which the boys would laugh heartily. It was during one of these evenings that he told us the story that we later named 'the pig tail story.'"

"We were like most young fellows and wanted to be where there was the most noise. We chafed under the restraint and some of our number felt that the body guard was not needed and that we ought to be at the front fighting. One evening, when the president was walking about the grounds, one of our number, bolder than the others, approached him and stated our case. Mr. Lincoln listened patiently and then replied: 'Well, my boy, this all reminds me of an old farmer friend of mine who used to comment unfavorably on the curl in a pig's tail for which he could see no use. But he always admitted that the Lord, who put it there, probably knew what it was for.'"

"I don't myself see why I should need you," the president continued, "but Secretary Seward, who is wise in such matters, says I should be guarded,

white house stables were found to be on fire. At this time Mr. Lincoln, in his great anxiety, tried to enter the burning building. Sergt. Stimmel ran after him to prevent this, and others, who were watching the flames, took hold of him and escorted him back to the white house. The next day he seemed much depressed, and "Tad" told the soldiers it was because the men had been unable to rescue one of the favorite family ponies.

Recalls Surrender of Lee.

The events following Lee's surrender, April 9, 1865, are among Mr. Stimmel's most vivid recollections.

"I was standing by Hancock's headquarters," he states, "when I heard a loud noise of music and cheers, and I ran down to the war department to see what had happened. Here I found an immense crowd of people, wild with joy over the good news. They soon moved on to the white house, where they halted and called loudly for the president. Mr. Lincoln appeared at an upper window and I remember well his reply to the demand for a speech."

"Gentlemen," he began, "I can't make you a speech to-night. At this time undue importance would be attached to any words I might say. Come back tomorrow and I'll try to be ready for you. But I notice that you have a band here and there's one tune which up to this time has not been strictly in order. I now, however, by virtue of my office, declare it a contraband of war and our lawful prize. Will the band give us 'Dixie.'"

"His request was followed by loud applause as the band played 'Dixie,' which contrasted oddly with the booming of the cannon, heard from different forts."

Got Word of Assassination.

Thrilling recollections are also given of the president's assassination which occurred on the evening of April 14. There was work to be done at Gen. Hancock's headquarters and young Stimmel had been detailed to oversee this. He and his men had gone to bed early that night, tired out with all the excitement, and he was sleeping soundly when suddenly some one called under his window, "Sergt. Stimmel, wake up! The president and Seward have both been shot." Dazed and only half awake the young sergeant sprang from his bed calling loudly to his comrades and all were quickly in the saddle.

"We didn't know where to go," said Mr. Stimmel, "The boys shouted, 'Lead off and we'll follow,' and I spurred my horse toward the white house, but there was no sign of disturbance in this quarter. We then galloped toward our barracks for further information and on the way were hailed by a policeman, who told us to go to Ford's theater. We found the street before the theater filled with a strangely silent crowd. Mr. Lincoln had been carried to a house opposite, where he lay slowly dying."

"The guard was already there and we got into our places as quickly as we could. It was a terrible night, but I am thankful that it was my privilege to take part in its events. I should have failed to do this had it not been for a comrade. Immediately after the assassination our boys were called out from the barracks. One of their number remembered that I was absent for detached service and so slipped out of the ranks and ran to Hancock's headquarters, which were nearby, to tell me what had happened. He then ran quickly back and took his place in the line before his absence was noticed."

"Our first duty was to clear the street and this was almost impossible as the crowd simply would not move on. We rode in among the people, urged and even threatened them, and finally drove them away, but it took nearly an hour to do this. Then guards were placed at each end of the street and no one was allowed to enter it except by special per-

Stimmel, Smith

Chicago Daily
Journal 2/13/09

TELL ORIGINAL LINCOLN TALES

Journal Readers Add to Collec-
tion of Stories About
Martyr Presi-
dent

SOLDIERS AMONG WRITERS

Men Who Fought in Civil War
Relate Incidents in Which
the Emancipator
Figured

Several of the many letters received by The Journal from readers who had seen President Lincoln and recalled personal incidents connected with the martyr's life were not published Friday.

Lack of space alone prevented their appearance in the centennial editions so they are printed below:

Was Hurlled to Floor by Fleeing Assassin

In connection with the anniversary of the birth of America's greatest statesman, Abraham Lincoln, it is interesting to note that there is playing in Chicago at this time an actor who was a member of the staff of Ford's theater at the time that the emancipator was felled by an assassin's hand, and who was a close associate of Edwin Booth.

This actor is Earl Stirling, character man at the College theater, on the north side. On the night of April 14, 1865, Mr. Stirling was standing in the wings when Booth fired the fatal shot.

The next instant he was hurled to the floor. Booth had jumped to the stage, and in an effort to reach an exit had knocked him over. Mr. Stirling says that for fully fifteen minutes he was not aware of what had happened "out front." He was among those arrested the following day, but because of his age, he being only 20 years old, he was discharged. Mr. Stirling is now a wrinkled and bent from the weight of sixty-four years, forty of which have been service on the stage.

"O fatal day..."

THE TAFT DIARY

We are honored to present herein excerpts from the diary of Horatio Nelson Taft, published for the first time anywhere. Mr. Taft was the father of Dr. Charles Sabin Taft who administered to President Lincoln on the night of the assassination. Horatio Taft worked in the Patent Office in Washington, D.C. He was familiar with the Washington social scene, routinely went to the Capitol to hear political speeches, and was a regular churchgoer. His three-volume diary covers the period from January 1, 1861 through May 1865 and details all the activities to which Taft was either a witness or participant. One of his daughters, Julia Taft Bayne, would later write a Lincoln biography, Tad Lincoln's Father (1931). This remarkable diary has been donated to the Library of Congress and will be made available this month in its entirety on-line.

April 14th - 1/2 past 10 o'clock PM.

O fatal day. O noble victim. The President has been assassinated. It has just been announced at my door that he was shot a half hour ago at Fords Theatre. Is it possible? I have just come from near the scene - it is too much.

11 o'clock PM. April 30th 1865.

This has been a most eventful month. The most eventful in the history of our country. We have seen during this month the complete scorching out of the "Great Rebellion" by a series of masterly military achievements. The occupation of the Rebel Capitol by our troops. The surrender of Genl. Lee with his army near Richmond, and the surrender of Gen. Johnson and his army in North Carolina, and above all in importance which has occurred in the world during this month, the President of the United States has been assassinated. Abraham Lincoln the good and kind hearted, was shot while sitting in his box at Ford's Theatre on the night of the 14th inst. at about half past ten o'clock. Mr. Lincoln had been in the habit of attending the theatre occasionally, perhaps once in four or six weeks as a relaxation from the arduous duties of his position and constant mental exertion. On this occasion he went rather reluctantly. But it had been published in the bills that himself and Genl. Grant would be present, and Genl. Grant having left

the city in the evening train for Phila. the President said that he did not "wish the people to be disappointed" and so went with his Lady arriving about 1/2 past 8. Miss Harris (daughter of Hon. Isa Harris) and Maj. Rathbone of Albany were also in the same box which was a double one two being thrown into one. This box was in the 2nd tier and entered from the dress circle through a narrow corridor some three feet wide and eight or ten long. There was a door at the dress circle end and at the other end there were two doors, one for each box but now the two boxes being thrown into one, one of the doors was closed, the other was open, and all of them unguarded. The assassin J. Wilkes Booth had made his arrangement in the most deliberate manner, probably during that day. He had fixed a bar across the door leading into the dress circle and had cut a hole through the closed door leading into the box, which enabled him to see the exact position of the President and others in the box without being seen himself. At about 1/2 past 10, he entered the corridor from the dress circle, barred the door to prevent any one from entering, examined the position of Mr. Lincoln through the hole in the closed door. Then entered the box behind all who were in their chairs (as they were looking toward the stage) and standing within three or four feet of Mr. Lincoln. Shot him in the back of the head. The ball entering about two inches from the left ear near the base of the skull and lodging in the brain about two inches back of the right eye. His head was probably inclined forward at this time. The murderer rushed to the front of the box with a dagger in his hand. Major Rathbone caught his coat but Booth struck him on the arm with the dagger wounding him severely, which compelled him to let go his hold. Booth trotted over the front of the box and as he did so exclaimed "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*" (Thus to Tyrants) As he jumped from the box his spur caught in the flag and as he struck the stage he came to a crouching position from the effect of the concussion his hands striking the floor but he raised himself in a moment and flourishing his dagger he strode across the stage some forty feet in sight of the spectators and past some of the actors, and reaching the back door which opens into a lane, he mounted a fleet horse and escaped. The

lane enters F St. between 9th and 10th. The audience was paralyzed for some seconds, but rushed onto the stage. A surgeon was called for and Charles S. Taft a surgeon being present was lifted up from the stage to the box by those present. Before this the door had been removed by Maj. Rathbone and several men had searched the box. The President was lying upon the floor. Water and stimulants were used immediately but without avail in attempts to revive him. He was taken up and carried from the theatre to the house opposite in about fifteen minutes after he was shot. A Dr. Leale from Armory Square Hospital was the first surgeon in the box. But Chas. did not know that there was any surgeon but himself present until the President was removed from the theatre. Chas. had charge of him until Dr. Stone (the President's family physician) arrived which was half an hour after he was placed on a bed at the house of Mr. Peterson, opposite. When the shot was fired Mrs. Lincoln was sitting near her husband with her hand on his knee. She says she saw the flash and heard the report of the pistol thinking it was somehow connected with the play. She leaned forward to see what it was and then looked to Mr. Lincoln to see where he was looking. He was sitting with his head dropped down and eyes shut. She was not alarmed at this, he sometimes held his head in that way when in deep thought but she put her hand on his forehead and his not stirring, she put it on the back of his head and finding it wet she immediately withdrew it covered with blood. She then screamed and that is the last of it she remembers that took place in the theatre. She says as she put her hand on his head she recollects that something suddenly brushed past her and pulling off her shawl. It was Booth as he jumped from the box.

The President made no noise nor attempted to speak, nor strained a limb after he was shot, nor was he conscious for one moment from that time until he died when his skin was touched or his hand was taken there was a slight quiver or tremor of the muscles but that was all. Mustard plaster was applied nearly all over the body and stimulants were given as long as he could swallow in hopes to revive him but entirely without avail. His pulse ceased to beat at 22 past seven.

Chas. had his hand on his heart, he said it fluttered for ten seconds longer. It was the opinion of the surgeons that the wound would have killed most men instantly or in a very few minutes, but Mr. Lincoln had so much vitality that he lived nearly nine hours. There were four surgeons in immediate or active attendance. Dr. Stone, the surgeon Genl. Dr. Barnes, the Adjutant Surgeon Genl. Dr. Crane and Charles. Some others were present whose services were not required. Most of the members of the Cabinet were there all night. Chief Justice Chase and other distinguished men. Mr. Senator Sumner with Robert Lincoln leaning on his shoulder, near the head of the bed. Secy. Stanton was active in giving directions and writing dispatches all night. Genl. Meigs stood at the door to keep out all who were not wanted or to see that the room was not crowded. The room is at the end of the entrance hall about 9 feet by 15 with two windows and three doors, one room entering from the hall, one at the left as you enter opening to an open porch or piazza and the other at the farther end of the room opening into another small room from which stairs descended to the basement. Some four individuals came into the room through that door clandestinely.

Mrs. Lincoln occupied a room nearby with some of her friends who were there. She went in frequently to see the President with Doct. Gurley (the family pastor) who had been sent for about 3 o'clock. She was not in the room when he died. Robert Lincoln was there and Dr. Gurley. The two private secretaries of the President Nicolay and Hay. Upon one occasion when Mrs. L. went in and saw her husband she fainted and was carried

out insensible. It was thought best for her not to be there when he died.

Dr. Gurley prayed by the bedside of the President when he first arrived (at 3 o'clock) then went into the room where Mrs. Lincoln was and prayed with her, and remained with her most of the time accompanying her and supporting her into the room of the dying President when she visited it. After the death Dr. Gurley who was standing near Mr. Stanton said shall we have any religious exercises here or elsewhere now? Yes said Mr. Stanton, offer prayer now and here. For the last half hour before the death, the utmost stillness had

presided in the room. Not a word not a whisper was heard. The President of the United States dying, surrounded by his Cabinet and many of the first men in the Nation standing like statues around the bed presented a scene for an artist seldom equaled

for solemn grandeur. It is to be hoped that it will yet be transformed to canvas. After the President died Dr. Gurley went to Mrs. L. and told her "the President is dead." O why did you not let me know? Why did you not tell me? "Your friends thought it was not best, you must be resigned to the will of God, you must be calm and trust in God and in your friends." She soon after left with Dr. G. for her home. She was asked during the night if her son "Tad" (Thaddeus), a boy about twelve years old, should be sent for. "O My poor 'Taddy' what will become of him? O do not send for him, his violent grief would disturb the house. When they reached the President's house "Tad" met them on the portico. "Where is my pa? Where is my pa?" he kept repeating the question till they got into the room of Mrs. Lincoln. He had heard that he had been shot but evident-

ly expected him when his mother came. He was very much excited and alarmed but had not thought that his pa could be dead. "'Taddy' your pa is dead," said Dr. Gurley. He was not prepared for this. He screamed in an agony of grief "O what shall I do? What shall I do? My brother is dead. My father is dead. O what shall I do? What shall become of me? O what shall I do? O mother dear you will not die will you? O don't you die Ma. You won't die will you Mother? If you die I shall be all alone. O don't die Ma." Dr. Gurley said that up to that time he himself had not shed a tear but he could not witness "Tad's" grief unmoved and the tears flowed freely. He said, when I got back to my own home at about 10 o'clock that morning, "I felt as though I had been engaged all night in a terrible battle and had but just strength enough left to drag myself off the field." ☹



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Death of Lincoln told by one called on to take notes

Dear Editor:

I discovered this fascinating piece of history attached in some correspondence of my grandfather's several weeks ago.

Francis Hopkinson, my grandfather (who is now deceased) was the son of Joseph Hopkinson, United States District Judge for Pennsylvania and son himself of Francis Hopkinson, signer of the Declaration of Independence and U.S. Judge of the Admiralty under George Washington.

I have no idea how James Tanner's letter found its way into his (my grandfather's) effects.

Tanner's language was rather florid in composition, particularly in his opening paragraphs. I took the liberty of editing this slightly to make the letter more readable and briefer for newspaper publication. The letter itself nonetheless remains very much in the telling of Tanner of Lincoln's death vigil.

With Lincoln's birthday coming up this month, I thought I'd share this unusual document from out of the past with you and, if you would care to publish, with the readers of your newspaper.

Jonathan Hopkinson
Farmington
Conn.

The Death of Lincoln

as witnessed
by James Tanner

I was a spectator of the final scene of the supreme tragedy of that time on the morning of April 15th, 1865. I pen these lines.

As an employee of the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department, I had some ability as a shorthand writer. This latter fact brought me in touch with the unfolding of the events of that awful night.

I had gone with a friend to witness the performance that evening at Grover's Theatre, where now stands the National. Shortly after 10 o'clock a man rushed in from the lobby crying out, "President Lincoln has been shot in Ford's Theatre."

There was great confusion at once, with most of the audience rising to their feet. A voice spoke loudly, "It's a ruse of pickpockets, look out!" With this, almost everyone resumed their seats. It was then that a member of the east stepped on the stage and said, "The sad news is too true; the audience will disperse."

My friend and I crossed to Willard's Hotel, and there were told that Secretary Seward had been killed.

Men's faces blanched as they at once asked, "What news of Stanton?" Have they got him too? The wildest rumors filled the air.

I had rooms in the house adjoining the Peterson House into which the president had been carried. Hastening down 10th Street, I found an almost solid mass of humanity blocking my path and the crowd constant-

ly enlarging. A silence that was appalling prevailed. Interest centered on all who entered or emerged from the Peterson House, and all the latter were closely questioned as to the stricken President's condition. From the first the answers were unvarying — that there was no hope.

A military guard had been placed in front of the Peterson House and those next to it, but upon telling the commanding officer that I lived there, I passed up to my apartment, which comprised the second story front. There was a balcony, and I found it thronged by other occupants of the house. Horror was in every heart and dismay written on every countenance. We had just had a week of tumultuous joy over the downfall of Richmond and the collapse of the Confederacy, and now in an instant these happy tidings were changed to the deepest woe by the foul shot of a cowardly assassin.

It was nearly midnight when Major General Augur came out to the threshold of the Peterson House and asked if there was anyone in the crowd who could write shorthand. There was no response from the street, but one of my friends on the balcony told the General that there was a young man inside who could serve him. Whereupon the General asked him to have me come down as I was needed. So it was that I became a participant in the scenes and events surrounding the final hours of President Lincoln's life.

Entering the house, I accompanied General Augur down the hallway to a rear parlor. The sobs and moans of Mrs. Lincoln struck painfully upon our ears as we passed the door of the front parlor. Entering the rear parlor, I found Secretary Stanton, Judge David K. Carter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Honorable B. A. Hill, and many others.

I took my seat on one side of a small library table opposite Mr. Stanton with Judge Carter at the end. Various witnesses were brought in who had either been in Ford's Theatre or in the vicinity of Mr. Seward's residence.

Among them were Harry Hawk, who had been Asa Trenchard that night in the play "Our American Cousin," Mr. Alfred Cloughly, Colonel G. V. Rutherford and others. As I took down the statements they made, we were disturbed by the distress of Mrs. Lincoln, for though folding doors between the two parlors were closed, her frantic sorrow was compellingly evident.

She was in the company still of Miss Harris of New York, who, with her fiancé, Major Rathbone, had gone to the theatre with the President and Mrs. Lincoln. Booth in his rush through the Presidential box after firing the fatal shot, had lunged at Major Rathbone with his dagger and wounded him in the arm slightly. In the naturally intense excitement



The Matthew Brady portrait of President Abraham Lincoln

over the President's condition, it is probable that Major Rathbone himself did not realize that he was wounded until after he had been in the Peterson House some time, where he fainted from loss of blood. He was then attended to, his wound dressed, and taken to his apartments. He and Miss Harris subsequently married.

Through all the testimony given by those who had been in Ford's Theatre that night, there was an undertone of horror which held the witnesses back from positively identifying the assassin as Booth.

Said Harry Hawk: "To the best of my belief, it was Mr. John Wilkes Booth, but I will not be positive." And so it went through the testimony of others, but the sum total left no doubt as to the identity of the assassin.

Our task was interrupted many times during the night, sometimes by reports or dispatches for Secretary

Stanton but more often by him for the purpose of issuing orders calculated to enmesh Booth in his flight.

"Guard the Potomac from the city down," was his repeated direction. "He shall try to get South." Many dispatches were sent from that table before morning, some to General Dix at New York, others to Chicago, Philadelphia, etc.

Several times Mr. Stanton left us to go to the room at the end of the hall where the President lay. The doors were open, and sometimes there would be a few seconds of absolute silence, when we could hear plainly the stertorous breathing of the dying man.

I think that it was on his return from his third trip of this kind when, as he again took his seat opposite me, I looked earnestly at him, desiring yet hesitating to ask if there was any chance of life. He understood, and I saw him choke in his throat as he

slowly forced the answer to my unspoken question. "There is no hope."

He had impressed me through those awful hours as being a man under the tightest of control, but I knew that he was dangerously near a convulsive breakdown.

During the night there came in, I think, about every man then of prominence in our national life who was in the Capitol at the time and who had heard of the tragedy. A few whom I distinctly recall were Secretaries Welles, Usher, and McCullough; Attorney General Speed and Postmaster General Denison, Assistant Secretaries Field and Otto, Governor Oglesby, Senators Sumner and Stewart and Augur. I have seen many assorted pictures of the deathbed scene, and most of them have Vice President, Andrew Johnson, seated in a chair near the foot of the bed on the left side. Mr. Johnson was not in the house at all but in his room in the Kirkwood House and knew nothing of the events of that night until he was aroused in the morning by Senator Stewart and others and told that he was President of the United States.

With the completion of the taking of the testimony, I at once began to transcribe my shorthand notes into longhand. Twice while so engaged, Miss Harris supported Mrs. Lincoln down the hallway to her husband's bedside. As the door leading into that hallway from the room where I sat was open, I had a plain view of them as they slowly passed.

Mrs. Lincoln was not at the bedside when her husband breathed his last. Indeed, I think, it was nearly if not quite two hours before the end, when she paid her last visits to the death chamber, and when she passed our room on her return, she cried out, "Oh my God, I have given my husband to die."

I have witnessed and experienced much physical agony on the battlefield and in hospitals, but of it all, nothing sunk deeper in my memory than that moan of a heart breaking.

I finished transcribing my notes at 6:45 in the morning and passed back into the room where the President lay. There were gathered all those whose names I have mentioned and many others, about 20 or possibly more in all, I should judge.

The bed had been pulled out from the corner and owing to the stature of Mr. Lincoln, he laid diagonally on his back. He had been utterly unconscious from the instant the bullet ploughed into his brain. His labored breathing subsided just a few minutes before 7 o'clock. From then to the end only the gentle rise and fall of his chest gave indication that life remained.

The Surgeon General was near the head of the bed, sometimes sitting on the edge of it, his finger on the pulse of the dying man. Occasionally, he put his ear down to catch the lessening beats of the heart. Mr. Lincoln's pastor, the Reverend Dr. Curley stood a little away from the bed. Mr.

Stanton sat in a chair near the foot on the left, where the pictures as drawn place the absent Andrew Johnson.

I stood quite near the head of the bed and from this position had a full view of Mr. Stanton across the President's body. At my right Robert Lincoln wept on the shoulder of Charles Sumner.

Stanton's gaze was fixed intently on the countenance of his dying Chief. He had, as I have said, been a man of absolute control throughout the night, but as I again looked at his face across the corner of the bed, seeing his twitching muscles and the grief etched there, I knew that it was by the most powerful of effort that he restrained his emotions.

The first indication that the dreaded moment has come was at 22 minutes past seven, when the Surgeon General gently crossed the pulseless hands of Lincoln over the motionless bosom and rose to his feet.

Reverend Dr. Curley stepped forward and lifting his hands began, "Our Father and our God."

I snatched pencil and notebook from my pocket, but my haste defeated my purpose. My pencil point I had but once caught in my coat and broke, and the prayer was lost, a prayer which was only interrupted by the now tear-racked body of Stanton as he buried his face in the bedclothes. "As Thy will be done, Amen," as subdued and tremulous tones filled the chamber.

Mr. Stanton raised his head, the tears streaming down his cheeks. A more agonized expression I never saw on a human countenance as he sobbed out the words, "He belongs to the ages now."

Mr. Stanton directed Major Thomas M. Vincent to take charge of the body; called a meeting of the Cabinet in the room where we had passed most of the night; all others assembled then left for their homes and other destinations.

Going immediately to my apartment, I sat down to make a second longhand copy of the testimony that I had taken for Mr. Stanton, it occurring to me that I wished to retain this one of the events that I had witnessed this night.

I was engaged but a brief time when I heard a commotion on the street below. I stepped to my window to see the coffin containing the body of the martyred President being placed in a hearse, which then passed up Tenth Street to F and thus to the White House, escorted by a Lieutenant and a detachment of privates, walking along side with measured tread and arms reversed.

The mortal remains of Abraham Lincoln had begun the long journey back to the prairies and the hearts he knew and loved so well.

This copy of Mr. Tanner's "Death of Lincoln" was found recently in the family papers of Jonathan Hopkinson and edited by him for this publication.

If you're an addict:

Tanner, James

Account of the Tragedy as Given by
Charles A. Tinker.

I entered the Military Telegraph corps in 1861 and left in 1869, my certificates of honorable service, signed by Secretary Alger, showing a longer period of service in that branch of the army than any other member of the corps.

During those eight eventful years, I was first with General McClellan's army and from 1862 in the War Department as cipher operator and from 1866 until 1869 as manager.

During the civil war I had the opportunity of meeting the President perhaps a thousand times, and had learned to look upon him in his daily and nightly visits as a companion, while we telegraph boys venerated him as a father.

My war dairy of April 11, 1865, records that the president came to the office late that day while I was alone on duty and told one of his inimitable stories, (which Bates quotes in his "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office"), illustrating its finale by gathering his coat tails under his arms and taking great strides, passing out of the office laughing loudly, leaving me convulsed with laughter at his amusing performance.

That was the last time I saw him alive. I was not well and did not go to the office on the 12th or 13th, but on the 14th I spent an hour with Bates and Chandler, who gave me the news of the parole of Lee's army and grand illumination of the city the preceding night. To quote from my dairy:

"Saturday, April 15—At seven A. M., a servant girl came into my room and reported a story that she had heard on the street that the President and Secretary Stanon were killed at five o'clock this morning. I thought it an idle rumor, such as abounded among the colored people, but shortly after my wife returned from market-ing and reported that she had heard a similar story at the grocery store.

"I hurriedly dressed, and, swallowing a hasty breakfast, started for my office. On my way I found the street lined with people discussing the tragedy. I hurried on, knowing that at the office I could learn all the facts.

"A gentleman informed me that the President was dead. In front of the White House grounds I met a colored porter, John Bailey, just coming from the office, from whom I learned that President Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's theater the previous night about ten o'clock by J. Wilkes Booth, an actor.

"The President died at 7:25 A. M. The residence of Secretary Seward was entered at about the same hour (10 p. m.) by an assassin who attempted to cut Mr. Seward's throat.

"I went to the office and found Frank Stewart on duty. Bates had been there all night. Chandler, Maynard and Low, also.

"All departments were closed and being draped in mourning. Our office feels most keenly the affliction which has thus been brought to the whole country in the death of Abraham Lincoln. We had no heart to work—bitter tears flooded every eye and grief choked every utterance.

"The country awoke this morning to a new life, which calls for stern measures yet untried, which he, for whom we now mourn in the goodness

of his tender heart, would perhaps have forbore from administering.

"Andrew Johnson was sworn in as President by Chief Justice Chase at the Kirkwood house."

Letter from the George B. and prison camp.

Montauk Montauk

"Montauk" Montauk.
April 3rd 65-
Navy Yard. Wash D.C. 34

April 13th 1863. 9 P.M.

Dear Bro. The few hours that
have intervened since that
most Terrible tragedy, of last night
have served to give me a little
clearer vision, and I believe I am
now able to give you a clear
account up to this hour. Yesterday
about 3 P.M. the President, and
wife, drove down to the Navy Yard
and paid our ship a visit, going
all over her, accompanied by us all.
Both seemed very happy, and so
expressed themselves, glad that this war
was over, or so near its end, and then
drove back to the White House.

In the evening, nearly all of us,
went to Fords Theatre. I was very
early, and got a seat very near the
President's private box, as we heard he
was to be there. About half past nine
he came in, with his wife, a Miss Harris
and Major Leathburn, and was cheered
by every one. As soon as there was a
silence, the play went on, and I
could see that the "Pres" seemed to
enjoy it very much. About 11.23 P.M.
a man came in, and walked slowly
along the side on which the "Pres" box was,
and I heard a man say "there's Brodie"
and I turned my head to look at him.
He was still walking very slow, and was
near the box door, where he stopped took a
card from his pocket, wrote something
on it, and gave it to the usher, who
took it to the box. In a minute, the door

was opened. and he walked in -
no sooner had the door closed, than
I heard the report of a pistol, and
on the instant, Brothie jumped
out of the box onto the stage, holding
in his hand a large knife, and
shouted so as to be heard all
over the house, "Give Liberty to Tyranny"
("Go always with tyrants"), and fled
behind the scenes. I attempted to
get to the box, but I could not, and
in an instant, the cry was raised
"The President is assassinated".

Such a scene I never saw before.

The cry spread to the streets, only to
be met by another, "Go is no more".
Soldiers, sailors, police, all started in
every direction, but the assassin had
gone. Some General handed me a note
and bid me go to the nearest telegraph

office, and arouse the nation.

I ran with all my speed, and
in ten minutes the sad news
was all over the country.

Today all the city is in mourning,
nearly every house being in black
and I have not seen a smile,
no business, and many a strong
man I have seen in tears -

Some reports say Brothie is a
miser, others that he has made
his escape - but from news
received here, I believe he is
taken, and during the night
will be put on a monitor for suf-
ficing - as a mob over raised now
would know no end - I will not
say this until morning, and I
may have some more news -

April 24th 1865 76

I have had no time to write
until now, as I have been a
detention. We have now that
one implication, which is that you
write to me to all. G. G.



Dr. Geo B. Todd
U S N



INTERIOR OF THE TURRET OF THE UNITED STATES IRONCLAD MONITOR "MONTAUK"

FROM A PHOTO BY W. T. CHASE

Woman Who Saw Booth Shoot Lincoln Is Dead

WESTERLY, R. I., Dec. 1 (A. P.).—Miss Levene C. B. Stewart, a direct descendant of Chief Ninigret of the Narragansett Indian tribe, died today at the age of 100.

During the civil war she was a neighbor in Washington of Wilkes Booth, whom she knew personally. She was in Ford's Theater when Booth shot President Lincoln.

Miss Stewart was born in Baltimore September 2, 1832, and trained as a nurse at Johns Hopkins Hospital, where her brother was on the medical staff. She came to Westerly seventy years ago.

Miss Stewart will be buried here Saturday in the dress she wore at the inauguration of President Grant. She leaves no survivors.

1932
11.4.50
Surv

The New York Times

"All The News That's Fit to Print."

Published Every Day in the Year by
THE NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY.

ADOLPH S. OCHS, Publisher and President
B. C. Franck, Secretary.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1924.

Woman Who Saw Lincoln Shot Dies

BOSTON, April 8.—Mrs. Annie B. Wright, who was a member of the audience at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., when Abraham Lincoln was shot, died here last night. She was 86 years old. Her husband, the late John B. Wright, was stage manager of Ford's Theatre at the time of the tragedy. Mrs. Wright was accompanied by Dr. J. S. Taft on the night the President was shot. When a call for a doctor was sent out, Dr. Taft was lifted from the orchestra into Lincoln's box and attended the dying President. She was on the stage for many years under the name of Annie Cushing.

WOMAN SAW LINCOLN SHOT

Mrs. Eastman Dies at 91—Believed Last Survivor of Audience

East Falls Church, Va., Jan. 23—(AP)—Mrs. Sarah N. Eastman, 91, who saw Abraham Lincoln shot in the Ford Theatre, died yesterday.

Relatives believe she was the last survivor of the audience that witnessed the assassination. 1939

Newarker, 93, In Lincoln Talk



MRS. NELSON TODD

Radio listeners tonight will have an opportunity to hear Mrs. Nelson Todd, 93, of 39 Lincoln park, oldest living member of one of the oldest families in Newark, who was present in the Ford Theater in Washington on the night President Lincoln was assassinated.

Mrs. Todd will speak over WJZ at 8 P. M. after an introduction by Charles Colfax Long during a broadcast which will include songs of the Civil War period.

Not only did Mrs. Todd shake hands with Lincoln, but she was acquainted with John Wilkes Booth, the actor, who fired the shot which killed the Great Emancipator.

MRS. NELSON TODD, SAW LINCOLN SHOT

Short Hills, N. J., Woman, 97,
Had Met Clay and Webster

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

SHORT HILLS, N. J., June 29.—Mrs. Nelson Todd, who witnessed Lincoln's assassination, died here last night after a three months' illness, at the home of her grandson, Nelson Todd. She would have been 98 years old on Aug. 17. Henry Clay and Daniel Webster were among notables she had met during her lifetime.

A participant in many civic events in Newark, Mrs. Todd was a guest of honor at the city's charter centennial celebration in the Mosque Theatre on April 15, 1936. She made her last public appearance on Feb. 4 as guest of honor at the New Jersey State Exposition in the L. Bamberger & Co. department store.

On Mrs. Todd's ninety-seventh birthday some one observed that she looked fit enough to reach the one-hundred mark.

"I don't want to be a hundred," Mrs. Todd said. "I have lived long enough."

Mrs. Todd was born in Albany, a daughter of Aaron and Elizabeth Garthwalte Rodwell. In infancy she was taken to Newark by her parents. She was married to Nelson Todd in 1858.

She often recalled the night she and her husband saw Lincoln shot at Ford's Theatre in Washington. She had often described how John Wilkes Booth jumped from the first box to the stage and how Mrs. Lincoln screamed as the President slumped down on his chair.

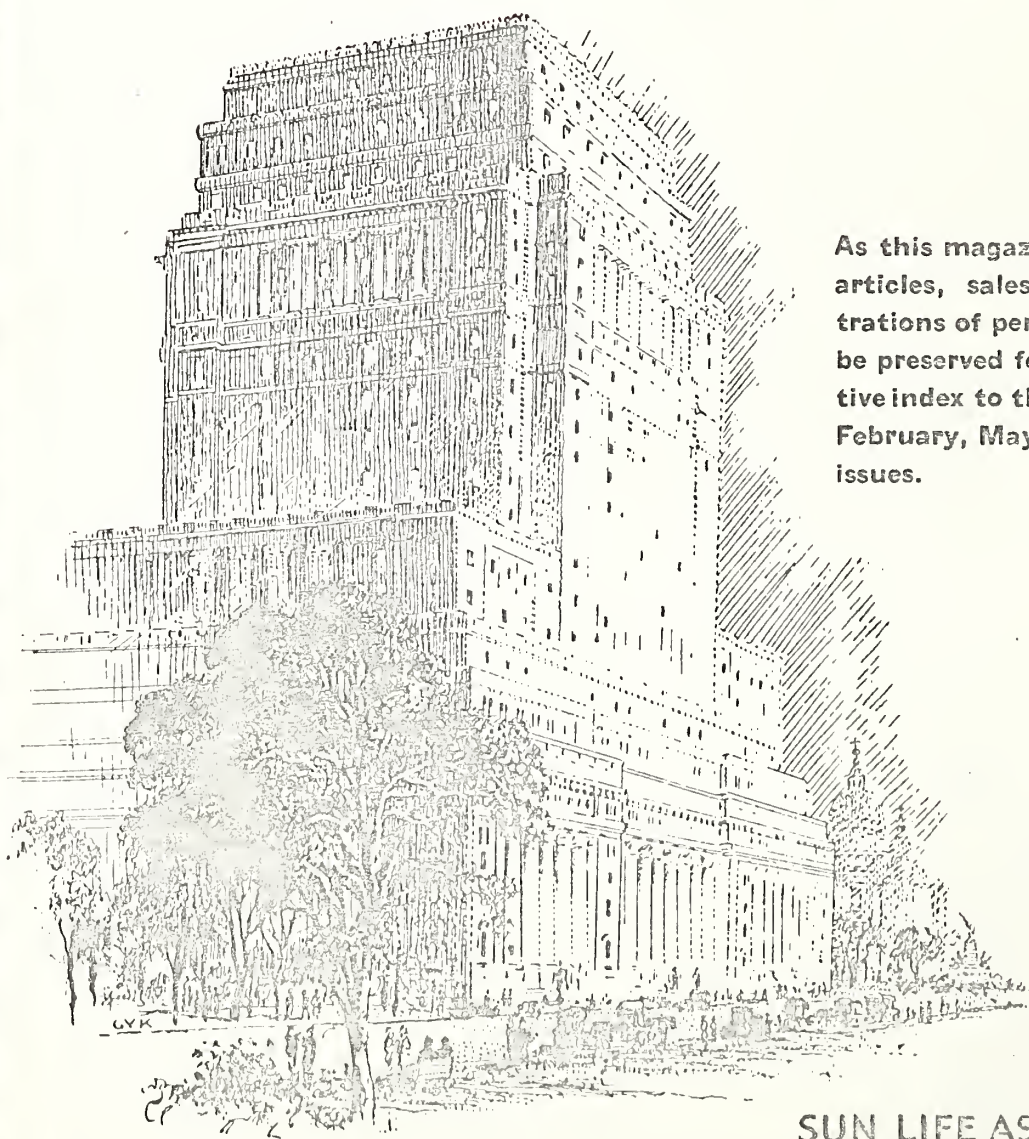
Also surviving, besides her grandson, Nelson, are five grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

MAY

Todd, Mrs. Nelson

1935

The Monthly AGENCY REVIEW



As this magazine contains educational articles, sales suggestions and illustrations of permanent value, it should be preserved for reference. A cumulative index to these topics appears in the February, May, August and November issues.

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE
COMPANY OF CANADA**
HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL
(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited
Company)

SUN LIFE ANNUITANT WITNESSED ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

Mrs. Nelson Todd, 95, Visits Newark Branch

From time to time we have published letters of appreciation from Sun Life annuitants who, on account of their advanced age, have generally had a background of interesting reminiscence. When Mrs. Todd recently visited our Newark Branch and expressed the pleasure it would give her to write the letter which we here reproduce, we did not think it would lead to us having the opportunity of publishing an item of such historical interest as subsequently transpired. It appears that on Lincoln's birthday commemoration of 1934, she broadcasted from New York over a national hook-up the story of her experience on that memorable night at the theatre. Mrs. Todd is, despite her age, very healthy and active, and insisted upon calling at our Newark office rather than have them wait upon her at her home for these details. As to the story itself, we think we had better let her tell it in her own words as recounted in the American press of February 1932, when she faced the microphone for the first time at the news reel studio. She was then ninety-two years of age.



Mrs. NELSON TODD

In Newark today there is a woman who is believed to be one of the few persons now alive who saw Abraham Lincoln assassinated.

Mrs. Nelson Todd of 39 Lincoln Park, oldest living member of one of the oldest families in Newark, yesterday recalled the circumstances of the tragedy which shocked the nation on the night of April 14, 1865.

Despite the fact that she is in her ninety-third year* Mrs. Todd does everything but sit at home peacefully. She is in the habit of walking from her modern apartment to the vicinity of the Four Corners at least once or twice a day, dining out, and going out for an automobile ride when the spirit moves.

Motion picture theatre patrons throughout the country will have an opportunity to see and hear Mrs. Todd in a "talkie" within the next few days, telling the story of how Lincoln was shot. A leading news reel concern requested her to describe the tragedy before its camera and microphone.

The picture was taken at the concern's New York studio one day last week. Her first experience before a movie camera evidently turned out well, because on the following day Mrs. Todd again went to New York for the purpose of lengthening the film.

Knew Both Personally

Not only has Mrs. Todd shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln, but she was personally acquainted with John Wilkes Booth, the actor who fired the shot which ended the career of the Great Emancipator.

"I have shaken hands with every President since William Henry Harrison, who died in 1841, also with Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and Kosuth," said Mrs. Todd. "I have known many splendid and distinguished people, and of all I have known there was not a finer man than John Wilkes Booth, a fine looking, mannerly chap about my own age."

*Written in 1932.

"I have heard that he had fallen into bad company. We all knew his sympathies were with the Southern States, and we learned later that he was a member of a set of fellows—radicals we would call them today—who drew lots to see which one should kill Lincoln. It just happened that the lot fell to Booth.

"I shall never forget the first time I saw Lincoln—nor the last. The first time was just a little before his second inauguration, when he passed through Newark by train. I was horse-back riding and rode through side streets so that I saw Lincoln not once but several times on the rear platform. My persistence must have attracted President Lincoln's attention. William Coulter, a friend of my father's, the conductor of the train, told me later that the President pointed me

out and said 'That young lady there is a fine horse-woman.'

"I was married in 1858. The war, as you know, followed a couple of years later. Those were awful times. What a relief when it ended on the ninth of April, 1865!

Memorable Trip

"Immediately upon learning of Lee's surrender my husband planned a trip to Washington. The day after we arrived was Good Friday, April 14. I remember because we went to church. My husband was active in

(over)

Mr. E. C. Hoy, Branch Manager
Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada
1216 Military Park Bldg.
Newark, N.J.

March 26, 1935

Dear Mr. Hoy:

Just a note of thanks from an old lady, for your never-failing promptness in mailing my Annuity check each month.

After the death of my son Edmund, his children purchased an Annuity for me in your Company, providing me with \$100.00 each month for life. I am now 95 years of age and, looking back over the past years, I cannot help but be reminded of the constant source of satisfaction and pleasure this Annuity has provided. It has enabled me to do many things for my friends and relatives which, otherwise, I would not have been able to do, especially during the last few years when other forms of investment have proven to be so unreliable.

I am, therefore, writing this letter to you with the understanding that you use it as you see fit, for the purpose of recommending to other people, Annuities as an excellent investment for old age comfort and security—and particularly a Sun Life Annuity.

Yours Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Matilda G. Todd.

Trinity Church Sunday School, Newark. I was amazed when later in the day he said 'We are going to the theatre this evening.' 'To the theatre on Good Friday?' I said. He explained that the President was to attend a benefit and last-night performance of Laura Keen in 'Our American Cousins' at the Ford Theatre, and it being a gala occasion and our only opportunity, probably, of seeing President Lincoln, we might waive our religious scruples.

'Theatres began earlier in those days. We were in our places on the centre aisle just a few rows back from the stage at 7.30, when the curtain rose. There was a flag-draped box on the left for the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Major Rathborne. They sat in the second box.

'The curtain had gone up on the second act when there was a shot. At the same instant I was amazed to see John Wilkes Booth, whom I had known so well, half jump and fall from the first box to the stage, twelve feet below. His spur had caught in the drapery on the box, so that his leap turned out to be a bad fall.

'For an instant no one realized what had happened. It struck me that John Wilkes Booth had committed suicide. It was not until some seconds later that Mrs. Lincoln screamed. The house turned from the stage, where all eyes had been on Booth, and saw the President, his head fallen on his chest, slumped down in the old-fashioned rocking chair in which he had been sitting. Then, of course, we knew the greater tragedy that had happened.

'Few people knew how badly Booth was hurt in his fall. I have read accounts and seen pictures of him hobbling off the stage to make his escape. This is as false as the story that he shouted 'Sie Semper Tyrannis!'

Rope Swung Over Booth

'Here is what did happen and I think I am the only person that knows how Booth made his escape. Knowing Booth, it was only natural my interest was keen enough to attract my attention back to him, even when I knew Lincoln was assassinated. When Booth's spur caught and threw him to the stage he broke his leg in a terrible way, so that the bone actually protruded through his trousers, and smeared the stage with blood. Naturally he couldn't move. Laura Keen leaned over and patted his head. Then, to my amazement, I saw a rope swing over, evidently thrown by some confederates, lasso him and whisk him into the wings. That was the last time I ever saw John Wilkes Booth.

'As we walked away from the theatre and the great tragedy, my husband said to me 'What next?' 'We must go home,' I said. And so we went to the hotel, packed our things and went immediately to the railroad station. The streets were seething with people. At the station the trainmen on a cattle train that was about to leave for New York had not heard the news so they let us ride in the caboose.

'We rode all night from Washington and arrived in New York in the early morning. Newark was just a way station in those days and the trains did not stop there. When we got in we learned that Lincoln was dead.

'Our family was surprised to see us back before we had planned. Being strict Episcopalians we did not tell them we had gone to the theatre on Good Friday, so we told no one of the thrilling scene of history we had seen enacted. Nor throughout my husband's life did we ever tell. It was only a few years ago that I let the truth out. I had gone to see a performance of 'The

"Salary Savings" Plan of Life Insurance

Our Actuary has received the following letter from the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, under the signature of J. E. Macpherson, Vice-President:

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

J. E. MACPHERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT

MONTREAL MARCH 23, 1935.

Mr. G. W. Bourke,
Actuary,
Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada,
Montreal.

Dear Mr. Bourke:

It has been suggested that other industrial organizations in Canada might be interested to learn of our experience with payroll deduction life insurance for employees over the past few years.

As you are aware, our Employees' Life Insurance Plan was initiated in September 1927, with two Canadian life insurance companies participating, the Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada and the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

By the end of 1934, seven years and three months after the introduction of the Plan, our employees had obtained policies giving them insurance protection in excess of \$8,000,000 under the Plan. There is undoubtedly a great deal of additional coverage with these and other insurance companies which is not included in the Plan and of which therefore we have no record. At present more than 47% of our male employees and 7% of our female employees—almost 26% of the total—are included under the Plan and this participation is constantly increasing.

Our experience with the insurance representatives has been satisfactory, and they have shown themselves willing to co-operate in every way, particularly in regard to two phases of the Plan which we consider important:

1. That insurance be not oversold, so that cancellation may be kept at a minimum.
2. That employees should not be disturbed at their work or unduly solicited after hours.

Over a period of years, co-operation in these matters will work to the advantage of the insurance companies, their representatives and of our employees.

With regard to the routine work involved, we find the plan systematic and smooth in its operation. We believe that the company is compensated for the small expense of making deductions and supervising the plan by the fact that the dependents of insured employees are not so likely to require special benefits as those of employees who have made no provision. There is also the important part which this plan plays in affording ease of mind and means of attaining a measure of financial independence to our employees and protection to their dependents.

I am sending a similar letter to the Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada, and have no objection to its use in discussing salary deduction plans with prospective clients.

Yours very truly,

J. E. MACPHERSON,

Vice-President.

'Birth of a Nation,' in which the assassination of Lincoln was shown. When I saw the scene I gasped out 'Why, it wasn't that way.' 'How do you know?' I was asked. Then I told that I was one of the few remaining witnesses of that great tragedy."

Newarker Since Infancy

Mrs. Todd has lived in Newark since she was an infant. She is the daughter of the late Aaron Rodwell and Elizabeth Garthwaite Rodwell of this city and granddaughter

This testimony to the value of life insurance to the permanent staffs of progressive corporations should be an incentive to our field force to extend this form of service. Year by year it becomes increasingly apparent that the interest of enlightened employers in the welfare of those who serve them, and in their families, is being quickened. There were no more significant figures in our report for 1934 than those relating to the increases in Group Life Insurance, to which our President made special reference in his address at the Annual Meeting. Group Pension plans have shown very substantial increases in recent years. These, as well as salary savings plans, are forms of insurance protection and provision made possible by co-operative effort between employers and employees.

In his reply to the Vice-President of the Bell Telephone Company, Mr. Bourke remarked that our experience of the salary savings plan, now extending over ten years, indicates that success in its operation is contingent on the employers maintaining a very real interest in it. The cases which have proved most satisfactory, and which consequently have brought most benefit to all concerned, are those where the employing firm has been generous in providing reasonable facilities to canvassers, and where it has been apparent to employees that the official attitude towards the enterprise has been sympathetic and helpful. Co-operation of this kind of course involves a little time, a little trouble, and a little expense; but who can doubt that the indirect benefit, even to the employing firm, vastly outweighs these slight sacrifices? On the other side of the account, any firm might well take pride in the fact that by their initiative, their example, their advice, and their practical aid, many humble homes, in the welfare of which they cannot disclaim interest, have been protected against the worst consequences of bereavement. In providing facilities to their employees for insuring their lives, the Bell Telephone Company were certainly not looking for compensation or reward; and yet what greater reward could they desire than the knowledge that they have helped fortify their employees' homes with a fund of \$8,000,000 against the worst emergencies to which they are exposed?

of the late Jeremiah C. Garthwaite, donor of the site on which St. Paul's Episcopal Church stands at High and West Market Streets.

In thanking Mrs. Todd for her good wishes and the story she has enabled us to tell, we wish her a continuance of her present good health and hope she at least attains her century.

Memories.

ON STAGE WHEN
LINCOLN DIED.

*Actress Tells of Scenes that
Followed Fatal Shot.*

*Calls Martyr's Heart Kindest;
Booth Once a Favorite.*

*Celebrity of Early Days Now
Lives Here in Quiet.*

Living in happy and quiet retirement in an attractive bungalow at No. 1182 West Thirty-first street, is Helen Truman (Coleman,) one of the greatest favorites of the American stage and one of the few now living who witnessed the assassination of President Lincoln at Ford's Theater, Washington, April 14, 1865.

Speaking of the tragic hours following the pistol shot that meant the martyrdom of one of the most potent figures in world history, Helen Truman, now the wife of Frank Wynkoop, himself a prominent actor of the early period, said:

"We were playing 'Our American Cousin.' It was toward the close of the second act, and I had just left the stage to prepare for the next scene when the sound of a shot reached my ears and I hurried back to see Laura Keane, the leading lady of the company, entering the box of the President and, regardless of her gown, she raised his head to her lap and held him there while first-aid remedies were hastily given.

"The scene seared itself into my brain. With all the members of the company it was all that was discussed for days, weeks, even months. Pandemonium, screams, cries and curses filled the air as Booth was seen rushing across the stage to the rear, brandishing a huge knife, with which he attempted to murder Col. Rathbone, one of the members of the Presidential party.

"I have avenged the South; I have avenged the South," shouted Booth as he ran across the stage, escaping from the rear entrance. Outside waiting for him and holding his horse was Ed Spangler, a scene shifter, who was one of those implicated in the plot, which later resulted in his being sent to prison.

MOTIVE A MYSTERY.

"I have never been able to understand Booth's attitude. He was so genial, so affable and beloved by all who knew him. But he was not a southerner. His father was an English Jew, and, until the night of the tragedy, none of us who knew him intimately would believe he had any strong feeling toward either side in the terrific conflict of the Civil War. The Christmas before the tragedy was the last time, so far as I know, that Booth gave a large dinner. Following his usual custom he gave an annual Christmas dinner and his genial affability made the evening memorable. As it preceded the tragedy

of April by so short a time, it is necessarily one of my most vivid recollections of those stirring times.

"On the night of the assassination, Booth, who made the finest Romeo ever played at Grover's or any eastern theater, had been going about the theater as usual and no significance whatever was attached to his presence. As I went on the stage and saw him standing back of the President's box, he bowed to me. The thought flitted across my mind that his being there was singular, but I dismissed it in my work a moment later. It was not until the shots rang out that I realized the meaning of his presence there.

A GREAT HEART.

"Of Mr. Lincoln, one of the noblest, kindest-hearted men I ever knew, my memories are of the tenderest. I had

personal knowledge of the bigness and kindness of his heart, when my brother, who was running a blockade, was captured, tried and sentenced to death. His English partner escaped from the clutches of the law. Twice mother and I went to Mr. Lincoln. Very gently he told us he would do what he could, and later gave mother a passport into Norfolk. Notwithstanding his intervention, Gen. Wolff, who was in charge of the prison, refused us admittance without gold, and took from us every available heirloom and possession that had not already been seized by the might, but not by the right, of war.

"For me, the terrible tragedy had, therefore, much of a personal note of grief. It was months before any of us was restored to the usual mental poise, and I never played in 'Our American Cousin' again."

"At the time, John Wilkes Booth was paying marked attention to Kittle Blanchard, one of the noted stars of the day, who was playing at Canterbury's. Booth was desperately in love with Miss Blanchard, who was one of the loveliest characters I have ever known. The news of the awful affair completely unnerved Kittle, who steadfastly refused to believe it, and was heartbroken by the tragedy and the events which followed it. It was months before she was able to appear on the stage again, in one of the year's popular plays, in Louisville. Afterward, Miss Blanchard became the wife of McKee Rankin, the noted actor, and died only a few years ago.

"Besides my grateful remembrances of the kindness of President Lincoln at the time of the troubles in our family, among the most cherished are the favors shown us by Gen. Grant while we were in Memphis. The northern soldiers had visited us and want certainly followed in their wake. On our going to Gen. Grant he said: 'We are here to fight for the flag; not to fight women and children.' A guard was furnished us and we were not molested again."

STAGE OF STARVATION.

Of her own brilliant stage career Mrs. Wynkoop was more reluctant to speak.

"Starvation drove me to the stage when I was a girl of 14," she said. "Mother was a Methodist, exceedingly strong in her convictions, and loathed the theater. But with our men fighting for our cause, it became necessary for us to live, and the stage, which was one of the hardest professions in those days, seemed the only answer to the troublesome problems of daily life that we were facing.

I worked very hard and was rewarded by many calls to the different theaters that Mr. Ford controlled in the East. Maggie Mitchell and Lotta Crabtree—the beloved early-day favorite of San Francisco and the East—were personal friends of mine, and I played with them many times.

"After my marriage to Mr. Wynkoop, himself an author and playwright, I eventually gave up my stage career.

"Fourteen years ago we left New York and came to Los Angeles to live. We have been here ever since, glorying in the unmatched climate and beauty of Southern California, sometimes meeting the few friends left of the old days when we knew and loved Lincoln and many times played, at his request, the popular plays of that period."

Mrs. Wynkoop, or Helen Truman, as she was known during her stage career, has had a number of near-tragedies touch her life. A few years after the assassination of President Lincoln, while she was playing at the Holiday-street Theater, Baltimore, the St. Nicholas Hotel, where she was stopping, was destroyed by fire. Miss Truman had been ill and her absence was not discovered until the building was enveloped in flames and every one else had been rescued. When she was finally taken from the building, her feet were terribly burned, and all her belongings, including jewels, wardrobe and money, were lost.

Three years ago, in the Vineyard Junction accident on the Pacific Electric, she was severely injured, narrowly escaping with her life. Both hips were dislocated and her spine was injured, and she has not entirely recovered.

HE

EYEWITNESSES TO LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION LIVE HERE

Truman, Helen

One Was an Actress in the Cast of "Our American Cousin;" Another a Call Boy; Next-Door Neighbor

BY SI SNIDER *Los Angeles Times, 2-17-23*

There are living in Los Angeles several persons who directly touched the fringes of the great tragedy of Abraham Lincoln, the anniversary of whose birthday is tomorrow.

Living in retirement in Hollywood is an old actress who was in the cast of "Our American Cousin" and was on the stage the night Lincoln was shot.

Prof. Gilbert Bailey of the University of Southern California lived next door to Lincoln in Springfield, Ill., as a child.

The program boy at Ford's Theater is living in Los Angeles and until lately the call boy who summoned the actors to the stage was a member of the Hollywood colony.

Most of these facts together with much hitherto unpublished data have been brought to life by the Rockett Film Company, which is planning to make a motion picture of Lincoln's life and whose researches have continued for a year or more.

One of the most interesting of the living witnesses of Abraham Lincoln is Mrs. Frank Wynkoop of Los Angeles, whose stage name was Helen Truman, or Trueman, as it appeared in the program of Ford's Theater in Washington, D. C., the night President Lincoln was shot.

Miss Truman, whose real name was Helen Coleman, was born in Norfolk, Va., of a fine old southern family and her people cast their fortunes with the Confederacy.

She first saw President Lincoln at the White House, Sept. 3, 1864, where she went with her mother to intercede for the life of her brother, who had been condemned to death for attempting to run the blockade of the port of Norfolk.

SAVED HER BROTHER

"The President received us most kindly," said Mrs. Wynkoop, looking back with clear vision through the fifty-eight years intervening, and his great sympathy quite overcame my poor mother and myself. It was terribly hot, but the President gave no evidence of discomfort and quite made us forget it. He heard our sad story, asked a few questions and said:

"Go home, make yourselves comfortable and do not worry. I will see what can be done, but I think I can assure you now that if the facts are as you state them this boy will not be executed. Return here in ten days."

"After the long, hot ten days, full of anxiety and alarms we returned to the White House and, after an hour's wait, were called into the President's office, where we saw at once by the expression of his face that he had good news for us.

"He explained that my brother's case had been complicated by a charge of spying, but that he had been found not guilty of that charge and President Lincoln, himself, had pardoned him of the other.

FELL ON KNEES

"We both fell on our knees to thank him and there were tears in his sad and weary eyes when he showed us the door. Since then I have always adored him and my mother never ceased to bless him.

"We had sacrificed more than \$20,000 worth of family jewels and heirlooms for lawyers before we appealed to President Lincoln and I was forced to seek a theatrical engagement to earn a living for mother and me. John T. Ford of Ford's Theater, Washington, gave me a chance and my first appearance was with Mr. and Mrs. Billy Florence in "Dombey & Son," Sept. 22, 1864.

"In those days it was the practice for established stars to travel from one theater to another alone, or, in rare cases, with one or two leading people the theater stock company supplying the rest of the cast. The itinerant star usually provided the play and, in some cases the scenery, costumes and props, but ordinarily these were supplied by the theater.

THE FATEFUL NIGHT

"From September 22, to the night of the assassination, April 14, 1865, President Lincoln attended the theater as often as affairs of state would permit and I

took note of the plays he liked, for I was inexpressibly grateful to him and on the nights he came to see us I tried to be at my best and, in so far as my opportunities admitted, I watched every movement of the President and his parties.

"For example, I noticed that he never applauded with his hands, but he laughed heartily on occasion and his face spoke plainly of his approval. On the other hand, Mrs. Lincoln always attested her appreciation by clapping her hands and sending us flowers and, like all real women, she seemed to enjoy a good cry when the play turned to pathos.

PLAYS HE SAW

"President and Mrs. Lincoln never came to the theater together except on the night of the assassination and when they appeared together that night we were all surprised and remarked about it.

"During the time I was a mem-

Actress, Who Played Before Lincoln on Fateful Night, Tells of Horror---Saw Lincoln Weep

"We nodded cordially back stage—

"A shot!

"Dead silence—

"Then Mrs. Lincoln's blood-curdling shriek—"

An actress who played in "Our American Cousin" before President Lincoln the evening he was shot to death by J. Wilkes Booth, namely, Mrs. Frank Wynkoop of Los Angeles, here tells of how kind the martyred President had been to her, and paints a thrilling picture of the fatal night.

One of the most interesting of the living witnesses of Abraham Lincoln's assassination, discovered by the Rockett-Lincoln Film research department, is Mrs. Frank Wynkoop of Los Angeles, whose stage name was Helen Truman as it appeared on the programme of Ford's Theatre in Washington, D. C., the night President Lincoln was shot.

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"The President received us most kindly," said Mrs. Wynkoop, looking back with clear vision through the 58 years intervening, "and his great sympathy quite overcame my poor mother and myself. It was terribly hot, but the President gave no evidence of discomfort, and quite made us forget it. He heard our sad story, asked a few questions, and said:

"Go home, make yourselves comfortable, and do not worry. I will see what can be done, but I think I can assure you now that, if the facts are as you state them, this boy will not be executed. Return here in ten days."

"Tears Were in Lincoln's Sad Eyes"

"After the long, hot 10 days, full of anxiety and alarms, we returned to the White House and, after an hour's wait, were called into the President's office, where we saw at once by the expression of his face that he had good news for us. He explained that my brother's case had been complicated by a charge of spying, but that he had been found not guilty of that charge, and President Lincoln himself had pardoned him of the other. We both fell on our knees to thank him, and there were tears in his sad eyes when he showed us to the door. Since that I have always adored him and my mother never ceased to bless him.

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Lincoln Visited Theatre Often

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"President and Mrs. Lincoln never came to the theatre together except on the night of the assassination, and when they appeared together that night we were all surprised and remarked about it.

"During the time I was a member of the Ford stock company President Lincoln came to see Laura Keene, with Harry Hawk and John Dyott, in 'The Workmen of Washington' and 'Our American Cousin.'

"Miss Keene's last appearance was Friday, April 14, 1865, and as it had been announced that both the President and General Grant were to be present the attendance was the best of the season. The house was packed to the walls, there being no fire restriction in those days."

"I saw the presidential party when they arrived and was near enough to note how Mrs. Lincoln was dressed. She did not wear an evening gown, but a new spring silk dress, light gray in color, and with a black pinhead check, and bonnet to match. Ordinarily she wore an evening gown with a head-dress of flowers.

Mrs. Lincoln a Distinguished Woman

"Mrs. Lincoln was not beautiful, but good-looking, animated, dignified. She had a million dollars' worth of that wonderful thing called personality and she would have been distinguished in any company.

"I first met J. Wilkes Booth at a dinner given by Mr. Ford to our company on Christmas night, 1864. Booth was not a member of our company, but he was a great friend of Mr. E. A. Emerson, leading man of our stock company, and he came to the theatre often to see Emerson.

"We all respected Booth because he was a good actor, was courteous and kindly, but none of us except Mr. Emerson felt very friendly toward him because he was cold, taciturn, aloof and at times seemed almost arrogant.

"The night of the assassination I saw him back stage near the passage to the boxes just a few minutes before he fired the fatal shot, and we nodded cordially. A minute later I was called

on scene down front, and did not think anything of Booth being there.

I had just finished with the words: 'Good evening, Mr. Trenchard,' and made my exit in number two across the stage from the President's box, when I turned to speak to our leading lady, Miss Gourley, and Mr. Withers, leader of the orchestra, who were standing near.

I started into my dressing room, and had not taken more than three steps when I heard the shot that killed the President. Meantime the front scene had been taken down and the stage was full set.

Booth Goes Mad

"The sudden sound alarmed me. I knew there was no shooting in our play, and it sounded close by. Instantly there was dead silence—then Mrs. Lincoln's blood-curdling shriek. I turned about just in time to see Booth fall upon the stage from the President's box.

"Shouting, 'Sic semper tyrannis,' he ran limping across the stage directly toward me. Then I saw he brandished a knife, but I was too amazed to move.

"He ran into number three dressing-room and struck at Miss Gourley and Mr. Withers as he passed, cutting Miss Gourley's dress, but not wounding her.

"I want to say a word here in behalf of Ned Spangler, who was charged with being Booth's accomplice. I never knew a finer boy and I'm sure he had nothing to do with Booth's unspeakable crime.

"Mrs. Lincoln's screams turned the house into an inferno of noise. The shouts, groans, curses, smashing of seats, screams of women, shuffling of feet and cries of terror created a pandemonium that must have been more terrible to hear than that attending the assassination of Caesar. Through all the ages it will stand out in my memory as the hell of hells.

"Miss Keene, with towels and cologne, was the first to reach the President, but, of course, she could do no good. Our entire company was arrested, but was released in a few hours and placed under surveillance of the Secret Service.

"None of us, even Mr. Emerson, could ever understand Booth's act. We ascribed it to fanaticism gone mad, and aggravated, possibly, by exaggerated ego.

"To me, of course, because of his saving my brother, Lincoln was the great man of all time. But as a child of the stage, I love to think of him as a sincere lover of the drama and a friend of its exponents. His own life and death proved to be one of the greatest dramas of history.

Georgina - Helen Truman

Truman, Helen

An Exceedingly Interesting Incident.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 12.—[To the Editor of The Times:] In your paper of today there is an article from your New York correspondent about Mrs. Struthers—"Jennie Gourley"—which claims that she is the only surviving woman member of the company that played at Ford's Theater on the night that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated.

Permit me to state that the writer is still alive and was a regular member of the company at Ford's Theater, and played that night the part of Georgina. I had just left the stage to go to my dressing-room to change my dress for my next scene when I heard a shot, and, knowing there was no shooting in the play, I hastened back to the first entrance and heard the screaming and other sounds of voices, and saw President Lincoln fall over from his chair. I had noticed Booth previously, as he had bowed to me as I went on for my scene, from where he was standing back of the President's box, and wondered what he was doing there; but dismissed the thought, as Booth had the run of the theater, front and back, and was acquainted with all the company.

Miss Laura Keane, the star that week, was the first one to reach the box from back of the stage, and knelt down and raised up the President's head.

Harry Hawk, one of the company, claimed for a few years before he died to be the only surviving one, and then W. H. Ferguson (Blely) who was the prompter that night, was "the only one," and now Mrs. Struthers is "the only one."

I don't want to be killed off so young, as I am still able to come up smiling, and don't want to be "the only one," although there are not many left, either. But I have not cared for the notoriety of it, as I had always wished it had never occurred as it was a terrible tragedy to go through.

I have lived in Los Angeles for the past fourteen years, and wrote to Jennie Gourley a year ago, when I read the article you had in The Times magazine about her being alive, and residing in Milford, Pa., but have had no reply. Jennie Gourley left the company at that time to be married to Mr. William Withers, the leader of the orchestra. The remainder of the company played at the National Theater, as we were not allowed to leave Washington, being subject to the supervision of the War Department, under Gen. Burnett, until after the trial of the assassin.

Yours respectfully,

HELEN TRUMAN,
(at that time)

No. 1182 West Thirty-first street.

107X

Saw Lincoln Assassinated

PICTURES OF LINCOLN FUNERAL TRAIN IN MICHIGAN CITY ON PAGE 8



RECALLS FUNERAL TRAIN—Martin T. Krueger, state representative, remembers the Abraham Lincoln funeral train and its pause at the old Michigan Central station in Michigan City.

As a little girl, Mrs. Harriet Van Pelt, above, who lives at the Sheridan Beach hotel, sat as a spectator in Ford's theater in Washington and witnessed assassination of Abraham Lincoln. She is shown with a Lincoln portrait.

Remembers Fatal Shot In Theater

As Michigan City today marked the birthday of Abraham Lincoln in home and school, Mrs. Harriet Van Pelt of the Sheridan Beach hotel recalls a memory so tragic that 71 years can not dim it—the assassination of the great emancipator by John Wilkes Booth.

As a girl of 18 she witnessed the tragedy from the first row of the balcony in the Ford theater. She sat not more than 25 or 30 feet from the President's box, saw Booth enter the box and heard the shot ring out.

Shortly after that sad incident, on May 1, Lincoln's funeral train passed through Michigan City. Hundreds of persons gathered at the Michigan Central station to see the bier. Among them was Martin T. Krueger, a boy of 11 years at the time. A huge memorial arch was erected at the station where a group of Chicago people met the train to accompany the body to Chicago and then to Springfield.

She's 89 Now

A bright little woman of nearly 89, Mrs. Van Pelt clearly recalls April 14, 1865. She and her older sister, Nancy Sherman, both in their last year at the Cleveland Female seminary had gone to Washington to spend Easter vacation with their uncle, George Hartwell of the patent office there. Mrs. Van Pelt was Harriet Sherman, daughter of Dr. Mason G. Sherman of Michigan City.

In the afternoon they attended the reception at the White House

(Continued on page 8—Column 1)

PAGE EIGHT

REMEMEBRS FATAL SHOT IN THEATER

(Continued From Page One)

and shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. Climaxing the week's activities they attended the theater in the evening to see "Our American Cousin" and again see the President from his box.

In describing the scene, Mrs. Van Pelt said, "I thought Booth was some theater attendant. A moment later a shot was heard. I recall nothing of Maj. Rathbone's grappling with Booth and being stabbed, nor of Booth leaping to the stage from the front railing of the box, although these things happened. I remember only the President's head on the shoulder of Mrs. Lincoln and hearing some one say quietly, 'Mr. Lincoln has been shot.'"

"The curtain was rung down, which left the house in darkness for a moment. Every one was confused. A sort of paralysis gripped the house. Then the lights were turned on."

"I saw the President being carried out of the box. After he had been removed from the theater and taken to a boarding house across the street, the throngs made their way out of the theater stunned. The next day we returned to school. Among my schoolmates there to whom I told my experience in witnessing the tragedy was Ida Saxton, later the wife of President McKinley (who died of an assassin's bullet Sept. 14, 1901)."

The next year Harriet Sherman married Maj. John Simpson of the 59th Indiana infantry who had served under Gen. Grant and had marched with her second cousin, Gen. Sherman, to the sea. She married again after his death.

Mrs. Van Pelt's story, well known in Michigan City, was given a prominent place in a Chicago newspaper today.

Michigan City News

Sept. 1935

100TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN SEEN BY LOCAL WOMAN

**Harriett Van Pelt Recalls
Tragedy of Seventy
Years Ago**

A Michigan City woman witnessed the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, more than 70 years ago. She is Mrs. Harriett Van Pelt of the Sheridan Beach hotel one of the persons still living who saw the 16th president of the United States fall victim to an assassin's bullet.

A survey by the Lincoln Historical Research Foundation at Fort Wayne shows that she is one of only three persons in the four states of Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Indiana, who was present at that tragic occasion on Good Friday night.

Mrs. Van Pelt who observed her 88th birthday a few months ago was a student at a seminary at Cleveland during the latter part of the Civil war and during the Easter vacation of 1865 she went to Washington, D. C., to visit relatives.

Washington at that time was stirring with the anxiety that prevailed during the closing years of the war. But with Lincoln, re-elected and the news that victory had come at last the capital prepared to celebrate on April 14. It was Good Friday but the religious holiday did not curtail the joyous feeling of the entire city.

Gaiety Prevails

During the afternoon, Mrs. Van Pelt with relatives attended a reception at the White House and while there met the martyred president. The gaiety which every one felt prevailed at the formal affair. To climax the celebration, Mrs. Van Pelt was taken to the theater. She sat in one of the best seats in the house, directly in the center of the dress circle, which at that time was in the balcony. The president's party was to occupy the box at the right.

The play was "Our American Cousins." And when the president entered his box with Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and his betrothed, Miss Harris, the audience keyed to the brilliance of the affair rose and cheered their leader.

"No one noticed John Wilkes Booth" said Mrs. Van Pelt, as he walked around the balcony to the rear of the Lincoln box. Or if they did, they paid no attention to him."

Shot Rings Out

"Suddenly a shot rang out. No one knew what had happened. Not even Mrs. Lincoln, until the president slumped on her shoulder. Then I saw Booth jump to the stage and cry out, 'Sic Semper Fidelis' and the news that the president had been shot spread through the theatre."

Although history says that Major Rathbone cried out for the crowd to stop the man who had shot the president, Mrs. Van Pelt says she did not hear the order in the confusion of the theatre.

After Lincoln was carried to a house across the street, Mrs. Van Pelt and her party of relatives and friends went directly home while hundreds of the others milled about the theatre all night until word came early the next morning that Lincoln had died without regaining consciousness.

Because she returned to school almost immediately, Mrs. Van Pelt did not attend the funeral services.

One of the most remarkable persons living in the city for her interesting life and personality, Mrs. Van Pelt carries a memory of that occasion printed on her mind as if it had happened yesterday.

Veach, John

Newark
Advocate .com

Who held Lincoln's head?

There is an old legend in Newark that her own John Veach was present during the shooting of President Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, and that Veach held Lincoln's head in the theater. Veach was serving as inspector of military passes in Ford's Theater during the close of the Civil War in 1865.

At the time, he was sitting with Major White in the rear of the theater. They were among the first people to assist the president. While rushing to the box, Veach saw the assassin Booth wave a dagger and cry, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," then jump from the box rail to the stage. He saw Booth catch his spurred left foot in the flag which draped the box, and saw clearly that Booth was injured.

It was Veach and Maj. White who carried Lincoln across the courtyard that separated the theater from the private residence where Lincoln lingered nearly 24 hours before he was relieved by death.

All the words above are drawn from an account published by the late W. Thomas Huff in his *Memories of Old Newark*. Unfortunately, there is room for doubt.

First, by Huff's account, Veach was telling the story at the age of 75 while at the pension office applying for an increase, although he was described as yet mentally

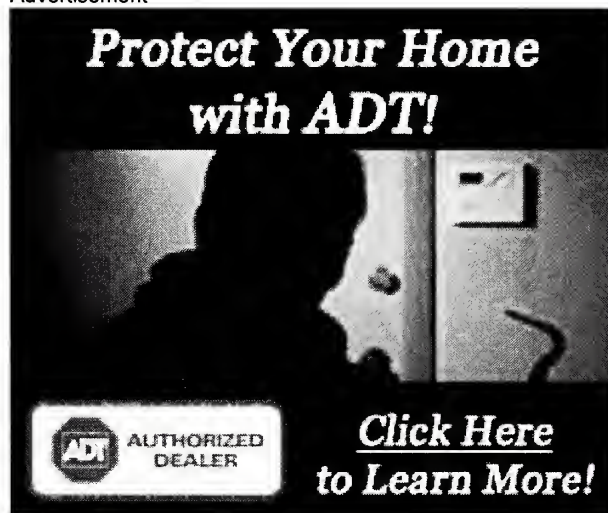
bright.

Second, the source cited by Huff (*The Advocate*, March 26, 1901) cannot be located now to verify the account. The newspaper exists on microfilm, but the account is not there. There might have been a typographical error with the date.

Third, if the Maj. White referred to above was the same one who commanded the 12th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Company E in which Veach had enlisted, Veach should have known that by the time of Lincoln's assassination, White had moved up the ranks. In fact, White was brevetted to brigadier general about a month before the assassination. Would Veach still have referred to him as "Major" and would White have been sitting in the back of Ford's Theater with Veach? Perhaps, but not likely.

Fourth, Veach's name has not been found in any other account of the tragedy, except by his own telling, nor has that of White. In fact, a very detailed account in the book

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"Twenty Days" by Dorothy and Philip Kunhardt describes how Dr. Charles Augustus Leale was the first on the scene, soon assisted by Dr. Charles Sabin Taft.

Leale had been seated just 40 feet away. Then actress Laura Keane appeared with a pitcher of water and was allowed, even by the normally jealous Mrs. Lincoln, to hold the president's head in her lap. Two other doctors arrived. The four doctors and unnamed others slowly carried Lincoln out of the theater. Perhaps Veach was one of the unnamed others, but yet, it was Dr. Leale who held Lincoln's head at that point.

John F. Veach lived on 20 acres about two miles southeast of Newark. He enlisted in May 1861 with the 12th Ohio, Company E as a private for three months, then reenlisted with the same unit for three years and remained with it throughout the war. His service began under Col. John W. Lowe, who was replaced by Maj. Carr B. White after Lowe was killed, White then being promoted to Colonel. They joined the Army of the Potomac on Aug. 15, 1862, and participated in the battles at Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and Cloyd's Mountain. Veach and White were both mustered out July 11, 1864.

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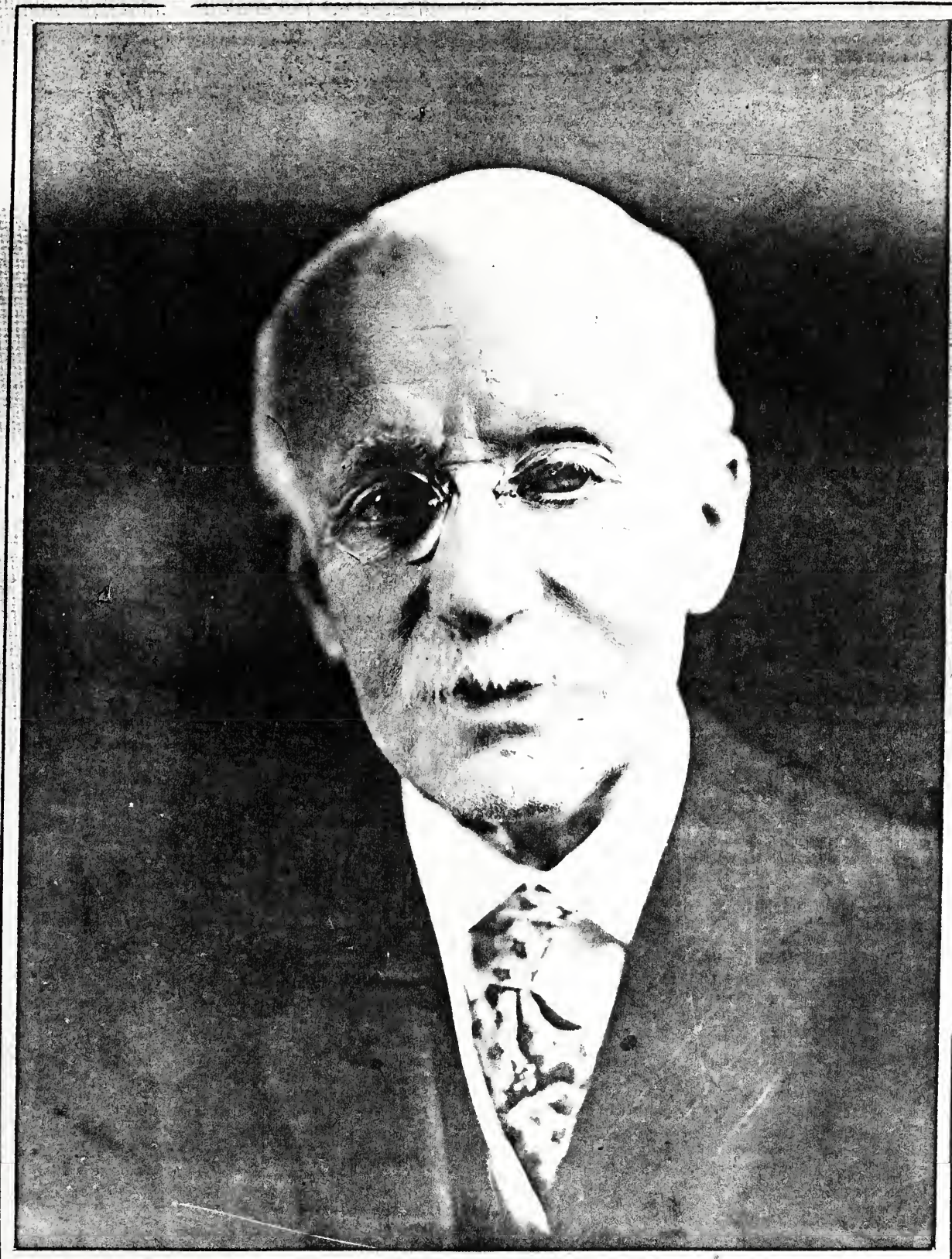
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Veader, Daniel



Daniel H. Veader

(Original in safe)

— witnessed
assassination

A Tribute

✱



FRAID of growing old? That's foolish, sonny!

Look at Dan Veader; born in '41

And fifty years of service with the firm;

Still going strong—a brave and kindly man

Who's lived the Hist'ry we have read about.

A soldier in the Civil War—later in Washington

He was eye-witness on that tragic night

When Booth shot Lincoln. What a memory!

I tell you, son, it brings the old times close

When Dan Veader tells you all about

Something that happened fifty years ago!

And friends! Why, every man that ever met him

Is proud to call him "Friend," and does it, too.

And that's what comes of honest upright living

And years of faithful service. Don't you see

There isn't much to fear in growing old,

When people love you like they love Dan Veader?

EYE WITNESS OF LINCOLN SHOOTING RELATES STORY

Daniel H. Veader Was in Audience of Washington Theater Night of Assassination.

With the anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln on Wednesday and the production of John Drinkwater's masterpiece on the life of the martyred president presented at the Palace this afternoon, it is interesting to note that there is a man now living in New Haven who was an eye-witness to the tragedy.

One of the few living witnesses to the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln, is a citizen of New Haven. Daniel H. Veader of 32 Highland street recently retired from active service at the Winchester works where for many years he was cashier, was among those who saw the martyr president struck down.

April 14 will be the 55th anniversary of the event, President Lincoln having been shot on the evening of that date, in 1865, by John Wilkes Booth. The great tragedy which caused such widespread mourning throughout the civilized world, and at a time when peace between the North and South had just been declared, occurred at Ford's theatre, Washington, during a performance of "Our American Cousin." Laura Keane, a famous actress of the time, was the leading lady. Booth, although an actor and of the celebrated Booth

family of thespians, was not at the time a member of the Ford theater company.

Mr. Veader was employed in Washington from 1862 to 1869, as paymaster's clerk in the United States army. Relating his story of the tragic event to a Register writer he said:

"It was on the evening of Good Friday, April 14th, 1865, at Ford's theater, and the house was packed. The majority had come to see the president who, although disinclined, had promised to appear so as not to disappoint those who had set their hearts on the event.

"Luckily I had been able to procure seats in the third row of the orchestra and so found myself in an excellent position to view whatever happened in the president's box, which was located on the right side of the house and in the second tier. Just as the play was commenced Lincoln arrived, accompanied by three other persons whom I afterward learned to be Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, U. S. A., and his fiancée, a Miss Harris. There was no guard at the door of the President's box or even in the vicinity, or the tragedy that was soon to occur might never have taken place.

"Well, the play started on time and everything proceeded without a hitch until about 10:30 as near as I recall it. The scene had just been shifted and the curtain was up, when, without warning a pistol shot rang out. Naturally the audience thought that the next act had commenced and looked toward the stage. But oddly, I had

been gazing directly, at Lincoln as he leaned on his elbow over the rail of his box. Had seen a man, or rather a shadow, rush into the box, and then the president fell backward. Here was the tragedy which but a handful in the whole assembly had witnessed.

"But now the assassin called the attention of everyone to himself by jumping out of the box, scrambling somewhat as he did so, and brandishing a small disk. There was but a second in which to notice an extraordinarily handsome young man who faced the audience and uttered these famous words: 'Sic semper tyranni!' Then, before even the actors realized what had happened, he crossed the deserted stage and was gone.

"Everything had been so sudden that hardly anyone had more than a haphazard understanding of what had transpired. At someone's shouting, 'The president's shot,' the theater was instantly in a state of commotion and I was forced to seek safety on the stage itself. Many women fainted and above all there was a veritable babel of shouts and screams of excitement and fear.

"To add to the scene of confusion the theater exits were ordered closed until the removal of the president. This suggested the possibilities of fire or hostile troops, or both, and then entire crowd it might be said, went mad. Outside the theatre a rumor ran about that General Meade, with his Confederate troops had taken possession of the city.

"After leaving the theater I learned that an attempt had been made on the lives of Seward, the secretary of state, and Andrew Johnson vice president. And a hundred and one other exciting tales, both true and false, were started and died out. It was several days before order was again restored in Washington.

"The day after the assassination we of course read in the newspapers the account of what happened in the case of Seward, and learned later the all-important fact that Lincoln had died. The rest is to be read in history."

In speaking of Booth's stumbling as he jumped from Lincoln's box after shooting the president, it has been noted that the assassin at the time of his fall in the decorations at the box had broke his ankle.

By the Man Who Closed Mr. Lincoln's Eyes in Death.

By Gen. Thomas M. Vincent, U. S. A.

BORN in a humble cabin, in La Rue County, Kentucky, with its three-legged stool, bedstead of poles supported by crooked sticks, log table, pot, kettle and skillet, and a few tin and pewter dishes, Abraham Lincoln's ascent in life began as he "climbed at night to his bed of leaves in the loft, by a ladder of wooden pegs driven into the logs of the cabin wall."

Upon this man it was that the choice of the nation fell—the man who, in the year 1831, when an obscure flat-boatman, after having witnessed the flogging of a slave woman, said, "If ever I get a chance at that institution, I will hit it hard!"

It was a frequent thing for Mr. Lincoln to visit my office (in the War Department), thus to obtain direct information. He was particularly interested in the success of the recruitment, and for his own convenience he personally tabulated the daily telegraphic reports on a slip of paper. After he had made the necessary record, he would roll the slip around a short lead pencil, and place it in his vest pocket. If the number of men obtained was satisfactory, he would sit for a brief time conversing cheerfully, but if otherwise the furrows of care on his face would indicate the sadness of his disappointment, and, without a word, he would depart.

Soon after the act of July 17, 1862, authorizing persons of African descent to be received into the service of the United States, and before the President had decided fully what he would do under it, he received an application—it may have been from a Mr. Black or a Mr. Brown—for permission to raise a regiment. In his characteristic way, he endorsed the application: "Referred to the Secretary of War. This gentle-

man wishes to engage in the ebony trade. A. Lincoln."

His interest manifested in the recruitment of colored troops is apparent from his letter, dated April 1, 1863, to Major-General Hunter, in which he said:

"I am glad to see the account of your colored force at Jacksonville, Fla. I see the enemy are driving at them fiercely, as is to be expected. It is important to the enemy that such a force shall not take shape, and grow and thrive in the South; and, in precisely the same proportion, it is important to us that it shall. Hence the utmost caution and vigilance is necessary on our part. The enemy will make extra efforts to destroy them, and we should do the same to preserve and increase them."

After the colored troops had won their reputation, he said that their employment was one of the greatest blows dealt to the rebellion. On one occasion, in defining the franchise, he said that some of the colored people "might be let in." They would "probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom."

April 14, 1865, I had, about 10 o'clock p. m., returned from the War Department to my house, and very soon thereafter was informed by a cousin of Mrs. Lincoln—Dr. Lyman Beecher Todd—that the President had been assassinated, and the members of his Cabinet attacked. I at once hurried to the house of the Secretary of War, and learned that he had gone to the scene of the tragedy, on Tenth street. I found him at the house to which the President had been taken from Ford's Theatre, and there I remained, near the

Secretary, and at his request, during the night.

He was greatly saddened, and referred to the change of scene from that at the Cabinet meeting, a few hours before, at which General Grant was present, when the state of the country and the prospect of a speedy peace were discussed. He stated that the President during the meeting was hopeful and very cheerful, and had spoken kindly of General Lee and other officers of the Confederacy. Particularly had his kindly feeling gone out to the enlisted men of the Confederacy, and during the entire session of the Cabinet his manner and words manifested

emphatically a desire to restore a satisfactory peace to the South. Yet, while he was buoyant on that Good Friday in his advocacy of "peace on earth to men of good will," he seemed depressed, at times, in consequence of a dream of the previous night, which had recurred several times on the eve of some important event—a vague sense of floating away, on some vast and indistinct expanse, toward an unknown shore!

About 1:30 a. m. it was determined that the wound was mortal, that the President was dying, and that it was not probable that he would live through the night. The Secretary then informed me

that it would be necessary to stand prepared to communicate the President's death to the Vice-President, and soon thereafter handed me the rough draft of the formal notification, from which I prepared a fair copy, and held it until after the President's death, which was officially announced at 7:55 a. m., April 15, by a telegram from the Secretary to Major-General Dix, as follows:

"Abraham Lincoln died this morning at twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock."

The death bed scenes were harrowing in the extreme. Surrounding and near the illustrious one, who was insensible from the first in consequence of his mortal

wound, from which his life's blood was oozing, were the sobbing, grief-stricken wife, all the members of the Cabinet save Mr. Seward (himself the victim of an assassin's attack), and others in civil and military circles.

Soon after 8 o'clock the devoted War Minister (Mr. Stanton) had ordered all to be arranged for the removal of the body to the Executive Mansion, and then left me, as his representative, until after the transfer should take place. It was about this time that, after pressing and smoothing the eyes of the dead President, I placed coins upon them for a last long slumber.

NE

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN

In each issue of the Week By Week from boyhood to his death. Save each copy. You will have anecdotes and illustrations that when put together will give you a very wonderful story of the life of the immortal savior of our country.

WALT WHITMAN'S VIVID
DESCRIPTION OF
LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

The day (April 14, 1865) seems to have been a pleasant one throughout the whole land—the moral atmosphere pleasant, too—the long storm, so dark, so fratricidal, full of blood and doubt and gloom over and ended at last by the sunrise of such an absolute national victory, and utter breaking down of secessionism—we almost doubted our senses! Lee had capitulated, beneath the apple tree at Appomattox. The other armies, the flanges of the revolt, swiftly followed.

And could it really be, then? Out of all the affairs of this world of woe and passion, of failure and disorder and dismay, was there really come the confirmed, unerring sign of peace, like a shaft of pure light—of rightful rule—of God?

But I must not dwell on accessories. The deed hastens. The popular afternoon paper, the little Evening Star, had scattered all over its third page, divided among the advertisements in a sensational manner in a hundred different places:

"The President and his lady will be at the theater this evening."

Lincoln was fond of the theater. I have myself seen him there several times. I remember thinking how funny it was that he, the leading actor in the greatest and stormiest drama known to real history's stage, through centuries, should sit there and be so completely interested in those human jackstraws, moving about with their silly little gestures, foreign spirit, and flatulent text.

So the day, as I say, was propitious. Early herbage, early flowers, were out. I remember where I was stopping at the time, the season being advanced, there were many lilacs in full bloom. By one of those caprices that enter and give tinge to events without being a part of them, I find myself always reminded of the great tragedy of this day by the sight and odor of these blossoms. It never fails.

On this occasion the theater was crowded, many ladies in rich and gay costumes, officers in their uniforms, many well-known citizens, young folks, the usual closter of gas lights, the usual magnetism of so many people, cheerful with perfumes, music of violins and flutes—and over all, that saturating, that vast,

vague wonder, Victory, the nation's victory, the triumph of the Union, filling the air, the thought, the sense, with exhilaration more than all the perfumes.

The President came betimes, and, with his wife witnessed the play from the large stage boxes of the second tier, two thrown into one, and profusely draped with the national flag. The acts and scenes of the piece—one of those singularly witless compositions which have at least the merit of giving entire relief to an audience engaged in mental action or business excitements and cares during the day, as it makes not the slightest call on either the moral, emotional, esthetic or spiritual nature—a piece ("Our American Cousin") in which, among other characters so called, a Yankee, certainly such a one as was never seen, or at least like it ever seen in North America, is introduced in England, with a varied fol-de-rol of talk, plot, scenery, and such phantasmagoria as goes to make up a modern popular drama—had progressed perhaps through a couple of its acts, when, in the midst of this comedy, or tragedy, or non-such, or whatever it is to be called, and to offset it, or finish it out, as if in Nature's and the Great Muse's mockery of these poor mimics, comes interpolated that scene, not really or exactly to be described at all (for on the many hundreds who were there it seems to this hour to have left little but a passing blur, a dream, a blotch)—and yet partially described as I now proceed to give it:

There is a scene in the play, representing the modern parlor, in which two unprecedented ladies are informed by the unprecedented and impossible Yankee that he is not a man of fortune, and therefore undesirable for marriage-catching purposes; after which, the comments being finished, the dramatic trio make exit, leaving the stage clear for a moment.

There was a pause, a hush, as it were. At this period came the death of Abraham Lincoln.

Great as that was, with all its manifold train circling around it, and stretching into the future for many a century, in the politics, history, art, etc., of the New World, in point of fact, the main thing, the actual murder, transpired with the quiet and simplicity of any commonest occurrence—the bursting of a bud or pod in the growth of vegetation, for instance.

Through the general hum following the stage pause, with the change of positions, etc., came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one-hundredth part of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush—somehow, surely vague, startled thrill—and then, through the ornamental draperies, starred and striped space-way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man, raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment

on the railing, leaps below to the stage (a distance, perhaps of fourteen or fifteen feet), falls out of position, catching his boot-heel in the copious drapery (the American flag), falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened (he really sprains his ankle, unfelt then)—and the figure, Booth, the murderer, dressed in plain black broadcloth, bareheaded, with a full head of glossy, raven hair, and his eyes, like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along not much back of the footlights—turns fully towards the audience his face of stauessque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity—launches out in a firm and steady voice the words, "Sic semper tyrannis"—and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage, and disappears.

(Had not all this terrible scene—making the mimic ones preposterous—had it not all been rehearsed, in blank, by Booth, beforehand?)

A moment's hush, incredulous—a scream—a cry of murder—Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, "He has killed the President!"

And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense—and then the deluge!—then the mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty—the sound—somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed—the people burst through chains and railings, and break them up—that noise adds to the queeriness of the scene—there is mextricable confusion and terror—women faint—quite feeble persons fall, and are trampled on—many cries of agony are heard—the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival—the audience rush generally upon it—at least the strong men do—the actors and actresses are there in their play costumes and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge—some trembling, some in tears—the screams and calls, confused talk—redoubled, trebled—two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box, others try to clamber up, etc., etc.

In the midst of all this the soldiers of the President's Guard, with others, suddenly drawn to the scene burst in—some 200 altogether—they storm the house, through all the tiers, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting "Clear out! clear out! you sons of b—!"

Such a wild scene, or a suggestion of it rather, inside the playhouse that night!

Outside, too, in the atmosphere of shock and craze, crowds of people filled with frenzy, ready to seize any outlet for it, came near committing murder several times on innocent individuals.

One such case was particularly exciting. The infuriated crowd, through some chance, got started against one man, either for words he uttered, or perhaps without any cause at all, and were proceeding to hang him at once to a neighboring lamp-post, when he was rescued by a few heroic policemen, who placed him in their midst and fought their way slowly and amid great peril toward the station-house.

It was a fitting episode of the whole

affair. The crowd rushing and eddying to and fro, the night, the yells, the pale faces, many frightened people trying in vain to extricate themselves, the attacked man, not yet freed from the jaws of death, looking like a corpse, the silent, resolute half-dozen policemen, with no weapons but their little clubs; yet stern and steady through all those eddying swarms; made, indeed, a fitting side to the grand tragedy of the murder. They gained the station-house with the protected man, whom they placed in security for the night, and discharged in the morning.

And in the midst of that night pandemonium of senseless hate, infuriated soldiers, the audience and the crowd—the stage, and all its actors and actress, its paint pots, spangles, gas-light—the life-blood from those veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drips slowly down, and death's cone already begins its little bubbles on the lips.

Such, hurriedly sketched, were the accompaniments of the death of President Lincoln. So suddenly, and in murder and horror unsurpassed, he was taken from us. But his death was painless.

The Scene Graphically Described by Walt.

Whitman.

1576

The following thrilling description of President Lincoln's assassination from the pen of Walt Whitman, was recently published for the first time:

Through the general hush following the stage pause, with the change of positions, &c., came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one hundredth part of the audience heard at the time--and yet a moment's hush--somehow, surely a vague, startled thrill--and then, through the ornamented, draped, starred and striped space-way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage (a distance of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet), falls out of position, catching his boot heel in the copious drapery (the American flag), falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened (he really sprains his ankle but unfelt then)--and so the figure, Booth the murderer, dressed in plain black broad-cloth, bare headed, with a full head of glossy, raven hair, and his eyes, like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife--walks along not much back from the foot-lights--turns fully toward the audience his face of statuesque beauty, lit up by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity--launches out in a firm and steady voice the words, *Sic semper tyrannis*--and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage, and disappears. (Had not all this terrible scene--making the mimic ones preposterous--had it not all been rehearsed, in blank, by Booth, beforehand?)

A moment's hush, incredulous--a scream--the cry of murder--Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, "He has killed the President." And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense--and then the deluge!--then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty--(the sound somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed)--the people burst through chairs and railings, and break them up--that noise adds to the queerness of the scene--there is inextricable confusion and terror--women faint--quite feeble persons fall, and are trampled on--many cries of agony are heard--the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival--the audience rush generally upon it

--at least the strong men do--the actors and actresses are all there in their play costumes and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge, some trembling--some in tears--the screams and calls, confused talk--redoubled, trembled--two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box--others try to clamber up--&c., &c., &c.

In the midst of all this the soldiers of the President's Guard, with others, suddenly drawn to the scene, burst in--some 200 altogether--they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting "Clear out! clear out!--you sons of b---!" Such the wild scene, or a suggestion of it rather, inside the playhouse that night.

Outside, too, in the atmosphere of shock and craze, crowds of people, filled with frenzy, ready to seize any outlet for it, came near committing murder several times on innocent individuals. One such case was especially exciting. The infuriated crowd, through some chance, got started against one man, either for words he uttered, or perhaps without any cause at all, and were proceeding at once actually to hang him on a neighboring lamp post, when he was rescued by a few heroic policemen, who placed him in their midst and fought their way slowly and amid great peril toward the station house. It was a fitting episode of the whole affair. The crowd rushing and eddying to and fro--the night, the yells, the pale faces, many frightened people trying in vain to extricate themselves--the attacked man, not yet freed from the jaws of death, looking like a corpse--the silent, resolute half dozen policemen, with no weapons but their little clubs, yet stern and steady through all those eddying swarms--made indeed a fitting side scene to the grand tragedy of the murder. They gained the station house with the protected man, whom they placed in security for the night, and discharged in the morning.

And in the midst of that night pandemonium of senseless hate, infuriated soldiers, the audience, and the crowd--the stage, and all its actors and actresses, its paint pots, spangles, and gas lights--the life blood from those veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drips slowly down, and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips.

Such, hurriedly sketched, were the accompaniments of the death of President Lincoln. So suddenly, and in murder and horror unsurpassed, he was taken from us. But his death was painless.

Whitman, Walt

A GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE OF THAT TERRIBLE EVENT.

How Walt Whitman Describes the Assassination of the President in Ford's Theater as He Witnessed It.

WEDNESDAY of this week was the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln and for the first time in this State it was observed as a legal holiday. Four other States show this honor to the memory of the martyred President—Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey and Washington—and a bill has been introduced in Congress to make the day a national holiday in future.

In this connection it will not be out of place to reproduce from the New York Herald a part of the description of the assassination of Lincoln given by the poet, Walt Whitman, who was present in Ford's Theater, when the foul deed was done:

"Here is a scene in the play (Our American Cousin) representing a modern parlor, in which two unprecedented English ladies are informed by an impossible Yankee that he is not a man of fortune, and, therefore, undesirable for marriage catching purposes; after which, the comments being finished, the dramatic trio make exit, leaving the stage clear for a moment.

"At this period came the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Great as was all its manifold train circling round it, and stretching into the future for many a century, in the politics, history, art, etc., of the New World—in point of fact the main thing, the actual murder, transpired with the quiet and simplicity of any commonest occurrence—the bursting of a bud or pod in the growth of vegetation, for instance.

"Through the general hush following the stage pause, with the change of positions, came the

MUFFLED SOUND OF A PISTOL SHOT, which not one-hundredth part of the audience heard at the time, and yet a moment's hush, somehow, surely a vague startled thrill, and then, through the ornamented, draped, starred and striped space way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage, a distance of, perhaps, 14 or 15 feet, falls out of position, catching his boot heel in the copious drapery—the American flag—falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened (he really sprained his ankle, but unluckily then).

"And so the figure, Booth, the murderer, dressed in plain black broadcloth, bare headed, with full glossy, raven hair, and his eyes like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife, walks along, not much back from the footlights, turns fully toward the audience, his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity, launches out in a firm and steady voice the words, "Sic semper tyrannis," and then walks, with neither slow nor very rapid pace, diagonally across to the back of the stage, and disappears.



SOUVENIR OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN BY J. WILKES BOOTH, AT FORD'S THEATRE (SCENE OF THE RECENT DEPLORABLE DISASTER).

Reproduced from "The Penny Illustrated Paper" of May 6, 1865.

"A moment's hush, a scream, the cry of murder, Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, 'He has killed the President!'

"And still a moment's, strange, incredulous suspense—and then the change!—then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty—the sound somewhere back of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed—the people burst through chairs and railings and break them up; there is inextricable

CONFUSION AND TERROR;

women faint; quite feeble persons fall and are trampled on; many cries of agony are heard; the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival; the audience rush generally upon it; at least the strong men do; the actors and actresses are all there in their play costumes and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge; the screams and calls, confused talk redoubled, trebled, two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box; others try to clamber up.

"In the midst of all this the soldiers of the President's guard, with others suddenly drawn to the scene, burst in—some 200 altogether; they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting 'Clear out! Clear out!'

"Such the wild scene, or a suggestion of it rather, inside the playhouse that night. * * * And in the midst of that pandemonium, infuriated soldiers, the audience and the crowd, the stage and all its actors and actresses, its paint pots, spangles and gas lights, the life blood from those veins, the best and sweetest in the land, drips slowly down, and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips."

The New York Times

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"All the News That's Fit to Print."

Published Every Day in the Year by
THE NEW YORK TIMES COMPANY.

ADOLPH S. OCHS, President and Publisher.
B. C. Franck, Secretary.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1930.

Witness of Lincoln Tragedy Dies.

UNION CITY, N. J., Aug. 4 (AP).—Samuel Kirby Gleason, Civil War veteran, who witnessed the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, is dead here at the age of 86. Mr. Gleason was among those who ran from the theatre in an attempt to capture Booth. While serving as a member of the Eleventh New Jersey Volunteers, he met Lincoln and General Grant. Death came on Sunday while Mr. Gleason slept.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1930.

Witness of Lincoln Tragedy Dies.

BERRYVILLE, Ark., Feb. 25 (AP).—Henry C. Harris, 90-year-old Union veteran of the Civil War and believed to have been the last surviving witness of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, died at his home here today. An accidental fall a month ago hastened his death. Harris, who served with the Forty-fourth Missouri Infantry at Gettysburg and Antietam, was paralyzed in one arm as the result of a wound in the latter battle. He was seated about thirty-five steps from the Presidential box in Ford Theatre when John Wilkes Booth shot the President.

Veteran Recalls Assassination

FINDLAY, Ohio, Feb. 12 (AP).—W. H. Roberts, Civil War veteran and said to be one of the few surviving witnesses of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in Ford's Theater, Washington, April 14, 1865, recalled on Lincoln's anniversary to-day the scenes following the pistol shot which ended Lincoln's life.

Roberts, then a cavalryman, declared he was seated about thirty or forty feet from the President's box. Lincoln took his place in the flag-draped box and bowed as he received the ovation of the packed theater, he said, and a moment later the curtain was rung up for the presentation of "Our American Cousin."

"The shot came in the midst of the play without warning," Roberts said. "Nearly every one feared, I believe,

that the President had been the target of the gun.

"All appeared dazed for a moment, and then confusion prevailed as enraged spectators dashed toward the stage, to the street or toward the spot where Lincoln had fallen."

It was then, Roberts declared, that Wilkes Booth, the assassin, leaped on the stage and disappeared.

"A man leaped from the President's box to the stage and a spur becoming entangled in the flags threw him heavily to the floor. Flourishing a dagger, Booth sprang to his feet and made his escape through the wings and a rear entrance."

Roberts said his unit was assigned to search for Booth, and was on duty when he was found and shot. He is commander of the Findlay G. A. R. Post.

Lincoln Shooting Witness Dead

New London, April 22.—(AP)—Benjamin E. Judd, a Union veteran of the Civil war, who often recounted witnessing the assassination of President Lincoln and the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee to Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, died today. He made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Howard. He was in his 104th year, and had been in failing health for some time.

Mr. Judd would have been 104 years old May 24. He was one of two surviving Civil war veterans in this city. The last surviving veteran is Lewis L. Baker, a past commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. Judd often declared that he stood nearby Lee and Grant, when the former surrendered. He frequently spoke of Gen. Stonewall Jackson as the "greatest man the South ever had."

90, HE SAW LINCOLN SHOT ON LAST VISIT TO THEATRE

H. J. Farmer Has Never Cared for
Stage Since Then

Public Ledger Bureau

Atlantic City, Feb. 18.—The first, last and only time John Lindsey, 90-year-old retired farmer of Bridgeton, N. J., ever attended a theatre was the night of April 10, 1865, he disclosed here today.

It was that evening Abraham Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth, and Lindsey was among those who saw the tragedy in Ford's Theatre, Washington.

Since then, the aged farmer said, any thought of a theatre visit has been repugnant.

"I can still see Booth, as he jumped from the President's box to the stage," he said. "His face had a hideous and fiendish expression as he brandished the dagger with which he stabbed Major Rathbone. And I can still hear Booth's shout as he fled behind the scenes."

William E. Widrick at Ford's Theater When Lincoln Was Assassinated.

One of the few surviving members of Root Post, 151, Grand Army of the Republic, and one whose eventful travels led him to Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., on that tragic night of April 14, 1865, died recently in Syracuse, N. Y., at the age of 87.

He was William E. Widrick, who went to war at 19 and who participated in the midst of one of the greatest dramas of all time.

Born at Frankfort, N. Y., son of Garrett Widrick, a captain in the State militia, Mr. Widrick came from a family of soldiers. His grandfather manned a gun in the Battle of Sacket Harbor in 1812, and his great-grandfather died for freedom's sake in the American Revolution.

Against his father's wishes, young Widrick enlisted in the 2d N. Y. Heavy Art., joining six brothers already in the service. Five of them died during the war and the sixth, Byge Widrick, died several years ago in Amboy, N. Y.

Mr. Widrick often related the Ford's Theater experience. He was sitting with a companion across the floor from President Lincoln's box and witnessed every part of the assassination. Later he assisted in rounding up Booth and was present when several of the latter's accomplices were captured.

Comrade William E. Widrick, 87, of Onandaga, passed away at his home. He was one of the few remaining men who saw Lincoln's assassination at Ford's Theater, and was one of the little squad of soldiers guarding the railroad station who arrested Paine and Herald, two of the conspirators. He also witnessed the hanging of four of the plotters.

BULLETIN-PHIL.

SAW LINCOLN KILLED

Veteran of Civil War Celebrates 96th Anniversary

Woodbine, N. J., Jan. 5.—A ninety-six-year-old Civil War veteran who saw Lincoln killed celebrated his birthday at his small farm, Martintown, near here, yesterday. He is John Revord, a member of the Michigan Volunteers.

Revord told a number of friends and relatives who celebrated with him he "expected to live a few more years." He also spoke of returning to his native State for a short visit and told of his three brothers, all of whom had enlisted at the same time in the Michigan company. He resides with his second wife.

RECALLS THE SLAYING OF LINCOLN

Written for Public Ledger

By JOHN A. WIEDERSHEIM

IN the PUBLIC LEDGER of a recent Sunday I read with great satisfaction the story by Mrs. Robert Struthers (Miss Jeannie Gourlay) of the assassination of President Lincoln, April 14, 1865. To my knowledge, it is correct in all details. I remember meeting Mr. Gourlay and seeing his daughter, Miss Jeannie, as she was then, in the early part of 1865, when at Washington, where I had been detailed from my regiment, the 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Third Brigade, First division, Sixth corps, Army of the Potomac, to the office of Secretary of War, for duty in the bureau of re-enlistment of veterans.

Quite a number of us from the army and navy were taken from the field and fleets at the front for such duty, owing to our knowledge of active service. My recommendation came from Major General W. S. Hancock.

I had seen the members of the Gourlay family, Laura Keene, Harry Hawke and Mr. Withers, leader of the orchestra in the "American Cousin," a couple of nights previously.

After the war Mr. Hawke, who took part in the play as Asa Trenchard, resided for many years with his relative, John B. Lober, at Bryn Mawr, Jersey, England.

Lord Dundreary in the play was a fop, and unmercifully pilled with jokes by the troupe, to which he invariably answered, "I can't see that."

Applause for the President

Just as Miss Keene had given him one and he made his usual answer, she saw the President entering the box and quickly directed Dundreary's attention to the fact and said, "Well, maybe you can't see the joke, but you can see what is up there." Then all turned to the box where the President stood in full view of the audience, and he received an ovation as he never had before. He took his seat near the door of the box where shortly afterward came the blow of the assassin.



Wiedersheim in war time

I had intended to go that memorable night to see the play with the family of one of the stockholders of Ford's Theatre, because President Lincoln, General Grant and others were to be there. It was arranged that we should start in time for the second or third act. When we were ready to leave the house the doorbell was rung furiously, and a friend entered and almost breathlessly announced that the President had just been shot and was dying.

The Sky Was Weeping

Three of us immediately hurried to 10th street, and found that the President had been taken from the theatre opposite to Mr. Peterson's house. We remained on the street with the crowd all in an ugly mood, but the Southern sympathizers were quiet and so rioting was avoided. I hurried to the telegraph office to send a message home, but no one was permitted to approach for a square or more. Everything was in charge of the provost marshal, and the city had been placed under his guard. Cavalry was rushing in every direction, especially south, to capture Wilkes Booth, who was now known to be the assassin, and who was well under way down into Maryland on horseback, where he was later on trapped and shot.

The surgeons sent out from the Peterson house hourly bulletins of Mr. Lincoln's condition. We heard them until

nearly daylight, and then returned home, but not for sleep.

At 7:20 a. m., April 15, the death was announced. A rain then set in as if the sky was weeping. Everybody was quiet. Nothing bitter was uttered. Even enemies expressed their horror and indignation at his taking off, and now said kind words of him, but, alas, too late.

For several weeks I had seen him morning after morning as he entered the War Department for consultation with Secretary Stanton, and as we soldiers and sailors who had been under him as our commander-in-chief passed and saluted, he was always on the alert to respond, which he did.

His Last Public Speech

I heard his last public speech. It was on this wise. About noon of April 14, a hundred or more of us, men of the War Department, called on the President after he had returned from Richmond following the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, and brought him out to the front of the White House, when he gladly addressed us. Among other things, the President said, "Boys, I am thankful to you for what you and others did for the country. Now you can go home; the war is ended, and we will live again in the land of peace."

For once, his usually sad face brightened, and he showed that the heavy load of four years had been lifted from his shoulders.

In the crowd was an enthusiastic man, incessantly waving the flag, and he interrupted the President, crying out:

"Mr. President, what are you going to do with the d— rebels?" Mr. Lincoln pointed his finger at the man, and said, "Sir, you are wrong in using such a term. They were rebels a few days ago, but not so now. They have laid down their arms, and we are brothers again. They are back in the old family. They have the same blood in them as we have. Do not call them names. They belong to us, and we must woo them to our hearts. Let us do it, boys; woo them back, and it will not be long before we will be a united people again, working together for the good of the country, common to every section thereof."

The next morning the noble life ended.

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. IX

FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 2

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Entered as Second-class matter, March 1, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y.
Act of Congress March 3, 1879

THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(This account, by an eye witness, has never before been printed).

I have a vivid recollection of the tragedy of April 14, 1865, as at that time, my husband, the late John B. Wright, and I were in Washington; he being the stage manager of Ford's Theatre during that season. This gave me the opportunity of attending the performances there as often as I pleased, and I became acquainted with many of the actors at that time filling engagements there. One of these persons was J. Wilkes Booth.

It is a matter of history that on the night of Good Friday, April 14th, Laura Keane had a benefit and the play was "Our American Cousin," and in anticipation of Mr. Lincoln's visit, an unusually large audience was present. I had invited our friends, Dr. Charles Sabin Taft, a surgeon in the Union Army, and his wife, to go with me; we had seats in the parquet, left hand side, and well in front, and in full view of the President's flag-draped box in the second tier on the right hand side. While waiting for the curtain to rise, Mr. Lincoln, his wife, Miss Harris, and Major Rathbone, entered the box and Mr. Lincoln sat down in the seat nearest the box door.

The play began, went through three acts, and just as the curtain was rising for the fourth, I, like many others, gazed at the Presidential party. I saw Mr. Lincoln sitting with his back to the box door, leaning forward with his right arm on the cushioned front of the box, his chin resting on his hand. He was looking directly forward into space, as if in deep thought. I had previously seen Booth leaning against the wall near the door of the President's box. I wondered why he should be there, and I shall never cease to regret, idle as the wish is, that no sort of intimation of his real purpose entered my mind. Had it done so I might have prevented the awful tragedy.

A moment after, there was a sharp report, as of a pistol, and Mr. Lincoln's head slid from his palm, his arm fell, and his head fell forward on his breast. An instant later, a young man, whom I at once

recognized as John Wilkes Booth, sprang from the box to the stage. He fell on both knees, for his spurs had caught in the flags draping the box; he could not easily rise to his feet, and even at that distance and in those few seconds, I could see that he was suffering great pain. Making a desperate effort, he struggled up, drew a long dagger—I could see the blade shining from where I sat—and like a maniac waved it above his head, with the exclamation which has since become historic: “Sic semper tyrannis!”

Though nearly half a century has passed, the scene is vividly before me even now. I never shall forget how he looked; his face deathly pale, his dark, luminous eyes showing plainly at that distance. Half crippled he moved with difficulty, but making a desperate effort, like a wild creature, with two or three bounds he crossed the stage and disappeared behind the scenes; all this happened in a few seconds. But like a scene made visible by a lightning flash it made a never-to-be-forgotten impression on my mind. For an instant after the shock there was a deathlike silence—then an uproar arose among the audience. Mrs. Lincoln stood waving her hands up and down, crying: “They have shot the President! They have shot the President!” Then came a call: “Is there a doctor in the house; if so come forward?” Dr. Taft stood up, the crowd literally dragged him away. He was lifted bodily by strong men to the stage and to the box. He clambered over its edge and found Mr. Lincoln unconscious. Placing one hand over the wound on the back of the head he held it there for what seemed a long time, hoping he might regain consciousness and speak to his wife, but it was not to be. The rest is history.

ANNIE F. F. WRIGHT.

ALLSTON, MASS.

412. PIERCE, FRANKLIN. President. Choice Manuscript Letter Signed. 1 1/2 pages, 4to. Concord, New Hampshire, December 14, 1848. To His Excellency, James K. Polk [President of the United States]. The future president, just returned home from duty in the Mexican War where he served with the rank of General, writes the president to take "favorable notice [of] Lieut. John McNab, late of the 9th Reg't U.S. Army. The sudden disbandment of the ten new Regiments has left him at this time without employment, and it strikes me that the circumstances under which he entered the army - his valuable and distinguished services, his intelligence, integrity and admirable qualifications eminently entitle him to some place in the service of the Government....His conduct [as Adjutant] on every field and throughout the whole campaign won for him the confidence of all his superior officers. It would be difficult to speak of his services above their merits. Perhaps the Government may have occasion to send a bearer of dispatches to California. If so, I would solicit for him what I earnestly hope it may be your pleasure to grant, the appointment as such bearer which he desires...." This would be one way to obtain a free passage to California, where gold had been discovered the previous year, and the rush for wealth was well under way. Two tiny file holes in blank left margin otherwise in fine condition. Letters from one president to another are always highly desirable. Great association, as Pierce was a firm backer of President Polk's controversial policies which led to war with Mexico. 950.00
413. CODY, WILLIAM F. "BUFFALO BILL". 1846-1917. American scout and showman. Autograph Letter Signed "Cousin Will", on the blue and red imprinted letterhead of the Sells-Floto Circus. Full page, 4to. Vallejo, California, April 28, 1914. To his Cousin Frank. Colonel Cody writes: "...We have found California Very dull. And the Pictures have been delayed in getting the war historicals started. So I have got the blues today. Will write you again when I feel more encouraged...." Apparently Cody was in California to try his hand at movie making. Interesting content. Fine condition. 350.00
414. SULLY PRUDHOMME, ARMAND. 1839-1907. French writer; first recipient of Nobel Prize in Literature (1901). Autograph Letter Signed, in French. 2 very full pages, 12mo. Paris, October 4, 1883. To Mon cher Confrere, saying that he is writing a long and ambitious poem. He also discusses his most famous poem Le Vase Brise, of which his correspondent has sent him a "surprising version". Good literary content. Fine. 150.00
415. HAYES, RUTHERFORD B. President. Attractive partly-printed Document Signed, as President. One page, 4to. Washington, August 30, 1877. President Hayes directs the Secretary of State to affix the Seal of the United States to "a warrant for the pardon of H. Wedemeyer..." Fine condition. With portrait. 450.00

REACTION OF THE UNION TROOPS TO NEWS OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

416. WRIGHT, HORATIO G. 1820-1899. Union General; commanded department of the Ohio (1862-63); engaged at Gettysburg, Rappahannock Bridge (1863), and in the Wilderness campaign (1864); repulsed Jubal A. Early in his raid toward Washington (July, 1864); served under Sheridan in Shenandoah Valley; commanded first troops to enter Confederate works at Petersburg (April 2, 1865). Remarkable Autograph Letter Signed, with initial "H", on imprinted stationery of Head Quarters 6th Army Corps, as Major General commanding said unit. 4 full pages, 8vo. [Near Appomattox Court House, Virginia] April 16, 1865. To "My darling Wife". Choice letter written seven days after Lee's surrender, and the day after Lincoln died from an assassin's bullet. General Wright informs his wife: "...We are quietly in camp here, and may be so for days to come...I don't like to leave the Corps while matters are in their present transition state, or I would try to run up for a few days to see you and the babies. The Army was much horrified last night by the intelligence that the Presdt., Secy. & Asst. Sec. of State had been assassinated, & we are yet in the dark as to the details, further than that the Presdt. met his death at the hands of J. Edwin Booth the Actor. I trust the people hung him on the spot. And if this tragedy is the result of a mature plan of the Southern rulers, I shall advise that their crime be visited promptly, & relentlessly upon them. God grant that it may turn out to be the mad act of a few fanatics for which the rebel rulers and people are in no wise responsible, otherwise I fear that all the restraint of discipline will not suffice to prevent our soldiers from wreaking what they may conceive to be a just vengeance even upon the innocent and the helpless. I hope, however, for better tidings soon; and that the excellent feeling hitherto manifested by our soldiers toward the rebels may return. It has received a rude shock, but all may be well if they can be convinced that the South is not responsible for the horrid crime...." Truly, a remarkable letter penned during a most trying time. Wright's intelligence concerning the assassination was not totally accurate; the assassin was John Wilkes Booth, and not Edwin Booth, and the Secretary of State (Seward) was attacked, but not killed, and recovered to resume his post in Johnson's cabinet. Excellent condition. 350.00
417. STANTON, ELIZABETH CADY. 1815-1902. American woman-suffrage leader. Autograph Note Signed. 1/2 page, 8vo. Seneca Falls [N.Y.], September 4, no year. Ca. 1860's. To Charles W. Back, accepting "your invitation with pleasure if Women can be my subject...." Fine. 95.00



45
211
397
416 (also in another
drawer)

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS

PAUL C. RICHARDS — AUTOGRAPHS

FIVE DOLLARS

