



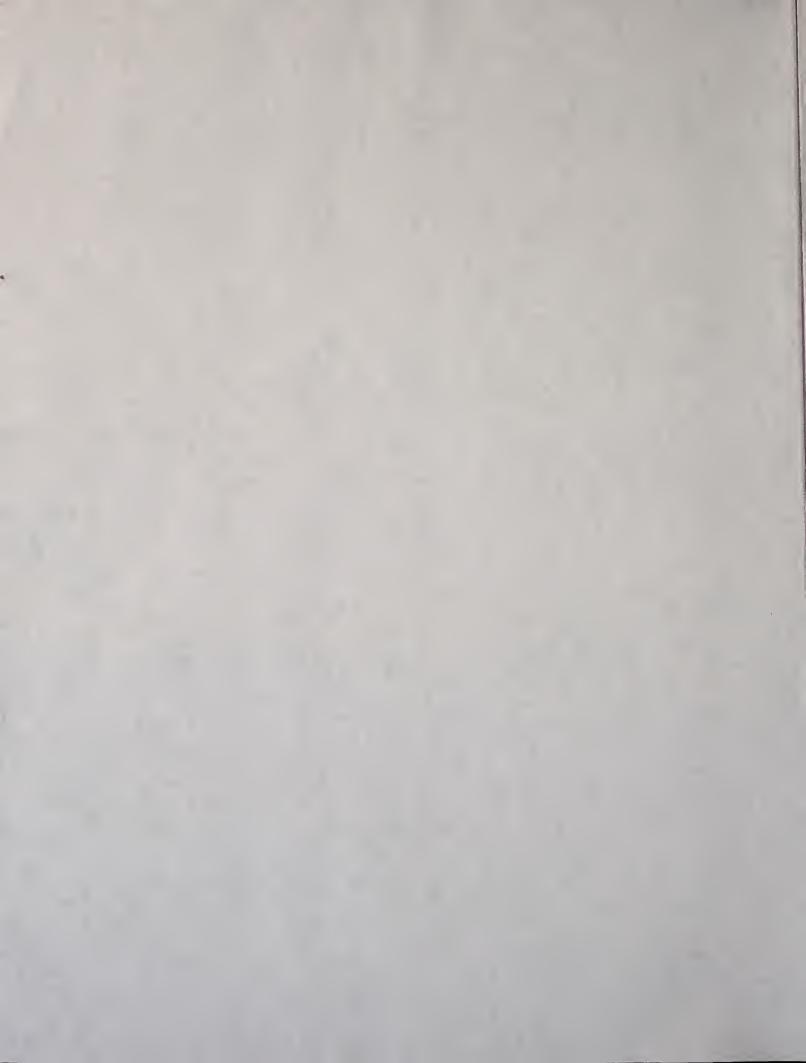
# The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

# Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

# Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

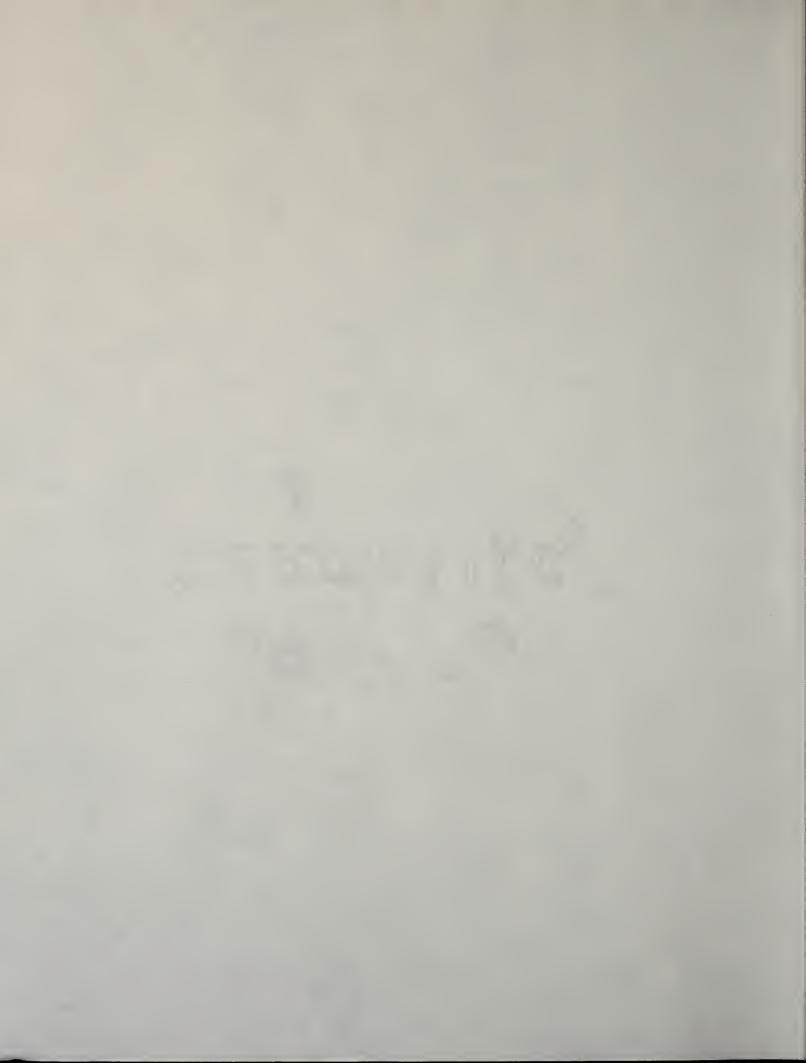
# From the files of the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

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THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL (1965) Washington, 9th. Miss Mary Mudd, sister of Dr. Mudd, in the assassination trial, was called, and con-tradicted much of the testimony horetoiore given against several witnesses for the defence, and testified against the character for truthulness of some of these who had been examined for the Government. Several parties imprisoned on suspicion of complic-ity in the conspiracy have been roleased today from the Oid Capital togother with the witnesses in the case also contined there.

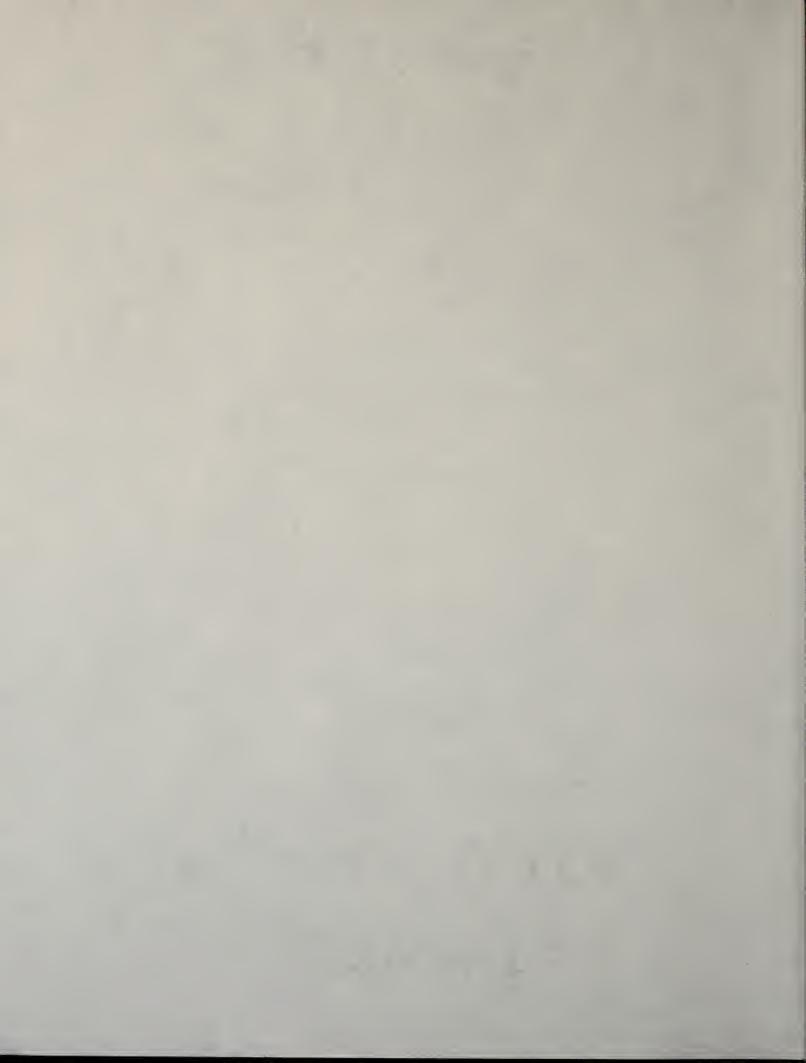
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New York, 4th. The Times's Washington despatch says Gen. Dodd, who had charge of the compirators on the trip to the Dry Tortugas, reports that Dr. Mudd acknowledged that ha knew Booth when he came to his house, but was afraid to tell of his being there, fearing that the life of himself and family would be endangered thereby. He also acknowledged that he was acquainted with Booth for some time, and was with Booth at the National Hotel on the evening referred to by Weichman; that he introduced Booth to John H. Surratt on the street, and then went to Booth's room in the National, where Surratt and Booth had a private conversation. He said the Military Commission had done their duty in his case, and the sentence was just.

O'Laughin acknowledged that the court had done its duty; but insisted that he was only implicated in the plot to capture the President. Arnoid made a similar statement, saying he believed the assassination was gotten up by Booth a few hours before excuting it. Spangler insisted that he had nothing whatever to do with the assassination.



· Joseph Holt Papers, Mss. Div., DLC, Vol. 49

## Rock Hill Sep 4th 1865

### Judge Holt Dear Sir,

11 1 11

When I called to see you in Washington on the 5th of July, I intended to speak to you as a child would to a Father and explain every circumstance just as they occured in relation to the knowledge Dr. had of Booth and his visits to our house after he had committed the heinous crime which threw sorrow and gloom over the American Nation, and heaven knows I have had my share. Your dignified and reserved manner somewhat awed me, I thought I could

Your dignified and reserved minner somewhat they may be a stress. see through the reserve a kind heart and you felt for me in my deep distress. Under this belief I will venture to explain to you a few circumstances in

Under this belief I will venture to explain to you and lerald came to Doctors case and ask your sympathy and aid. When Booth and Herald came to our house on the morning of the 15th of April, Booth was disguised and gave the name of Tyson, Herald gave the name of Hanson or Harrison. Dr. did not recognize him as the man who came to our house last winter at the time he bought the horse of Mr. Gardiner. When Booth came to our house it was only an act of courtesy to a stranger. And kindness to Mr. Gardiner (who is a very old man and a great friend of Doctors) that he went with him to the house of Mr. Gardiner at the time he purchased the horse, Mr. Gardiner having several fine horses to sell at that time.

When Booth was down here last winter he was looked upon with distruct; Dr. and everybody who saw him thought he was a government detective.

When Doctor heard for a fact from his brother late on Saturday night of the 15th of April that the President had been killed and he recerbered those men who had been at our house acted acted rather strangely and 1 told him of the mans whiskers becoming detached. He got his horse and wanted to go to Bryantoum and give immediate information of the facts. Through my fears and entreaties he delayed until next day and sent word by Dr. George Mudd to Lt. Dana then in Bryantown. This information was given on Monday morning but the men in pursuit did not come to our house until Tuesday evening. And when Doctor told them all he knew and pointed the direction Booth had taken they did not seem to believe him. Doctor told Lt. Lovet and those other detectives of Booths visit to the country last winter. Also of Booths purchasing a horse of Mr. Gardiner he gave them all the information he

Those men misconstrued everything he told them and tortured it into criminality. And Doctor is now the innocent victim of a Nations wrath. Had the men in pursuit of Booth acted upon Dectors directions Booth would have been captured days before he was and would have saved a great deal of trouble and money to the Government. But they lounged around our yards and farm professing to believe the we had Booth concealed and said they did not care whether they caught Booth or not so they cau ht two or three of his accomplices as the President had offered \$25 a piece for them, and that would pay them well enough. Littld did I think Doctor was to be one of their victims.

Judge, I do not believe had demons been sent from the informal regions they could not have sworn more falsely against Doctor than did Evins, Thoras Morton, Meichman, and those Negroes. The Negroes are more excusable they are ix ignorant and do not know the nature of an oath as well as a white man. And



I feel sure they were bribed by those who expected to get the reward. If you will remember Evins said in his testimony he had to leave Prince Georges County on account of his loyalty he was obliged to leave so I have heard for forgery and stealing a mans Buggy, and any man xkm that will cheat and steal will lie. Doctor never saw kke nor heard of Evins, until his appearance against him, and Doctors Father, has rever seen him notwithstanding Evins professed to know him will. Thomas is a low degraded creature, and would sell his soul for money, there is not a negro who knows him who would believe him under oath. I know nothing about Norton and Meichman except that their testimony is as false as falsehood itself. I do not believe there ever has been on record where so much false testimony has been taken against any one

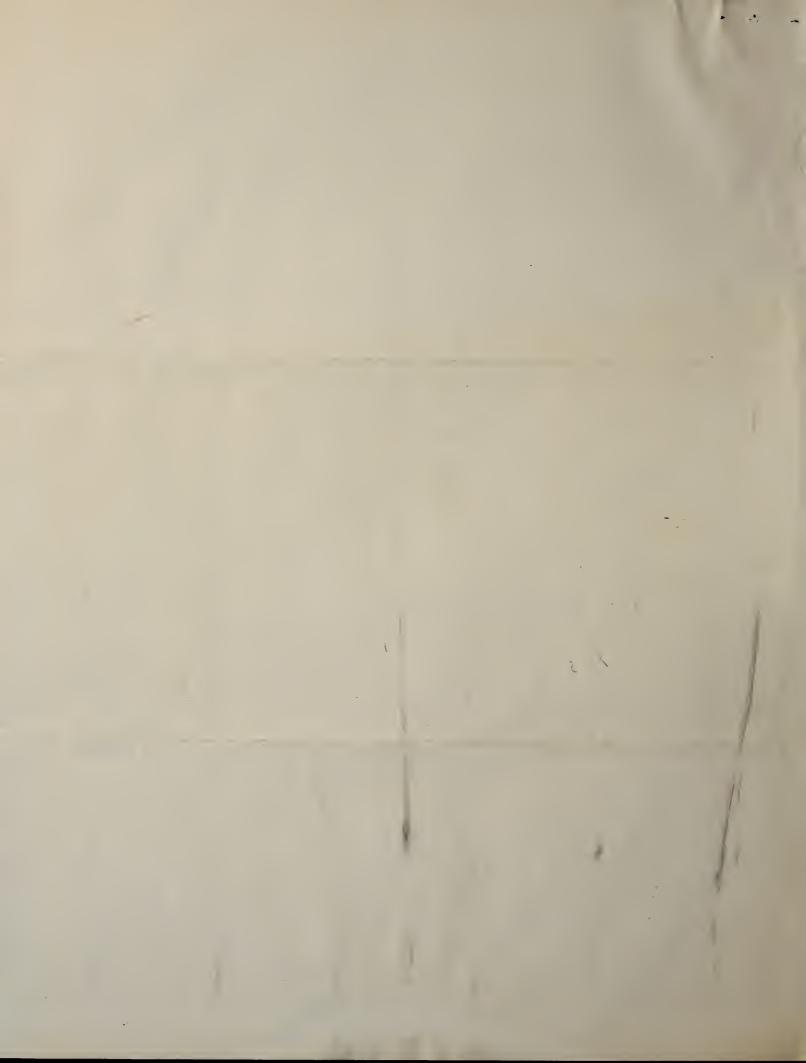
2-25-74

I have thought of having those men brought before the grand jury and tryed for perjury. I think we can bring proof enough against them to convict. Judge do you think this procedure would be of any benefit in Doctors case please give me your advice and almighty God will reward your charity.

I wish I could picture to your imagination all I have suffered in the last four months I feel sure the picture would move you to pity. When the tryal was going on and day after day I saw in the papers false witness after falmse witness testify against my innocent husband, I felt that reason would forsake me and I suffered such agony which I hope no other mortal may ever suffer. I would have been glad to have died but almighty God would not hear my prayers of my life.

I will explain to you my helpless condition. I am in a country place I have neither Father Mother or brother that I can call on for aid. Doctor's Father has a larger family. I cannot burden him. I have four little children the oldest but seven years. The soldiers who were in pursuit of Booth destroyed all of our last years crop and prevented me from getting anything planted this year by takeing our farm hands and putting them in prison until it was too late to plant. I only have a home to shelter me and my little babies and under present circumstances I cannot tell how long I will have that. I have never known known want and never had a wish but know what has been gratified from my childhood, and now when I see poverty for my self and little children, I know not what to resort to. A dark and dreary dreary life before me. I am only twenty seven years old and I am afraid I will have to live so long.

The separation from my husband who has been my companion from childhood is worse than death, Doctor and I had fondly hoped to rais our little children to be ornaments to Society and to their country; what can I expect for them now, ignorance and poverty. Before Dr. was taken from me I felt if one of ourlittle children were to die I would die too. Now I pray the almighty to take them all, I can better see them **dil** die young than see them undergo the hardships they will have to undergo if they live to be grown. Judge how I do wish you knew Doctor in social life if you had I know you would not for a moment suspect he could be guilty of the enormous crime with which he is charged. Every wan who has ever known Doctor knows he is invocent. Doctor knew nothing in the world done, he had never seen but one of those men who was tryed with him , he saw literald who came to our house on the morning of the 15th of April. If it was a crime to set Booth's leg when he did not know he had contaited any crime and did not recognize the man then, and then only is he guilty.



### THIS IS NOT for PUBLICATION -- Dr. R. D. Mudd 2-25-74

Judge 1 know and appreciate how far you are above me so if 1 have written anything offensive it is through ignorance. I ask you to be a friend to the orplan the vidoy and child of misfortune. I know you are all poverful in the case of my husband be assured of his innocence and you can convince others. every word which I have written is as true as if it had to go to the throne of the almighty for inspection. Pity me; write to me and tell me to come to you that you will assist me and I will come and explain every little circumstance and tell you all as a child would tell her troubled 2 to a Father and as truthfully as I would at the bar of Divine justice. I will teach my little children to love and pray for you as long as they live. Most respectfully & etc/

Sarah F. Mudd

(Judge Advocate General Holt)

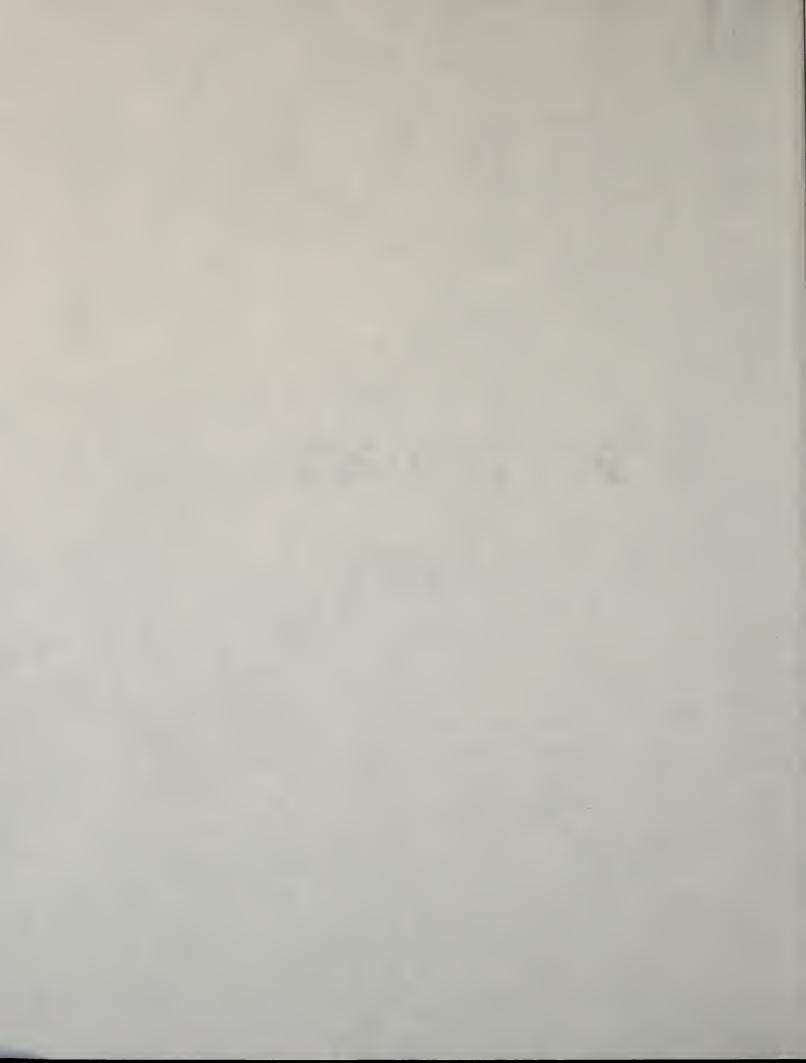
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nor 1, 1968 June Mirs Marie Hamilton. 401- S. Main St. Zelien ople, Pa. 16063. Shorily after Dr S.a. muse arresant 25 Jefferon breaver, after a comple When the family to write to D'S.a. mud. This letter was recented by • & Rebard & mudd. n R. & mude MB. was probably written This is mi dated but it \* 44 \* \*\*\* the mattered for aged Father, and a matter who perhaps my men lacence from the and born inflicted about he let ud hear from him donulines! don-and Brothers where will be pay you and a dieter when will some your and · Su and one Return to her lugaret " Rame of Madel . .

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF DR. MUDD.—We have ohned from an officer of the steamer Thomas A. Scott y full particulars of Dr. Mudd's attempted escape, fering in many accounts from the particulars hitho published. The prisoners at the Tortugas are owed the liberty of the island except on the day a vessel's departure. At sight they are expected sheep within the fort. The night previous to the urn of the T. A. Scott, Dr. Mudd shept ontside the tin a shed, and the next morning he quietly lked on board the steamer, disappeared into the rest deck and sont a fireman for Quartermastor IV. This was the last that was seen of him. In after he was missed at the fort, and an officer squad sent down to search the vessel. On the y bottom of the vossel lay a platform resting on o cross heams; the officer thrust his sword under side and the oolored soldier inserted a bayonet her the other. The rear of pain that immediately is the platform was raised and Dr. Mudd se and returnd to his status of a captive prisoner. was immediately hrought to the fort and the imh-screws applied to him, and under the pressure pain ho acknowledged that Kslly, with when he i formed an acquaintance within a few days, had oved to help him to escapo on the promise of reving Mudd's gold watch. Kelly was thereupon rehed to the fort, a drum-head court martial held, he was sentenced to six years imprisonment and d habor in the Tortugas. The vessel then sailed hout Mudd or Kelly, and the papers were forrded to Washington for contirmation.—[New York bune, 11th.



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ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF DR. MUDD FR.9M DRY TORTUGAS. Fortress Monroe, 6th. The steamship Duniel Webster, from New Orleans, 22d uit, for New York, has put in here. She roports landing some prisoners at the Dry Tortugas, and that Dr. Mudd mide an attempt to escape. He was found secreted in the coal bunkers of the steamer Thomas Scott, and was put to hard labor wheeling sand. The Quartermas-ter of the Scott was arrested for having aided Mudd in his effort to escape,

#### DOSTON ADV



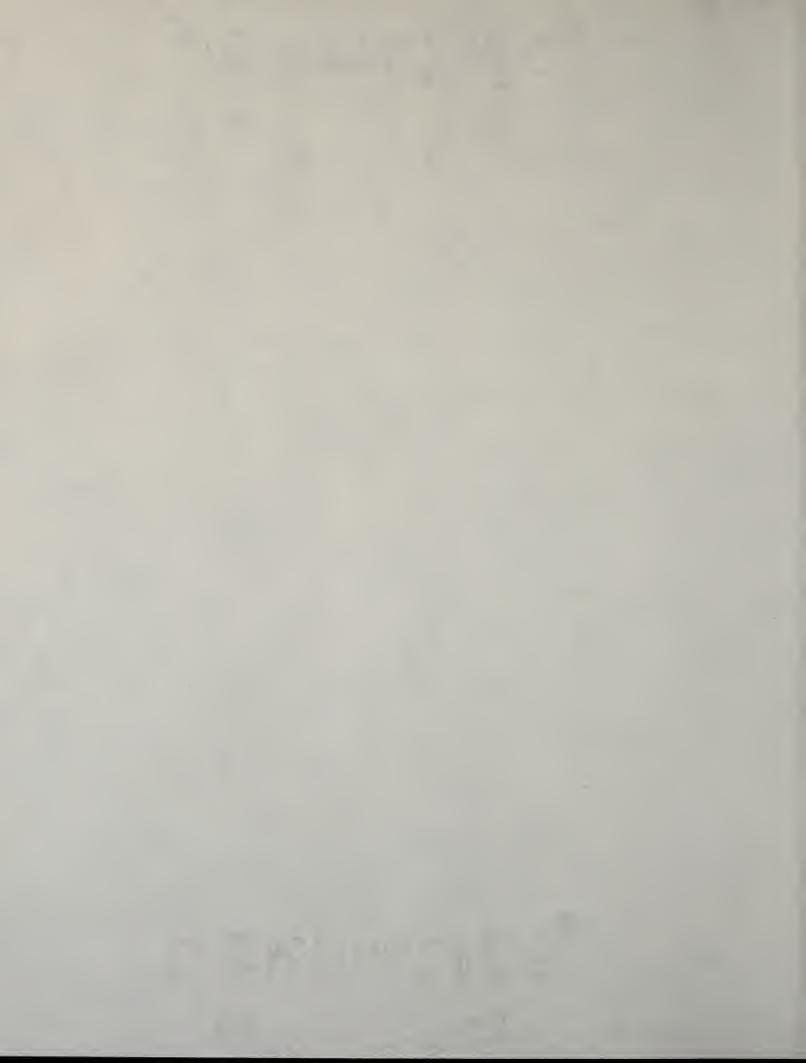
Dr. MUDD, one of the alleged assassination conspirators, who was recently set at liberty by executive pardon makes, among others, the following statement : "After I was convicted and sent away

"After I was convicted and sent away to the Dry Tortugas a confession was got np by Secretary Stanton, purporting to have been made by me to Capt. Dutton on board the steamer, and was afterward appended to the official report of my trial. This was one of the most infamous dodges practiced against me, and was evidently intended as a justification for the illegality of my conviction. I never made such a confession, and never could have made it, even if I tried."

Washington, Dec. 24. The writ of habeas corpus applied for in the case of Dr. Mudd is pending before Judge Swayne of the supreme court.

The assassination conspirators will be brought from their prison at the Dry Tortugas for trial by civil court. It is understood that Judge Swayne will grant the writ.

Dr. Mudd, released from the Dry Tortugas by President Johnson, has arrived at Baltimore. 3.23.69



DR. MUDD.

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Upon a review of the facts it is not hard to believe that the conviction and imprisonment of Dr. Mudd for complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoin were wrong. One derives, at all events, from "The Life of Dr. Samuci A. Mudd," edited t. hisdaughter, Nettle Mudd (Neale Publishing Company), the impression of a strong and generous character. The letters to his wife from the prison in Dry Toriugas have a ring of honesty that sounds genuine. His conduct in the yellow fever epidemic was highly honorable and courageous. Besides the letters the f

Publishing Company), the impression of a strong and generous character. The letters to his wife from the prison in Dry Tortugas have a ring of honesty that sounds genuine. His conduct in the yellow fever epidemic was highly honorable and courageous. Besides the ietters the volume contains Dr. Mudd's statement of his caro, written in prison, but not allowed to be published, and the statement of her husband's acquaintance with Booth and the circumstances under which he set the broken ieg of the assassin; also her affecting letter of appeal to President Johnson. Entries in Booth's diary after the crime are given, as well as the argument of Gen. Ewing in behalf of Dr. Mudd before the military commission which tried him.



#### A WILD RIDE FOR LIFE.

## Feminiscences of the Flight of John Wilkes Booth from Washington.

On a cool, croudy day in March, '69, I drove with a wagon and team of horses over the ground covered by Booth in his wild flight from Washington the night he assassiu-ated Lincoln. I followed the exact route Booth pursued, for a distance of nearly forty miles, to the house of Dr. Mudd, near the village of Beantown, St. Charles county, Maryland, where he had his broken ankle set. After this he and his companion, Harold, rode seven miles further, where they struck the ferry on the Potomae to Virginia, clossed the river, and pere' sted as far as Garrett's farm, where the one was shot and killed and the other made a prisoner.

The object of my mission was an interview with Dr. Mudd, one of the alleged conspirators in the murder of Lincoln. He had returned to his home from the Dry Tortugas, where he had been banished for life, but was pardoned by President Johnson after four years' confinement. On the trial of the conspirators he came within an ace of being hanged-in fact, it was as close a shave of the noose as any I ever remember-and yet, practically, Mudd had no more to do with the assassination of Lincoln than the child unborn. But in those days (1865) a fierce and vindictive wave of passion rolled over the country, and victims were demauded to appease the cry for blood. Anyone against whom the least suspicion existed was ruthlessly seized and hurried off to the old capitol prison in Washington.

Booth's original intention was to abduet President Lincoln, and to carry him down to Virginia, over precisely the same route that he took when he attempted to make his escape, and deliver him over to the rebels.

For six months before the Good Friday evening, April 14, 1865, Booth had frequently traveled over this route between Washington and Virginia via Maryland, and had made himself acquainted with every house, every tree and every turn on the road. He visited the houses of the people, paid no little attention to the girls, stood unlimited whisky to the men and made himself generally popular. All this time he was preparing for the abduction of Lincoln, and it is understood by those who know the facts of the case best that the idea of assassination never came into his head and was never hinted at until the surrouder of Gen. Lee, less than a week before the awful crime was committed. Among those whose acquaintance he cultivated was Dr. Mudd, but to none with whom ho sought to ingratiate himself did he breathe the purpose he

had in view. He pretended to be very fond of hunting and fowling, and as St. Charles county, Maryland, i; fained for its wild game and sportsmen, no suspicion of his motive was entertained. There was a numerous Catholic population in the county and Booth was on the best of terms with Father Flanagan, parish priest of Beantown, and was well recommended to his congregation. At a place called by two letters, T. B., was a tavern where Booth was well known, and where hundreds of dollars were spent by him on drinks for the rustic frequenters.

At the moment when Booth shot Lincoln, Spangler, the stage carpenter of Ford's theater, was standing in the lane back of the rear entrance to the stage holding Booth's horse, a fine well-groomed blooded bay. It took less than three minutes from the time Booth jumped on the stage from the president's box, after doing the fatal deed, until he was mounted on his horse and breaking away down the coble-pave lane with the speed of the wind, the sparks flying from his horse's hoofs as they struck the uneven paving stones. From the lane he turned into F street, continued along to Four and a Half street, and then down to Pennsylvania avenue. Here he gave his horse full rein, for he had a straight and level course before him, as far as the bridge leading across the east branch of the Potomac into Maryland. At the Marine hospital, Harold, mounted on a horse, waited to receive him, and here the course of the narrtive has to be checked for a momentary digression.

During the war, and for a while after its close, military sentinels were posted at both ends of the bridge that crosses the Anacostia or

east branch of the Potomac from the District of Columbia to Maryland. These sentinels sharply challenged and inquired the business of every one crossing the bridge. To get over this difficulty it was arranged between Booth and Harold that the latter should stay in Union City, on the Maryland side, nntil night, and then, about ten o'clock, ride down to and across the bridge, auswering the challenge of the sentry of "Who goes there?" by replying, "a mes-senger going for a doctor." This answer was of eourse hound to pass him over. On returning, and after meeting Booth near the Marine hospital Harold was to ride back ahead, and after answering the sentry's challengeagain of "Who goes there?" by saying, "The messenger who went for the doctor," Booth was to rido up, and to the challenge of "Who goes there?" answer, "The doctor."

This arrangement worked to a charm. Harold met Booth at the annointed place and they crossed

over into Union City, a small village on the Maryland side, without sus-picion or molestation. At the other side of the bridge the road turned up to the left, and for some distance was up hill. The night was fine but cloudy. The roads were heavy here and there from recent rains, but Booth took little thought of that. When the level road was reached he dashed ahead at the fullest possible speed, and never drew roin till he reached the place oddly called T. B., sixteen miles from Washington, where he was forced to dismount, owing to a broken saddle-girth. This was quickly repaired by a handy man in the tavern, who rememberd well, four years after, what an enomous drink of brandy Booth swallowed before remounting his horse. No time was lost in getting forward. Both fugitives kept well together on the wings of the wind, Beyond T. B. the road becomes very lonely, and the country wears a desolate and deserted look. Groves of tall pine trees on one side, and dreary stretches of marshland on the other, are visible.

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Flying along this dark and gloomy highway what thoughts must have filled Booth's mind! In every nodding pine branch he must have imagined an arm of vengeance stretched out across the road to smite him! When nine miles from Beantown he had to turn to the left, and take a kind of bridal path through a strip of pine forest. Who will envy his thought as in the darkness and soli-tude created by the overarching trees he could not help reflecting that, no matter to what end of the earth he might fly, the avenging hand of an outraged nation would reach him and punish him for an unpardonable crime? After emerging from the forest path he had to ride through a number of fields, the roads taking that course along the highlands.

At four o'clock in the morning he reached the fence that surrouds the plat on which stood Dr. Mudd's dwelling. Booth and Harold dismoanted. The latter opened the wicket in the fence, with Booth leaning heavily on his shoulder, for his broken ankla was now giving him great pain; both moved forward to the entrance door. The knock was answered by Mrs. Mndd, with a bight in her hand, and, as she told me, four years subsequently, she was shoeked at the appearance of Booth. "His eyes," she said, "had a most unnatural expression, either from excessive drinking or excessive mental excitement. I don't know which. His hair was in disorder, his elothes covered with mud, and he appeared unable to stand." Booth was taken into the parlor and laid upon the lounge.

Dr. Mudd was then called and usked by Booth to examine his leg



and see what was the matter with it. To do this it would be necessary to pull off his boot, but, as it was very close fitting the pain would be exeessive, so the doctor took ont his knife and ent the boot-leg down from the top and around at the instep He then slipped off the remainder of the boot from the foot, and Mrs. Mudd offered one of her soft woolen slippers in its place.

The doctor spent some time feel. ing tor a fracture or an induration, and could discover none; but at last found that it was a clean break of the leg, just as a stick of eandy might be broken in the middle and leave two clean smooth surfaces. He then dressed the leg and bound it tightly at the point where the break occurred, putting on a boot made of pasteboard, extending from the instep to a point below the knee. The booting that he eut off he threw away in a corner, and never thought more about it, and yet it was this boot-leg that came within a hair of having him hanged, and as it was had him sentenced to the Dry Tortugas for life.

Neither Mudd nor his wife had the faintest idea that Booth had assassinated the president, and in the remote part of the country where they lived they were not likely to hear the news for several days. Boothe told them a plausible story abont being out hunting and falling off nis horse. After an hour's stay inM udd's house, during which time Booth consumed a bottle of whisky and three ham sandwiches, he and Harold started out on horseback, Boothe feeling much pain in his leg, for the Virginia ferry, forty miles away. They pulled up at Garrett's farm where Booth was killed a few days after and that was the end of the wild ride for life of John Wilkes Booth.

To go back to Mr. Mudd. Little did the nnsophisticated physician dream of the trouble he was to ur dergo from having entertaine Lincoln's assassin.

On the following Monday a cor. pany of eavalry, under the command of Col. O'Beirne, which was then, in conjunction with several companies, scouring the country in all directions stopped at Mudd's house and made search for Booth. One of the eavalry men pieked up the discarded boot leg lying in the eorner, and scrutinizing it all over found inside on the leather the initials "J. W. B." That was enough. To the caralry men it was proof strong as holy writ that Mudd was one of the conspirators. They then threw a rope around his neck, fastened one end to the pommel of a saddle, and literally dragged him on foot all the way to Washington, leaving his beautiful wife in an agony of grief, and with a family of four children to look after.

Booth rode the forty miles from Washington to Mndd's house in six hours. It took my team of fast steppers ten hours to cover the same distance. The breaking of the saddle girth of his horse was an evidence of the helter skelter pace at which he rode, but in vain the riding for if he had ridden to the ends of the earth he could not have escaped the fate that befel him.





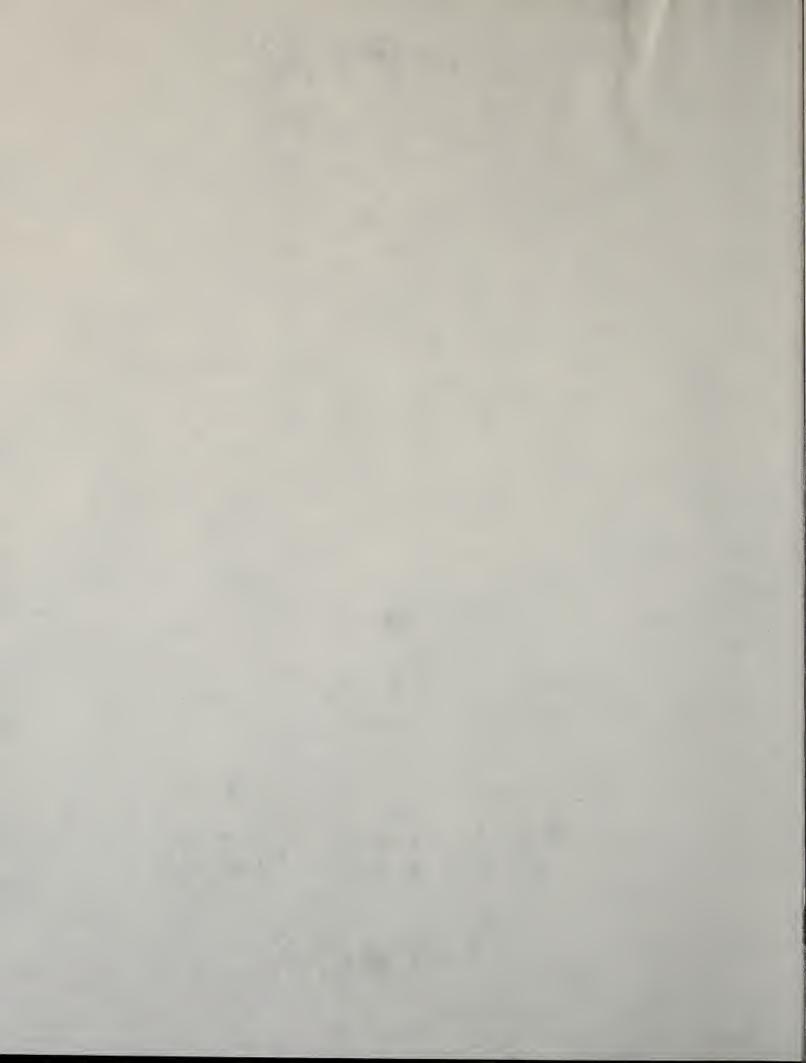
DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD (From a photograph taken while a prisoner)



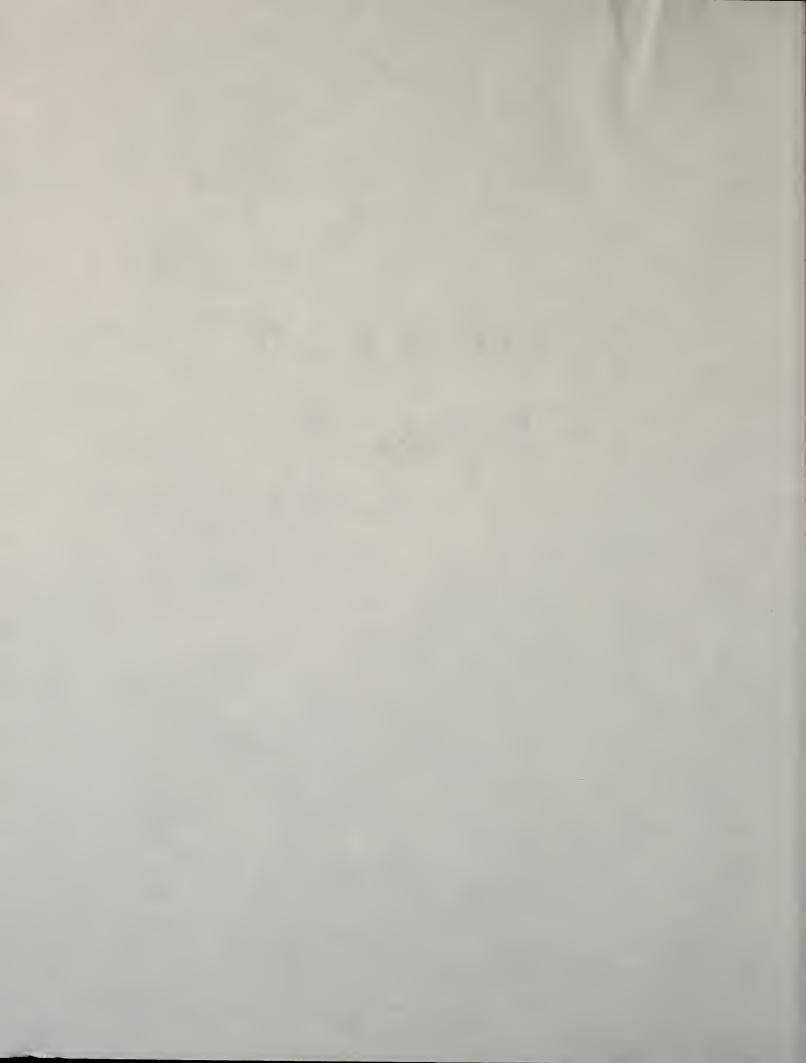
TONE, HON. FREDERICK, Ex-Member of Congress, was born February 7, 1820. He is the only son of Frederick D. and Eliza (Patton) Stone, of Charles County, Maryland, and the grandson of Judge Michael Jenifer Stone; a memoir of whom is contained in this volume. He was reared in the Episcopal Church, liberally educated, studied law, rose to eminence in the legal profession, and has been for many years a prominent and leading citizen of Charles County. In 1852 he and Samuel Tyler, with William Price, were appointed by the

Legislature of Maryland, Commissioners " to simplify and abridge the rules of Pleading, Practice and Conveyancing," in Maryland, and performed that duty with great ability and to the utmost satisfaction of the bar, the bench, and the public. At his first election to Congress, his opponent received only four votes in Charles County. He was senior counsel for the defence in the trial of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. charged with being privy to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and was also an associate counsel with Hon. Thomas Ewing, for the defence of David E. Harold, one of the conspirators. In both of these cases he displayed so much ability, address, dignity, and firmuess, that he was highly complimented by the attorneys of the Government. He is now successfully engaged in the practice of his profession, at Port Tobacco, Maryland. He was elected a member of the Maryland Constitutional Convention of 1864, and in the fall of the same year was elected by the Democratic party to the Legislature. He was a member of the Fortieth and Forty-first Congresses, from March 4, 1867, to March 4, 1871, and served on the Committees on Private Land Claims, on Education and Labor, and on the District of Columbia. In 1871 he was again elected to the Legislature of Maryland. Mr. Stone has be twice. He married first, June 10, 15 lisa Stonestreet, the daughter of Nicholas and stand Stonestreet. She died in November, 1867, leaving four children, Annie Stone, who married November 19, 1875, Henry Guard Robertson, son of Walter Hanson and Catharine (Barnes) Robertson; Elizabeth Ellen Stone, Jennie Stone, and Maria Louisa Stone. June 15, 1870, he married Mrs. Jennie (Stonestreet) Ferguson, a sister of his first wife.

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# TELLS OF HUSBAND'S TRIAL AS LINCOLN CONSPIRATOR

Widow of Dr. S. A. Mudd of Baltimore Talks of His Case.

#### SAYS CHARGE WAS BAD MISTAKE

#### Nurrates Incidents of His Amest and Trial and Her Successful Fight for his Pardon.

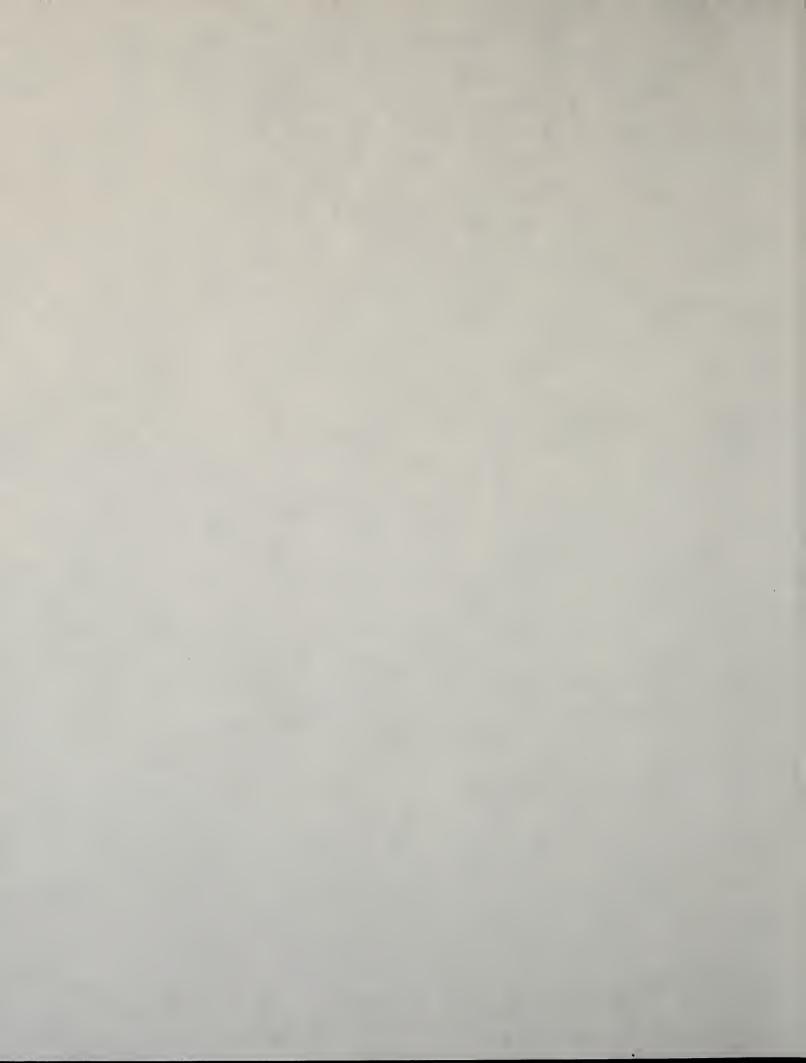
BALTIMOKE, Md., Feb. 11 .- One woman who was made to suffer without fault

of her own because of the assassination of President Lincoln is still living and is now in Baltimore. She is Mrs. Sarah Frances Mudd, widow of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who was sentenced by the military commission which tried the alleged conspirators to imprisonment for life in Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas. The doctor was pardoned by President Johnson. At present the widow is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. Eldridgs Monroe of this city.

Mrs. Mudd has for many years refused to talk about the stirring events of the arrest and conviction of her husband, but to-day she consented to make a statement.

"I remember very distinctly what took place at our home on April 14, 1865. The horses on which those two men. Booth and Harold, who gave their names as Tyler and Tyson, had ridden were that to the horse rack in front of the house, and the doctor came to my room saying that one of the men had a broken log. Neither the doctor nor myself knew who these visitors were until long after they had gone. In fact, it was several days afterward before "Those were dark, very dark days when my husband was taken from me, tortared through the semblance of a trial and con-victed and sentenced to life imprisonment to Dry Tortugas. I fear I could not have orne up under my trials had it not been 'f the kind fifends who gave me sym-wathy and encouragement that in the darkest moments awakened a more hope-ful outlook toward the future. "Foremost among them was General before the military commission and who was a brave Union soldier. Through all our long period of trial and cost, was the our sincere friend. I paid him all the fee he asked, not a small one, yet I truly believe that the least he fouget. "I have always believed that, so great was the oliterness and excitement at the farkest. "I have always believed that, so great was the biterness and excitement at the fine and so interness and excitement at the funces. "I have diverse and excitement at the funces." "I have diverse and excitement at the fease of my husband was the fee for his services. "I have diverse believed that, so great was the biterness and excitement at the fease of my husband was the fee for his services. "I have always believed that, so great was the biterness and excitement at the fease of my husband was the fee for his services. "I passed through many exciting ex-periones and met many persons whose "I remember very distinctly what took place at our home on April 14, 1865. The

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## MRS. MUDD TELLS OF WILKES BOOTH.

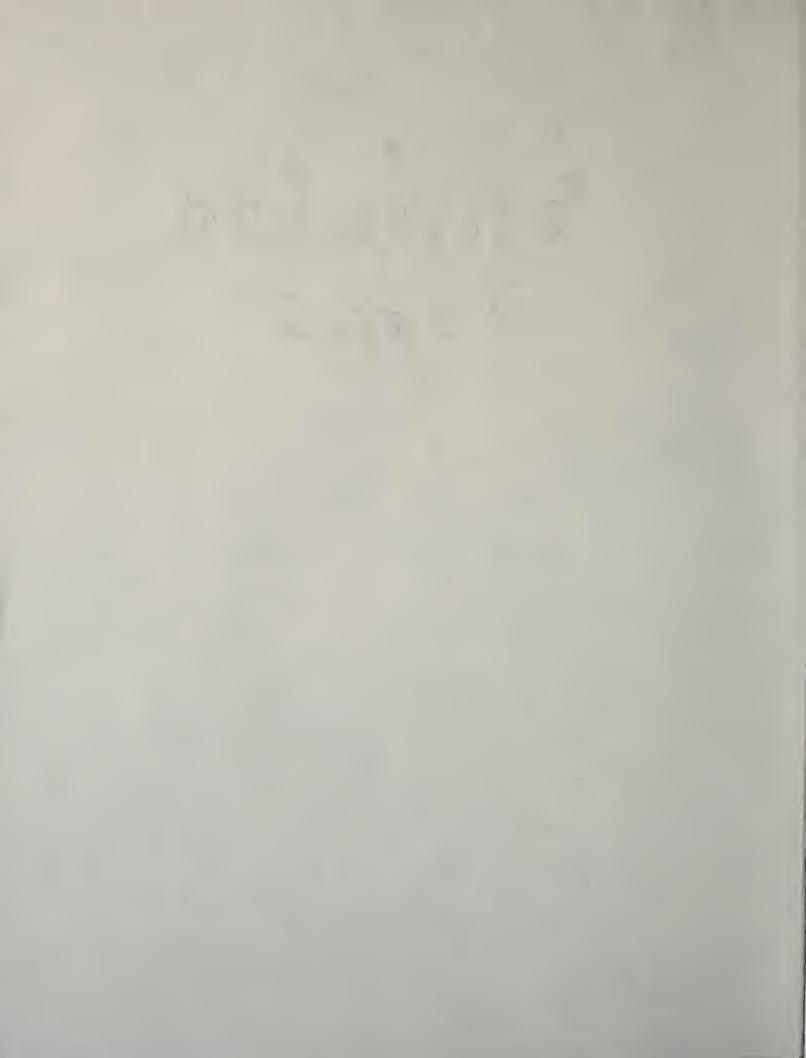
### They Did Not Know Him as Assassin When Her Husband Set Broken Leg.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

By Telegraph to The Tribune.] Baltimore, Feb. 11.—In connection with the Lin-coln Centenary, Mrs. Sarah Frances Mudd, widow of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who was sentenced by the nillitary commission that tried the alleged con-spirators, to imprisonment for life at Dry Tortugas, but was perdoned by President Johnson told to but was pardoned by President Johnson, told today for the last time, she said, how her husband set the leg of Wilkes Booth, which he broke in making his escape after the assassination of Lincoln. In a house in West Hoffman street, this city, are interesting relics, including the antique Davenport on which Booth was laid when his broken leg was set.

Mrs. Mudd has always refused to talk for publication, but to-day stated positively that when Booth and Heraid, both riding one horse, arrived at her husband's house, the old Mudd homestead. in Charles County, neither she nor her husband knew their identity, as they gave assumed names. The doctor set the limb of the injured man, and It was several days before they knew that the man was Booth. Mrs. Mudd said that many erroneous and absurd statements have been made about the matter by irresponsible partles.

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2-12-1909

# (hun your K) The true - "/17/ 12, 1909.

### SET BOOTH'S BROKEN LEG.

#### Widow of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd Defends Her Husband's Memory.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 11.—Mrs. Sarah Frances Mudd, widow of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who set Booth's broken leg after the assassination and who was sentenced by the military commission that tried the alleged conspirators to imprisonment for life in Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas, but was pardoned by President Johnson near the close of the latter's term of office, made to-day what she declared to be her last public utterance on the incidene. Mrs. Mndd said it was a painful subject to her, and she disliked to think about the harrowing ordeal to which she was subjected. She said:

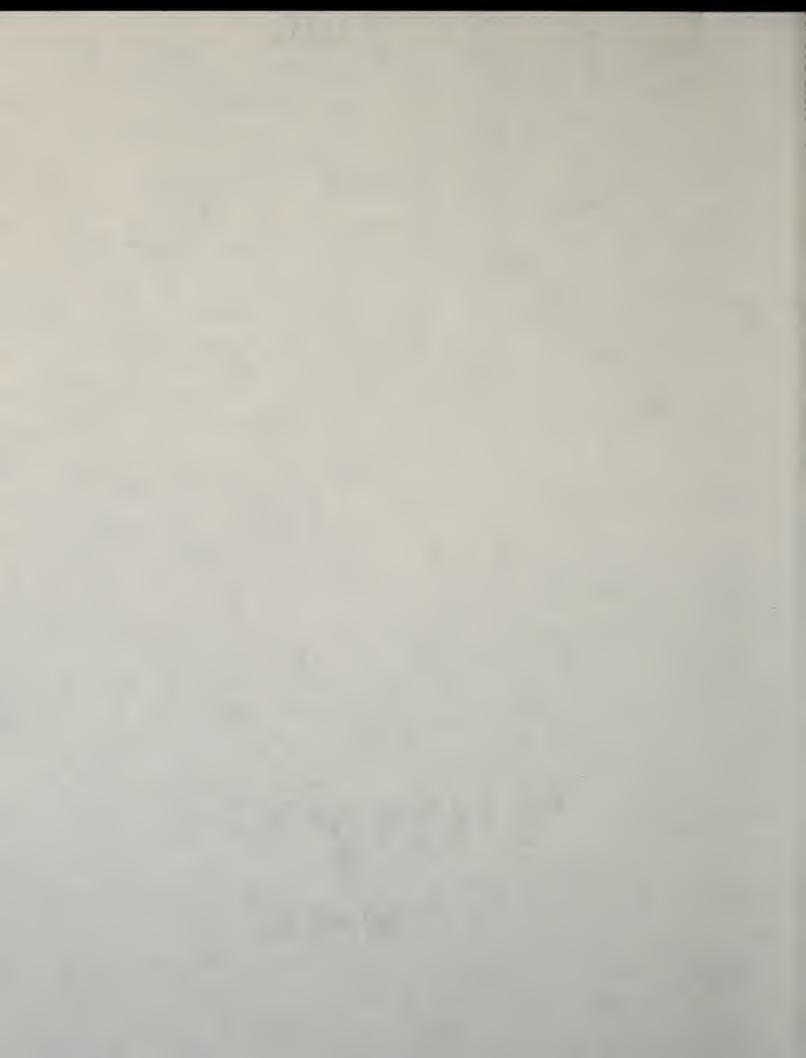
I remember very distinctly what took place at our home on the 14th day of April, 1865. Booth and Herold came on horseback about 4 o'clock on the morning of that date. We were aroused from our sleep. The doctor went to the door to see who had called at that early hour, supposing that some one in the neighborhood needed his professional services.

The horses on which these two men, Booth and Herold, who gave their names as Tyler and Tyson, had ridden were tled to the horse rack in front of the house. The men were brought into the house and the doctor came to my room saying that one of the men had a broken leg. I did not see either of these men until later in the day. Neither the doctor nor myself knew who these visitors were until long after they had gone, in fact it was several days afterward before we really knew.

Those were dark, very dark days when my husband was taken from me, tortured through the semblance of a trial and convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment at Dry Tortugas. Darker still were the days oftentimes while he endured the miserles of that desolate place.

I passed through many trying, sometimes exciting, experiences and met with many people whose names are now well known in history. I saw Judge Holt in the Interest of my husband four or five times. I do not want to speak harshly of the dead and shall dismiss Judge Holt by saying of him only that he impressed me as a harsh, unfeeling, insincere specimen of humanity. This, I am sorry to say, is the highest tribute I can pay him. I saw Secretary Stanton only twice in behalf of my husband. My reception by him was so cold, unfeeling and indeed brutal that I looked at him In both instances with as much of hauteur as I could command and deliberately left his presence without any formal leave taking.

I called on President Johnson a great many times. He always trented me courteously, but impressed me always as one shrinking from some impending disaster. He conveyed to me always the idea that he wanted to release my husband but said more than once "the pressure on me is too great." On one occasion 1 took a petition to him asking the release of my husband; he told me that if Holt would sign it he would grant the petition. This Judge Holt refused.



### STATEMENT HADE TO LARVEY C. BICKEL BY THOMAS BRADFORD SANDERS (as published on April 2,1911 in Mr.Bickel's hometown newspaper in Reading, Pennsylvania)

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 Washi gton in proximity to the old home of Daniel E. Sickles, in front of which the latter assassinated United States District Attorney Key. At the time of the assassination it was occupied by the Secretary of State, William H. Seward, and his family, and more recently by James G. Blaine.

On April 14th I read in the newspapers that Mr.Lincoln would be at Ford's Theatre on 10th Street between E and F Streets 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 Keene was playing in "Our American Cousin." I took a seat in the dress circle immediately opposite the double box of the second tier above the stage which was to be occupied by Mr.and Mrs. Lincoln and into which I had a full view.

General Grant, as he states in his Lemoirs, had left Washington for Burlington, New Jersey, to see his children, where they were at school, and therefore was not in the box which was occupied by Fr. and Hrs. Lincoln, Hiss Harris, a daughter of Senator Harris of New York, and Major Rathbone, a paymaster in the military service. I had watched Hr. Lincoln during the performance and especially Mrs. Lincoln, who sat at the mouth of the box and during the play called Hr. 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.

is the play was nearing the end I heard a pistol shot. Leaning forward over the balcony to see whether the shot was in the barroom below at the side of the theatre, I noticed a commotion in the box opposite which was on the same level as my seat. I noticed Mrs. Lincoln sitting erect and staring at something with a horvified or frozen expression of countenance. An instant leter Booth appeared near the front of the box with a dagger in his hand and turning to cut at Rathbone, whom he then wounded, yelled "Sic semper tyrannis," as he vaulted over the railing onto the stage, which I should judge was twelve feet below the box. As he sprang his spur caught slightly in the flog draping the opening to the box, and he was twisted sideways. I can see him now in my mind seve coming do un through the air, the motion causing his thick black hair to extend upwards in such a manner as to give him a wild appearance. He struck on his side, on his elbow and knee perhaps, and rising immediately, rushed with a holting gait off the stage. It seems that when he fell he broke a bone of his leg and that his stilted walk arose from In actor was on the stege, but as he afterwards stated, seeing that fact. Booth coming toward him with a gleaming knife, which he waved theatrically about his head, feared an injury to himself and therefore fled.

Booth passed through the wings at the back and disappeared. It is in evidence that he ran through the theatre to the alley in the rear where he had a horse in charge of a bay. He leaped upon the horse and pursued his way over the Bennings Bridge across the cast branch of the Fotomac, a mile or so east of the Capitol.

Immediately all was in confusion in the theatre. In a minute some

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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 ran downstairs from the dress circle through the orchestra circle and climbed over the footlights upon the stage. By that time the audience was in a frenzy, and crying "catch him, seize him, hang him, lynch him" and applied unprintable conthets to Booth.

Mrs. Muszy, one of the actresses, stood near me sobbing, and Laura Keene, fearing a riot, approached the footlights and cried out "For God's sake be men," saying it, as I recall, at least twice.

A man near me on the stage 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 doorjamb and placed a bar so that it could be dropped across, thus fastening the door into the box opening from the dress circle or the vestibule so that no entrance could be obtained from the side where the audience sat. It was necessary therefore in order to get into the box to climb up from the stage.

The audience having quieted down some, Laura Keene went to the box whence there was a call from the opening looking on the stage for water. Ι jurned off the stage and ran oun through the orchestra circle and into a 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 and upstairs to the door of the box which, by that time, had been unbarred. Laura Keene 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 ir. Lincoln who was lying on the floor. I remained until Mr. Lincoln's tall lank form had been carried from the theatre across the street to ir. Peterson's house. I recollect that I had never before been so impressed by his great length. He was six feet four inches in height. I then ran to our headquarters where I found the Officer of the Day and everyone on duty there is a high state of excitement from rumors that the President and the entire Cabinet were being assassinated. A measurger had come to the office from Secretary Seward's residence in the Sickles House or thig that Hr. Seward was being murdered and a part of our guard had rushed over there, where it appears that Powell, alias Payne, one of the conspirators, had cut Mr. Seward's throat, had nearly killed Robinson, a soldier nurse, and had badly wounded young Frederick M., son of Secretary Seward. Requests were coming to the office for the detail of guards for Andrew Johnson, Vice President, at the Kirkwood Hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue where the Raleigh is now located, about midway between the Capitol and the Treesury, (for) Secretary of War Stanton and others, and I recollect well a runor that the Confederate prismers in the Old Capitol Frison were breaking out and were about to burn the town. Wild stories were flying all night, many of them being entirely unfounded.

Col. Ingraham, Provost Marshal General, from Hew Bedford, Mass., who had arrived at his office, 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. I knew it was not Edwin whom I saw in the box and in the air as he waulted over the rail.

I went with the Provost Marshal General to the theatre and talked with

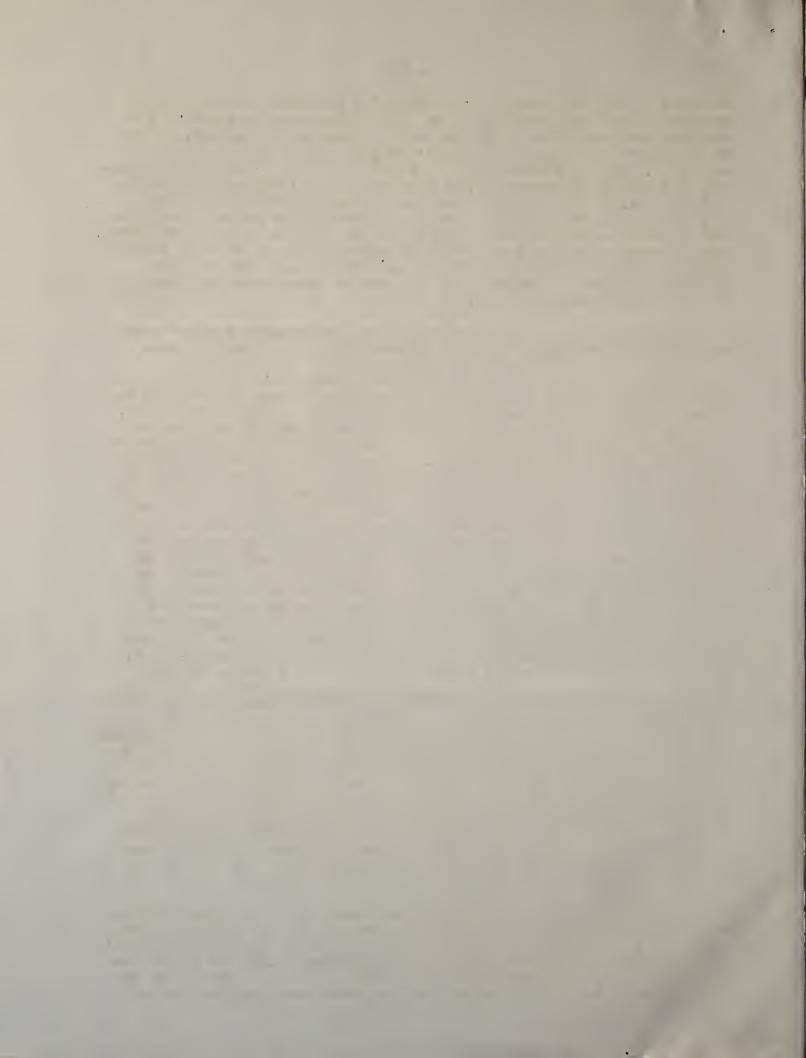
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the Superintendent of Police, Mr. Richards, whom Col. Ingraham told that the assassin was not Rooth, meaning Edwin. The Superintendent answered that it certainly was John Wilkes Booth, who was well known to many present. From the theatre we went across to Peterson's house, where were Surgeon General Barnes, Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and others. The Provest Harshal General went into the room where Mr. Lincoln lay dying. I followed him into the hall where Mr. Stanton kindly placing his hand on my shoulder said "Young man, there are too many in here already." I immediately stepped outside the door and stood on the stairway, where I could see soldiers arriving as a guard. Some had already been stationed across the street above and below the theatre, which was never again used as a playhouse. Crowds were gathering from every direction and the street above and below the vacant space in front of the house 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.

It is stated that Booth pursued his way to Dr. Hudd'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 largely to her subsequent execution as on accessory before the fact. Evidence indicates that Atzerodt was expected by the conspirators to assassinate Mr. Johnson. Payne, or Powell as he was later called, after a sojourn of a short time in the woods north or east of the city, as I was told, came down to Ers. 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 and brought to our office and committed to prison. He was a powerfully-built man. Booth and Herold, as shown subsequently, pursued their way lown the Potomac River on horseback for a number of miles and hid in a pline thicket where, it is stated, 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 ir, Garrett. Pursuit was feared and Booth seems to have concluded to go into a barn or storehouse near the residence of Hr. Garreit. In the meantime the whole country was on the lockout for Booth and his confederates. General Baker, Chief Government Detective, had traced Booth's party down the river and finally to Garrett's house. Baker was told that the den ware in the storehouse. For giving this information, it is reported, carrett was afterward proscribed by his neighbors. The inhabitants there, as I have been told since, although perhaps decrying the assassination, were not pleased with the action of the Garretts in giving up the assassin. The warehouse was surrounded by Baker's 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. Herold came out and was made a prisoner, a d Booth, while standing in the light of the conflagration with a rifle in his hands, ready for use, was shot nearly in 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 itemoirs states that he has every reason to believe that Booth was a man whom he had employed as a scout or detective and who, he was convinced, was playing

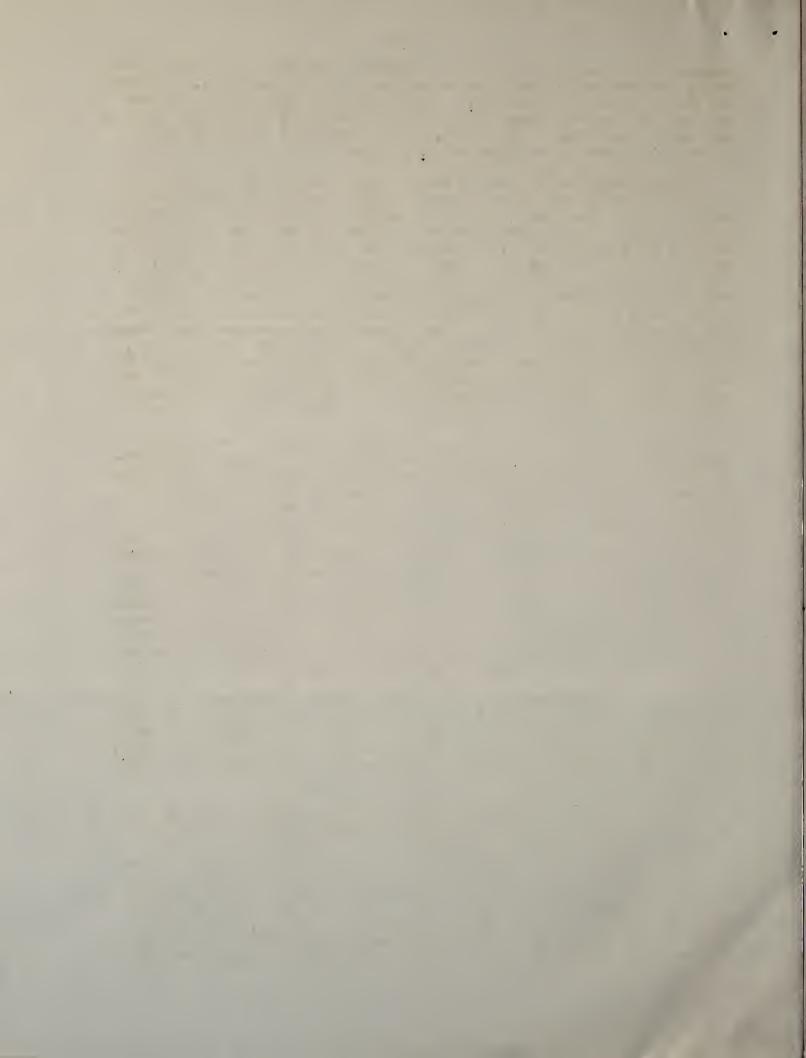


double. He states that information he received from Booth in the Shenandoah Valley was only such as was known to everybody and was of no value. Sheridan had him arrested, but he escaped. Booth was of the melodramatic sort and was heard to quote the lines, "The youth who fired the Ephesian done Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it." This affords a key to whock the mystery of his act in assassinating Hr. 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 proper cases. I addressed him as Sergeant Corbett, and in some surprise 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 shot Booth. In response to inquiries from me he said that he was on the side of the barn looking through a crack or knothole, that by the light of the fire which was burni g the building he could see Booth standing with his rifle ready at the first form that might appear, and that he, Corbett, did not intend that Booth should be allowed to take his, Corbett's, life, 'or 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 Fajor 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.

Booth's body was brought back to Washington and he was buried at the Arsenal in South Masidington, There is no doubt as to his complete identification. The body was subsequently removed by his friends after identification and bucied, as I have been told, at Beltimore. The conspirators remaining alive, with the exception of John H. Surratt, were tried before a Lilitary Commission at the Arsonal. I was present during a part of the trial and saw Ers, Surratt, Atzerodt, and Powell, alias Payne, there. They were heavily ironed, having been tried before a Military Commission which did not require the removal of the shackles during the trial as a civil court would have done. It was a pitiful sight to see the irons on a woman. The conspirators named above were all found guilty and executed, although the most stremuous 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 sulisted as a Papal zouave at the Vatican in Rome. He was quartered, as I have been told, in the Costle of St. Angolo, 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 Hedrian, and recollect well that as I passed under its walls exactly at twelve noon a cannon fired from the battlement high over my head startled me. I went into the castle and inspected the barracks, for the zouaves were still quartered there.

Surratt, learning that his location had been discovered, fled and was captured subsequently farther up the iediterranean. He was brought home on a vessel of war and tried by a civil court. Oving 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 empiration of the time in which he could be tried under the statute of limitations. The United States Court held that the fact that there was a retrial should have been set forth in the indictment 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 he took his hat and



left the court. Sugratt was nover punished further for his offense except, perhaps, by his memories of the execution of his mother and of his friends due to a certain extent to his fault in joining the conspiracy which led to the murder of br. Lincoln.

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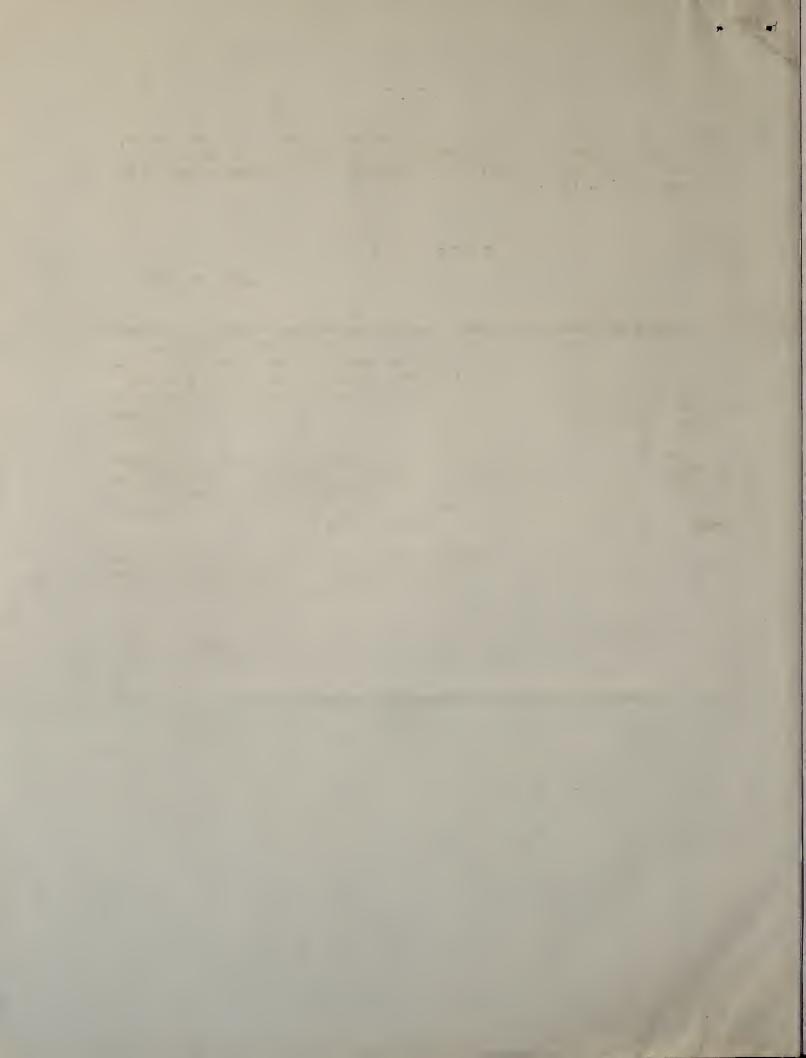
### April 12, 1969

When he appeared before the Prince George's County Historical Society at Montpelier on March 8,1969, Judge Harvey Cleveland Bickel of Baltimore explained that, as a 20-year-old youngster working in Mashington at the U.S. Bureau of Mavigation in 1911, he learned in a casual conversation with the Howorable Themas Bradford Sanders, an official of the Bureau and a descendant of Governor Bradford, that Fr. Sanders had been an eye-witness to the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln.

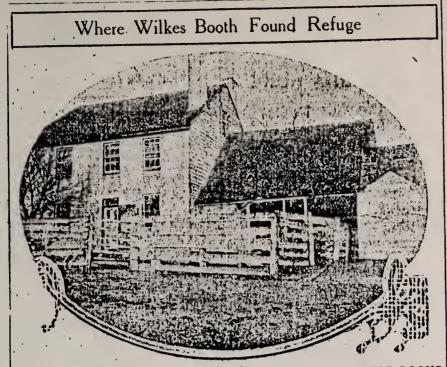
The young Mr. Bickel, an enthusiastic history buff who also knew stenography, prevailed upon Mr. Sanders to relate the eye-witness account to him; and the narvative was pridefully sent to the Bickels' hometown paper in Reading, Pennsylvania, where it was published on April 2, 1911. The newspaper account is the one that is reproduced above.

Judge Bickel, now 84 and still engaged in the active practice of the law in Baltimore, attended the funeral services in Rock Creek Church and Cometery in Washington when Thomas Bradford Sanders died on September 21,1916.

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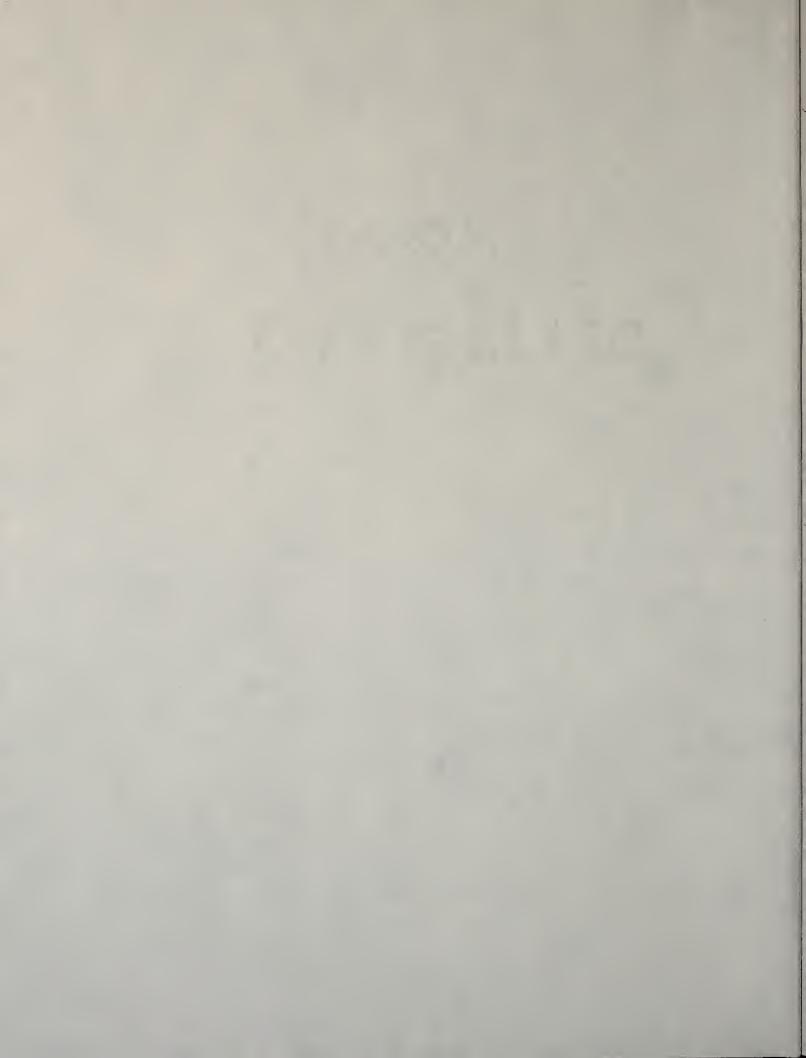


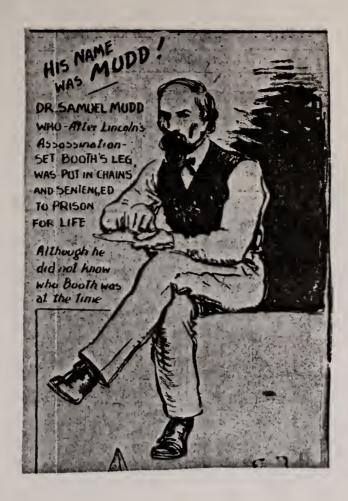
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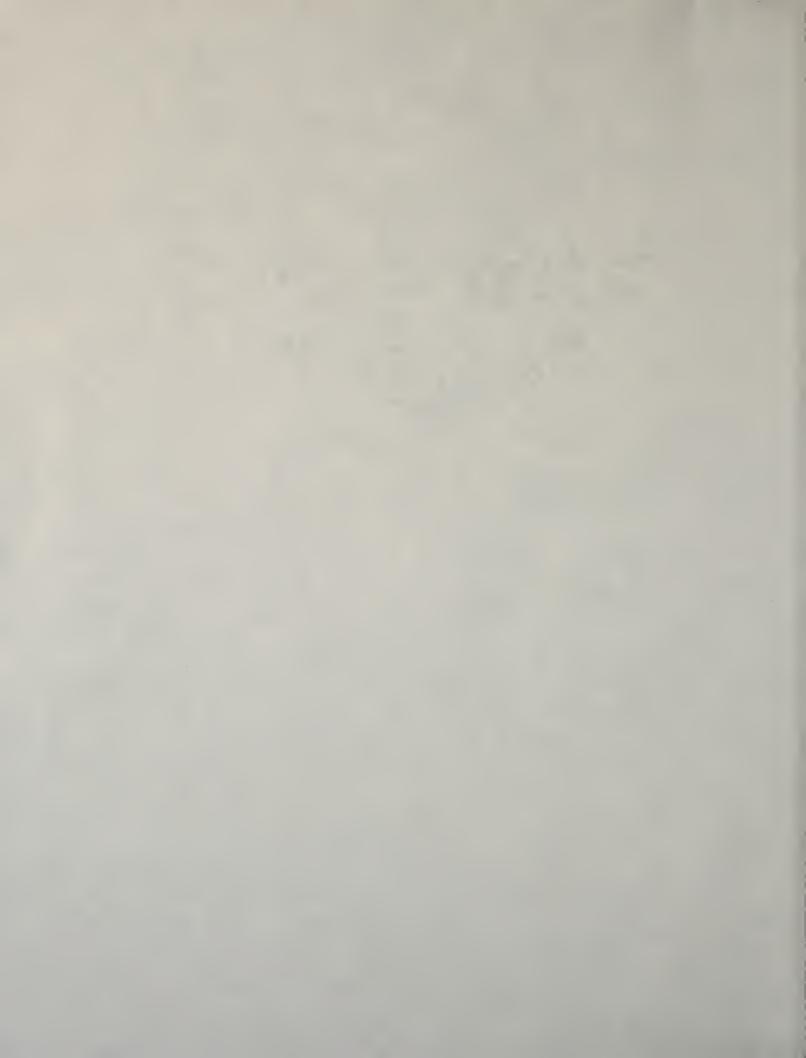


MUDD HOMESTEAD NEAR BRYANTOWN, MD. THE HOUSE LOOKS AS IT DID IN 1865.

Abraham Lincoln was shot in Ford's theater, Washington, D. C., fifty years ago tonight. Wilkes Booth, the assassin broke his ankle in leaping to the stage after the tragedy and it was in this house that of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who gave the actor professional attention. It in Maryland.







# Quillen Relates Story of Dr. Mudd

By ROBERT QUILLEN

IN A new land, inhabited by many breeds, it is natural that customs and ideas should change frequently; but sins and passions do not change, nor does the manner in which people react to violent disturbances.

We like to think ourselves less savage and more decent than the hard and unlearned people who built the nation, but a little examination of history reveals that in 1918 as in 1861, and in 1812 and 1776. the brutal business of war invited the same hatred, the same greed, the same treachery and profiteering, the same blind lust for blood and the same persecution of the innocent.

If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, a brief review of a cruel injustice done in 1865 should show us what to expect of ourselves and what to guard against when passion again replaces reason.

When John Wilkes Booth leaped to the stage of Ford's theatre after shooting President Lincoln, he broke "a small bone in one leg." Thus crippled, he mounted a horse waiting in the alley and raced south toward Richmond and safety.

But by four o'clock in the morning the injury had become so painful that he left the main highway and rode to the home of young Dr. Mudd, whom he had met some months before while in that region to buy a horse.

Dr. Mudd tool: Booth  $u_1$  vi.airs, made a splint for his lig, allowed him to spend the night and next morning gave him a suge crutch and sent him on his way. When he heard of the assassination, "sked his cousin to report the incia. \* to the authorities.

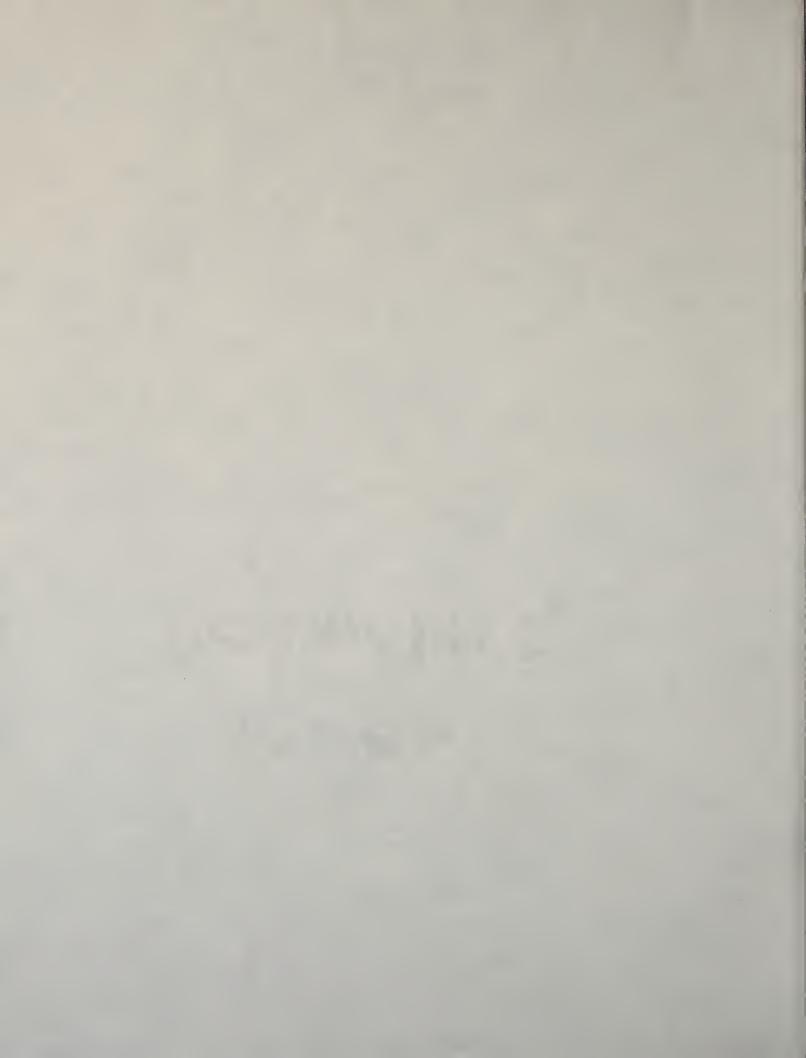
For this he was tried as one of Booth's fellow conspirators—kept in shackles with a canvas sack tied over his head both in court and in prison—and sentenced to end his days in a pestilential prison off the southern coast of Florida.

Was he guilty? The best northern papers called the trial a farce. The testimony was chiefly perjury by detectives and by criminals promised reward—and the court knew it.

Ised reward—and the court knew It. Booth included in his conspiracy only those who were necessary to its success. If he intended to use Dr. Mudd, he must have planned to quit the main road while racing toward safety and stop within a few hours of Washington to invite capture, and he must have planned to break his leg, for otherwise the young doctor on a side road could have done him no possible service.

The truth is that Mudd was "railroaded" by war's heartless malice to satisfy the public's lust for revenge.

When conflict destroys reason, we cease to be a nation and become a mot



# Aided Lincoln In Campaign For President

## S. M. Titus Knew Dr. Mudd At Tortugas.

Comrade S. M. Titus one of the past commanders of Thomas Post. Chicago is one of the visiting delegates. This is the largest post in Illinois and at one time had 1,283 members although there remain but 135.

This comrade was with Abraham Lincoln during his first campaign for the presidency, for two weeks, and Lincoln always referred to him as the man "who wrote one of the Books of the Bible."

SERANADED LINCOLN.

The men, he said, used to serenade Lincoln at the hotel at night, when the strenuous days of campaigning were over and Lincoln never failed to come out of the hotel and could call the men all by name.

Mr. Titus was at Dry Tortugas when Lincoln was assassinated. Dr. Mudd set Booth's leg and was sentenced to Dry Tortugas for life. Mr. Titus received him and set him to work, as Titus was acting hospital steward. After unpleasant tasks Dr. Mudd was taken into the dispensary and put to work.

#### DIDN'T REPORT.

Mr. Titus relates that Dr. Mudd was acquainted with Wilkes Booth but was not in sympathy with him. He set the leg at his home just outside of Washington, a thing any physician would have done, but made his mistake in not reporting to the government and thereby was accused of be-

ling an accessory. Det an Deale June J Det 11 Dale June J Des 17 1989



# FORT JEFFERSON, from an old photo, as it looked prior to its abandonment in 1874. SCENE OF THE CRUEL IMPRISON-MENT OF DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD

### By CAPT. C. L. SAYRE

ID YOU EVER HEAR of America's lost Gibraltar? A once-impregnable Gibraltar that never fired a shot in anger? A medieval-looking fortress whose story is to be had only by patient digging among governmental archives?

Seventy miles west of Key West and only a scant hundred miles northwest of Havana lie the Dry Tortugas, a small group of sandy, tropical islands surrounded by a turquoise sea. On one of the islands, Loggerhead Key, stands the Loggerhead Lighthouse which marks the mariner's course through the Florida Straits. On another, called Garden Key for no known reason, stands the one-time Gibraltar of America — old Fort Jefferson — a gigantic pile of masonry construction, the equal of which can be found nowhere else in North America. Started in 1846 and abandoned in 1874, it stands as a target for the hurricanes and a monument to grandiose dreams, and the painstaking construction of the U. S. Corps of Engineers.

At the end of ten years and the expenditure of a million dollars, an Army inspector reported that it would require about fourteen more years at the same rate to complete the job.

Fort Jefferson was laid out in a huge hexangular pattern, enclosing an area of about twenty acres, with the total length of the encircling fort nearly a mile. The entire structure is surrounded by a most some seventy feet wide and ten to fifteen feet deep, the depth depending upon the tide. Just why such a wonderful and expensive moat should have been made part of a structure already surrounded by sea water on all sides, save for a narrow strip of sandy beach here and there, is not clear at this late date.

What did this Gibraltar ever accomplish for its builders? Military opinion is unanimous that its retention by the Union during the Civil War enabled the Navv to control the Gulf of Mexico and to enforce the blockade against the Confederate States. With Fort Taylor at Key West, Fort Jefferson was used as a base of supply and operations by the Gulf Blockading Squadron. However, at the outbreak of the Rebellion there was not a combatant soldier nor a mounted gun in the fort. Only an energetic Engineer Officer, Captain M. C. Meigs, and his few workmen were there — everlastingly keeping at the construction, by this time rather far along but bogged down due to lack of adequate funds at this particular time. This was due, no doubt, to the machinations of the Secretary of War, J. B. Floyd, who soon went over to the Confederacy.

The War Between the States ended with Fort Jefferson uncompleted, unhonored and unsung. America's Gibraltar had performed a very efficient, if inactive role, and was next destined to perform a rather ignominious service — that of incarcerating important Confererate political prisoners and recalcitrant Federal offenders. And thereby hangs a tale more interesting than the recital of her war service.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the story of the tragic death of Abraham Lincoln at the hands of the actor-assassin, John Wilkes Booth, during a performance in Ford's Theater, Washington, on April 14, 1865. But very few people are familiar with the tragic story of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. who was caught in the maelstrom of hate and reprisal that swept the country like wildfire in demand for the punishment of anyone even remotely connected with the murder plot. Dr. Mudd was a practicing country physician in Maryland who was innocently drawn into the events immediately following the assassination. He suffered immeasurably, if innocently, because of his merely fol-

LOOKING DOWN one of the galleries which shows the fine state of preservation of the old fort.



DR. MUDD, although a life prisoner, heroically attends the fever-stricken men of Fort Jefferson. He himself contracted the disease later. lowing the tenets of his physician's Hippocratic oath. To his door came John Wilkes Booth with his fractured leg, caused by falling on the stage, after escaping from Washington by horseback. Dr. Mudd, with the humanitarianism of all true physicians, set the fractured leg, allayed the assassin's pain and allowed him to rest a few hours, completely in ignorance of the circumstances by which Booth had suffered the fracture.

It was not long before he was arrested, accused of complicity in the original plot and tried by court martial. The official findings and the sentence of the court martial, when stripped of legal verbiage, meant that he was accused of being a party to the original murder plot and after the assassination harbored and concealed Booth and his confederate, Herold, and aided them in their escape. It was true that he had set an injured man's fractured leg in all innocence and had harbored him for a few hours but he knew absolutely nothing else about the matter. In this day and age we would say Dr. Mudd was "framed".

His sentence called for life imprisonment at the Albany Federal Penitentiary but this was soon changed to Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas, and to there he was transported in chains in the heat of the month of July, 1865. He was put to hard labor as an orderly in the fort hospital and was naturally subject to all kinds of abuse. His imprisonment became intolerable so he tried to escape as a stowaway on a troop transport soon to leave the fort. He was caught, put in leg-irons and his labors made harder. For two years he suffered the tortures of incessant labor, bad food, mosquitoes, storms, illness and mental despair. In the summer of 1867 a violent epidemic of yellow fever descended on the fort and laid low the soldiers, their families and the prisoners alike. It became so bad that soon there were not enough well people to care for the sick or bury the dead. After the death of Major Smith, the Post Surgeon, Dr. Mudd volunteered to take charge and do what he could. He was released from his chains and given the freedom of the fort to do what he might. Throughout the summer he labored to the best of his weakened ability until he himself was laid low with the fever in October. He recovered from the disease but was soon again reduced to his status as a prisoner. The survivors of the epidemic were so grateful for his work among them that they petitioned President Andrew Jackson for his pardon but it was another year before he finally received it.

Dr. Mudd returned to his Maryland home a broken man and endeavored to win back his shattered health and fortune. He lived for some thirteen years, finally succumbing to pneumonia, contracted, it is said, by attending a patient one night during a severe snowstorm. Thus ends the tragic story of Dr. Mudd, gallant doctor of medicine but eternal symbol of injustice. His name was indeed "Mudd". His gravestone may mark his burial-place but his monument is Fort Jefferson, America's lost Gibraltar.



T HIS VIEW shows the moat 70 feet wide and the single entrance to Fort Jefferson. The total length of the massive encircling fort is nearly a mile.



(Right) GRAVES of Brevet Major Joseph Sim Smith and his threeyear-old son, who succumbed to the yellow fever epidemic of 1867.





THE HOT SHOT OVEN and a portion of the wall near the sally-port or entrance.

FORT JEF-FERSON on its tiny island from the air. TOW TEAM OU T I WG 5 1 SW 1 5 1 SY 1 1 SY

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UNE: WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1934

# **Couch On Which Booth's** Leg Was Set Still Exists

Stored away in an attic of the little uel A. Mudd," in which she offered convincing evidence of nearly 100 years cumstances would have done." of hard usage.

although practically discarded, has a Mrs. Monroe is thoroughly familiar historic as well as monetary value, but with what transpired, even though her its owner, Mrs. Nettie Mudd Monroe, information is hearsay and documencouldn't be induced to part with it, tary. regardless of price.

As Mrs. Monroe explains, and history supports her story, John Wilkes Booth, the day after he assassinated Abraham Lincoln in Ford's Theater in Washington, reclined on this very same couch while her father, the late Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, Charles County, Md., physician, set a broken bone in his leg. left.

### Sentenced As Accessory.

For this offense (he was charged with being an accessory after the fact) Dr. Mudd was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. Four of the alleged conspirators were hanged and a beard, had broken a bone in his leg. two others given life imprisonment along with Dr. Mudd. The latter was pardoned in 1869, four years after being sentenced for rendering aid during an epidemic of yellow fever at Fort Jefferson, the prison on Tortugas Island, Fla.

Dr. Mudd's case was revived recently when Senator Tydings received a request from Samuel Mudd, of St. Paul, Minn., that a bill be introduced in Congress to provide \$200,000 to heirs of the Southern Maryland physician for losses he sustained thru damages to his farm by Union soldiers and personal injuries as a result of his imprisonment.

Senator Tydings referred the request to Senator Schall, of Minnesota, who has indicated he will present the bill at this session. The relationship of the report the suspicious characters whom St. Paul man to Dr. Mudd was not dis- he had entertained until the next closed. Mrs. Monroe said she could not recall him.

"I don't know who he could be," she declared, "unless he is some collateral arrested and taken to Washington, relative who has moved to the West only recently.

"Personally, I am not holding out any great hope that Congress will pass any such blll, for on several other occasions similar requests have been refused."

#### Five Children Living.

Five of Dr. Mudd's nine children are living, she said. They include, besides herself:

Mrs. Lillian Mudd Gardiner, of Baltimore; Mrs. Albert Mudd Gardiner, of Charles County; Edward Mudd, of Washington, and Sister M. Rosamunda (Stella Mudd), of the Sacred Heart Academy, Ogden, Utah.

home in Baltimore is a broken-down, evidence tending to prove her father threadbare couch, it's appearance alone was innocent of the charge, and simply dld "what any physician under the cir-

Although not born until 13 years That piece of furniture, treasured, after her father's rclease from prison,

"Our farm was located between Bryantown and Waldorf, in Charles County," she said recently.

"One day in November, 1864, Booth was introduced to my father in Bryantown and returned to our home to spend the night. The next day he bought a horse from a neighbor and

"About 4 a. m. on Holy Saturday, April 15, 1865, two men, who gave the names of Tyler and Tyson, rapped on our door. Tyler, who, it later develcped, was Booth, he being disguised by

### Couldn't Buy Carriage.

"My father had him stretch out on the couch, which now is here in the attic, while he set the bone. An hour later all retired for the remainder of the night.

"Tyson, whose real name was David Herold, endeavored to buy or hire a carriage, but, unable to do so, they mounted their horses late in the evening, saying they were going toward the river, where Tyson said his "ladylove' lived.

"As they were leaving, my mother noticed that Booth's false beard had fallen away on one side, and she became suspicious. A few hours later news was received of the murder of Lincoln, but my father was unable to morning, Easter Sunday, when he went to ehurch.

"A few days later my father was while several hundred soldiers came to our farm, saying they were waiting for Booth to return. While there, they ruined everything except the house, destroying the crops and consuming all of our meat, corn, and other supplies."

Continuing with her story, Mrs. Monroe related the history of the trial, the hanging of Herold, Mrs. Mary Surratt, George Atzerodt, and Lewis Payne, and the sentencing of her father and two others to life imprisonment. Another man was given six years. Booth, in resisting capture, had been shot to death by soldlers.

"But that's all past history," Mrs. Monroe concluded, "and Congress is Mrs. Monroe, in 1906, published a not giving away money to compensate volume entitled "The Life of Dr. Sam- for wrongs done 70 years ago."



## ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST

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Dillinger Puts On a Show New Republic 2	9
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Cincinnati Quits Burlesque Collier's 3	4
Uncle Sam Behind the Plow Editorial Review 4	1
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Mary White Emporia Gazette 4 Watch Your Elms Country Gentleman 4	6
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Rejoinders, 12—Picturesque Speech, 25—Keep Up with the World, 55 Patter, 66—This Age of Ingenuity, 83—Authors, 109

AUGUST, 1934 25¢ a Copy

\$3 a Year

# His Name Was Mudd

Condensed from "Isles of Romance"

### George Allan England

R<sup>ISING SHEER</sup> from the pounding surfs of the Gulf of Mexico, on a coral reef 120 miles from the southern tip of Florida, stand the ruins of Fort Jefferson, the world's most desolate prison-fortress.Originally planned as a Gibraltar of the

Gulf, it served principally as a Federal penitentiary, and at one time during the Civil War, its walls held more than 1600 humans, jammed together on one tiny, sweltering coral reef.

The tragic fame of Fort Jefferson rests today principally on the singular turn of destiny that gave a life sentence there to Samuel A. Mudd, the unfortunate doctor who served long years in chains for a crime in which our generation knows he had no part.

Abraham Lincoln was fatally shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theater in Washington on April 14, 1865. Booth, in jumping from the Presidential box to the stage, broke his leg. He nevertheless escaped through a rear exit, mounted a horse in readiness, and got away in company of David E. Herold. He endured the anguish of a 30-mile ride into southern Maryland, until at four o'clock next morning both conspirators stopped at the house of Dr. Mudd.

The doctor was a well-to-do country practitioner, kindly and popular. He set Booth's leg and allowed him to rest a few hours,

> little suspecting what evil angels he was entertaining. The conspirators presently departed and succeeded in crossing the Potomac into Virginia.

An epochal hue and cry convulsed the nation. On

hearing of the assassination, the doctor's suspicions were aroused, and he informed the authorities. This act availed him nothing. Some victim had to be found. He happened to be that victim. A very frenzy of passion inflamed the public mind against him. He was taken into custody, tried by a military commission, and sentenced to life imprisonment at Fort Jefferson.

Dr. Mudd arrived at the prison in July, 1865, and was at first employed as a hospital orderly. He felt himself innocent of any crime save that of common humanity to an unknown sufferer,

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Vignettes
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History
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and this, coupled with the knowledge of how his family had been reduced almost to beggary, preyed on his mind. Another thing — he, a Southern gentleman, found himself guarded by blacks, a perfectly intolerable situation.

The doctor, therefore, tried to escape. But he was taken from the transport aboard which he had hidden himself, and chained hand and foot in a dungeon that leaked dismally in every rain. He was made to wear heavy leg irons at hard labor, wheeling sand and cleaning old bricks under a cooking sun. He was locked in his wet cell 12 hours out of every 24 during working days, and all day on Sundays and holidays, and he was allowed no communication with other inmates. All the exercise he was allowed was in that dungeon and with irons on. Suffocating heat and the millions of mosquitoes, fleas and vermin that infested the whole island prevented all rest by day or night. He suffered constant pain, his legs and ankles swelled, and his hair began to fall out.

Dr. Mudd was still under close guard in this hell when, in 1867, a devastating yellow-fever epidemic swept the fort. Nearly every man on the island became infected. The wretched colony was reduced to horrible straits. The gunboats were all ordered away from the fort; its isolation became complete. Despite all the sufferings and indignities that had been heaped upon him, Dr. Mudd volunteered to serve as fort physician. Released from chains and dungeon, he plunged into weeks of day-and-night toil, exposing himself to every risk, ready to sacrifice his life with a heroism truly sublime.

His letters give fragmentary glimpses of horror. Terribly swift and deadly was the disease. Its victims were seized with delirium from the beginning, and many perished the same day. Soldiers and convicts all suffered together, and died indiscriminately. Hardly enough sound men were left to attend the stricken or bury the dead.

The latter were not allowed to grow cold before being hurried off to the grave. In half an hour from the time a victim died he was rowed a mile to Bird Key and buried in the sand. That key became a huge cemetery. Even today a little digging on Bird Key, or the washing away of sand in a gale, discloses gruesome finds.

Dr. Mudd, constantly on duty, day and night, had complete liberty of the fortress. But he put away all thought of escape. In October, 1867, he himself took the fever and narrowly escaped death. Partly recovered, he once more resumed such duties as he could.

Dr. Mudd's services excited the most enthusiastic praise among

the surviving soldiers. They drew up a strong testimonial and petition for his pardon, and sent it to President Johnson. But in some mysterious way it never reached him. And after the fever had ceased, Dr. Mudd was put back in chains, under rigorous guard, and assigned the most menial tasks.

His hardships lasted until March, 1869, when President Johnson pardoned him. He returned home to his ruined farm in Maryland, frail, weak and sick, never again to be a well man during the 13 years he still survived; never to regain his position in the world or to retrieve his broken fortunes. This unparalleled drama of innocence devastatingly punished ends with Dr. Mudd still a tragic victim to his medical duty. At the age of 49 he died of pneumonia, contracted while attending a patient at night in a severe storm.

Quotable Quotes

HAROLD NICOLSON: British author, explains his fellow countrymen

ANATOLE FRANCE:

O. O. McIntyre:

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL: president of Yale University

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES: Chief Justice

WILL ROGERS:

ISAK DINESEN: author of "Seven Gothic Tales" Englishmen, unless they possess exceptional teeth and an unreserved manner, very seldom laugh. And Americans assume therefore that they do not see the point of funny stories.

Never lend books — no one ever returns them. The only books I have in my library are those people have lent me.

There are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents.

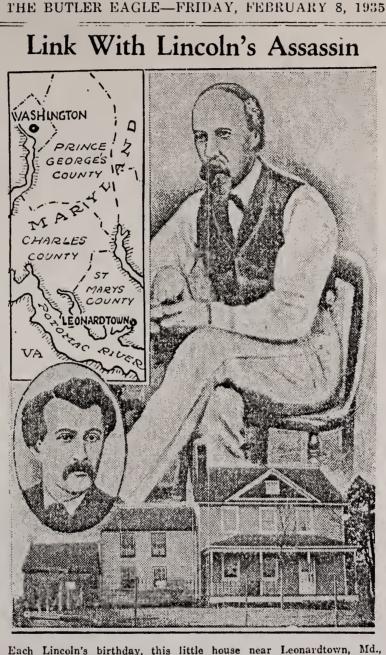
A historical novel is like a bustle, for it is a fictitious tale based on a stern reality.

We sometimes get the truth, even in an affidavit.

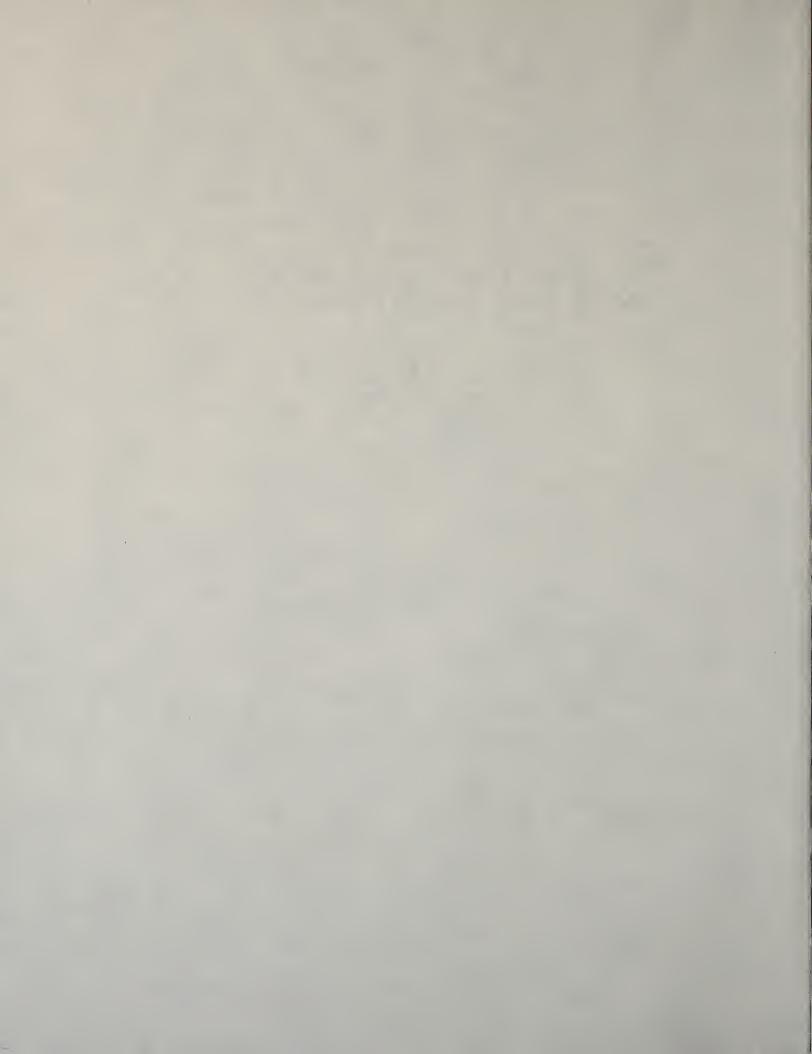
Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects.

The cure for anything is salt water — sweat, tears, or the sea.

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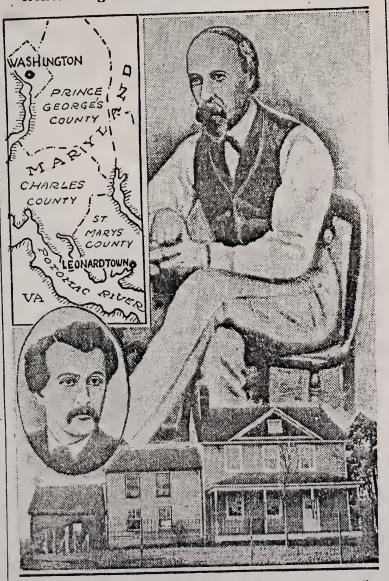


Each Lincoln's birthday, this little house near Leonardtown, Md., attracts visitors anxious to see the room in which Dr. Samuel Mudd (right) set the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth (left), unaware that he was attending the assassin of the President. The innocent country physician was tried as one of the conspirators and served a term in prison, where his heroic work in a yellow fever epidemic won a pardon. Map shows territory Booth traversed to reach Mudd home.



# House Where Lincoln Assassin Was Doctored Still Home of Martyred Physician's Family

Honor Sought For Man Who Aided J. W. Booth



Dr. Samuel Mudd home, Dr. Mudd (right) and John Wilkes Booth.

By GEORGE MORGAN KNIGHT Central Press Writer

LEONARDTOWN, MD. (CP).—The proposal to create a memorial to Dr. Sainuel A. Mudd, a martyr to the pub-lic rage over the assassination of Presldent Lincoln, cails attention to a little two-story frame house in Charles coun-

ty, some distance near Leonardiown. In the front room of this house, the broken teg of John Wilkes Booth, who shot President Lincoln, was set by Dr.

Mudd. The physician did not recognize Booth and companion when they came to his house on that rainy night which was to bring Dr. Mudd and his family sorrow for nany years. There-after the national spotlight was to fall recurrently upon the home.

Wife Noted Deception

Distinguished historians and promin-ent writers knock at the door of this old frame house, recently painted white, to be greeted by a pleasant fac-

ed widow, who graclously welcomes the stranger at her door and ushers them in to the front room where she points out the spot where Booth's ieg was set, and shows the picture just above the place of Dr. Mudd. Beneath the plc-ture is the old settee on which Lincoin's assassin lay.

coin's assassin lay. The house is occupied by the widow of a son of Dr. Mudd. She has six daughters. She lost her only son. The family will tell you-to get back to that fateful night when Booth's leg was set and Lincoln was fatally shot in Ford's Theater in Washington, D. C. -that Dr. Mudd was awakened and coming down the stairs, found two men at his door. One had a broken leg. His companion who called himself Ty son (later discovered as David Herold) said his companion's leg was broken in

a fall from a horse. When the leg had been set, Dr. Mudd invited the men to spend the night, and when they were fixed comfortably in his spare bed room, went back to siecp.

The breakfast and dinner trays were ne breaklast and diffier trays were not touched by Booth, and Mrs. Mudd, the Doctor's wife, took up one with cake, oranges and wine in the South-ern Maryland hospitable style, herself. Booth, the later said, kent his form to Booth, she later said, kept his face to the wall and asked only for brandy. Shortiy afterward they departed, des-pite protests of Mrs. Mudd that the in-jured man was unable to travel.

Hours later, when Dr. Mudd came in from his rounds of visits to patients, he brought the news that President he brought the news that President Lincoln had been shot, and was told by his wife that the two strangers had ieft. She also told him the injured stranger's whiskers looked false. Neither of them realized that they

should have told the authorities about this suspicious circumstance at once. They did not mention the strangers' visit until the next day after the Sunday church services. The innocent delay was to bring disgrace and ruin to the kindly country physician, as he was charged with being a confederate of Booth's, and brought to trlal with the conspirators.

#### Escaped Hanging

Escaped Hanging The delay might have been explain-ed away if he had not had a casual acquaintance with John Surratt, son of Mrs. Mary Surratt, one of the con-spirators. This fact and his admission that he had set Booth's leg made is practically impossible for his lawyer, Gen. Thomas Ewing, to clear Dr. Mudd. He did save him from hanging. He did save him from hanging. The trial lasted from May 10 to June

10, 1865. Four of the conspirators were condemned to "hang until dead" were condemned to "hang until dead" a week after the trial took place. They were young David Herold, who had accompanied Booth to Dr. Mudd's home in Southern Maryland; Mrs. Mary Surratt, George Atzerrott, and Lewis Payne. The three others, Dr. Mudd, Samuel Arnold and Michael O. Longhlu, were sentenged to life two Loughlin, were sentenced to life imprisonment with hard labor.

Dr. Mudd was sent to the military prison at Dry Tortugas, a lonely island in the Florida Keys.

On this barren, troplc island Dr. Mudd was to play a herolc role, that was to win hlm a pardon. During an epidemic of yellow fever which killed scores, he labored with unsparing zeal to save the lives of follow prisoners



June LETTERS, April 1, 1935

## WORDS

#### Mud

Sirs:

In line with your article "Mudd's Monu-ment" (TIME, Feb. 4), the thought oc-curs: might the Dr. Mudd episode be responsible for the remark, still in current usage, "His name is mud?". . . HARRISON C. FROST JR.

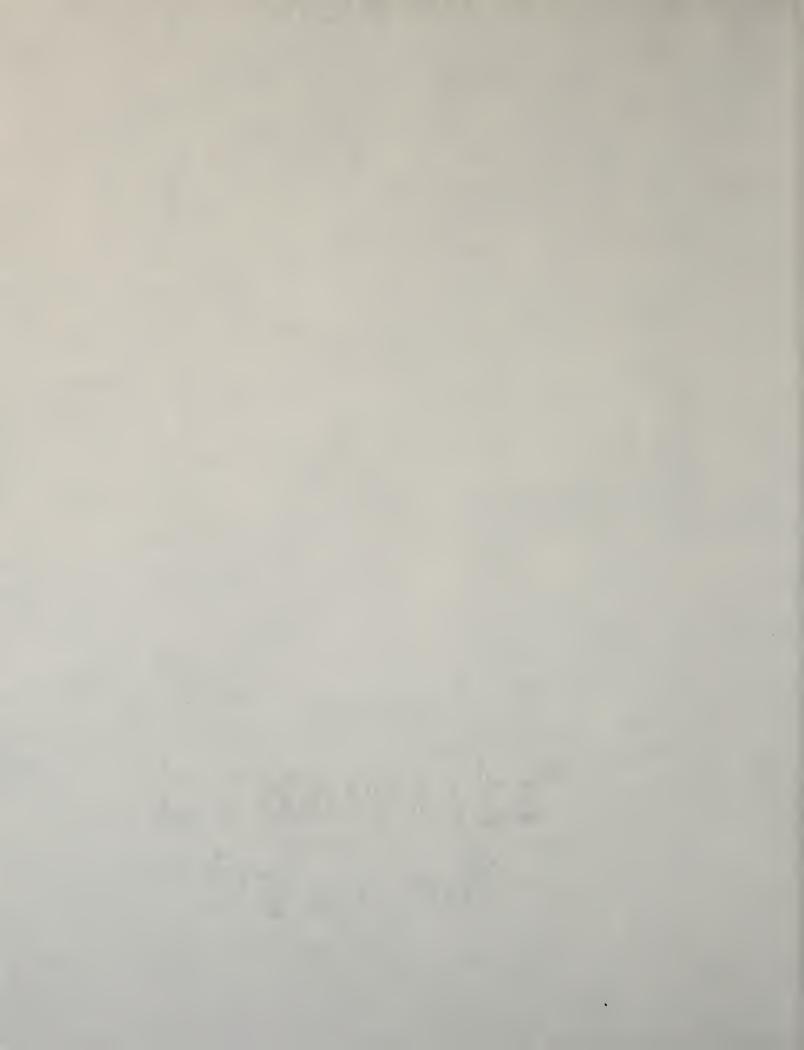
Cleveland, Ohio

"His name is mud" was used at least 42 years before Dr. Samuel Mudd or anyone else knew of Lincoln's assassination, Mudd's arrest for conspiracy in the murder, the proof of his innocence though it took years to free him, his miserable life in Dry Tortugas prison, his death from

in Dry fortugas prison, his death from pneumonia contracted after venturing out in a storm to call on a patient. The phrase was first printed in the Dic-tionary of the Turf (1823) which offers "his name is mud" to identify further a "stupid, twaddling fellow." Publisher Chesler Fuelt (Fuelt & Wag

"stupid, twaddling fellow." Publisher Charles Funk (Funk & Wag-nalls Co.) remembers that "his name is mud" was used to describe defeated po-litical candidates in the year (1896) when William Jennings Bryan was beaten to the White House by William McKinley. In Australia the term is used to describe one with notociously supple morels — En

one with notoriously supple morals .--- ED. ۲



nence. 🖯

\* WHEN COMES APRIL 14, seventy years will have passed since John Wilkes Booth shot Abraham Lincoln in Ford's Theater, Washington. With it comes the revival of one of the most tragic stories in American history. It will be remembered that Booth escaped on horseback, accompanied by David E. Herald who aided him to escape notwithstanding his broken leg.

The two rode for thirty miles into southern Maryland, arriving at four o'clock at the residence of Dr. Mudd, a successful, respected country doctor.

News traveled slowly in those days and Dr. Mudd knowing nothing of the tragedy in Washington, set the injured leg and allowed the suffering patient to rest for several hours in his home.

As soon as Dr. Mudd heard of the assassination of the president his suspicions were aroused and he notified the authorities of his care of an unknown patient. He was tried by a military commission and sentenced to life imprisonment at Fort Jefferson on an island off the southern tip of Florida. There he was held in solitary confinement, bound in chains, until 1867 when a yellow fever epidemic broke out in the prison.

He was released to care for the sick and dying which he did with skill and untiring ministry until the siege had passed.

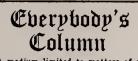
In recognition of this a petition signed by every one on the island asking President Johnson to pardon Dr. Mudd was dispatched. In some mysterious way the petition failed to reach President Johnson and the prisoner was again put into chains.

Finally in 1869 news of his heroism reached the president who sent a pardon for his release. He lived for thirteen years at his old home in Maryland, dying at the age of 49 of pneumonia contracted in attending a patient at night in a storm.

\* THE P. E. O. RECORD

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A medium limited to matters of gen-eral interest and governed by space considerations. Personal and advertis-ing subjects are excluded. Sign name and address, though not for publication. No return of unsolicited reading matter. NO ANSWERS BY MAIL.

DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD

Editor Everybody's Column: Please publish an account of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who was convicted of conspiracy in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

F. L, P

When John Wilkes Booth fied Ford's Theatre by a stage door on the night of April 14, 1865, he mounted a horse which he had had mounted a horse which he had had in readiness and, with a companion, escaped from Washington into southern Maryland. In his leap from the President's box he had fractured a bone in his leg, and when the two riders had gone 30 miles south of Washington into Charles county, Maryland, they stopped at the home of a physician to have the bone set to have the bone set.

The doctor they routed out of bed Samuel A. Mudd. He tended the injured leg and gave the fleeing pair shelter until the afternoon of the 15th. They then went south into 15th. Tl Virginia.

A few hours later news of the assassination reached Charles county. Word was sent to the authori-ties by the Mudds that they had had two suspicious characters as guests, and the pursuing soldiers soon satisfied themselves that it was Booth who had visited the doctor.

Whether or not Dr. Mudd knew Booth was his patient at the time he gave him aid is something which he gave him aid is something which will never be solved. Members of the Mudd family had been ac-quainted with Booth for more than a year; yet they maintained that they had not recognized him in his disguised appearance. Dr. Mudd was arrested, charged with being one of the Booth con-spirators, found guilty, and sen-tenced to life imprisonment at hard labor in the prison at Albany N Y

labor in the prison at Albany, N. Y. The sentence was later modified and he was committed to Fort Jef-ferson, on the Dry Tortugas, in Florida.

Here in the fall of 1867 a terrible one of the first stricken was the post physician. Dr. Mudd was tem-porarily released from prison rou-tine and took charge of the situa-tion. His behavior during the ani tion. His behavior during the epi-demic was heroic, and after the disease had been brought under con-trol and he had returned to his prison labor every officer and soldier at Fort Jefferson signed a petition, addressed to the President, for his release.

This did not bring immediate action, but the doctor's heroism, to-gether with the doubtful circum-stances attending his conviction, served to win his freedom as one of the final acts of President Johnson's administration. Dr. Mudd returned to his home in Maryland and

turned to his home in Maryland and died there in 1883. Mudd was born in 1833. His father was a well-to-do planter in Charles county, and the son was sent to St. John's College, Fred-erick Oity, Md., later to Georgetown College in the District of Columbia and finally studied medicine and and finally studied medicine and surgery at the University of Maryland, where he was graduated in 1856.



# Lincoln Slayer Accomplice Prison Hero

By Edwin C. Hill Copyright, 1936, King Features Synd., Inc. THE two figures rode furiously dirt roads of the Maryland countryside. At last the foremost horsenan reined his mount before a darkened house. His companion, drawing up alongside, helped him from the saddle and half carried, half dragged him to the entrance. They rapped on the door, awakening the master of the house, who admitted them.

THE dread "black vomit" came to Tortugas in the late Summer. Mosquitoes and rats were plentiful. The tropical heat was intense. The food was terrible, even for the officers, and the sanitary conditions even worse for the enlisted men and for the prisoners of Fort Jefferson, the massive pile of masonry which sprawled over the entire seven and one-half acres of the coral island.

One of the men was bitten by a mosquito. He killed the pest or brushed it away as he had done a hundred times a day. But this was a particular bite. Soon he began to run a fever, with the usual flush of face and watery eyes. In a day or two the flush had gone, his temperature had dropped below normal, his pulse faded and his skin grew cold and the color of lemon. Yellow Jack had arrived.

IN THE above paragraphs you have the background, the setting for the drama which marked the life of Dr. Samuel Mudd, a story which the motion picture people have seized upon in their present insatiable quest for the historical and the biographical as mediums for the silver screen.

The two riders of the night were John Wilkes Booth, of the Booths of the stage, and David E. Herold, a young druggist's clerk. The house in Maryland was Doctor Mudd's, and the time was early on the morning of Saturday, April 15, 1865. Sixty miles they had ridden, both with a broken leg incurred when his spur had caught in an American flag as he dropped from a box to the stage of Ford's Theater in Washington.

One story has it that Doctor Mudd treated the injured man,

not knowing whence the injury had come, and sent him away immediately. Nicolay and Hay, Lincoln's secretaries and hiographers testify to the contrary, saying that the leg was set, a crutch provided and shelter for the night given by "an acquaintance of Booth, a rebel sympathizer, a surgeon named Samuel Mudd."

In any event, Samuel Mudd stood trial with eight others for the conspiracy to kill Abraham Lincoln. The assassin, Booth, had been shot to death in the barn in Virginia to which he set fire when trapped by a detachment of soldiers. Mudd's guilt, if any, was in giving aid and succor to the murderer, in being an accessory after the fact. It is certain he was no party to Booth's wild schemes before the murder.

A CCUSED with him were Her-old, Lewis Powell, moronic young giant, who almost murdered Secretary of State Seward on that fatal Good Friday night; Atzerodt, a blockade runner; Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, boarding house keeper; her son, John, and Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Loughlin, Maryland seccessionists. One Spangler, a scene shifter in Ford's Theater, was a minor party, while John Surratt, who escaped to Europe, did not go to trial until 1867, when the jury disagreed. But his mother was hanged along with Powell, Herold and Atzerodt.

Arnold pretty well established that there had been a conspiracy to kidnap Lincoln, to which he was a party. The end of the war decided him against the idea and he was working in Virginia when Booth, who had the run of the theater, stole into the President's box and shot him in the head. O'Loughlin, too, was in on the kidnaping plot. Mudd, Arnold and O'Loughlin were sentenced to life imprisonment, and Spangler to a term of years.

To Tortugas, the Devil's Island of the day, they were taken.

Named by the Spaniards for the green turtles they found there, it lies in the Gulf of Mexico, 60 miles from Key West and 90 miles from Cuba. The prisoners were treated brutally, but it must be remembered that to their jailers they were guilty in some degree or other of a most brutal murder. Furthermore, the place at its best was a hell on earth. THEY had been there two years when the yellow fever broke out. Men dropped like flies. Half

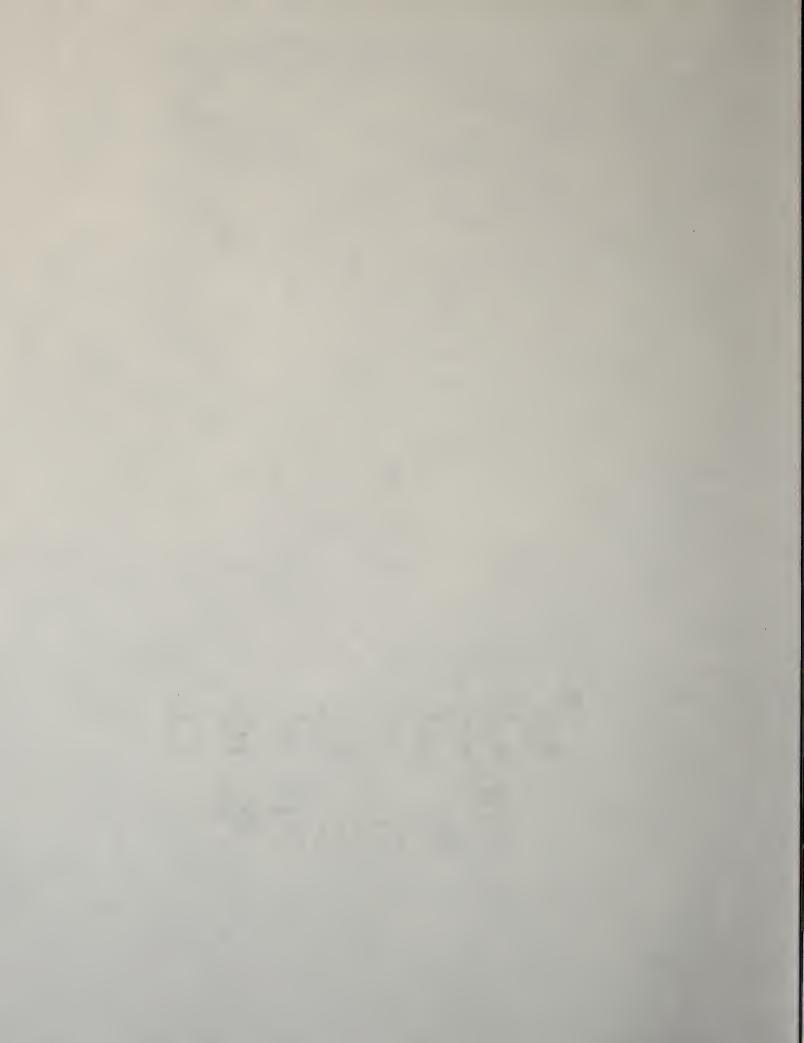
out. Men dropped like files. Half of the garrison was sent to Key West, but of the remaining 200 officers and men, 37 died in the two months of the epidemic.

Only two of the 52 prisoners perished. Among the first stricken was the surgeon, Major Smith, a kindly and humane man. The commandant was forced to go to Mudd's dungeon and beg him to administer to the sick. Mudd agreed on condition that he be given a free hand.

Night and day he worked, fighting the battle alone. He tried desperately to save Major Smith, but failed. He did save Mrs. Smith. Not an officer or an officer's wife would go near them, only the outcast convict. Mudd had walls broken down to let the breezes sweep the fortress. He stopped the removal of bodies, burying the dead in lime. He checked the disease. Other medical help arrived, and finally, when only two convalescent cases remained, Mudd himself was stricken.

The government doctor from New York would not treat him, and he was left to the care of Arnold and Spangler, O'Loughlin having died. The two watched over him every minute and pulled him through.

Two more years elapsed before the story of Doctor Mudd reached Washington to win him a pardon. But the Tortugas and Yellow Jack had been too much, and he soon died. Arnold and Spangler were pardoned, too, and Arnold waited 33 years to tell the tale, which he did in 1902.



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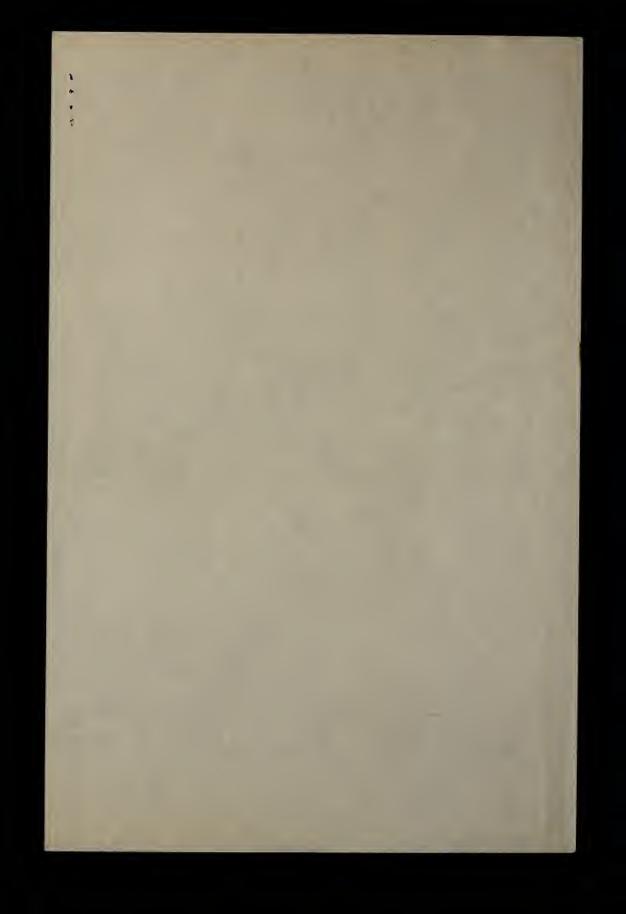


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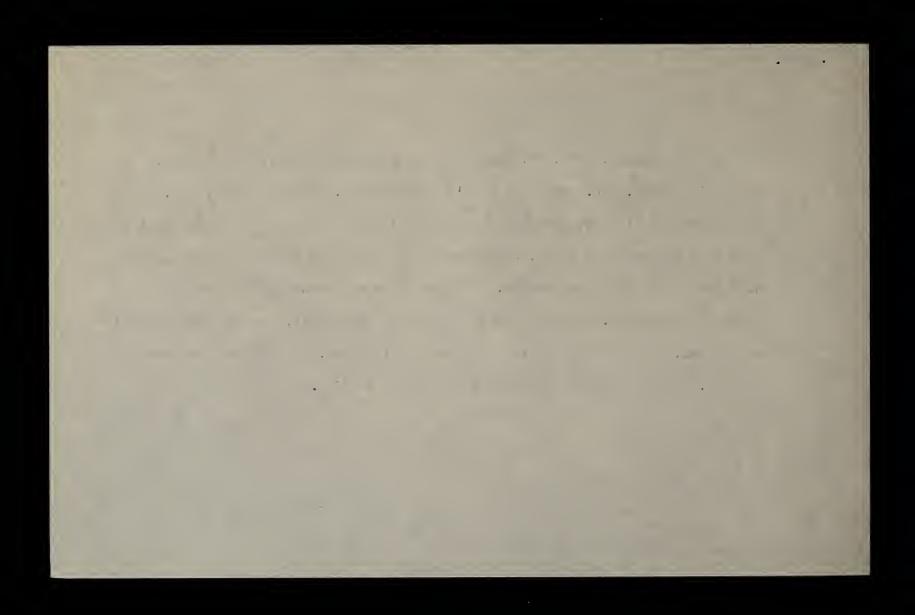
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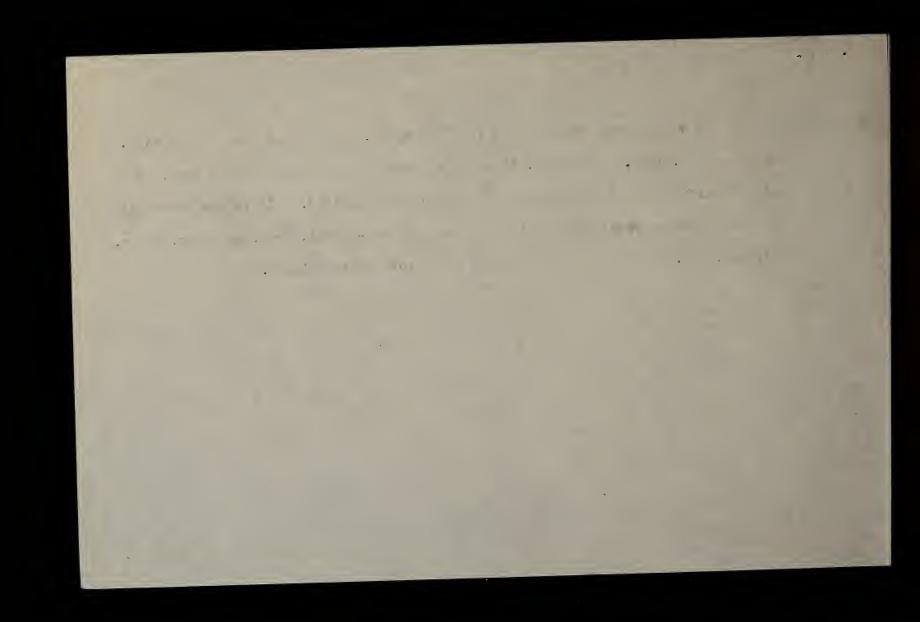


In August, 1867, Dr. Mudd received a letter from his wife inquiring his about his health, etc. after two year's imprisonment. He wrote in reply, "My appearance is about the same as when I left home, with the exception that my hair is considerably thinner, consequently the bald head more perceptible, and no doubt larger in circumference. I have no wrinkles and wear constantly a mustache and goatee. Owing to the peculiarity of my skin, and not much exposed to the sun, I am paler or fairer than when I left home. I may be a few pounds lighter, perhaps about a hundred and forty-four or five."



was

A view of his surroundings **15** given by Dr. Mudd in a letter to his wife, on January 15, 1867. He says, "We have a garden in the center of the Fort, the soil or surface of which has been brought from the mainland. It is now luxuriant with all kinds of vegetables that have been planted - beets, peas, tomatoes, beans, radishes, etc. The few trees we have never lose their foliage."



In mudel

There was a surfeit of doctors There abouil, and model, showigh the hered a small proctice devotief most of this time to farming Origon p104 the only doctor the true of the wheel area was

De Samuel meddet, de tumorless farmer & Buyanlows, Dooch diet not must tim buit te back faula dicta. Bishop Poge 254

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### No. 369

#### FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

May 4, 1936

#### **DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD**

The nation wide showing of a mo-tion picture featuring the imprison-ment of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd for his alleged implication in the assassina-tion of Abraham Lincoln has created

a new interest in the charges brought against the Maryland physician. Seven men and one woman were tried for "a conspiracy to assassinate the President of the United States and various members of the government." Assistant Judge Advocate Bingham held that "the act of any one of the parties to a conspiracy in its execuparties to a conspiracy in its execu-tion is the act of every party to that conspiracy and therefore the charge and specification that the President was murdered by every one of the parties to this conspiracy." The sentence of Dr. Mudd, then thirty-two years of age, who was named as one of the conspirators, fol-lows:

lows:

"The commission do therefore sentence the said Samuel A. Mudd to be imprisoned at hard labor for life, at such place as the President shall di-rect."

On July 5, President Johnson approved the sentence and Dr. Mudd was ordered confined in the penitentiary at Albany, New York. Ten days later the President modified his order and changed the place of imprisonment to the military prison at Dry Tortugas, Florida.

There are at least three questions which one asks after viewing the mowhich one asks after viewing the mo-tion picture featuring the imprison-ment of Dr. Mudd: 1st. What important facts con-tributed to his conviction? 2nd. Why was he persecuted? 3rd. Was his health undermined? Bestical converses to these cuestions

Partial answers to these questions are found in a book on "The Life of Samuel A. Mudd" written by his daughter, Nettie Mudd, in 1906. Pages where information is found are noted.

#### His Conviction

Dr. Mudd, sympathetic with the Confederacy and son of a large slave holder, first met John Wilkes Booth at Bryantown, Maryland in November, 1964 Booth with Downber, 1864. Booth went home with Dr. Mudd, 1864. Booth went home with Dr. Mudd, had supper with him, remained over night, and to breakfast. Dr. Mudd went with Booth to look at a horse which Booth purchased. Both men re-turned to Dr. Mudd's home and then Booth departed before dinner. On December 23, 1864, Dr. Mudd in-troduced John Wilkes Booth to John Surratt, one of the conspirators, at Washington, D. C. Surratt, Dr. Mudd and a Mr. Weichman went with Booth to his room for drinks. Dr. Mudd said he never saw Booth again between that

he never saw Booth again between that time and the assassination four months later. pp. 48, 44.

When Booth jumped from the Lin-coln box to the stage of the theatre on

the night of April 14th, he broke a bone in his leg. At four o'clock the next morning in company with Herold he appeared at the home of Dr. Mudd and requested to have the bone set. This done, Booth was put to bed and after breakfast was again visited by the doctor. Herold borrowed a razor and Booth's mustache was shaved off. Later Herold started out with Dr. Mudd to go to Bryantown, four miles away. Soldiers were in the town looking for the Lincoln murder suspects and here Dr. Mudd learned of the as-

sassination of Lincoln. pp. 31, 32. Herold preceded the doctor home; and, when the doctor arrived about Booth leaving the premises over the route to the river Dr. Mudd had shown them. Mrs. Mudd advised the doctor that she had visited the patient, but he had not eaten anything and when he departed he wore a false beard that became partially detached as he left the house, so that she was able to see his face beneath it. Dr. Mudd and his wife concluded that their visitors

The testimony introduced by the witnesses for the prosecution indi-eated that Dr. Mudd recognized Booth as his patient and that he knew of the assassination before Booth left. The defense, however, denied that Booth was known to the doctor while at his was known to the doctor while at his home. Although the soldiers hunting for the assassin were but four miles away, Dr. Mudd is alleged to have withheld information about his visit-ors until the following day. The infor-mation did not reach the authorities until Monday morning more than thirty-six hours after Booth and Herold left the community. The fail-ure of Dr. Mudd to notify the officers himself worked seriously against him. himself worked seriously against him.

#### His Persecution

Dr. Mudd arrived at Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas, Florida, on July 25, 1865. He was immediately made act-ing steward and nurse in the prison hospital and on August 25, 1865, wrote to big wife "I have little or no labor hospital and on August 25, 1865, wrote to his wife, "I have little or no labor to perform." p. 115. On September 25, he attempted to escape but was dis-covered in hiding on a United States transport. He wrote to his brother on September 30th, "For attempting to make my escape I was put in the guard hence with above on hands and foot make my escape I was put in the guard house with chains on hands and feet and closely confined for two days. An order came from the Major for me to be put to hard labor wheeling sand. I was placed under a boss who put me to cleaning old bricks. I worked hard all day and came near finishing one brick." p. 124. Five days after his attempted es-cape he again wrote to his brother, "I will soon assume my former position

will soon assume my former position or one equally respectable . . . I have no labor to perform, yet I am com-pelled to answer roll-call and to sleep

in the guard house at night." p. 129. To his wife he wrote on October 23rd, "I am a prisoner under guard, not under a parole and under no obliga-tion to remain if I can successfully evade and free myself." p. 184. For the next three months Dr. Mudd was kept in chains during the day time and was confined in the guard house, but on February 8th, he wrote that he had been relieved of his chains. p. 164. On April 27th, he wrote his wife, "I On April 27th, he wrote his wife, "I can perform all I have to do in a couple of hours." p. 175. It is not indicated in his corres-pondence during his subsequent im-

prisonment that he was put at hard labor and there is no mention of his having been beaten or physically abused at any time. We may conclude that the confinement in chains was directly due to his attempted escape.

#### His Health

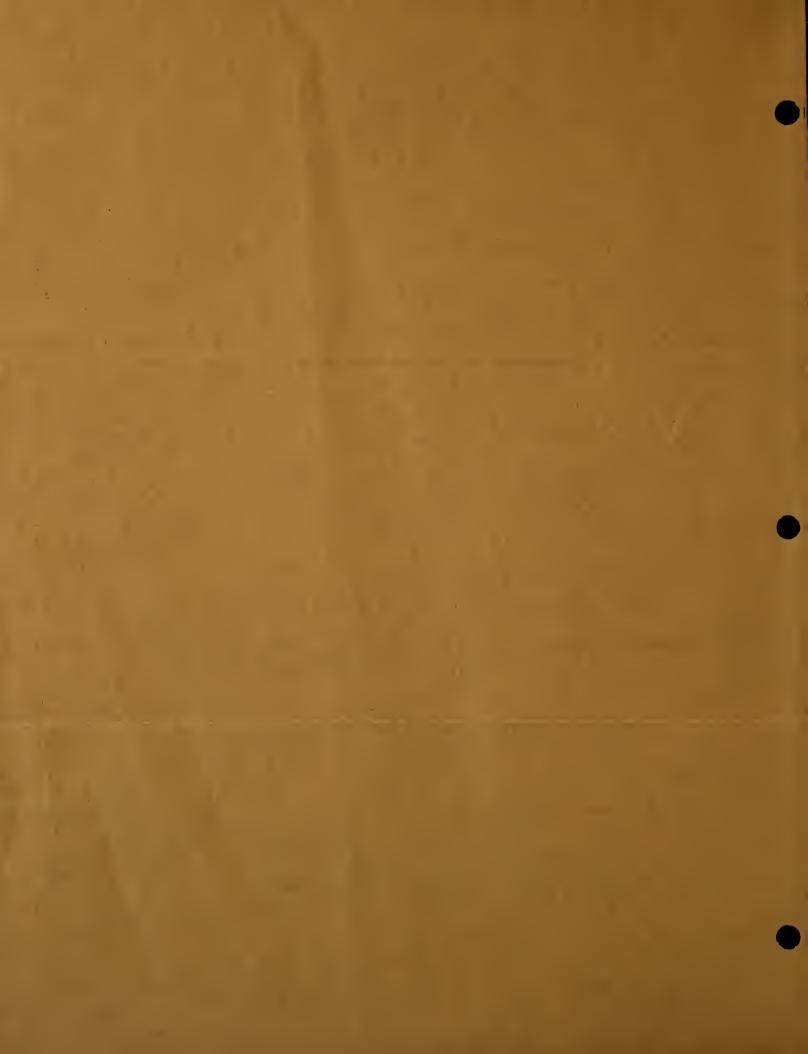
One month after Dr. Mudd arrived at Fort Jefferson, in a letter to his wife, he wrote, "This place continues to be unusually healthy." p. 115. On August 13, 1866, he made note that "a strict eye is kept to the cleanliness of

strict eye is kept to the cleanliness of the place and being remote from the main land, we have no fears of an in-fectious or epidemic decease." p. 197. On February 14, 1867, he wrote his wife: "My health has continued un-usually good through the winter up to this time. I weighed a few days ago one hundred and forty-five which is only a few pounds short of my usual weight." p. 224. That summer he wrote. "The health

That summer he wrote, "The health of the island is excellent—very little character. p. 247. Eighteen days after this reference to his health, on August 28th, fever broke out and raged through the prison for about two months, at which time Dr. Mudd rendered valuable service. He was himself confined with the fever for eight days and although somewhat weakened from the attack, within a week or two, on October 22nd, he was able to write to his wife, "I am still posses-

write to his wife, "I am still posses-sing my usual health with the excep-tion of strength which I find slow in returning after the fever." p. 281. Dr.-Mudd was pardoned by Presi-dent Johnson on February 13, 1869, after having served less than four years of his life sentence. On Mareh 8th he regained his liberty, arriving home on March 20th, according to his daughter "frail, weak, and sick, never daughter "frail, weak, and siek, never again to be strong during the thirteen years he survived." p. 320. Nettie Mudd gives an account of her father's death as follows:

death as follows: "My father died from pneumonia, January 10, 1883, after an illness of nine days. He contracted the disease while visiting the siek in the neigh-borhood in the night time and in in-element weather." He was then fifty years of age.



Maryland Physician Is The Hero Of "The Prisoner Of Shark Island"

#### By DONALD KIRKLEY

"THE PRISONER OF SHARK IS-LAND," which opens at the New Theater at a special premiere at 8.30 o'clock tonight, is a historical drama with a special interest for Baltimoreans. It tells the story of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd, the unfortunate physician who was the victim of a tragic miscarriage of justice in 1865.

Dr. Mudd lived in Maryland, not far from the District of Columbia line. John Wilkes Booth, having shot Lincoln and broken his leg in escaping, came to the physician for treatment. Unaware of the crime committed by his patient, Dr. Mudd set the leg, and was subsequently tried for complicity in the assassination.

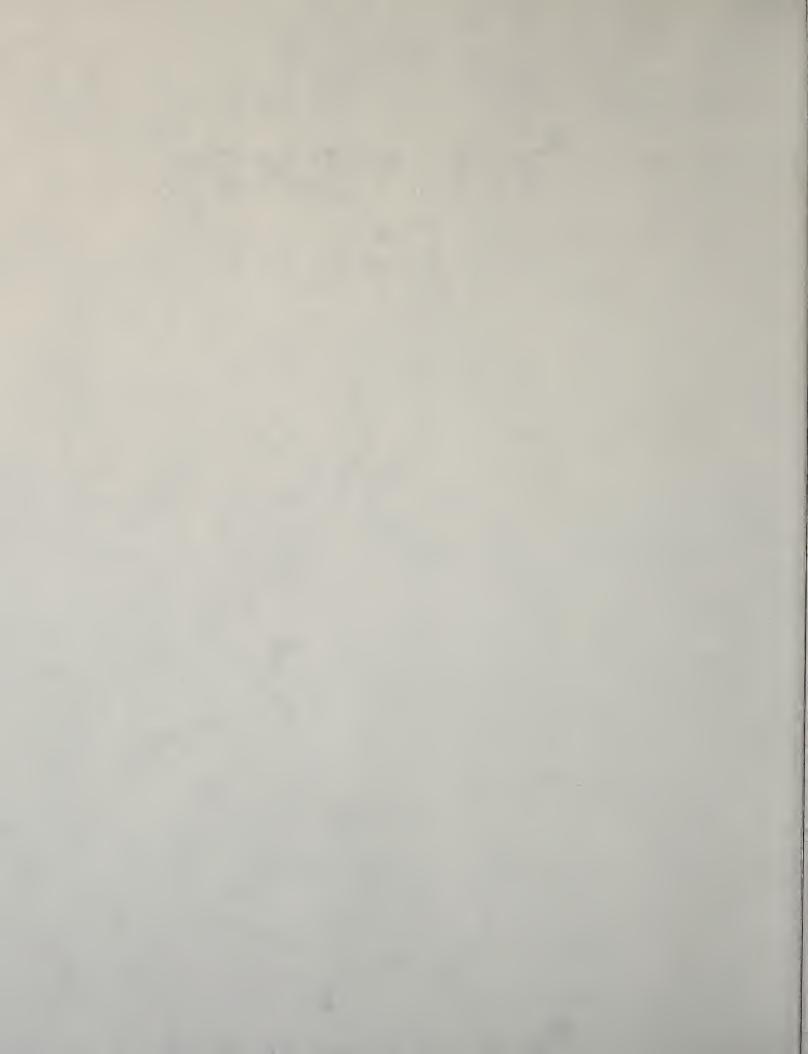
He was convicted and sentenced to an island prison in the Dry Tortugas,<sup>4</sup> which was a hell on earth. There he fought for vindication, with what result the picture will disclose.

"The Prisoner of Shark Island" was dramatized by Nunnally Johnson. The script was hased, in part, on "The Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd," written by his daughter, Mrs. Nettie Mudd Monroe, who lives at 732 McHenry street. Baltimore. Mr. Johnson also had access to material from the Government archives in Washington.

Warner Baxter portrays the physician. Frank McGlynn, Sr., plays Lincoln, as usual. Francis McDonald is Booth and Gloria Stuart is Mrs. Mudd, the physician's wife. John Ford, who made "The Informer," is the director. He is said to have handled a cast of more than 1,000.

Fort Jefferson, the island prison in which Dr. Mudd was confined, was abandoned long ago. It was reproduced in part on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot from original architects' drawings and contemporary illustrations and descriptions.

Shark Island, now a descried, dreary waste, lies just off Key West. Fla. The fort has crumhled and not even a lighthouse marks t. loncly islet.



London. Daily Telegraph

### JUNE 22, 1936

#### Lincoln's Assassination

Lincoln's Assassination HOLLYWOOD'S history may be faulty, but it is at least impartial. Anyone who complains of the picture of Bligh and the British navy 130 years ago should see "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (Regal)— a study, as vitriolic as Sinclair Lewis's or Upton Sinchair's, of the power of hysteria and prejudice to sway the course of American justice. What the hard-pressed producers want is effective drama. I don't think they care two cents where they find it. it. "The Prisoner of Shark Island" tells of

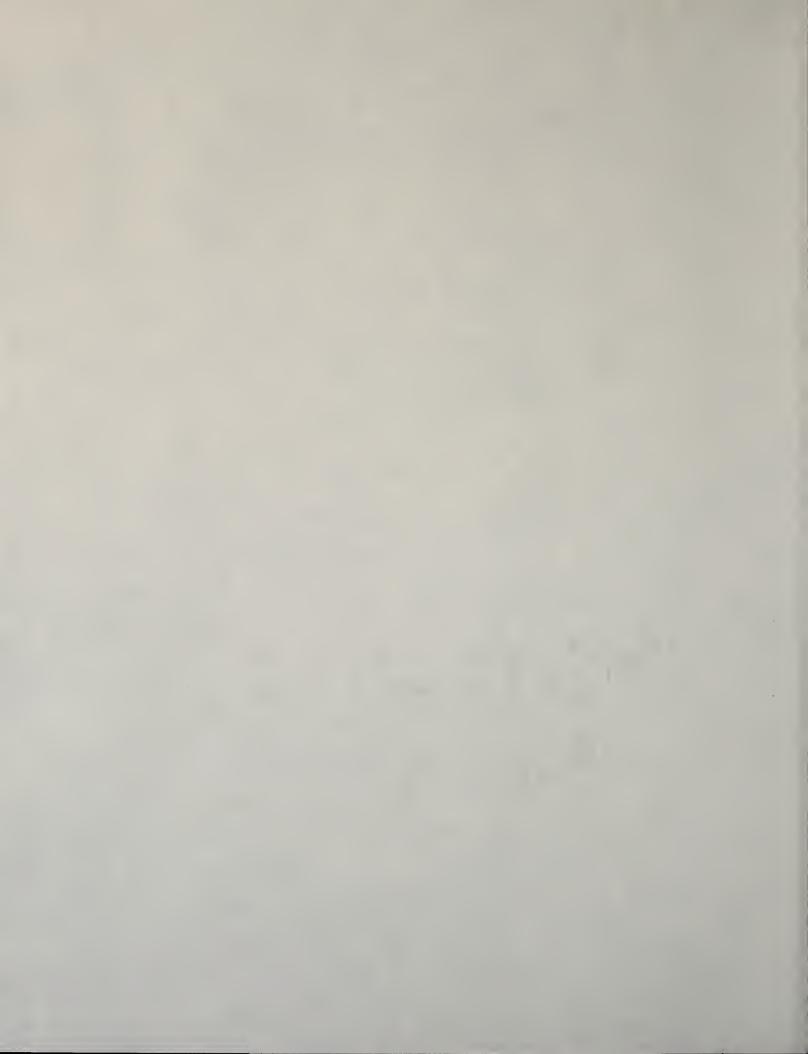
Dr. Samuel Mudd, the obscure Maryland bit stands who set the leg that John Wilkes Booth broke when jumping from the president's box to the stage after his shooting of Lincoln. To believe him a conspirator one must conceive of a murderer far-sighted enough to foresee his need of surgery, on this road south through Mary-

angery, on this toad south through Mary-land, on this particular night. The court-martial—it included Gen. Lew Wallace, who wrote "Ben Hur"—seems to have been capable of believing anything, though whether the mockery of justice was carried quite so far as the film suggests I do not know. We hear a Secretary of State informing the Court that the people demand vengeance, that the prisoners must not be allowed to speak in their defence, and that evidence in their favour must be disregarded. Four of the accused, including a woman, were hanged, and the rest sent to life imprisonment.

Island, in the Dry Tortugas, that the rest of the picture is concerned. It is a study in brutality as appalling as "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," and not less convincing. Warner Baxter is excellent as Mudd,

Warner Baxter is excellent as and, O. P. Heggie (who died just after the film was made) plays a doctor stricken down with yellow fever, and there is a striking study in malevolence by John Carradine on a correct of the mison quard. as a sergeant of the prison guard. We shall hear more of Mr. Carradine. \*

\*



## Memorial To Dr. Samuel Mudd

San Francisco Chamale -/13/11

The national Congress has been asked to authorize a memorial to Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who served a prison sentence for giving medical aid to John Wilkes Booth while the latter was fieling after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. According to Representative Randolph, Democrat of. West Virginia, historians agree that Dr. Mudd did not know Booth's identity. He declared that the physician rendered "heroic aid" to yellow fever victims in Florida during his imprisonment at Fort Jefferson.

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## Early U. S. Fort Open to Visitors Washington -(U.P.) - Historic

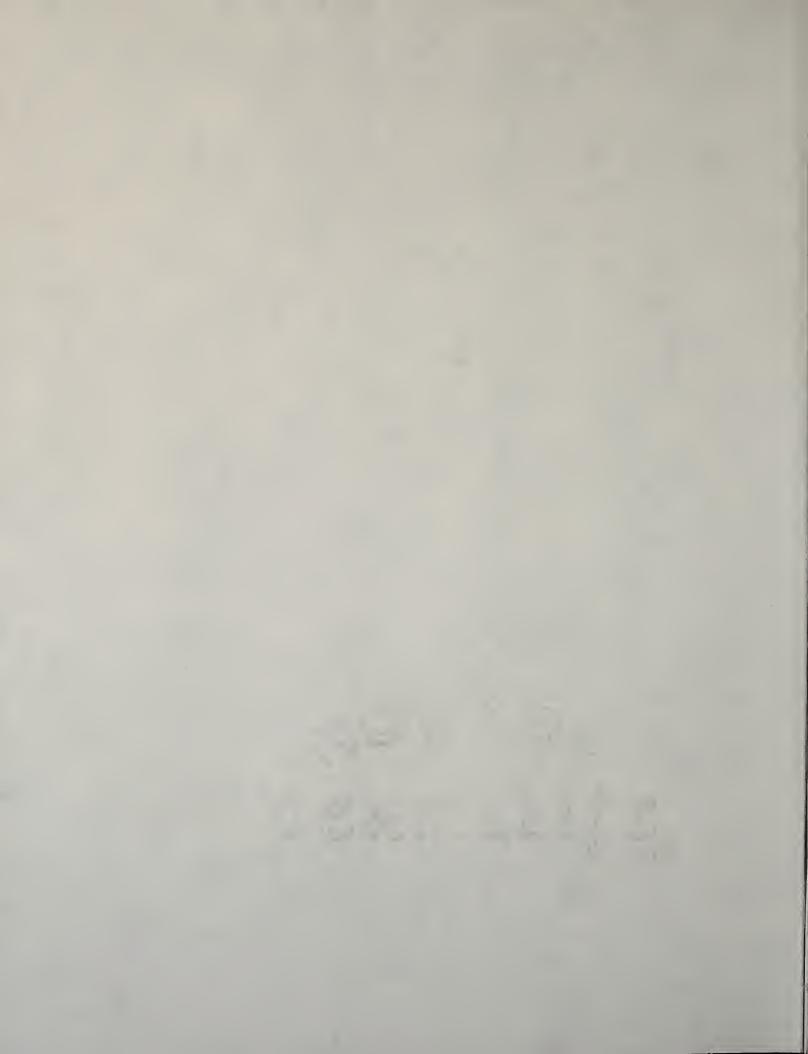
Fort Jefferson, abandoned as a military post in 1874 and made a national monument by President Roosevelt Jan. 4, 1935, has been made accessible to Florida visitors by the National Park Service

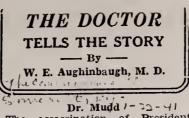
by the National Park Service. A tri-weekly boat service has been inaugurated to the fort, which is located 65 miles off the coast of Key West on one of the Dry Tortugas islands. Docking and anchorage facilities also have been provided for private craft

been provided for private craft, The fort was built on the island in 1846 as the key defense of the Guif of Mexico and although it was abandoned as a military post in 1874, troops still are stationed there—94 years later.

It was on this island that Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, Maryland physlcian who set John Wilkes Booth's broken leg following the assassination of President Lincoln, was imprisoned. He was pardoned on March. 21, 1869, because of his faithful service to the island inhabitants during a yellow fever plague.

The island ls surrounded by one of the richest marine gardens in the world, the park service states, and at least 600 varieties of aquatic life can be viewed on the ocean floor from a glass-bottom boat.





Sarre Se

The assassination of President Lincoln was one of the biggest tragedies of all time, for he was loved by those who lived in the south as well as by the northerners. Undoubtedly the man who caused his death was not mentally balanced but felt that in doing what he did he was performing a feat that would rank him as a great hero of the southland, when, as a matter of fact it did just the opposite. I speak as a man who knows what he is talking about for I was born in Virginia, that state where the greatest dramas of the Civil War were staged and whose people suffered more than in any other during those terrible days.

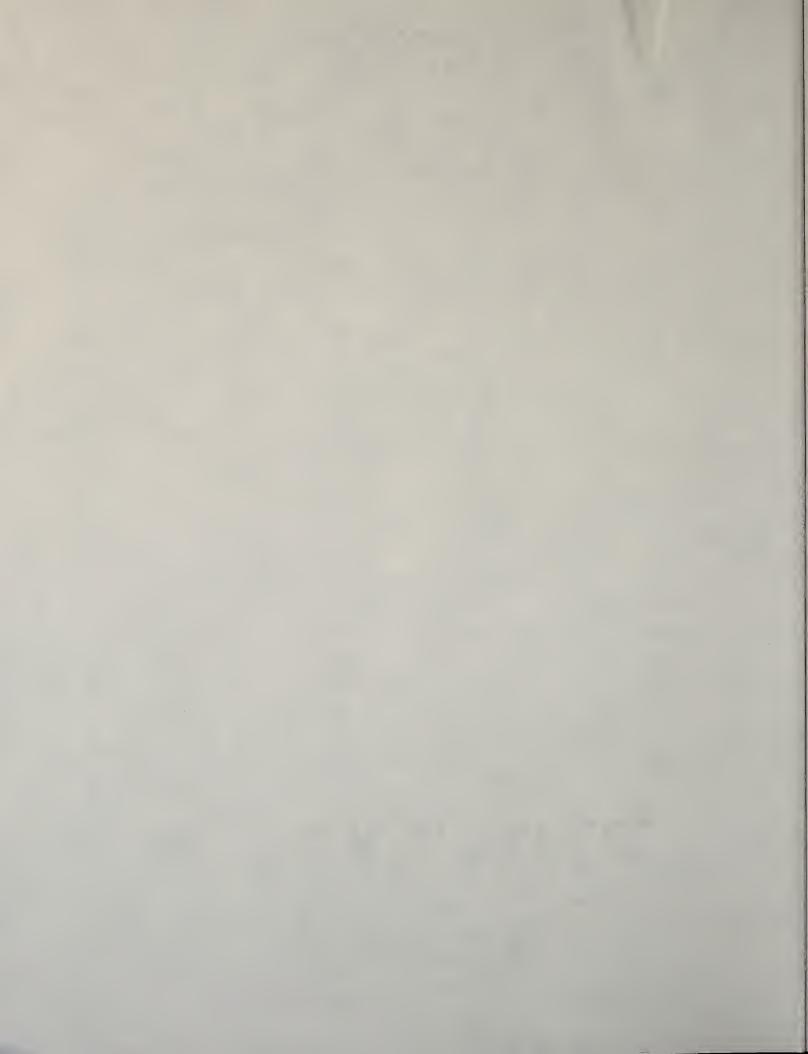
After Booth killed President Lincoln who was seated in a box in Ford's Theatre, he jumped from the second floor to the stage and in doing so broke several small bones of his foot. Limping he reached his horse, held in the alley behind the theatre by a Negro boy, and fled to Maryland, crossing the Anocostia bridge, hoping to get into the South.

However, his foot began swelling and the pain was so intense that he was forced to dismount and seek medical aid. He woke Dr. Mudd, a country physician, who never before had seen or even heard of him, and after being ministered to by the doctor, who helped him remount his steed, continued his journey. Instead of going further on as he told Dr. Mudd, he went into hiding in the physician's barn and was found there and shot by Sergeant Corbett of a Michigan Cavalry Regiment.

Dr. Mudd was arrested and although absolutely innocent was tried as an accomplice for the murder of the President and found guilty. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in a fort in the Dry Tortugas, a group of coral islands, situated off the coast of Florida.

Yellow fever broke out among the garrison and many officers and men succumbed to its attack. Finally the army surgeon died in the epidemic, and in this crisis Dr. Mudd volunteered to act, with such success that there were no more deaths. Later at the request of the entire garrison he was pardoned.

I was stationed at the Naval Proving Ground at Indian Head, Maryland, about five miles from the home of Dr. Mudd, where he had retired to again resume the practice of medicine. Frequently in the evening I rode over to spend the evening with this venerable doctor and talk of old times. He was bitter in his denunciation of the treatment he had received and many, many times told me had he known who Booth was and what he had done, that he would have turned . ") over, the authorities.



#### THE COMMERCIAL APPEAL, MEMPHIS, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 13, 1944

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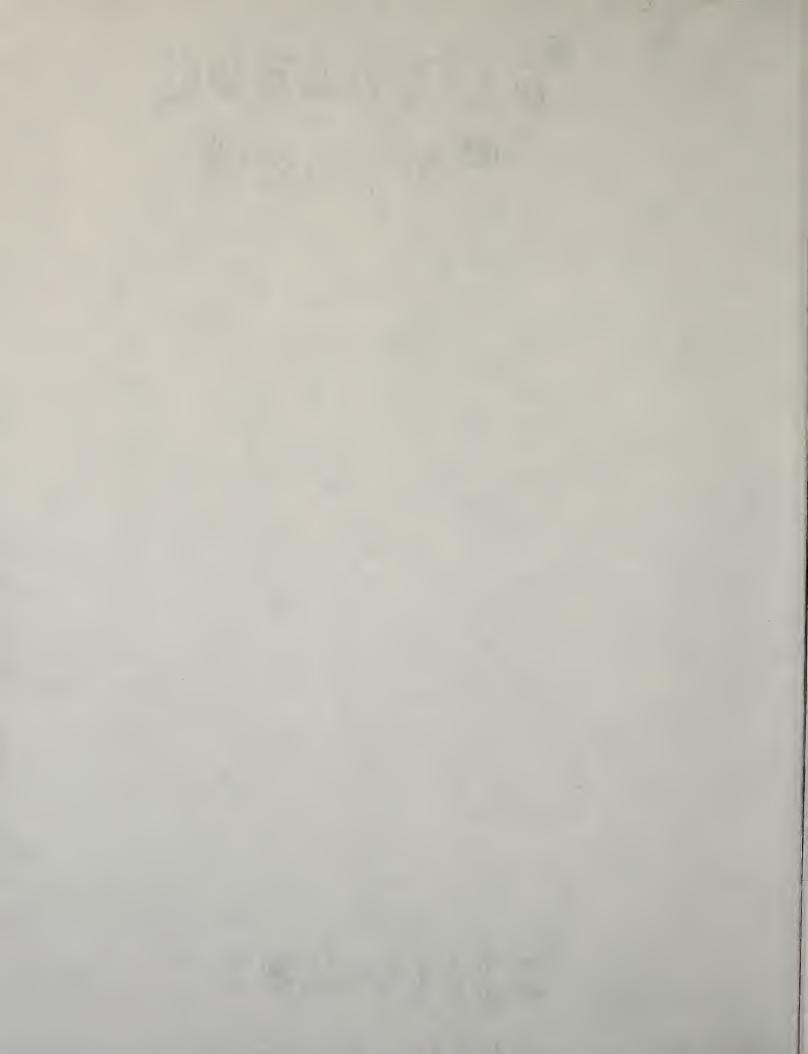
### News Of Bygone Days From The Commercial Appeal Files

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#### 25 YEARS AGO Feb. 13, 1919

PARIS—The plan for a League of Nations, which may now be considered as virtually approved by all members of the special commission, provides for a small body of representatives of the great and small

> 75 YEARS AGO Feb. 13, 1869 WASHINGTON-The pardon of Dr. Mudd, one of the conspirators in the assassination of President Lincoln, today was signed by President Johnson.





PAGE FOUR

# "LINCOLNOOK" \* Paper No. 28 \* MEMORIES By William Springer

Author's Note: During the Abraham Lincoln Sesquicentennial Yeor, 1959-1960, I have written, rewritten on the annihold the service of this "Uncommon Commoner." In recognition of this "Uncommon Commoner." In recognition of my effort, the United States Government ovoided to one the Abraham Lincoln Sequicentennial Medallion, and to the New Center News... "A certificate of oppreciation for its extraordinary contribution ..." Supplementing these timely tributes to this "Prince of the Rolls," I recell further memories and associations that took me down the Lincoln Tesi during past thirty-four years as student and collector of Lincolnono.

#### NEW CENTER NEWS - DETROIT

#### The Prisoner of Dry Tortugas Island

#### DOCTOR BEFRIENDS A PATIENT

When a plaque in recognition of the heroic service rendered to fellow prisoners by Dr. Samuel A. Mudd is officially dedicated in Key West, Florida, next Saturday, nearly a lifetime of effort will be crowned with success. Among those present at the dedication will be Dr. Mudd's grandson, Dr. Richard D. Mudd, whose unflagging devotion to the task of vindicating his grandfather made the erection of the plaque possible.

Nearly one hundred years have elapsed since that fatal shot rang out in Ford's



DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD, oge 36, ot the time of his paidon by President Andrew Johnson. He premoturely died thirteen years later at the oge of forty-nine.

Theater as John Wilkes Booth leaped to the stage shouting "Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged." The great President fell back in his chair, mortally wounded; and booth himself fell victim to his own mad plunge. Catching his spur in the folds of the flag draping Mr. Lincoln's box, he fell heavily to the stage below. Booth's leg was fractured. Nevertheless, he managed to limp swiftly across the stage and down a flight of stairs to the rear of the theater, mount a readied horse and flee through the blackness of Good Friday night.

Clattering through the streets of Washington, Booth was a lone rider until the Navy Yard Bridge lay behind him. Then, from out of the shadows, fellow-conspirator, nineteen-year-old David B. Herold joined him.

That Booth rode without benefit of a splint is a credit to his endurance. But eventually the pain grew so intense, the splintered bone "tearing the flesh at every jump" (Booth's Diary), that the pair detoured eight miles out of their way to go to the home of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd.

The day was April 15, 1865. Communication facilities were cut-off and no word of the assassination had penetrated the region Dr. Mudd inhabited. The dusty traveler who came to his door that morning gave his name as Tyler. Since Booth was known to Dr. Mudd, it is assumed that he took the precaution of disguise. This is a logical conclusion since Booth was an accomplished dramatic actor.

Diagnosing the condition of his unexpected patient, Dr. Mudd set the fracture, gave him nourishment and advised him to rest until morning to see if a carriage could be rented, but, this being impossible, Booth continued his travel south.

Shortly thereafter word of the assassination spread through the country-side. From what he heard, Dr. Mudd began to suspect that his former patient was none other than the assassin and reported his suspicions to his distant cousin, Dr. George D. Mudd, requesting that he report the suspicious strangers to the soldiers who had reached the surrounding area.

The soldiers came to Dr. Mudd's home on Tuesday, four days after the assassination. Dr. Mudd retold his story and, from under the bed upon which Booth had lain while his leg was being set, pulled out the boot he had removed. Those statements were subsequently used against him at his courtmartial. Booth himself died on April 26, 1865, twelve days after the assassination. He was shot in Garrett's barn near Port Royal, Virginia, immediately after it had been set on fire by Union soldiers.

Soon after Booth's death, Dr. Mudd was ing-tooled and court-matrixed none of the most irregular legal proceedings this nation has ever witnessed. Loaded with irons, their heads covered with flannel bags, the eight defendants were on trial from May 10 until June 29, 1865.

#### CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY

The trial was conducted before a military commission headed by Major General David Hunter. Joseph Holt, the judge advocate general of the army, led the prosecution, assisted by the Hon. John A. Bingham and Colonel Henry L. Burnett.

The accused were charged with "Conspiracy with Jefferson Davis and Confederate officials in Canada to murder the President of the United States." The death penalty was demanded for all.

The unethical procedures of the trial were not long in becoming apparent. Counsel for the defense, the Hon. Reverdy Johnson and General Thomas Ewing, were harried and insulted. Witnesses were intimidated and evidence in the possession of the Government, notably Booth's Diary which discredited the charge of conspiracy with Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy's Canadian Cabinet, was deliberately suppressed—why?

'The end of the trial found all the accused except Edward Spangler, a scene shifter at Ford's Theater, adjudged guilty 'of combining, confederating, and conspiring with . . . Jefferson Davis . . . to kill and murder . . . Abraham Lincoln.'' Four were hanged, the other four sentenced for varying terms. Dr. Mudd, convicted of abetting Booth's escape, was condemned to life imprisonment.

Dr. Mudd was confined at Fort Jefferson, the United States Government prison at Garden Key, in the Dry Tortugas, Florida. Fellow prisoners left him strictly alone, for even hardened criminals loved Abraham Lincoln and despised those involved in his untimely death.

MARCH 6, 1961

#### PERFORMS HEROICALLY

The fortress itself rose from the island like some gaunt, forbidding sea monster. Escape was not only impossible, but undesirable. Once beyond its walls, convicts faced the slashing teeth of sharks whose shadowy, ominous forms infested the waters surrounding the island. The heat was intense, prison food bad. The only emissary of civilization to visit the island was a supply ship which appeared at regular intervals, deposited its carqo and hastily withdrew.

Under these conditions it is not surprising that, in 1867, Ford Jefferson was swept by a yellow fever epidemic. One of the early casualities of its onslaught was the fort's medical officer, Dr. J. Sim Smith, leaving Dr. Mudd the only medical man on the island. Heroically putting self aside, pitting his skill against the fury of the disease, Dr. Mudd worled unceasingly. Cots of the critically ill lined the corridors when hospital beds gave out. The well were



ENTRANCE TO Dr. Somuel A. Mudd's cell on Dry Tartugas Island, off the coast of Florida. Seen in the photo is Di. Richord O. Mudd, grandson, with doughter, Mary Morgoret.

pressed into service tending the sick. Slowly the tide of the disease turned and many lives were saved, lives that but for the efforts of Dr. Mudd would have been lost.

Recognizing the heroic services performed by Dr. Mudd on behalf of his fellow prisoners, President Andrew Johnson in 1869 granted him a full pardon which cited his "Courage and skill to protect the garrison, otherwise without adequate medical aid, from peril and alarm." Unquestionably, Dr. Mudd was a hero, but his reputation was still clouded by doubt, historical doubt as to whether or not he really knew the identity of his emergency patient and the tue cause of that patient's condition.

#### VINDICATES GRANDFATHER

Dr. Richard Dyer Mudd, grandson of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd, has devoted his life to dispersing that cloud. Probably no one has delved into the mystery of the fate of John Wilkes Booth and the doctor who tended him more deeply than he. Years of ITURK TO KINE FACE)

#### "Prisoner of Shark Island" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR.)

exhaustive research brought to light many facts supporting Dr. Richard D. Mudd's contention that his grandfather was innocent of any complicity in the assassination of the sixteenth President of our United States.

Armed with these facts, he enlisted the aid of his Congressman, Rep. Alvin M. Bentley (R—Owsso, Mich.) who introduced into Congress a bill calling for a memorial tablet with an inscription stating that the Civil War surgeon was imprisoned for a crime he did not commit. Rep. Dante B. Fascell (D of Florida.) followed suit several weeks later, although it was esentially Rep. Bentley's bill which was eventually passed. At the last minute the House of Representatives removed from the bill any reference to Dr. Mudd's guilt and agreed to recommend a monument only for his medical work at the "shark island."

I first became acquainted with Dr. Richard D. Mudd eight years ago when, during my tenure of office as President of the Abraham Lincoln Civil War Round Table of Michigan, he sent me a letter asking if he might join our organization. Although never having had the honor of meeting him personally, I was acquainted with his work and reputation as one of the noted Lincoln scholars of our time and I invited him to attend our next meeting, which he soon did.

A considerable time later we met again at the Birmingham home of Colonel and Mrs. James K. Flack, who invited Dr. Mudd, William K. Kelsey, the widely-known "Commentator" of Detroit News editorial fame, myself and our families to dinner.

The dinner being prior to a Civil War Round Table meeting, we left the genial Greenfield Village, where Dr. Mudd gave an illustrative talk on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and the implication of his grandfather. Since that time we have enjoyed a fruitful fellowship at meetings and through correspondence.

#### SCHOLARLY MAN

Not only is Dr. Richard D. Mudd a great scholar, but he is also a physician of exceptional ability and a great patriot.

He was born on January 24, 1901, in Washington, D.C., to Dr. Thomas Dyer Mudd, M.D. and his wife (nee Mary E. Hartigan.) Educated at Georgetown University, he received his A.B. in 1921, M.A. in sociology in 1922, Ph.D. in 1925 and M.D. in 1925. Two years later, on June 20, he married Rose Marie Krummack in Ravenna, Nebraska. He didn't know it at the time, but she was to bear him seven children: Mary Margaret (Mrs. John E. McHale.) of Washington, D.C.; Richard Dyer, Jr., Capt. AFRes, of Hastings, Michigan: Johanna Mat crew, Lockbourne AFB, Ohio; Johanna Mat Crew, Lockbourne AFB, Ohio; Johanna Mae (Mrs. Frank Vargas) Saginaw, Michigan; Rose Marie (Mrs. John Nickodemus, II.) Saginaw, Michigan; Thomas Boarman, a student at Ferris Institute, and Stella Kelly, high school sludent, at home.

By the time of his marriage, Dr. Mudd had already begun to carve out a distinguished niche for himself among his fellow men. From 1925 to 1926 he practiced medicine as an extern at Tuberculosis Hospital, Washington, D.C. He arrived in Detroit in 1926 to fulfill his internship and residency in internal medicine at Henry Ford Hospital, remaining there until 1928. Behind him lay a year as an instructor of Shakespearian English at Georgetown University, and while working at Tuberculosis Hospital, he was also an instructor at Georgetown University's Clinical Laboratory. From 1928 to the present he has been the medical director of several divisions of the General Motors Corporation (in order:) Ternstedt, Fleetwood Body, Fisher Body and Chevrolet-Norwood, Ohio, and Chevrolet-Saginaw Grey Iron Foundry, Saginaw,

Time consuming as the demands of his career were, Dr. Mudd nonetheless found the time to become a noted author and lecturer in the field of Lincolniana. His voluminious work, "The Mudd Family in the United States," marks him as an eminent genealogist. Running to 1,500 pages, each of which is perfectly detailed and exhaustively footnoted, the work traces the ancestors of the Mudd family presently living in America to pre-Revolutionary days when that family's forbears first set foot upon American soil.

#### WINS JOHN CARROLL AWARD

In recognition of his achievements, Georgetown University conferred upon Dr. Mudd the 1959 John Carroll Award, Instituted in 1952, the award is presented annually "to a very few distinguished alumni vania. The remaining four years were spent as a surgeon in the San Antonio Service Command, encompassing five states. In September, 1950, Dr. Mudd was recalled to duty as a surgeon in the Tenth Air Force, Selfridge Air Force Base, Michigan, and so served until September, 1951. In the course of his military career, Dr. Mudd received the Legion of Merit for World War II service, and an Air Force Commendation ribbon for Service in the Korean Emergency as Surgeon, Tenth Air Force.

No award received to date, however, has quite the personal value attached to it as does the plaque that will be erected in honor of his grandfather. Through the efforts of Representatives Bentley and Fascell and Michigan Senator Philip A. Hart, the bill granting recognition to Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's heroic services while in prison miraculously survived several committee hearings in Surgers.

One of the altercations accompanying its passage was recorded in a September I, 1959 article of the Detroit News which said, in part: "Bentley's original bill maintained that Booth concealed his true identity from the doctor when he sought treatment six hours after Lincoln was shot.



DR. KICHARD D. MUDD and his wife, Rose Maric, are seated an the couch used by Dr. Mudd's grandfather while exemining Baht's fractured leg during the course of his escope fram Woshingtan to Virginia. The couch has been recovered to match the original fabric and is now in possession of the Mudd framity in Saginow.

of the University who have by their careers and accomplishments reflected great credit upon the institution." Other Michigan award winners have been U. S. Senator Philip A. Hart; Honorable John D. Dingle, Representative of the Fifteenth Congressional District, Detroit, and Philip J. Monaghan, vice-president of General Motors and general manager of the GMC Truck and Coach Division, Pontiac.

The military, too, saw fit to honer Dr. Mudd. A colonel in the United States Air Force, Commander of the 403rd Tactical Hospital and holder of a Chief Flight Surgeon's title, Dr. Mudd stepped forward Sunday, June 12, 1960, to receive his official discharge papers after 34 years of military service. On hand for a program filled with all the color and military ceremony befitting the occasion was the entire 403rd Troop Carrier Wing to which the Colonel has been assigned since 1949. A special 35-piece Air Force band was flown in from Chanute AFB, Illinois, to participate in the event. Earlier in the day the Reserve Officers Association held a luncheon in his honor at the Officers' Club.

Dr. Mudd's military career began in 1926 upon receipt of his Ph.D. and M.D. degrees together with his commission. Graduated from the School of Aviation Medicine eight years later, he has been on flight status since 1935. His path through the military included active service from 1941 to 1946. In 1941 and 1942 Dr. Mudd was the First Director of the Department of Field Medicine and Surgery, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsyl"It also said that President Johnson recognized Mudd's innocence in granting the pardon.

"But the Interior Committee said it had no expert knowledge of this, and therefore limited the bill to recognizing Mudd's 'Unselfish services to fellow prisoners during the fever epidemic'."

The bill provides that the plaque be erected at Fort Jefferson. However, since it is extremely difficult to reach the fortress island, the dedication will be made in Key West, Saturday, March 11, 1961, the anniversary of Dr. Mudd's release from prison.

#### RESEARCH CONTINUES

Although the tribute to Dr. Richard D. Mudd's grandfather almost completes his quest for vindication in his behalf, the search is by no means ended. This quietly determined man will continue to sift through the mountain of facts, conjectures and misconceptions for the final, invincible proof of his ancestor's guitlessness.

To his credit is the motion picture "Prisoner of Shark Island," based on facts of the Booth-Mudd incident garnered from his research, and in his home is the couch upon which Booth reclined while his leg was being examined, tangible reminders of a life illuminated by scholarly distinction.

These are mementoes of the past, however, and Dr. Mudd has already begun probing the future, gauging the distance to his life-long goal, complete vindication for Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd.

--- (FIRST PRINTING.)

# Lincoln's Death Led to Tragedy for MD

On April 14 one hundred years ago, Abraham Lincoln slumped suddenly in his rocker in the Presidential box at Ford's Theater. John Wilkes Booth had fired the bullet from his single-shot pistol which pierced the President's brain on Good Friday night, 1865.

Six hours later—at 4 a.m.—high officials of the Lincoln Administration and doctors lined the sides of a bed too small for the President's tall, angular frame. The dying President, who was officially pronounced dead nine hours after he was shot, had been carried to Petersen House across the street.

**Pounding on Door:** At the same pre-dawn hour about 30 miles southeast of Washington, D.C., a pounding at the farm home door of Samuel Alexander Mudd, MD, near Bryantown, Md., awakened the 31-year-old physician.

The story of the actor's assassination of President Lincoln is well known. Not as familiar is the sequence of events set off for quiet, scholarly young Dr. Mudd and his family by the two men on horseback who pounded at his door that dark, misty morning.

One of the callers was Booth, moaning from the pain of his leg, broken in his leap from Lincoln's box to the stage. The other was David E. Herold, callow and boastful young companion of the assassin. They used the false names Tyler and Tyson, and told Dr. Mudd that the horse had fallen and injured Booth's leg.

**Fracture Set:** Dr. Samuel Mudd, in his nightshirt, admitted the pair. He set the fractured left fibula, splinted it with strips cut from a cigar box, and sent the man to bed. The following afternoon Dr. Mudd advised against the injured man traveling except by carriage, but the pair rode away on horseback. Dr. Mudd had collected a \$25 fee.

On April 26, John Wilkes Booth was dead. Pursuing federal troops had caught up with him on Garrett's farm near Port Royal, Va.

Booth's death marked only the beginning of personal tragedy for Dr. Samuel Mudd.

**Outcry for Revenge:** The inflamed public outcry for revenge which followed the assassination of Lincoln enveloped Dr. Mudd. He was soon jailed in chains with seven other persons accused of aiding Booth in a plot to kill the Civil War President.

Life Imprisonment: Four of the eight "conspirators"—including Mary Surratt, owner of a boarding house where Booth frequently visited—were

hanged shortly after the trial. Dr. Mudd was sentenced to life imprisonment. His prison was to be Fort Jefferson on the Dry Tortugas, some 65 miles off the tip of Florida. The military prison, which covered nearly three-fourths of 16 acres of a coral reef, was called at the time "the Devil's Island of the American prison system."

At home, Dr. Mudd's wife was struggling to care for their young children and to clear her husband's name. In a letter to his wife after two years in the prison, Dr. Mudd reported that he was well, though frail. Then he made this ominous observation, ".... the island is becoming sickly. We have had one case of yellow fever ... which proved fatal. It originated here and was not imported."

Within a month, the disease had claimed scores of lives—soldiers and their family members as well as prisoners. The prison physician, Dr. J. Sim Smith, was one victim. Soon Dr. Mudd's irons were removed and he was asked to help care for the sick.

Although stricken himself on Oct. 4, 1867, and terribly weakened, Dr. Mudd continued his fight against the epidemic. He wrote that he believed the fever was being spread by "the humours of the swamp (moat around the prison portion)," and he ordered huge holes broken in the walls so the breeze could blow through.

**Petition to President:** The 299 remaining soldiers and prisoners signed and sent a petition addressed to President Andrew Johnson asking that Dr. Mudd be pardoned. It is believed that this petition ended in a federal pigeonhole without President Johnson seeing it. In any event, Johnson was having troubles of his own with a recalcitrant Congress, and a pardon in this charged political situation may have been too much to hope for. It was only a year later that some members of Congress tried to impeach Johnson.

The grateful soldiers and prisoners tried again. They sent a second petition in care of Dr. Mudd's wife, and this reached the White House. However, it was not until President Johnson's final weeks in office that he felt he could pardon the physician-prisoner.

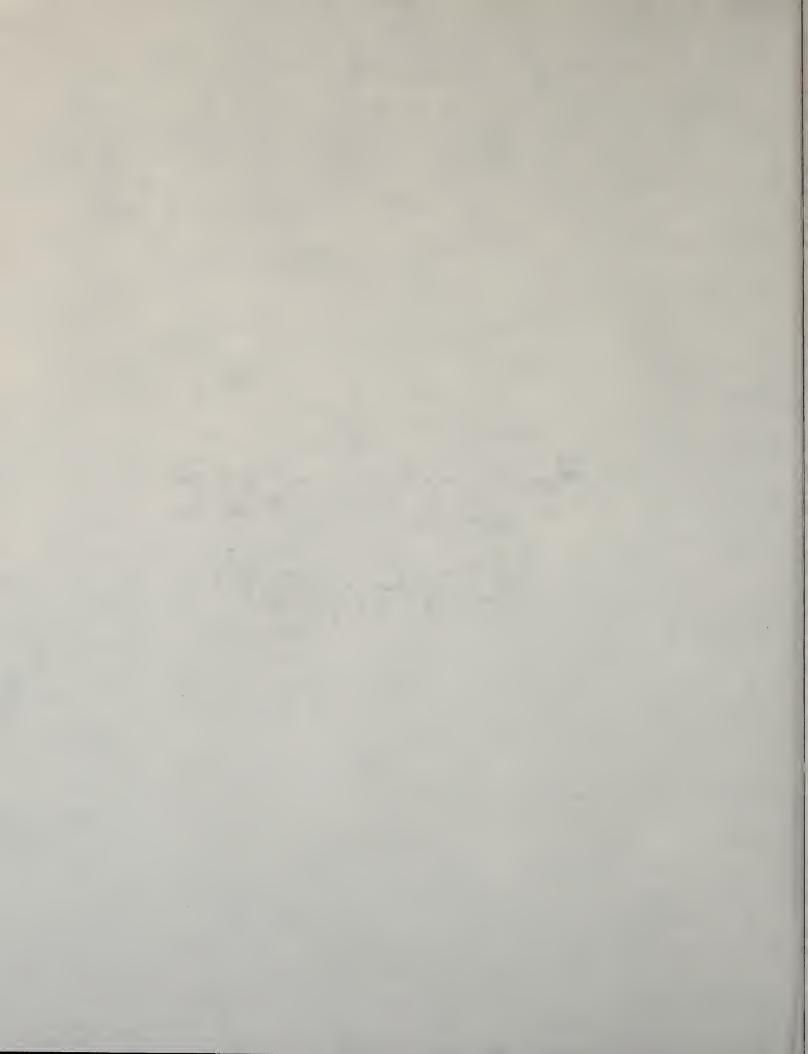
Relative obscurity cloaks the remainder of Dr. Mudd's life. He only partially regained his practice as he sought to earn a living for his family.

Dies at Age 49: Late in 1882 (some reports say New Year's Day, 1883), Dr. Mudd contracted pneumonia while visiting patients. He died Jan. 10, 1883, at the age of 49.

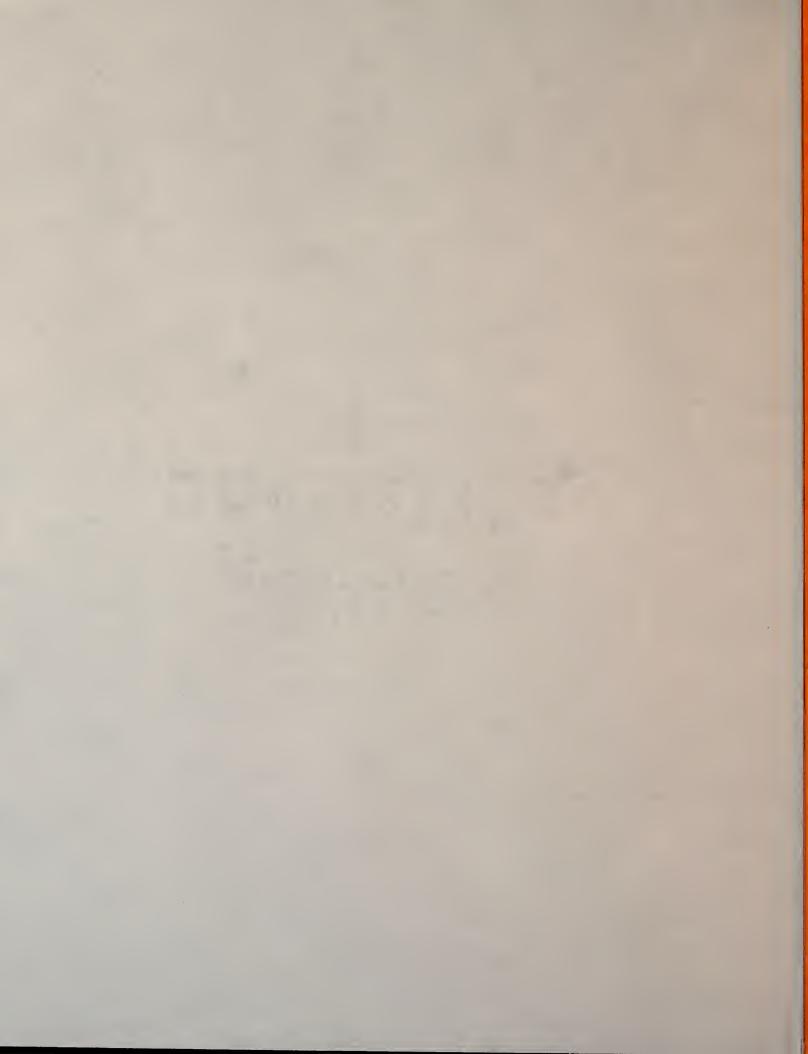
Recent years have produced a sequel to the life of Dr. Mudd. In 1935, Fort Jefferson, little used for many years, was declared a United States-National Monument.

Then in July, 1961, in ceremonies at Key West, a plaque which Congress had approved in 1959 was unveiled. The occasion was the 96th anniversary of Dr. Mudd's arrival at the prison island. The plaque quotes President Johnson's pardon, ". . . upon occasion of the prevalence of the yellow fever . . . Samuel A. Mudd devoted himself to the care and cure of the sick, and interposed his courage and skill to protect the garrison . . . from peril and alarm, and thus . . . saved many valuable lives and earned the admiration and gratitude of all who observed or experienced his generous and faithful service to humanity."

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#### DID HE HELP TO KILL LINCOLN?

#### The Mystery of Dr. Mudd By Hal Higdon

No doubt remained. Mudd was in irrouble with his story about his contacts with Booth. He claimed he had not recognized the assassin because Booth had been wearing false whikers. Mudd ied when he said he had not heard whout the assassination until head not heard unout the assassination with

had not heard about the assistantiation of a Suoday, when detectives knew he had been in Bryantown Saturday where nearly everyone was talking about it. And the doctor claimed he had met Booth only that one time when

the actor was in Maryland on a land-buying expedition. although evidence later would show that Mudd had visited with Booth and another conspirator, folm H. Surratt, a few months earlier in Booth's hotel room in

On April 24, Mudd was taken into custody,

the same day Abraham Lincoln's hody was moved from the Capitol rotunda for its rail-road journey to its final resting place in Springfield, III. Two days later, Booth was

Springheid, III, two days later, Booth was trapped in a barn near Bowling Green, Va., where Herold worrendered. After Booth's refusal to give up, the soldiers set fire to the barn. A shot echoed over the roar of the Hames, Booth had vowed that he would never the taken duite, but turbus echoche bases

he taken alive, but today nobody knows whether he killed himself or was shot by rooper Boston Corhett, who claimed the

Washington Arsenal prison. The military court natural opened May 9. President of the commission of nine Union officers that served as judge and jury was Maj. Gen. David Hunter, a West Pointer from Chicago who, ts a friend of Lincoln, had in 1861 accompanicu the new President on his inaugural trip to Washington and, only two weeks before the trial began, had ac-companied the President's remains to Spring-

THE PROSECUTION'S case against Dr.

Mudd was that he had lied about how otten

which was that he had hed about how otten he had met Booth, that he had been evasive with detectives, that he had lied when he said he had not learned of the assassination until

Saturday. Unfortunately, Dr. Mudd would not be granted the privilege of explaining his

actions to the court. Under the existing rules of military court martial, a defendant was considered an incompetent witness.

considered an inconnectent withess. In closing arguments, Mudd's attorney, Thomas Ewing Jr., a distinguished statesman and solider credited with having belged to keep Missouri in the Union as a Union officer in the battle against rebel guerrilla bands on the Kanasa-Missouri Border, summarized his Kanasa-Missouri Border, summarized his formation that Day. Kuno sonited out that

the disguised Booth. Ewing pointed out that it was a "dark cloudy morning . . ." that Booth was "faint with fatigue and suffering,

honor (and a share of the reward money). In early May, the alleged conspirators were seattered throughout solitary cells in the

Washington Arsenal prison.

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Washington.

**CARLY THAT SATURDAY**, April 15, 1865, Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd was startled from sleep by a pounding on the door of his farmhouse near Bryantown, Md. Su'll in bis nightches, he went to the front door and called, "Who's there?"

"We're on the way to Washington," came the muffled reply. "My partner had an acci-dent. We've got to see the doctor."

"What sort of accident?" asked Dr. Mudd, opening the door.

"My friend was thrown from his horse, said the short man who, Mudd later said, gave his name as Henston and identified his injured companion, a dark, bearded man hunched over his horse, as Tyser, "He may

have broken his leg." The speaker was David Herold, later to be The speaker was David Treton, takin the conspirate yo assassinate President Lincoln. The dark figure on horsehack was 26-year-old John Wilkes Booth, actor, lower, oil speculator and, as of six hours before, presidential assassin.

MUDD THE FARMER, then 31, now MLOD THE FARMER, then 31, now acted as physician. He cut apart an old bandbax to make a splitt for Booth's leg, wort downstairs and, by his own account, worked in the yard with his farmhands and alterward left for his tobacco fields. Later, before gong into Bryantown for mail and to call on the sick, Mudd gave Herold a shaving kit and would discover that afternoon that his patient's muscalch had been shaved off. His kit and would discover that afternoon that his patient's mustache had been shaved off. His graying heard, Dr. Mindd stated later, was still intact. The doctor later said he had not recognized either of his sudden visitors.

In Bryantown, Dr. Mudd learned of Lincoln's assassination. "Who did it?" he asked. "A man named Booth," someone aoswered. Another man said, "Sam, is that the same Booth that was down here last fall?"

#### Eline missing -

three or four men by that name. I don't know which Booth was the ussassin. If it was the same one who came here last fall, then I know him.

Back at Mudd's farm, Herold clomped upstairs to get Booth. The time had compet up-stairs to get Booth. The time had come to continue their escape, broken leg or not. Using the crutch that Mudd had fashioned for him earlier, Booth hobbled from the house and, with Herold's help, mounted his horse. They started down the road where they encountered Dr. Mudd, returning from town, and Herold pressed \$25 into the doctor's palm, a generous fee for that time.

palm, a generous fee for that time. The next day, Easter Sunday, Mudd told about his suspicious visitors to his second cousin. Dr. George D. Mudd, whom he met at church. "I think you had hetter tell your tory to the authorities." George Mudd said "I'm fearful for my life," said Sam. "They may have friends in the neighborhood who might try to kill me if I talked. It would took better if the authorities came to me." George said, "I'll get in touch with them for you." Haronge, which with them for you."

However, what with visiting patients and other matters, George Mudd did not notify Lt. David D. Dana, in charge of federal cavalty in the scarch for the assassins, until Monday morning. Lt. Dana, likewise, seemed to see no reason to act quickly. In the wake of the assassination, many people had come forward with worthless information.

forward with worthless information. First Lt. Alexander Lovett's arrival in town Tuestday, leading another baod of pursuers, stirred Dana. to dispatch detectives to question Dr. Mudd about the two urangers. As Lt. Lovett reported later, Dr. Mudd seemed "somewhat excited." insisted the nuen had been "perfect strangers" and was unable to give nuch information about their appear-nees except to say the injured man was "beavily armed with a pair of revolvers and seemed to be excited."

In a later visit, Mrs. Mudd was to turn over the boot Dr. Mudd had cut from Booth's foot, and the doctor insisted he had not seen the Wilkes" inscribed within.



muffled in his shawl and disguised in a heavy beard. . . . And here let me remind the court that there is nothing in the evidence

be remembered too that Booth was an actor, accustomed by years of professional practice to disguise his persoo, his features, and his tones.

his tones. ..." On June 30, all eight defendants were found guity. Lewis Paine Powell, George Atzerott, Herold and, subsequently, Mrs. Mary Surratt, were sentenced to death. Her son, John, was still in hiding. Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin and Dr. Muld were sen-tenced to life imprisonment in New York's Albany Peniteotiary, where Ned Spangler was sectenced for six years. On July 6, the four hanging were carried out and, later that month, Dr. Mudd and the others were trans-ported to Fort Jefferson on 16-acre Garden Key in the Dry Tortugas. a londy prison ported to rort settersou on to-acre ondeu Key in the Dry Tortugas, a lonely prison outpost known as "America's Devil's Island" in the Gulf of Mexico. The transfer was ordered by shrewd Edwin McMasters Stanton,

Drawing of Dr. Mudd mude by Gen Lew Wallace at the couspiracy trial, and part of a reward power circulated after the assassination

ecretary of war, and kept the men under military control

DR. MUDD WENT TO WORK in the post hospital as ward master, usually free of chains and hard labor. That fall, learning that Negrn soldiers were going to relieve the white guard contingent, he wrote, "It is bad enough to he a prisoner in the hands of white men, your equals under the Constitution, hut to be lorded over by a set of ignorant, prejudiced and irresponsible heings of the unbleached burnanity was more than I could submit to."

A few days later, Dr. Mudd boldly donned a dress suit and walked aboard a visiting ship, to hide himself beneath some planking with the ald of a seaman promised payment later the aid of a search prometer payment equiparties was that for his help. But the prison's rule was that no ship could sail until every prisoner had been accounted (or, and Dr. Mudd was missed. He was found on the ship and thrown into a dungeon, as was the sailor who had tried to help him.

In August, 1867, a month after the visits of Spanish and Cuban ships with yellow fever aboard, an epidemic spread over Fort Jeffer-son. Dr. Mudd toiled like a dedicated physician, guiding the campaign to control the discase that affilieted 270 persons and killed physician, guiding the camping to control the disease that afflicted 270 persons and killed 38, a comparatively small percentage com-pared with other outhreaks of the time. Much of the credit for containing the disease and helping its victims went to Dr. Mudd, and the officers of the prison guard force signed a petition for his release and sent it to President Johnson, but it apparently escaped his notice.

Sarah Mudd, meanwhile, kept up her struggle for her husband's freedom and also petitioned the President for his pardon. Two years later, Feb. 13, 1869, a messenger left years later, reo. 13, rady, a hosting red to the White House to notify Mrs. Medd to come to see the President. When she walked into his office, President Johnson had her husband's pardon on his desk. "I guess, Mrs. Mudd, you think this is tardy justice in carrying out my promise made to you two years -7]

could not act as I wanted to do." He had been embroiled in congressional efforts to have him impeached.

On March 20, 1869, Dr. Mudd arrived home, frail and sick, to return to farming and his practice. In the winter of 1882, while visiting patients, he cootracted pneumonia and on Jan. 10, 1883, he died at 49.

In October, 1959, Congress passed and President Eisenhower signed into law a bill providing for a bronze memorial at Fort Jefferson, now a national monumeot, com-memorating Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's service in the yellow fever epidemic. The bill carefully avoided any consideration of the doctor's innocence or guilt in Lincoln's murder.

Hal Higdon's article was adapted from his book, "The Union vs. Dr. Mudd" (Follett Publishing Co.).

PANORAMA-CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, APRIL 17, 1965

The Lincoln Conspiracy; Also, 19 1965 The Mudd Family in Pike County

#### By MILO PEARSON JR.

In commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the assassination concerning naval authority in of President Lincoln which occurred April 14, 1865 the follow-ing story about the events preceding the tragedy, and the relationship between the doctor who allegedly treated the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, and the Modd families who once lived in Pittsfield was narrated at the April 12 meeting of Pike County Historical Society by Milo Pearson Jr. of Pleasant Hill,

. THE LINCOLN CONSPIRACY

This week in history serves to remind the American people of the long trail this country has traversed to its eminence in the family of nations. It has been said that "those who have no interest in the past have little faith in the future for truly what ls past is prologue."

We can, as Americans, look with pride into the kaleidescope of the events of 100 years ago and see the greatness of a people emerge on the world scene as a united nation under God and a pillar of moral strength for the world.

The great-grandfathers and grandfathers of this generation of Americans were a part of this crucible of testing of the American dream, and as a re-sult we look with interest at their triumphs and their failures and draw from them a lesson to blueprint the future of this great nation.

So, come with me to the nation's capitol as we leaf back through the pages of time and find that on April 12, 1865 President Lincoln had breakfast in the White House with Hon. Or-ville Browning of Quincy, Ill.; Col. William Kellogg of Nebraska and Sen, Harlan of Iowa had an interview with the President regarding the appointment of a governor for Nebraska Territory, and the rehabilitation of the southern states who had just come back into the Union.

Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton called on the President at 5 p.m. to discuss the Virginia legislature as to whether it should be allowed to convene.

**ON APRIL 13** President Lincoln made one of his frequent visits to the telegraph office in the War Department early in the norning, later going to Secre-vy of War Stanton's office we he had an interview with secretary and General Grant thad just come north from mattox.

Lafer, in the Navy Depart-ment, Lincoln had a conference with Secretary Gideon Welles

the South. Later in the evening President Lincoln rode horseback out to the Soldiers' Home on the outskirts of Washington. As he rode along he was overtaken by the assistant secretary of the treasury and, as they rode side by side, they discussed various subjects of mutual interest. On his return to the White House he issued a series of passes to visit Mobile, Ala., and also wrole a check to himself for \$800.

ON APRIL 14 early in the morning hours, Capt. Robert Lincoln, son of the President, arrived in Washington in time for an 8 o' clock breakfast with his father. After breakfast the President had a conference with Congressman Colfax of Indiana; also received many members of the Congress who came to congratulate him on the successful conclusion of the war. The President paid a visit to the cipher room of the War Department. While here he told General Eckert of his plans to attend the theatre.

At 11 a.m. the cabinet met for a session of business, at which time General Grant made a report on the surrender at Appomattox. During the session President Lincoln told members of the cabinet of his strange dream: "of a ship moving out with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore" - a dream that he said recurred before great victories of the Union armies. This cabinet meeting lasted from 11 a.m. until 2 p.m., the principal topic being what was to be done about Jefferson Davis and other Confederate leaders.

From 2-3 p.m. the President had lunch with Mrs Lincoln in a private parlor of the execu-tive mansion. At 3 p.m. on this date the President had a conference with Vice President Andrew Johnson, which was followed by a four o'clock conference with Congressman Samuel Shellabarger of Ohio, regarding appointments.

At 4:30 p.m. on this day Assistant Secretary Dana reported ta the President that Jacob Thompson, a Confederate agent who had recently been in Canada was now in the States preparing to flee to Europe. Should he be File: assassmation of A.L. Full slor of

allowed to go? The President said, "Let him go." In the late afternoon the President and Mrs Lincoln went for a drive, in the course of which they stopped at the navy yards and viewed three boats which had been damaged In a naval encounter off Ft. Fischer, N. G.

As they rode along they talk-ed and planned what they might do when they retired and returned to Springfield in Illinois. As they returned to the White House this day they were greeted by Illinois friends who had previously arrived there - a party headed by Governor Oglesby of Illinois.

Before supper that, evening the President read from "The Nasby Papers'' by Petroleum V. Nasby, to his guests. After supper the President had an interview with Congressman Colfax of Indiana and at 8 p.m. former Congressman Ashunn of Massachusetts called to see the Presi-

dent about some cotton "Claims against the federal government. The President gave him a note,' reading "Allow Mr Ashunn and, friend to come in at 9 a.m. tomorrow" - a note which later proved to be the last autograph of President Lincoln.

As the President exchanged a few words with Congressman Arnold of Illinois he got into the carriage along with Mrs Lincoln to depart for Ford's Theatre to see, the play, "Our American Cousin," starring Laura Keene. And so that is this day a century ago in the White House of our nation's capitol.

TO SHIFT the scene in this drama of American history, we go to a drab three-story building located on Tenth street in downtown Washington. This building of brick construction was in days past a Baptist church, but early in the war it had been abandoned for church use and a Mr Ford purchased the structure and converted it into a theatre. After the sad events of April 15, 1865 the federal government would no longer permit it to be used as a theatre and it became a federal records center, and a medical museum

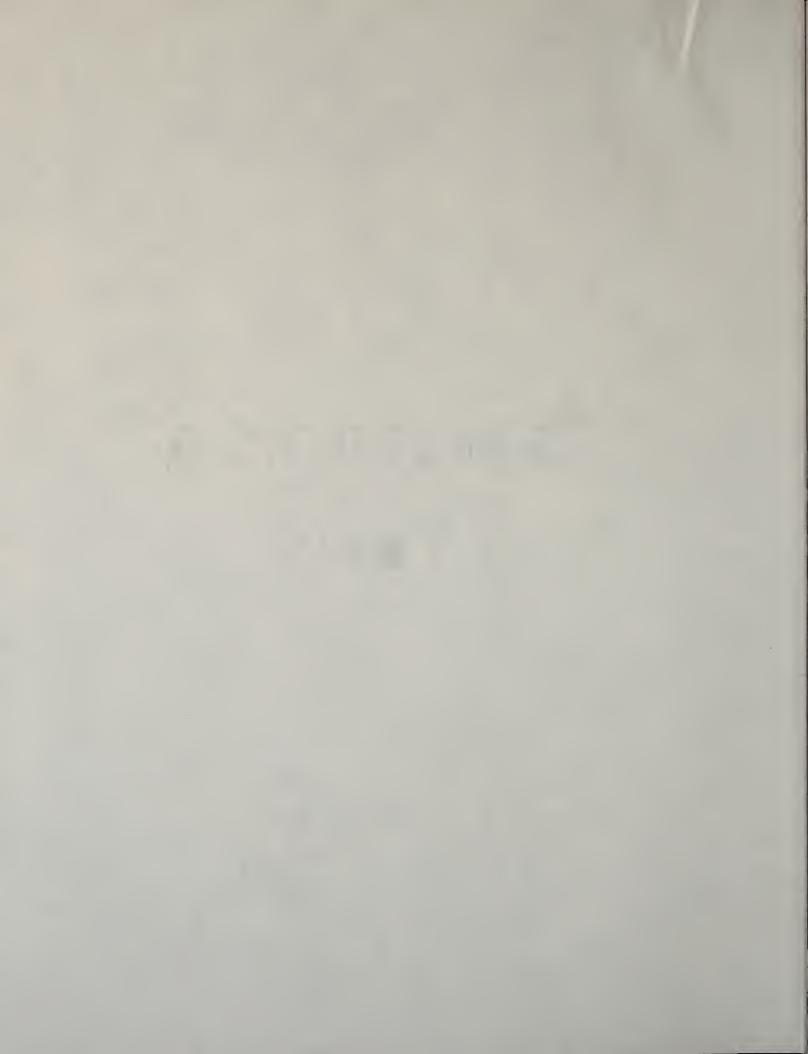
Miss Keene, star of the then current attraction at this theatre production, "Our American Consin," was to present here one thousandth performance this evening.

IL was the castom bers of the cast and other people of the stage to pick up their mail at the box office fronting on Tenth street and as they did so they would often linger and visit, there being a saloon next door.

On the morning of this fateful day a handsome young actor by the name of John Wilkes Booth strolled into the lobby to call for his mail. As Booth stood aside reading his mail the owner | of the theatre, John Ford, with knowledge of Booth's sympathy for the southern cause said, "John, the President has the state box tonight. He and Gen-eral Grant will be here to see the play; perhaps they shall bring General Lee with them." In an instant this fiery young actor flared up in anger and replied, "Never! Lee would never allow himself to be used as a Roman captive and be paraded before the victors!" At once, John Ford, in an effort to calm the anger of Booth, told him that he was only joking; but by-standers reported that from the minute of the incident Booth became moody and appeared to be thinking some dark and cunning thoughts.

As the message had come w the theatre at 10:30 on the morning of the 14th that the presi-dential Party would attend the play, Mr Ford at once began to inake the proper preparation for the distinguished guests, Going 'to boxes seven and eight with stage hands he removed the partition hetween the boxes, making one large box. He ordered that a sofa and high-back chair be brought from the stage; also a rocking chair for the use of President Lincoln. The outside of the box was draped with American flags, with the treasury flag in the center, below which he placed a portrait of George Washington.

IN THE meantime, as all this preparation was going on at Ford's Theatre, John Wilkes Booth had left the lobby, going direct to the hotel where Vice President-Johnson had a suite of rooms. Stepping up to the lobby odesk of the hotel, Booth penned a note to the Vice President as follows: "Don't wish to disturb you, are you at home?" This note was sent to the rooms of Vice President Andrew Johnson, but due to the fact that he was not in at that time it was returned to his box at the lobby desk. This action on the part of John Wilkes Booth was a scheme, no doubt, to trv , and secure an invitation to the rooms of the vice-president, an in that way cast the finger , suspicion on him as a part ( the conspiracy plot



After Booth visited this hotel he emerged to the sidewalk and was lost sight of for a part of the afternoon of April 14. He, no doubt, was planning with other members of his conspiracy the final plans for the assassinations to be, attempted that evening.

Some time later in the afternoon he went to a livery stable and made arrangements for a horse to be called for around 4:30 of that day. Booth insisted on a horse that he could tie np with a tie rein as he explained that he would want to tie the horse, up while he went to a restaurant. When told that the horse which he selected would break the rein and bridle if tied, he stated that he would get a boy to hold it and he mounted the horse and rode off.

Booth rode the horse to an alley at the rear of Ford's Theatre where there was a small stable located and after stabling the horse he mingled with the crowd at the front of the theatre and in the lobby. Booth then returned to the National Hotel where he had an apartment, and as the evening hours approached he came downstairs and walked over to the lobby desk. As he handed his key to the clerk he remarked, "Are you going to the theatre this evening?" To this query the lclerk replied, "No." Whereupon Booth said, "You had better go, as there will be some fine acting there this evening." This reference, no doubt, was to the tragic drama that he had conceived in his sick mind in which he had cast himself in the starring role.

AT A FEW minutes after 9 o' clock John Wilkes Booth entered the alley behind Ford's Theatre, went to the stable and untied the horse. Leading it to the stage door entrance, he called out, "Ned," and Ned Spangler, a stage hand and alleged prearranged accomplice, appeared. Booth put Spangler in charge of the horse and entered the rear of the theatre.

After Booth had disappeared within the depth, of the theatre, Spangler called to dim-witted "Peamits" Bin roughs, another stage hand, and said, "Here, hold this horse and it anything goes wrong call me." Spangler had heen overheard to say during the day as he was asked to help arrange hoxes seven and eight for the distinguished guests, "Dami the President and Grant both!"

Booth, being an actor, had the run of the theatre, as did other well-known actors and actresses, and nothing was thought of his going anywhere he chose in the building. Walking through the building he emerged through Ne lobby to the pavement in front on Tenth street. Here he sauntered up and down, mixing with the crowd and at half-past 10 he entered the saloon adjacent to the show house, where he called for a brandy — no doubt to bolster his courage to perform the dastardly deed which he had dreamed up.

(To be continued)

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#### 2nd instalment

# The Lincoln Conspiracy; Also The Mudd Family in Pike County

BY MILO PEARSON JR. Printed berewith is the second installment of the story of the events leading up to the assassination of President Lincoln, the assassination itself and the relationship between the doctor who attended the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, and the Mudd famthes who once lived in Pittsfield. This story was narrated to the Historical Society by Milo Pearson Jr of Pleasant Hill.

The first installment of this story was published in the May 5 issue of this newspaper.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH had just emerged from the saloon next door to Ford's Theatre after having a round of brandy, undoubtedly to bolster up his nerves to carry out his dark mission of the evening. He walked down the hall at the side of the theatre and slowly ascended the stairs leading to boxes seven and eight.

In the meantime, earlier in the evening, near 8:30, the presidential party had arrived in the theatre. In the party were President and Mrs Lincoln, accompanied by Maj. Rathbone and Miss Clara Harris, daughter of Senator Harris of New York state.

John F. Parker, a member of the Washington police force, who had been selected by Mrs Lincoln to be the bodyguard this evening, joined the official party at the entrance to the theatre. Historians have wondered why Parker had been selected, as his record as an officer had been very poor and the tragic events of this evening further proved that. As the President came in view of the audience he bowed and was greeted with great enthusiasm; the orchestra' played 'Hail to the Chief," and the play then in progress stopped for a moment as all eyes were focused on the President in box seven and eight which had been combined into one for the evening. .

Wilkes Booth, who had now started to ascend the stairs, made his way to a point near the entrance to the presidential boxes. As the play resumed and the President settled back in his rocker for an evening of entertainment the bodyguard Parker, who had been stationed at the door, left his post and moved down the steps to a vantage point within the theatre, perhaps to see the play, Booth, in the shadows of the staircase, moved over to the door where he peeped through a hole in the door to

study the location of the Prcsident's rocking chair. After surveying the situation at the unguarded door. Booth opened the door which, incidentally, was not locked, and then barring the door until no one could come in from the outside he entered the box. Another mystery to historians in addition to the inefficient guard is the unlocked door--the timber used as a door bar, and the peephole in the door.

Booth moved quictly to lhe back of the seated President and fired a derringer at close range into the brain of Abraham Lincoln. The bullet entered behind the left ear and passed diagonally across the brain, lodging behind the right eye. The projectile took with it through the gaping opening three inches from the left ear, brain tissue and pone fragments from the skull, and as the President was hit he slumped forward a little to one side, the eye bulging and bleeding profusely.

MAJOR RATHBONE, the Presiildent's aid, grappled with Wilkes Booth and as Booth had dropped the derringer he slashed at Rathbone with a dagger, cutting him on the arm. Maj. Rathbone made one more attempt, even though wounded, to stop Booth, but could not prevent him from vaulting over the edge of the box to the

stage below. As Booth jumped from the box to the stage he caught his spur in the treasury flag, throwing him off balance, thereby breaking the small bone in his left leg near the ankle.

Most of the people in the theatre thought the firing and the leap to the stage to be a part of the play; but in a moment they were shaken into the realization of the tragedy by the "screams of Mary Lincoln as she worked over the mortally wonded President.

Here at the close of the third act of the play the scene shifted from center stage to boxes seven and eight and John Wilkes Booth of that famous first family of the theatre had played his Judas-like part in a drama of tragedy that was destined to ring down across Aperica for a hundred years. THE LAST WORDS from human lips that were heard by the President were no doubt those of Harry Hank, one of the actors, as he quoted these lines from the play: "Society, ch? Well I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, old woman. You damned old sockdologing mantrap!" —and the last lines spoken by Booth in his villainous role as he limped across the stage were "Sic Sempter Tyranins!" meaning "Death to traitors!" Fike Co v<sup>u</sup> Republican 5/19/1965

By now, the impact of the tragedy had fallen on the stunned audience and pandemonium had broken loose in Ford's theatre. Medical men who were present in the audience were admitted to the box and it was quickly ascertained that the wound was mortal-to move the chief executive to the White House was not deemed feasible, and as result, the dying President was carried directly across the street to the Peterson house which was a boarding house, Here his long form was placed diagonally on a bed and it was here after a fruitless vigil of several hours that all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln passed into immortality at 22 minutes past seven the next morning, April 15.

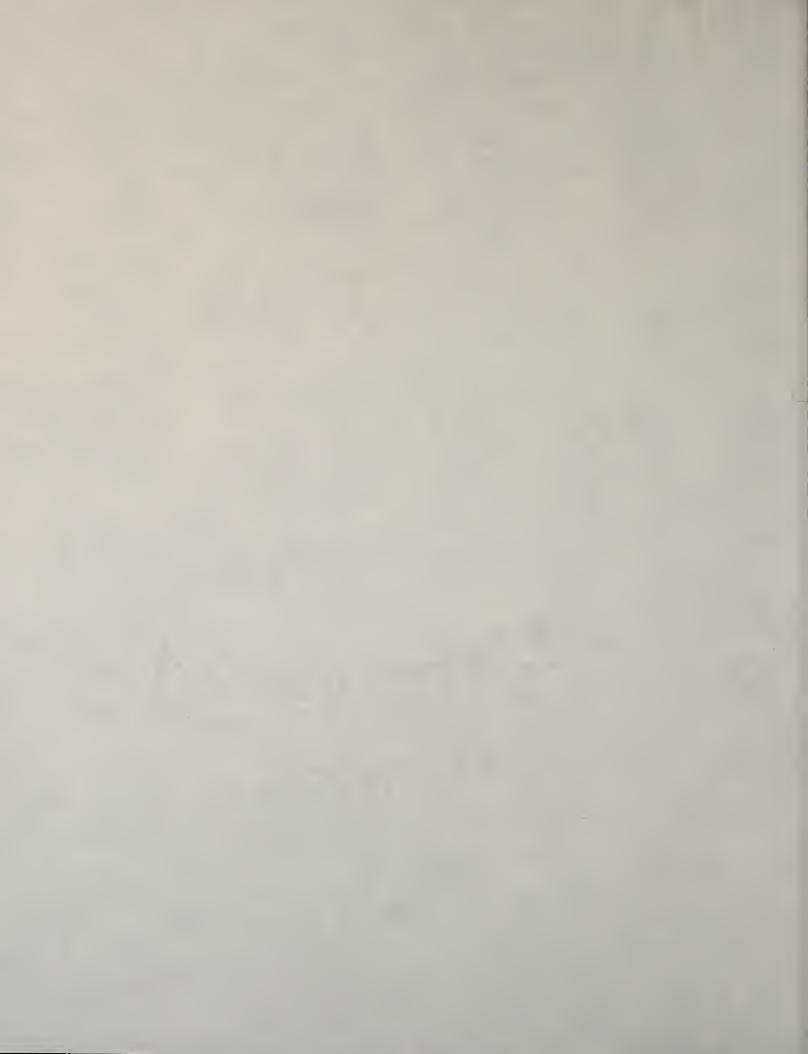
In the meantime, the murderer, John Wilkes Booth, after

flecing from the theatre, had mounted his horse which awailed him and riding quickly through the dark back streets of Washington arrived at the bridge crossing the Potomac into Maryland. Again, strangely, the assassin was allowed to cross the bridge and as the hoof-beats of his horse mingled with the myriad sounds of that spring night he hurried along to where he was destined to cross the path of a kinsman of a Pike county (III.) family, Dr Samuel Mudd.

(To he concluded.

## The Pike County Republican

Wednesday, May 19, 1965 Section B — Page Three



# Third Installment The Lincoln Conspiracy; Also, The Mudd Family in Pike County

(.installment of the story about the assassination of President Lincoln, and the relationship between the Doctor Mudd who treated the injuries of the assassin, and the Pike county families by name of Mudd. Previous installments appeared in May 5 and May 12 issues of this newspaper. THE ESCAPE

AS THE hoofheats of the horse of, the killer of President Lincoln died away into the distance the fate of a kindly country doc-tar by name of Samuel A. Mudd hung in the balance.

Soon after John Wilkes Booth entered into Maryland in his flight to the South he met David Herold, an accomplice who was to accompany him in his escape from the authorities in Washington following his murder of the President. So far, the assassin had been successful in his escape from the theatre and his crossing of the guarded bridge over the historic Potomac, but he could not run away from the excruciating pain that was building up in his left leg which he-had broken in his leap from the presidential box to the stage in Ford's Theatre.

As he and Herold rode, along in the wee hours of the morning through the stillness of the rural Maryland countryside he searched his mind for a solution, and then, all at once he apparently remembered that once while in this area he had see the residence of a country doctor. It was to this man that he would go for attention to his injury. In the dawning hours of April 15, as they jogged along the pike leading to the home of the venerable country physician, John Wilkes Booth put on a false beard so as to disguise himself should a description of him be circulated. And so, under an assumed

name and wearing a false beard, Booth and his fugitive companion came to the door of Dr. Samuel Mudd, When Herold explained that his companion, whom he referred to as Mr To

ler, had broken his leg when his horse had tallen with him the good doctor readily admitted them and examined the leg. Af ter setting the broken leg Dr. Mndd insisted that they stay at his place for a short time in the doctor was eventually reorder that he might observe the leased from the prison and al-leg before they proceeded on lowed to return to his home and their journey. They explained to family in Maryland. Dr. Mudd that they were en-route to the state of Virginia

Printed herewith is the final and that they were anxious to would wait awhile and that perhaps Herold, who had assumed the name Tyson, could obtain a carriage which would make. traveling easier for his injured companion. Upon inquiry the next day Herold learned that he could not locate a carriage and they decided to go on by horseback.

> ON THE following day, while in the small town of Bryantown, nearby, Dr. Mudd learned of the assassination of the President and upon his return home he told Mrs Mudd that he was suspicious of the two strangers. Dr. Mudd then sent word of his suspicions by a relative of his, Dr. George Mudd who lived in that town, to the soldiers who were searching in the vicinity of Bryantown and at once the soldiers came to the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd for an investigation. After several days of interrogation by detectives and the military, all of a sudden, the kindly doctor was arrested and taken to Washington where he was thrown into prison with the rest of the accused conspirators. As a result, he was accused of having a part in the planned conspiracy and narrowly escaped hanging along with four others who were convicted after a rather short trial in the military courts.

DR. MUDD, for his alleged part in the flight of John Wilkes Booth across Maryland, was sentenced to imprisonment, and he was taken to a bleak and desolate island off the coast of the Florida Keys to serve a life term. The Fort Jefferson prison

was a lonely place and, due to its location, was also very unhealthy. As a result, a terrible epidemic of fever broke out with-in the prison and the head of the medical staff contracted the fever and died. The prison authorities, knowing that one of their prisoners, Samuel Mudd, was a physician, pressed him into service, and due to his heroic work, medical skill and good judgment the epidemic was brought under control. As a more or less reward for this fine work, plus the constant plea of his attorney and his friends who believed in his innocence,

Some years ago, through the Dr. Richard D. Mudd of Sagi-naw, Mich., the United States government recognized the fine work of Dr. Samuel Mudd in the fever epidemic and a memorial plaque was erected at Fort Jefferson, which is now a national memorial site; so, at long last, this unfortunate man to whom fate was so unkind, is now rccognized for a great humanitarian contribution.

ONE MIGHT reasonably ask "What does the story of Dr. Mudd, accused Lincoln conspirator, have to do with Pike coun-ty?" and the answer would be that many of Dr. Samuel Mudd's close relatives had much to do with the early development of Pike county. Henry Thomas Pike county. Mudd of early Pike was the son of Stanislaus Mudd who had come from the east coast to the state of Kentucky. In Maysville, Ky., on Oct. 27, 1818, Henry Thomas Mudd was born to Stanislaus and Eliza Mudd, and in his early manhood Henry T. Mudd came to Pike county. After arriving in Pittsfield he soon became acquainted with Sarah Elizabeth Hodgen who had been born in Hodgenville, Ky. in 1822, some 13 years after Lincoln had first seen the light of day in the same area. Henry T. Mudd and Sarah Hodgen were married in Pittsfield on Oct. 10, 1841 and to this union wcre, born eight children, the eldest being Henry Hodgen Mudd who became a distinguished medical man carrying on the tradition of his kinsing on the tradition of his cousin of Maryland, the unfortunate Dr. Sam.

Mr Mudd was born in Pitts-field, April 27, 1844 and spent his youth in Pike. county. In 1856 the youthful Henry Hodgen Mudd moved with his family to St. Louis and it was there that he received his education.

In the year 1866 this young Pike countian received his degree in medicine from Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis. After his gradnation from medical school he enlisted in the army and served with Gen. W. T. Sherman's old ontfit on the western border in the Indian wars as a medical officer, but after his enlistment was up he returned to civilian lite and in 1869 became associated with another Pike countian, his uncle, Dr. John T. Hodgen, in the field of surgery. In the 1870's, Dr. Mudd taught surgery and later became the dean of St. Louis Medical School. In

June 2, 1965 addition to being a skillful sur-geon, Dr. Mudd was a gifted writer and he was the author of many fine works in the medical field.

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Hodgen Mudd Dr. Henry married Lizzie H. Albright of Kirkwood, Mo. in 1869 and to this union were born five children. Pike county's Dr. Mudd died Feb. 20, 1899 in St. Louis after a well spent life in the science of alleviating human suf-

fering. ANOTHER MEMBER of the family of Sr. Samuel Mudd who was associated with Pike coun-ty was Alexis Mudd, son of Stanislaus and Elizabeth Marshall Mudd, who was born in Louisiana, Mo. in 1825. Alexis Mudd was married in Pike county, Mo. and became the father of four children. Alexis Mudd, although being from Pike county, Mo., had much to do with early Pike county, Ill. history, making a speech in Pittsfield in the interest of the campaign of William Henry Harrison, as well as writing campaign songs that were used in the campaign. In 1850, just prior to the War Between the States and at the height of the Gold Rush days, the Pike county Mudds led a caravan which they organized in Pittsfield, in a trek across the prairies and the high plains to California in search of gold.

In this caravan, pulled by horses and oxen on this perilious journey, we find that, in addition to the Pike county Mudds, there was also their Pike county kinsmen, the Hodgens, Dr. John Hodgen going along as the physician for the expedition. (TO BE CONCLUDED)



Pike Co (Ill) Republican probably 6-16-1965.

**Final Chapter: Mudd Families** In Pike County

By MILO PEARSON A:009

Printed herewith is the con-chiding chapter of the story of the assassination / of President Lincoln and the connection be-tween the Mull families of Pike county and the Dr. Mudd who treated the assassin. This story was narrated by Milo Pearson, Jr. at the April meeting of the Pike County Historical Society, Preceding chapters appeared in May 5, May 19 and June 2 issues of this newspaper.

Henry Mudd had charge of a unit consisting of three wagons with four horse team and a similar unit was in charge of another Pike countian and kintolk of the Mudds by the name of Isaac Hodgen, who was a Pitts-field merchant. This caravan, led by the Mudds and the Hodgens, left the public square in. Pittsfield on a dismal rainy afternoon of April 3, 1850 at three o'clock and camped the first night at Summer Hill, It took the expedition about seven months to make the crossing to California, as they arrived in the gold fields on Oct. 10 of that year (1850).

A large number of the gold seekers stayed in the Golden West and played an important part in the civic and business life of the raw western frontier, but several returned to Pike county and among those returning we find Dr. John Hodgen and Henry and Alexis Mudd.

Dr. Henry Mudd, after returning to Pike county, went to St. Louis, as did his cousin, Alcxis Mudd. Alexis entered into a partnership in St. Louis with a Mr Hughes, and they became the prominent commission firm of Hughes and Mudd, while in the meantime Dr. Mudd of Pike. county was establishing a reputation for himself in St. Louis county in medical circles.

Pike county's Alexis Mudd served his country in the Civil War as a major of volunteers of the 19th Missouri, After seeing severe service in the war Major Mudd passed away the Jhird year of the war.

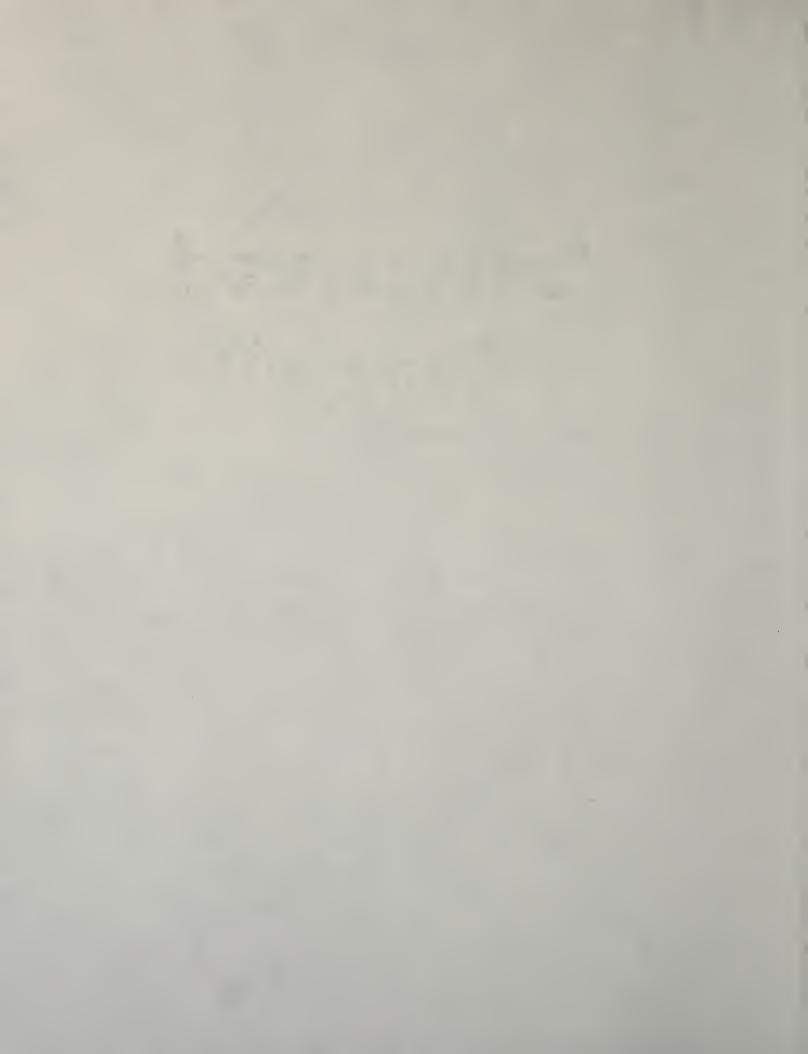
Dr. John T. Hodgen, the world famous physician, and his sister, Sarah Elizabeth married children of Stanislaus Mudd. hence the relationship between these two distinguished families. Dr. John T. Hodgen, who, along with that other Pike coun-tian, Dr. Henry Hodgen Mudd, made medical history. Both were relatives of Dr. Samuel Mudd of Maryland who was accused and sentenced as a part of the Lincoln conspiracy; therefore, it is with a great deal of interest that we review their carcers now at the centennial of the assassination.

·Some years ago there was dedicated, in the courtyard park at Pittsfield, a memorial honoring these two distinguished kinsmen of Dr. Samual Mudd; two Pike countians who had achieved fame as surgeons and humanitarians, Dr. Henry Hodgen and his uncle, Dr. John Thompson Hodgen. NUCD Many descendents of these men and their families still live

in the tri-state area of Illinois-Missouri and Iowa.

Much of the material relating to the Mudds and Hodgens contained in this article was furnished by Dr. Richard D. Mudd of Michigan, a grandson of Dr. Samuel Mudd, who has been untiring in his efforts to clear the good name of his grandfather in the Lincoln conspiracy accusation.

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# Murder Of A President Is Case For Posterity

History has been neglectful of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd, whose fate it was to render heroic service during the darkest hours of his life.

But this would have been the wish of the Maryland physician who by an act of mercy was drawn into the

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dark, mysterious maelstrom of events which followed the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865.

Assassin John Wilkes Booth, near-mad from the pain of a leg fracture, crippled into the doctor's country home during his escape from Washington. The physician recognized Booth from a previous meeting, but word of the crime had not yet swept across the countryside. He did what he could as a professional man and as a result spent four years in a military prison as an accessory to treason.

Before a federal pardon came, he brought under control a yellow fever epidemic that threatened every life within the prison compound.

For this medical service he ls memorialized by a bronze tablet at remote Fort Jefferson on Shark Island in the Dry Tortugas — the most western coral reefs of the Florida Keys which trail out into the Gulf of Mexico. This recognition came during the administration of President Dwight Eisenhower.

#### A Vigorous Doctor Broken By Ordeal

. Both professional acts for which he is remembered represented the same dedication to humanity.

Dr. Mudd was a vigorous 32 when he set Booth's fractured leg at his Charles County, Md., farm home. He died a broken man at 50 because people remembered only his association with a great American tragedy. His descendants still reside on the farm near Bryantown, Md., land which has been in the Mudd family for generations. Deep in the challenge of the theater, Booth played exclusively to northern audiences. He was the only member of a talented family to sympathize with the Southern cause and in 1864 was involved in a plot to kidnap President Lincoln. The war came to an end and discouraged this.

Ironically, Dr. Mudd and the President were distantly related — though neither apparently knew it at the time. The relationship c a m e about through marriage while the Lincolns were residents of southern Indiana. For a time, in fact, there were two Abraham Lincolns in Hoosierland.

Dr. Richard A. Mudd of Saginaw, Mich., is a grandson — distinguished by wartime service to his country and contributions to the field of industrial medicine. He also has devoted 51 years of fascinating research to clearing the name of his grandfather.

This effort has won some recognition from the United States Government and Dr. Mudd was privileged to witness the unveiling of the plaque at remote Fort Jefferson.

Dr. Mudd has addressed many groups on the subject of his research, including the Fort Wayne Civil War Roundtable. Those who have followed him through the scholarly studies are satisfied that the grandson's mission has been accomplished.

The research has taken Dr. Mudd into strange places through the years and exposed singular hiatuses and coincidences in the Lincoln assassination story.

Then Lincoln became the South's chief hope for a reasonable peace yet the irrational Booth turned to plotting the chief executive's death.

Booth was the father of two children born out of wedlock and always had a retinue of admiring young women at his beck and call. The curtain finally dropped with such suddenness on the "gallant" Booth that history was denied the chance of exploring what made him tick.

One of the co-conspirators, George Atzerodt, has been described for posterity as a wild-eyed drunken idiot but

actually, he was a graduate of Georgetown University. Atzerodt was to have dispatched Vice President Andrew Johnson but wandered the streets instead on this night of terror.

This was both Good Friday and a black Friday for citizens of the United States. Reportedly, the unconscious President was hurriedly moved to a residence across the street from the theater so he would not breathe his last in a public place on a religious holiday.

Husky young Lewis Paine did not accomplish his mission, either, but he did horribly wound

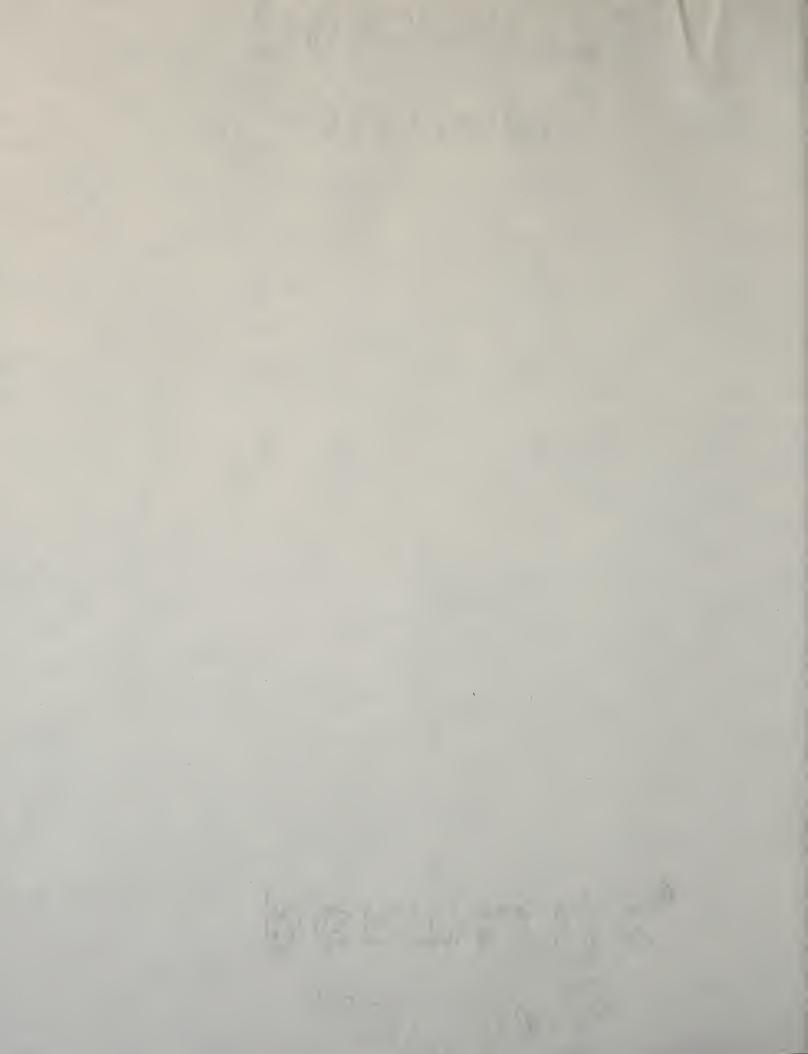
Continued On Page 5E.

After Many Years Questions Persist

There is even question about the manner in which B o o t h met his death and whether he actually is buried under the Maryland tombstone bearing his name. History even has overlooked which of the assassin's legs was broken by a fall to the stage of Ford's Theater.

Until the Kennedy assassination, Dr. Mudd had made some hopeful overtures to the Maryland state government to exhume Booth's body for the sake of research. With recent developments in the Kennedy case, Dr. Mudd believes the door is hopelessly closed.

Booth was not an "obscure" actor as history so often reports. He was the son of a distinguished English actor, Junius Brutus Booth who drew aeclaim at London's Covent Garden; his older brother, Edwin Thomas Booth, is still regarded as the greatest Ameriean actor of the 19th century. The elder Booth came to the United States in 1821 and both Edwin and John Wilkes Booth were born at Bel Air, Md. John Wilkes was making an impression on the stage in the North at the time of the assassination.



Continued From Page 1E. the ailing secretary of state, William H. Seward, as he lay helpless in his bed from injuries suffered in a carriage accident some time earlier.

The guilt of Mrs. Mary Surrat becomes more in doubt with the years. She was implicated, and died, because the conspirators met under her roof. Dr. Mudd's research indicates she was more dead than alive the day of her execution.

Booth and a devoted aide, David E. Herold, fled the city together. Herold, Paine, Atzerodt and Mrs. Surrat died on the scaffold.

It was alleged, too, that in Mrs. Surrat's tavern just outside Washington, weapons for the escape were hidden under an upstairs floor. Dr. Mudd found this place on the farm of a sharecropper, and also the loose flooring that had been described. There was r o o m under them for weapons.

Two Virginia farm famlies had arranged to hide Booth and Herold after the assassination and provided boats for crossing the streams in the path of their escape. Strangely, none was ever brought to trial.

The circumstances of Lincoln's visit to Ford's Theater this fateful night could not have better suited plans for the assassination. Several people of state who normally would never have passed up a presidential invitation to the theater made their excuses. These included Gen. Ulysses S. Grant with whom the President apparently wanted to be seen publicly.

An army major was Lincoln's only protection t h a t n i g h t and the officer was s t a b b e d in the neck and stunned as Booth made his appearance in the presidential loge.

Booth's escape horse, tethered near the stage door, apparently attracted no curiosity on this night. Ironically, Booth had approached Dr. Mudd a short time earlier to buy a horse. The doctor did not have an animal he thought w o u l d suit Booth, and directed him to another farm.

The only menace to Booth that night was a flag draped over the rail of the presidential box. In a leap down to the stage, the assassin's leg caught in its folds and the resulting fall fractured the limb. The inj u r e d leg remained temporarily useful because of the tight boot encasing it. This boot later was to incriminate Dr. Mudd to the satisfaction of a military court.

Dr. Mudd helped the suffering Booth to a downstairs sofa and tried to treat him there; the effort caused the patient too much pain and he was moved to a bed upstairs.

There, the physician carefully cut away the boot and kicked it under a bed, out of the way. Overlooked for several days, it became evidence against the professional man and remains an historical artifact at Ford's Theater.

#### It offers no clue of right or left: boots in those days were made to be worn interchangeably.

The sofa on which the injured Booth first was stretched now is the prized possession of Dr. Mudd in Saginaw.

A thread of providence found its way into the horrid fabric of the night; Secretary of State Seward recovered to serve through the administration of President Andrew Johnson and negotiated the purchase of Alaska from Russia. For this foresight he was branded a fool for many years.

Dr. Mudd learned of the president's assassination the day after he treated B o o t h while on a business visit to Bryantown. Booth and Herold were riding away as the physician returned to his farm. They had given fictitious names and likely were armed, though the doctor was never threatened. Dr. Mudd reported the visit of the two men to the first military unit he encountered. From that day on he led a persecuted life.

The epidemic that swept Fort Jefferson claimed the life of the military physician and Dr. Mudd, in desperation, was asked to fill this responsibility until the fever could be brought under control.

For his service he received some public recognition and he was respectfully identified by some as "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

On the 12th day of his hideout, Booth was flushed from a barn which had been set afire by a detail of troops. Booth fell mortally wounded outside the structure but it is not clear to this day who fired the fatal shot. The troops gathered at the barn were from various military units and they were commanded by a Sgt. "Boston" Corbett. The sergeant claimed to have shot Booth down but the Encyclopedia' Americana credits the theory that Booth shot himself before he fled the flames.

This might be clarified if there was any record whether Booth was left or right-handed.

The painstaking research in behalf of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd has done more than clarify a family record; it serves as a continuing reminder of how human frailties may thumb the scales of justice.

Under a beating sun in a Washington jailyard the mystifying case of the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln ended (in record only) with a final bizarre human gesture: the heads of the condemned were shaded with umbrellas during the moments they awaited their plunge into eternity from the gallows.

## FORT WAYNE JOURNAL - GAZETTE

Sunday, March 19, 1967

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DR. RICHARD D. MUDD 1001 HOYT STREET QUE SAGINAW, MICH 2005

29 November 1968

Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry Lincoln National Life Foundation Ft. Wayne, Indiana 46801

CN/15/68

Dear Dr. McMurtry:

I understand that your Foundation has tried for years to obtain a copy of the pamphlet which the wife of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd caused to be prepared, containing the proceedings and testimony of the Lincoln Assassination Trial as it pertained to Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. You have been unable to obtain a copy and as far as I know we do not have a copy in the family. There has always been some question as to whether or not such a pamphlet existed.

The attached photocopy of a letter written by Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's sister refers to the pamphlet and is therefore significant. This letter was given to me recently by a Mrs. Marie Hamilton, grand-daughter of Capt. Charles Hamilton who be frinded Dr. Mudd while he was in prison.

As indicated by my notes on the letter, it was probably written soon after Dr. Samuel A. Mudd arrived at Ft. Jefferson because it was not long after his arrival that Dr. Mudd's family received permission to write to Dr. Mudd.

I thought you would like to have a copy of this letter for your files.

I am also sending you a copy of an article appearing in the Washington, D. C. Post of 11/3/68 which was so full of errors that I wrote a letter to the Washington Post concerning it. I had an extra copy and thought you would like to have a copy for your files.

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of a petition I have sent to President Johnson.

Kindest regards,

mutthe.

Richard D. Mudd, M.D.

RDM:mb Encls.

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# **Take Note**

On the Trail of John Wilkes Booth



If one wants to trace the route from Washington of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, and his cofugitive David Herold, who accompanied him by horseback on that grave and dreadful night of April 14, 1865, one has but to take Rte. 5 off the Suitland Parkway, then Old Brandywine Road (381) for about a mile to Clinton, Md., (formerly Surrattsville).



At Clinton is the Surrattsville tavern, now boarded up but scheduled to be a Maryland historical monument, where the weapons were to be picked up by Booth and Herold after their fast night ride from Washington. Mrs. Mary Surratt had leased the farm and tavern to one John Lloyd, and it was he who was there to receive them the night of the assassination. Lloyd had been given the weapons—two carbines, along with some ammunition, twenty feet of rope, and a monkey wrench — by Mary's son, John Surratt, some five or six weeks prior to April 14. In the later trial, evidence was given that Mrs. Surratt, on the day of the murder, had taken out a pair of binoculars to be added to "the store" at the tavern. John Lloyd, worried about having the items, had remonstrated with John Surratt, but was assured that there was a secret storage area behind some rafters in the old house, and they were stored there until such time as needed.

11/3/1968.

Booth and Herold, in their hurry to get medical attention for Booth's leg after a bone was fractured in his leap from the President's box at Ford's Theater, stayed but a very short time at the Surratt tavern — only long enough to down some whisky and take but one rifle, as Booth was in no condition to carry the second one.

After leaving the Surratt house and tavern, Booth and Herold proceeded down toward T.B., Md., that same night and arrived (via Waldorf) in the early morning hours at the farm home of Dr. Samuel Mudd, a 32-year-old medical doctor who had retired from a nonlucrative practice to work his farm property. (Today, unknown

Continued on page 7

There is not much left of Bryantown but a cluster of houses, some very imposing, dating well back to Civil War times. Progress has seemed to pass the area by, like the ghosts of its former visitors of notorious renown.

A visit to the modern country store near the junction of routes 232 and 5 will provide an exciting history of the area in relation to the Lincoln conspirators.

The manager of the store lives in a house just a short way up a rear roadway — a former tavern — where John Wilkes Booth frequently stopped on his visits to the area to see Dr. Mudd about the purchase of lands and horses — also, no doubt, to talk of many other things that culminated in the final mad act of Booth's stage career.

To this former tavern, Davey Herold was also brought that hot summer, in irons, a prisoner of Pinkerton's detectives, on his way to Washington and eventual execution by hanging. Along with him was one Lewis Paine, a strong but stupidly obedient 23year-old killer; George Atzerodt, a cow-

Trailing Booth continued

to many except Civil War buffs, that farm still stands in excellent preservation. But one would miss it if it were not for a marker off the macadam highway (Rte. 382) which is posted at the winding dirt road that enters the property).

Dr. Mudd was not very happy to have the fugitives; but have them he must. Though Mudd's evasions at the later trial belied his close affiliation with the conspirators, history has proved that a local "rebellion" was indeed active and was in fact harbored in the woods behind the Mudd farm for the whole summer of 1864, which group was visited quite often by John Wilkes Booth, John Surratt, Herold and others of the Washington "circle."

The woods and grove are still visible behind the Mudd farmhouse, down a deep depression and up a distant hill, a perfect spot for activities that were not wished to be seen from the main road.



Dr. Mudd's house, now a tenant farm, is still much as it was. It stands some three miles or so north of Bryantown, which is farther along Rte. 382 and then via 232 on Rte. 5.



# Trailing Booth continued

ardly roustabout carriage and boat builder from Port Tobacco, Md., who was strictly in it for the money; and Mary Surratt, mother of one of the prime conspirators, John Surratt. She was a woman ill-omened and ill-advised, who thought the whole affair was going to be a master kidnaping affair was going to be a master kidnaping affair obe delivered into the hands of the Confederacy at Richmond and thus insure an end to the already dying war.

About three miles from Bryantown, and still proceeding down Rte. 232, is Dr. Mudd's tomb in a graveyard of the Church where he often worshipped. The church and grounds have been modernized, but the original edifice, with its deep red brick and beautiful stained glass windows, still stands.

When one considers that on the former steps of this old Church, John Wilkes Booth first met Dr. Samuel Mudd, the innocent-appearing turns of fate are all too evident, and the interesting history of evident, and the interesting history of

Bryantown comes into full focus. Once Booth and Herold left Dr. Mudd's near Bryantown, they headed southwest to Port Tobacco, via LaPlata. They jour-

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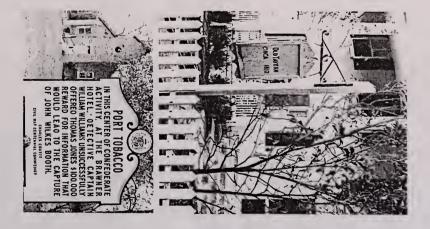
neyed here through swamp land and disagreeable tortures. They destroyed their horses, fearing that the whinny of the animals might attract mounted soldiers, who, by now, were all about and well upon their trail to Richmond, Va.

Booth's pain prevented much travel. He was therefore fortunate in his arrival at Port Tobacco. A Confederate sympathizer by the name of Thomas Jones fed the men in a thicket for six days by a loud pretense at feeding hogs.

A marker at the site of the former town mentions Jones with irony — that he refused to give evidence that he knew the whereabouts of such men as Booth and his co-conspirators, even though a price of \$100,000 was posted as a reward for the \$100,000 was posted as a reward for the sinformation. Jones did not, in fact, give information. Jones did not, in fact, give evidence until many years later; he said then that he fed the two men, whom he knew, and brought them newspapers of the knew, and brought them newspapers of the day — because a foster brother, Sam Cox

"wanted him to." The end of the journey for John Wilke: Booth, a famous actor, and Davey Herold a snivelling 23-year-old who looked 17, was at a farmhouse, some three miles west of

Port Royal, Va. The two men had gained the Virginia shore to their "beloved southland," passed



through the picket lines as once-beleaguered "Southern soldiers" on their way home, and thought their way to Richmond almost assuredly clear.

However, an expressed desire to sleep in the barn at the Garrett farm, a request made much too late in the night, brought the militia down on Booth, the prime conspirator. He was shot through a crack in the wall of the burning Garrett barn by an over-excited soldier, who thought Booth was going to fire upon him. Booth died at dawn, on the Garrett porch, some 2½ hours after he was shot in the head in almost exactly the same manner as he had shot the dead President. It was just 12 days later.

The Carrett farm is no more. Two sides of dual highway 301 slither on their way West and East, bisecting what is now but a widening in the road, a median strip. Only a marker stands in the East-bound lane, near the site of the former farm, to indicate that on April 26, 1865, such an event as Booth's death occurred nearby. The cars move swiftly past, headed into the rush of things farther on, little noting that a conspiracy that lead to death died here as well, and that a strange life passed into notorious history.

-HAROLD O. WANG



19 November 1968

Editor, Washington Post Washington, D.C.

#### Dear Sir:

The article on the "Trail of John Wilkes Booth" written by Harold C. V ang appeared in the November 3, 1968 edition of the Post. At that time I was a patient in a hospital and unable to write concerning errors in it. I have received letters from several sections of the country - Miami, Richmond, V ashington, D. C., Detroit etc., from persons who have read this article and questioned portions of it.

The maps showing Booth's trail indicates that he went through Valdorf, Bryantown, LaPlata, Port Tobacco. He did not go through any of these. The best evidence is that he took the Beantown-Mattawoman road, going behind St. Peter's Church, across the present Isaac Don Levine farm to the home of Dr. Famuel Mudd. When he left thore he took the Zekish Swamp road eventually passing the St. Paul Chapel and Brice Chapel, avoiding Waldorf and Bryantown and LaPlata, stopping at the home of Samuel Cox and Thos. Jones. At no time did Booth and Herold go into or near Port Tobacco. So much for the route.

The author states that Mrs. Surratt took a pair of binoculars to John Lloyd on April 14. This has been disputed by several historians concerned with the Surratt story. The contents of the package she took to Lloyd, her tenant, have never been determined definitely.

The author refers to Dr. Mudd as having retired from a non-lucrative practice. The Mudd family know that while he did not have a lucrative practice, he had not retired, at age 32.

The author's statement that Dr. Mudd was not happy to have the fugitives, gives the impression that Dr. Mudd hapw they were fugitives. All available evidence points to the fact that Dr. Mudd did not learn of the Lincoln Assassination till the afternoon of April 15 and did not know that Booth was the assassin.

The statement that Dr. Mudd had a "close affiliation with the conspirators" is not born out by the evidence of the trial or subsequent information. Dr. Mudd had never met David Herold, Mrs. Surratt, John Atzerodt, Spangler, Louis Powell (allas Payre) or cit and O'Laughlin. Dr. Mudd had met John Surratt who was not involved in the seassination plot and had met John Wilkes Booth twice, once when he carrot is farm in 1864 trying to buy a horse, and once in Washington, D.C., when the Mudd was in town to buy a new stove for his wife for Christmas.

The biggest error in the article is the statement that "a local robellion was .... harbored in the woods behind the Mudd farm for the whole summer & Booth of 1864 which group was often visited by .... \* Both, John Surratt, Herold and others of the Washington Circle." This statement is taken "out of thin air". There is nothing in the assassination trial to indicate such an arrangement. Booth's original plot to kidnap Lincoln began in the Fall of 1864.

The reference to persons hiding in Dr. Mudd's woods pertains to young men who hid in fear of the Union forces in 1861 (Assassination of President Lincoln, report of the trial, Pittmann, Ben, 1865, p. 179). Editor, Washington Post

The author is especially unfair to Dr. Mudd (since it is inaccurate) when he states (p. 8) "John Wilkes Booth frequently stopped on his visits to the area to see Dr. Mudd about the purchase of land and horses - also no doubt to talk of many things that culminated in the final mad act of Booth's stage career." The testimony at the trial clearly indicates that Booth visited Dr. Mudd's home once, on a Sunday in the Fall of 1864 after being introduced to him at St. Mary's Church in Bryantown. Dr. Mudd told Booth of the availability for sale of a one-eyed horse belonging to Dr. Mudd's neighbor, George Cardiner. Booth bought this horse and there is evidence that he visited Dr. Mudd the following morning when he came for the horse.

On this same page it is stated that "Davey Herold was brought to this tavern (in Bryaniown) on his way to Washington. How wrong this is! Herold was taken to Washington by boat from Virginia with the body of Booth.

When the Assassination of Lincoln is referred to in the Washington area papers, the readers expect historical accuracy. It is unfortunate that this article contains so many inaccuracies. There are parsons in Washington who could write an accurate story of the Booth Trail. I hope the Washington Post will see to it that this is done.

#### Yours very truly,

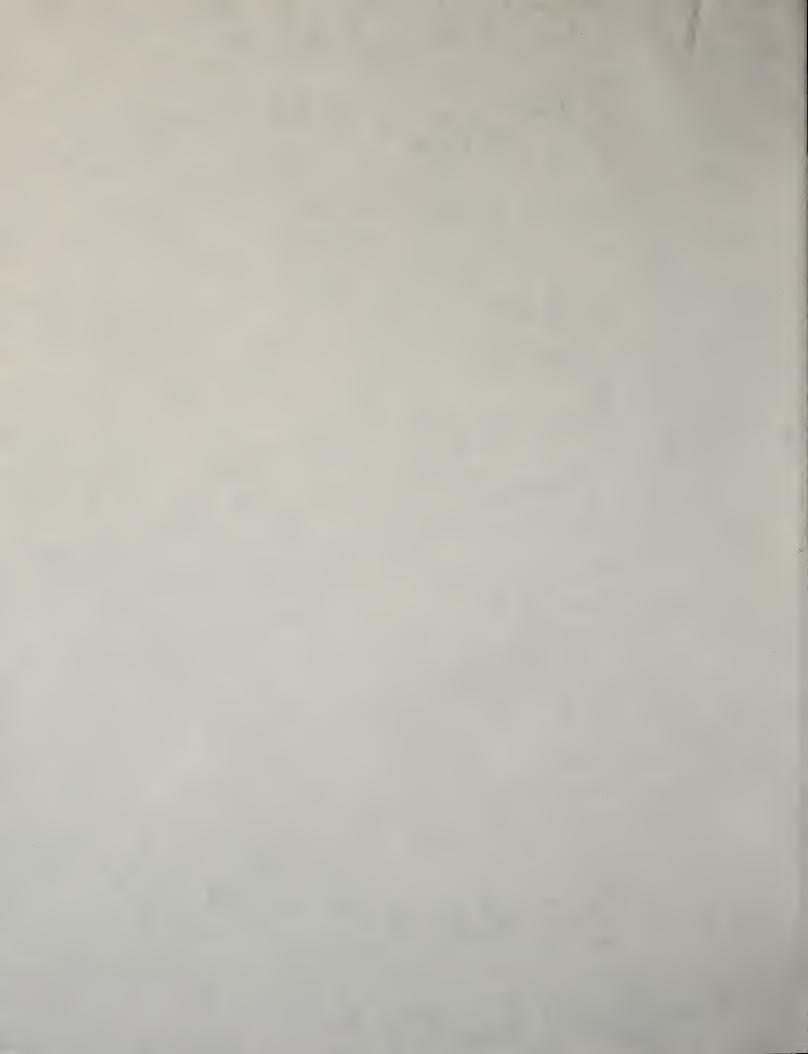
Richard D. Mudd, M. D.

RDM:mb



Table mode by Som A Mudd

original in safe



Fort Jefferson, largest of the 19th-century American coastal forts, is the central feature of the seven Dry Tortugas Islands and the surrounding shoals and waters of the Gulf of Mexico that make up Fort Jefferson National Monument. Though off the beaten track, the monument is famous for its bird and marine life, as well as for its legends of pirates and sunken gold.



Dry Tortugas • Like a strand of beads hanging from the tip of Florida, reef islands trail westward into the Gulf of Mexico. Almost 70 miles west of Key West, is a cluster of coral keys called Dry Tortugas. In 1513, Spanish explorer Ponce de León named them *las Tortugas*—the Turtles because of "the great amount of turtles which there do breed." The later name, Dry Tortugas, warns the mariner that there is no fresh water here.

Past Tortugas sailed the treasure-laden ships of Spain, braving shipwreck and corsairs. Not until Florida became part of the United States in 1821 were the pirates finally driven out. Then, for additional insurance to a growing United States commerce in the gulf, a lighthouse was built at Tortugas, on Garden Key, in 1825. Thirtyone years later the present 150-foot light was erected on Loggerhead Key.

The strategic importance of the Tortugas was recognized early. In the words of the naval captain who surveyed the Keys in 1830, Tortugas could "control navigation of the Gulf." Commerce from the growing Mississippi Valley sailed the gulf to reach the Atlantic. Enemy seizure of the Tortugas would cut off this vital traffic, and a fleet operating from this strategic base could be effective against even a superior force.

There were still keen memories of Jackson's fight with the British at New Orleans, and England was currently developing her West Indies possessions. Trouble in Cuba was near. Texas, a new republic, seemed about to form an alliance with France or England, thus providing the Europeans with a foothold on the gulf coast. To guard against this possibility, Fort Jefferson was built on Garden Key.

Key to the Gulf of Mexico . During the first half of the 1800's the United States began a chain of seacoast defenses from Maine to Texas. Fort Jefferson, one-half mile in perimeter, was the largest link in the chain. From foundation to crown its 8-foot-thick walls stand 50 feet high. Its three gun tiers were designed for 450 guns, and it was large enough to garrison 1,500 men. Planned and supervised by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, the fort was started in 1846, and, although work went on for almost 30 years, it was never finished. Artisans imported from the North and slaves from Key West made up most of the labor force. After 1861 the slaves were partly replaced by military prisoners, but slave labor did not end completely until Lincoln freed the slaves in 1863.



Federal troops occupied the half-completed, unarmed Fort Jefferson on January 19, 1861, to keep it from falling into the hands of Florida secessionists, but aside from a few warning shots at Confederate privateers there was no action. The average garrison numbered 500 men, and building quarters for them accounted for most of the wartime construction.

Little important work was done after 1866, for the new rifled cannon had already made the fort obsolete. Further, the engineers found that the foundations rested not upon a solid coral reef, but upon sand and coral boulders washed up by the sea. The huge structure settled, and the walls began to crack. For almost 10 years after the war, Fort Jefferson remained a prison. Among the prisoners sent there in 1865 were several of the "Lincoln Conspirators"—Michael O'Loughlin, Samuel Arnold, Edward Spangler, and Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. Dr. Mudd, knowing nothing of President Lincoln's assassination, had set the broken leg of the fugitive assassin, John Wilkes Booth. The

Dr. Samuel A. Mudd



physician was convicted of conspiracy and sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor.

Normally, the Tortugas was a healthful post, but in 1867 yellow fever came. From August 18 to November 14 the epidemic raged, striking 270 of the '300 men at the fort. Among the first of the 38 fatalities was the post surgeon, Maj. Joseph Sim Smith. Dr. Mudd, together with Dr. Daniel Whitehurst from Key West, worked day and night to fight the scourge. Two years later, Dr. Mudd was pardoned.

Because of hurricane damage and another fever outbreak, Fort Jefferson was abandoned in 1874. During the 1880's, however, the United States began a naval building program, and Navy men looked at this outpost as a possible naval base. From Tortugas Harbor the battleship *Maine* weighed anchor for Cuba, where she was blown up in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898. Soon the Navy began a coaling station outside the fort walls, bringing the total cost of the fortification to some \$3.5 million. The big sheds were hardly completed before a hurricane smashed the loading rigs.

One of the first naval wireless stations was built at the fort early in the 1900's, and, during World War I, Tortugas was equipped to serve as a seaplane base. But as the military moved out again, fire and storms and salvagers took their toll, leaving the "Gibraltar of the Gulf" a vast ruin. About your visit. Public transportation from Key West is available by boat and amphibious aircraft. Information on charter boats can be obtained from the Key West Chamber of Commerce. For information about charter flights contact Chalk's Flying Service, P.O. Box 726, Buena Vista Station, Miami, FL 33137.

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Camping is permitted in the grassed picnic area; grills and picnic tables are provided. No bathing facilities are available.

Administration - Fort Jefferson National Monument is administered by the National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior. Address inquiries to the Superintendent, Everglades National Park, Box 279, Homestead, FL 3030.

Department of the Interior + As the Nation's principal conservation agency, the Department of the Interior has basic responsibilities for water, fish, wildlife, mineral, land, park, and recreational resources. Indian and Territorial afairs are other major concerns of America's "Department of Natural Resources." The Department works to assure the wisest choice in managing all our resources so each will make its full contribution to a better United States—now and in the future.



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and follow an indirect, 9,000-mile route to West Africa and do not return to the Tortugas until at least their fourth summer.

The presence of these tropical occanic birds at Tortugas was recorded by Ponce de León (1513), Capt. John Hawkins (1565), John James Audubon (1832), and Louis Agazzis (1858). Prior to the early 1900's commercial eger graiding reduced the colony to a mere 4,000 individual birds. From 1903 a resident warden dfectively protected the birds during the nesting season, and today the rookery contains on estimated 100,000 breeding adults. A colony of brown noddles, iotterspresed among the sooties, comprises only about 2,500 birds, but the population is surday of the water while in flight, rather than diving into it as do most terns.

Large numbers of frigatebirds also congregate at the Dry Tortugas in summer.



With a wingspao of almost 7 feet, the frigatebird is among the most graceful of soaring birds. Though it may occasionally indulge in aerial piracy, it usually captures its own fish from the water. A few bluefaced and brown boobies are observed occasionally. Roseate terns nest oo Hospital, Bush, and Long Keys at the same time other terns are nesting. In season, a continuous procession of songbirds and other migrants fly over or rest at the islands, which lie across one of the principal flyways from the Uoited States to Cuba and South America. Familiar guils and terns of the North, as well as maoy migratory shore birds, spend the winter at Tortugas.

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The reef complex supports a myriad of marine life. Multicolored sea ferns sway io the gentle oceas our rocts, beckoning the viewer to take a closer look; sea anemones thrust their rocs aod lavender tentacles upward in search of food; a lobster's antennae wave frantically, trying to detect potential danger. Other strange animals, including several species of sponges of various sizes and colors, dot the saody bottom. Large clusters of staghorn coral resemble an underwater forst.

Indiscriminate hunting has diminished the
 r. sea turtle population, but these large crea-

tures are still observed in the Dry Tortugas area. Species seen recently include havksbill, green, and loggenhead turtles. Thousands of hatching green turtles have been released on the baches of Everglades National Park and Fort Jefferson National Monument in an effort to enlarge populations. Other such releases were made throughout the Caribbean area, and additional releases are planned for future versa.

Monument in an effort to enlarge populations. Other such releases were made throughout the Caribbean area, and additional releases are planned for future years. Although a diversity of lower animal forms inhabits the reef, the most dominant creatures are the scores of aggressive and colorful small fishes. Vivid shades of red, vellow, green, and blue characterize the reef fishes. The varied hues serve the purposes of camouflage, recognition, warning, or as an aid to courtship. The small fish attract larger ones, including the amberjack, grouper, wahoo, and tarpon, which play an

Staghorn coral



important ecological role by feeding on the smaller fish and keeping their numbers in check. All the residents of the coral reef must be constantly alert for the marauders of the sea--the ever-cruising shark and the swift-moving barracuda. Stiting atop the food chain, these predators are also esseotial in maintaining a natural balance in the marine habitat. Plants - Fewer than 50 species of land plants;

Plants - Fewer than 50 species of land plants are native to the Dry Tortugas, because the saline soil, long droughts, and frequent storms impose severe growing conditions. Many plants have been introduced, either accidentally or for ornamental purposes. On Garden and Loggerhead Keys, the latter group includes such conspicuous plants as coconut and date palms, tamarind, Australian pines, gumbol-limbo, and century plants.

ian pines, gumbo-limo, and century plants. The native flora is tropical, mainly mangrove (or buttonwood), bay cedar, seagrape, sea-lavender, purslane, and seaoats all typical of Florida's lower east coast.



U.S. Department of the Interinr . National Park Service

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Department of the Interior • As the Nation's principal conservation agency, the Department of the Interior has basic responsibilities for water, fish, wildlife, mineral, land, park, and recreational resources. Indian cerns of America's "Department of Natural Resources." The Department works to assure the wisest choice in managing all our resources so each will make its full contribution to a better United States—now and in the future. PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY



Courthouse. Upper Marlboro, Maryland 20870 (301) 627-3000

HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL TRUST

Jan. 20, 1974

Theodore Roscoe, Esq. Box 43, Main Post Office Arlington, Virginia 22210

Dear Mr. Roscoe:

Father Robert L. Keesler of Laurel, whose name I have mentioned previously as being the No. 1 Confederate buff in this locality, was startled the other evening when he again read, with new comprehension, the autobiographical plan of General Bradley T. Johnson to capture President Lincoln in 1864. The enclosed copies of pages 123-4 from General Johnson's "Maryland" will disclose how reminiscent his proposals were with what John Surratt's 1870 Rockville lecture revealed that he and John Wilkes Booth once tried to accomplish.

And now Father Keesler and I are wondering whether two erstwhile soldiers listed as being under General Johnson's command, by names of Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Loughlin, might have known their commander or, more likely, might have known people who knew the commander. We also think it extraordinarily strange that none of the Lincoln Assassination books we have ever read (and he, Father Keesler, has read them all) has ever referred specifically to General Johnson's candid disclosure as to the way he intended to bag his quarry at the Soldiers' Home.

Furthermore, when Goldsborough's 1869 history of "The Maryland Line, 1861-5" was republished in 1900 (Father Keesler does not have a copy of the 1869 version), with a retelling of what General Johnson intended to do vis-a-vis Lincoln, isn't it passing strange that again, so far as we know, neither Goldsborough, nor General Johnson, nor Samuel B. Arnold, nor John Surratt, all alive and well, volunteered or was requested to comment on the similarity of the abduction plans.

Enclosed is page 203 of Goldsborough's 1900 version of the kidnap plot, showing the gratuitous use of General Lee's name and then integrating it into the project by the use of the connective "then" If Lee approved of this "daring enterprise," then obviously his commander-in-chief would certainly have thought well of it.

I couldn't find any reference in the Goldsborough book to the assassination of Lincoln, yet I did come across a footnote pointing



out that a soldier named Dahlgren had attempted to assassinate Jefferson Davis and his cabinet.

IF there was a high-level Confederate plot TO <u>KIDNAP</u> Lincoln, and IF John Surratt and his mother and Arnold and O'Loughlin and Doctor Mudd and Booth (before he went berserk) were all performing assigned tasks, then weren't they all heroes and heroines forming assigned tasks, then weren't they all heroes and heroines not to have said or written anything that would have consigned not to have said or written anything that would have consigned lee and Davis to a vengeful Stanton? And aren't we in the U.S. witnessing a somewhat similar type of loyalty at the present time?

Obviously unless at some future date an admission from someone high in the councils of the Confederacy comes to light, no answers can be made to any of the questions raised in this letter. But sather Keesler and I both felt the accounts contained in the photocopies enclosed should be furnished you -- on the remote possibility that you were not familiar with them.

Cordially yours,

John C. Brennan 513 Main St. Laurel, Md. 20810

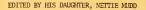
Enclosures 2.





# CONTINENTAL BOOK COMPANY IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THE REPUBLICATION OF

## THE LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD





ABRAHAM LINCOL!





DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD As He Appeared when Working in the Carpenter's Shop in the Prison at Fort Jefferson



JOHN WILKES BOOTH

"Diary" of John Wilkes Booth!

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#### LIMITED EDITION!

This, the fourth edition of THE LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD, contains the letters of Dr. Mudd from Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas Island (Florida), where he was imprisoned four years for alleged complicity in the assassimation of Abraham Lincoln. These letters attest the compassionate, unselfish spirit of Dr. Mudd, who though wrongly imprisoned, labored unceasingly at his profession at the risk of his own life caring for his fellow prisoners and even for his captors when yellow fever ravaged Fort Jefferson in 1867.

This edition is an exact facsimile reproduction of the original edition printed in 1906 with additional letters (one never published prior to this printing), additional illustrations, and a current update of the Mudd Genealogy as contained in The Descendants of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd (Chapter XX of the book) compiled and updated by Richard Dyer Mudd, M.D. of Saginaw, Michigan, the grandson of Dr. Samuel Mudd.

Also contained in this new edition is a foldout copy of the Michigan Legislature's House Concurrent Resolution No. 126, adopted by the House and Senate in July of 1973 expressing the sentiment of the Michigan Legislature that Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was innocent of any complicity in the Assassination of President Abraham Lincoln.

The original smaller edition published in 1906 has been in great demand and has long commanded a high price as a rare collector's item. The other two editions published in 1955 by Continental Book Company and in 1962 by Richard Dyer Mudd have now become collectors' items as well.

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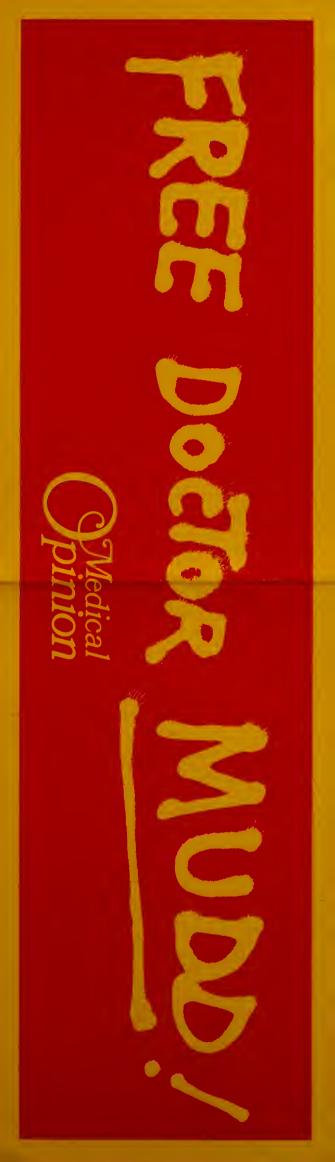
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Please send me as soon as published copy(ies) of THE LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL A MUDD, edited by Nettie Mudd, at \$12.95 each copy (price \$15.00 after publication).

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This volume contains approximately 375 pages, is printed on excellent quality paper and durably bound. An enhancement to any collection. Delivery by November 15, 1975. Order now to assure receiving your copy and take advantage of our prepublication price of \$12.95 each postpaid to you. After the publication date, copies will be \$15.00 each postpaid to you.	Also contained in this new edition is a foldout copy of the Michigan Legislature's House Concurrent Resolution No. 126, adopted by the House and Senate in July of 1973 expressing the sentiment of the Michigan Legislature that Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was innocent of any complicity in the Assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. The original smaller edition published in 1906 has been in great demand and has long commanded a high price as a rare collector's item. The other two editions published in 1955 by Continental Book Company and in 1962 by Richard Dyer Mudd have now become collectors' items as well.	<ul> <li>This, the fourth edition of THE LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD, contains the letters of Dr. Mudd from Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas Island (Florida), where he was imprisoned four years for alleged complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. These letters attest the compassionate, unselfish spirit of Dr. Mudd, who though wrongly imprisoned, labored unceasingly at his profession at the risk of his own life caring for his fellow prisoners and even for his captors when yellow fever ravaged Fort Jefferson in 1867.</li> <li>This edition is an exact facsimile reproduction of the original edition printed in 1906 with additional letters (one never published prior to this printing), additional illustrations, and a current update of the Mudd Genealogy as contained in The Descendants of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd (Chapter XX of the book) compiled and updated by Richard Dyer Mudd, M.D. of Saginaw, Michigan, the grandson of Dr. Samuel Mudd.</li> </ul>	AVAILABLE SOON: LIMITED EDITION!
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Dear Doctor:

Thank you for your interest in our campaign to "FREE DOCTOR MUDD!" Enclosed you will find the Bumper Sticker you requested, plus a lapel button. Both should bring some interesting comments and questions.

Several hundred physicians across the nation are now wearing the buttons and displaying the stickers.

Sincerely,



John Connors Editor

Published by Medical Opinion & Review, Inc.



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NOW BACK IN PRINT !

# THE LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL A. M

Order Your Copy Now of THE LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD by Nettie Mudd while our supply lasts. This is the fourth edition of the life of the physician accused as an accomplice in the Assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. It has two additional letters never published relevant to Dr. Mudd's case; an update of the Mudd family genealogy; and an additional chapter relating publicity the past 110 years in the Mudd Case. This new edition also contains a foldout facsimile of the Michigan Legislature's House Concurrent Resolution No. 126 expressing it's sentiment that Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was innocent of any complicity in the Lincoln Assassination. The book contains 383 pages and is attractively & durably bound. Assure your copy for your PRICE 20.00 + 1.007. + 1.25 ptg home or library by ordering at once. Howes M-871.

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Bish says

Last July, in a rare benevolent mood, Congress allowed its normally cold heart to warm up a little, enough to restore citizenship to Gen. Robert E. Lee, suh. It even reinstated Alger Hiss in the bar association.

It is a pity that its palpitator cooled down again before it got around to considering the case of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd.

He was the country doctor who, when aroused from his bed at 4 a.m. on April 15, 1865, set the broken leg of a man who said his name was Tyler but who in reality was John Wilkes Booth.

Dr. Mudd did not know until late the next day, after his patient had departed, that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated in Washington.

Members of the Mudd family, and by now they are legion, have been working ever since to prove that he was innocent. That part has not been difficult. Everyone knows he was as free of guilt in that tragedy as Lincoln's little boy, Tad.

The hard and so far unsuccessful part is to get Congress to admit it and make it legal.

There have been books, radio and television dramas, plays, movies and countless articles based upon the Mudd case.

That interest still continues is indi-

## His name is still Mudd

cated by the publication a week ago of the fourth edition of "The Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd," first appearing in 1906, written by his daughter, Nettie Mudd.

The new edition, published by Continental Press in Linden, Tenn., includes new material provided by Mudd's grandson, Dr. Richard D. Mudd of Saginaw, Mich. He addressed our Civil War Round Table here a few years ago and was a fascinating speaker.

Dr. Mudd's trial as a Lincoln conspirator was a farce. Witnesses, seeking to grab a piece of the huge reward, flat out lied. Men who he had never seen before testified they knew him well.

In addition to ignoring all the rules of a fair trial lay the overall fact that the court had no jurisdiction in the case in the first place.

Mudd was tried by a military commission of high brass including, unfortunately, Indiana's Gen. Lew Wallace. He was a civilian who lived in Maryland and if he were to be tried at all it should have been in a court there.

But his name was Mudd-and, incidentally, that's where the expression came from.

Caught up in the prejudice and passion of the hour, the commission con-

victed the doctor and sentenced him to life imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas, 70 miles off Key West and certainly no idyllic island on which to vacation.

With the whole nation in a rage over the loss of Lincoln, that commission would probably have ordered execution for anyone who had bought a ticket to see Booth on the stage if he had been identified.

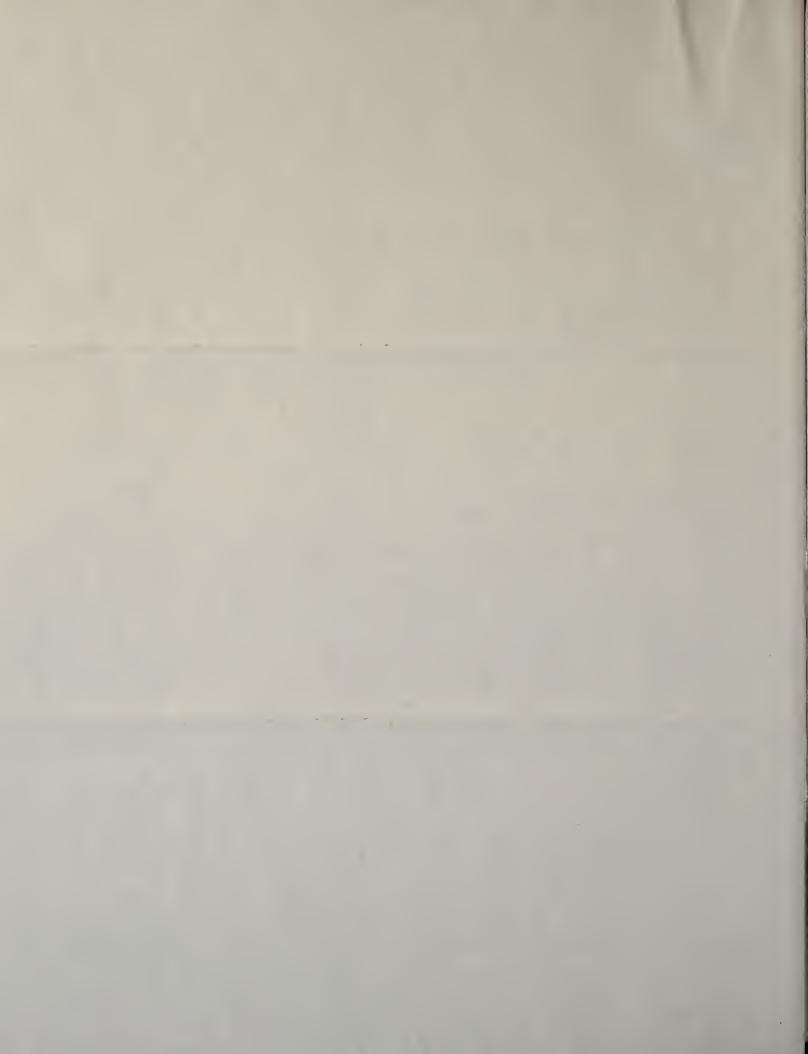
Dr. Mudd served four miserable years on that barren and unlovely tropical isle and then he was pardoned by President Johnson.

Not because a restudy of the evi-dence had proved him innocent but because when a yellow fever epidemic hit the prison among the first victims was the prison doctor. Dr. Mudd took over, worked heroically and skillfully to stem the epidemic, thereby saving the lives of many prisoners and employes.

Many times Congress has been appealed to, to re-examine the case and wipe away the faintest shadow of doubt that may exist regarding his complicity in the assassination.

Every time the plea has died between home plate and first base. And his name is still Mudd.

Bish Thompson





# THE DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD SOCIETY, INC.

Box 66, Fairgrounds Road, La Plata, Maryland 20646

VOLUME VII - No. 4

NEWSLETTER Editor - Louise Mudd Arehart

DECEMBER 1986

### PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We have had a successful 1986 at Dr. and Mrs. Mudd's home. We are proud that the house (Museum) is nicely furnished with mostly authentic family furnishings. What is so encouraging to us are the responses from our visitors both at the Museum and in writing to us.

Remember this is a volunteer project. Fortunately we have capable, conscientious people assisting us. This coming year we will be planning more activities there.

I wish each and everyone of you a happy Christmas holiday and a New Year filled with happiness and fulfillment. And — I hope to greet many of you in 1987 at Dr. Mudd's home. Pack a lunch (we have picnic tables) and mingle with the guests. We have a nice view in a country setting. Come and reminisce about how it used to be back in 1865, or before, and after. Meet your relatives and friends.

Louise Mudd Arehart

#### **OFFICERS 1986-1987**

President — Louise Mudd Arehart Vice President — Danny Fluhart Treasurer — Lt. Col. Harvey C. Cook Maryland Natural Resources Police Secretary — Janice Arnold

Corresponding Secretary — Carmelite Mudd Summers

#### **MEMORIAL FUND**

In the early days of the Society we established a Memorial Fund. We have at the Dr. Mudd Museum a Memorial Book that visitors can see. In the book we list the name of who the memorial is to and the donor. If interested in making a donation in anyones name just write the Society and we will send the family a card. The donations don't have to be limited to deaths. The memorials are also for birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, etc.

#### SARAH FRANCES MUDD SEWING CIRCLE

Our ladies all year long are busy. Besides making things for sale in the gift shop, they also work in the Gift Shop at Dr. Mudd's home. This year they gave \$250.00 towards a picnic table for the yard. They also donated to the Society \$4,500.00 toward the restoration of the kitchen. Recently they have donated to the Society \$1,500.00 to be used toward the Interpretation Center.

#### **MEMBERSHIP NEWS**

It is with deep regret that we learned of the death of our member, Mrs. Margaret R. Lacey Darling, New Burgh, N.Y.

#### **Our new Life members:**

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. L. Gardiner, Jr. ..... Sanibel, FL. Mr. & Mrs. Thos. E. Bayne, Jr. .... Waldorf, MD

#### Our new members:

Mr. & Mrs. Melvin R. Racey Mr. & Mrs. Donald C. VanLeeuwen	
Mr. Michael Rybikowsky	
Mr. Stephen D. Lohrmann	
Mr. & Mrs. Louis G. Carrico	
Mrs. Christina M. Gardiner	
Miss Sherri A. Shearer	
Mr. Wm. F. Bowling	
Miss Lesley M. Wagoner	
Miss Ann Beth Mudd	
Mr. Paul E. Mudd	
Dr. Joseph D. Mudd	Clarksville, IN
Miss Janet Mudd Sweet	Louisville, KY
Miss Debbie T. Mudd	Rancho Cordova, CA
Mrs. Ethel G. Stehle	Annapolis, MD
Rose A. (Mudd) VanLeeuwen	Mulvane, KS
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. H. VanLeeuwen .	Dayton, OH

A warm welcome to all our new members, and best wishes for a Happy and Blessed Holiday Season to all of you.

#### Helena S. Gardiner

**Reminder:** Some of our members still have not paid their dues for 1986-1987. We hope it is an oversight and we hope we hear from you soon.

#### **KITCHEN**

We are pleased to report that the kitchen restoration has been completed. Louis Mudd of Clinton was the contractor for the job. William Withers of Hollywood, Md., the masonry contractor built the chimney and Thomas Willett of Pomfret was the plasterer. William Pencek, Projects Administrator, Maryland Historical Trust has been on the site to approve the work. He says it looks great.

We hope to have some furnishings in the kitchen when we re-open Saturday, March 28, 1987. The cost of restoration of the kitchen was \$12,969.43.



#### RAFFLE

Winners in our December 17 drawing are: 1ST PRIZE: Bill Frere, Chicago, Illinois 2ND PRIZE: Lorrine Farr, Newburg, Maryland

Thanks to you our members were made \$928.00 and remember it was you that helped us make the drawing a success. The proceeds will go toward The Interpretation Center.

#### LINCOLN-MUDD NEWS

I am proud to say that again we have heard from our cousin, Eola Marie (Mudd) Ruth, only 92 years young. What a memory! We are so grateful to receive her letters and clippings, two of which are as follows, undated:

#### Macomb Man, Relative of Lincoln Is 91

"Abraham Lincoln was my grandmother's first cousin," stated Benjamin Lincoln Mudd, who lives at 203 West Calhoun street. Mr. Mudd passed his 91st birthday last month.

Elizabeth Lincoln, his grandmother, was a daughter of Mordecai Lincoln and was a resident of Fountain Green, he explained. Mordecai Lincoln was the uncle of President Lincoln.

Mr. Mudd remembers that Abe visited his cousins, Mordecai's family, many times when he was in this vicinity. At the time Mr. Mudd's grandmother lived in Fountain Green. Mordecai Lincoln died in 1831 when he lost his life through exposure to a snow storm.

He says that when he was just a boy his parents and grandparents discussed the President and stories about him and were extremely proud of their relationship to Abe.

Since he lived in northern Missouri when he was a youngster, Mr. Mudd added that he had never had the opportunity of personally meeting President Lincoln.

Mr. Mudd remembers incidents that happened during the Civil War period. In those years he lived in Scotland county, Missouri, about two miles south of the Iowa-Missouri boundary. He recalls that the family was forced to surrender some of their animals for food for hungry troops.

He is the father of Mrs. David Ruth of Macomb, with whom he makes his home, and has lived here for about five years. In his youth he lived in Henderson county, Illinois, where he was a country school teacher for about 15 years.

After teaching, Mr. Mudd farmed near Stronghurst and then moved into the town. He says that his family records and data about the Lincoln family are kept in Stronghurst. He hopes to be able to make a trip there sometime this spring and bring the historical papers back to Macomb.

Mr. Mudd has been interested in the last few years in helping to secure information about the Lincolns for two of his relatives who are compiling a history of the family. The Lincoln and Mudd families are related through several generations of intermarriage.

#### SERIAL IS OF DUAL INTEREST Henderson County Man Related To Both Dr. Mudd and Lincoln

For one Henderson county man, Benjamin Lincoln Mudd of Stonghurst, now 84 years old, the story "The Prisoner of Shark Island" which started in the Review Atlas Saturday holds a dual interest.

Father of twelve children, eight boys and four girls, and also several grand-children who live in and around Stronghurst, Biggsville and in Burlington, Mr. Mudd is related to both the principal figure in this story, Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd of Charles County, Maryland, and to Abraham Lincoln, Civil War president, whose assassination by John Wilkes Booth send Dr. Mudd to prison for many years before it was finally accepted he was not implicated in the crime.

The octogenarian resident at Stronghurst formerly lived in Missouri, and was a son of Raymond Horace Mudd, and a grandson of the Benjamin Mudd who came from England to Kentucky and who was a close relative of Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd. His grand-mother, the former Miss Libby Lincoln, was a first cousin of Abraham Lincoln, her father having been a brother of Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father.

More than a year ago the magazine "Time" searched out facts concerning Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd, and told the story of America's "Dreyfus". Sent to sweltering, feverridden Fort Jefferson on Dry Tortugas in the Gulf of Mexico, Dr. Mudd spent years in chains until the government recognized his innocence and freed him. He was charged with complicity in Lincoln's assassination because he had treated Booth's broken leg, during the assassin's effort to elude the officers.

The story had such dramatic possibilities that a "Twentieth Century" motion picture has been made from this historical incident in the nation's history by Darryl F. Zannuck, and will appear shortly.

In the meantime The Review Atlas has secured the story of the picture and began its publication in the Parade of Youth section last Saturday. The next installation will appear next Saturday.

#### **CERTIFICATES OF APPRECIATION**

At our Fall open meeting October 19, Certificates of Appreciation were given out for volunteer work done at Dr. Mudd's home for the year by our President Louise Arehart. Those receiving certificates were the officers, docents, the Sarah Frances Mudd Sewing Circle Ladies, our grounds committee workers and admissions helpers.

Thank you one and all for a job well done. We hope we see all of you again in 1987 plus more volunteers from our membership and community. We have a very rewarding historical project working great for us so let's keep it that way. Many hands make light work.



#### REMINISCES

I had an occasion recently to reminisce with my sister, Christine Eveline Clements, who was born on Christmas Eve. December 24, 1902. She was named by our grandmother, Sarah Frances Mudd, Dr. Mudd's wife, who lived with our parents until her death, December 29, 1911. Christine told me she saw me baptized. Our mother, (my namesake) Claudine Louise (Burch) Mudd, sat on the couch in the parlor at Dr. Mudd's home; Mother in the middle holding me and Christine on one side. Sulpician Father Narcisse Martin, pastor of the old St. Peter's Church, where Dr. and Mrs. Mudd and his family were parishioners, baptized me. My godparents are Dr. Richard Dyer Mudd and his sister, Stella Marie (Mudd) Kelley.

Christine also said she remembers our grandmother as well as she does our own Mother. That grandma used to hear the children's prayers and read stories to them.

My sister. Emily Teresa Rogerson, named after our maternal grandmother, Emily Teresa (Boone) Burch, born on Christmas Day, December 25, 1906, said she heard my first cry and the announcement "another girl." I was the last child born at Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's home and the last of Samuel A. Mudd II's nine children; the same number of children that his father had.

I recall my family imitating Father Martin who was famous for saying "It is betta to giva than to receiva." He used to visit at home and at one time he baptized playfully my doll and named her "Winkie." I still have her.

You notice I did not mention when I was born but you can find out anyway in the autographed book The Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, by his daughter, Nettie Mudd, which we sell in our Gift Shop at Dr. Mudd's home. The direct descendants of Dr. and Mrs. Mudd are listed in the back of the book.

Louise Mudd Arehart

#### DONATIONS

- 1. A \$1.00 bill from the State of Alabama donated by Louise Arehart, given to her by Clyde M. Kilburn, Plainfield, N.J. April 16, 1951.
- 2. Large mirror with beveled glass for use over the side board in the dining room. Donated by Louise Arehart. Refinished by our member Tom Bayne.
- 3. Richard R. Reeves, member, very generously donated
- to us \$100,00 for use wherever needed.
  4. Frank Culhané, Waldorf Lions Club along with their President, Bill McCall, on October 8, World Service Day, saw to it that we have the beginning of our herb garden in preparation for spring planting.
- 5. Danny Fluhart and Henry Mudd planted two needed trees for us.
- 6. Mrs. Kathryn Newcomb donated four period goblets to us.
- 7. Mrs. Elizabeth Lohr of Baltimore, Md. donated to us a large clay bowl, about 125 years old for display in our kitchen.

#### **INTERPRETATION CENTER**

Now that the kitchen is restored and ready for use we must turn our attention toward the establishment of an Interpretation Center. It is greatly needed there. We need a place to put Civil War and related items that have been or will be donated to us. We need it also to promote tourism to come view our collection of things and Dr. Mudd's home. We need a place to display things in showcases and room for exhibits. BUT we need money for this. This is an educational, historical project. Maybe some of you have contacts where donations for such a project can be given. Think about it and let us hear from you. The home site is lovely with a view of the surrounding farm land located on 10 acres.

We do have an architectural rendering for a center but it needs reviewing. This we will discuss in detail with Maryland Historical Trust's project administrator, Bill Pencek, in a few days.

Louise Mudd Arehart

#### The Dr. Samuel A. Mudd Society and the **Governor's Conference on Tourism**

To keep abreast of what's happening in the world of Tourism and how we can best utilize their services to obtain more visitors, the Dr. Samuel A. Mudd Society has taken part in the Maryland Governor's Conference on Tourism, in five out of the past six years.

In 1982, the Conference chose the slogan "Capture a Maryland Memory" taken from a suggestion made by our delegate at the convention held previously at the Hunt Valley Inn, north of Baltimore.

And in 1986 the Conference, upon a suggestion by our delegate, finally addressed the needs of small tourist attractions with limited operating budgets, in obtaining an acceptable number of visitors to meet operational costs.

The Conference and the Maryland Travel Council recommends that small, rural attractions make use of the many promotional tools.

Tourism is Maryland's 2nd largest industry and is expected to be No. 1 by 1990!

The National Conference on Tourism will be held in Maryland in the summer of 1987, making it a good time to promote the Dr. Samuel A. Mudd Home.

Respectfully Submitted,

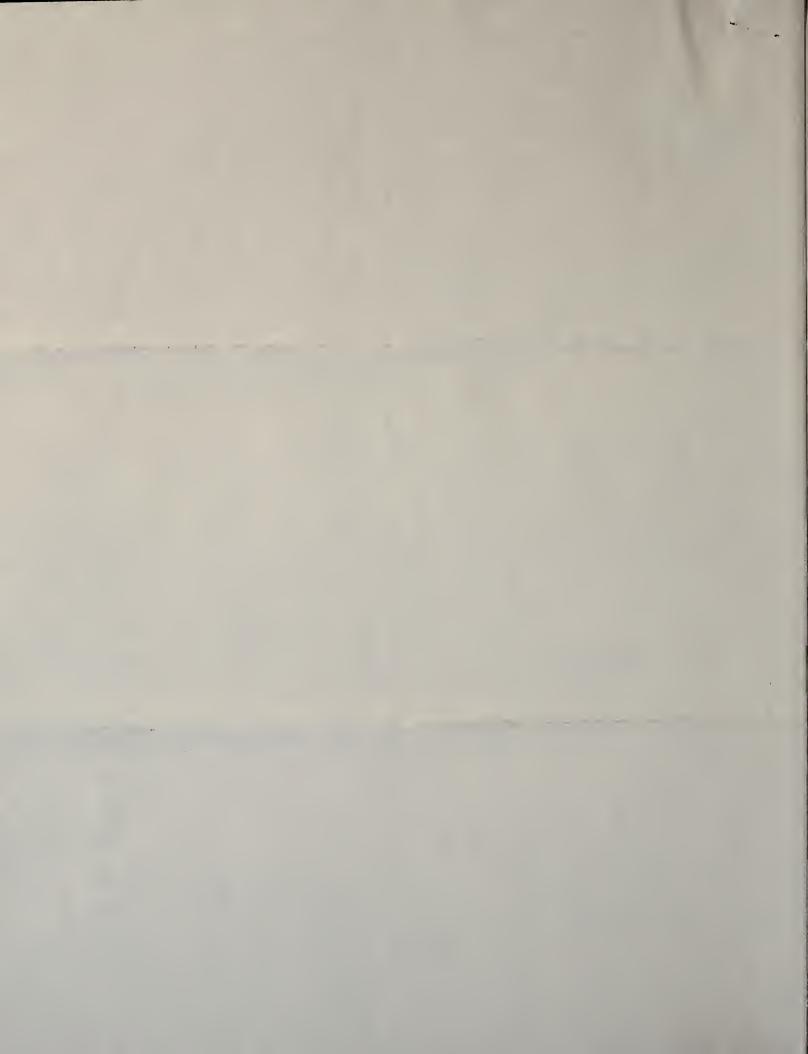
Thomas R. Gardiner Tourism Chairman

Note: Our member Tom Gardiner, has served as our Tourism Chairman for the past five years. We are pleased that he has brought this thorough report back to us.

#### **NOTES ON FORT JEFFERSON**

It is on Garden Island, one of the Dry Tortugas Islands. It is not at Key West. Key West is sixty-nine miles from Garden Island.

This information was given by a navy officer stationed in that area for over 30 years.



The following article is a continuation of our back page article in our October 1986 issue — from Life of William McKinley, our martyred President, 1901, excerpts from an International Memorial Edition — Read on — (that article should have said continued next issue — Sorry!) More info on Spangler and Booth.

Mr. Withers had understood that this song should be sung at the close of the second act, but when the curtain was rung down he saw that the programme had been changed without consulting him. His story of what followed is this: As soon as the play had proceeded he went upon the stage, and, not seeing the stage manager, went to the prompter's desk at the wing, where Mr. J. B. Wright, the prompter, was on duty. The "governor," or gas apparatus, was in close proximity to Mr. Wright's desk. The cover of this governor was open, and Edward Spangler, assistant stage carpenter, and one of the conspirators, was standing beside it. Mr. Withers said, "Spangler, step away a moment, I want to speak to Mr. Wright." Spangler did not move. An angry frown overspread his face, and Mr. Withers peremptorily ordered him to go to his position as scene shifter. He started away muttering something, which Mr. Withers did not hear, and to which he paid no attention at the time. He inquired of Mr. Wright why the song had not been sung, and Wright said that the programme had been changed so as to have the piece brought in at the close of the performance. "Go into the orchestra just before the finish," said Mr. Wright, "and get your instruments in tune, and we will make the song the finale," Mr. Withers said the effect would be lost by this proceeding, and turning down the cover of the "governor," he partly sat down upon it, and suggested that the audience at the finish would begin to move and spoil the piece, winding up the matter by telling Mr. Wright that, if produced at all, the song must be sung during the play. Just then the whistle blew for change of scene, and Spangler had to attend to the shifting. Mr. Withers then started down past the wings to a stairway leading under the stage. Just as he was in the act of stepping down the first step he heard a pistol shot. Surprised at the report, knowing that there was no shooting in the play, he stopped and looked toward the proscenium.

#### AN ENCOUNTER WITH BOOTH.

At that instant Booth dashed into the passageway with a dagger in his hand. Withers was standing directly in line with the stage door or private entrance. His first thought was that Booth was looking for the man who had fired the shot;

The Dr. Samuel A. Mudd Society, Inc. Box 66, Fairgrounds Road La Plata, Maryland 20646

but the next instant the madman was upon him, thrusting at him with the dagger. The point of the weapon cut two holes in the coat worn by the musician, one on the back of the neck and the other on the right shoulder, going through all the clothing and through the skin. In the struggle Mr. Withers was knocked down and badly bruised, and Booth escaped through the private door. Before Mr. Withers could get upon his feet Harry Hawke, the actor, came rushing through the passageway after Booth, and fell over the prostrate form of Mr. Withers. It was then for the first time that the musician learned what had happened. He-still has the coat he wore on that memorable occasion. It is an evening dress coat of blue-black broadcloth. He exhibited it to the reporter, put it on, and described how Booth attacked him and the exact position he was in when the thrusts were made. The only words uttered by Booth were, "Get out of my way! get out of my way, or I'll kill you!"

The flag which has a place in history was in the possession of Mr. Withers for a long time, but was subsequently given to its owner, who resided in Memphis, and is now, Mr. Withers believes, in Washington. The flag, it will be remembered, was torn by Booth's spur, which caught in it as the jumped from the box to the stage, and it was this accident to the assassin that caused his leg to be broken.

Edward Spangler died on the 19th of February, 1874, 45 at the residence of Dr. Mudd, a co-conspirator, with whom he had suffered imprisonment. Before his death he made a confession, which has been communicated to Mr. Withers, in effect that the presence of the musician at the "governor" prevented a fearful panic. He (Spangler) was hovering around the instrument with the intention of turning off the gas in the auditorium the moment Booth landed on the stage. The cover was up to facilitate that operation, and had he not been ordered away by Mr. Withers, who turned the cover down to sit upon it, the gas would have been turned off, and nobody would have known to a certainty who assassinated the president. Booth was not recognized at the time of his leap by the audience; but Miss Keene, who stood at the wings, recognized him, and shouted to the audience, "It's John Wilkes Booth!" At that time he was struggling with Mr. Withers at the rear of the stage. The turning off of the gas at the proper time, Mr. Withers believes, would have allowed the assassin to escape unrecognized, and would have led to further tragic results.

Mr. + Mrs. Bienvenicko S.J. alams 2405 Pinefield Ad Waldon M. D.

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From Threads of greatness - a Dicenterma Trobbute to Phy sician - Statesmen Published by american medical Political action 31 Committee, Chicogo, Ill. 1976

A Traitor A Martyr, An Assassin





enjamin Church, M.D. of Massachusetts was a professional as well as a political friend of Dr. Joseph Warren of Boston. He was a member of the Provincial Congress and was a trusted member of the inner circle of revolutionaries who fought in the early days of the Revolutionary War. In

1775, he became the first Director of the Medical Department of the Continental Army. During the year-long seige of Boston, with the British penned in by the Conti-

nental Army, Dr. Church smuggled messages to the British Royal Governor, informing him of American troop movements and future strategies. When Dr. Church's treason was discovered, he was tried and convicted by three separate courts. His health broken, Dr. Church was allowed by the colonial government to leave for the West Indies. His ship was lost at sea.

*Samuel A. Mudd, M.D.* of Marvland was an obscure young country physician whose life was ruined by the tragedy of President Abraham Lincoln's assassination. Dr. Mudd gave medical treatment to two mysterious strangers who appeared at his home. Their appearance occurred before the news of the assassination reached his small Maryland community. These strangers were John Wilkes Booth and his accomplice, Davy Herold. For this deed, Dr. Mudd was imprisoned in Fort Jefferson, a mosquito-ridden Caribbean island off the coast of Florida. Dr. Mudd served four years in prison, and was then given a full pardon by President Andrew Johnson. Johnson so little trusted the men around him, that he summoned Mrs. Mudd to carry Dr. Mudd's pardon personally to the commander of Fort Jefferson. Dr. Mudd returned home, resumed his medical practice, and added to his already-large family. He died at the age of 50.

*Carl A. Weiss, M.D.* of Louisiana was a young, but moody, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. His wife was the daughter of Judge B. H. Pavy, an acknowledged enemy of the great and powerful demagogue, Huey Long. Long had served as Governor of Louisiana, and in 1935, although he was a United States Senator, still ran the state of Louisiana. In the presidential sweepstakes of 1936, it was anticipated that Long would play at least a power-broker role, and perhaps even become a candidate himself.

On September 8, 1935, Dr. Weiss was driving past the State Capitol in Baton Rouge and noted the blazing lights that always meant Huey Long was there. Dr. Weiss entered the State Capitol, met Long in the rotunda, and shot him twice. He fell dead a few short steps later. Immediately, the several bodyguards who constantly attended Long filled Dr. Weiss' body with bullets. To this day, the reasons for this assassination are only conjecture.

"Dr. Church, who could have thought or even suspected it . . . what a complication of madness and wickedness must a soul be filled with to be capable of such perfidy." Governor Samuel Ward of Rhode Island to Henry Ward, 1775



Louisiana



# GEORGET SCENTENNEL BULLETIN SUE

Lee. 70

The Role of Georgetown's Dr. Samuel A. Mudd in the Lincoln Conspiracy Associate Professor of Surgery

On Good Friday, April 14th, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's Theatre in Washington, D.C., by the celebrated actor, John Wilkes Booth. In effecting his escape, Booth leaped from the Presidential box and caught the spur of his foot in the draped flag. Falling to the stage, he fractured his leg. Six hours later, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, treated Booth and sheltered him for 12 hours. Because of his "involvement" with Booth, Mudd was judged by a military court to be a conspirator in the plot to kill Lincoln and sentenced to life imprisonment.

#### THE GEORGETOWN CONNECTION

SAMUEL A. MUDD, M.D., graduate Georgetown College.

- WILLIAM QUEEN, M.D., graduate Georgetown College. Instrumental in introducing John Wilkes Booth to Dr. Samuel Mudd.
- CHARLES H. LIEBERMANN, M.D., co-founder, Georgetown University School of Medicine, consultant to Lincoln, present at his death.
- JOHN SIM SMITH, M.D., Post physician at Fort Jefferson, Georgetown graduate 1857.
- RICHARD M. MUDD, M.D., grandson of Samuel Mudd, graduate of Georgetown University School of Medicine.
- SEN. PHILIP HART, defender of Mudd's innocence, graduate Georgetown College and Law School

#### THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS

#### LINCOLN BORN

#### **FEBRUARY** 12, 1809

Abraham Lincoln, son of Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln, born in a log cabin in the state of Kentucky.

#### MUDD BORN

#### DECEMBER 21, 1833

Samuel Alexander Mudd, son of Sarah Reeves and Henry Mudd, born at Oak Hill Manor, near Bryantown, Maryland. The seventh generation of Maryland Mudds.

#### BOOTH BORN

#### MAY 20, 1838

John Wilkes Booth, the ninth child of Mary Holmes and Junius Brutus Booth, born at Tudor Hall, Bel Air, Maryland.

#### 1846—FORT JEFFERSON

The construction of Fort Jefferson begins in anticipation of a war with Mexico. It was never to be finished, nor would it assume its projected role as the Gibraltar of America. The Fort stands on the Dry Tortugas, 68 miles west of Key West, Florida. Discovered by Ponce de Leon, named "Tortuga" for the still present edible turtles, and "Dry" to warn future mariners that no fresh water was there. The Forts future use would be as a dungeon for army deserters, captured spies, intractable southern prisoners of war and Samuel A. Mudd.

#### BOOTH'S CHILDHOOD

#### c. SEPT. 1854

John Wilkes Booth, an emotionally disturbed teenage boy was sent to St. Timothy's Hall in Catonsville, Maryland for schooling. A classmate named Morris Oram recalled a time when Booth said: "Suppose the Colossus of Rhodes was still standing, and I should by some means overthrow it? My name would descend to posterity and never be forgotten, for it would be in all the histories of the times, and be read thousands of years after we are dead, ... "But suppose the falling statue took you down with it?" Oram countered.

"Then what good would all your glory do you?"

Booth smiled. "I should die with the satisfaction of knowing I had done something never before accomplished by any other man, and something no other man would do."

#### JOHN BROWN

#### DEC. 2,1859

John Brown, the militant abolitionist, raided the Federal Arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Virginia in October, 1859. He was captured several days later by Colonel Robert E. Lee and subsequently hanged on the second of December. Booth, who had temporarily enlisted in the fashionable Richmond militia, borrowed a uniform and observed Brown's death in Charles Town.



# CIVIL WAR BEGINS

#### APRIL 15, 1861

General Pierre Beauregard's batteries at Charleston Harbor opened fire upon Fort Sumter, the Civil War had begun. The nation was split, brother against brother, the North against the South, the blue against the gray. The men and sons of Georgetown departed to fight for their separate causes. When peace was restored, the University designated their school colors as blue and gray, symbolic of reunion.



Surratt's house, Surrattsville, Maryland

#### MARYLAND OCCUPIED

#### SEPT. 1861

General Winfield Scott ordered the wholesale arrest, without formal charges, of Maryland citizens suspected of disloyalty. This border state was occupied to suppress seccessionism. More than 20,000 Federal troops were stationed in Charles County alone.

#### MUDD'S VIEWS

#### JAN. 1862

What were Sam Mudd's thoughts about the Federals? He wrote a letter to the publisher of the Brownson's Quarterly Review in which he said "... the people of the North are puritanical, long-faced or Methodist and hypocritical ... their actions are covert, stealthy and cowardly ... they make good cow drivers, pickpockets and gamblers ... so degenerated ... I confidentially assert that if there was no other man (than Abraham Lincoln) at the head of the government ... the revolution would immediately cease."

This letter was hidden in Brownson's files when Mudd was accused of treason. It would not come to light until years later. It does not convey the picture of Mudd given in his defense by his friends as shy, timid, retiring and an ever-loyal citizen.

#### EGLENT THE SLAVE

#### JUNE 1863

Mudd owned 7 slaves (each worth \$2,500.00). Among the 7 was Elzee Eglent, a truculent one. On a warm day Eglent refused to go out into the fields to work. Mudd argued with him, picked up his gun, gave the slave one more chance to change his mind, then shot him through the leg.

Years later, Elzee and some of the other Mudd slaves would testify against their master.

#### MARY SURRATT

#### OCT. 1863

Mary Surratt, sold her tavern to John Lloyd in Surratsville and moved to 541 H Street, not far from Ford's Theatre, in Washington City. It was in her boarding house that Booth purportedly plotted the assassination of Lincoln. It was at Lloyd's Tavern in Surratsville, 10 miles Southeast of Washington, that Booth first stopped for guns, whiskey and equipment, after shooting Lincoln.

#### LINCOLN RE-ELECTED

#### NOV. 1864

Lincoln was re-elected President, defeating General George B. McClellan. The margin of electoral votes was 212 to 21.

#### MUDD MEETS BOOTH

#### NOV. 20, 1864

Frances Mudd was 8 months pregnant and did not attend St. Mary's Church in Bryantown, with Dr. Mudd on that particular Sunday in November. After Mass, John Thompson and his father-in-law Dr. William Queen, another Georgetown graduate, presented a guest to Dr. Mudd. The stranger was striking in dark breeches, long black riding coat with satin collar, black silk cravat and diamond stickpin. John Wilkes Booth met Samuel Alexander Mudd.

Booth told Mudd that he wanted to get acquainted with the countryside with a view to buying an estate or perhaps a house. Mudd acknowledged that he had land for sale and would show the visitor around.

It was the week of the Mudd's wedding anniversary and a small celebration took place that Sunday evening. Booth was invited. Mrs. Frances Mudd recalled, "The conversation was on general topics, nothing relative to the Administration or the war was spoken by anyone present." Her statement is contradicted by Dr. Mudd who later wrote that ... "... Booth ... was inquisitive concerning the political sentiments of the people, inquiring about the contraband trade that existed between the North and the South and wished to be informed about the roads bordering on the Potomac, which I declined doing ..." Booth stayed the night.

#### NOV. 21, 1864

That morning, Mudd took Booth to George Gardiner his next door neighbor, where he purchased a horse. It was an unimpressive bay, old and blind in one eye, but Booth explained that he "only needed it for a year." This horse was to be used within several months by one of Booth's co-conspirators in fleeing from Federal troops, following Lincoln's assassination.

#### BOOTH IN NEW YORK

#### NOV. 24, 1864

Three of the Booths, Edwin, John and Junius starred in the Winter Garden's production of Julius Caesar, in New York City. That same evening dozens of hotels and public buildings in the city were burned to the ground, including the one next door to the Winter Garden. The morning newspapers attributed it to a "Confederate plot."

#### GENERAL WALLACE

#### DEC. 1864

General Lew Wallace became commander of the Maryland military district. He would later serve with 8 other officers on the tribunal to try the Lincoln conspirators. Following this he wrote the best selling novel *Ben Hur*.

#### MUDD VISITS BOOTH IN WASHINGTON

#### DEC. 23, 1864

Mudd departed Bryantown, stopped at Surratts tavern, then run by John Lloyd, and came to Washington City to do some Christmas shopping. He checked in at a hotel. After dinner he strolled Pennsylvania Avenue and as he approached Seventh Street he met, once again, John Wilkes Booth. Mudd, at Booth's request, was to take him to Surratts House on 541 H Street, however, *coincidently* they ran into John Surratt and Louis Wiechmann. The former, a son of Mary Surrat, subsequently judged a conspirator, fled the country. The latter, 23 years of age, somewhat effeminate, had earlier studied for the priesthood at St. Charles Seminary with John Surratt. It was Wiechmann's testimony, more than any other single source, that led to the capture and judgment of the conspirators in the plot to assassinate Lincoln.

The foursome returned to Booth's room at the National Hotel. It is conjectural as to what happened for the next few hours. Mudd's version was that Booth doodled a map of Southern Maryland on the back of an envelope and asked certain directions. Wiechmann testified that Booth and Mudd excused themselves and repaired to a "dark passage" for some time.

Unfortunately for Dr. Mudd, he was to forget this meeting with Booth in a subsequent sworn statement, written by him several days after Lincoln's death.

#### LINCOLN'S INNAUGURAL

#### MARCH 4, 1865

The 2nd innaugural of Abraham Lincoln. The last sentence of his address said: "with malice toward none; with charity for all . . ." A fuzzy photograph of that occassion has been interpreted by many, as including in the surrounding crowd, the faces of John Wilkes Booth, Atzerodt, Herold, and other conspirators. Later that evening he danced with his wife Mary Todd, in what was then, the largest ballroom in Washington, the Patent Office Building. That building now houses the National Collection of Fine Arts, and the National Potrait gallery.

#### THE MAGIC FLUTE

#### MAR. 15, 1865

The Lincoln's attended a performance of Mozart's "The Magic Flute" at Grover's Theatre, Washington City.

#### MUDD VISITS WASHINGTON

#### MAR. 23, 1865

Mudd returned to Washington to attend a sale of government condemned horses. He visited the Capital to view some paintings on exhibit. He returned home the following day. No comment was made about Booth.

In the desk of Abraham Lincoln at the White House there was a file labelled *ASSASSINATION*. Contained therein were more than 50 such letters.



#### JOHN WILKES BOOTH

#### MAR. 29, 1865—BOOTH MISSES

The Lincolns reserved the State box at Ford's Theatre to see Verdi's opera Ernani. Booth was ready, Lincoln was not. The President cancelled so that he could review the Union troops in City Point, Virginia.

#### RICHMOND FALLS TO GRANT

#### APRIL 3, 1865

#### BOOTH, THE ACTOR

#### APRIL 8, 1865

John Wilkes Booth acted in what would have to be his last professional role: Pescara in the Apostate, at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D.C.

# PALM SUNDAY—APPOMATTOX

#### APRIL 9, 1865

Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomatox. The war ended. Lincoln had less than a week to live.

#### LINCOLN'S DREAM APRIL 12, 1865

The second week of April the President had a strange dream. He related it to his wife Mary. "About ten days ago," he said, 'I retired very late. I had been up waiting for important dispatches from the front. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber for I was weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a death-like stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. Here the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. I saw light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as if their heart would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this? Determined to find the cause of the state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, gazing mournfully upon the corpse. whose face was covered, others weeping, pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers, 'The President,' was his answer; 'he was killed by an assassin.' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night; and although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

#### GRANT, THE CONQUERING HERO

#### APRIL 13, 1865

Grant, the hero of Appomattox arrived in Washington to a tumultuous welcome. He quartered at the Willard Hotel.

#### GOOD FRIDAY

#### APRIL 14, 1865

- 9:00 A.M. Booth visited Booker and Stewart's barber shop.
- 10:30 A.M. Booth returned to the National Hotel.
- 12:00 P.M. Booth picked up his mail at Ford's Theatre. While there he learned from the owner, Harry Ford, that Lincoln would be in the theatre that evening to see the play "Our American Cousin."
  - 1:00 P.M. Booth went to Howard's Stable at 7th and G Street where he asked a liveryman to take the one-eyed roan over to Baptist Alley behind Ford's Theatre and leave it there in a stall.
- 4:00 P.M. Booth drank a full bottle of brandy at Deery's Billiard Saloon.
- 6:00 P.M. Booth returned to Baptist Alley behind Ford's Theatre. He entered there by the stage door. The house was dark, the stage empty—the cast was out to supper. . . . Quickly he climbed the stairs to the box. Then, he or his accomplice bored a hole in

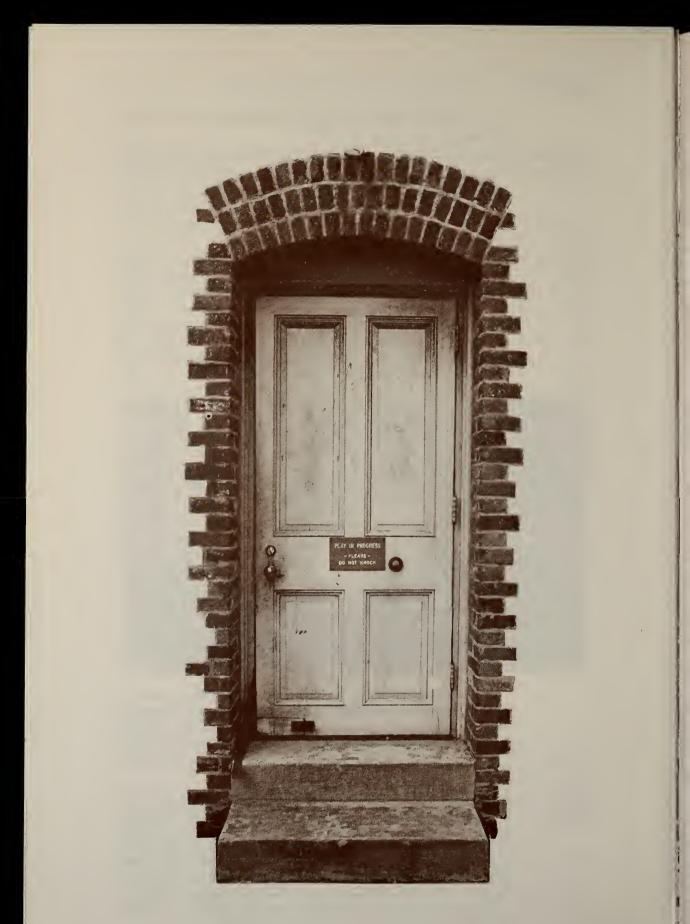
the door of the State box so that he later could peer through, and see Lincoln.

- 7:00 P.M. Booth had dinner at the National Hotel. Complete with liqueur.
- 9:45 P.M. Booth stopped at Tultavul's bar, next door to Ford's and had several drinks. Someone at the bar said to him "you'll never be the actor your father was." Booth smiled, called back as he was leaving: "When I leave the stage, I'll be the most famous man in America."
- 10:30 P.M. Booth returned to Ford's for the last time. Walked up the stairs to the unguarded Presidential box. The solitary guard, John Parker, that had been hired by Mrs. Lincoln, was bored with the show, and had left his position to go next door and have a drink. Booth peered through the hole, saw the President and entered silently. As an actor on stage said ". . . you sockdologizing old man trap," the audience roared with laughter. Booth's derringer roared with a flash, Lincoln's brain exploded.



Major Henry Rathbone and his fiancee Clara Harris were in the box with the Lincoln's. The major grappled with Booth and was stabbed in the arm. Booth jumped from the balcony and hooked his spur on the Treasury flag which draped the President's box. He fell to the floor of the stage breaking his left leg in the process.

12:00 Midnight Booth fled across the Navy Bridge into Anacostia and met with David Herold, a fellow conspirator. They continued up Good Hope Hill and 11 miles to Surrattsville. There they picked up some weapons and whiskey. Booth drank heavily because "this damned foot is driving me crazy." As they rode to their rendezvous, with George Atzerodt, another conspirator, at Port Tobacco the pain in Booth's leg became intolerable. They had to find a physician who could relieve his pain. Dr. Samuel Mudd was chosen.



John Wilkes Booth fled through this rear door of Ford's Theatre.

#### BOOTH ARRIVES AT MUDD'S HOUSE

#### APRIL 15, 1865

It was approximately 4 a.m. when John Wilkes Booth and his accomplice David Herold arrived at Dr. Mudd's farm house.

The following is a statement that Dr. Mudd made on the 21st of April, 1865 concerning the "matter of the murder of the President." The original document is in the National Archives, War Department Records, File E, 315, Judge Advocates Office. It is printed here for the first time in its entirety and without error.

#### MUDD'S STATEMENT

"Last Saturday morning, April 15th, about four o'clock, two men called at my house and knocked very loudly. I was aroused by the noise, and as it was such an unusual thing for persons to knock so loudly, I took the precaution of asking who were there before opening the door. After they had knocked twice more, I opened the door, but before doing so they told me they were two strangers on their way to Washington, that one of their horses had fallen, by which one of the men had broken his leg. On opening the door, I found two men, one on a horse, led by the other man, who had tied his horse to a tree near-by. I aided the man in getting off his horse and into the house, and laid him on a sofa in my parlor. After getting a light, I assisted him in getting upstairs where there were two beds, one of which he took. He seemed to be very much injured in the back, and complained very much of it. I did not see his face at all. He seemed to be tremulous and not inclined to talk, and had his cloak thrown around his head and seemed inclined to sleep, as I thought, in order to ease himself; and every now and then he would groan pretty heavily. I had no proper pasteboard for making splints, and went and got an old band-box and made one of it; and as he wanted it done hastily I hurried more than I otherwise would. He wanted me to fix it up any way, as he said he wanted to get back, or get home and have it done by a regular physician. I then took a piece of the band-box and split it in half, doubled it at right angles, and took some paste and pasted it into a splint. On examination, I found there was a straight fracture of the tibia about two inches above the ankle, by examination was quite short, and I did not find the adjoining bone fractured in any way. I do not regard it a particularly painful or dangerous wound; there was nothing resembling a compound fracture.

The farmhouse of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, Bryantown, Charles County, Maryland.



#### THE GEORGETOWN MEDICAL BULLETIN

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I do not suppose I was more than three-quarters of an hour making the examination of the wound and applying the splint. He continued still to suffer, and complained of severe pain in the back, especially when being moved. In my opinion pain in the back may originate from riding; I judge that in this case it originated from his fall and also from riding, as he seemed to be prostrated. He sometimes breathed very shortly and as if exhausted.

He was a man I would suppose about five feet ten inches high, and appeared to be pretty well made, but he had a heavy shawl on all the time. I suppose he would weigh 150 or 160 pounds. His hair was black, and seemed somewhat inclined to curl; it was worn long. He had a pretty full forehead and his skin was fair. He was very pale when I saw him, and appeared as if accustomed to in-door rather than out-door life. I do not know how to describe his skin exactly, but I should think he might be classed as dark, and his paleness might be attributed to receiving this injury. I did not observe his hand to see whether it was small or large. I have been shown the photograph of J. Wilkes Booth and I should not think that this was the man from any resemblance to the photograph, but from other causes I have every reason to believe that he is the man whose leg I dressed as above stated.

In order to examine and operate upon his leg, I had occasion to cut his boot longitudinally in front of the instep. It seems that when he left my house, this boot was left behind. Yesterday morning my attention was called to this boot, which is a long and top-boot. On making an examination of it, I find written on the inside, in apparently a German hand, what I take to be "Henry Luz, Maker, 445 Broadway. J. Wilkes" I did not notice the writing in his boot until my attention was called to it by Lieutenant Lovett. (Boot produced and identified by defendant as the one taken from the leg of the wounded man.)

16

I have seen J. Wilkes Booth. I was introduced to him by Mr. J. C. Thompson, a sonin-law of Dr. William Queen in November or December last. Mr. Thompson resides with his father-in-law, and his place is about five miles south westerly from Bryantown, near the lower edge of what is known as Zechiah Swamp. Mr. Thompson told me at the time that Booth was looking out for lands in the neighborhood or in this county; he said he was not particular where, if he could get such a lot as he wanted, whether it was in Charles, Prince George or St Mary's county; and Booth inquired if I knew any parties in this neighborhood who had any fine horses for sale. I told him there was a neighbor of mine who had some very fine traveling horses, and he said he thought if he could purchase one reasonable he would do so, and would ride up to Washington on him instead of riding on the stage. The next evening he rode to my house and staid (sic) with me that night, and the next morning he purchased a rather old horse, but a very fine mover, of Mr. George Gardner, Sr., who resides but a short distance from my house. I would know the horse if I should see him again. He is a darkish bay horse, not bright bay, with tolerably large head, and had a defect in one eye. Booth gave eighty dollars for the horse. I have never seen Booth since that time to my knowledge until last Saturday morning.

When I assisted the wounded man into my house on Saturday morning last, the other party with him, who appeared to be very youthful, took charge of the horse and said he would keep it and the other one until they could be put in the stable. As soon as I could I woke my colored man, Frank Washington, and sent him out to put the horses in the stable, and the young man came into the house. After setting the wounded man's leg the best I could for the time, I think I walked around to my farm-yard and gave directions, and when I returned breakfast was ready; and as this young man was up and knocking about, I asked him to come for breakfast. He did so, but the other man remained upstairs in bed. I did not know who this young man was, but he remarked that he had seen me. He appeared to be a very fast young man, and was very talkative. He was about five feet two or three inches high. I would not be positive as to his height. He had a smooth face and appeared as if he had never shaved; his hair was black; and I should consider his complexion dark. I did not notice his eyes very particularly. He wore a dark-colored business coat. I have seen the photograph of Herold but I do not recognize it as that of this young man. He seemed to be well-acquainted throughout the whole country, and I asked his name; he gave it as Henston, and that of the wounded man as Tyser or Tyson. I did not hear either of them address the other by the first name.

The only thing that excited my suspicion, on reflecting upon these circumstances, was, that after breakfast, when I was about to leave for my farm-work, this young man asked me if I had a razor about the house that his friend desired to take a shave, as perhaps he would feel better. I had noticed that the wounded man had whiskers and a moustache when he came into the house. After dinner, I went to see the patient, and although he kept his face partly turned away from me I noticed that he had lost his moustache, but still retained his whiskers. I did not pay sufficient attention to his beard to determine whether it was false or natural.

This young man asked me if I could fix up clumsily some crutches for his friend to hobble along with, and I went down to the old Englishman I had there who had a saw and auger and he and I made a rude pair of crutches out of a piece of plank and sent them to him. This young man mentioned the names of several parties in this neighborhood who he knew; among others, several here in Bryantown. He mentioned being in the store of William Moore; he did not say when. I think he said he knew Bean, who kept store here; and he knew very well Len Roby, Rufas Roby and Major James



St. Mary's Church, Bryantown, Maryland. It was on the porch of this church that Booth first met Dr. Samuel Mudd.

Thomas, Sr. He inquired the way from my house to Bryantown, although he represented in the morning that they had come from Bryantown. He said he knew Parson Wilmer, who lives at a place called Piney Church; he said also that they had met two persons, a lady and gentleman walking somewhere near Bryantown that morning, and inquired of them the way to my house; and that they also met a Negro but did not say where; and that they also inquired of him the way to my place.

I saw only one of the borses that these men rode to my house. She was a bay mare, moderately long tail, dark mane and tail; I won't be certain whether she had a star in the forehead or not; she appeared to be a mettlesome, high-spirited animal. I saw her after dinner between twelve and one o'clock, when this young man and I rode over to my father's place in order to see if we could get a carriage for the wounded man; but I found that all of the carriages were out of repair except one and we could not get that one. He then concluded to go to Bryantown for a conveyance to get his friend over as far as his friend's Mr. Wilner's, I then went down to Mr. Hardy's, and was in conversation with him fully an hour when I returned home leisurely and found the two men were just in the act of leaving. The young man inquired of me the nearest way to Mr. Wilner's. I told them there were two ways; one was by the public road leading by Beantown; the other led across the Swamp directly across from me by which they could save a mile, both are easterly. This road from my house is directly across in a straight line; it is not a public way but by taking down a fence you can get through. They concluded to take this latter route, and I gave them the necessary directions. I did not see them leave my house. The man on crutches had left the house when I got back, and he was some fifty to seventy yards from me when this young man came to me and began to inquire of me the direction. I do not know how or where Booth got a conveyance away from my house; he did not go in a carriage; but he undoubtedly went on horseback.

When they came there in the morning this young man said that one of the horses would not stand without tying, and asked that both of them should be put in the stable. He held one of the horses until I returned into the house with the wounded man, when I called a colored boy named Frank Washington and sent him around to take the horses to the stable. I have also a white man named Thomas Davis, who has charge of my horses, and I judge that he saw the horses which were in the stable during Saturday.

I judge that between four and five o'clock on Saturday afternoon they left my house. I do not know where they went, I have not been spoken to by anyone for professional advice in their behalf, since that time, and have not seen either of them since.

It is about four miles across from my house to Parson Wilner's, and by the public road it's about five miles. I suppose they could go in about an hour or an hour and a half, by walking their horses.

I suppose in a day or two swelling would take place in the wounded man's leg; there was very little tumefaction in the wound, and I could discover crepitation very distinctly. It would be necessary to dress it again in two or three days if it were left in a accumulient posture; but if moved at a moderate rate, I do not know as it would aggravate it very much unless it was struck by something. I do not know much about wounds of that sort; a military surgeon would know more about those things.

#### Samuel A. Mudd

Dr. Mudd's statement was not allowed to be presented at the trial, nor was he subsequently allowed to speak in his defense.

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Contemporary sketch of the dying Lincoln.

#### LINCOLN DEAD

#### APRIL 15, 1865

Dr. Liebermann, one of the four founders of Georgetown Medical School and many others were present at 7:22 in the morning when the 56 year old President was pronounced dead. The body was transferred to the White House where the autopsy (limited to the head) was done.

It is not clear when Mudd knew that Booth was his patient. More important, it is obfuscated as to when Mudd became aware that Booth was the assassinator. Some say that Saturday afternoon before Booth left his house, others the next day, still others, the following day.

#### BLACK EASTER

#### APRIL 16, 1865

The nation mourned the death of Lincoln. Apparently Mudd had spoken to no one beyond his immediate family about his night visitors. After attending Mass, he saw his cousin George, a physician, who seemed to be well informed on the assassination, and informed him that it was Booth who had shot the President. Sam then told George about the "man with the broken leg" whom he had treated. He asked George to tell the authorities.



LIBERAL REWARDS will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above-named criminals, or their accomplices. All persons harvoring or secreting the said persons, or either of them, or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassing of the Neeretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a Milltary Commission and the pendalment of DEATH. Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arcest and punishment of the murderers.

morderers.

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

# EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

DEACRIPTIONS.\_\_BOOTH is 5 test 7 or 8 inches high, siesder build, high forshead, black hair, black eyes, and wears a beary black monstache. JOHN H. SURRATT is about 5 feet 8 inches. Hair rather thin and dara; sym rather high; no beard. Would weigh 143 or 150 ponds. Complexion rather pale clear. with color in his checks. Wore light clother of face quality. Shoulders square; check houses rather promisent; chin narrow; cars projecting at the top; furs-rather low and square, but bread. Paris the high of the right dei; nether broad shouldered, otherwise light huilt; dark hair, little (if any) monsteche; dark ; wrighs about 140 ponds.

Reward poster issued by the War Department. The third paragraph above Stanton's name reads: "All persons harboring or secreting . . . or aiding or assisting . . . shall be subject to trial before a Military Commission and the punishment of DEATH."

#### "LET GEORGE DO IT" APRIL 17, 1865

Dr. George Mudd informed the Federal authorities, under the command of Lieutenant Dana about Dr. Samuel Mudd's "visitors."

#### MUDD QUESTIONED APRIL 18, 1865

The Federals arrived at the house of Samuel Mudd and questioned him. The name of Booth was not mentioned.

#### MUDD WRITES APRIL 21, 1865

Booth was hiding in the Zachia Swamps, south of Bryantown. He wrote in his diary: ". . . I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for. . . ." He spoke of Brutus . . . his father Junius Brutus Booth . . . the role of Brutus in the stage play Julius Caesar with the Booth family . . . Brutus, who, after killing Caesar committed suicide when he realized that his cause was lost.

Mudd's house is surrounded by Union cavalry. He was again questioned. Mrs. Frances Mudd went upstairs and returned with the cut riding boot from the injured man's leg. The boot was examined by the authorities who noted a name written on the inside "J. Wilkes-----."

Again Mudd was asked if he had recognized the strangers. No, he had never seen the men before. He was asked if he knew John Wilkes Booth, yes he answered. He was shown a photograph of Booth, Mudd stated that it did not resemble the man with the broken leg treated that fateful night.

Later that day Mudd wrote his 13 page, 2,000 word statement.

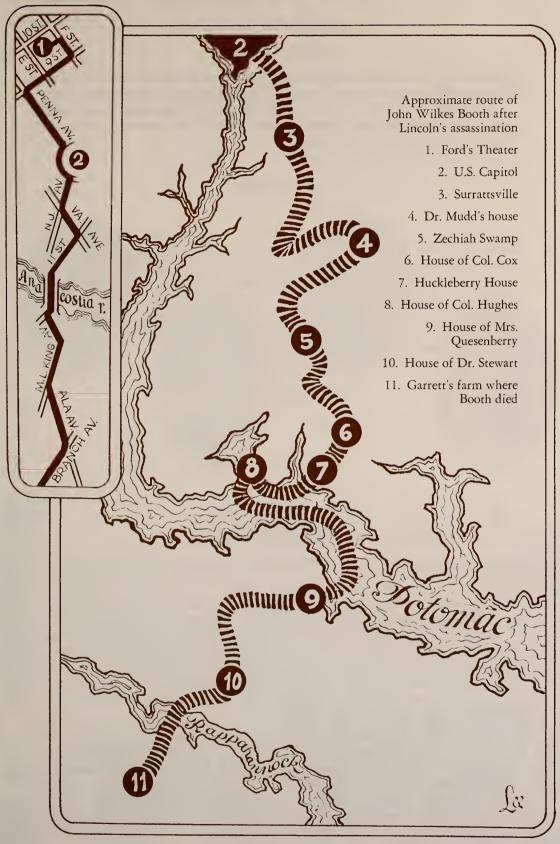
#### MUDD ARRESTED APRIL 24, 1865

Mudd was taken to Washington City. His house was occupied and surrounded by Federal troops until the death of Booth. Later he was transferred to the Arsenal Penitentiary (now Fort McNair). Following the orders of Secretary of War Stanton, a canvas hood was placed over his head and the heads of all the prisoners. Draw strings secured it about his neck, a small hole for breathing and eating was allowed. Cotton padding pressed against the eyes and ears made the prisoners blind and deaf. Hand shackles were on Mudd and Mary Surratt. The remainder had in addition to the schackles, leg irons and a 75 pound lead ball attached. No visitors were allowed, no lawyers were to see the accused.

#### BOOTH DEAD

#### APRIL 26, 1865

Booth and Herold were discovered hiding in a Virginia barn owned by a Richard H. Garrett. The Secret Service had orders to take Booth alive. The barn was set afire, Herold exited and surrendered. Corporal Boston Corbett, (who 7 years previously had castrated himself after being accosted by two prostitutes), disregarding direction, fired the shot that killed Booth. Others claim that Booth committed suicide, most historians agree. Subsequent to the autopsy on Booth, his head was cut off and his body buried at Fort McNair, nine feet below the surface "where the sun would never shine."



#### THE MILITARY TRIBUNAL

### MAY 1, 1865

President Andrew Johnson directed that a nine man commission of military officers would bring the accused to trial. The Military Commission was formed.

The matter of trying civilians in a military court was moot. Many judicial experts then and now deny the constitutionality of this tribunal and its conclusions. Despite this the trial began.

#### THE CHARGE

#### MAY 2, 1865

The tribunal accused all those captured of "... maliciously, unlawfully, and traitorously, and in aid of the existing armed rebellion against the United States of America ... combining, confederating and conspiring together with ... Jefferson Davis ... and others unknown, to kill and murder, within the Military Department of Washington ... Abraham Lincoln ... and lying in wait with intent ... to kill ... Andrew Johnson ... Ulysses S. Grant ..." additionally, regarding Mudd, they added "... harboring Booth and Herold after the assassination thereby abetting their escape."

#### THE TRIAL BEGINS

MAY 10, 1865

#### COURT RECESSED

#### JUNE 14, 1865

#### PAINE'S OBSTIPATION

#### JUNE 28, 1865

Lewis Paine, age 20, was the son of a Baptist minister and a veteran of Mosby's Raiders. He fought in the battles of Antietam and Chancellorsville and was wounded and captured at Gettysburg. Following his arrest he worked as a male nurse at Gettysburg Hospital. He escaped from the hospital and joined conspiratorial forces with John Wilkes Booth-a relationship which climaxed in their simultaneous assassination endeavors. While Booth was at Ford's Theatre murdering the President, Lewis Paine was in Layfayette Square at the home of William H. Seward where he unsuccessfully attempted to kill the Secretary of State. He was arrested and attempted to commit suicide by crashing his head against the prison wall. This being unsuccessful, he chose a slower form of self-destruction . . . he refused to have a bowel movement! Imagine this young giant, deaf and blinded by a cowl on Stanton's orders, rebelling in the only way remaining . . . by refusing to defecate! The government, becoming aware of the situation finally sent the Assistant Secretary of War to beg Lewis Paine to evacuate. He refused and continued his obstreperous obstipation to his death.

#### SENTENCED

## JUNE 29, 1865

The Court was reassembled. Herold, Atzerodt and Paine were sentenced to 'hang by the neck until dead." Later Mary Surratt was similarly condemned The government declared that Dr. Mudd was ". . . an arch conspirator . . . a member of Booth's gang . . . his home a hideaway in the Rebel underground, an accomplice, a subversive agent and a traitor. . . ."

Of the nine member Military Commission, a two-thirds majority was necessary for hanging. The final vote was five in favor, four opposed. By one vote his life was spared. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.



#### FORT JEFFERSON, FLORIDA

#### JULY 24, 1865

Mudd arrived at Fort Jefferson Prison in the Dry Tortugas. Passing the first door inside the gate he was confronted by a painted sign, "All Hope Abandoned, Ye Who Enter Here." And so he did.

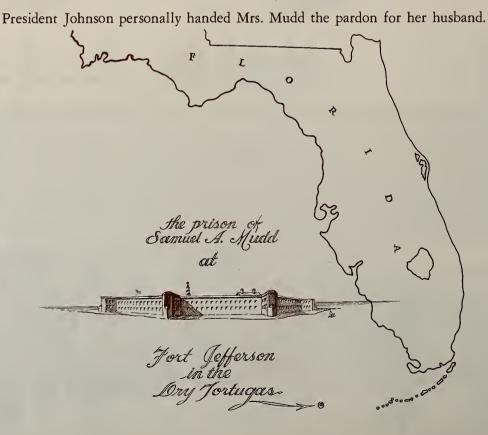
#### YELLOW FEVER

#### AUGUST 1867

Captain George W. Crabbe, one of the garrison officers returned from a furlough in Havana complaining of fever. Additionally he experienced severe generalized aches and pains, vomiting and his skin turned a lemon yellow. In five days he was dead. The Post physician was Dr. John Sim Smith, a Georgetown Medical School graduate of 1857. Dr. Smith was to die of the same desease on September 7. The Fort Commander, Major Stone and his wife succumbed to the disease, as did most of the officers. In essence, Dr. Mudd became not only Post physician but Post Commander. He ordered holes blasted into the thick walls to allow the stench to escape. Of the 400 souls on the island, 300 were afflicted with yellow fever and 40 died. The epidemic lasted 47 days including the non-fatal case of Dr. Mudd. The prisoners, soldiers and commanders sent a petition to the President asking for Mudd's release. The document never reached Johnson.

#### MUDD PARDONED

#### FEBRUARY 14, 1869



# BOOTH REBURIED FEBRUARY 16, 1869

On order of Johnson, the body of Booth was secretly disinterred and placed in a pine box. A black teamster hauled the box to a funeral home behind Ford's Theater. Waiting in anonymity to claim the body was Edwin Booth who later buried his brother in the Greenmount Cemetery in Baltimore. Of interest is that Johns Hopkins is also buried there.

#### MUDD RETURNS

MARCH 20, 1869

Samuel Mudd returned home to Maryland. He fathered more children, practiced medicine and did some farming. He was relatively laconic about the four years of imprisonment. He sold some of his farm land to erase his debts. His son Andrew failed to win a scholarship to Georgetown, the boy became a farmer. Later the government offered Mudd an assignment to study yellow fever. He declined.

#### MUDD DEAD

#### JANUARY 10, 1883

Samuel Mudd died from pneumonia, contracted according to his grandson, from making night calls. He is buried in the family plot in the cemetery of St. Mary's, Bryantown, less than 100 feet from the church porch where he first met John Wilkes Booth. His home, recently bought by the State of Maryland, is to become a living museum in September, 1976.



#### MAJOR HENRY RATHBONE

#### FOLLOW UP

- MARY TODD LINCOLN: attempted suicide 1875. Committed to an asylum. Became a recluse. Died 1882.
- EDWIN STANTON: Secretary of War. Samuel Mudd and many others believed the prevalent rumor that he committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, his last words being "The Surratt woman haunts me" December 1869.
- EDWIN BOOTH: brother of John Wilkes. Became America's greatest actor in the latter half of the 19th century. The hour that he was being buried, June 9, 1893, Ford's Theatre collapsed killing 22, injuring 68.
- MAJOR HENRY RATHBONE: who was in the box at Ford's Theatre with Clara Harris when Lincoln was shot, later married her. On Christmas Eve 1883, while in Hanover, Germany, he shot her in the head while she was decorating the tree. He spent the remainder of his life in an asylum in Hildescheim, Germany.
- BOSTON CORBETT: Booth's purported killer. Became a religious fanatic, later attempted to kill "*a few more sinners*". Committed to an asylum in Topeka, Kansas; escaped, disappeared.
- JOHN SURRATT—Mary's son. Sentenced to death in abstentia. Fled to Canada, England and Italy, where he joined the Papal guards. Fled to Egypt in his Zouave costume and was captured, then returned under guard to the United States. He was retried by a civilian court whose jury was deadlocked. He was released, case *nolle prossed*.

LOUIS WIECHMANN: the accuser of Mudd and others, subsequently taught at school and was shot at twice by unknown assailants. When he died, the attending physician signed the certificate of death as being caused by "extreme nervousness". June 2, 1902.

FORT JEFFERSON: abandoned

JOHN LLOYD: proprietor of Surratt's Tavern, drank himself to death.

SURRATT'S TAVERN: now a museum owned by the Maryland National Capital Park & Planning Commission. Opened to the public in May, 1976.

SURRATTSVILLE: now Clinton, Maryland

- SENATOR PRESTON KING: who blocked Anna Surratt's plea of mercy to President Johnson, tied a bag of bullets about his neck and drowned. November 12, 1865.
- SENATOR JAMES LANE: who, along with Senator King, blocked Anna Surratt's plea shot himself. July 11, 1866.
- JOHN FORD: owner of Ford's Theatre. Temporarily imprisoned. Later sold the Theatre to the government for \$100,000.00. The theatre became a storehouse for the Army War Department records.
- JOHN PARKER: Lincoln's guard who left the President to get a drink. Re-hired as a White House guard.



BOSTON CORBETT



# SOME QUESTIONS

The killing of a national or international figure provokes theories, queries, doubts and persuasive literary exercises. John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Adolph Hitler, Napoleon Bonaparte and many others including Jesus Christ have, and seemingly will forever, stir up questions concerning "what really happened?" Lincoln was murdered at the pinnacle of his glory. The jubilant applause of millions was thundering through the North and echoed throughout the world. Booth by killing him, permanently established him as the eternal, undying idol of America, but...

Suppose that Lincoln did not die: suppose that Lincoln's guard(s) was more efficient: suppose he turned his head and Booth missed: suppose Major Rathbone blocked Booths derringer; etcetera, ad infinitum. How long might Lincoln have lived if he had not been shot? Dr. Harold Schwartz, an instructor in medicine at the University of Southern California wrote an article in the Journal of the American Medical Association (Vol. 187, No. 7, February 15, 1964) entitled "Abraham Lincoln and the Marfan Syndrome." Schwartz found a collateral descendant of Mordecai Lincoln II, great-great grandfather of Abraham Lincoln with the Marfan Syndrome. He concluded that "the common ancestry of the patient and the sixteenth president appeared to establish genealogically that Lincoln's unusual morphological characteristics were manifestations of . . . Marfan's disease." He mentions Lincoln's skeletal disproportionment, stabismus, severe hyperopia, and arachnodactyly as "scientific inference." Later, Schwartz, in an interview in the Detroit Free Press (June 5, 1972) stated, "I do not believe the President had six months to live when Booth shot Lincoln." Others (Montgomery, J.W., JAMA, July 13, 1964) disagree.

Peterson, writing in the Illinois Medical Journal (Vol. 147, No. 2, February, 1975) disrupts Schwartz' genealogical thesis by stating: "Herndon (Lincoln's law partner) wrote that he thought Lincoln was illegitimate, and that Abe himself considered the possibility... Thomas Lincoln (Abraham's father) had testicular atrophy, probably from mumps, and that Abraham Enloe, a neighbor, stated on occasions that he was Abe's father." Another of the countless examples of the continuing, conflicting, persuasive literary exercises and "scientific inferences" that are often more inferential than scientific.

#### SUPPOSE:

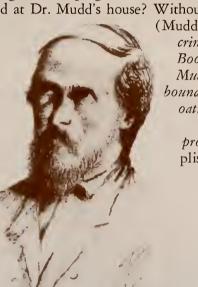
that Lincoln, after being shot, had the availability of modern neurosurgical expertise and other life-support systems now available, would he have lived?

The Georgetown neurosurgeons to whom I have posed this question have unanimously answered that at best he would have been a "Quinlan case"... most likely he would have died.

#### SUPPOSE:

Booth had not broken his leg after leaping from the assassinated President's box. Would he have stopped at Dr. Mudd's house? Without going into long,

easily substantiated facts, let me quote Major General Wallace: "If Booth had not broken his leg, we never would have heard the name of Dr. Mudd." Most historians agree. But, was Mudd guilty? No answer is immediately forthcoming. Some writers, including Winship, state that he



(Mudd) "... was judged a criminal because he set Booth's broken leg.... Mudd acted as a doctor bound to the Hippocratic oath ... his only crime was practicing his profession." Such simplistic, and that at best is a generous term, statements are ridiculous. So the question persists.

> Drawing of Dr. Mudd sketched at his trial by General Lew Wallace.

#### WAS DR. MUDD GUILTY?

If so, guilty of what? Let us once and for all lay aside the idea that he was guilty for simply treating Booth. The prosecution stated that he was guilty of treason, an accomplice in the plot, a traitor and harboring Booth. No word or sentence condemns him for treating Booth's leg. The damnable words are treason . . . accomplice . . . harboring. . . .

#### TREASON

The American Heritage Dictionary: violation of allegiance toward one's sovereign or country; especially, the betrayal of one own country.

#### ACCOMPLICE

The American Heritage: one who aids or abets a lawbreaker in a criminal act, either as a principal or an accessory.

#### HARBOR

The American Heritage: 2. Any protected place; a shelter; a refuge; protect; keep.

Those interested in making their own decision concerning Dr. Mudd are directed to the references at the end of this article, whetted with their own opinions. Certainly it is fact that Mudd was not allowed to testify in his own defense. Additionally the disloyal attitude and sentiments of Southern Maryland during the War and Booth hiding there, aroused the vengence of the government. They needed a "victim", and Mudd was it. Yet the subsequent defense of Mudd has and is, too emotional and technically legalistic. Pleas of "It's silly to sentence a man for mending a leg", fall on deaf ears. The proponents of Mudd after his imprisonment, and recently by Senator Philip Hart (Georgetown College 1934, Georgetown Law 1937) primarily stress the illegality of the Military Commission. The Supreme Court, 1866, decided from the Ex Parte Milligan case that a military commission has no jurisdiction if the authority of the United States was unopposed and the civil court system was in operation. Thirty-one days after that decision, Mrs. Mudd placed her husband's case before the supreme court for reconsideration . . . the Court ruled against Mudd.

The great military historian, S. L. A. Marshall, has stated that, "any attempt to reverse Samuel Mudd's trial, declaring it illegal, is futile because it would overthrow the conviction of all conspirators."

Dr. Richard D. Mudd, agrees with Marshall, however stated that "Ninetynine percent of the American people believe my grandfather was innocent. The government will not admit it. Why not make it official?"

#### CONCLUSION

Certainly Mudd was pro-slavery, and pro-Southern, and he most likely knew it was Booth who arrived at his home. It is difficult to accept the statement that a physician, or anyone, allowed two figures in his house with carbines (not simple hunting rifles) at 4 a.m. unless he knew who they were. Not to see the patient's face or question him directly is unreasonable. Giving him a bed, feeding him breakfast, connotes extreme foolishness, if he knew not the men. A key factor that the prosecution pressed was that government authorities were not informed until several days after Booth had departed from the Mudds. Furthermore, in Mudd's statement, he failed to mention that he had met Booth on December 23, 1864. It was these two latter facts that sealed his fate. Mudd most probably was not a conspirator, but he seems to have been an accomplice in that he "aided a lawbreaker", and harbored (sheltered is a more gentle word) Booth. He seemingly obstructed justice by not reporting at a reasonable time, to proper authorities, the presence of two "night visitors" when he was aware of the great manhunt for Lincoln's murderer, centering near his home.

I believe that his imprisonment was just, and that his subsequent pardon was timely. Both Lincoln and Mudd "*live*" because of Booth; Lincoln as a demi-god, Mudd in shame.

#### MUDD'S TOMBSTONE

In the preparation of this article I have travelled Booth's route many times. Beginning at Ford's Theatre, over the Anacostia bridge, Surratt's house and on to Mudd's house. Less than an hour's drive from Georgetown. The great grandson of Mudd, and 10th generation of Maryland Mudds, presently lives in Sam's house. He was born and raised in the room that Booth spent the night after the assassination. He is not too involved or interested in the details of his famous predecessor.

Recently I took the trail one more time to find Dr. Mudd's tombstone. It seems that he, his ancestors and successors have been rather prolific. The 3 graveyards near his home are marbled with Mudds, including several Samuel Mudds, but not *the* Samuel Mudd. Inquiry to local residents failed to find the objective. In frustration I once more drove to the Mudd farm. Approaching the house is an unpretentious chicken-coop (is any chicken-coop pretentious?) on the left. Leaning against the chicken coop was a marble tombstone . . . it read . . . *Samuel A. Mudd* . . . *died Jan. 10, 1883.* Samuel Mudd, about whom countless books, articles, references, controversies, doubts, praises, condemnations, congressional and presidential petitions flow . . . Samuel Mudd's tombstone . . . leaning against a chicken coop . . . Samuel Mudd . . . guilty or innocent . . . a chicken coop . . . Mudd . . . Mudd . . . I don't know! . . .



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Pgs. 4 and 31, Courtesy of Dr. Richard Mudd

Pg. 13, Harper's Weekly, May 16, 1865

- Pgs. 14 and 16, Jeanne Garofalo
- Pg. 20, Herman Farber
- Pg. 21, War Department files
- Pg. 25, Alexander Gardner

Remainder, the author.

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**THE COVER:** Items from the collection of Dr. Francis A. Lord include a maplewood fife from Maine, a canteen used by Dr. Lord's grandfather serving in the 14th New Hampshire Infantry, regulation model 1861 Springfield rifled musket, bugle, Remington revolver, and pistol flask. In the background are the coat, cartridge box, and cap of a sergeant of the 9th New York, Hawkins Zouaves. (Courtesy the Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, PA)

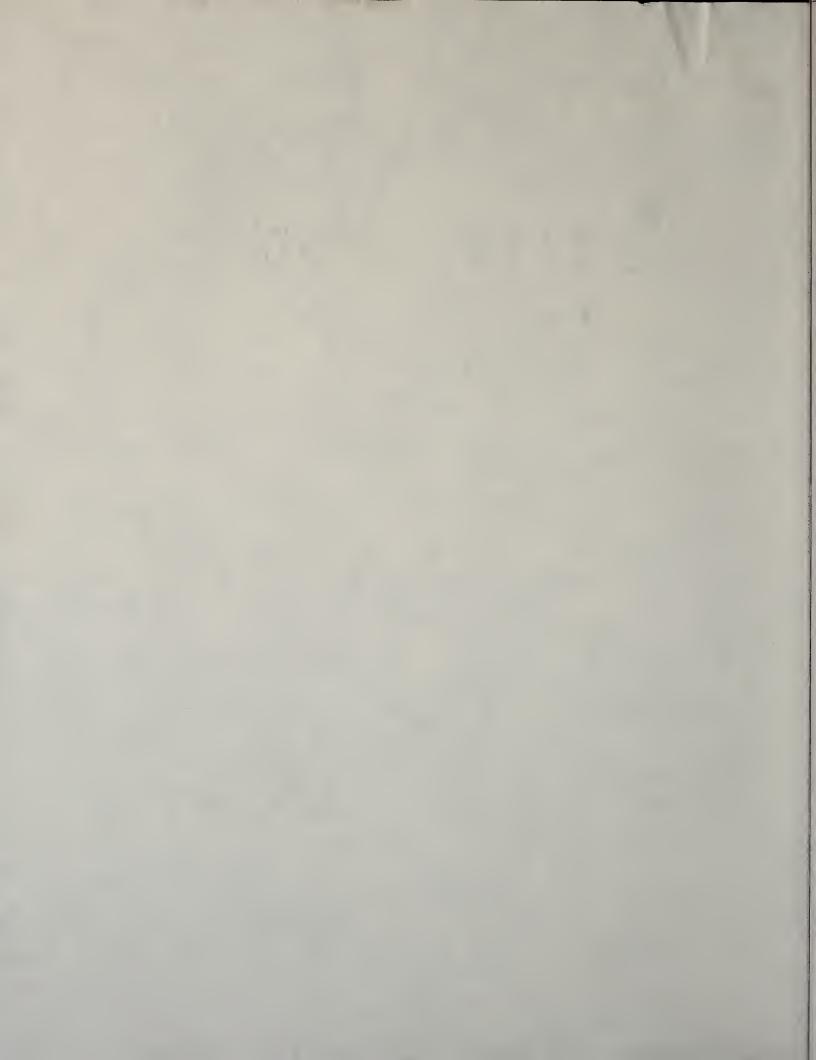
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# Behind the Lines.

On Tuesday, March 25, the CBS Television Network broadcast a three-hour drama entitled "The Ordeal of Dr. Mudd." As is so often the case with this peculiar species of entertainment, the "docudrama," the real victim of the "ordeal" is the historical record. That Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was convicted of complicity in the Lincoln murder, that he was sentenced to life imprisonment at Fort Jefferson in the Dry Tortugas, and that he won his freedom and pardon through his own efforts and those of his friends, is all granted, and all stated in the televised drama. All else that appeared was three hours of pure fantasy.

The outrages performed on known facts are as unconscionable as the falsehoods used against Mudd and the others in their 1865 trial. Part of the problem is that the authors of this current bit of perjury accepted as factual many of the canards in a somewhat better drama of the 1930's, "The Prisoner of Shark Island." In that film Mudd is depleted as being put to cruelly hard labor as soon as he arrives in the fort. He determines to escape and in a daring adventure lowers himself by a seaweed rope from his cell to swim a shark-infested moat, then clambers aboard a supply boat aided by a sympathetic Union soldier and conceals himself. Discovered, he is thrown into a dungeon where for "several months" he languishes without a step outside, his only companions spiders and their webs.

Contrast that with the facts. Instead of hard labor, Mudd's first duty upon arriving at the fort was in the hospital. "I have little or no labor to perform," he wrote his wife. In a later letter he told her he saw many opportunities to escape but passed them by. But, on September 24, 1865, he did act, however not by the dramatic means shown in the film. Instead, he simply donned hls clvllian clothes and walked out of the fort and aboard the waiting ship. That is all. His punishment on being caught? Not "several months" in a dungeon, but two days in the guard house and the loss of his hospital job, to which he responded, "I don't regret the loss of my position." "I am taking my present hardship as a joke," he wrote a few days later. Officially ordered to hard labor as punishment, he really had little to do.

This Is the sort of thing that pervades CBS' "The Ordeal of Dr. Mudd." Through It all the doctor appears almost messianic in his suffering. Though never actually shown on the cross, still he exhibited bloodied wrists once, and one was tempted to look for nails. Mudd is made out to be a Union man, despite his well known Southern sympathies. His escape attempt is shown as an act of desperation taking place in 1867, largely in hopes of getting himself to a civil jurisdiction where he could be re-tried fairly. But his statements at the time of his escape attempt in 1865 make clear that his motivation was sudden impulse, and outrage that

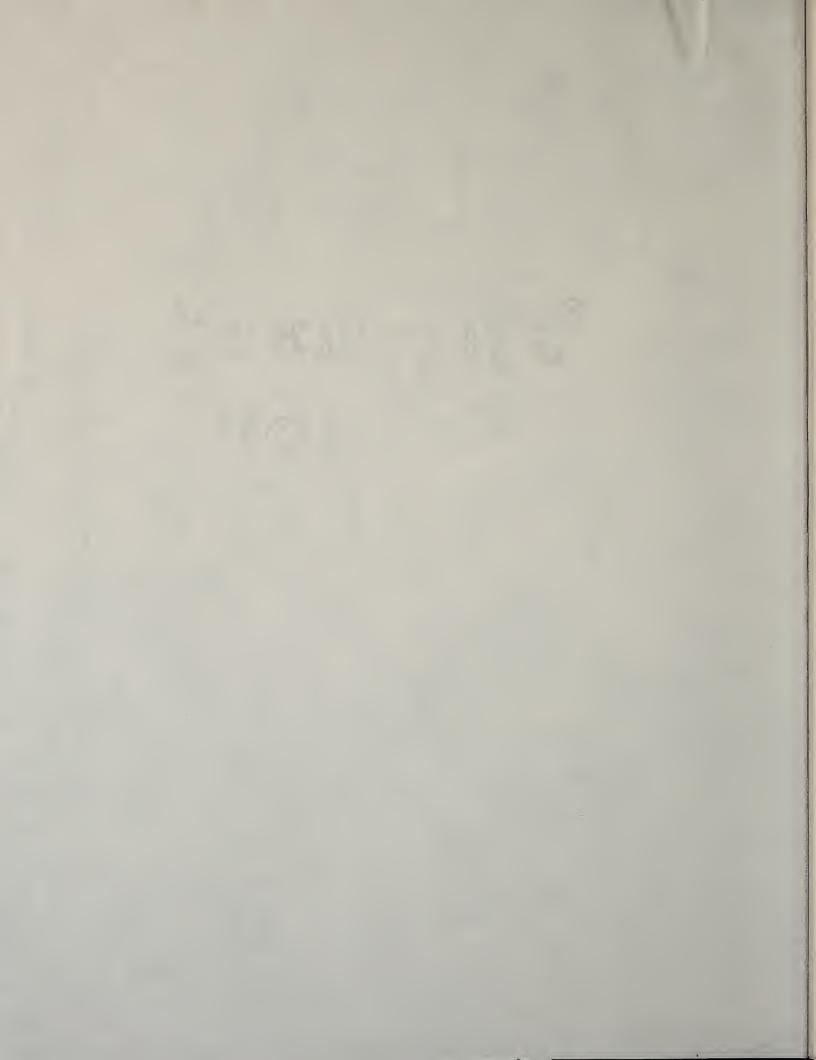
his guards at Fort Jefferson were going to be "unbleached humanity," Negroes.

Space does not permit more refutation of the myths repeated or created in this drama. Virtually everything shown is false, and intentionally so. Worse yet are the stereotypes passed along in the piece. The image of the Union soldier in popular media seems not to have advanced a bit in the four decades since "Gone With the Wind." We are still treated to leering Yankees marching up Tara's steps to assault Miss Scarlett. However, at CBS their instructions were, whenever in camera, to kick the nearest prisoner for no apparent reason. The portrayal of Edwin M. Stanton, admittedly an unlikable man, is pure caricature. And the whole system of studied cruelty meted specifically to Mudd, with Fort Jefferson a Dante's Inferno, is absolute falsehood. His treatment, and punishment for breaking rules, was no worse than that accorded others in the prison. That there was cruelty is certain. It is concomitant with all prisons where men have absolute power over others. That the system was created to persecute Samuel Mudd is nonsense. But for three hours Dr. Mudd marches about accepting his stripes of martyrdom, all with a mournful look on his face that resembles nothing so much as a man who has just swallowed a fur ball.

The final outrage is simply too much. After being informed at the beginning of the film that "What you are about to see is a true story," we are told at the end that President James Carter fully exonerated Mudd of all guilt in 1979. False. He merely stated his *personal feeling* that Mudd was innocent, not an exoneration. Indeed, he went on to say that Mudd *could not* be exonerated because his 1869 pardon pre-empted further action on his conviction.

At the show's closing we are informed "The Ordeal of Dr. Mudd" is endorsed and encouraged for school use by the National Education Association, which then recommends for further reading three of the most unreliable books ever written on the subject! One has to wonder if the NEA even looked at this film before endorsing it. Shame on them for their irresponsible attitude, as well as to the writers and producers of this fairy tale. The names of all associated with that film, and not just the good doctor, should be Mudd.

William C. Davis Editor



whose walk-on parts in the Lincoln drama would otherwise deny the reader a sense of their independent reality.

Besides the biographical articles, there is a rich assortment of subject articles, many of them enlivened with contemporary cartoons, drawings, and photographs. They include large themes such as Colonization, Conscription, Negroes, Slavery, Reconstruction, Economics, and Railroads, each focussing sharply on Lincoln's thought and action. There are more concrete political issues such as the Missouri Compromise, the Fugitive Slave Act, and Dred Scott v. Sandford. There are important episodes such as the Altoona Conference, the Hampton Roads Conference, and the Elections of 1860 and 1864. There are localities such as Washington, D.C., the Executive Mansion, Coles County, Illinois, and the towns in which Lincoln debated Douglas. Lincoln's notable legal cases, letters, speeches, and state papers are analyzed and discussed in separate articles. His personal traits and ideas are covered in such articles as Humor, Religion, Music, Physical Characteristics, and Psychology. Complementing the sketches of biographers and collectors are articles on notable Lincoln libraries and museums (with current addresses), on Lincoln Fellowships, and on other latter-day marks of remembrance such as Postage Stamps and the Lincoln Highway.

All this suggests the book's plan and range, but it does not touch on the quality of its execution. Not the least remarkable fact about the work is that, with all allowance for comment and criticism by other Lincoln experts on sundry articles in manuscript, the whole was written by one man. If it departs from the encyclopedia model, it is in its consequent unity of outlook and personal style. The writing is clear and concise, as it should be in an encyclopedia, but it is also vigorous, thoughtful, and unafraid to express opinions. James G. Randall's *Lincoln the President*, for example, is "easily the finest biography of Lincoln ever written" (p. 27), whereas Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln Collector*, on the Oliver Barrett collection of Lincolniana, is "rambling and diffuse" (p. 20). Neely's encyclopedia, in short, speaks with the voice of a man, not the monotone of a computer.

But if it is clearly Mark Neely who speaks in this book, it is also clear that he knows whereof he speaks. Almost every article concludes with a succinct, judiciously selective, and thoroughly up-to-date critical bibliography, supporting the article's statements and guiding the reader to further information. On numerous occasions Neely has used primary sources, such as the Lincoln Papers in the Library of Congress or manuscripts in other libraries, and these are fully identified. The texts of the articles are as up-to-date as the bibliographies. The most substantial and original recent contribution to the study of Lincoln, G.S. Boritt's *Lincoln and the Economics of the American Dream* (1978), is, for example, not only evaluated in the article on Biographers but is also drawn upon (with full credit) in such articles as Banking, Economics, Railroads, Republican Party, Tariff, and Whig Party.

It should be evident by now that anyone interested in Abraham Lincoln will find *The Abraham Lincoln Encyclopedia* not only unique but also indispensable, whether his interest is new or longstanding. The newcomer to that endlessly fascinating study may profitably begin with the compact yet lively and illuminating article on Biographers. The longtime Lincolnian may sample an article and find his memory refreshed, his interest rekindled, his impressions sharpened, and his knowledge of the literature made current. Even those familiar with all the facts in a given article will profit from the precision, balance, coherence, and discrimination with which they are presented.

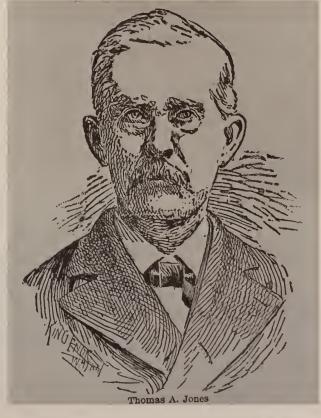
I have only one caution for the reader, whether he be a beginner or an old hand. As is said to be the case with fanciers of peanuts, those who consult this encyclopedia will find it difficult to stop with just one article. They will thus run a grave risk of missing appointments, putting off chores, or staying up too late at night. On the other hand, unlike the case of goober gobblers, it will be their minds, not their waistlines, that will expand.

#### Some New Light on Thomas A. Jones and a Mysterious Man Named Mudd

Thomas A. Jones, the man who helped John Wilkes Booth escape, lived to tell about it in his famous little book, J. Wilkes Booth: An Account of His Sojourn in Southern Maryland after the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln, his Passage Across the Potomac, and his Death in Virginia (Chicago: Laird & Lee, 1893). As traitors' reminiscences go, it is an engaging and ap pealing work. Jones readily admitted his part as an accessory after the fact of Booth's crime and described with surprising candor his role as a Confederate "mail" agent in southern Maryland.

Jones told the story of his arrest early in the war for disloyal activities and his release several months later on swearing the oath of allegiance to the Union. A detachment of General Daniel E. Sickles's brigade arrested him near Pope's Creek in Maryland on orders issued from Colonel R.B. Marcy on October 4, 1861. Soldiers took him to the Thirteenth Street Prison in Washington, D.C. E.J. Allen, a Federal agent working for General Andrew Porter, Provost Marshal in Washington, had received information that Jones regularly used his boat to ferry contraband goods and men who wished to join the Confederate army across the Potomac to Virginia.

The official record of Jones's arrest contains some interesting information which he had forgotten later and at least one enticing detail of which he may never have been aware. Jones had heard he was to be arrested and fled for a time to Virginia. Union soldiers searched his house in his absence and found several incriminating letters. One was from the editor of the Richmond *Examiner* asking for copies of the Baltimore *Sun*. Another indicated that Jones and his fellow agents smuggled chloroform across the river in jugs marked "Neat's-foot oil." Other correspondents expressed joy at the Confederate victory at Manassas, the expectation that "Lincoln is pretty nearly played out and that one more victory in favor of the South will knock down his house," and the hope "that the day is not far



From the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 1. Portrait of Jones from his famous book.





From the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum

#### FIGURE 2. General Andrew Porter.

distant when the people of the North will condemn Abe's cruel acts and hurl him from power."

Any secret agent is, of necessity, a liar, but readers who know Jones only from his famous memoir are not able to see what an accomplished and shrewd liar he was. The records of his case make this talent abundantly clear. Jones wrote several letters asking for help in gaining his release. He noted that he had "an affectionate wife at home and eight young children all dependent upon me for protection and support." Moreover, his wife was expecting. It was time (November) for farmers to be making arrangements for the next year. He needed to go home to do that and to provide winter clothing and shoes for his family. Still in prison (he was moved to the Old Capitol Prison) in January, Jones begged for sympathy, "if not for myself for the sake of a distressed wife and nine children, one of which is a stranger to me it having been born since my imprisonment." A "father or a husband" would surely grant him "a speedy release."

The account of his family circumstances was apparently true, but the shrewd lie Jones told was that he had done only what many others in his county would have done in similar circumstances. Besides, he knew of many men from the area who had been in the Confederate service, returned to Maryland, been captured, and released on taking the oath of allegiance. His act was not as bad as theirs. The government had confiscated two of his boats, and his pecuniary loss was severe. Jones readily admitting taking people to Virginia, but he claimed that he never inquired about their business. "Where there was a boat there was no use in saying 'no' when men from a distance came and said they wanted to go to Virginia on important business and must go. I have known in several cases where they after being positively refused took the boat and crossed the river themselves." Jones had "said already more than . . . intended and more than necessary," he said with false candor. He was suffering for the crimes of others in his county who had done more and paid less penalty. "What I did which seems to be treason to the Government I did for profit. . . I have a large family to support, and being a poor man I thought that if I could make something by carrying a few persons across the river it would be no harm."

Jones lied. He was comfortably well off but lost his money in efforts for the Confederacy. He knew exactly what he was doing in the ferry business; he did it to help the Confederacy. By not making a phony lofty-sounding appeal, he gave his lies the ring of grubby truth born of economic necessity. His lies were artful and, it should be noted, clearly and plainly expressed proof, incidentally, of his ability to write his later memoir without the aid of a ghost-writer.

The Department of State, battered by Maryland Congressmen looking after their constituents and perhaps a little taken in by Jones's lies, decided to let him go. This is a part of the story that Jones may not have known—a part that provides tragically eloquent tribute to the sound instincts of the Federal secret service. Provost Marshal Porter told Secretary of State William H. Seward that Jones ought not to be released. Seward ordered his release in January anyway. Porter and Allen objected vigorously, saying that Jones was a dangerous man, that Seward had received "untruthful representations" in regard to his case, and that General George B. McClellan regarded it as a military necessity that Jones be kept in custody. Allen said that Jones was part of a "dangerous nest of traitors."

In February, Edwin M. Stanton succeeded Seward as the person in charge of arrests of persons suspected of disloyalty. The same influences that wore Seward down assailed Stanton. Allen told him: "Jones is a most dangerous man to be at large even for the shortest length of time."

Six days later Jones swore his allegiance to the Union and walked out of the Old Capitol Prison. Very shortly thereafter, he became the official Confederate agent in his neighborhood.



From the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum

FIGURE 3. Doctor Samuel A. Mudd.



FIGURE 4. The Old Capitol Prison from John A. Marshall's American Bastile.

From the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum

Among the curious materials in the file on Jones's case is a statement made by one George W. Smith of Bryantown, Charles County, Maryland.

The secession feeling commenced about April last, 1861. The principal leaders in the secession party and those who have aided against the Government are, first, James A. Mudd; lives about one mile from Bryantown; has been conveying men and boxes supposed to contain munitions of war from Baltimore and different counties in the State to Pope's Creek on the Potomac. The men were strangers from Baltimore and other places. Mudd paid the expenses.... Thomas A. Jones, of Pope's Creek, is the man who receives the men, arms and ammunition at that place and conveys them over to Virginia in his own boat and with his own negroes.

Dr. Samuel A. Mudd lived five miles from Bryantown. The arrest records in the State Department are full of gaps and errors. Many names are mistakenly recorded, especially in verbal testimony taken down, as this was, by a Federal agent. Did Smith get the first name wrong? Was he a little off in his estimate of the distance from Bryantown? Who was Smith? From whom did Jones obtain his chloroform?

History may never know. There is no other record of Smith's arrest than this statement. All that is known for certain is that he told the truth about Thomas A. Jones.



From the Louis A. Warren Lincoln Library and Museum







Abraham Lincoln

Samuel A. Mudd

## Facts tell us doctor's name still Mudd

#### **By Richard Willing**

Where's Oliver Stone when you really need him? While the nation, under the film maker's prodding, speculates whether JFK really was the victim of a conspiracy, another long-proven plot — to assassinate Pres-

The writer is a member of The Detroit News Washington Bureau.

ident Abraham Lincoln — is quietly but passionately being deconstructed by descendants of one of the plotters.

After 60 years of trying, the family of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, the Maryland physician who set assassin John Wilkes Booth's broken leg

and was convicted as a Booth accomplice, has persuaded the Army to grant their kinsman a posthumous rehearing. Right now, the Army Board for the Correction of Military Records is deciding whether to overturn the verdict of an 1865 military commission that sentenced Mudd to life imprisonment and four others to the gallows.

The Mudd survivors, led by the doctor's 91-year-old grandson Dr. Richard Mudd of Saginaw, paint their kinsman as an innocent country doctor whose physician's oath required him to treat Booth when the actor, his left shinbone broken in a fall from Lincoln's theater box, appeared at Mudd's Bryantown, Md., farm on the morning after the murder. Dr. Mudd, they claim, was railroaded by a hostile Army and its bounty hunting soldiers in the subsequent hysteria.

Over the years, this story of an innocent man wronged has proved difficult for the media to resist. Starting with John Ford's *The Prisoner of Shark Island* in 1936, the movies, radio and television and especially newspapers have been a soft touch for the Mudd family publicity machine. The basement of Dr. Richard Mudd's Saginaw home is lined with dozens of filing cabinets full of news clips, which Mudd offers as proof of his grandfather's innocence.

But the facts suggest Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was no innocent man. Mudd had entertained Booth five months earlier, and the 1865 military commission gave no credence to Mudd's explanation for why he failed to recognize Booth — that the well-known actor was disguised by a theatrical beard. No one else who saw Booth as he fled Washington made mention of such whiskers.

Even after he learned from soldiers of Booth's deed, Mudd did not turn Booth in. Instead, he helped the killer escape by showing him a route around the soldiers' camp to the Potomac River, where Booth rowed to Virginia and was eventually killed. Historian James O. Hall, himself a former Army detective, proved this by showing, via old land deeds, that houses where Booth stopped after leaving Mudd's were far off the path Mudd told the Army that Booth had taken.

Why would Mudd help Booth? Facts that have come to light since the trial suggest that Mudd, a slave owner and Confederate sympathizer, and Booth were part of an elaborate scheme to kidnap Lincoln and hold him for ransom. But the kidnapping never came off, and with Lee's surrender at Appomattox, five days before the assassination, the kidnap plot was considered to have been scrapped. Then Booth, using a horse Mudd had helped him acquire, struck out on his own. Looked at closely, the Mudd case is a poor argument

Looked at closely, the Mudd case is a poor argument for reversing history's judgment. Although the 1865 military commission had many faults — it allowed hearsay evidence, defendants appeared in court in shackles — it possessed one advantage denied to posterity: the ability to assess the credibility of witnesses.

To a man, Mudd's interrogators found him nervous, shaky, forgetful, unhelpful. That doesn't square with the family's portrait of a man with nothing to hide.

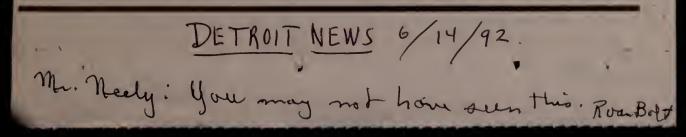
The urge to rewrite history is on the rise, in academia, the movies and especially at the Army review board. The board is a once obscure body of civilian bureaucrats whose main task is to review the dishonorable discharges of recent veterans. But lately it has heard petitions from the families of Civil War deserters, Indian fighters and even Buffalo Bill Cody, who lost his Congressional Medal of Honor on a technicality in 1916. It is a task that the board is ill-suited for by training and temperament.

When we appeal the verdict of history, our motives are seldom pure. For Stone, the Kennedy murder is the loose thread that began the horrible unraveling of American society. History must therefore yield him a villain, and that villain must cast a larger shadow than the shrunken misfit Oswald huddled in a warehouse window.

The Mudds, a once-prominent family of doctors and gentleman farmers, of lawyers and priests, want something back from history, too — their good name. If perseverance in their quest counts for anything, they are well on their way.

But that has not, and shouldn't have, anything to do with the truth.

Look for the New York Times Crossword Puzzle on page 3E of Monday's Detroit News.





vive after the election? All it's going to take is for the election of one candidate who is a master at using this format to turn out to be something totally unlike he presented himself. And then people will say, 'Oh, we've made a mistake. Let's go back to our old ways.'"

#### WHO LISTENS

#### The listeners

Who tunes in to talk/news radio?

- Despite a steady shrinking of the AM band, which broadcasts the bulk of talk/news programing, the format last year drew 11.6 percent of radio listeners, up from 9.5 percent in 1986. That's about a 22-percent increase.
- 53 percent of listeners are men; 47 percent, women.
- Half are 55 or older; 46.7 percent ages 25-54; 3.1 percent ages 12-24.
- 62 percent of listening occurs in homes; 38 percent in the car or at work.
- The average listener tunes in 1½ hours a day.

Source: James H. Duncan Jr. of Duncan's American Radio Inc., Indianapolis, 1991 data.

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## Well, of course we wan

### Doctor Who Aided Lincoln's Killer Is 'Cleared'

RICHMOND, Feb. 13 (AP) — More than a century after his death, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's appeal to clear his name as a conspirator in Abraham Lincoln's assassination was finally heard. He won, but it was only in a mock trial.

A moot court here ruled Friday that the military commission that convicted Mudd in 1865 and sentenced him to life in prison had no right to try him in the first place. Mudd was convicted as a conspirator

Mudd was convicted as a conspirator after he set John Wilkes Booth's broken leg when Booth arrived at his Maryland home after shooting Lincoln. The doctor later contended that he had no idea the President had been shot.

Mudd's mock trial was staged on the 184th anniversary of Lincoln's birth. His case was argued by F. Lee Bailey before a three-judge panel at the T. C. Williams School of Law at the University of Richmond.

"Mudd's prosecution was one sledgehammer after another upon the Constitution," Mr. Bailey told the court.

#### **Battle for Rehabilitation**

No real court has agreed to rehear Mudd's appeal, but his descendants have waged a long battle to clear his name.

"My grandfather never got a fair trial, so this is a great day," said Mudd's granddaughter, Emily Mudd Rogerson, 86, of Richmond. Two of the moot-court judges, Robincon O Everatt a retired senior judge of

Two of the moot-court Judges, Robinson O. Everett, a retired senior judge of the United States Court of Military Appeals, and W. Thompson Cox 3d, who sits on a military appeals court, ruled that Mudd, a civilian, should have been tried by a civilian jury, not the military commission.

While the moot court did not formal ly rule on Mudd's guilt or innocence the third judge, Edward D. Re, said the case was insufficient for a conviction. "I cannot resist the temptation of

"I cannot resist the temptation of saying I have very serious doubts whether an impartial military panel distanced from the moment would have found the evidence presented was sufficient beyond a reasonable doubt," said Judge Re, a retired senior judge of the United States Court of International Trade.

The moot court's ruling is not binding, but Mr. Bailey said he hoped that the Army would use it in considering whether to erase Mudd's conviction. "The jurisdiction issue was key,"

### Moot court gives Dr. Samuel Mudd a rare victory.

Mr. Bailey said. "And when three distinguished judges agree the conviction was wrong, I am obviously pleased."

John Paul Jones, a Richmond law professor, said he organized the mock trial using the assumption that Mudd appealed his conviction to a military appeals court, a body that did not exist in Mudd's time. Mudd died in 1883.

Booth shot Lincoln on April 14, 1865, five days after the Civil War ended. Twelve days later he was gunned down by Union soldiers in rural Virginia.

#### Monumental Embarrassment

The prosecutor in the mock trial, John Jay Douglass, argued that the war was not really over when Lincoln was shot because sporadic hostilities continued for months. As a result, the military court that convened in June was within its rights to try Mudd and seven other accused conspirators, said Mr. Douglass, dean of the National College of District Attorneys in Houston and a former commandant of the Army Judge Advocate Generals School.

Mr. Bailey argued that the military commission that convicted Mudd and the seven others "was set up to satisfy the monumental embarrassment of lax security that allowed the President of the United States to be assassinated by an amateur."

Mudd served four years of his life sentence before being pardoned by President Andrew Johnson. The conviction stood.

Mudd's descendants have argued that Mudd did not realize until too late who his injured visitor was and that the doctor should not have been tried by the Army.

The Army Board for Correction of Military Records has agreed that the military lacked jurisdiction. But last July, William D. Clark, Acting Assistant Secretary of the Army, rejected setting aside the conviction, saying it was not the role of the board to settle historical disputes. lucked out often," said Stephen B. Dobrow, an electrical engineer who is the president of the Committee for Better Transit, a nonprofit watchdog group. "I don't know how long the luck holds out." Committee in Co-op City, a nonprofit group in the Bronx that in the words of the Citizens Committee "has improved the lives of some 20,000 young people through educational, career advancement, cultural and recreational programs." union representing 4,200 county white-collar workers, said that if the sales tax were not approved, he expected layoffs for 1,500 of his members who work in operations ranging from the Erie County Medical Center to the Probation Department.

## Neediest Aids Friend in Helping Friend

#### **By CLIFFORD J. LEVY**

Mary Ann W. gazed affectionately at the man sitting across the table and spoke of love. Not the romantic love celebrated today with flowers or chocolate or brunches in cozy restaurants. She described something different: a love between longtime friends that has deepened through years of suffering and tragedy.

"You never realize how you may need someone down the road," said Mary Ann, 60, reflecting on her relationship with her friend, Irving L., 70, whom she first met in the 1950's in their quiet seaside neighborhood of Far Rockaway, Queens. Their lives have been entwined ever

Their lives have been entwined ever since, as if they were siblings who seemed to share an unspoken rapport. And as they have grown older, they have increasingly relied on each other for emotional and financial support.

Previously recorded	\$4,094,314.64
Recorded yesterday	\$29,791.75
Fotal	\$4,124,106.39

died, her sickly mother moved into Irving's home. She died in 1991. Last year, when Irving himself fell ill, Mary Ann began caring for him at her apartment.

When Irving, a retired kosher butcher who never married, could not afford medication for a spinal disease, Mary Ann sought help from Jewish Community Services of Long Island, an agency helped by The New York Times Neediest Cases Fund.

"We've had one thing after another," Mary Ann said. "Right, Irv?"

"If you say so," he replied softly.

Mary Ann is a talker, a sturdy woman of Irish Catholic and German stock who plunges into conversations with a raspy-voiced assortment of folkisms,

#### became ill.

The other day, as an Atlantic wind banged against her apartment windows, Mary Ann recalled that in the years before sickness and death invaded their lives, she and Irving often took long walks on the nearby boardwalk, where they discussed politics, the stock market and the ups and downs of the butcher's trade.

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#### Ailments and Medical Bills

Irving, who received a Purple Heart in World War II, retired a few years ago, hoping to live on his savings, Social Security and veteran's pension. But he soon contracted the spinal disease, Parkinson's and other ailments, and the medical bills drained his bank account.

With financial assistance from Jewish Community Services, which is supported by United Jewish Appeal-Feder-

on of Jewish Philanthropies of New rk, Mary Ann can buy Irving's medition and hire a home-care worker. It money is still extremely tight. She rries constantly that she will not be le to pay the utility bill or the cab e to take Irving to the doctor. The New York Times Neediest Cases

nd aids tens of thousands of people o are spending this winter without d, clothing, shelter and health care. Times pays the fund's expenses, so contributions go directly to seven rities.

lecause this year's campaign is yn about \$550,000 compared with year's contributions at this point, orts to help people like Irving may hampered in the coming months. e current Neediest appeal ends on h. 28, so there is still time to give.

rving's health has improved marky in recent months, but he remains igile. Mary Ann sometimes coaxes n out of the apartment to visit his nagogue or the graves of his parents. 'He knows me and I know him.'' ry Ann said. ''I have always found n to be a kind and decent person, and I don't find too many of those people und these days.''

# Mock court reverses verdict in Lincoln case

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#### Associated Press

RICHMOND, Va. — More than a century after his death, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's appeal to clear his name as a co-conspirator in President Lincoln's assassination was finally heard — and he won, though only in a mock trial.

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Attorney F. Lee Bailey argued Mudd's case in the mock trial.

No real court has agreed to rehear the case, but Mudd's descendants have waged a long battle to clear his name.

"My grandfather never got a fair trial, so this is a great day," said Mudd's granddaughter, Emily Mudd Rogerson, 86, of Richmond. 3.

Chief Judge Robinson O. Everett, retired senior judge of the U.S. Court of Military Appeals, and another moot court judge ruled that Mudd, a civilian, should have been tried by a civilian jury, not the military commission.

The court didn't formally rule on Mudd's guilt or innocence, but the third judge said the case against Mudd wasn't sufficient to convict him.

The moot ruling isn't binding.



# Mock court clears name in Lincoln assassination

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Attorney F. Lee Bailey argued Mudd's case in the mock trial, staged on the 184th anniversary of Lincoln's birth. "Mudd's prosecution was one sledgehammer after another upon the Constitution," Bailey told the three-judge panel at the University of Richmond's T.C. Williams School of Law.

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The moot court ruling isn't binding, but Bailey said he hopes the Army will use it in considering whether to erase Mudd's conviction. The Mudd family plans to renew efforts to get the conviction removed.

"The jurisdiction issue was key," Bailey said. "And when three distinguished judges agree the conviction was wrong, I am obviously pleased."

John Paul Jones, a law professor, said he organized the moot court trial using the assumption that Mudd appealed his conviction to a military appeals court, a body that didn't exist in Mudd's day.



Mudd had maintained he was wrongfully; convicted.

convicted. Mudd, a 32year-old doctor, set the broken leg of Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth. The actor broke

Mudd: Wins

it when he leaped onto the

"late appeal" leaped onto the stage at Ford's Theater in Washington after shooting the president on April 14, 1865, five days after the Civil War ended. Union soldiers shot and killed Booth on April 26.

Mudd claimed he knew nothing of the killing when Booth arrived on horseback in the early hours of April 15 at his home in Maryland 30 miles from Washington.

The prosecutor in the mock trial, John Jay Douglass, argued that the war wasn't really over on the day that Lincoln was shot. Sporadic hostilities continued for several months, and the military court that convened in June was within its rights to try Mudd and seven others, said Douglass, dean of the National College of District Attorneys in Houston and a former commandant of the Army Judge Advocate Generals School.

Bailey argued that the military commission that convicted Mudd and seven other defendants "was set up to satisfy the monumental embarrassment of lax security that allowed the president of the United States to be assassinated by an amateur."

Bailey conceded that Mudd was acquainted with Booth but rejected a prosecutor's argument that Mudd was a Confederate sympathizer bent on continuing the Civil War.

In his actual trial, Mudd was sentenced to life in prison. He served four years before being pardoned by President Andrew Johnson, because of his help in battling an outbreak of yellow fever at the prison.

Mudd died in 1883. Despite the pardon, the conviction stood. 13~





Volume 18, Number 8 Thursday, February 28, 2002

## In the Footsteps of Dr. Mudd

by Hal Higdon

Our tour boat skimmed across the waters of the Gulf of Mexico at a speed of 26 knots, nearly 30 miles per hour. At that speed, our trip would take just over two hours. We had left Key West earlier that morning, headed westward toward the Dry Tortugas, a collection of seven, tiny coral islands so named in 1513 by Spanish explorer Ponce de Leon because of their large turtle (*las tortugas*) population and lack of any drinkable water.

But turtles had not drawn me to the Dry Tortugas. Motivating my visit was a mass of masonry, which first appeared on the horizon as a thin, brick red line, then began to dominate it as we drew nearer. This was Fort Jefferson, the largest coastal fortress in the Western Hemisphere, constructed beginning in 1846 to control traffic in the Florida Straits separating Key West and Cuba. After the Louisiana Purchase, the growing United

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Fort Jefferson in the Dry Tortugas.

States needed to protect its shipping routes between New Orleans and the Eastern seaboard.

Fort Jefferson, occupying 12 of the 16 acres on Garden Key, boasted 16 million bricks. Its gun ports could accommodate 450 straight-bore cannons capable of hurling iron balls three miles into the surrounding waters—or into the hull of an enemy ship. Merchant boats and vessels of war could moor beneath this protective umbrella confident that they could not be attacked.





#### Dr. Mudd Continued from Page 1

Or so thought the fort's designers.

Alas, within a decade Fort Jefferson had become obsolete, a victim of improved technology. Warships with newly developed rifled cannons could sit safely outside the three-mile umbrella and fire projectiles that could pierce the Fort's walls and reduce it to rubble as had been true during the siege of <u>Fort Pulaski</u> in 1862. A two-day bombardment with 5,300 shells reduced that fort at the mouth of the Savannah River to rubble. Although Union troops occupied Fort Jefferson at the beginning of the Civil War to prevent its falling into the hands of the Confederate Army, "the Fort's cannons never were fired in anger," so explained Jack Hackett, tour guide on the <u>Yankee Fleet</u>, which brought us from Key West.



Fort Jefferson as seen from the incoming boat.

#### The Union vs. Dr. Mudd

I first had seen Fort Jefferson four decades ago, although only from the air. In 1962, I was an aspiring, young writer researching my first book, *The Union vs. Dr. Mudd*, its protagonist Dr. Samuel A. Mudd of Maryland, who in 1865 had set the broken leg of actor John Wilkes Booth after Booth had assassinated President Abraham Lincoln. For his part in the so-called Lincoln Conspiracy, Dr. Mudd was tried by a military tribunal and sentenced to life imprisonment. Four suspected conspirators were hung; four others (including Dr. Mudd) were sent to Fort Jefferson, because of its inaccessibility to the Mainland. Authorities feared Confederate sympathizers might try to free them.

Construction ceased in 1870 partly because of the fort's obsolescence, partly because Yellow Fever, endemic to the area, made living there dangerous. For most of the next century, Fort Jefferson remained largely inaccessible to tourists, who might have been attracted by its history or its wildlife, both sea and air. The Dry Tortugas were designated a wildlife refuge in 1908 to protect a sooty tern rookery from egg collectors, and Fort Jefferson became a National Monument in 1935, but only a few government caretakers managed its vacant hulk. Boats took considerably longer to span the 70 miles between Key West and the Dry Tortugas than swift catamarans like the Yankee Fleet do today. Unable to conveniently reach the fort in 1962, I chartered an airplane so I at least



Library of Congress photograph

could see it. I flew to the Fort, circled twice, then headed home to complete my book, which sold a modest 5,000 copies in its first printing.

In 1992, Fort Jefferson was granted status as a National Park. Meanwhile, Dr. Mudd's heirs lobbied Congress to declare him innocent of complicity in the Lincoln assassination. (Dr. Mudd had served only four years of a life sentence, pardoned because of his humanitarian efforts during a Yellow Fever outbreak.) The Mudd heirs' efforts proved only partly successful, but attracted enough publicity to Fort Jefferson

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so that last year, 100,000 tourists visited. Some came mainly to snorkel or fish, but others came to see what truly was an architectural, as well as historical, wonder.

Beacher

Visiting Fort Jefferson remained an unfulfilled desire for me for four decades, but somehow I never summoned the effort. Then my wife Rose and I purchased a second home near Jacksonville, Florida. Next I received an invitation to the Half Shell Half Marathon, a 13-mile running race in Key West. Thursday before the race, we drove south down I-95, arriving six hours later at the Breakwater Hotel in the heart of Miami Beach's Art Deco district. Built in 1939, the hotel occupies a position midway between Decoratively Retro and Seedy, but you can't beat the location right on the beach, plus the price: \$159 for a corner, ocean-view room. Dennis and Joanne Leahy, who recently relocated from Long Beach to Miami Beach, joined us for an outdoors dinner at the Breakwater Café followed by a sightseeing walk through the district.



The next morning, we continued our drive to Key West, connecting with US 1, which in its southernmost miles hops from island to island across bridges (one of them 6.8 miles long) that separate the Atlantic Ocean from the Gulf of Mexico. The highway both parallels and overlaps the over-water railroad built by Henry Flagler a century ago. Traffic was relatively light, so we cruised along at a comfortable speed, stopping at Marathon Key for lunch. Mid-afternoon, we arrived in Key West at the Southernmost Hotel, advertised as the "southernmost hotel in the United States," although it is southernmost only in the continental United States (Hawaii being further south). A pylon a few blocks from the hotel identified the southernmost point. A dozen or so businesses nearby also identify themselves with the "southernmost" label. Across 90 miles of water lies Cuba.



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#### Dr. Mudd Continued from Page 3

#### **Ernest's last cent**



Mallory Square in Key West.

For several days, we combined touring with race activities and eating in some colorful restaurants, beginning with the Half Shell Raw Bar, sponsor of the half marathon. Our favorite breakfast spot became a café a few blocks from our hotel named "Camille's" that featured French toast. Given all the race Tshirts I accumulate, I rarely purchase that item on vacations, but we bought a "Camille's" T-shirt as a birthday present for our daughter-in-law of that name.

We ran out of time before seeing the <u>Harry S.</u> <u>Truman Little White House Museum</u>. Truman had been a frequent visitor to Key West during his presidency. A <u>Shipwreck Historeum Museum</u> near Mallory Square (good for shopping) memorialized an era when residents of Key West (sometimes called "conchs") would wait for ships to go aground on nearby reefs. "Wreck ashore!" they would shout before clambering



Rose is well anchored.

into boats to salvage cargo worth millions of dollars. We took a Sunset Cruise on the <u>Schooner America</u>, a replica of the boat that in 1851 defeated all challengers in the "100 Guinea Cup Race" in England. The cup was brought back to the United States and renamed the "America's Cup," still coveted by sailors today.

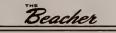
Most memorable to me was <u>The Ernest Hemingway</u> <u>Home and Museum</u>, the house occupied by Hemingway and his second wife Pauline during the 1930s. Hemingway was off hunting in Africa when his wife built a swimming pool in his back yard costing \$20,000, a prodigious sum of money in that post-Depression period. Angered at the cost, Hemingway flipped a penny at Pauline saying, "Here, you might as well have my last cent!"



Ernest Hemingway Museum.

Pauline had the penny imbedded in the stonework beside the pool, where it remains today. Hemingway soon moved on, during the 1940s, to a third wife in Cuba and wrote my favorite book, *The Old Man and The Sea*. Not favorite Hemingway book, favorite *book!* While stationed in Germany during the 1950s, I picked *The Old Man and The Sea* off a shelf in a base library and began reading. After a dozen pages, I sat down and continued reading. I finished the book before I left the library that night. More than any other author, Ernest Hemingway (because of his simplicity of style) has influenced every word I've written. I suspect I'm not the only writer who could make that statement.

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#### **Different-colored** bricks

Certainly, Ernest Hemingway cast a shadow over my first book, *The Union vs. Dr. Mudd*, as well as the several dozen that followed. It seemed time finally after four decades as an author to set foot on Garden Key and roam the vaulted chambers of Fort Jefferson once trod by Dr. Mudd. In Jack Hackett, we had more than an able guide. A whimsical man with a slouch



hat. ruffled beard and eyes that I know twinkled behind his sun glasses, he walked us through the fort relating its history from Ponce de Leon's discovery of the Dry Tortugas in 1513 to Congress's declaring Fort Jefferson а National Park in 1992. He pointed out that the lower

bricks were light red in color, the upper bricks a darker red. "That's because the bricks first used were acquired from Southern States," explained Hackett. "Once, the Civil War began, construction continued with bricks brought down from Danbury, Connecticut."

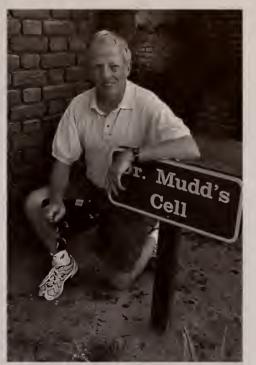
We climbed a circular stairway to a parapet overlooking a parade ground that could have swallowed a half dozen soccer fields and accompanying Soccer Moms. The parapet itself was six-tenths of a mile around, about a kilometer. Several of the Rangers I met who knew my name because of my work for *Runner's World* boasted that they ran for recreation atop the parapet; five laps being the same distance as you would cover in a 5-K race. Well, what better could you do for recreation when you're 70 miles from the nearest video store?



Vaulted ceilings within the fort. Early during his imprisonment, Dr. Mudd was kept in an area near here behind bars that have since been removed.

After a brief tour of the fort, we paused for a picnic lunch. Many from the tour boat then headed for the beach or to cross the short sand bridge to Bush Key to do some birding. Among the birds seen regularly at Fort Jefferson are: black-bellied plovers, cormorants, sooty terns (which nest there in spring), brown noddays, frigate birds and buttonwoods. I had another mission. Ranger Erin Peabody had promised me a tour of Dr. Mudd's cell, that end of the island being temporarily off limits to most park visitors because

of efforts to remove two fishing boats that recently had gone aground during a storm. The interior areas of the fort reminded me of Rome's Coliseum, because of the vaulted ceilings. Peabody indicated one chamber, where they suspected Mudd might have been held early during his stay, then brought us to another identified by sign as



Hal beside a sign leading to Dr. Mudd's cell.



Dr. Mudd carved a basin in the concrete floor of his cell so he could collect rain water to drink.

"Dr. Mudd's cell."

"The evidence is clearer here," Peabody explained, pointing to a bowl-like depression carved out of the concrete floor. "In his letters home. Dr. Mudd describes digging such a bowl to collect rain water for drinking."

**Yellow** fever

#### Dr. Mudd Continued from Page 5

I had read those same letters, collected by his daughter, Nettie Mudd, in a privately published book: *The Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd.* Writing home, Dr. Mudd described the Yellow Fever epidemic that hit the fort in 1867, causing 350 men (prisoners and jailers) to fall ill. Many died, including the fort's physician, Dr. James Smith. Dr. Mudd was pressed into service ministering the ill. At that time, physicians believed Yellow Fever was spread through noxious fumes, such as those rising from the fort's rancid moat. We now know that the disease is spread through the bite of specific mosquitoes. Eliminate the mosquitoes, and you eliminate Yellow Fever, though to this day no cure exists for the disease.

Dr. Mudd's family used his humanitarian efforts during the Yellow Fever epidemic as reason to petition President Andrew Johnson for mercy. Coming from Tennessee, however, President Johnson feared appearing overly sympathetic to the defeated Confederacy. He narrowly avoided impeachment by members in Congress who suspected him of complicity in the Lincoln Assassination. President Johnson pardoned Dr. Samuel A. Mudd as one of his last acts in office on February 8, 1869.

Dr. Mudd returned home to Maryland. He would die in 1883 at age 49, never having quite overcome the suspicion that he knew John Wilkes Booth better than he wanted to admit. "His name was mud," seems to be an expression owed to Dr. Mudd, but lexicographical evidence suggests that the phrase dates back to 1840, or earlier.

After our day at Fort Jefferson, we reboarded the catamaran for the trip back to Key West. I positioned myself in one of the boat's bows, leaning out over the waves, feeling the wind battering my face as we skimmed past floats marking lobster traps. Within two hours, Key West appeared on the horizon. One more dinner in one more memorable restaurant and we began our drive north, nine hours back to Jacksonville. It taken me 40 years between visits to this southernmost place on at least the continental United States, but I knew it would not be that long before I returned again.





The moat at Fort Jefferson was designed partly to protect against high seas, and partly to resist attacking ships who might dock against the walls and try to breach them. Despite the impression given in the movie "The Prisoner of Shark Island", there were no sharks in the moat to prevent prisoners from escaping.



16 million bricks.

Hal Higdon is a Senior Writer for *Runner's World* and the author of 33 books, including *The Union vs. Dr. Mudd.* For links to places mentioned in this article, visit his Web site at: <u>www.halhigdon.com</u>. Illustrations by Hal Higdon.

