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Accounts of John Wilkes Booth's Capture and Death

Stories of eyewitnesses,
first-hand or passed down

Surnames beginning with

A-L

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

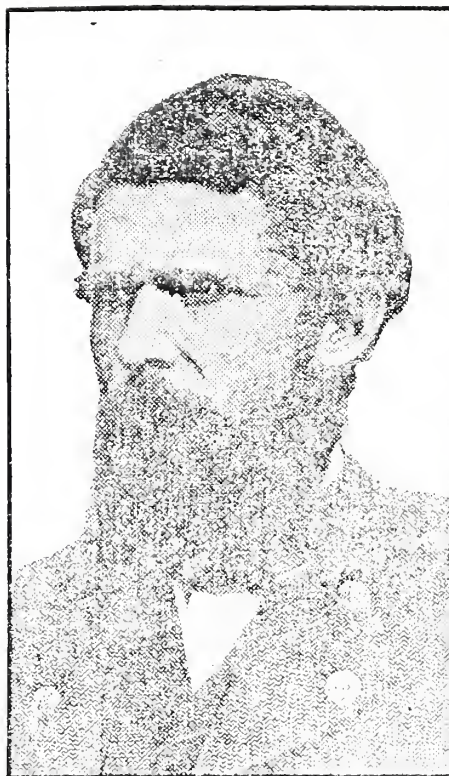
back, so as to place himself very far westward of his point of debarkation in Virginia. But he would travel in a direct course from Bluff Point, where he crossed to eastern Maryland, and this would take him through Port Royal on the Rappahannock river, in time to be intercepted there by the outgoing cavalymen.

"When, therefore, 25 men, under one Lieutenant Dougherty, arrived at his office door, Baker placed the whole under control of his former lieutenant colonel, E. J. Conger, and of his cousin, Lieut. L. B. Baker—the first of Ohio, the last of New York—and bade them go with all dispatch to Belle Plaine, on the lower Potomac, there to disembark and scour the country faithfully around Port Royal, but not to return unless they captured their man. Conger is a short, decided, indomitable, courageous fellow, provincial in his manners, but fully understanding his business and as collected as a housewife on Sunday. Young Baker is a large and fine looking fellow—a soldier, but no policeman—and he deferred to Conger, very properly, during most of the events succeeding.

"Quitting Washington at two p. m. on Monday, the detectives and cavalymen disembarked at Belle Plaine, on the border of Stafford county, at ten o'clock in the darkness. Belle Plaine is simply the nearest landing to Fredericksburg, 70 miles from Washington. Here the steamer John S. Ide stopped and made fast while the party galloped off in the darkness. Conger and Baker kept ahead, riding up to farmhouses and questioning the inmates, pretending to be in search of the Maryland gentlemen belonging to the party. But nobody had seen the parties described, and after a futile ride on the Fredericksburg road, they turned shortly to the east and kept up their baffled inquiries all the way to Port Conway, on the Rappahannock.

TOWARD BOWLING GREEN

"On Tuesday morning they presented themselves at the Port Royal ferry and inquired of the ferryman, while he was taking them over in squads of seven at a time, if he had seen any two such men. Continuing their inquiries at Port Royal, they found one Rollins, a fisherman, who referred them to a negro named Lucas, as having driven two men a short distance toward Bowling Green in a wagon. It was found that these men answered the description, Booth having a crutch as previously ascertained. The day before Booth and Herold had applied at Port Conway for the general ferryboat, but the ferryman was then fishing and would not desist for the inconsiderable fare of two persons, but to their supposed good fortune a lot of Confederate cavalymen



Lafayette C. Baker, Head of the Secret Service

just then came along, who threatened the ferryman with a shot in the head if he did not instantly bring across his craft and transport the entire party. These cavalymen were of Mosby's disbanded command, returning from Fairfax Court House to their homes in Caroline county. Their captain was on his way to visit a sweetheart at Bowling Green and he had so far taken Booth under his patronage that when the latter was haggling with Lucas for a team, he offered both Booth and Herold the use of his horse to ride and walk alternately. In this way Lucas was providentially done out of a job, and Booth rode off toward Bowling Green behind the Confederate captain on one and the same horse.

"So much learned, the detectives, with Rollins for a guide, dashed off in the bright daylight of Tuesday, moving southwestward through the level plains of Caroline, seldom stopping to ask questions, save at a certain half-way house, where a woman told them that the cavalry party of yesterday had returned minus one man. As this was far from circumstantial, the party rode along in the twilight and reached Bowling Green at 11 o'clock at night. This is the court-house town of Caroline county—a small and scattered place, having within it an ancient tavern, no longer used for other than lodging purposes; but here they halted from his bed the captain aforesaid, and bade him dress himself. As soon as he comprehended the matter he became pallid and eagerly narrated all the facts in his possession. Booth, to his knowledge, was then lying at the house of one Garrett, which they had passed, and Herold had departed the existing day with the intention of rejoining him. Taking this captain along for a guide, the worn-out horsemen retraced, though some of them were so haggard and wasted with travel that they had to be kicked into intelligence before they could climb to their saddles. The objects of the chase thus at hand, the detectives, full of sanguine purpose, hurried the cortege so well along that by two o'clock in the morning all halted at Garrett's gate.

A NOISELESS APPROACH

"In the dead silence Baker dismounted and forced the outer gate; Conger kept close behind him, and the horsemen followed cautiously. They made no noise in

CAPTOR OF LINCOLN'S SLAYER NOW BUDAPEST HOTEL PORTER

Birnbaum Loves to Tell How, as a Youth in Yankee Blue, He Aided in Capture of Wilkes Booth—He's an Old and Broken Man Now.

By DOROTHY THOMPSON.

(Special Correspondence of The Eagle and Phila. Ledger; Copyright, 1922.)

Vienna, Feb. 1—The broken old man who takes your things in the cloak room of the Bristol Hotel in Budapest will stop you if he recognizes you to be an American and will tell you that he, too, was an American once, and if you greet him with more than a nod and a curt "So?" he will tell you the remarkable story of a Hungarian lad who enlisted in the Union Army, fought throughout the Civil War and played an important role in one of the memorable events of American history—the capture of Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Lincoln. That event is more than 50 years in the cloak room porter's past and most of the 50 years have been spent in Hungary and are full of excitement and tragedy. But to the porter in the Bristol that afternoon so long ago when he and a squad of American soldiers penetrated into a cabin in Maryland and found there the slayer of Lincoln is the great memory of his life. He recounts the story tenderly, as one refers to an old romance, every detail so picturesque and vivid that listening one can see the capture and feel the excitement.

Known as "Peartree" in Army.

"My name is J. H. Birnbaum, but in the days when I was a soldier in the 16th N. Y. Cavalry, Co. K, they called me by the English version of that name—Peartree. I was only a little boy when my parents emigrated to America. They prospered there. We had a fine house then in old New York at 8 Washington pl., but it was torn down long ago. My father would have educated me well, but when I was 13 I ran away and joined the Union forces. That was in 1863.

"During the war our regiment was sent to defend the capital and we were stationed in the camp of Vienna, in Virginia, not far from Washington. The night that Lincoln was killed we were all called to the capital and our regiment was divided into scouting parties of all kinds, all under the command of Lieutenant Baker. The party to which I belonged had 35 men under Lieutenant Dougherty.

"Our party marched into Maryland the day after Lincoln was killed. The same night as we rode through the countryside we came upon a little forest. In the center was a clearing and a little farm and there was a cabin with a light inside. We were tired and hungry and the lieutenant said to me: 'Go and see whether that farmer will give you anything to eat.'

"Sick Man in the Barn."

"Two or three others went with me. I remember it all so clearly. As we opened the door we saw a bearded old man with a kindly, pious face sitting and reading the Bible by candlelight. When we asked the old farmer for food he said there was nothing in the house but a jug of milk and that he could not give us because he needed it for a sick man who was housed out in his barn and was under his care. I asked if we might see the invalid in order to help him, but the farmer an-

swered that it was not necessary, because the doctor was coming in the morning. I asked what was wrong with the patient and the old man replied: 'He has a broken leg.'

"It must have flashed over my companions in that instant, as it flashed over me, that the man in the barn was Wilkes Booth. We knew that: Booth in jumping from the box to the stage where he shot Lincoln had injured his leg. I could see the faces of my comrades change. However, we said nothing, but hurried away to report to the lieutenant.

"You will wonder why the farmer who was harboring the assassin told us so much. It was because he thought we were Confederate soldiers. In those days in Maryland nearly all the Confederates were wearing blue uniforms.

Surrounded the Barn.

"We reported to our lieutenant and at midnight surrounded the barn. We went quietly, for we wanted to capture Booth alive, without a fight. Boston Corbett, one of our company, was standing by my side. He peered through a chink in the wall and saw that Booth had heard us and risen as well as he could and that he had a carbine and was ready to fire. Simultaneously Corbett cocked his own rifle.

"Dougherty cried out 'Don't fire!' But too late. Corbett fired, hitting Booth behind the ear. We heard a low scream that was hardly more than a catch of the breath.

"He wasn't dead yet when we took him out—him and his accomplice Herold. Herold was all right and we bound him and laid him on the ground beside Booth. Booth's hair was in ribbons across his forehead and his eyes were glazed. Just before he died, though, they blazed up once. I stood at his feet, as close as I am to you, and as he died he called upon his mother and he cried: 'I die for my country!'

"That is all. We carried him to a boat in the river near by and as we were putting the body on board the doctor who had been called to attend

Couldn't Prove His American Citizenship.

"Sometimes, I suppose, you get irritated with all the visas and documents you have to carry with you these days. But in those days there weren't any passports, and that fact caused me a greater inconvenience than you have ever suffered in all your life. I had no way to prove I was an American citizen. I was registered in the birth registry in Budapest. All I had with me was my discharge certificate from the army. There was then no American Consul in Budapest, and though Mr. Causar, who had an agency here, telegraphed about me to the Ambassador in Vienna, he seemed unable to do anything. They sent me to Bosnia. For 12 years I served in the Hungarian Army.

"Well, I married. I made my home here. I had children. I even enjoyed a certain prestige because I had been in the United States and could speak perfect English. Now it seems that every other person in Budapest speaks English, but it was not so in the 80s. I was a member of a very exclusive colony.

"But bad luck has followed me always. I had three sons. I brought them up to love America, and the picture which they have of me in a Union uniform is the most treasured possession of our household. But they had to fight against the Allies in the war, and one of them was killed, one went insane and one had both arms and legs shot away.

"So now, in my old age, I must support my crippled son and my poor sick son, who are all I have left—for my wife died—like that—when she heard that our other boy was killed. And times are hard now—and I am old."

SAW BOOTH ESCAPE.

Reader Writes of the Days of
Lincoln.

To the What Do You Think Editor
—Sir: A correspondent expressed a desire for some incidents from persons who had some personal experience involving President Lincoln. Well, here goes:

From 1863 to 1865 I was a resident of Washington. About the month of February, 1865, being then not quite 11 years of age, I found myself one day in a long line to greet the President. When it came to my turn to shake hands he stopped, asked my name, my age and where I was from. After I had answered he patted me on the head and said: "Nice little boy!" I have always felt very proud of this.

After our civil war was ended, President Lincoln issued a proclamation for a celebration. He named Friday, April 14, as the date. Well, I was one of a party who saw all the illuminations on Pennsylvania avenue and elsewhere. The main illuminations consisted of a lighted candle in each pane of glass of the twelve-paned windows. The effect was very grand for those days. We called on some friends on the now obsolete "island" on Maryland avenue, near the Potomac, and about 10 P. M. started for our illuminated home on Delaware avenue, corner of B street, on the site of the present Senators Building. As we were walking up A street, beside the Capitol grounds, a rider in a cloak passed furlously by us. It was Booth, who had just shot our martyr President, as we learned the next day. I shall never forget the intense grief of the populace, big strong men weeping convulsively.

F. G. BRILL.

There is little doubt that he had talked to some of them of his kidnapping plan, in October; but there was no evidence that he saw any of them after that, while the government declined to acknowledge that there had been two plots framed by Booth, one to kidnap Lincoln, and the other, adopted at the eleventh hour, to kill him.

No Evidence Against Davis.

The evidence relied upon to connect Jefferson Davis with the assassination consisted of a letter found at Rich-

mond, addressed to Mr. Davis and indorsed by him "referred to the Secretary of War," whose writer offered to rid the South of "its worst enemies;" and testimony as to what Mr. Davis said when he heard that Lincoln had been assassinated.

The news reached Mr. Davis at Charlotte, N. C., in a telegram from John C. Breckenridge, who was at Greensboro. Mr. Davis and a few companions in his flight were stopping at the house of Lewis F. Bates, a native of Massachusetts, who was superintendent of an express company.

Mr. Bates testified that after reading the telegram aloud at the end of a speech made from the steps of his (witness') house, Mr. Davis said: "If it were to be done, it were better it were well done;" that at table in his house Mr. Davis repeated the remark and added: "If the same had been done to Andy Johnson, the beast, and to Secretary Stanton, the job would have been complete."

This testimony was not impeached before the court; but the men who were with Mr. Davis, on hearing of it, denied its accuracy. They agreed that the telegram was not read by Mr. Davis, but by another man; that Mr. Bates was not present at the time, and that the remarks attributed to him by Mr. Bates were fabrications.

With Mr. Davis that day was John H. Reagan, of Texas, Confederate Postmaster General (afterward United States Senator), who wrote of Lincoln's death in his memoirs:

"The President (Mr. Davis) and members of his Cabinet, with one accord, greatly regretted the occurrence. We felt that his death was most unfortunate for the Confederacy."

Mr. Bates' testimony as to Mr. Davis' comment on Lincoln's death was the nearest the commission could bring Jefferson Davis to Booth's crime.

When all the evidence was sifted, and the character of the chief witness to the "Great Conspiracy" is established, the impartial student of today is obliged to believe that not a scintilla of evidence was produced to connect any of the Confederates named in the charge with the murder of Lincoln.

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Tomorrow—Trial of Booth's Associates.

Illinoisan Was Present At End of Booth Trail

BUT one person, A. W. Cash of Decatur, Ill., is yet living of the little group who witnessed the death of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, following his capture by a detachment of Col. Baker's Cavalry.

Cash, as a boy, lived upon a farm adjoining the Garrett homestead in Carroll County, Va., where Booth was overtaken. When galloping troopers passed the Cash farm and halted at Garrett's the entire Cash family hastened over to see what had transpired.

Lucy, an older sister of the Decatur man, moved by pity when Booth, after being shot by Boston Corbett, one of the troopers, was carried from the barn where he had taken refuge, to the porch of the Garrett home, attempted to check the flow of blood. Booth, however, was too far gone. He died a few minutes later, his head resting upon the lap of the girl.

The collision that took place between Col. Baker and the fugitive, as vouched for by the Decatur man, was about as follows:

Col. Baker—You must give up your arms and surrender. We have come to take you prisoner and will treat you as such. We will give you five minutes to surrender and if you do not do so we will burn the barn.

Booth—Who are you and what do you want?

(Instructions had been issued to Col. Baker not to disclose the identity of Booth's pursuers.)

Baker—We want you. We intend to take you prisoner.

Booth—This is a hard case. It may be that I am to be taken by my friends. Give me a chance for my life. I am crippled. Withdraw your men 100 yards from the barn and I will come out and fight you.

Baker—We did not come here to fight,

but to take you prisoner. You must give up your arms and surrender.

(Booth was armed with two six-barreled and one seven-barreled revolvers and a carbine.)

Booth—Let me have time to consider.

A conversation then ensued between Booth and his companion, David Harold, the latter urging Booth to surrender. Finally Booth was heard to say:

"You coward. Will you leave me now? But go ahead. I don't want you to stay with me now."

Booth then resumed the parley.

Booth—Who are you? I could have picked off half a dozen of your men while we were talking, but I do not want to kill anybody.

Baker—Then give up your arms and surrender. We have come here to take you.

Booth—I will never surrender. I will never be taken alive.

Baker—If you don't do so immediately we will fire the barn.

Booth—Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me.

As Harold walked out of the barn and surrendered the torch was applied to the barn. The flames quickly spread and lighted up the interior, showing Booth plainly as he stood near the door, debating whether to emerge or die in the flames. He carried a crutch to keep his weight from his fractured leg. Trooper Corbett, disregarding his order, poked his rifle through a crevice of the structure and fired the fatal shot.

Cash ridicules the story that the wrong man was captured and that Booth escaped and died many years later in Oklahoma. The tattooed initials of J. W. B. upon the arm of the assassin and the positive identification by his relatives and others who knew him remove all doubt that the right man was taken.

At the time of Lincoln's assassination Booth was 28 years of age. He was a man of striking presence, with handsome features and winning manners, yet given to the most violent dissipation and excesses of every description. As an actor he gave promise of being the equal of his older brother, and his income averaged \$20,000 per annum, enormous for that period.

Plots for poisoning or abducting the President having failed, Booth determined to shoot him. The collapse of the rebellion was imminent. Booth unaged that the shooting of the President would save the South, and was willing to become a martyr.

Cash recalls that the last words of Booth were, "Tell mother that I died for my country. I did what I thought was for the best."

When he attempted to raise his hands, as the paralysis of death came upon him, he muttered, "Useless. Useless." He then lapsed into unconsciousness.

E. E. PIERSON.

An Eyewitness Account of Lincoln's Assassination

Through the courtesy of David E. Pool of 525 Soto Street, a distant relative of the Lincoln family, and a member of the Chubbuck family, the California Eagle and its readers are given a sidelight of history as it is available in the Genealogy and Personal History of Northern Pennsylvania.

The Genealogical Report was prepared under the personal supervision of John W. Jordan, LL.D., Librarian of the Historical

Society Of Philadelphia. The subject of this article,—reference to the Lincoln assassination,—is found in volume two of the report, published by the Lewis Historical Publishing Co. of New York in 1913.

On page 676 of the report, there appears an item which shows Martha Chubbuck married John Lincoln on January 31, 1670.

On page 677 it is reported that Hollis Lorenzo Chubbuck, born August 23, 1828 at Towanda, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, was present in Ford's Theatre when president Lincoln was assassinated.

According to an account that appeared in the St. Louis Globe Democrat at that time, Hollis Chubbuck was close enough to the assassin Booth to have caught him.

Chubbuck is quoted in the article as having said: "I was within a few feet of Mr. Lincoln when he was assassinated. I saw Booth walk along the aisle next to the wall and pass through the door onto the stage. I was watching him closely but not suspiciously.

"He walked up behind the president, and before I knew or realized what he was up to he stepped nimbly aside and a deafening shot rang out. It was all done so quick no one seemed to realize what had happened.

"While it may seem incredible, I leaped from the small railing around the orchestra to the footlights and was within a few inches of the assassin when he dodged around some scenery. I followed and I know I would

have caught him when he fell had it not been for some of the excited stage hands who blocked my way."

Colonel Hollis L. Chubbuck was for many years Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture under Isaac Newton, and for more than thirty years, he was an officer of the law among the Cherokee and Osage Indians.

It was Colonel Chubbuck who touched the match to the barn where the assassin Booth was supposed to have been cornered. However, Chubbuck was never certain that the man consumed by the flames of the burning barn was Booth. In later years he went to Enid Oklahoma to view the remains of a suicide who was thought to be Booth.

Chubbuck unhesitatingly stated that, in his opinion, the man was Booth and the man burned in the barn was not Booth.

"I sometimes feel positive the dead man I saw in Enid," Colonel Chubbuck said, "was Booth and again I look back over the many intervening years, and think I may be mistaken.

"...I have nothing to go by, only the stealthy, cat-like movements of the actor (Booth) as he approached his victim, and the frenzied dash of the murderer after the terrible deed had been perpetrated."

Colonel Hollis Chubbuck lived among the Cherokee, Creek and Osage Tribes following his trip to Springfield for the funeral of Abraham Lincoln. He carried a commission as a Deputy United States Marshal, and he frequently took part in court proceedings at Fort Smith, Arkansas when Judge Parker was on the bench.

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The Story as Told by One of His Captors.

[From the Buffalo Commercial.]

Frederick Deltz, of Colden, Erie County, Pa., enjoys the distinction of having been one of the handful of Union soldiers who surrounded 'Garrett's' barn, near Bowling Green, Va., on the morning of April 25, 1865—that historic barn in which John Wilkes Booth, slayer of Lincoln, stood at bay. Mr. Deltz will be 53 years old on the 23d of next April. He has been a farmer at Colden for nineteen years. He belonged to Company E of the 60th New York Cavalry, and was in Virginia when Lincoln was assassinated.

"My regiment was called into Washington, and attended the funeral of Lincoln," said Mr. Deltz, in a chat with a Buffalo Commercial reporter. "A squad from the regiment kept looking for Booth constantly. On the morning of April 24, ten days after Lincoln was shot, 'boots and saddles' was sounded, and twenty-eight men responded. I was among them. We didn't know what we were called for or where we were going. Lieut. Donerty was in command of the squad. He marched us to the navy yard and out to a boat. And then he showed us a picture of Booth, and told us if we saw a man of that appearance to take him, dead or alive. We landed away up in Virginia about 2 o'clock in the morning, and marched until daylight. We had no rations. At daylight we went to farm houses in the neighborhood and got breakfast, then marched until noon, and got dinner the same way. The people were rebels, but were very friendly.

"After dinner we came to the Rapidan River and crossed on a ferry, and, marching on about two miles, came within sight of the house where Booth was. We didn't know at that time that he was there, but afterward learned that from the veranda of the house he saw us march by. We kept marching until the middle of the night, then stopped at a hotel in a little village, where we captured Dr. Mudd, who set Booth's broken leg and helped him across the Potomac. The doctor—afterward hanged, you know—was in bed at the hotel. We stopped just long enough for the doctor to get ready, and then started straight back to where Booth was, taking Dr. Mudd with us. But he escaped on the way. He seemed to be willing enough to go along, and he was allowed to go to a farm house for a drink. We pushed on, for we were in a hurry, and the doctor failed to follow. He escaped, but was soon caught. We got to the farm house about 2 o'clock in the morning and surrounded it. It was 10 or 12 rods from the road. There was a veranda almost clear around it. The rebel who owned the house, a young man, came out of a little barn near by and asked what we wanted. He was asked if there was a stranger in the house. He said, 'No, but there are two men in that barn,' pointing to another barn a few rods away.

"We surrounded the barn and sent in the Confederate to tell the men to come out. It was quite dark. Pretty soon the Confederate came running out in alarm. Booth and threatened to shoot him, charging him with having betrayed him. Then Booth began talking, asking what we wanted. He was told to surrender and to return to Washington with us. He said he wouldn't come out. He said he had his way made for Mexico, and would have got there only for his broken leg. He was again ordered to surrender. Then he told the lieutenant to draw off his men fifty paces and he would come out and have a fair fight. He had two seven-shooter revolvers, a seven-shooter carbine and a big dagger or knife. The lieutenant again called to Booth to surrender. Booth said the young men with him (Herold) was willing to surrender.

"Hand out your arms, then," said the lieutenant.

"The arms that are here are mine," replied Booth. Then Herold was told to hold up his hands and come out, and he did so. Just then a man—I thought he was a sailor who had come along with us from the boat—came up past me where I was at the rear of the barn and set fire to it. When Booth saw the fire he tried to trample it out, but it was too much for him, and when he found he was unable to master it he made for the door at the front of the barn. The fire was pretty bright by this time, and Boston Corbett, looking through a crack in the front of the barn, could see Booth coming toward the door. He put his revolver to the crack and fired. The ball went clear through Booth's neck, through the back part of the barn, and dropped within a pace of me. I could see it knock up the dirt. I never thought to pick it up. If I had, I might have made a fortune out of it. Booth dropped the moment he was shot. We carried him to the porch of the house. He lived about an hour and a half. His only words were to tell us to give his best respects to his parents, and to say he died for his country.

1865

"It was about daylight when he died. One of his crutches was burned. The other we took with us. We put Herold on a horse, tying his legs beneath it, and, with the body of Booth in a wagon, started back to the boat. We marched all day, got to Washington next morning, and unloaded the body in the navy yard. The news got to Washington before we did, and there was a crowd in the navy yard. A few days afterward the same squad of soldiers went back to the place where we got Booth. Part of the squad stopped and took a picture of the place, and part went on and captured Dr. Mudd. He was found in the same hotel where he was caught before.

"The \$100,000 reward offered by the Government was divided up between us according to rank. Lieut. Donerty got \$16,000. Boston Corbett got \$1000. My share was \$1683.70. The check for it was sent to Springfield, Cuttaraugus County, this State, a year after I got home. It set me up in a nice way in housekeeping. I had fifty acres of land then, and I sold it and bought 100 acres at Colden. I've got a wife and six children—five boys and one girl—and they are all living."

"Where are the rest of that squad of men?" Mr. Deltz was asked.

"Scattered far and wide, and most of them dead, very likely," he replied. "I know of only one that is living besides myself. He is in Chicago. I have no knowledge of the rest of them."

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

Story of His Capture Told by
His Captor.

CAPTAIN EDWARD P. DOHERTY.

He is a Democrat, a Tammanyite and
Is Inspector of Street Paving in
New York City—A Graphic Ac-
count of the Death of Abra-
ham Lincoln's Assassin.

1855

The Republic Bureau,
146 Times Building.

New York, Jan. 19.—Among the Tammany officeholders who will probably fall under Mayor Strong's ax in due course of time is a man who took a leading part in the capture of John Wilkes Booth in April, 1865. He is Edward P. Doherty, the General Inspector of Paving in the Department of Public Works. He is the officer who commanded the company of cavalry which tracked Booth to his hiding place after the assassination of President Lincoln, and although the tragic events of 80 years ago are dim in some memories, Captain Doherty remembers every detail of Booth's capture and death. At the time of Lin-



John Wilkes Booth.

coln's assassination he was in command of Co. G, Sixteenth New York Cavalry, stationed at Washington. During the exciting days following the assassination squads of the troopers in Captain Doherty's company were ordered to accompany the detectives. Captain Doherty, who is now commander of Veteran Post, 438, G. A. R., and grand marshal for the City and County of New York, says his men had very little faith in the detectives.

One day Captain Doherty received an order from General Howard to report to Colonel Baker, the chief agent of the War Department, with 25 men, well mounted, and with three days' rations and forage. What happened Captain Doherty tells as follows:

"I reported, and Colonel Baker gave me the photographs of John Wilkes Booth, Daniel E. Harrold, and the others who were thought to be implicated.

Defiling the Martyr's Grave.
from the Charleston News and Courier.

The statement that Mr. Lincoln was "martyred for his devotion to his country" is, we think, subject to serious doubt and fair challenge in the interest of historic truth. The diary of Wilkes Booth, which probably contained a statement of Booth's motives for his deplorable crime, was destroyed or suppressed, for some reason, by the Federal authorities, at the time of his capture and death, and his real motive is therefore unknown to the public. We have heard an interesting story going to prove that it was a purely personal motive, and have been assured that the facts are known to some persons both in Washington and Richmond. Perhaps they will be made public some day. It may be that there is no private history connected with the great tragedy. But in any event, seeing that Booth's private papers have been so carefully suppressed, it certainly is not safe, from a historical point of view, to say what motive really actuated him; which is the point in question. 1863

What Booth Said.

Having read many versions of what actually took place and what was said at Ford's theater, Washington, on the night of President Lincoln's assassination I think it might not be amiss to give Maj. H. R. Rathbone's version of it, he being the only man in the box with the president.

He heard a pistol report and thru the smoke he saw a strange man—John Wilkes Booth—whom he instantly clutched. The stranger dropped his pistol and struck at the major with a dagger which he held in his left hand, inflicting a dangerous wound. At the same time he leaped over the rail of the box, still brandishing the dagger and exclaiming as he went over, "Sic semper tyranni!"

In descent his spur caught in an American flag which draped the president's box, causing him to twist his ankle as he alighted on the corner of the stage. Turning to the audience he murmured "The south is avenged."—Letter to New York Herald. 1862

—John Wilkes Booth was shot in a barn near Bowling Green, Va., April 26, 1865, twelve days after the assassination of President Lincoln, by Boston Corbett. His body was first buried in the arsenal at Washington. In 1866, at the request of Edwin Booth, the remains were removed to a cemetery in Baltimore, and were interred by the side of those of his father and other members of his family—Chicago Herald. Nov. 2, 1882.

Major Edward P. Doherty, who lives in New York, is the officer who commanded the detachment of the Sixteenth New York cavalry that pursued, shot and captured J. Wilkes Booth in April, 1865. He is now commander of Veteran Post, 436, and is employed at present as an inspector on a \$3,000,000 paying job in his city. 1863

Do you know what an assassin is? Perhaps not experimentally, but you know as much about him, in theory, as is necessary for your comfort and well being. But do you know how he got his name, and how the man who handed that name down to him got it in the first place? An assassin is not a cold-blooded murderer who attacks his victim in a gentlemanly way, giving the victim even a surface show of defense or escape. He goes at the game of murder in a cunning and devious manner, leaving no loophole for a possible failure of his plan. He inherited the method along with the name, from Hassan Ben Sabbah, who headed a great religious and military order in Syria about the close of the eleventh century. This unprincipled old soldier was a fellow-student of Omar Khayyam, the poet, whose quatrains are commonly regarded in the Western world as the only poetry the Persians ever wrote.

When their school days were over, Hassan was found guilty of treason to his government and was banished. He did not go alone! He took with him all the soldiers who had served under him, and to them he added all the adventurous fellows who came within the sound of his preaching. He promised them untold joys in Paradise if they would risk their lives in his campaign of murder and robbery. In order more easily to convince them that they were engaged in holy crime he would distort their moral vision by copious doses of hashish. So "assassin" is literally a "hashish eater." It was the deadly drug that made assassination possible. "ASSASSIN."

**THE CAPTOR AND THE EXECUTIONER OF THE
ASSASSINS**

134. (LINCOLN). DOHERTY, EDWARD P, Captain of 16th N. Y. Cavalry, who had captured John Wilkes Booth and Herold, One of the Conspirators. Cabinet photograph, signed by him, right beneath the portrait. On verso of the portrait the following:

Washington, D. C., April 28th, 1865. This photo was taken the day after I brought the body of J. Wilkes Booth and the Prisoner Herold, two of assassins of A. Lincoln to Washington, D. C.

EDWARD P. DOHERTY,

Capt. 16th N. Y. Cav.,

Captor of Booth and Harold.

(LINCOLN). RATH, CHRIS, Captain. Conducted the execution of the Lincoln Conspirators. A. L. S. 4to full page, to newspaper editor, May, 1892. Newspaper stories went the rounds that Booth was still alive, that the hooded corpses on the gallows had not been those of the conspirators. Capt. RATH furnishes in this letter an affidavit that he actually executed with his own hands, after having built the gallows, Mrs. Surrat, Payne, HEROLD etc. Describes the scene with Gen. Hartranft reading the death sentence etc etc. NO SUCH DOCUMENT EXISTS ELSEWHERE. We can offer both of these HISTORICAL LETTERS ETC FOR

97.50.

J. WILKES BOOTH'S DEATH

THE STORY GRAPHICALLY TOLD ONCE MORE.

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE PER-
SUIT OF THE MURDERER BY LIEUT. L.
B. BAKER, WHO HAD COMMAND OF THE
PARTY.

From the Lansing (Mich.) Republican.

In a recent number of the New-Orleans Picayune appears a statement purporting to come from Capt. Edward P. Dorherby, now a street contractor in New-Orleans, in which is detailed some of the incidents relative to the capture and killing of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. There are so many glaring inaccuracies in the article, so many statements that are not substantiated by facts and by the records of the War Department, that we have obtained a history of the exciting event from the lips of Lieut. L. B. Baker, now a clerk in the Auditor-General's office, but who had command of the party which captured the murderer.

At the time when Booth shot President Lincoln, April 14, 1865, in Ford's Theatre, Gen. L. C. Baker, Chief of the detective force of the War Department, and Lieut. L. B. Baker were in New-York City looking after bounty-jumpers. Secretary Stanton telegraphed these two officers to come to Washington immediately. They arrived in Washington the morning of the third day after the terrible deed was committed. Cavalry had scoured the country in every direction for miles around Washington, and telegrams were sent over all the lines. Gen. Baker gained all the information he could in regard to the route Booth and his accomplices would probably take, and concluded that they would go down the Potomac, taking in Surraville, cross the river, and make their way to Richmond. He sent a telegraph operator and a detective down the river by boat to Port Tobacco and vicinity, with orders to tap the wires and let him know if there was any trace of the escaping fugitives. Near Chappelle Point the detective found a negro whom he brought to Washington, and who stated that he was positive he saw Booth and Harold, whom he knew well, cross the river in a fishing boat. At first the General discredited his statement, but on showing him several likenesses of the assassin and others, the colored man pointed out Booth and Harold as the men whom he saw.

An escort of 25 cavalrymen, under Gen. Dorherby, were placed at Lieut. Baker's command, who had orders to "bring Booth, dead or alive." At the request of Lieut. Baker, Lieut.-Col. E. J. Conger, a brother of Congressman O. D. Conger, an experienced cavalry officer, who had just been mustered out of the United States service, was added to the party. Col. Conger had raided the country in every direction, and was valuable on account of his familiarity with the roads and for his undaunted courage and bravery. The party went on board the tug John S. Ide, and steamed down to Belle Plain, near the mouth of Aquia Creek. They landed about 10 o'clock at night and commenced the search. Lieut. Baker and Col. Conger would leave the escort at a short distance behind them, and call at the various farmhouses, pretending to belong to Booth's party, but from whom they had been separated in crossing the river. They found many sympathizers who were ready to aid them, but could find no one who had seen Booth. The night was spent in making such inquiries. The next morning the party left the Fredericksburg road, where they had been searching, and turned their horses' heads across the country toward the Rappahannock, and about noon reached the river at Port Conway. The horses being fatigued and the men exhausted, a rest was made here and most of the night was spent in sleeping.

Lieut. Baker told Col. Conger that he would ride down the river to the ferry, about half a mile away, and see what he could find. Accompanied by an orderly, he rode to the ferry, where he met a fisherman by the name of Rollins. The Lieutenant asked him if a party of men, one of them lame, (for Booth had broken his leg in jumping from the theatre-box to the stage) had crossed the river within a day or two? Rollins said there had, the day before, and on being shown the likenesses of Booth and Harold, he at once recognized them. Lieut. Baker immediately sent the orderly to Col. Conger, asking him to bring the escort to the ferry at once. The ferry-boat was a crazy affair, and the afternoon was consumed in getting the men and horses across the river. Rollins pretended to be a Union man, and was willing to go as a guide, but feared persecution from his neighbors unless put under arrest. This was done. Rollins said that Booth was accompanied by a Capt. Jett, one of Mosby's command, who frequently went to Bowling Green, about 15 miles distant to see his sweetheart. Her parents kept a hotel, and he thought the whole party had gone there. Just about dusk the party set out for Bowling Green. They had not gone far before they discovered two men, mounted on horses, at the fork of the Fredericksburg and Bowling Green roads, who seemed to be watching the movements of the party. Lieut. Baker and Col. Conger gave chase, and the latter, being mounted on a swift horse, galloped so rapidly on the pursued that they turned their horses into the timber, and escaped. One of these horsemen proved afterward to be Harold, the place of pursuit being only one and a half miles from the Garrett place, where Booth was then secreted. Bowling Green was reached about midnight, when the party dismounted and surrounded the hotel where Jett's sweetheart was supposed to reside. She was there, and so was Jett, but Booth and his accomplices were not to be found.

When the building was surrounded and every avenue of escape guarded, Lieut. Baker rapped on the hall door with the butt of his pistol. The mother and daughter soon appeared with the light, and informed them that there was no one in the house except her son and a friend of his, Capt. Jett. Lieut. Baker and Col. Conger requested to be shown to their room, where they found them asleep. On being aroused, Jett said: "What do you want with us?" Col. Conger said: "We know all about you. You piloted Booth across the river, and you know where he is." Jett told them they were mistaken in their man, and denied knowing anything about Booth. The sight of two heavy revolvers and the threat that he must tell or be convinced him that it was foolhardy to longer delay information, and he said: "Gentlemen, upon my word and honor I will tell you all about this if you will promise to shield me from all complicity in the matter." The promise was made. Then Jett said: "I fear you have frightened Booth off for you passed near the plantation where I left him, which is only a few miles from the ferry you crossed. But I will show you the Garrett place, where I left him." Jett's horse was a model animal, swift for endurance and speed. Lieut. Baker was fearful that Jett might escape if he got any advantage in start, and two of the men were ordered to ride near him, and if he attempted to escape, to "shoot him without halting." The whole party then took the back track for the Garrett plantation. The tired horses were urged to their best speed, and at about 3 o'clock the next morning they arrived at a gateway which Jett said led to the Garrett residence. The night was dark, but the entrance to the house was visible. The house was about 20 rods from the entrance. Jett also said there was another gate about half way to the house. The plan was to surround the house as quickly as possible, so as to prevent any possibility of escape. Lieut. Baker went to the second gate, opened it, and gave the signal for the charge.

The dash was made through the large in short order, and the house surrounded. Lieut. Baker dismounted, went on to the piazza and thundered at the door. The old man Garrett threw up a window near and asked in a frightened tone, "What is the matter?" Lieut. Baker seized him by the arm, and ordered him to unlatch the door and strike a light. This he did, and the Lieutenant entered the hall. Mr. Garrett soon appeared with a tallow candle. The Lieutenant took the candle and asked: "Where are the men who are stopping with you?" The old man was very much excited, and he stammered out that "they went to the woods when the cavalry went by." The Lieutenant said: "Don't you tell me that again; they are here." The light of a pistol brought young Garrett to the front, who said: "Don't interfere, father, and I'll tell you all about it; they are in the room."

THE DEATH OF J. WILKES BOOTH:

The Pursuit and Discovery of the Assassins—Boston Corbett's Shot.

A reporter of the New Orleans *Picayune* has interviewed Captain Edward P. Doherty, who commanded the detachment that captured Booth and Harrold after the assassination of President Lincoln, and that officer's story of the pursuit and its results appears in the *Picayune* of August 18. The story of the surrender of Harrold and the shooting of Booth in the barn near Bowling Green is told as follows:

"After Garrett had designated the direction of the barn, Captain Doherty said to Sergeant Boston Corbett: 'Disarm your men, detail a few to watch the house and bring the remainder here.' Captain Doherty then surrounded the barn with his men, and, going to the front door, placed a lighted candle, which he had held in his hand for some time, near the front entrance of the barn, and in the vicinity of a large crack or opening. Unlocking the door, Captain Doherty called upon those in the barn to come out and surrender, but no answer was made to this and subsequent frequent and loud demands of a like character. Captain Doherty then passed around among his sentinels who surrounded the barn, when he was informed that whispering and the movement of hay had been heard from the inside.

"Capt. Doherty then said: 'If you don't come out, I'll set fire to the building and burn you out.' As there was no answer even to this, Capt. Doherty ordered Corp. Newgarten to pile some stavings and hay in the opening and set fire to it. While he was piling it up, a voice said to the Corporal: 'If you come back there I'll put a bullet through you.' Capt. Doherty, who was standing near Newgarten, then quietly ordered him to desist, and determined to wait till daylight before making any further demonstration.

"At this time quite a long conversation took place between Capt. Doherty and J. Wilkes Booth. The former, after hearing the threat of the latter, called again for a surrender, when Booth replied: 'Who do you take us for?' Capt. Doherty responded: 'It don't make any difference who I take you for, I'm going to arrest you.' Then Booth said: 'Boys, fetch me a stretcher, another stail in our glorious banner.'

"Walking around the barn and returning near the door, Capt. Doherty heard whispered conversation between Booth and Harrold from the inside. Booth then said aloud: 'I am crippled and alone, give me a chance for my life; draw your men up at 25 paces and I will come out.'

"Capt. Doherty replied: 'I didn't come here to fight, but to capture you. I have 50 men here, and can do it.'

"In the meantime Harrold had approached the door, when Capt. Doherty said to him, 'Let me see your hands,' when Harrold put both hands out through the door, and Capt. Doherty seizing them, handed Harrold over to the Corporal at the door.

"While this conversation was going on, and as Capt. Doherty was in the act of taking Harrold out of the front door, the barn had been fired in the rear. The flames burst suddenly forth. Booth, who had left his position in the barn to the right of the opening referred to above, near the candle, took a position in the center of the barn facing the door, and raising his carbine, pointed it in the direction of Harrold and Capt. Doherty, when Sergt. Corbett, who was stationed at one of the openings in the barn to the left of Booth, observing the movement, leveled a large-sized Colt's revolver at Booth and fired, intending to hit him in the arm for the purpose of disabling him, but the ball entered his neck, about one inch from the same point that Booth shot President Lincoln.

"On hearing the shot, and being at the time ignorant of the movement or intention of Booth, Capt. Doherty supposed that he had shot himself rather than surrender, when the officers rushed into the barn, and by the light of the burning building, saw Booth with the carbine between his legs, one of his crutches having dropped, and Booth in the act of falling forward, when Capt. Doherty caught him with both arms around the body and carried him outside of the barn and laid him down, but the heat becoming too intense, Capt. Doherty ordered him removed under the veranda of the Garrett mansion.

"Soldiers were then dispatched in different directions for doctors, but only one, Dr. Urquhart, could be found, he arriving about 6 A.M., and after probing the wound, pronounced it fatal, the ball having ranged upward, cutting a vital part.

"From the time that Booth was shot, 5 o'clock, to the time he expired, two hours later, he spoke but once, and that was to Capt. Doherty, shortly before 6 o'clock, when he said to him, 'Hands.' Capt. Doherty lifted up his hands, when Booth looked at them for a moment, and, shaking his head, exclaimed, 'Useless, useless.' A short time after this he became unconscious, and so remained until he expired.

"Capt. Doherty, after wrapping the body of Booth in his saddle-blanket, sewed the blanket together with his own hands, and having placed the body on a cart which was obtained from an old negro residing about two miles distant, proceeded with the body and the prisoner, Harrold, to Belle Plain, where the tide was waiting the return of the command, which arrived at 6 P.M., when the tide proceeded to Washington, where the body of Booth and the prisoner, Harrold, were turned over to the officers of the United States ironclad monitor Montauk, Capt. Doherty having received orders from the department commander to do so. This was at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 27th.

"In reference to the different statements that Booth was never captured nor killed and that he is alive to-day, Capt. Doherty says that it is the sheerest nonsense in the world, as, in the first place, Capt. Doherty knew J. Wilkes Booth personally, and was in his company at the National Hotel in Washington about two months previous to the assassination. In the second place, at the post-mortem examination, held on the 27th of April, Booth was fully identified by Dr. May, his attending physician, who had performed an operation upon his neck, and by Mr. Dawson, proprietor of the National Hotel, where he boarded during his residence in Washington, and also by other well-known citizens, to the full satisfaction of the government.

"In the third place, after the body of Booth was buried in a cell in the penitentiary at the Arsenal at Washington, the remains were delivered over to his relatives four years later, upon application to President Johnson, and they now rest in the family vault near Baltimore, Md., thus proving that the members of his own family recognize the fact that the body lying there is the last mortal remains of J. Wilkes Booth.

About this time Col. Conger came into the hall. Lieut. Baker took young Garrett by the collar and led him out on the piazza, while Conger formed the men to surround the barn. The Lieutenant then ordered Garrett to lead the way. Before reaching the barn Garrett said: "I have forgotten the key, but my brother has it, who is sleeping in the corn-crib. We would not let those men sleep in the house, and we are afraid they would steal our horses and get away." The brother soon appeared with the key and delivered it to Lieut. Baker. The barn was then surrounded, and Lieut. Baker unlocked the door. Up to this time Booth and Harold seemed to be asleep. Col. Conger came up, and a rattling was heard inside the building as if the inmates were rousing up from sleep. Lieut. Baker said to Conger, "Garrett must go in, demand their surrender, and bring out their arms." To this Conger assented, but Garrett was reluctant to obey, saying, "They are desperate fellows, and armed to the teeth." Lieut. Baker seized him, opened the door, shoved him in, and then closed the door. The Lieutenant hailed the assassins and said: "We send this young man, in whose custody we find you, and you must surrender your arms to him, or we shall set fire to the barn, and have a bonfire and a shooting-match." A low conversation took place inside the building, and Booth was heard to say to Garrett: "Don't you! you have betrayed me; get out of here, or I will shoot you."

Garrett came back to the door and said: "Let me out, Captain. I will do anything for you, but I can't risk my life here." The door was opened, Garrett came out with a bound, and the door was again closed. Lieut. Baker had the light in his hand, and young Garrett said: "If you don't put out that light he will shoot every one of you." The light was placed at a short distance from the door, but so as to light the whole front of the building, which had been once used as a tobacco-house. The light was necessary in case the assassins should make a break for the door and get out. The soldiers were dismounted, but refused to stand in the light, and they were allowed to seek a safer position. Lieut. Baker again demanded their surrender. Booth replied, in a clear, ringing tone, "Captain, this man," Lieut. Baker said, "Bring out the arms, and you can come," he replied, "I have no arms." The Lieutenant said, "You have a carbine and pistol; bring them out and we will let you out." Booth then said, "He has no arms; they are mine, and I shall keep them."

While this parley was going on, Col. Conger was doing all in his power to keep the men aroused, and on the spot for they had become so exhausted with their ride of two days and two nights, without rest and with but one meal, that it was almost impossible to keep them awake. Strict orders were given not to fire, as it would endanger the lives of the men who were surrounding the building. Harold begged and entreated in the most piteous manner to be let out, and the Lieutenant ordered him to put his hands out of the door, which was partly ajar. He stuck his hands out, the Lieutenant caught hold of them, pulled him out, and immediately closed the door. Harold was turned over to two soldiers. He kept making assertions that he knew nothing about Booth, and Col. Conger threatened to bind and gag him if he did not stop his noise. This had a quieting effect. It had been decided to fire the building, so that Booth would be driven to the small door, where, it was thought, he could be easily captured.

Another parley ensued. Lieut. Baker again made the demand for his surrender. Booth said: "Who are you, and what do you want of me? It may be that I am being taken by my friends." The Lieutenant said: "That makes no difference, we know who you are and want you. We have 30 men, armed with carbines and pistols, around the barn, and you cannot escape." After a pause he said: "Captain, this is a hard case. I swear. Give a lame man a chance. Draw up your men 20 yards from the door and I will fight your whole command." The Lieutenant replied: "We did not come to fight, but came to take you. You have got to surrender." Booth replied: "Give me a little time to consider." The Lieutenant said: "Very well, take time. You can have five minutes." He was heard to come toward the door, or near the door. As he came he said: "Captain, I believe you are an honorable and brave man. I have had a half dozen opportunities to shoot you, and have a ball drawn on you now, but don't wish to do it. Withdraw your horses a hundred yards from the door, and I will come out, give me a chance for my life, Captain, for I will not be taken alive." Lieut. Baker said: "The time waited long enough. Now come out, or we will fire the barn." and to this Lieut. Baker gave his consent. Booth said, in his peculiar stage-farce way, "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me, please." After a pause of about half a minute he was heard to say, "I am more tired than a common laborer."

Just as he ceased speaking, Col. Conger applied a match to some hay which he drew through a crevice, and in an instant the inside of the building was a blaze of light. The Lieutenant that opened the door to give him a chance to come out, and from his position on the outside could see every movement made by Booth. He seemed to be leaning against the hay-mow, supported by his crutches, with his carbine in hand. He sprang forward toward the fire with the seeming intention of shooting the man who touched the match. But the intense light inside the building prevented him from seeing objects in the darkness without. He then turned, and with the aid of one crutch came rapidly in the direction of the door, but halted about the centre of the floor. Here he drew himself up to his full height, and seemed to take a survey of the terrible situation. He looked first at the roaring flames, and then his glaring eyes rested on the open door. He resembled an infuriated wild beast at bay. A cloud of smoke rolled to the roof, swept across the room, then came down to the floor on the other side, and he appeared to be standing in an arch of fire and smoke. He remained but an instant in this position, and then dropping his remaining crutch, with his carbine in one hand and a pistol in the other, he dashed for the door. When within about 10 feet of the opening the crack of a pistol was heard from the rear of the barn. Booth reeled forward, threw up one hand, dropped his carbine, and fell face downward on some hay which was scattered on the floor.

Lieut. Baker rushed in, followed by Col. Conger and young Garrett. The Lieutenant, not knowing how fatal the shot, seized him by the arms, intending to secure him in case he had only been stunned. On turning Booth over, Lieut. Baker found a pistol in his left hand, which he still held with a vice-like grip, and it required great strength to wrench it from him. A leathern belt was around his body, with a bowie knife and another revolver in it. Lieut. Baker then accused Col. Conger of shooting him, which the Colonel denied, and said "Booth shot himself." This, the Lieutenant claimed, was impossible, as he saw him every moment from the time the hay was fired until he fell. Col. Conger said "the man who did shoot him shall go back to Washington under arrest." Upon further inquiry it was found that Sergt. Boston Corbett fired the shot from a navy revolver, through a crevice in the rear of the barn. This was a most difficult feat to perform, for the ball struck Booth on the side of the neck, a little back of the centre, and passed entirely through, breaking the spinal column. The fire was making such progress that Booth was taken out of the building and carried a short distance and placed under a tree. He began to show signs of life. Water was dashed in his face, and a little poured in his mouth. His lips began to move, and he faintly whispered, "Tell mother—tell mother." He seemed to gain further strength, and then in a more distinct voice said: "Tell mother I died for my country." Day was breaking, and the heat from the burning barn was so intense that the wounded man was removed to the piazza of the house. Two young ladies brought out a narrow straw bed, and on this Booth was placed. A cloth soaked in ice-water and whisky was placed in his mouth, which revived him. He opened his eyes, seemed to take in the situation at once, and said: "Kill me! Oh, kill me quick!" The Lieutenant said: "No, Booth, we did not want to kill you, and hope you will recover. You were shot against orders." He then was unconscious for several minutes, when he again revived. His chest heaved, his chin dropped, he put out his tongue and seemed to wish to know if there was blood in his mouth. He was assured there was none, and then said, "Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was best." He showed no signs of life in his body.

Col. Conger gave Sergt. Corbett a stinging reprimand and said to him: "Why did you shoot without orders?" The Sergeant took the position of a soldier, saluted the Colonel, and, with right hand pointing upward, said: "God Almighty ordered me to shoot." At this reply the Colonel mellowed in his manner, and said: "I guess he did," and then dropped the subject. Col. Conger immediately started for Washington to apprise the authorities of Booth's capture, and Lieut. Baker and the escort remained to treat the body as soon as life was extinct. A neighborhood physician was called, who gave it as his opinion that Booth could not survive much longer. Col. Conger started for Washington a little after sunrise. Booth died about 15 minutes after he fell. The body was sewed up in a saddle blanket, placed in a one-horse wagon, driven by a team of mules, and arrived about dark. The baggage was taken off, the body put on board, and she then started on her way for Washington. The capital was reached about daylight in the morning, and took up her quarters at the Secretary Stanton, who ordered it placed in the Navy yard. Here it was kept on a table, and the evidence of various parties taken.

CAPTAIN STEPHEN D. FRANKLIN.



over

He Led the Pursuit of Booth

Captain S. D. Franklin for the First Time Tells the Complete Story of His Pursuit of Lincoln's Assassin to the Potomac—Services for Which the Secretary of War Thanked Him.

In a recent issue of the "Sunday Press" a correspondent told the story of his ride on horseback over the route through Maryland and Virginia, followed by J. Wilkes Booth in his flight after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The subject is so rich in new and valuable material that much had to be left unsaid within the limits of one article. The story which will now be told is published for the first time, and in thrilling interest, romantic color and historical worth, has not been equalled in the voluminous chronicles which have been made of those harrowing days.

The man who in reality led the pursuit of Booth, who did far more toward the capture of the fleeing assassin than all the rest of the legion of pursuers sent out by the Government, is Captain Stephen D. Franklin, of 28 North Fifth Street, the veteran detective who still follows his adventurous calling actively and successfully. Captain Franklin's wonderful story is proved in every detail by the records of the War Department, and by documents in his possession, which include the thanks of the War Department, acknowledging "the services rendered in the pursuit of the assassin of our late beloved President," addressed to Captain S. D. Franklin, Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The orders of General Hancock recalled Captain Franklin from following the trail across the Potomac into Virginia, when he was on the point of running down Booth and Herold, and he therefore received no share of the large reward offered. But Captain Franklin was the man who discovered that Booth had stopped at the house of Dr. Mudd, and later at the residence of Captain Cox, and arrested Thomas Jones, the blockade runner who helped Booth across the river. Until it was found that Booth had visited Dr. Mudd to have his broken leg set, it was not known whether he had gone north or south—to Canada or Richmond, and the army of cavalry men and detectives was completely at sea.

The first clue was found at Dr. Mudd's on the road from Washington to the Potomac River, and the ability of Captain Franklin set the pursuit on the right track. He was at the time of the assassination a captain in the Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry, on detached service with the special commissioner of the War and Navy Department. Col. H. S. Olcott and Hon. W. E. Chandler. After having been wounded in the Shenandoah Valley under General Hunter Captain Franklin returned to Philadelphia and was assigned on duty in the investigation of the gigantic frauds in the

arsenals and navy yards during '64 and '65. This work he carried through in brilliant fashion, and assisted in the restoration of millions of dollars to the Government which had been filched by dishonest contractors.

CALLED FOR THE PURSUIT.

The adventures which nearly resulted in the capture and death of Captain Franklin as a fellow-conspirator with Booth because of his too-successful disguise as a Rebel worker, and his pursuit by a squad of cavalry while he was after the assassins of the President, began on the night of April 15, 1865, the day after the fatal bullet had been fired in Ford's Theatre.

The stirring tale is best told in the words of Captain Franklin as he recalled the incidents to "The Press" writer.

"I was routed out of bed at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, April 15," said he, "in my house at 4129 Chestnut Street, by Captain Thomas Sampson and Charles DeVoe, a New York detective. They rushed into my room, shouted 'The President is dead,' and showed me orders from the Secretary of War to report in Washington at once. We caught the midnight train and reached there in the early morning. As I walked up Pennsylvania Avenue the people seemed dumb and awestruck, every man looking at his neighbor with fear on his face. It impressed me beyond the power of words to tell. We went to the Kirkwood House, where President Andrew Johnson was then stopping, and while getting ready for breakfast there was a knock at the room door. A sergeant of the Marine Corps came in and said: 'Captain Franklin here? Compliments of General Auger, commander of the Department of Washington. He desires to see you at once.'

"I went to the office of General Auger and was received very cordially. He said:—

"'Captain, I'm pleased to know you. You stand well in Washington. You are the man I want. I wish to tell you about the case. We have received information that these men who were in the assassination plot crossed the Navy Yard Bridge and have gone down through lower Maryland. One is riding a big roan horse, the other a little bay mare. This is one of the worst sections in the country. It is filled with fugitives from everywhere, and with a desperate lot of characters. At the last election for the Presidency, a man who voted for Lincoln was shot dead by a neighbor.'

General Auger painted the dangers very black, and then said: 'Now will you go?' He offered me a guide and mount, and asked me whether I wanted any arms. 'No,' I said, to his surprise. 'They're armed and they'd shoot me long before I got to them if I have to depend upon rifles and revolvers to capture Booth and his comrades. I'll have to rely upon my ingenuity to get them.'

"I went back to breakfast at the Kirkwood where 'Andy' Johnson was sitting in the dining-room with a heavy guard of marines all around the place. I got a splendid mount from General Auger, and started out about 11 o'clock alone with a guide who lived near Surrattsville, and a miserable wretch he turned out to be. As I rode along the road toward Surrattsville my brain was working busily, trying to find a plan of action, for I knew that my only hope lay in subtleties and 'nerve.'

"My ride came to me in an inspiration. At that time, Ben Wood, a noted Rebel emissary from Mississippi was in Canada with a large sum of Southern gold, sending out men to try to release the Confederate prisoners on the lakes and destroy the shipping. One of his right hand men was an Irishman named McGraw. I then wore reddish side-whiskers, and looked so Irish that you'd have sworn I had landed from the Emerald Isle a week before. McGraw's name

had been in the papers a great deal, and I knew that some of the Southerners along my line had heard of him. I'm McGraw, I said to myself, but if I had known the trouble this would make for me, I wouldn't have been so pleased with myself.

"In the afternoon I saw an old man butchering near the road, and I rode up to him. An old gray coat was hanging on a tree near by, and I knew that I must have that coat. After talking with the butcher and sounding him, I said, 'I'm going down into God's country, and I want to get away from these Yanks as quickly as possible. I'll trade coats with you and give you \$5 to boot.' I didn't give him time to think it over, but took the gray coat, threw him my black one and a \$5 note, and went on looking more like the redoubtable McGraw than ever. I wished afterward that I had examined this gray coat more carefully. But that's getting ahead of my story.

"General Auger had told me to hunt up a man named Roby, who kept a store near Surrattsville. On arriving at Roby's I sent Smoother on to Surrattsville, as he was known there; in fact, he lived three miles east of Surrattsville. I rode up then at dusk and halted the house. Out came a tremendous man, weighing about 300 pounds, with long gray hair down over his shoulders. He held a double barreled shotgun, and as he asked 'Will you light?' I heard the click-click as the hammers were cocked. 'Hardly, under the circumstances,' said I. I rode closer and leaned over to whisper 'I'm from General Auger.' The old man dropped his gun, grasped my hand and hauled me into the house. Old Roby grabbed me by the hand and really pulled me into the house, and said: 'If you're a friend of General Auger's, I want you to sit right down in that chair. That's the chair General Jackson sat in when he was President of the United States.' He was a hardshell Baptist, and a big-hearted man, but he swore with every breath, cursing the 'secesh,' 'the reptiles,' 'the varmints,' and what not. He stopped swearing at the Southern cause just long enough to pronounce a blessing at supper that was as long as his table. Then he broke out again. He knew nothing, and only had suspicions about the people around him. 'Couldn't trust a serpent among them.'

"As we walked toward the store after supper Roby saw two fellows run out and toward the tavern at full tilt. They had seen me and were bent on putting the innkeeper and the crowd of loafers on their guard. 'Catch those scoundrels,' yelled old Roby; and his son jumped on a horse bareback and galloped after them. He overhauled the pair and brought them back. 'Bring them up in the loft,' ordered the old gentleman. They were lugged up, locked up, and as I afterward learned kept in there for two days on bread and water. Roby's method of discipline was high-handed but effective.

A WONDERFUL BLUFF.

"I rode up to the tavern and gave my horse to a hostler with a great swagger and very emphatic language about taking care of the animal. In the tavern the proprietor, Lloyd, stood behind the bar, a stout, sulky fellow, who had little or nothing to say. As turned out afterward he was the only man in Surrattsville who knew anything about the fight of Booth, who had stopped at the tavern with Herold on Friday night, when Lloyd handed them the whisky and carbines that had been left there by Mrs. Surratt. I began to talk with the crowd of about ten countrymen, and asked them to have a drink. They hung back, and seemed afraid to be seen talking with a stranger, which was natural just then. Finally one of them said,

'We'd kinder like to know who you are, if you ain't got no objections.' 'Have you intelligence enough to know who I am if I tell you?' I asked, with a bold front and an ugly look at the chap as I took hold of his collar and pulled his ear down to my face, and shouted in his ear, 'McGraw! McGraw!' My name is McGraw. Did you ever hear of McGraw? Apparently none of them had, for they stood silent for a moment until a long-haired old fellow slipped up to my side and whispered, 'I've heard of you. He's one of God's people, boys, and a good one. He's all right.' They then drank with me.

The crowd warmed up at this recommendation and I took a bottle of whisky in the next room and set up drinks a couple of times all around to get their tongues wagging, if they had anything to tell.

'I've run this blockade fifty times, but Washington got too hot for me when they shot Lincoln, and I'm going through to the river to-night. My skin isn't safe around Washington. I know this whole country like a book, every swamp and hole in it, and if you'll give me those men I'll put 'em where no blasted Yankees will ever find them.'

"The crowd was with me now after my speech and what the old man had told them about McGraw and they scattered, took their horses, and rode out through the neighborhood to see if any trace could be found of the fugitives and to put them under my guidance, to be gotten over the Potomac. While they were away I ate supper, for, although I had already eaten at Roby's, I had to have an object for stopping at the tavern. The colored girl who waited on me was bright and talkative, and I asked her if any officers had been around looking for Booth.

She said that two men had called the day before who told her they were buying cattle. "But when dey wuz eatin' one of 'em threw his coat back an' I seen a badge on his vest. Some of Booth's letters was in the house, an' I was scared dey'd find 'em, so I put 'em in de kitchen fire and fried de eggs de men had foah dinner wid 'em. Heel heel! dey didn't fool me,' I told her she was a clever girl and that she could tell a detective as far as she could see him.

A NARROW SHAVE.

Smoot, my guide, was watched while in the tavern, and he was losing his nerve. He drank to the Southern cause, however, and did nothing to give me away. When I started to leave in the evening after failing to find any clues several men came out to see me off. One of them held a lantern and I saw in a flash that I was in a tight hole and must work quick or risk my skin. I had forgotten the brand on my horse and stamp on saddle and bridle. I turned to them and said:—

"Look here, my boys, have I got any nerve?—see that 'U. S.' on my horse and saddle?—'U. S.' all over him. I stole him from under the nose of the quartermaster in Washington. There wasn't time to buy him. And I'm riding away to Dixie on Uncle Sam's property. When any one gets ahead of McGraw let me know. Here's for the Stars and Bars and Richmond, good-by,' and off I went. But the cold sweat was on my forehead. Smoot, the guide, had enough after this close shave. "I wouldn't ride with you for \$10,000, Captain," he said, and left me to go to his home that night.

It was the idea of the boys, and they gave it to me confidentially, at Surrattville, that the fugitives had taken the eastern route through Long-Oldfields, Upper Marlboro, to Dr. Mudd's and Bryantown, and I at once decided to get there if possible. After talking and drinking awaiting the return of the four men sent out until 2 A. M., and three of them having returned with no in-

formation, I concluded to make a break. So ordering up my horse I started in the direction of the Potomac. Of course, to mislead them and to prevent them from following me, saying I would be likely to meet the fugitives on the other side, and also that I would give the horse and equipments to the fellow who took me over the river.

I had an idea that Booth had gone toward Marlborough, so, after starting out west in the direction of the Potomac, I turned and rode toward Marlborough, which is a short distance off the road from Surrattsville to Bryantown. I had no sleep that night, reaching Marlborough in the morning where Smoot, the guide, came back and met me, after my detour. He was badly scared and told me some very unpleasant news.

"They're after you. They think you're in the plot and there's the deuce to pay. You're McGraw, and the soldiers are after your hellity-lamp. You'll be shot if you're caught."

THE PURSUER PURSUED.

"The startling tale was too true, and my disguise had worked entirely too well. As I soon found out that gray coat had been responsible. I had not noticed that there was a blood stain on one of the sleeves, but one of the men in Surrat's tavern had seen it. When the crowd had gone out to look for traces of Booth this man had ridden hard all the way to Washington in the night, and had sought General Auger. He told him that I was the man who had stabbed Secretary Seward, as there was blood on my clothes, and that I was a well-known Rebel blockade-runner and spy. The informer was after the reward and he had a strong case. General Auger at once sent out seventy-five cavalymen with orders to hunt down McGraw who was strongly suspected of being Secretary Seward's would-be assassin."

"Smoot left me now gone for good and all. I was in a nice fix. Nothing located or found out about Booth, and a squad of cavalry after me as the desperate villain McGraw. I got breakfast, had my horse fed, and rode on toward Bryantown, with the intention of stopping at the house of Dr. Mudd, whom I had heard of as a prominent and active Southern sympathizer. The people at Surrattsville thought that Booth and his companion had gone that way.

"I reached Dr. Mudd's at 10 o'clock on Monday morning and found Mrs. Mudd sitting on the front steps with two children. I asked for the doctor and found that he had gone to Bryantown. I saw a likely-looking darky near the house, asked him to water my horse as a pretext to talk with him. When we were behind the house I said: 'You look like a man who would tell the truth,' and slipped him a \$5 gold piece. 'Have you seen any strangers around here lately?' " 'Tob Gawd, you won't tell anybody?' said he, 'promise me dat?' I reassured him and he whispered: 'There was two men here yesterday, a tall an' a short man. I made a catch for one of 'em. They cut his boot off, an' he cut off his mustache. They came out an' the doctor took dem cross in the swamp.'

THE FIRST TRACE OF BOOTH.

"This was the first trace of Booth that had been found. Detectives were working their way up to Canada as well as everywhere toward the South. I had found his trail and knew that I could not be far behind him. From the time when Booth left Ford's Theatre, on Friday night, he had completely disappeared, until my conversation with the negro at Dr. Mudd's. I rode down to Bryantown to look for Dr. Mudd and had a talk with him, but said nothing to him about Booth. I knew enough and could lay my hands on Dr. Mudd whenever I wanted him. Then I headed for the Tzeklak Swamp and went through the head of it, making inquiries without result. I struggled back toward the village of "T. B." and went up the road beyond the town, where I met a detective with black whiskers, one of Baker's men, whom I knew. 'Those men are right in this locality. I'm right on them, and we'll bag them together,' said I.

"He didn't seem very joyful, and burst out, 'Well, I've had an awful time. The whole county is full of wild cavalymen shooting at everything they see. They'll shoot a man at a mile. My black whiskers was the only thing that saved me.

The lunatics are flying around with sabers flying and the air full of bullets. They're after a man named McGraw."

"Well, that's funny," said I, "who the devil is McGraw. Have you got anything with you?"

"A pair of handcuffs and a pistol," said he.

"Put the cuffs on me. Tho fig's up. I'm McGraw. Handcuff me and take me to Washington and in order to draw off the cavalry."

"The Black Whiskers was dumfounded and perplexed. I wouldn't go through Surrattsville with you for \$10,000," said he.

"The thing must be done and that's the end of it." He put the cuffs on me at last, and we started back on a road that led around Surrattsville. I took the cuffs off when no one was in sight, and was looked on as a rebel patriot by the people we met. We came to a house over which the rebel flag was flying. A woman came out and said: "You're one of our own people. We won't let him take you out of town." I told her it was all right, that the Yankees weren't smart enough to hold me, and persuaded her to call off the crowd of friends that was pressing round my captor. We were taken in and red, I cheered the "bonnie blue flag" and we kept on to Washington and to General Augur's office.

"He came in and said, 'I hardly expected to see you so soon, Captain Franklin.'"

"I hardly expected it myself," said I, "but circumstances alter cases."

"Have you met with any success?"

"I got track of the men at Dr. Mudd's," I said, "and told him of my discovery, and that I came back to 'T. B.' when I suddenly found it necessary to report to him."

"Did you hear of a man down there named McGraw who is said to be one of the assassins," asked the general.

"I believe I did. Have you a description of him?"

AN UNFORTUNATE DOUBLE.

"The general tapped a bell and got a description from the adjutant general, brought from Surrattsville—blood on gray coat sleeve, red side whiskers. I looked down and saw the blood on my coat for the first time, and understood the situation. I stood up and asked: 'Do you think that looks anything like me?'"

"It's the very image of you," said General Augur.

"Well, I'm McGraw. The blood gave me away."

"Why we sent seventy-five cavalymen to catch you."

"Call them back," I said. 'We know where the two men are, and the soldiers are in the way.'

"We sent 75 more men down after you last night," said the adjutant general. 'We were satisfied you were the man that cut Secretary Seward's throat.' An orderly was sent off to bring back the McGraw pursuers, and I rested for a few hours, my first sleep since my start two days before. I reported at night when a chartered steamer filled with detectives was sent down the river and landed at Port Tobacco, on the information which I had secured. The crowd went to Bryantown on the first day and every fellow was going to catch the fugitives at once. They got horses and started out, and all had Dr. Mudd on the brain.

"Ten of them could not ride, and they were so crippled on the second day that they couldn't walk. Some of them put on farmer disguises and the woods were full of amateur detectives with rope bridges and hayseed whiskers.

HOT ON THE TRAIL.

"Detective Tripps, of Alexandria, Va., who was a good rider, worked with me, and we cut loose from the crowd. On the second day Captain Lovett, with the invalid corps, took Dr. Mudd into custody and carried him to Washington. Dr. George Mudd, his cousin, said in my hearing: 'If I thought my cousin was guilty of being in with these men I'd put this knife into his heart.' General Hancock came to Bryantown with 800 men and took charge of the field operations.

"Tripps and I struck out through the swamp to Captain Cox's house, and rode up there through a beautiful front yard, with flower beds running along the fence at the sides. Captain Cox, the elder, came out and extended the hospitality of his place in magnificent style. We were treated royally, and when we told him

our story he said: 'Well, well. I will do anything in my power to assist you in catching those villains.' We spent the night at the house.

"On our travels to Cox's we met two colored men, who stopped us and asked if it was true that they had 'done killed Uncle Samuel,' and 'dey was sure no colored men had anything to do with it.'

Captain Franklin thinks rather mournful. "In the morning we went down to the woods and learned that the negro, Swan, had guided Booth and Herald to Captain Cox's. We found Swan later, and told him that there were no marks of horses' hoofs in the front door yard. 'You ain't smart,' said he, and took us back to the house. He showed us where the fence had been taken down and the horses had come in and stood in the flower beds without leaving a mark in the yard. I called Captain Cox out and asked what men made those horses' tracks. He seemed much surprised, and I arrested him, handcuffed him, and sent him to Bryantown without any delay."

MISSED BY A HAIR.

"We went out on the hunt toward the river, feeling certain that the men were hidden near at hand. On the following day we were about three miles from Allen's Fush in the afternoon, looking around, when we saw a soldier riding down the road covered with dust, his horse all lather and sweat. He pulled an order from General Hancock out of his belt, called me back to Bryantown. I learned afterwards that Herald heard this soldier shout my name from his hiding place in the swamp, so near were we to the assassins."

"On reaching Bryantown General Hancock told me that he had received information that Booth and Herald had been seen in the swamp near Dr. Mudd's that morning. I told him I thought this a ruse to draw our attention, and allow the men to cross the river, and that the men were near the Potomac. I obeyed orders, however, and was given seventy-five cavalry with directions to drive Zekiah swamp fifteen miles to the Potomac. I stretched the men clear across the swamp and went through it in mud and water, until the river was reached, an all day job. We reached the river the night after Booth crossed. He went over the night I was called back to Bryantown. We met some colored people near the river who said that 'the dogs barked powerful hard at somethin' goin' on last night on the road.'

"I found a man named Jones at his house near Papes Creek, and arrested him on suspicion, and took him up to Bryantown. He was very impudent, and was the only man in sight that looked like a blockade runner. He turned out to be the man who had guided Booth and Herald to the river the night before and had furnished them a boat. I found one of his blockade running boats, the barge which had been built for use in the Lincoln abduction plot, and ordered my troopers to smash it.

"When I reached Bryantown again, a telegram had just come to General Hancock with the news that Booth had been shot on the Virginia side. Tupp and I were within 150 yards of them in the swamp, when I was recalled by General Hancock, and I am confident that if we had remained down there that night, as we planned to do, we would have run across the party as they made their way to the Potomac."

"Captain Franklin thinks rather mournfully of what might have been, with rewards of \$100,000 out for the capture of Booth and Herald. No one could have come nearer success than he, and his work in finding the trail of the flight was invaluable to the Government. After the war, Captain Franklin was the first man appointed in the Secret Service Bureau of the United States Treasury, and through '65, '66 and '67 he did more in breaking up counterfeiting operations than any other officer before or since his time. He ran down and captured the biggest operators that have ever worked in this country. He has since been engaged in detective work.

HUNT FOR LINCOLN'S ASSASSIN DRAMATIC

Four Thousand Troops Joined
Twelve-Day Search.

BOOTH SHOT IN A BARN

140 DEPT 2-13-66

(Washington Star)

John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln, was shot and killed near Bowling Green, Va., the morning of April 26, 1865, twelve days after the shooting of Abraham Lincoln.

Bowling Green, a hamlet, is the county seat of Caroline county, Virginia. It is twenty miles south of Fredericksburg and two miles east of the Washington-Richmond railroad. It is twenty-five miles southwest of the point where Booth and his companion, David Herold, crossed the Potomac river from Maryland to Virginia.

The place where Booth was shot and where he died was the farm of Richard H. Garrett, a few miles from Bowling Green. Booth was shot in the tobacco barn on Garrett's farm at 5 o'clock in the morning and died on the porch of the Garrett farmhouse at 7. The shot was fired from a cavalry carbine by Sergeant Boston Corbett of a detachment of twenty-five men from the 16th New York cavalry, the detachment being commanded by Lieutenant Edward Doherty. The bullet struck Booth at the base of the skull.

Removal of Body.

When Booth was pronounced dead his body was sewed in the army blanket of a trooper and roped to a plank. No wagon could be had on the Garrett farm, but a little way off lived a Negro, Edward Freeman, who owned a condemned army ambulance which he was using as a farm wagon. Booth's body was put in this and the start was made for

Washington. A few miles along the road a wheel of the ambulance broke down. A farm wagon was obtained in the neighborhood, and that night the party, with Booth dead and Herold a prisoner, crossed the Rappahannock river on the ferry between Port Royal and Port Conway, continued along hill roads through Virginia and reached the Potomac at the wharf, Belle Plains. The steamboat John S. Ide was boarded. * * *

News of the matter had gone overland by man and horse to Washington and the government sent a tug down the river to meet the Ide. The tug carried the body and the prisoner up the eastern branch to the navy yard, close to the navy yard bridge. The body of Booth was laid out on the deck of the monitor Montauk, and Herold, in double irons, was put in the hold.

Soon after this Surgeon-General Barnes, of the army, and other army surgeons held an autopsy on Booth's body, removing parts of the shattered vertebrae near the base of the skull. These bones were long an exhibit in the army medical museum, which was installed in Ford's theater building after the war.

Burial in Penitentiary.

Booth's body, after satisfactory identification and the autopsy, was taken from the Montauk and carried by boat to the penitentiary, which stood in the arsenal grounds, now occupied by the War College.

The body was put in a pine box, said to have been a gun box, a long box in which rifles were shipped. The stone floor of a cell on the ground floor was taken up and a grave dug. Booth was buried there. In February, 1869, Edwin Booth obtained from President Andrew Johnson a permit for the removal of his brother's remains, and in March of that year the bones were removed to the Booth burial lot in Greenmount cemetery, Baltimore.

For ten days after the assassination, April 14, 1865, the whereabouts of Booth perplexed the government. It was a mystery to all except perhaps half a dozen men. Maryland and Virginia were searched almost house by house. Hundreds of persons, whom detectives and soldiers thought might know something of the fugitive, were arrested and taken to prison, the old Capitol Prison.

Booth clues by the thousand were picked up and found false. It

seemed that Booth, in spite of his fractured ankle, caused by his fall in jumping from the President's box to the stage of Ford's theater, which fall was caused by one of his spurs catching in the flag which draped the President's box, had made his escape. The belief grew strong that Booth had made his way to Canada or some other country.

His Boot Found.

With some detectives, there was the belief that Booth was not far from Washington. Traces of him had been found in southern Maryland. One boot, cut from his injured foot and leg by Dr. Samuel A. Mudd on the morning after the murder, had been found in Dr. Mudd's house, sixteen miles southeast of Washington, in Charles county, Maryland. A lame man and a companion, whom the detectives believed to be Booth and Dave Herold, had been seen by several men. But the trail for a long time ended with the finding of the boot. The country around Dr. Mudd's, including Zakiah swamp, had been gone through, the detectives thought, foot by foot.

The first suspicion of those who knew Booth and Herold was that they had ridden out of Washington after the murder on Good Friday night, 1865, and had gone to lower Maryland. The country lay between Washington and Chesapeake bay, the Potomac and Patuxent rivers, and was without a railroad or telegraph line. Booth had visited a number of places in that region.

The chief of Washington police, Major A. C. Richards, told the military authorities he believed Booth had gone to southern Maryland, but it was twelve hours after the crime that detectives and cavalry were sent that way. By sunset of Saturday, the day after the murder, 2,000 troops, mainly cavalry, were scouring the fields, woods, pines and marshes in that part of the country.

Cavalry Patrolled Roads.

When Lincoln was shot during performance of "Our American Cousin" by Laura Keen and her company at Ford's the 16th New York cavalry was in camp at Vienna, Va., fourteen miles west of Washington. Saturday it was ordered to patrol roads and scout in

that part of Virginia with the hope of picking up the assassin and his accomplices.

Later, a detachment of that regiment, under Lieutenant Edward Doherty, was ordered on the man hunt in southern Maryland. Sergeant Corbett was of that detachment.

Doherty and his men were put under command of Lieutenant L. B. Baker and the direction of the expedition was given to Colonel Evered J. Conger. The troops went on board the steamboat John S. Ide at Washington and left the boat about forty miles below Washington, at a little wharf called Belle Plains, in Stafford county, Virginia.

The detachment struck across country toward the Rappahannock river, reaching it at the ferry between Port Conway and Port Royal. From William Rollins, the ferryman, and his wife it was learned that a cripple and companion had crossed a few hours before and had gone in the direction of Bowling Green, Caroline county. The detectives accompanying the troops had a photograph of Booth, and the ferryman said it was a picture of the cripple.

At Bowling Green it was learned the two men had gone in the direction of Garrett's farm. A guide led the way and the troops came to the farm of Richard H. Garrett just before dawn of April 26. The place was surrounded. Garrett said he had seen no strangers on the place, but his son, Jack Garrett, said two men, one a cripple, had gone in the tobacco barn, about 200 yards from the house, to sleep, and he thought they were still there.

Barn Surrounded.

The barn was surrounded. The officers, some men say it was Col. Conger, others that it was Lieut. Baker and others that it was Lieut. Doherty, called on the men inside to surrender. There was no response, but whispering was heard. The officer speaking threatened to set fire to the barn, and then Booth is said to have made the request that the soldiers be withdrawn twenty-five paces and give him a chance for his life. Booth's companion wanted to surrender. He thrust his hands through the barn door, was seized and pulled out. It was a youth who proved to be Dave Herold, and he tied on the scaffold in the arsenal grounds the following August with Mrs. Surratt, Payne and Atzrodt. Booth would not surrender. There was hay in one corner of the barn,

a rickety structure with many cracks between the warped boards.

A match was touched to this hay. Some say Col. Conger started the fire and others that it was done by the civilian detectives. The interior of the barn was soon bright and red. Inside through the cracks could be seen a man standing, resting on a crutch and with a carbine in his hand. A shot was fired and the man on the crutch dropped to the barn floor.

Sergeant Corbett at the back of the barn, the side opposite the door around which the officers stood, saw this man with the carbine, thought he was about to shoot at the officers, and shot him. The bullet struck Booth at the base of the skull. Officers and soldiers rushed in the burning barn and dragged out Booth and for some moments he lay on the grass before the burning barn. Then he was taken to the porch of the Garrett house and a physician sent for.

Last Words Disputed.

There is disagreement as to what Booth's last words were. Doherty said that Booth uttered no intelligible words except "Hands! Hands!" and "Useless! Useless!" Doherty said that when Booth said faintly, "Hands! Hands!" he thought Booth wanted him to lift his hands, and, when he did this, Booth said, "Useless! Useless!"

Corbett had fired without orders. He was charged with firing contrary to orders. It was desired to take Booth alive. But the fact that Corbett believed that Booth was about to fire at the officers was a circumstance that favored him. Corbett had been thought "sort of a queer fellow" by others in the regiment, but he was considered a good soldier.

After the killing of Booth, Corbett's mind seemed to grow weak and he seemed to be overcome with fear of "Booth avengers." He went to Kansas and was sent to the Kansas Insane Asylum. He escaped from that place in 1888. The last man reported to have seen Corbett was a farmer near Neodesha, in southern Kansas.

Corbett was an Englishman, naturalized an American. He had been a hatter by trade in New York, Camden, N. J., and Boston. He enlisted as Boston Corbett, but there was a story that he chose the name "Boston" because he had been converted

at a revival and made a "new man" in that city. In the 16th New York cavalry he gave a good deal of time to religious exhortation.

States and cities offered rewards for the capture of Lincoln's murderers, congress offered a reward of \$75,000. For one reason or another all offers of reward were withdrawn except that authorized by congress. Corbett believed that all these rewards should have come to him. There were two sergeants in the 16th New York detail and each received as his share of the congress-

sional reward \$2,545. That was all that went to Corbett, and it was stolen from him soon after he got it.

Pursuit of Booth

JOHAN WILKES BOOTH, assassin of President Lincoln, was shot and killed near Bowling Green, Va., in the morning of April 26, 1865 twelve days after the shooting of Abraham Lincoln. Bowling Green, a hamlet, is the seat of Caroline County, Va. It is 20 miles south of Fredericksburg and 2 miles east of the railroad track from Washington to Richmond, through Fredericksburg. It is 25 southwest of the point where Booth and his companion, David Herold, crossed the Potomac River from Maryland to Virginia. The place where Booth was shot and where he died was the farm of Richard H. Garrett, a few miles from Bowling Green. Booth was shot in the tobacco barn on Garrett's farm at 5 a.m. and died on the porch of the Garrett farmhouse at 7 a.m. The shot was fired from a cavalry carbine by Sergt. Boston Corbett of a detachment of 25 men from the 16th New York Cavalry, the detachment being commanded by Lieut. Edward Doherty. The bullet struck Booth at the base of his skull.

J. B. Jaques of Washington wrote a letter to The Star a few days ago, saying: "On page 40 of the program of the recent military carnival held at the War College in this city is to be found the following: 'Booth, with the other assassins, made his escape, but were all soon captured (all except Booth, who was killed in Maryland)' I have a vivid recollection of reading the published accounts of the tragedy immediately after its occurrence, which stated that Booth was shot in a barn on a farm, known as the Garrett farm, in Virginia. In the over 62 years that have passed, I have never heard of those accounts being disputed."

When Booth was pronounced dead his body was sewed in an Army blanket of a trooper and roped to a plank. No wagon could be had on the Garrett farm, but a little way off lived a colored man—Edward Freeman—who owned a condemned Army ambulance which he was using as a farm wagon. The ambulance had served in the war. Booth's body was put in this and the start was made for Washington. A few miles along the road a wheel of the ambulance broke down. A farm wagon was taken in the neighborhood, and that evening the party, with Booth dead and Herold a prisoner, crossed the Rappahannock River on the ferry between Port Royal and Port Conway, continued along hill roads through Virginia and reached the Potomac at the wharf, Belle Plains. The steamboat John S. Ide was boarded.

News of the matter had gone overland by man and horse to Washington and the Government sent a tug down the river to meet the Ide. The meeting took place off Alexandria, and the corpse and prisoner were transferred to the tug. The tug carried the body and the prisoner up the Eastern Branch to the navy yard, close to the Navy Yard Bridge. The body of Booth was laid out on the deck of the monitor Montauk, and Herold, in double irons, was put in the hold.

Soon after this Surg. Gen. Barnes of the Army and other Army surgeons held an autopsy on Booth's body, removing parts of the shattered vertebrae near the base of the skull. These bones were long an exhibit in the Army Medical Museum, which was installed in Ford's Theater building after the war. They were long a private exhibit in the same museum in its new building near the Smithsonian, and they may be there now.

* * * *

BOOTH'S body, after satisfactory identification and the autopsy, was taken from the Montauk and carried by boat to the penitentiary, which stood in the Arsenal grounds, now occupied by the War College. The body was put in a pine box—said to have been a gun box, a long box in which rifles were shipped. The stone floor of a cell on the ground floor was taken up and a grave dug. Booth was buried there. In February, 1869, Edwin Booth obtained from President Andrew Johnson a permit for the removal of his brother's remains, and in March of that year the bones were removed to the Booth

burial lot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore.

Let me tell you a little more of this story. For 10 days after the assassination, April 14, 1865, the whereabouts of Booth perplexed the Government. It was a mystery to all except perhaps half a dozen men. Maryland and Virginia were searched almost house by house. Hundreds of persons whom detectives and soldiers thought might know something of the fugitive were arrested and taken to prison—the Old Capitol Prison. Booth clues by the thousand were picked up and found false. It seemed that Booth, in spite of his fractured ankle, caused by his fall in jumping from the President's box to the stage of Ford's Theater, which fall was caused by one of his spurs catching in the flag which draped the President's box, had made his escape. The belief grew strong that Booth had made his way to Canada or some other country.

With some detectives there was the belief that Booth was not far from Washington. Traces of him had been found in southern Maryland. One boot, cut from his injured foot and leg by Dr. Samuel A. Mudd on the morning after the murder, had been found in Dr. Mudd's house, 16 miles southeast of Washington, in Charles County, Md. A lame man and a companion, whom the detectives believed to be Booth and Dave Herold, had been seen by several men. But the trail for a long time ended with the finding of the boot. The country around Dr. Mudd's, including Zakkiah Swamp, had been gone through, the detectives thought, foot by foot.

The first suspicion of those who knew Booth and Herold was that they had ridden out of Washington after the murder on Good Friday night, 1865, and had gone to lower Maryland. The country lay between Washington and Chesapeake Bay, the Potomac and Patuxent Rivers, and was without a railroad or telegraph line. Booth had visited a number of places in that region.

"Two horsemen, 10 minutes apart, had been halted by the guard—Sergt. Silas T. Cobb—at the Navy Yard Bridge over the Eastern Branch, and had been allowed to pass on saying that they were returning to their homes in Charles County, Md. The war being over, the restrictions on passing the bridges at Washington were relaxed. The chief of Washington police—Maj. A. C. Richards—told the military authorities that he believed Booth had gone to southern Maryland, but it was 12 hours after the crime that detectives and Cavalry were sent that way. By sunset of Saturday—the day after the murder—2,000 troops, mainly Cavalry, were scouring the fields, woods, pines and marshes in that part of the country.

* * * *

WHEN Lincoln was shot during performance of "Our American Cousin" by Laura Keen and her company at Ford's the 16th New York Cavalry was in camp at Vienna, Va., 14 miles west of Washington. On Saturday it was ordered to patrol roads and scout in that part of Virginia with the hope of picking up the assassin and his accomplices. Later, a detachment of that regiment, under Lieut. Edward Doherty, was ordered on the man-hunt in southern Maryland. Sergt. Corbett was of that detachment. About 10 days after the murder Maj. James R. O'Beirn, in charge of detectives in the Booth hunt, reported that Booth had been seen in King George County, Va., across the Potomac River from Charles County. It was on April 24, 1865, that Col. Lafayette C. Baker, provost marshal of the War Department, talked this report over with Gen. Hancock, and the latter directed Gen. Sweetzer to have a detail of 25

mounted men, "under a discreet officer," report, with three days' rations, to Gen. Baker. Doherty's detachment, being close to Washington, was called on.

Doherty and his men were put under command of Lieut. L. B. Baker and the direction of the expedition was given to Col. Everton J. Conger. The troops went on board the steamboat John S. Ide at Washington and left the boat about 40 miles below Washington, at a little wharf called Belle Plains, in Stafford County, Va. The detachment struck cross-country toward the Rappahannock River, reaching it at the ferry between Port Conway and Port Royal. From William Rollins, the ferryman, and his wife it was learned that a cripple and companion had crossed a few hours before and had gone in the direction of Bowling Green, Caroline County. The detectives accompany-

ing the troops had a photograph of Booth, and the ferryman said it was a picture of the cripple.

At Bowling Green it was learned that the two men had gone in the direction of Garrett's farm. A guide led the way and the troops came to the farm of Richard H. Garrett just before dawn of April 26. The place was surrounded. Farmer Garrett said he had seen no strangers on the place, but his son, Jack Garrett, said that two men,

one a cripple, had gone in the tobacco barn, about 200 yards from the house, to sleep, and he thought they were still there.

The barn was surrounded. The officers—some men say it was Col. Conger, others that it was Lieut. Baker, and others that it was Lieut. Doherty—called on the men inside to surrender. There was no response, but whispering was heard. The officer speaking threatened to set fire to the

barn, and then Booth is said to have made the request that the soldiers be withdrawn 25 paces and give him a chance for his life. Booth's companion wanted to surrender. He thrust his hands through the barn door, was seized and pulled out. It was a youth who proved to be Dave Herold, and he died on a scaffold in the arsenal grounds in the following August with Mrs. Surratt, Payne and Atzerodt. Booth would not surrender. There was hay in one corner of the barn, a rickety structure with many cracks between the warped boards. A match was touched to this hay. Some say Col. Conger started the fire and others that it was done by the civilian detectives. The interior of the barn was soon bright and red. Inside through the cracks could be seen a man standing, resting on a crutch and with a carbine in his hand. A shot was fired and the man on the crutch dropped to the barn floor.

Sergt. Corbett at the back of the barn—the side opposite the door around which the officers stood—saw this man with the carbine, thought he was about to shoot at the officers, and shot him. The bullet struck Booth at the base of the skull. Officers and soldiers rushed in the burning barn and dragged out Booth and for some moments he lay on the grass before the burning barn. Then he was taken to the porch of the Garrett house and a physician sent for. The doctor said the wound was mortal and at 7 o'clock that morning Booth was dead.

There is disagreement as to what Booth's last words were. Doherty said that Booth uttered no intelligible words except "Hands! hands!" and "Useless! useless!" Doherty said that when Booth said faintly, "Hands! hands!" he thought Booth wanted him to lift his hands, and when he did this, Booth said, "Useless! useless!"

Corbett had fired without orders. He was charged with firing contrary to orders. It was desired to take Booth alive. But the fact that Corbett believed that Booth was about to fire at the officers was a circumstance that favored him. Corbett had been thought "sort of a queer fellow" by others in the regiment, but he was considered a good soldier. After the killing of Booth Corbett's mind seemed to grow weak and he seemed to be overcome with fear of "Booth avengers." He went to Kansas and was sent to the Kansas Insane Asylum. He escaped from that place in 1888. The last man reported to have seen Corbett was a farmer near Neodesha in southern Kansas. He was traveling alone toward Mexico and said he was going there. Corbett was marked "dead" in the records of

the Pension Office, but when inquiry was made about this matter a number of years ago the information was that no notification had been received from any person who knew Corbett. He was marked "dead" from lapse of time and non-receipt of his pension.

Corbett was an Englishman, naturalized an American. He had been a hatter by trade in New York, Camden, N. J., and Boston. He enlisted as Boston Corbett, but there was a story that he chose the name "Boston" because he had been converted at a revival and made a "new man" in that city. In the 16th New York Cavalry he gave a good deal of time to religious exhortation.

States and cities offered rewards for the capture of Lincoln's murderers. Congress offered a reward of \$75,000. For one reason or another all offers of reward were withdrawn except that authorized by Congress. Corbett believed that all these rewards should have come to him. There were two sergeants in the 16th New York detail and each received as his share of the congressional reward \$2,545. That was all that went to Corbett, and it was stolen from him soon after he got it. On his discharge he resumed his

trade of hatter in Camden, N. J., and engaged in religious preaching in the streets. Next he moved to Cloud County, Kans., and practiced farming. In the 80s he was appointed an assistant doorkeeper of the Kansas House of Representatives, and during the session of the Legislature in 1887 he entered the Capitol with drawn pistol and stampeded many people. He was captured and disarmed. This was the reason he was sent to the Kansas Insane Asylum.

Booth and Herold reached Dr. Samuel Mudd's house early in the morning after the murder. Booth told Dr. Mudd that his horse had thrown him, and the doctor set the bones in Booth's ankle and provided him with a crutch. The fugitives stayed at Dr. Mudd's several hours and were there when he started to visit at Bryantown, 3 or 4 miles away. There (on Saturday afternoon) Dr. Mudd learned of the murder of the President. He started home, and reaching there found that the two strangers had ridden away. Dr. Mudd was sentenced to confinement on Dry Tortugas. After several years he returned to his home near Bryantown and died there. In the hall for many years was a shabby sofa, the one on which Booth lay while Dr. Mudd set and dressed the fractured ankle.

After leaving Dr. Mudd's the fugitives became lost in Zakkiah Swamp and were guided by Oswald Swann, colored, to Dr. Samuel Cox's place, Rich Hill. On that farm they were shown a thick piece of pineland. Their horses were probably shot and sunk in quicksand, and the fugitives lay in those pines, having food brought them at night by Thomas A. Jones of Huckleberry, on the Potomac. It was Jones who furnished them with a boat and directed them across the Potomac River. Jones dictated a narrative of his connection with the matter about 30 years ago and it was published in book form.

THE DESPERATION AND DEATH OF BOOTH.

CAPTURE OF HARROLD, THE ACCOMPLICE.

Washington, 27th. The Star has the following:

"Booth and Harrold reached Garretts some days ago, Booth walking on crutches. A party of four or five accompanied them, who spoke of Booth as a wounded Marylander on his way home, and that they wished to leave him there a short time, and would take him away by the 26th [yesterday].

The two Garretts who lived there allege that they had no idea that these parties were Booth and Harrold, or that they were any other than what their friends represented them, namely, paroled Confederate soldiers on their way home. They say when the cavalry appeared in that neighborhood, and they were looking for the assassins they sent word to them that these two men were on their place. In other words, they assert that they are entirely innocent of giving the assassins any aid and comfort, knowing them to be such.

The Ida, tugboat, reached here about 2 o'clock last night with Harrold and the two men above referred to, as well as the body of Booth. Harrold was immediately put in a safe place. He thus far, it is stated, has manifested no disposition to speak of the affair; but as he is known as a very talkative young man he may soon resume the use of his tongue.

Booth and Harrold were dressed in Confederate grey new uniforms. Harrold was otherwise not disguised much. Booth's moustache had been cut off, apparently with scissors, and his beard allowed to grow, changing his appearance considerably. His hair had been cut somewhat shorter than he usually wore it.

Booth's body was at once laid out on a bench, and a guard placed over it. The lips of the corpse are tightly compressed, and the hood has settled in the lower part of his face and neck. Otherwise the face is pale, and wears a wild, haggard look, indicating exposure to the elements and a rough time generally in his skulking flight. His hair is disarranged and dirty, and apparently has not been combed since he took his flight. The head and breast are alone exposed to view, the lower portion of his body, including hands and feet, being covered with tarpaulin.

The shot which terminated his accursed life entered on the left side at the back of his neck, a point, curiously enough, not far distant from that in which his victim, our lamented President, was shot.

No orders have as yet been given as to what disposition shall be made of his body. Large numbers of persons have been seeking admission to the Navy Yard today to get a sight of the body and hear the particulars, but none excepting the workmen, officers of the Yard, and those holding orders from the Department, are allowed to enter.

A Spencer carbine, which Booth had with him in the barn at the time he was shot by Sergeant Corbett, and a large knife with blood on it, supposed to be the one with which Booth cut Major Rathbone in the theatre box on the night of the murder, and which was found on Booth's body, have been brought to this city. The carbine and knife are now in the possession of Col. Baker. The hills of exchange (which are for a considerable amount) found on Booth's person were drawn on banks in Canada in October last. About that time Booth is known to have been in Canada.

It is now thought that Booth's leg was fractured in jumping from the box in Ford's theatre upon the stage, and not by falling from his horse while endeavoring to make his escape.

Great anxiety is manifested to view the body of the murderer Booth, which yet remains on a gunboat in the stream off the Navy Yard. The wildest excitement has existed all day, and the greatest regrets were expressed that he was not taken alive. The news of Booth's death reached the ears of his mistress while she was in a street car, which caused her to weep aloud, and drawing a photograph likeness of Booth from her pocket, she kissed it fondly several times.

Harrold has evaded every effort to be drawn into conversation, but outward appearances indicate that he begins to realize the position in which he is placed. There is no hope for his escape from the awful doom that certainly awaits him. His relatives and friends in this city are in the greatest distress over the disgrace brought upon themselves.

The following additional details of Booth's capture have been received:

The detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry obtained the first news of Booth at Port Royal on Tuesday evening from an old man, who stated that four men in company with a rebel captain had crossed the Rappahannock a short time previous, going in the direction of Bowling Green. And he added that the Captain would probably be found in that place, as he was courting a lady there. Passing on to Bowling Green, the Captain was found at a hotel and taken in custody. From him it was ascertained that Booth and Harrold were at the house of John and William Garrett, three miles back toward Port Royal, and about a quarter of a mile from the road passed over by cavalry.

In the meantime it appears that Booth and Harrold applied to Garrett for horses to ride to Louisa Court House, but the latter, fearing that the horses would not be returned, refused to let them notwithstanding the large sums offered. These circumstances, together with the recriminations of Booth and Harrold, each charging the other with the responsibility of their difficulties, aroused the suspicions of the Garrett brothers, who urged Booth and Harrold to leave lest they (the Garretts) should get into trouble with our cavalry. This Booth refused to do without a horse, and the two men retired to the barn, the door of which, after they had entered, Garrett locked and remained himself on guard in a neighboring corn crib, as he alleges, to prevent the horses from being taken and ridden off in the night by Booth and Harrold.

Upon the approach of our cavalry about three o'clock on Wednesday morning, the Garretts came out to meet them, and in answer to their inquiries directed them to the barn.

Some further particulars are given, not varying from what has already been stated. After the barn had been burning three-quarters of an hour and when the roof was about to fall in, Booth, who had been standing with a revolver in one hand and a carbine resting on the floor, made a demonstration as if to break through the guard and escape. To prevent this Sergeant Corbett fired, intending to hit Booth in the shoulder so as to cripple him. The ball, however, struck a little too high and entered the neck, resulting fatally.

Booth had in his possession the short, heavy bowie knife with which he struck Major Rathbone, a Spencer carbine, three revolvers and a pocket pistol.

Besides his suit of gray he had on an ordinary cloth cap, heavy high-topped cavalry boot on the right foot with top turned down, and a government shoe on his left foot.

No clue could be obtained of the other two men, and taking the two Garretts into custody, the command immediately set out for Washington, after releasing the captain.

The two Garretts are dressed in rebel gray, having belonged to Lee's army and just returned home on parole. They profess to have been entirely ignorant of the character of Booth and Harrold, and manifest great uneasiness concerning their connection with the affair.

Booth and Harrold narrowly escaped capture on this side of the Potomac. Marshal Murray and his posse of detectives followed them to within a short distance of Swan Point, but the Marshal, being unacquainted with the country, and without a guide, during the darkness of the night took the wrong road, and before he could regain the trail Booth and Harrold succeeded in crossing the river to Virginia.

The report that Booth attempted to shoot himself while in the barn is incorrect. He, however, in his parley with his besiegers, indicated that he would not be taken alive. His manner throughout was that of hardened desperation. Knowing that his doom was sealed and preferring to meet it there in that shape to the more ignominious death awaiting him if captured, he appeared to pay little attention to the fire raging about him, until the roof began to fall in, when he made a movement indicating his purpose to make a desperate attempt to cut his way out.

The pistol used by Corbett was the regular large-sized cavalry pistol. He was offered \$1000 this morning for the pistol with its five undischarged loads.

This afternoon, Surgeon-General Burnes, with an assistant, held an autopsy on the body of Booth.

It now appears that Booth and Harrold had on clothes which were originally of some other color than Confederate gray, but being faded and dusty presented that appearance.

¶ The Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal gives the following account containing some additional particulars of interest:

On the Sunday after President Lincoln was assassinated, Sergeant Corbett obtained leave to attend service at McKeudree Chapel here, and there prayed fervently that the assassin might be punished.

The detectives and their escort went down in a steamboat to Belle Plain, where they landed before day on Monday morning and struck across for the Rappahannock.

There is a ferry above Port Royal, and the ferryman denied having ferried over any men answering to the description of Booth and Harrold; but

a colored man, looking over Lieut. Baker's shoulder at a photograph of Booth which he was showing the ferryman, exclaimed:

"I got that man—I got that man across the river! He was in a wagon with three other men!"

The loyal—although sable—Virginian was right. It appears that Booth and Harrold had crossed the Potomac in a canoe, for which they paid three hundred dollars, and were met on the Virginia shore by two Confederate officers with a two-horse wagon. Both wore gray suits without any military insignia of rank.

At Port Royal the detectives learned that one of the Confederate officers had a sweetheart at Bowling Green, and had probably gone there; so the party started in pursuit, passing on their way a farm where resided two brothers named William and John Garrett, who have been in the rebel army, their house being about a quarter of a mile from the road. After having gone about three miles beyond the Garrett's house the party met a loyal Virginian (of dark skin, of course,) and from him learned that Booth and Harrold were at the Garretts'. Right about was the work, and about three o'clock in the morning the pursuers arrived there.

¶ Here let us state what the Garretts say about their visitors, who came to their house on Friday or Saturday of last week. The fugitives were brought in a wagon by two Confederate officers, who spoke of Booth as a wounded Marylander on his way home, and that they wished to leave him there a short time and would take him away by the 26th. Booth limped somewhat, and walked on crutches about the place, complaining of his ankle. He and Harrold regularly took their meals at the house, and he kept up appearances well.

One day at the dinner table the conversation turned on the assassination of the President, when Booth denounced the assassination in the severest terms, saying that "there was no punishment great enough for the perpetrator."

At another time some one said in Booth's presence that rewards amounting to \$200,000 had been offered for Booth, and that he would like to catch him, when Booth replied: "Yes, it would be a good haul, but the amount would doubtless soon be increased to \$500,000."

After our cavalry passed toward Bowling Green Booth and Harrold applied to one of the Garretts for two horses that they might ride to Louisa Court House, but he, fearing that the horses would not be returned, refused to let them go. Some words of recrimination passed between Booth and Harrold, and the Garretts becoming suspicious that all was not right, urged them to leave. This they refused to do, unless they could be supplied with horses, and the Garretts then said that if they remained they must sleep in the barn. One of the Garretts went to sleep in the corn crib, fearing, as he says, that the strangers would steal their horses.

On returning to the Garrett's house, Lieut. Baker halted his force, and going in obtained a reluctant confession from the brothers there where the criminals were. Going out again Lieutenant Baker aroused his escort who had nearly all gone to sleep, and took them to the barn, around which he stationed them. He then advanced to the door, and, knocking with the butt of his revolver, said:

"Booth, we want you."
"Here I am," replied the assassin, "who are you, Confederate or Yankee?"

Lieut. Baker informed him who he was, and summoned him to surrender, but met with a defiant refusal.

Quite a parley ensued—Harrold at one time expressing a desire to surrender—which Booth rebuked, denouncing him as a coward. Booth could see the party outside through the cracks of the barn, but they could not see him. He swore that he would never be taken alive, and declared that he could kill at least five men and then kill himself should they attempt to break into the barn.

At last Lieut. Baker, fearing that the guerillas and paroled rebel soldiers, with whom the country swarmed, would come to the rescue, posted the cavalrymen around the barn, and going to one end of it, which was filled with hay, pulled some through a crack and lighted it. The flames ran up the crack to the top of the hay-mow over which they spread. The inside of the barn was now lighted up.

When Booth first saw the fire he clambered up on the mow and vainly attempted to extinguish it. He then returned to his position on the floor between the two doors, with his back against the hay-mow, a revolver in each hand, and a Spencer carbine between his legs. Meanwhile the soldiers had approached the barn, and Harrold, dropping his pistol, gave himself up—receiving Booth's maledictions as he left the burning barn. Just af-

terward the roof over the hay-mow began to crackle, as if it was falling in, and Booth made a movement. Some of those who were watching him say that he was about to kill himself, while others declare that he was intending to break out and escape. Be this as it may, Serg't Corbett had a sight at him through a wide crack with his cavalry six-shooter, and pulled trigger.

The ball entered about where the President was shot, but passed entirely through Booth's head. Murder has been avenged.

"It's all up now!" shrieked Booth; "I'm gone!" and he staggered toward the door of the barn.

Lieut. Baker received him, and taking him from the blazing barn laid him on the ground, then sat down and took his head in his lap.

Booth did not deny his crime, and showed no sign of repentance or of humanity, except to ask Lieutenant Dougherty to give a message to his mother.

His death was not easy, but at three minutes after seven his spirit passed into the presence of an avenging God.

Nothing remained for the party to do but to regain their steamboat at Belle Plain.

They had to bring Booth's body in a cart, and at first Harold had to walk, to which he, as a Maryland gentleman, objected. But after a rope was placed around his neck, with a slip-noose, and the other end of it was fastened to a cavalryman's saddle, he started off, taking good care that the rope should not tighten.

Wilkes Booth's Last Days.

GRAPHIC STORY OF HIS FLIGHT, CAPTURE AND DEATH.

ONE bleak, cold day of last week, says a correspondent of the *Atlantic Constitution*, I drove over the road which, in 1862, trembled with the tramp of armies, until I reached Port Royal in time for dinner. This welcome meal was procured of a citizen named Allan Bowie.

After taking a glance at the old place and its surroundings, I stepped across the broad porch and knocked at the door. It was opened

by a pleasant-looking, rosy-cheeked country girl.

"Is this the Garret Farm, where John Wilkes Booth was killed?"

"I shall be glad to tell you anything I know," she said, pleasantly, "but I was a little girl then, scarcely 9 years old. I never shall forget the day he came to our house. It was about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the man who brought him said he was a wounded Confederate soldier, and asked father to take care of him until he got so he could travel. He was very lame, and went about upon a rude pair of wooden crutches. I remember one very interesting incident that occurred when he was here."

"What was that?"

"He was lying prone upon the grass in the front yard, and we were all playing about him. I grabbed him by the arm in the game, and accidentally pushed his shirt sleeve up to the elbow, and there upon the forearm saw tattooed the letters 'J. W. B.' 'Oh, what are those letters on there for?' said I, quickly."

"Why, child, those are the initials of my name, James W. Boyd." "I remembered then that the man who had brought him had introduced him as Mr. Boyd, and I went on with the play, and probably would have forgotten the circumstance, but for the startling events which rapidly followed it."

In a moment a bright, rather handsome young girl, just budding into womanhood, stepped into the room.

"This is my sister Cora, of whom I have been speaking. She was Mr. Booth's favorite."

"I don't remember anything about Booth," said the cheerful girl, "but they have told me a great deal about him since his death. How I wish I could remember him! I'm just going for a ride."

"I suppose," said I, turning to the sister, "that you do not remember much of the occurrences of those two days?"

"Oh, yes, I remember a great deal. I remember that while we were at dinner, the last day Booth was here, brother Jack came in with the paper containing the news of President Lincoln's assassination. As soon as he had opened the door he said:

"The President has been murdered, and there has been \$100,000 reward offered for the capture of the assassin."

"Brother Will, who sat next to Booth, said: 'How I wish he would come this way and I could catch him.'"

"Booth turned quickly upon my brother and said: 'Would you betray him for \$100,000 if you knew him?' Brother Will made some light reply, and Booth turned away and finished his dinner in silence."

"Did he ever speak of the assassination of the President?"

"He referred to it only once, and never until brother Jack had brought the news. Then he said that he had heard of the assassination of the President the forenoon before he came to our house, but that he did not believe it."

"Did he seem disturbed or uneasy at any time during his stay?"

"In the forenoon of the second day Harold came to our house, and Booth seemed to be very much disturbed by his arrival, and took him out to the left of the house, near the fence, where they had a long conversation. He then came back to the porch, and was standing there in his shirt sleeves, when the soldiers, who afterward arrested him, passed down the road toward Bowling Green. He then seemed very much worried. I was standing on the porch near my father, who said to him:

"You seem very much excited. Have you been doing anything that makes you afraid of the soldiers? If you have, you will have to find some other place to stay than here."

"Oh, no," replied Booth. "I did get into a little difficulty over in Maryland, and one man, I believe, was killed; but it was nothing with which the soldiers could possibly have anything to do."

"He seemed so restless, however, that it caused remark, and in a few minutes after the soldiers had passed, he and Harold walked off toward the woods, and did not come back until near dark."

"I suppose you know nothing of what happened that night?"

"Oh, yes, I saw everything nearly. I was the first one of the children out after father was arrested. The barn was then burning, and in a few moments after I got out, the fatal

shot was fired, and Booth was brought up and laid upon the porch. He seemed to suffer a great deal, especially just before his death."

"Did he talk any?"

"He could not talk much, as the wound was through his throat. I heard him say, 'Tell mother—,' and the detective who stooped over him said that the balance of the sentence was, 'that I died for my country.' The detective would not let us come very near him. Booth died as the sun came up."

"Where was the barn in which Booth and Harold were secreted and where Booth was shot?"

"Yonder to the left of the orchard," she replied, "and here is where he was brought and laid upon the porch," said she, pointing to the spot near the door where Booth breathed his last.

Looking in the direction in which she pointed, the stains of the blood, which gurgled from Booth's throat as he lay in the death agony, were still plainly visible.

"They say that a murderer's blood can never be washed out," she said. "It seems to be true. For years the stains upon the porch where he died remained very distinct, and you see that they can yet be easily traced."

Ynnkêe MASHZIN
APRIL 1975

Quips (continued)

King George had a reason for calling it treason;
He could sell his stamps to only a few.

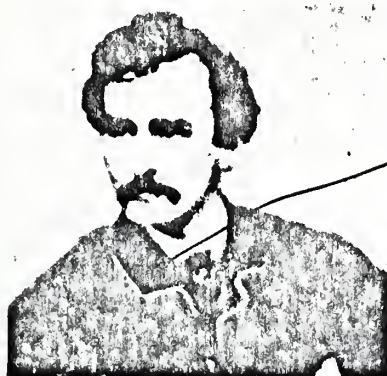
Calvin B. Dewey, Cranston, RI

SAVED BY HIS OWN HANDS

It seems strange even today, 110 years later, that two lifelong friends from the little village of Sagamore, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod should have been implicated in the assassination of President Lincoln.

It was April 1865. Grandpa, Capt. Russell Gibbs, was captain of the *Frances*, and had sailed up the Potomac with a cargo of Massachusetts marble to be used in the enlargement of the Capitol building. Early in the morning of April 15 when their work was completed, the *Frances* and her crew set out for their home port. Out in the bay there was a blockade.

Grandpa was a large man of strong



Note the resemblance: John Wilkes Booth (above) and Stillman Ellis (below).



Quips (continued)

character. He had done nothing wrong and a blockade was not going to stop him. At that time the *Frances* was noted as one of the fastest ships around, and when she started to run the blockade a battleship was soon in pursuit. Grandpa kept on going until the battleship started firing. Only then did Grandpa decide to find out what was wrong. He let the battleship come alongside, and its captain and officers came aboard.

Grandpa demanded to know why he had been stopped. He was told he was under arrest for helping a murderer to escape. The captain told how President Lincoln had been shot the night before by John Wilkes Booth, and that Booth had been seen running down the dock and jumping aboard the *Frances* just as it pulled out. All roads and railroads were being guarded and a blockade set up in the bay. The officers started searching the ship while Grandpa lined up his crew for inspection.

"There he is — there he is!" they shouted, and grabbed Grandpa's friend Stillman Ellis.

"You are under arrest for shooting the president," said the captain.

"No, no, that is my lifelong friend, Stillman Ellis," shouted Grandpa.

"This is Booth," said the officer, "the spitting image of him."

Grandpa did some quick thinking. "Show them your hands, Stillman, show them your hands!"

Stillman offered his hands palms up. The officers stared.

Here was a man with the face and figure of John Booth, but his hands were not those of an actor. These were the tired, work-worn hands of a sailor, with deep calluses from many years of handling ropes.

I am not sure just what happened then but the *Frances* was allowed to go through the blockade to her home port, and Grandpa and Stillman went back to the Cape to tell of their harrowing experience.

Mildred Gibbs Cage, Buzzards Bay, MA

• April '75

#30

Washington Star
Nov 4, 1955

Man Who Held Booth's Horse Recalled for Oldest Inhabitants

The man who allegedly held John Wilkes Booth's horse while he shot Abraham Lincoln was one of the figures called from the past last night by Charles B. Murray, president of the District Bar Association, in a talk before the Association of Oldest Inhabitants.

Mr. Murray said he could remember seeing "Peanut Joe," the obliging attendant, collecting tin-foil around Washington as late as the 1920's. It was generally believed, Mr. Murray explained, that "Peanut Joe" was an accomplice, but he was acquitted.

Mr. Murray advanced the theory that Washington might have expanded eastward instead of to the west. A number of years ago, he said, the British Embassy then on East Capitol street, wanted to break down a wall to expand. The building owners objected, and the embassy moved uptown, possibly

setting the stage for the present development of the District.

A number of famous court cases, including the Key slaying, were reviewed by Mr. Murray.

In that case, he said, a descendant of Francis Scott Key was shot by Gen. Daniel Sickles for his strong interest in the officer's wife.

Mr. Murray praised the association for its service in preserving the chronicles of the past. He called the group "custodians of the city."

The association passed a resolution reaffirming its stand against the desecration of Armistice Day (now Veterans Day) by some merchants.

New members accepted are James E. Clum, public relations official; Elton H. Sherry, a printer, and Robert Faulkner of the Board of Education.

The meeting was conducted by Corcoran Thom, president, in the Old Union Engine House, Nineteenth and H streets N.W.

STORE

Booth In Maryland

By Paul Brown

Thomas Jones And The Assassin

A FEW MILES north of the site of the nationally discussed bridge to be constructed across the Potomac, which will connect Southern Maryland with the Northern Neck of Virginia, occurred one of the most dramatic incidents of the Civil War. In those days this section was an important line of communication between the North and South, just as it will be again when the bridge is completed.

Near Popes Creek, the present terminus of the Southern Maryland branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, lived Thomas A. Jones, before the start of the War Between the States, just an average farmer of Southern Maryland. He owned a few slaves and acquired a farm a few miles south of Popes Creek on the bank of the Potomac. At the outbreak of the war he became an ardent Southern sympathizer.

A neighbor, Maj. Roderick G. Watson, who had a son in the Confederate Army, conducted with the help of his daughter a signal system between the northern bank and the Grimes Farm on the Virginia shore, near Mathias Point.

This gradually developed into the main crossing point along the river for fugitives, including businessmen, women, resigned Army officers, adventurers and suspected persons. Early in 1861 Gen. Sickles of the Union forces was sent with troops to the lower Potomac to break up this means of communication and finding Grimes on the Maryland shore arrested him and sent him to Fort Delaware. Jones was also arrested on suspicion when he returned from a visit to Richmond and sent to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington.

IN MARCH, 1862, Jones was released from prison by a general order of Congress, which was passed in the belief that many innocent men had been imprisoned unjustly. He returned to his southern Maryland home to find his wife dead, his farm mortgaged and in a very poor condition, his creditors besieging him.

Grimes had also been released. He presently approached Jones with a plan to assist in carrying mail for the Confederacy to and from the South to the Northern States and Canada. At first Jones demurred. Then Maj. William Norris, a Confederate signal officer and a Maryland man, visited Jones and persuaded him to accept the job. They agreed on a sum to be paid to Jones for his work. This he never collected.

By this time the river and its banks were carefully patrolled by Northern boats and soldiers. But by signal systems from Jones' house to that of Grimes on the other shore it could be determined when it was safe to cross. Under the cover of darkness Grimes would row to the Maryland shore and deposit the mail in an old tree below Jones' place. At the first opportunity Jones would creep down one of the many wooded ravines leading to the shore and secure the mail. This was dispatched northward by messengers who were deeply interested in the

One of Booth's first questions was what the Nation thought of his assassination of Lincoln.

Jones' first reaction and answer was that it was gratifying to all Southern sympathizers, but later, he states, when he began to realize the serious consequences of the crime, he changed his opinion. Booth asked for newspapers and Jones obtained some for him so that he might read the news about the efforts being made to capture him. Jones also stated that Booth never seemed to show any remorse for his act. He was impatient at all times, wishing to proceed in his flight. Each day Jones visited the fugitives and brought them food and whisky. The horses were taken into nearby



JOHN WILKES BOOTH

Zekiah Swamp and killed for fear they might be a means of revealing the hiding place.

Four days passed and many soldiers came into the section and many homes were searched. One day when Jones was in the county

Confederate cause. Among these was Dr. Stoughten Dent, who had two sons in the Confederate Army, and practiced medicine from Bryantown south to the river. Riding horseback over this territory, he was an ideal medium to speed the mail on its way northward as far as Bryantown. He would stuff the mail into his saddlebags, heavy coat and even his boots. His activities as a messenger, other than that of mercy, were never suspected. The system worked so well it was reported that no mail was delayed and the New York papers of that time were delivered in the Richmond headquarters of the Confederacy almost as soon as they arrived in Washington.

In dealing with many persons, Jones developed into a man who had the implicit trust of the Confederate authorities. He assumed a meekness and humility which completely fooled the Northern forces in his vicinity, developed a cunning, under an outward guise of apparent slowness of wit and indolence, which protected him so well from suspicion that the Federals never bothered with him. Toward the end of the war Jones lost his farm on the river and moved to Huckleberry, north of his old home.

IN THE THIRD YEAR of the war a plot was formed to seize President Lincoln in Washington, on one of his trips to the Navy Yard, and carry him to Southern Maryland and across the river from some point on Port Tobacco Creek, below old Port Tobacco. Jones knew of this plot although he was not a party to it. There is no evidence that Jones knew Booth at this time, although the latter had visited in Charles County several times.

On Saturday afternoon, April 15, 1864, two Federal officers appeared at Huckleberry Farm and inquired of Jones if a boat on the shore near his place belonged to him. He answered in the affirmative and explained it was used by Henry Woodland, his former slave, for fishing. The two horsemen told him the President had been killed the night before, and that they were looking out for the assassins who were believed to have escaped toward southern Maryland.

On Sunday morning a messenger arrived from Samuel Cox's place saying Mr. Cox wished to see Jones immediately. Jones mounted his horse and rode over. Cox related to Jones that on the night previous, Booth and a companion had appeared at his home, with a Negro as a guide, and asked for assistance in crossing the river. From all evidence available, Booth and Herold never entered the Cox home, but they were directed to a hiding place in the trick pines near Bel Alton.

EVIDENTLY JONES was persuaded to assist the men in crossing the Potomac, and he was directed to their hiding place and advised of a signal agreed upon to warn them he was a friend. He proceed-

seat, old Port Tobacco, a Washington detective remarked that he would give \$100,000 to the one who could tell anything regarding Booth's whereabouts. Although Jones had been reduced almost to poverty by the war, he kept his secret.

ON FRIDAY of that week Jones rode to the village of Alens Fresh, only a few miles away. When he arrived there a troop of Union cavalry was at the village. He overheard an officer say they had just received word that Booth had been seen in St. Mary's County. The troop soon departed in that direction. As it was nearly dusk Jones mounted his horse and by road and through the woods went to the hideout.

He informed them that it was now or never. Putting Booth on his horse he preceded them and stopped at intervals to see if the road was clear. By an agreed whistle signal they moved from point to point until they arrived at Huckleberry Farm. Stopping outside the house Jones told them to wait and he would bring them food. Booth exclaimed, "Oh, can't I go into your house just a moment and get some hot coffee." Jones refused. Jones led the fugitives through the wood to Dents Meadow, about three-quarters of a mile away. Booth had a compass he had brought from Washington. By the aid of a candle Jones showed him the direction to steer to take him into Machodac Creek on the Virginia side. He was instructed to stop at the first house, which belonged to Mrs. Quesenberry, and inform her that he had been sent there by Jones.

But in giving the compass direction Jones had forgotten to allow for the flood tide. As a result they were carried upstream to a point in Nanjemony Creek, spending the day in the marsh after receiving food from a nearby house. That night they went across the Potomac, arriving at Mrs. Quesenberry's on Sunday following the assassination.

SUSPICION was directed toward Jones when officers, in searching near his home, found a rude shelter in the pines on Brentfield Farm, near his home. He was again arrested, along with Cox, and carried to Bryantown for questioning. From there he was taken to Carroll Prison, in Washington. Nothing could be proved, however, about his connection in the escape and in about six weeks he was released.

Politics

I wholeheartedly agree with the President's observation that anyone who proposes local WPA administration as a means of eliminating politics "is either insincere or ignorant of the realities of local American politics." There was not a shadow of politics attached to the Federal relief officials under the FERA, under the Federal CWA and even under the WPA—until

It is hard to believe that a father could explain a delicate emotional situation to his 12-year-old son and meet with complete understanding or that his friends, without explanation, could realize his suffering and know how to cure it. A world of such comprehension is a dream world as is the kind, rich countryside through which the Long Lane runs.

"THE CITY LIES FOUR-SQUARE," by Edith Pargeter. (Regent & Hitchcock, \$2.)

"THE LONG LANE," by Phil Stong. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50.)

EXIT



Presented to William Kissinger
for his portrait of Booth

original in safe

CAPTURED ASSASSIN OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**SOLDIER WHO ASSISTED IN THE
CAPTURE OF BOOTH.**

**Oliver Lonkey, a Veteran, Tells of
Exciting Events Which Occurred
in Lincoln's Time—Was One of a
Squad of Twenty-seven That Cap-
tured the President's Slayer.**

Paul Revler is enjoying a visit from his brother-in-law, Oliver Lonkey of Dundas, Minn., says the Franklin Tribune.

Mr. Lonkey is a gentleman whose memory turns back to a most exciting event in the nation's history, for he was one of the men and probably the only one living of the band which captured Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Abraham Lincoln. Although not old in years, Mr. Lonkey participated in the war with credit and distinction, serving in the Sixteenth New York cavalry. The regiment was in camp at Washington, and about two weeks after the assassination, Captain Dougherty picked out a squad of twenty-seven men, of which Mr. Lonkey was one.

They had not the slightest idea where they were going, but under the direction of Detective Baker they crossed the Potomac into Maryland. They were then shown photographs of Booth and of Harold, who had attempted to kill Secretary Seward, and were informed of the nature of their mission. They left the boat after dark and traveled all night searching every building they came to. The next morning they saw two men ahead of them on horseback and attempted to capture them, but were only partially successful, capturing one of them, a negro. The other jumped off his horse and ran away. The negro, when questioned, said he knew where Booth was hiding and offered to show them the way.

They traveled all day. About sundown they passed a house and looking through

the open door they saw several people eating supper. Among them was Booth, but the soldiers did not know it and kept on riding twenty miles farther to the place where the negro said he was hid, and, of course, found no one. Their dusky guide then said that the fugitive was probably at the house they had passed twenty miles back, so they turned and went back at a double quick.

On coming up to the place the captain ordered the house surrounded and detailed Mr. Lonkey (who was a sergeant) to take a squad and search the outbuilding. When he arrived at the granary he found a man sitting asleep on a half-bushel measure in the doorway. Sergeant Lonkey leveled his revolver at him and ordered him to surrender, and the fellow was so frightened at thus being awakened he fell off on the floor. The prisoner proved to be a paroled rebel and said that there were other men sleeping in the barn. He was then conducted to the captain, who ordered the barn to be surrounded.

The captain then called on Booth to surrender and had to repeat the command several times before there was an answer. Booth then called out, "What have I done?" The captain then replied, "It makes no difference what you have done, we want you, and will have you." "What I have done, I did for the good of my country, and I'll never go into Washington alive," was Booth's reply.

Harold, who was with him, called out, "I'll surrender captain," and on command of the latter he came out, and Sergeant Lonkey tied him to a tree and put a guard over him. Once more the captain called on Booth to surrender, threatening to set the barn on fire if he did not, and as the fugitive persisted in refusing, the barn was fired.

The blaze sprung up fiercely. Sergeant Corbett then opened the door a few inches and shot Booth. They rushed in and dragged the body out and carried it to the house, and Sergeant Lonkey was detailed to get a doctor, but medical assistance was of no avail, for Booth died a few hours later. His last words were: "I die for the good of my country." His body was taken to Washington. Harold was conveyed by Sergeant Lonkey to Washington also, and was afterward hanged.

IOWAN'S COMPANY

SURROUNDED BOOTH

Husband of Mrs. Sophia Lotts of Dows Was a Member of Organization.

Special to The Register.

DOWS, Ia., Oct. 11.—Mrs. Sophia Lotts, survivor of four wars, resides here. She was born in Germany in 1832. When asked, "In what part of Germany were you born?" she laughingly said, "Oh, that is enough of that." She came to America with her parents in 1842.

Her young suitor was a soldier with General Winfield Scott on his triumphal march through Mexico. At the age of 20 years he returned from the war and the young couple were married soon afterward.

In 1862 at the call of his country he enlisted in the federal army, where he remained until the close of the war. At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln his regiment was in the city of Washington. Mr. Lotts' company was detailed to follow Booth, the assassin, and surrounded the barn in which Booth had taken refuge.

Mrs. Lotts cared for the family of little children than had come to them and aided in "pickling lint" for the soldiers' wounds and doing whatever else she could for them. After the civil war they came to Iowa, where she has since lived. The Mexican and civil war veteran passed to his reward a few years ago.

During the Spanish war the whole family entered into the cause of humanity represented in that conflict. The sons of Mrs. Lotts were too old and her grandsons too young for service at the front, but in the recent war she had three grandsons. One crossed the seas soon after enlistment and was a prisoner in Constantinople at the time the armistice was signed.

Mrs. Lotts herself scarcely missed a meeting of the Red Cross. She contributed both labor and financial support.

Mrs. Lotts is still hale and hearty. She attends the services of the Presbyterian church nearly every Sabbath day. The midweek prayer meeting seldom finds her absent, and one day this week she was at the ladies' aid society helping prepare the goods for the holiday church bazaar.

Oct 12 1917

BOOTH'S APPEARANCE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Reading, Pa., 20th. Have just seen Lyon, a U. S. detective, from whom we got the following relative to the Booth affair. The report that Booth came to Reading in the train is correct. He was in Reading all day. The man that recognized him informed detective Lyon of his being in town, and that he knew it was Booth. Lyon immediately, in company with Miller, another detective, proceeded to trace him. They finally traced him to the depot, and ascertained that the man answering his description had got in a train which had just left.

The facts were immediately made known to Mr. Nichols, the Superintendent of the Road, and efforts were made to telegraph to Port Clinton, but the operator not being about, an engine was fired up, and Messrs. Lyon and Miller together with the man who had seen Booth, proceeded at full speed to overtake the regular train. They did not overtake the train, but at Port Clinton were informed that the man described had got off there, but whether he went to the Cattawissa train or not they could not ascertain. A despatch was sent to Lamagua to the conductor of the train, and in the meantime Port Clinton was searched. Upon the arrival of the train at Tamaqua, the conductor telegraphed as follows: "The man is on the train."

Another despatch was sent to the next station for further information with orders for his detention. This forenoon at 8 o'clock Lyon received a telegram from Conductor Bright, dated Cattawissa saying "no such man came through in my train."

Mr. Lyon states he is satisfied the man is Booth.

The measures being taken for his arrest are kept private for obvious reasons. The following is a description of the party on the train: "About five feet eight inches high, black eyes, black hair, short and inclined to curl, short black moustache, had cotton in both ears, wore white felt hat, had a piece of crape on his left arm, wore a Lincoln badge on the right breast, and had on a black frock coat, with common military blue pants."

4/21/66

Reading Mourns Abe With a Parade

The Pursuit of John Wilkes Booth



This pen sketch of William V. Lyon was published in The Eagle in 1907. When he received the nickname "Bully" his last name also had an "L" added to it — Bully Lyons.

Bully Lyons Leads Chase After Believed Assassin

The suspected assassin of President Lincoln was fleeing through Berks County, Wednesday, April 19, 1865. Close behind was William Y. Lyons, better known as "Bully Lyons," his ever-present corn cob pipe clutched between his teeth.

Even officials of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad got in on the chase, and Reading and Bully Lyons got first page attention in New York newspapers.

Otherwise that Wednesday was a solemn day in this city as it was in most of the nation. It was the day Lincoln's body was moved from the White House to the Capitol. In Reading all Penn street business places were closed, as were the courts and government offices. There were services in most churches. People wore black armbands and commercial establishments had their windows and buildings draped in black.

A memorial parade was held that afternoon. Principal among the paraders was a fraternal lodge known as the Brotherhood of the Union. The organization seems to have dissolved sometime before World War I.

Why would John Wilkes Booth come to Pennsylvania at that time? Well, for one thing, it was known he had sustained severe financial losses in the Pennsylvania oil fields. He might be headed that way. Another reason was this area's long association with Lincoln's ancestry, and there was no telling just what Booth might have in his twisted mind.

Governor Curtin offered a \$10,000 reward to anyone capturing Booth in Pennsylvania. People from Philadelphia to Titusville were on the alert.

An account of the Booth chase in Berks appeared in the April 20 edition of the New York Tribune. It said Booth had left this city at 6 p. m. Wednesday on a train enroute to Pottsville and that he was being pursued. The New York World of the next morning printed a similar account.

Eventually, of course, Bully Lyons caught his man, as he usually did. It turned out to be someone other than John Wilkes Booth. Just who it was is rather difficult to say except it appears the suspect was acquainted with this area.

On April 15, 1865, the day before Booth was captured and shot in Virginia, the Berks and Schuylkill Journal, a Reading weekly newspaper, said of Bully Lyons chase: "Here ends the great sensation which, though it had no little foundation, nevertheless from its connections with so an important event, will be long remembered and recounted in this community."

Which indicates that Reading's weekly newspaper of the Civil War period, might have been equally as wrong in its conclusions as was Bully Lyons in his for now no one seems ever to have heard tell about the erroneous chase of John Wilkes Booth.

It all started when a local citizen, never identified, said he saw Booth in Reading on Tuesday night following the Saturday assassination. The informant waited until Wednesday when he said he saw the man again, drinking in a downtown saloon with another man. The informant told of following the suspect to the 7th and Chestnut street station where he boarded a train going north.

The informant said he also boarded the train while it stood at the station and shook hands with the man he said was Booth. He said he asked the man "whether he was going up on the train." Upon his answering that "he was not," the man thought to be Booth, explained that he would be back in Reading in a day or so. The stranger, during the course of the conversation colored up several times, it was related, and appeared annoyed and desirous of avoiding observation. The citizen said he was positive the man was Booth, because he had known the actor for several years.

Just as the train left the station the loyal citizen jumped off the passenger coach and notified several officials of the railroad. His failure to give the alarm earlier was an annoying development with which the officials had to cope in effecting the capture.

Corroborating the amateur sleuth, Bully Lyons then a "federal detective" (comparable to a U.S. marshal) said he had learned Booth actually came to Reading by train. Furthermore, Lyons said, Booth had been in Reading all day. Assisted by a Mr. Miller, another "detective," Bully proceeded to trace the assassin from the saloon to the depot. They ascertained that a man answering Booth's description got on the train which had left for Pottsville.

These developments were immediately made known to G. A. Nicholls, superintendent of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad. The first move to apprehend

the fugitive was to telegraph to Port Clinton. Unfortunately, the Port Clinton telegraph operator was not at his post. Mr. Nicholls immediately ordered an engine fired up and Mr. Lyons, Mr. Miller and the man who had claimed to have seen Booth proceeded at full steam to overtake the regular train.

Locomotive Locomotive
But Wireless Radio Signal

The locomotive did not overtake the regular train, but at Port Clinton the pursuers were informed that the man they described had been seen and probably had gotten off the train at that station. No one appeared to know which way the fugitive went.

Telegrams were sent to all points along the line of the road, because the pursuers did not know whether or not this elusive man had taken the Catawissa train. A dispatch also was sent to Tamaqua to the conductor of the train. Meanwhile Port Clinton was searched with "a fine tooth comb."

Bully Lyons next received a telegram from Conductor Bright at Catawissa saying "No such man came through on my train." Upon the arrival of the other train at Tamaqua, the conductor telegraphed: "The man is on this train." Another telegram was hastily sent to the next station for further information and with orders for the man's detention. The chase had now narrowed down in one direction and Bully Lyons was fully satisfied that the fugitive was Lincoln's assassin.

Bully issued a description of the man as follows: "About 5 feet 8 inches in height; black hair, cut short and inclined to curl; short black mustache; has cotton in both ears; wore a white felt hat; had a piece of crape on his left arm, wore a Lincoln badge on the right breast in mourning; had on a black coat with common blue military pants."

Mr. Nicholls reported to S. Bradford Esq. regarding his part in the investigation in a letter written at Reading April 20:

"Upon my return from Pottsville the representation to me last evening was such that I ordered a special engine to Pottsville, after the up-evening passenger train; but the man had left the train at Auburn before the telegram could reach it. He then walked back to Port Clinton after dark and stole his passage to Tamaqua on

one of our coal trains last night. He is now (Thursday, April 20) enroute at Tamaqua, where we telegraphed to look out for him, and will be held until identified. There has been some ground for suspicion that it is Booth."

With the suspect in custody the man who said he knew Booth and had seen him in Reading, was taken before a justice of the peace to make an affidavit of his knowledge. At this point the cloak and dagger affair became a farce.

The Reading informant revealed he had only seen Booth once before; that this was seven years ago in a theatre in Baltimore. What was more surprising, he did not now believe that the person apprehended at Tamaqua was Booth. Yet, heretofore, he had stated positively that the man was Booth and that he knew him intimately.

Nevertheless, the suspect and the informant were brought back to Reading by Mr. Lyon and taken before Captain George W. Durell, provost marshal. Captain Durell went over the whole thing again and then released the suspect.

The New York papers say the name of the suspect never was made public. The Berks and Schuylkill Journal gives his name as David Lowe, without further identification. The 1866 Reading City Directory lists a David Low (no "e") as living at 431 Church alley. No employment is given for him, unlike most other listings.

The more solemn part of Reading's tribute to Abraham Lincoln that Wednesday, April 19, 1865, was carried on under the auspices of the Brotherhood of the Union which had a considerable membership in this area at that time.

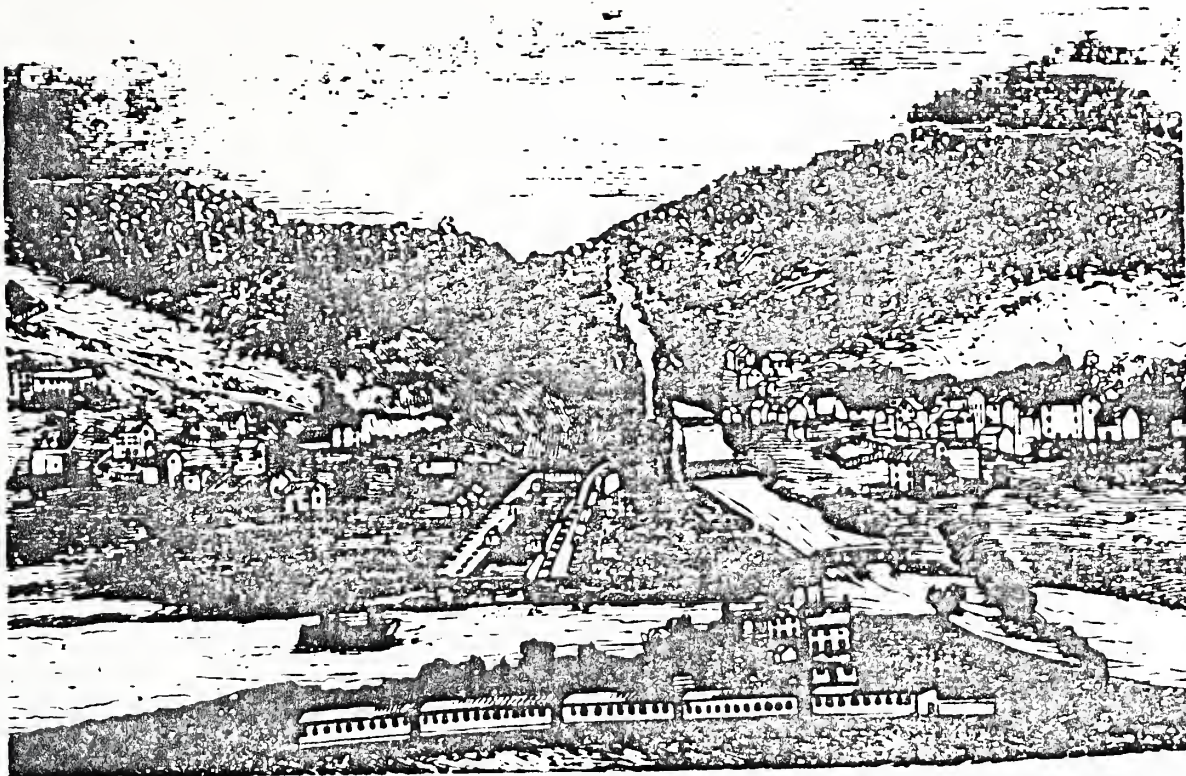
Chief Marshal of the parade was Dr. Decatur G. Schoener, of Freedom Circle No. 23. Dr. Schoener lived at 627 Washington St. He was a native of Rehrersburg, where his father, Adam, also was a physician. He graduated at Philadelphia Medical College and came to Reading in 1856.

Dr. Schoener's aides were Levi W. Bertolet and Thomas E. Purchase. Mr. Bertolet was a brewer who lived at 712 Penn St. The brewery was in the rear yard. There was a vehicle entrance from Penn Street. The brewery had been established some years earlier by a son-in-law of the Lauer family. Mr. Purchase was a peddler and lived at 375 S. 7th St.

Leading the line of march was the Ringgold band. A hundred members of Dr. Schoener's Freedom Circle No. 23 followed, each in proper regalia. After that was a delegation from Philadelphia with the National Band of that city.



G. A. Nicholls, superintendent of the P. and R. Railroad, ordered a special locomotive with Bully Lyons aboard to chase the regular Port Clinton train in the search for a man suspected of being John Wilkes Booth.



This sketch of Port Clinton appeared in Bowen's "Sketch Book of Pennsylvania," published in 1853, a little more than a decade before Bully Lyons chased through the village a man believed to be the slayer of President Lincoln.

Booth's Capture & Death B-L

DRAWER 13A

Assassination

