

Expenditures J-R

Drawer 14

Assassination Accounts

71.009 085 22211



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/accountsofassassejrlinc>

**Accounts  
of the  
Assassination  
of  
Abraham Lincoln**

**Stories of eyewitnesses, first-hand  
or passed down**

**Surnames beginning with**

**J-R**

**From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection**

## LED LINCOLN'S ESCORT.

### Lieut. Jamison's Reminiscences of the Assassination.

A Florida Man Who Commanded the Picked Company of Men Selected to Guard the President—How Secretary Stanton Overruled the Order of His Chief. 1893

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

Lieut. James B. Jamison, of Lake Como, Putnam County, Fla., is in the city as the guest of City Treasurer George D. McCreary.

Mr. Jamison was lieutenant and really sole commander and Captain of the Union Light Guard which acted toward the close of the civil war as body-guard to Abraham Lincoln. He was seen yesterday at Mr. McCreary's office in the City Hall, and told an interesting story of the origin of his command and the duties performed by it. He also related a number of hitherto unpublished facts in regard to President Lincoln's assassination.

"The Union Light Guard," he said, "was composed of men selected by Gov. Tod, of Ohio, to act as body-guard to President Lincoln after the Confederate cause was considered hopeless, and there were rumors afloat that there would be an attempt upon the President's life. It was composed of picked men, one from each county of the State of Ohio. At the time of its organization I was aid to the Governor of Ohio, to which post I had been appointed in recognition of my services at Shiloh. The body was a mounted one. We had hardly reached Washington when the Captain and First Lieutenant were court-martialed and dismissed from the service, and I succeeded to the command and continued there until the body was disbanded, but never received my proper rank.

ORDERED TO ESCORT LINCOLN.

"My first orders upon reaching Washington came from Secretary of War Stanton and were to escort President Lincoln from the White House to the President's country home on the Potomac. With my command I proceeded to the White House and announced my errand to the President. He objected most emphatically to having an armed escort, asserting that there was no danger; that he didn't need or want a body-guard. In fact he positively declined to leave the White House under escort. As he was the President and I but a Lieutenant I did not feel justified in carrying him off bodily, so I said to him that to neglect to carry out orders was a serious matter to an army officer, and asked him for some piece of writing to show that my orders had been countermanded by the President himself. The President picked up a slip of paper not over 2 inches square and wrote upon it:

"I decline to accept the escort of a body-guard. ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

STANTON OVERRULED THE PRESIDENT.

"I then ordered my command back to barracks and awaited developments. They were not long in coming. Inside of an hour a messenger came post haste with orders that I appear before the Secretary of War. When I reached his office Stanton swung around in his chair and demanded, in his fiercest manner, why I had failed to obey orders by not escorting the President to his home on the Potomac. I responded that the President himself had countermanded the order, at the same time presenting the slip of paper. Stanton glanced at it, tore it into bits, wadded them up and threw them in my face. Then he exclaimed:

"Sir, take your command and do as you were ordered. Escort the President whether he likes it or not, and neglect to do so at your peril."

"Again I took my command to the White House and explained my instructions to the President. With evident reluctance the President accepted my escort, and the trip to the country was made. From that time to within two weeks of his assassination the Light Guard continued as the President's body-guard."

"About two weeks prior to his assassination the Light Guard, at the urgent request of President Lincoln, was relieved from escort duty and used as mounted orderlies. On the night of Lincoln's assassination, with ten of my men, I was stationed but a few blocks away when the rumor came up the street that Seward had been assassinated.

SHOULDN'T DIE IN A SALOON.

"I hurried my command to Ford's Theater. Just as I reached there the President was car-

ried across the street. The men who carried him first started to take him into a saloon, but were stopped by the proprietor of the place, who said:

"Don't bring him in here. Take him up stairs. It shouldn't be said that the President of the United States died in a saloon."

"The building was a two-story brick one, just across the street from the theater, and the President was carried to the second story. I formed my little body of men at the doorway to keep out all intruders and sent for reinforcements. That night I turned back Congressmen, Senators and Generals. At about 2 o'clock Gen. Meigs, Chief Quartermaster General, came to the door and asked me if I would like to see the President before he breathed his last. I answered that as I had been close to his side, and his protector for nearly two years and was greatly attached to him, I certainly should. When I entered the room Surgeon General Barnes was standing at his bedside, and a moment later he called Mrs. Lincoln, and, as we stood there, the President died.

"I have seen in print many stories of the plot against Lincoln's life, many of them blaming the South, but never the true one. The facts are that Booth had a very dear actor friend named Anderson, who was condemned to be shot as a spy. Prior to that time Booth and Lincoln had been friends. A strong effort was made in Anderson's behalf, so strong that a Cabinet meeting was held, and in some way Booth managed to appear at the meeting and plead with tears in his eyes for his friend's life.

SHOT BOOTH'S FRIEND.

"He left the meeting with the understanding that the sentence would be commuted to imprisonment. Anderson was shot the following morning at sunrise. Booth was frenzied with rage, and it was as a result of this that the plot to kill not only Lincoln but the entire Cabinet was formed. There was more than the one man prepared to shoot that night, and if the courage of the man to whom was intrusted the duty of turning out the theater lights had not failed him there would have been a general slaughter.

"The South had nothing to do with President Lincoln's assassination, and, moreover, Mrs. Surratt, who was hanged for complicity in the crime, was an innocent woman. I know it to be a fact that Chief of Secret Service Baker on his deathbed confessed to Secretary Stanton that Mrs. Surratt was hanged on perjured evidence.

"While acting as the President's body-guard I was instrumental in saving the lives of three men who were to be shot as spies. I had orders from the Secretary of War never to permit any one to see President Lincoln after nightfall without an order from the Secretary of War, and not to permit any letter to go to the President until it had passed through Secretary Stanton's hands. Three men—two brothers named Lampertine and a man named Ross—had been ordered shot by Gen. Lew Wallace at Baltimore. A brother of the Lampertines, Attorney General Quinn, John W. Forney and Dr. Du Hammel, on the night before the execution was to take place, drove over to Washington to plead with President Lincoln. The three men were to be shot at sunrise.

A VIOLATED ORDER.

"The intercessors arrived at 2 o'clock in the morning, and with tears in their eyes begged me to violate orders and let them see the President. I finally consented, and informed the President of their request. He came from his bed room in his night shirt, and after searching the men for weapons I admitted them. They were successful in their mission, and the sentence was 'suspended until further notice.' Had it not been for this one evasion of orders on my part three men whom I believe are still alive would have been dead that morning."

Lieut. Jamison related many other interesting incidents of his war career. He has many valuable relics of the Lincoln family, and on his present trip has with him the dress coat worn by Lincoln at his first inauguration. It was purchased at Chicago for him by Illinois friends. Mr. Jamison was offered \$1500 for the coat by the Libby Prison Museum at Chicago. He also has autographic letters addressed to himself from the martyred President, Mrs. Lincoln and Robert T. Lincoln; also a carved cane symbolizing the proclamation of emancipation, bearing this inscription:

"Presented by Mrs. Lincoln to J. B. Jamison, commanding President's escort, April 25, 1865."

Mr. Jamison now owns a large orange farm in Florida. After a few days' stay here he will visit friends in York, Adams and Northampton Counties. He says that he is an out-and-out Democrat, and has a Greeley hat which he has worn to every election for years back.

THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT of August 31, containing John Sherman's great speech on the silver question, in full, can be purchased at the counting room of this paper, wrapped and ready for mailing, at 5c per copy.

Jamison, James B.

J WRIGHT

# LED LINCOLN'S ESCORT.

## A Lieutenant's Reminiscences of the President's Assassination.

## A Florida Man Who Commanded the Picked Company of Men Selected to Guard the President—How Secretary Stanton Overruled the Order of His Chief.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Lieut. James B. Jamison, of Lake Como, Putnam county, Fla., is in the city as the guest of City Treasurer George D. McCreary.

Mr. Jamison was lieutenant and really sole commander and captain of the Union Light Guard which acted toward the close of the civil war as body guard to Abraham Lincoln. He was seen yesterday at Mr. McCreary's office in the city hall, and told an interesting story of the origin of his command and the duties performed by it. He also related a number of hitherto unpublished facts in regard to President Lincoln's assassination.

"The Union Light Guard," he said, "was composed of men selected by Governor Tod of Ohio, to act as bodyguard to President Lincoln after the Confederate cause was considered hopeless, and there were rumors afloat that there would be an attempt upon the president's life. It was composed of picked men, one from each county of the state of Ohio. At the time of its organization I was aide to the governor of Ohio, to which post I had been appointed in recognition of my services at Shiloh. The body was a mounted one. We had barely reached Washington when the captain and first lieutenant were court-martialed and dismissed from the service, and I succeeded to the command and continued there until the body was disbanded, but never received my proper rank.

### ORDERED TO ESCORT LINCOLN.

"My first orders upon reaching Washington came from Secretary of War Stanton and were to escort President Lincoln from the White House to the president's country home on the Potomac. With my command I proceeded to the White House and announced my errand to the president. He objected most emphatically to having an armed escort, asserting that there was no danger; that he didn't need or want a bodyguard. In fact he positively declined to leave the White House under escort. As he was the president and I but a lieutenant I did not feel justified in carrying him off bodily, so I said to him that to neglect to carry out orders was a serious matter to an army officer, and asked him for some piece of writing to show that my orders had been countermanded by the president himself. The president picked up a slip of paper not over two inches square and wrote upon it:

"I decline to accept the escort of a bodyguard."  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

### STANTON OVERRULED THE PRESIDENT.

"I then ordered my command back to barracks, and awaited developments. They were not long in coming. Inside of an hour a messenger came post haste with orders that I appear before the secretary of war. When I reached his office Stanton swung around in his chair and demanded, in his fiercest manner, why I had failed to obey orders by not escorting the president to his home on the Potomac. I responded that the president himself had countermanded the order, at the same time presenting the slip of paper. Stanton glanced at

it, tore it into bits, and threw them into my face. Then he exclaimed:

"Sir, take your command and do as you were ordered. Escort the president whether he likes it or not, and neglect to do so at your peril."

"Again I took my command to the White House and explained my instructions to the president. With evident reluctance the president accepted my escort and the trip to the country was made. From that time to within two weeks of the assassination the Light Guard continued as the president's body guard.

"About two weeks prior to his assassination the Light Guard, at the urgent request of President Lincoln, was relieved from escort duty and used as mounted orderlies. On the night of Lincoln's assassination, with ten of my men, I was stationed but a few blocks away when the rumor came up the street that Seward had been assassinated.

### SHOULDN'T DIE IN A SALOON.

"I hurried my command to Ford's theater. Just as I reached there the president was carried across the street. The men who carried him first started to carry him into a saloon, but were stopped by the proprietor of the place, who said:

"Don't bring him in here. Take him up stairs. It shouldn't be said that the president of the United States died in a saloon."

"The building was a two story brick one, just across the street from the theater, and the president was carried to the second story. I formed my little body of men at the doorway to keep out all intruders, and sent for reinforcements. That night I turned back congressmen, senators and generals. At about 2 o'clock General Meigs, chief quartermaster general, came to the door and asked me if I would like to see the president before he breathed his last. I answered that as I had been close to his side, and his protector for nearly two years, and was greatly attached to him, I certainly should. When I entered the room, Surgeon General Barnes was standing at his bedside, and a moment later he called Mrs. Lincoln, and, as we stood there, the president died.

"I have seen in print many stories of the plot against Lincoln's life, many of them blaming the South, but never the true one. The facts are that Booth had a very dear actor friend, named Anderson, who was condemned to be shot as a spy. Prior to that time Booth and Lincoln had been friends. A strong effort was made in Anderson's behalf, so strong that a cabinet meeting was held, and in some way Booth managed to appear at the meeting and plead with tears in his eyes for his friend's life.

### SHOT BOOTH'S FRIEND.

"He left the meeting with the understanding that the sentence would be commuted to imprisonment. Anderson was shot the following morning at sunrise. Booth was frenzied with rage, and it was as a result of this that the plot to kill not only Lincoln, but the entire cabinet was formed. There was more than one man prepared to shoot that night, and if the courage of the man to whom was intrusted the duty of turning out the theater lights had not failed him there would have been a general slaughter.

"The South had nothing to do with President Lincoln's assassination, and, moreover, Mrs. Surratt, who was hanged for complicity in the crime, was an innocent woman. I know it to be a fact that Chief of Secret Service Baker on his deathbed confessed to Secretary Stanton that Mrs. Surratt was hanged on perjured evidence.

"While acting as the president's bodyguard I was instrumental in saving the lives of three men who were to be shot

as spies. I had orders from the secretary of war never to permit any one to see President Lincoln after nightfall without an order from the secretary of war, and not to permit any letter to go to the president until it had passed through Secretary Stanton's hands. Three men—two brothers named Lamptine and a man named Ross—had been ordered shot by General Lew Wallace at Baltimore. A brother of the Lamptines, Attorney General Quinn, John W. Forney and Dr. Du Hammel, on the night before the execution was to take place, drove over to Washington to plead with President Lincoln. The three men were to be shot at sunrise.

### A VIOLATED ORDER.

"The intercessors arrived at 2 o'clock in the morning, and with tears in their eyes begged me to violate orders and let them see the president. I finally consented and informed the president of their request. He came from his bedroom in his nightshirt, and after searching the men for weapons I admitted them. They were successful in their mission and the sentence was 'suspended until further notice.' Had it not been for this one evasion of orders on my part three men whom I believe are still alive would have been dead that morning."

Lieutenant Jamison related many other interesting incidents of his war career. He has many valuable relics of the Lincoln family and on his present trip has with him the dress coat worn by Lincoln at his first inauguration. It was purchased at Chicago for him by Illinois friends. Mr. Jamison was offered \$1,500 for the coat by the Libby Prison museum at Chicago. He also had autographic letters addressed to himself from the martyr president, Mrs. Lincoln and Robert T. Lincoln; also a carved cane symbolizing the proclamation of emancipation, bearing this inscription:

"Presented by Mrs. Lincoln to J. B. Jamison, commanding president's escort, April 25, 1865."

Mr. Jamison now owns a large orange farm in Florida. After a few days' stay here he will visit friends in York, Adams and Northampton counties. He says that he is an out-and-out Democrat, and has a Greeley hat which he has worn to every election for years back.

Jamison, James B.

# He Helped Carry Lincoln Out of Ford's Theatre

Johnstone,  
Frederick

**F**REDERICK JOHNSTONE, until recently chief clerk in the Quartermaster's Depot in Chicago, and still hale and hearty and going strong after fifty-seven years' continuous government service, was one of the men who helped carry the wounded Lincoln out of Ford's Theatre the night of April 14, 1865. His memory of that occasion is still fresh and distinct, and he talked about it for readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, for this, the fifty-seventh anniversary month of Lincoln's assassination.

Johnstone knew John Wilkes Booth, the man who shot Lincoln, by sight, and remembers him as a handsome man. On the afternoon of April 14, 1865, he saw him coming out of a saloon. In the light of what happened later his thoughts went back to that incident, and he recalled it was said that Booth was a drinking man.

**A**T THIS time Johnstone lived just below and across from Ford's Theatre, on Tenth Street, there between E and F. Quoting Johnstone:

"April 14, 1865, fell on Good Friday. A party of us, all young men, were assembled that evening in a friend's room playing cards. The place was diagonally across from Ford's, and from a window of the room the entrance to Ford's was plainly visible. The evening was warm, so I left the game and went over to the window. Looking down on the theatre I saw people pouring out excitedly. I noticed acquaintances, saw Colonel Du Barry and wife coming out, the woman leaning on her husband. I knew something was wrong, and crossed over the street.

It was muddy, not well paved. I met Dr. Foster (or Forester), and he said:

"My God, Johnstone, they've shot Lincoln!"

**I** ENTERED the theatre, saw actors on the stage, noticed officers trying to get up to Lincoln's box (which had been locked by Booth), and that an army officer was trying to climb up. The door was finally forced. The stairway was narrow, and only a few could help carry Lincoln down. My room-mate (a young fellow named Daggett) and I stood by the foot of the stairway waiting to see if we could help. When Lincoln was brought down, Daggett said, 'Stick in, Johnstone!' and we both helped to carry Lincoln out of the

By Katherine Pope

Who is the author of several sketches concerning Lincoln

theatre. I took his head, and observed that his eyes were closed. We carried him across the street to the door of Peterson's house.

"We stayed outside, near by. Some members of the Cabinet came, also the surgeon general of the army, General Barnes.

"Someone in the crowd said that Seward also was assassinated. Daggett was secretary in Seward's department, so we left and hurried over to Seward's house in Lafayette Square. He lived in a house that had a history—a man

had been shot there before. We met the Secretary of War coming out. Daggett said to him, 'Mr. Secretary, is Mr. Seward badly injured?' The reply was, 'Well, yes.'

"We returned to Tenth Street. The place was surrounded by soldiers; F Street on one side, E Street on the other. I said to one of the guards, who refused to let us through, 'But, Officer, we live here!' We were denied admission. Then we appealed to a superior officer, and he gave us an escort guard to see if we had actual residence there. We got admission to our rooms, but later returned to observe Peterson's house.

"Plain-clothes men were outside. Lincoln was not yet dead. We stayed around until three o'clock, and at that time did not yet know who the murderer was. We went home and slept a little, and found at seven that Lincoln was still alive. He

died shortly afterward. His body was then removed to the White House.

"Business for a time was at a standstill. In the departments practically nothing was being done. Mourning was general. Lincoln dead, even his enemies spoke well of him. On all sides you heard nothing but good spoken. The papers that had made fun of his appearance and manner now had only praise for him.

"In line with the last statement it seems well to reprint two of the stanzas from "Punch":

"You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!  
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,  
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face!

"Yes, he has lived to shame me from my sneer—

To lame my pencil and confute my pen—

To make me own this hind of princes peer,  
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men!"

During the eventful years 1863-73 Johnstone served his department in Washington, residing at the Capital during that period. He was in his early twenties when he went to live in Washington, working as a clerk in the commissary general's office. During those days of stress the clerks in the various departments were formed into the War Department Rifles; were drilled, wore a uniform, had an armory—near the White House, toward the river,—held themselves in readiness if needed for defense.

**T**HE city was then encircled by forts. General Early was approaching with his Confederate troops, a fact known to Grant. The latter sent an army corps to defend the city, and shots were exchanged. Later the regiment of quartermaster's men was sent out, and again shots were exchanged. Within the city there were frequent rumors of serious trouble, and the War Department Rifles were kept in readiness for emergencies. Johnstone recalls that the evening following Lincoln's second inauguration there was whispering of an uprising by Confederate prisoners and Confederate sympathizers, wherefore the Rifles were put on guard all night at the armory. It proved a false alarm, and the men were able to return to their usual tasks the next morning.

On his way to the Treasury, Johnstone often met President Lincoln on his way to the War Department. In passing, they would exchange greetings; that is, the young man would pay his respects to the President, and the latter acknowledge the courtesy. On the occasions of the President's levees Mr. Johnstone shook hands with Lincoln. Very frequently during those days he saw Lincoln on the street, and cherishes the well-remembered picture of that tall, gaunt figure with the care-worn face.

**I**T WAS a common thing for Lincoln to go the War Department to get the latest news in person. Johnstone recalls that whenever there was anything special, any exciting victory, the people would surge toward the White House, for they wanted to hear the word confirmed by the President. Soon after the news arrived of the surrender of Lee, early in the forenoon the people surged about the White House and waited until Lincoln should appear and speak to them. Johnstone saw Lincoln on this occasion, and heard him address the crowd from the porch of the White House. He remembers how jubilant the crowd was, how happy Lincoln seemed. But Lincoln's joy was not that of one carried away by exultation. In that hour of victory the few words uttered to the waiting throng were those wherein hate was absent, wherein an expression was made of the hope for a (Continued on page 27)



This is Frederick Johnstone, retired chief clerk in the Chicago Quartermaster's Depot, who tells of our great War President as he remembers him

agricultural, industrial, and commercial life, and with such standards of living for the individual and family as we have long considered necessary to the development of a worthy citizenship. In short, we have come to the time when teamwork is needed; yes, imperatively. There must be sympathy, understanding, and coöperation between agriculture, industry, and business. They are dependent upon one another. They are alike necessary to a well-rounded national life. They must work together for the good of all.

**T**HE industrial East may feel the need of a sympathetic and thoroughly efficient agriculture sooner than is now realized. The billions of dollars which we have loaned to Europe must be paid not in gold but in goods which compete with our own manufacturers and which are produced at a cost far below our own. To meet such competition our own people must have the cheapest possible food. The farmer's place in industrial enterprise thus becomes increasingly important.

The paradox of our present large food surplus notwithstanding, we are fast ceasing to become a food-exporting nation. The startling rapidity of our industrial growth points to the approaching need of a materially increasing production. Enlarged production may be brought about in two ways: There are still large areas of land which may be brought under the plow—not easily or cheaply but as need may require and prices justify. And larger yields may be had from the lands already under cultivation, by the practice of more intensive methods. In either case the consumer cannot hope to buy food as cheaply in the future as in the past, unless there be large reductions in the costs of producing that food, and when I say costs of production I mean also costs of marketing, for production and marketing are inseparable. In its own interest, therefore, and for its own benefit, the consuming public must aid in making available to the farmer every facility and business device which may help him in reducing production costs.

**W**ITHOUT meaning that they shall be all-inclusive, I venture to suggest certain things that ought to be done to foster our agriculture, not for the selfish benefit of the farmer, but for the benefit of all the people. In some cases legislative action will be required; in others, administration by government and state agencies; in still others, coöperation both between the farmers themselves and between farmers and other groups.

First, in the administration of our credit machinery, whether by government agencies or otherwise, the effect on agriculture must be given more consideration than in the past.

Second, credit for productive and improvement purposes must be made available to the farmer on terms which the seasonal character of agricultural production makes necessary.

MAGGS BROS., 34 &amp; 35, Conduit Street, London, W.

143

1821

✓

## DEATH AND FUNERAL.

2644 **LINCOLN** (Abraham, 1809-1865). *President of the United States. Liberator of the Slaves. Assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, an Actor.*

**A contemporary account of his death and funeral** contained in two very long autograph letters from Mrs. Ellen Kean the actress, written whilst touring the United States in 1865; also commenting critically on the state of America at the close of the Civil War.

Together **17½ pp., 4to**; dated from New York and Baltimore April and May, 1865.

**Also the rare privately printed pamphlet** (limited issue) entitled "*Death and Funeral of Abraham Lincoln*," in which the above letters are printed, to which is added a **Prefatory Note by John Drinkwater**, author of "*Abraham Lincoln*," a play. Comprising 27 pp., 4to, original wrapper. London, 1921.

The whole handsomely bound together in new full levant morocco extra, lettered on side and back. **£78**

This contemporary account by Miss Ellen Kean, the famous actress, is perhaps one of the most graphic descriptions of the death and funeral of Abraham Lincoln, and of the subsequent events, that has ever been written.

In April, 1865, Mr. and Mrs. Kean, with their theatrical company, were in New York when the terrible news arrived of the shooting of the President Abraham Lincoln by J. Wilkes Booth, an actor, at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on 14th April. The assassin belonging to the theatrical profession and being the son of Junius Brutus Booth, the famous actor and rival of Edmund Kean, made the tragedy of more than special importance to them, and they felt they were to some extent personally implicated in it all.

Two days after the assassination Mrs. Kean commenced a very long letter to her daughter Mary informing her of the tragedy, giving a vivid account of the death of Lincoln, the flight of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, the excitement and wrath that ensued in America and especially against all those connected with the stage, the terrible vengeance promised to be wreaked on Booth if taken, the grief and mourning of the populace; further as to the arrangements for the funeral of the President, rumours of the murderer being arrested but that the Government were concealing the fact fearing the mob, that petitions were being prepared in Washington for the hanging of every Southern sympathiser, the draping of the City with black, likewise the Theatres; the terrible affliction felt by the assassin's mother (he being her pet son), and his actor brother Edwin Booth, the latter declaring he will never act again; meetings of those connected with the stage to proclaim their loyalty with the North

(Continued over).



**Lincoln (Abraham)**—*continued.*

and their abhorrence of the crime; allegations of the arrest of many of the employees of the Washington Theatre, and that all was confusion and mystery.

Mrs. Kean also gives her daughter most interesting news concerning their own experiences connected with the Tour, she criticises most adversely the American Theatrical Managers with whom they had dealings, the upset of their arrangements by the murder of Lincoln, but "*grief or no grief they will flock to the play*"; her dislike of America and the "*Yankees*" in general, the terrible high prices charged for various necessary articles of dress; and that after their journey of nearly forty thousand miles, through which they had been mercifully preserved through many perils, they were looking most anxiously to returning home to England. The writing of this letter extended over three days, and is graphically descriptive.

A month later Mrs. Kean wrote from Baltimore an almost equally lengthy letter (likewise extending over three days) to an English lady friend, Miss Sherritt, giving her further particulars concerning the death of the President and the effect on the American public; also vividly describing the lying in state and funeral, the ceremonial arrangements of which she details and most adversely criticises. She then mentions that Jefferson Davis had just been arrested, and discusses the allegations as to his implication in the murder plot; she also refers to the trial of the conspirators which was then proceeding. In the concluding portion of the letter she comments at some length on the unsettled and angry state of the people in connection with the recently ended civil war. The terrible condition of the States affected her greatly, and she ends the letter by stating:—

*"England is the only land to live in."*

These two letters are printed for the first time in the privately issued pamphlet (limited to 50 copies), to which is added a Prefatory Note by John Drinkwater, author of "*Abraham Lincoln*," a play which has been acclaimed as the finest dramatic representation of one who was the greatest of all American Presidents except perhaps Washington.

## CIVIL WAR.

- 2645 ——— A very fine **D.S.** "*Abraham Lincoln*," as President. 1 page, folio (vellum). Dated from Washington, 6th February, 1862. Counter-signed by Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. With seal. **£35**

Of considerable interest, being the appointment of Lincoln as Assistant Secretary of War in the service of the United States during the Civil War.

The document is in a fine state of preservation and bears a fine specimen of the President's very rare signature. It is headed with the American eagle, and at foot is engraved a grouping of flags and various emblems of war.

Benjamin Howard in the following year (1863) became Sergeant of the Fourth Regiment of Artillery.

- 2646 ——— **Autograph Note Signed.** 1 page, 12mo. Washington, 18th May, 1863. **£21**

"Gen. McClelland renews his request for your aid, & desires me to inform you as a Staff Officer."

Keen, Charles

30 April 1865  
New York  
Metropolitan Hotel

My Darling Mary:

Your letter of the 12 April reached us yesterday & the mistake with regard to your London address rests with your self for it was copied into my address book by Patty from one of your own letters.

But I must add that you do write so precious badly sometimes I think it is difficult to know whether the word be street or road. However we will mend our ways and you had better mend your pen.

The murder of Mr. Lincoln & the consequent morning have thrown every thing into sixes and sevens.

Business is bad, people are wobegone or else brutally savage & blood thirsty. The entire city is draped in mourning & I walk about with a crape bow on my left arm. Last night John Clark the brother in law of Mr. Ed. Booth was taken from his bed with out any cause & carried off to Washington. In fact the arrests are so numerous & mysterious that a reign of terror is dreaded by the more sober minded. No one is safe now in the country. In this state of affairs have we made our first appearance & inspite of all have done great business. The prices are \_\_\_\_\_ and about seven thousand dollars,, (the is 1b 1.400) have been taken in nightly. Last evening being injured by a deluge of rain from 5 o'clock to 10 on our opening.

The delay caused by the Presidents death has been a serious flop to me for I have been obliged to draw upon the contract agent here to the amount of \$3,000. before acting at all, so I commence in debt which of course will prevent me sending home much money at the close of my eleven nights next Monday 8 May.

We were then engaged to visit, Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington under the management of Mr. Ford in whose Theatre in the last named City the Assassination took place, but he is in close confinement & nobody allowed to see him, so all that arrangements has fallen through & I am left with three weeks on my hands with nothing to do. I think we shall go to Albany for 4 nights & then perhaps I may return here & give a couple of readings before we strike off for the West. Cincinnati, St. Louis, & Chicago. Were to have half the nightly receipts every where except in Boston where we commence an engagement of 12 performances on the 25 September & there we are to have \$500.00 each night, which in English money is Lb 100. Have you yet seen the photographs of Patty & Uncle Charles in Tropical costumes which I sent from Jamaica.

We will see if we can manage to send over the coral set & Mrs. Frasers brooch out of coral. You must not wear them until you have taken to a good jeweler or it will unstring as Pattys did & you may lose some of them.

Mr. Cophins is laid up with gout. Pappy has not yet sufficient number of beads to make her merry. Mama is so so & Papa is languid and depressed. I fancy gout is mingling with my blood. Oh how glad I shall be to get out of the dreadful country, but all's well that ends well/

Your affectionate father

*Charles Keen*

**SWIFT REAL ESTATE COMPANY INC.**

106 HOYT STREET  
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN 48605

**STANLEY H. SWIFT**  
PRESIDENT

OFFICE 753-1166  
HOME 793-0353  
AREA CODE 517

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

6  
Details of the Tragedy Never Before  
12. 3. Published. 1891

A story of President Abraham Lincoln's assassination containing facts never before printed was told to a GLOBE-DEMOCRAT reporter yesterday by William T. Kent, of the Inspector General's office, War Department, Washington, D. C. Mr. Kent has been in the city two days, and, though disliking notoriety, asked the privilege of adding a little to the stock of history in connection with the martyred President's life. Mr. Kent said:

"Being desirous of seeing Gen. U. S. Grant, who was to occupy a box at Ford's Theater on that memorable night, I secured a seat in the dress circle opposite the presidential box. It happened that Gen. Grant was called away that afternoon, thereby disappointing the audience. Laura Keene was playing in the American Cousin. At the critical moment a single actor held the boards, reciting a soliloquy of some kind. The sounds of a door being opened and of footsteps came from the upper box, in which were the President's party, which at the time I paid no attention to. A moment after a pistol shot followed, but, as was the case with others, I thought the shot was part of the play for a minute, believing it to come from behind the scenes. Then a man clambered over the railing of the box, and quickly lowered himself with the aid of the American flags and draperies to the stage.

"At this point most of the printed stories differ. Booth stumbled as he descended, but recovered himself. Turning to face the gathering in front of him, he lifted his right hand, with which he held a dagger, and shouted 'Sic semper tyrannis!' Then it occurred to me like a flash that the antics were those of an assassin. I ran to the lower box and mounted the stairs. Maj. Rathbone and others lifted Mr. Lincoln out of the chair and placed him tenderly on the floor. Mrs. Lincoln said frantically, 'My God, he is dead!' several times. I tried to pacify her, saying that he was only stunned. A gentleman went to the front of the box and said, 'Is there a surgeon in the house?' A man who was on the stage responded and climbed up the draperies and over the railing. He glanced at the wounded man and asked for a knife. I pulled mine out, and with a quick motion the surgeon made a cut, barring the upper portion of the artery. The clothes were literally cut in half. No wound was found there, and a closer examination revealed that the bullet entered the head behind the left ear. From the location of the wound I would judge that Booth held the pistol in his left hand. Laura Keene came up in the meantime, and the President's head was raised to rest on her lap. She assured Mrs. Lincoln that he was not dead, and tried to force some water down his throat, having brought a glassful from the stage. The lips were already set in death, however. That was between 9 and 9:30.

"Soon after the body was carried out, and I went to my boarding house on E street, just below Tenth. Delegate (now Senator) Hitchcock, of Nebraska, also boarded there. I intended to spread the news, but found that I had dropped the latch key, probably when I took out my knife in the theater box. I hurried back, pushed through the crowd outside of the theater and up to the box. The interior of the auditorium was deserted, and the lights were turned low. I moved my foot around in searching for the key, and struck a hard object. It was a single-barrel Derringer, with a good bore, a muzzle-loader, and about the size of my hand. I took the pistol with me, and gave it to L. A. Goblright, agent for the Associated Press.

"When Booth, dagger in hand, hurried across the stage in a northeasterly direction, Wicher, one of the musicians, who was in the rear of the stage, happened to be in his way. Booth still grasped the dagger and slashed at the man. The knife went through the coat and the vest and came out some inches below, but the shoulder was not pierced and not a drop of blood was shed. When Booth had made his exit it was quickly learned that Peanut John, a young fellow about 17 years old, had held the assassin's horse behind the theater. The infuriated crowd pounced on the boy, and but for the fact that a police station was a block away he would have been lynched. There were many cries of 'Hang him.' When John had recovered his senses he said that Booth had simply told him to hold the animal, and when the excited murderer returned thirty minutes later he knocked John out of the way, mounted the horse and sped away.

Mr. Kent was in Government employ at the time. The next day he was called on to testify about the pistol. There has been much difference of opinion relative to where the Latin words quoted above was uttered, even Proprietor Ford, of the theater, maintaining that Booth was in the box when he used them. Mr. Kent is positive that he made use of the words while on the stage, and his belief is strengthened by the fact that the utterance of the phrase made him

aware that the shot was intended for the beloved President. Speaking of Spangler, the stage carpenter, who was convicted of being an accessory, and sentenced to the Dry Tortugas Islands, Mr. Kent remarked that he believed him innocent. He was charged with making a slot and bar for the box car, by means of which, when closed, exit or entrance was impossible. Mr. Kent says that Spangler was an ignorant, bloated fellow, and not the kind that would take a contract of that kind. He also says that the pale face and black hair of Booth made an indelible impression, and that in after years when he saw the American Cousin rendered, he trembled violently at the passage where the solitary actor stands in soliloquy.

W A I G H T

# LETTER FROM EYEWITNESS OF LINCOLN MURDER COMES TO LIGHT

My James 2-11-17  
**W**HEN President Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theatre in Washington on the evening of April 14, 1865, a young medical student, a graduate of Princeton University, who was sitting just beneath the President's box, saw the tragedy and took an active part in the pursuit of Wilkes Booth, the assassin. Two days later this young student, James Suydam Knox, wrote a letter to his father in which he graphically described the tragedy and told of the part which he played in the episode.

Knox died in 1892, and his widow has recently presented to Princeton a copy of this interesting letter, which, so far as can be learned, has never come to the attention of Lincoln biographers. It appeared in print for the first time in The Princeton Alumni Weekly during the last week.

It will be remembered that Booth had entered the President's box from the rear, and, after shooting the President, jumped from the box to the stage and made his escape through the back door. Knox seems to have been one of the few in the theatre who realized what had happened, and he was one of two men who tried to capture Booth.

On Sunday, April 16, 1865, Mr. Knox wrote to his father as follows:

Washington, D. C., April 16, 1865.  
 Dear Father: It is with sad feelings that I take up my pen to address you. Last Friday night at 10 o'clock I witnessed the saddest tragedy ever enacted in this country. Notwithstanding my promise to you not to visit the theatre, I could not resist the temptation to see General Grant and the President, and when the curtain at Ford's rose on the play of "Our American Cousin" my roommate and I were seated in the second row of orchestra seats just beneath the President's box. The President entered the theatre at 8:30 o'clock amid deafening cheers and the rising of all. Everything was cheerful, and never was our Magistrate more enthusiastically welcomed or more happy. Many pleasant allusions were made to him in the play, to which the audience gave deafening responses, while Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily and bowed frequently to the gratified people. Just after the third act, and before the scenes were shifted, a muffled pistol shot was heard, and a man sprang wildly from the national box, partially tearing down the flag, then shouting, "Sic semper tyrannis," the South is avenged," with brandished dagger rushed across the stage and disappeared. The whole theatre was paralyzed.

But two men sprang for the stage, a Mr. Stewart and myself. Both of us were familiar with the play, and suspected the fearful tragedy. We rushed after the murderer, and Mr. Stewart, being familiar with the passages, reached the rear door in time to see him spring on his horse and ride off. I became lost amid the scenery and was

obliged to return. My roommate had followed me and secured the murderer's hat. The shrill cry of murder from Mrs. Lincoln first roused the terrified audience, and in an instant the uproar was terrible. The silence of death was broken by shouts of "Kill him!" "Hang him!" and strong men wept and cursed and tore the seats in the impotence of their anger, while Mrs. Lincoln, on her knees, uttered shriek after shriek at the feet of the dying President.

Finally the theatre was cleared and the President removed. Still greater was the excitement in the city. Rumors of the murder of Secretary Seward and his son reached us as we gained the street. Mounted patrols dashed everywhere, bells tolled the alarm, and excited crowds rushed about the avenues. Despair was on every countenance, and black horror brooded over the city. Until long after midnight I was detained at Police Headquarters, giving my evidence, and when I sought my room, in a distant part of the city, dark clouds had gathered in the heavens, and soldiers sternly paced their patrol.

May I never see another such night. I could not sleep, I could not think, till thought was weary and in despair thought again. Yesterday morning the President died. At 8:30 o'clock the kindest, noblest, truest heart ceased to beat, and Abraham Lincoln was dead. \* \* \* Andrew Johnson has been sworn. His speech was simple: "The duties are now mine; the results are God's." I trust he may perform his task faithfully, but, oh, for the confidence and the hope that we had in Lincoln! Like a ship without a rudder is the nation tossed. Outwardly are we quiet, but in each heart what terror, misgiving, and despair. \* \* \*

I  
 Washington D.C.  
 Apr. 15<sup>th</sup> 1865.  
 Dear Father. It is with sad feelings that I take up my pen to address you. Last Friday night at 10 o'clock, I witnessed the saddest tragedy ever since hid in this Country. Not with

Portion of letter from James S. Knox to his father, the Rev. John P. Knox, in which he describes the murder of Abraham Lincoln in Ford's Theater.

### NOTE BY CHICAGOAN'S KIN

# Lincoln Shooting Horror Told

A Chicago woman's grandfather saw Abraham Lincoln murdered and wrote a dramatic account of the tragic night of April 14, 1865.

The account is contained in a letter from James S. Knox to his father, the Rev. John P. Knox. It now is in the Library of Congress.

James Knox was the grandfather of Mrs. John W. Root, 1366 N. Dearborn, wife of a prominent architect. Her story

#### Picture on Page 25.

of the letter and its author was retold as Illinois prepared to celebrate Lincoln's Birthday Sunday.

In the letter, Knox admits that in going to Ford's Theater in Washington, he broke a promise to his father, a strict Presbyterian minister.

#### Couldn't Resist

"I could not resist the temptation to see Gen. Grant and the President," he wrote.

From his second-row seat beneath the President's box, he observed events of the evening.

The President was cheered and responded to the gratified audience, Knox wrote, continuing:

"Just after the third act, and before the scenes were shifted, a muffled pistol shot was heard, and a man sprang wildly from the national box, partially tearing down the flag, then shouting 'sic semper tyrannis, the South is avenged' with brandished dagger rushed across the stage and disappeared. The whole theater was paralyzed [sic]."

#### Gives Chase

Knox was one of two men who jumped on the stage and

wept, and cursed, and tore the seats in the impotence of their anger, while Mrs. Lincoln, on her knees uttered shriek after shriek at the feet of the dying President."

#### Excitement Described

Later, "mounted patrols dashed everywhere, bells tolled the alarm, and excited crowds rushed about the avenues. Black horror brooded over the city."

Knox was questioned by police and afterward spent a sleepless night going over in his mind the events of the evening.

Knox was born in Utica, N.Y., in 1846. Soon after his graduation from Princeton University, he joined a New Jersey division in the Civil War.

He was wounded in battle, according to his daughter, Marian Knox, who now lives in Florida. While awaiting rescue, Knox developed pneumonia. Eventually, he was assigned to duty with the War Department in Washington.

A chance assignment to deliver a document to Lincoln confirmed Knox's admiration for the President. While awaiting Lincoln's reply, he made a sketch of the President. Miss Knox still has the sketch.

In 1871, while Chicagoans were clearing away rubble from the Great Fire, Knox and his wife moved to the city. He built a home which still stands at 14 S. Loomis.

rushed after the assassin, but Knox got lost in the scenery and went back to his seat.

"The shrill cry of murder from Mrs. Lincoln first roused the horrified audience," the letter continues, "and in an instant the uproar was terrible.

"The silence of death was broken by shouts of 'kill him,' 'hang him,' and strong men

He practiced medicine here and became a professor of women's and children's diseases at Rush Medical College.

The letter, which was written only a day after Lincoln was shot, was returned to him by his father. Dr. Knox passed the letter along to Miss Knox, who gave it to the Library of Congress.

# An Eye-Witness Account of Lincoln's Assassination

Knox, James S.

The following eye-witness account of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in Ford's theater is taken from the Saturday Review, which published it by permission of Mrs. John W. Root of Chicago. The author, Mr. Knox, was Mrs. Root's grandfather.

Dear Father: It is with sad feelings that I take up my pen to address you. Last Friday night at 10 o'clock, I witnessed the saddest tragedy ever enacted in this country. Notwithstanding my promise to you not to visit the theater, I could not resist the temptation to see General Grant and the President, and when the curtain at Ford's rose on the play of Our American



Lincoln

Cousin my roommate and I were seated on the second row of orchestra seats, just beneath the President's box.

The President entered the theater at 8½ o'clock, amid deafening cheers and the rising of all. Everything was cheerful, and never was our magistrate more enthusiastically welcomed or more happy. Many pleasant allusions were made to him in the play, to which the audience gave deafening responses, while Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily and bowed frequently to the gratified people. Just after the 3d act, and before the scenes were shifted, a muffled pistol shot was heard, and a man sprang wildly from the national box, partially tearing down the flag, then shouting "'sic semper tyrannus,' the south is avenged" with brandished dagger rushed across the stage and disappeared. The whole theater was paralyzed.

BUT TWO men sprang for the stage, a Mr. Stewart and myself. Both of us were familiar with the play, and suspected the fearful tragedy. We rushed after the murderer, and Mr. Stewart being familiar with the passages, reached the rear door in time to see him spring on his horse and ride

off—I became lost amid the scenery and was obliged to return.

The shrill cry of murder from Mrs. Lincoln first roused the horrified audience, and in an instant the uproar was terrible. The silence of death was broken by shouts of "kill him" and strong men wept, and cursed, and tore the seats in the impotence of their anger.

Finally the theater was cleared and the President removed. Still greater was the excitement in the city. Rumors of the murder of Secy Seward and his son reached us as we gained the street. Mounted patrols dashed every where, bells tolled the alarm, and excited crowds rushed about the avenues. Despair was on every countenance, and black horror brooded over the city. Until long after midnight I was detained at Police Hd Qrs, giving my evidence, and when I sought my room, in a distant part of the city—dark clouds had gathered in the heavens, and soldiers sternly paced their patrol.

**YESTERDAY** morning the President died. At 8½ o'clock, the kindest, noblest, truest heart ceased to beat, and Abraham Lincoln was dead . . . Bitter, bitter will be the tears of repentance.

Andrew Johnson has been sworn. His speech was simple. "The duties now are mine, the results are God's." I trust he may perform his task faithfully, but oh, for the confidence, and the hope that we had in Lincoln. Like a ship without a rudder is the nation tossed. Outwardly are we quiet, but in each heart, what despair.

But I must cease—Lotta and Will R—left here Friday night. I presume by this time they are with you. From them you can learn of me better than I can write. Love to all.

Your affectionate son

Jas S. Knox

(Washington, April 15, 1865)



**HEIGH-DE-HO** EDITED BY HY HIGH, JR.

THIRD YEAR • FEBRUARY TWELFTH, 1940 • No. 209

**FAMILYFUL OF HISTORY**

**O**H, I've something dreadful to tell you. The President has been shot by our Wilkes Booth!"

Thus one April day in 1865, Headmaster John E. Lamb, of old Milton



Miss Lamb

Academy, down in Maryland, broke the news to his family that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated—by a former pupil of the Headmaster.

The Maryland teacher was the paternal grandfather of Doylestown High principal Miss M. Elizabeth Lamb.

Just five years earlier, according to Miss Lamb, to whom this history was passed down, there had been at the Republican Convention in Chicago a lumberman by the name of Francis S. Corcoran. He was, she relates, one of a small delegation which approached Lincoln to ask if he would accept nomination to the Presidency.

Francis S. Corcoran was Miss Lamb's grandfather on her mother's side.

Miss Lamb says Corcoran was a personal friend of Lincoln, and was remarked to look like the famous man. It was said, relates the Doylestown principal, that Abe commented on the supposed resemblance, and jested to Corcoran that he felt sorry for him.

Miss Lamb's mother was once forced to flee from Maryland with her lumberman father when angry Southerners threatened Corcoran because of anti-slavery activities. Miss Lamb's other grandfather was also an abolitionist.

She says the schoolmaster recalled Booth as having been brilliant in English and reading. Miss Lamb's father was a schoolfellow of Booth's. He also heard Lincoln's address at Gettysburg.

Question: Does Miss Lamb think earlier American history is playing second fiddle in the minds of school students because of all the world doings of the moment? Answer: Yes, and profitably, because it is certainly our complex current history with which we are most immediately concerned.

But this trend or any other, says the Doylestown principal, will never dim the light that is Abraham Lincoln.

*Hy High Jr.*

## LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

On the train from Cincinnati to New York I encountered Harry Langdon, an actor of good quality, but not very ambitious. I am told that he is regarded by actors in general as the finest general Shakespearean actor on the stage. He played at Cincinnati Friar Lawrence in "Romeo and Juliet," and the Duke in "Othello." His sonorous and rotund voice will be recalled by all. I had not seen Mr. Langdon for about 18 years, and in the course of conversation with him I happened to ask the question: "Did you know John Wilkes Booth?"

"O, yes," said he; "I taught John Booth the rudiments of acting. John T. Ford and two other persons had a theatrical company about two years before the war, which performed at Richmond, Lynchburg and other places in Virginia and toward the south. At that time John Wilkes Booth was a country looking boy. His clothes, style and everything were countryfied. His father had brought him up mainly on a farm some miles out of Baltimore, and he had been to a college in the environs of that city. I took a fancy to him. He had a manly side to him. I showed him how to read, got him a grammar, and made him commit every day a certain number of words from the dictionary and pronounce and define them. It was very pleasing to see his growth. He always had trouble committing his lines to memory. When we got through the season I said to him, 'Now, John, you go off into the farther south and take your father's name.' He had been playing with me under the name of John Wilkes. Said I: 'You are as much entitled to the use of your father's name as your brother Ned. If you play in the far south as John Wilkes Booth, the son of the old tragedian, they will come to hear you, and you can make a good stake.' So he went off there under the management of Matt Canning. He did make a success, and became quite a favorite in the south, and that made a fool of him. Later in life, or toward the time of the assassination, he lost his habits, and failed to make the impression in the north that he had in the south, and I think it somewhat embittered him."

"Mr. Langdon, what do you think about the assassination scheme as connected with Booth's sanity?"

"Why, I think he was a little insane. I do not ascribe it entirely to his father, who was always somewhat insane, but to his intemperate habits. Whisky had a great deal to do with the murder of poor Lincoln."

Mr. Langdon then said: "I can tell you a right queer incident. You remember that after Booth murdered the president an actor named Sam Chester came forward and gave evidence that Booth had tempted him into a plot to run the president and cabinet out of Washington City. Now, in the latter part of the war I was handling a theatrical company with Donnelly, recently the lessee of the Grand opera house, New York. We would run out to the large towns adjacent to New York and play a night or two for a stake. One very cold, stormy day I went into a chophouse called 'The House of Lords,' at the corner of Crosby and Prince streets, New York. I wore a kind of white, curly overcoat. Directly I heard a man say in a loud voice, 'Hello, Polar Bear!' I looked up, and there was John Wilkes Booth, and beside him was Sam Chester. Booth's face had a reckless, excited expression upon it,

and he had been drinking. Chester's face had a hang-dog look, as if he had just agreed to do something mean. That thought flashed in my mind but a moment, and I let it pass. But when the trial of the conspirators came up, and Chester said that he was at 'The House of Lords' when Booth took him into the conspiracy, I went back to my diary and found that the very night I saw those two men together, Booth had forced Chester into his plot."

"What kind of a man was Chester, Mr. Langdon?"

"Why, a mild, quiet sort of man. He was mere wax in the hands of John Booth. There was another actor, Johnny Matthews, now in New York, who had it in his power, I believe, to have prevented the murder of Mr. Lincoln. Booth met him the afternoon he was going to commit that crime and gave him a written paper apologizing for the act. John Matthews burned the paper after the crime, but he knew enough, in my judgment, to have given information and stopped the tragedy. A good many of the actors knew that Mr. Booth had some dark scheme on his mind. I knew it, but I could not tell what it was."

"Did you ever notice, Mr. Langdon, any particular quality in Booth, when he was a young man, which would lead up to such an assassination?"

"Yes, there was one thing I noticed. When we were in Richmond, Va., two years before the war, Abbott's 'Life of Napoleon' was appearing in Harper's Magazine—a life, if you remember, full of eulogy of Bonaparte. John Booth read that life as it came out, and it so excited him that he would go and kiss a picture or bust of Napoleon if he saw it, anywhere, in a shop window, or a saloon, or among the properties of a theater. I attribute his crime in the first place to a passion for hero worship. That poor clergyman who was allowed to praise Bonaparte beyond all reason perhaps instigated the original idea in Booth's mind to kill somebody so as to be a hero."

"Did you ever say anything to Booth about his consyrcacy, Mr. Langdon?"

"I did. I remember one occasion in particular where I broke out, saying: 'John, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You have some dark schemes on hand. I don't know what it is, but I know you are at no good. Why don't you take your musket and cross the lines and be a soldier for the south if your heart is there. You ought to be ashamed to go around here among the union people, and take their money, and get everything out of them that you can, even to abusing your fellow rebels. Here you have interjected into Richard III the lines about driving these rebels hence, and you give it in such a way as to earn applause. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, for playing the spy and then sneak into the union lines.'"

Then Mr. Langdon remarked: "If Booth had only tried to run Lincoln off, even if he had failed, he would have been entitled to some respect. That would have been an act that a man might undertake. But to go and kill the poor man while he was sitting at the theater was a most inhospitable thing for an actor, and a villainous thing for a man to do."—"Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer, May 1, 1883.

Langdon, Harry

J WRIGHT

COMRADE LEE AT FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON.

Extract From an Eloquent Address Delivered by Comrade F. C. Lee, of Des Moines, at Lincoln School.

1800

Washington, Lincoln and the flag. A careful study of the history of all these will inspire us all to better things and point us to loftier heights than the example or lives of any other characters I could name, aside from the Savior of the world in whom they had an abiding faith. To be like them is to be great in all the walks of life. The mention of Lincoln and the flag awakens memories that none but those who were there can realize. Among them is one scene I shall never forget.

The regiment to which I belonged was ordered to Washington City three or four days after the assassination of President Lincoln. I have no language to describe the scenes in and around that city at that time. Booth, the assassin, had not yet been found. No one was allowed in or out of the city without being watched. Many were looked upon with suspicion. As soon as I could, after our arrival, I went to Ford's Theatre where Lincoln was shot,—then closely guarded—slipped in through the alley door, the one Booth went out of, ran up behind the scenes upon the stage, where, for one moment only, I had a full view of the box in which Mr. Lincoln was shot. The flag still draped the box just as it was on the night when Lincoln was carried from it. Nothing had been touched but everything left as upon the fatal night. I soon received an invitation from the guards to leave, for no one was allowed in the building. I accepted the invitation, but I had looked upon a scene I shall never forget and it fastened in my mind so plainly that the flag Lincoln so loved and honored triumphed after all and avenged his death, for there was the rent in the flag that caught the spur on the assassin's boot as he jumped from the box thereby breaking his leg and leading to his capture and just doom.

NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1936.

## REPORTER RECALLS LINCOLN TRAGEDY

*Isador Lewi, 85, Tells How the  
Crime Plunged a Joyous Na-  
tion Into Mourning.*

This day seventy-one years ago is vivid in the mind of Isador Lewi, veteran New York newspaper man now approaching his eighty-sixth birthday. On the night before, April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln had been shot at Ford's Theatre and after living through the night he died on April 15.

Mr. Lewi, then 15 years old, the son of a prominent physician and living in Albany, recalled yesterday the hush that passed over the city when the news came.

"The streets were still gay with bunting celebrating the victories of Grant and others," he said. "Then came the death of Lincoln and for a day every one was busy taking down the gay bunting of red, white and blue and replacing it with the somber hue of mourning. It was as if a loved one had been stricken in every home."

A few days later the boy and his father went to the capital, where

five years before he had met and had shaken hands with Lincoln.

"There were men in that crowd who had jeered and scoffed Lincoln," Mr. Lewi said, "and I saw them mourning with those who wept on that day as the great throng passed silently and slowly by the bier."

It was after the campaign of 1860 that Mr. Lewi first saw Lincoln, and although that campaign was seventy-six years ago he remembers many details of it clearly. Yesterday in his apartment at the Hotel Croyden he displayed faded campaign badges and buttons of that day.

On his way to Washington after his election Mr. Lincoln stopped in Albany for a reception. He was met at the station by a citizens' committee of which Mr. Lewi's father was a member.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D.

I was at the National Capital at the second inauguration of President Lincoln on the 4th of March, 1865. I remember hearing talk at Willard's that evening about a rash attempt, by a handsome young man, to break through a line of policemen, in the rotunda of the Capitol, who were guarding the passage of the President and his attendants through the eastern door to the platform at the portico. I believe the circumstance was barely alluded to in the local journals the next morning as a ripple on the surface of current events. 1884

A month later, President Lincoln and his wife, with Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, were seated in a box at Ford's Theater in Washington, listening to the play of "Our American Cousin." A young man, in the passage-way near the box, put a card into the hand of Mr. Lincoln's messenger, and entered the vestibule of the President's box, fastening the door securely behind him. Standing a few moments, he drew a Derringer pistol, and with this weapon in one hand, and a two-edged dagger in the other, he stole noiselessly behind the President and put a bullet through his brain. Major Rathbone, the only man in the box besides Mr. Lincoln, seized the assassin, who dropped his pistol, struck the Major with his dagger, and wounding him severely in the arm and tearing away from the grasp of the brave soldier, rushed to the front of the box with the gleaming weapon in his hand and shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis*," the legend on the seal of Virginia. He leaped upon the stage. Booted and spurred for a night ride, one of his spurs caught in the folds of an American flag and he fell. Rising, he turned to the excited audience, and exclaimed, "*The South is avenged!*" and then escaped through a back door, mounted a horse which a boy was holding for him, fled swiftly in the gloom of night across the Annapolis, and found a temporary refuge among sympathetic friends in Maryland.

On that sad night I was at the Eutaw House, in Baltimore. Before midnight the swift messages of the telegraph had carried the dreadful news over half the continent and beyond the sea. From the capital went out cavalry and a strong police force in radiatory lines, in search of the assassin whose face had been recognized in the stage as that of an actor. Every avenue of ingress to and egress from surrounding towns were closed and guarded. Bulletin after bulletin was sent abroad from the bedside of the dying President all through that night of horror at Washington; for the Secretary of State had been almost murdered by another assassin at the same time. At seven o'clock in the morning, just four years after the attack on Fort Sumter, the death of the President was announced. Before nine o'clock that morning I observed the buildings of the principal streets in Baltimore heavily draped with tokens of grief. A contrast to the scene on the 19th of April, 1861.

The events of that night vividly recalled to the memory of many persons the mad attempt of the young man to break through the line of policemen at the rotunda a few weeks before; for there was an impression then that he had a mischievous, perhaps a murderous intent. He and the assassin were identified as the same person. Little was said about it at the time, in the public journals, and histories of the Civil War are silent on the subject.

These circumstances were brought to my attention recently by some authentic documents which were placed in my hands, and which give interesting details of the affair in the rotunda, as told by participants in it and eye-witnesses of it. These documents have lain in concealment many years. They present materials and hints for an additional and important chapter in the history of the Civil War. I here give it in brief outline.

Southern newspapers having declared that President Lincoln would never be inaugurated a second time, and such being common utterances in the Southern Confederacy, special precautions were observed at that inauguration for the protection of the person of the President and to prevent confusion during the ceremonies. These precautions were timely; for it is now known that a conspiracy to abduct or murder Mr. Lincoln had been formed, of which his assassin seems to have been the leader. Major B. B. French, then Commissioner of Public Buildings at Washington, had this matter in charge at the Capitol. He stationed a double row of policemen in the rotunda, to which a large number of persons were admitted by tickets to see the procession of the President and his attendants—judges of the Supreme Court, the Cabinet Ministers, representatives of other nations, Congressmen and others—from the Senate Chamber in the north wing of the Capitol through the rotunda to the eastern portico of the main building, where the inauguration was to take place.

The police were arranged from the northern to the eastern door of the rotunda, to keep open the passage for the procession, and to prevent any of the spectators forcing it. Major French, who was in command of the police force, took a position at the eastern door. While the procession was moving, and when the President and the judges had passed through the door, a young man suddenly rushed from the crowd of spectators and broke through the southern line of policemen. He was instantly seized with a firm grasp by John W. Westfall, a native of the state of New York, who was a private in the Capitol police force. The intruder, wild with excitement, struggled violently and insisted on his right to go to the inaugural platform. He was very strong, and after dragging Westfall from his place in the ranks, he broke from the policeman's grasp. Mr. French had promptly closed the eastern door. The procession halted, assistance was rendered to Westfall, and the intruder, who was considered a lunatic, was forcibly thrust from the passage. The procession then moved on without further interruption.

The lineaments of the face of this young man were deeply impressed on the memory

Lossing, Benson J.  
of Mr. Westfall and others of the police force. Westfall was also impressed with a belief that the intruder intended to assassinate the President on the inaugural platform. When Mr. Lincoln was actually murdered, a few weeks later, and while the executors of the law were in pursuit of the assassins, this faithful guardian of the public peace sought for a photograph of the alleged criminal. He found it at the office of L. C. Baker, the head of the United States Secret Service, and at once recognized it as the similitude of the face of the young man with whom he had the fierce struggle in the rotunda. Westfall procured a copy of it, and hastening to the office of Major French and showing it to that officer, said: "Mr. Commissioner, do you recognize that face?" SEE OTHER SIDE

After scanning it critically a few moments, the Major said:

"Yes. I would know that face among a thousand or ten thousand. That is the man you had the scuffle with on Inauguration Day, who gave us so much trouble. I met him face to face. That is the same man. Who is it?"

DECEMBER 31, 1908.

MAJOR MACLAY DEAD.

Helped Carry President Lincoln from Ford's Theatre.

Major Isaac Walker Maclay died at his home, 304 Palisade Avenue, Yonkers, Tuesday night. Though he had been suffering many months from a complication of diseases he expired suddenly. Mr. Maclay was born in New York City in 1841. He was educated at the New York University and the West Point Military Academy, having been graduated from the latter institution in 1864. He served as instructor of artillery to the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers at Fort Vadsworth, holding this position until Sept. 17, 1864, when he was transferred to the Ordnance Corps of the United States Army at the Washington Arsenal.

In 1866 he served as assistant Superintendent of the armory in Springfield, Mass. Later he was chief Ordnance Officer of the Department of the Platte on the staff of Major Gen. C. C. Auger, and also served as Assistant Ordnance Officer of the Watervliet Arsenal, in West Troy, N. Y.

In 1867 Major Maclay retired from the army and established the real estate firm of Maclay & Davies in connection with William E. Davies. He was the engineer in charge of the surveying and laying out of the streets and avenues north of 155th Street and also the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Wards after their annexation to the city.

On the night of the assassination of President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre in Washington by J. Wilkes Booth, Major Maclay with two other officers of the Washington Arsenal attended the theatre, and after the shooting he and his fellow officers carried the President to the Peterson house and placed him on a bed in a rear room. This house is now known as the Lincoln Museum. Then Major Maclay went for Dr. Todd, the President's family physician, after which he was detailed to guard the residence of the Secretary of War.

Major Maclay and Mrs. Maclay visited on Good Friday last the scene of the tragedy for the first time since the shooting.

Major Maclay was elected a trustee of the University of Chicago June 26, 1900, and re-elected in 1902. He was one of the incorporators and charter members of the New York Zoological Society, of the Maryland Society of New York, and of the Underwriters' Club. He had been President of the Yonkers Wharf and Warehouse Company and Vice President of the Pelham-Dale Land Company.

He was a Trustee of the People's Savings Bank, and of the Westchester Trust Company of Yonkers, a member of the Andrew H. Green Memorial Association, American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, Municipal Art Society of New York, Museum of Natural History, Association for the Preservation of the Adirondacks, St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, Veterans' Corps and Military Society of the War of 1812, New York State Society of the Sons of the Revolution, Delta Phi Society, Road Drivers' Association of New York, Westchester County Historical Association, and the Yonkers Library and Historical Association.

He was a life member of the New York Historical Society, the American Baptist Historical Association, and the Association of Graduates of the United States Military Academy.

He was a Trustee of the Virginia Union University of Richmond, Va., and of the Warburton Avenue Baptist Church in Yonkers, also one of the managers of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. Mayor Maclay is survived by his widow and five children. The funeral will be held at the house, 8 E. 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. The burial will be in the family plot at Woodlawn Cemetery.

New York Paper

# Man, Later Police C

New Bedford Standard 2-6-55

Captain Henry W. Mason of the Union Army was looking forward with extra-special interest to seeing Laura Keene in "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater, Washington, that night of April 14, 1865. President Lincoln was scheduled to attend, adding an extra thrill to the ones expectable on stage. That pleasant evening turned into a nightmare and Captain Mason found himself an eyewitness, instead, to the assassination of President Lincoln.

A native of New York, the captain later came to live in New Bedford, served as chief of police here from 1896 to 1914 save for one year, 1906. After he retired from the force, he was named a deputy sheriff, died in 1928. In 1919, he told the story of that tragic night in 1865 to an Evening Standard reporter; his account appeared in The Sunday Standard April 13, 1919 and is reprinted here today.

The irony that turned a pleasant evening into one of horror touched others in the theater beside the young Union Army officer. Laura Keene held the dying President's head in her lap, tried vainly to staunch the flow of blood, kept her head while many others present panicked. But the shock brought her to the edge of a complete breakdown.

She bought a farm in Acushnet and lived a life of semi-seclusion, enjoying what some said were the happiest years of her life there. The home burned down years ago and only a little street, Laura Keene Road, remains to tell the curious that one of America's greatest 19th-Century actresses once lived there.

"Our American Cousin" was written by Tom Taylor and there is irony here, too, for Taylor, as editor of the famed British humor magazine Punch, reflected the views of the pro-Confederate British upper class and savagely attacked Lincoln in the magazine. But after the President was assassinated, Taylor belatedly realized the greatness of the man whom he had slandered and wrote a moving and repentant poem which still stands as one of the finest poetic tributes paid the martyred President.

Here is Mr. Mason's story:

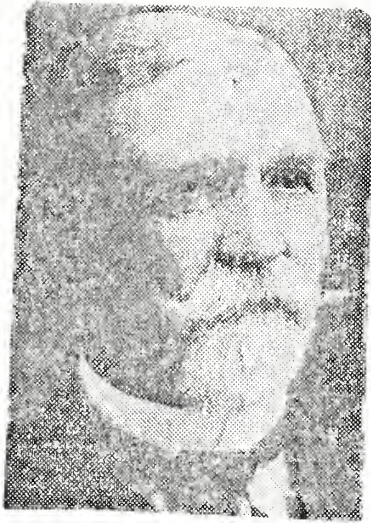
I had been sent from the Shendoah Valley, where I was on duty with my regiment, to Washington on business for the quartermaster's department. I calculated the work would take about two days. I arrived in Washington April 13th and finished my work in the forenoon of the 14th. I did not want to return to my regiment at once, so I looked up a close friend, a Captain Sweet of an Ohio regiment, who was in Washington at the time.

We were both well-acquainted with two young ladies by the name of Carpenter, whose father was dead, and we asked them to go with us to the show that evening. As they accepted the invitation, we went to Ford's Theater where the play, "Our American Cousin" was showing. We bought seats in the very front of what was known as the dress circle. In those days, that was the most fashionable part of a theater and we had to be in style.

Some time after the play had started the President's party entered the box by way of a door leading from a corridor. Every eye was instantly turned to the

President. His box was on our right and we watched the party as interestedly as any of the civilians. There were four people in the party, a major of the regular Army whose name I cannot just now recall, and a Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris, a close friend of the President. Following this couple came President and Mrs. Lincoln.

We were able to see all that went on as the box was in the second tier and on a level with the dress circle. The President seated himself near the door through which he had entered the box and proceeded to watch the play. Interest in the presidential party waned after this and all eyes returned to the stage. The play went on till the end of the act; the curtain dropped and the audience started to discuss the play or to indulge in the usual between-the-act chatter. Suddenly a shot was heard and a man appeared in the door of the President's box. He stepped to the front of the box, threw his leg over the edge, and jumped to the stage.



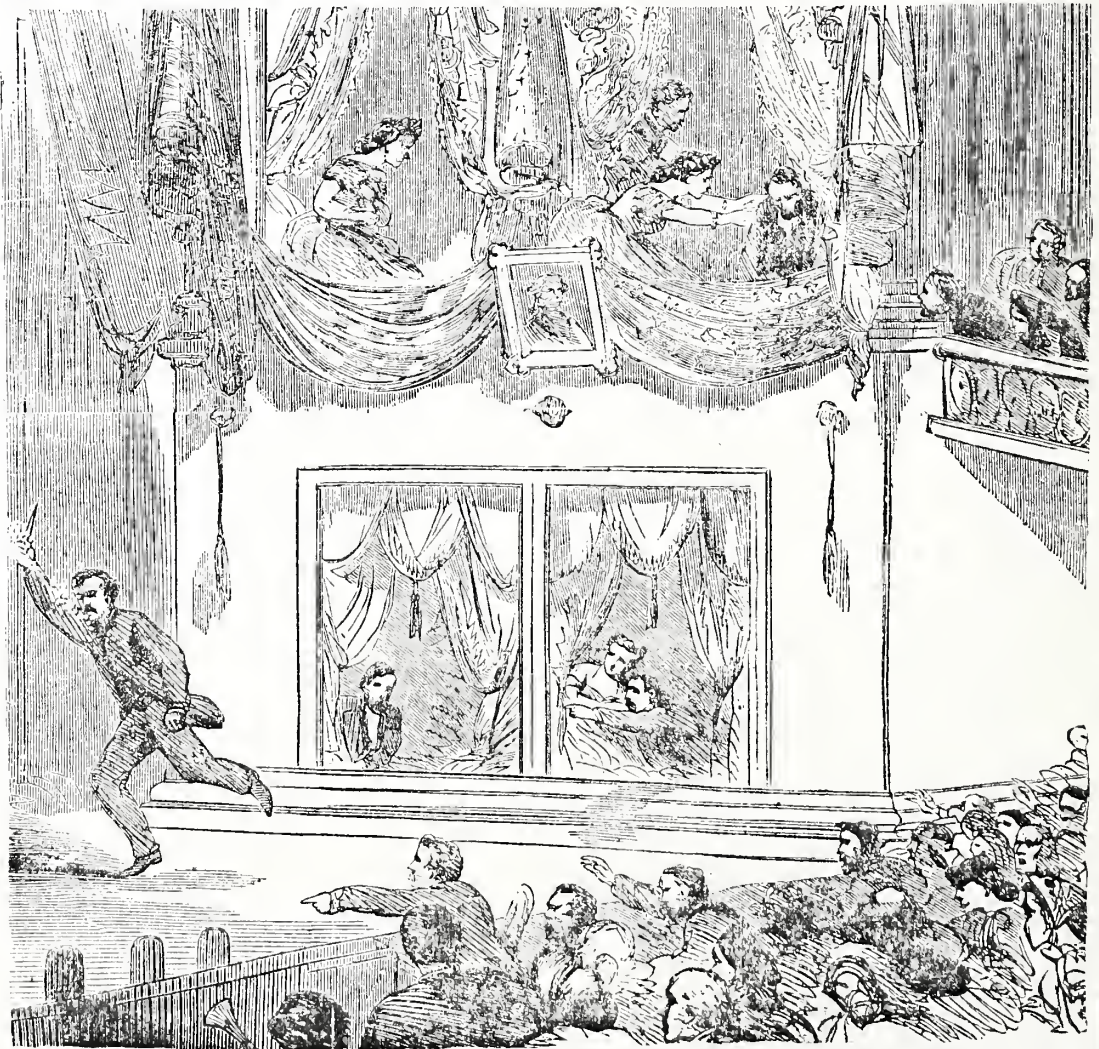
HENRY W. MASON

The front of the box was draped with a large American Flag and the man's spur caught in the folds of this Flag as he jumped. He did not land squarely on both feet but fell to one knee. Arising he walked to the center of the stage and holding a dagger high above his head he said distinctly "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" Immediately after this he made his way off the stage and behind the scenes.

For a few moments, the audience was struck dumb. No one seemed to realize what had happened. There was not a movement in the President's box; all over the theater was still. Bewilderment was expressed on every face. Then someone jumped on the stage and looked into the President's box. Someone else went around by the corridor and looked in through the door.

Lincoln was sitting in his chair with his head hanging forward on his chest. Instantly the cry

## Chief Here, Saw Lincoln Shot



THIS OLD PRINT SHOWS JOHN WILKES ROOTH, KNIFE IN HAND, fleeing across the stage of Ford's Theater, Washington, after shooting President Lincoln; the fatally-wounded President can be seen at the upper right.



# Museum Official Witnessed Assassination of Lincoln

“AN eyewitness of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln” is a phrase that even fifty-odd years has failed to strip of interest. In an office of the old National Museum building one can find George C. Maynard, curator of technology. An atmosphere of peace pervades the place until one speaks the magic words which bring to mind that fateful night at Ford’s Theater in April, 1865. Then Dr. Maynard tells of what he saw.

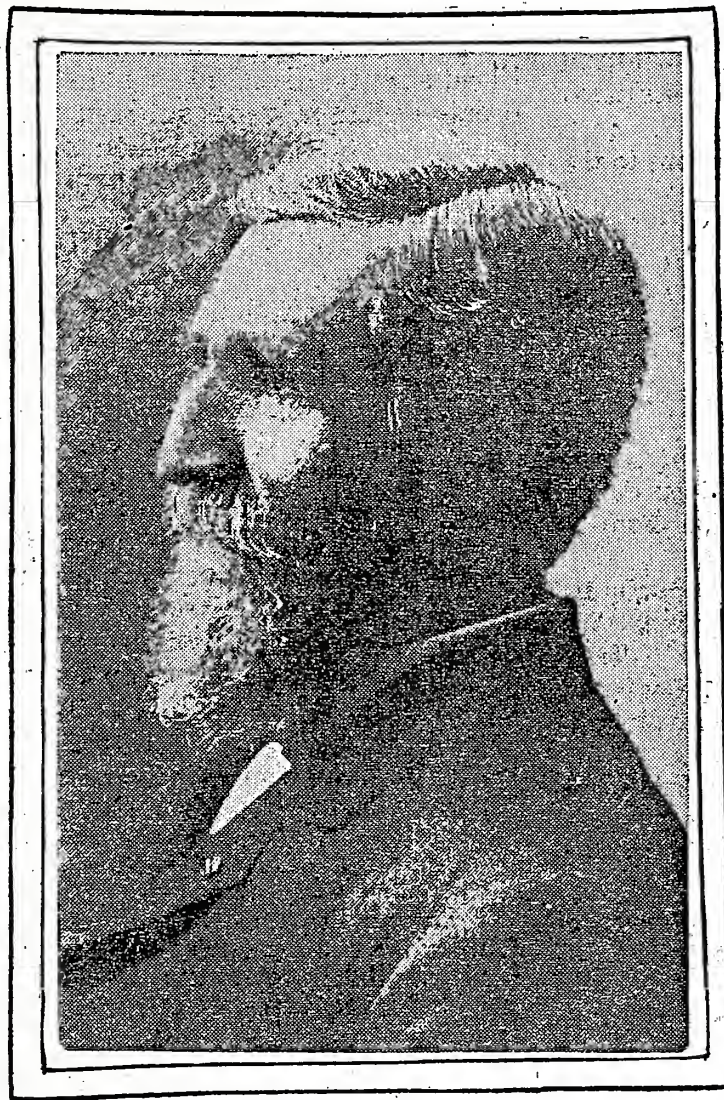
“That evening,” says Dr. Maynard, referring to the night of April 14, 1865, “I went to Ford’s. As everybody knows the play was ‘Our American Cousin.’ My seat was in the first gallery, on a level with and in full view of the upper right-hand box, which was reserved for President Lincoln and his party.

“The occasion was an unusual one. The war had come to be regarded as an interminable conflict, something which would always engulf this country. Those in the theater that night were giving vent to perhaps their first real enthusiasm that the war had actually ended. It was to be a gala night. An atmosphere of festivity pervaded the place. Also, it was Laura Keane’s benefit.

“Naturally, it was a patriotic performance. I still have a small scrap of paper on which I wrote the musical program. ‘The Star Spangled Banner,’ ‘Red, White and Blue’ and ‘Marching Along’ were played, while the entire company was to have sung ‘Honor to Our Soldiers,’ a patriotic song of the times.

“The President and his party did not arrive before the curtain rose. It was during the dairy scene when they came in. Miss Hart, playing Georgiana, was telling an American joke to Mr. Emerson, taking the part of Dundreary, and he failed to catch the point. Twice she said to him: ‘Why can’t you see it?’ And he replied: ‘No, I can’t see it.’ At this moment the presidential party entered, passing around the south side of the gallery to enter the box. The play was suspended until President Lincoln was seated, the audience having risen with one accord and cheered enthusiastically. After some time Georgiana said, with emphasis: ‘Well, everybody can see that,’ and Dundreary drawled: ‘They ought to see it, you know.’

“It was about 10:30 when the pistol shot which sent the bullet at Lincoln was fired. Booth suddenly slid down from the front of the box onto the stage and rushed diagonally across, disappearing. He caught his foot in



GEORGE C. MAYNARD.

the flag decoration and made some exclamation which I did not understand, but no such dramatic speech as has popularly been accredited to him. Had

he done anything of that kind I believe he would have been mobbed before he could have escaped. As it was, J. H. Stewart, a man of athletic build, sprang

onto the stage and was after Booth immediately.

“There was no panic such as a fire would have caused. The entire audience was stunned, the real significance of the tragedy coming only after several minutes. The theater people swarmed upon the stage. An officer in military uniform managed to get to the President by climbing up from the stage into the box, the door having been barred. Laura Keane came quickly through the gallery with a pitcher of water, lending an odd note to the scene with her costume and make-up. The door of the box by this time was opened and she entered.

“Intense excitement reigned, yet no lack of self-control. There seemed to be a desire to lend whatever assistance was possible, while the air was electrical with a spirit of vengeance against Booth for the crime just committed. Several people climbed over seats, I myself helping one lady thus in making her exit. Some seats were broken. Yet, withal, the people left the theater slowly and quietly. It was about ten minutes before the President was removed, followed by Mrs. Lincoln supported by two gentlemen. A crowd of people filled 10th street.

“At that time I was a member of the military telegraph corps of the War Department, being a cipher operator. I rushed to the office. Persons I met on the way were ignorant of the tragedy. At the office the news had been learned, but no details, and D. H. Bates, manager of the office, asked for particulars.

“A full force of telegraphers spent the night in the office, sending out reports of the President’s condition. It was 3 o’clock on the following morning before I left for my lodgings. I walked along G street. The morning was rainy, raw and cheerless. Between 13th and 14th streets, almost in front of Epiphany Church, I met a small squad of cavalry, accompanied by a few military officers and civilians on foot. The band was proceeding quietly and with an evident desire to avoid public notice. They were escorting the President’s body to the White House.

“There is one other memory of that time of sorrow which I retain vividly. On the morning the President’s body began the journey to Springfield it was warm, bright and altogether a day best suited to rejoicing, yet all Washington had come down town to see the funeral procession. Processions, normally, are stretched out, but this one was made as compact as possible. In the front went a detachment of cavalry, wedge shaped. Very slowly they proceeded, making their way steadily into the crowds which swarmed the streets, forcing them silently back to the curb. Carriages containing officials, instead of going single file, went three and four abreast. The horses’ footfalls were the loudest sounds, while sobs punctuated the stillness of the watching multitude.”

# That Evening at Ford's

By DR. GEORGE C. MAYNARD

"An eyewitness of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln!" is a phrase that even fifty-odd years has failed to strip of interest. In an office of the old National Museum building at Washington for many years was George C. Maynard, curator of technology. Dr. Maynard, who died about three years ago, often told of that fateful night at Ford's theater in April, 1865. This is his story:

**T**HAT evening (April 14, 1865) I went to Ford's. As everybody knows, the play was "Our American Cousin." My seat was in the first gallery, on a level with and in full view of the upper right-hand box, which was reserved for President Lincoln and his party.

The occasion was an unusual one. The war had come to be regarded as an interminable conflict, something which would always engulf this country. Those in the theater that night were giving vent to perhaps their first real enthusiasm that the war had actually ended. It was to be a gala night. An atmosphere of festivity pervaded the place. Also, it was Laura Keane's benefit.

Naturally, it was a patriotic performance. I still have a small scrap of paper on which I wrote the musical program. "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Red, White and Blue," and "Marching Along" were played, while the entire company was to have sung "Honor to Our Soldiers," a patriotic song of the times.

The President and his party did not arrive before the curtain rose. It was during the dairy scene when they came in. Miss Hart, playing Georgiana, was telling an American joke to Mr. Emerson, taking the part of Dundreary, and he failed to catch the point. Twice she said to him: "Why, can't you see it?" And he replied: "No, I can't see it." At this moment the Presidential party entered, passing around the south side of the gallery to enter the box. The play was suspended until President Lincoln was seated, the audience having risen with one accord and cheered enthusiastically. After some time Georgiana said, with emphasis: "Well, everybody can see that," and Dundreary drawled: "They ought to see it, you know."

It was about 10:30 when the pistol shot which sent the bullet at Lincoln was fired. Booth suddenly slid down from the front of the box onto the stage and rushed diagonally across, disappearing. He caught his foot in the flag decorations and made some exclamation which I did not understand, but no such dramatic speech as has popularly been accredited to him. Had he done anything of that kind I believe he would have been mobbed before he could have escaped. As it was, J. B. Steward, a man of athletic build, sprang onto the stage and was after Booth immediately.

There was no panic, such as a fire would

have caused. The entire audience was stunned, the real significance of the tragedy coming only after several minutes. The theater people swarmed upon the stage. An officer in military uniform managed to get to the President by climbing up from the stage into the box, the door having been barred. Laura Keane came quickly through the gallery with a pitcher of water, lending an odd note to the scene with her costume and make-up. The door of the box by this time was opened and she entered.

Intense excitement reigned, yet no lack of self-control. There seemed to be a desire to lend whatever assistance was possible, while the air was electrical with a spirit of vengeance against Booth for the crime just committed. Several people climbed over seats, I myself helping one lady thus in making her exit. Some seats were broken. Yet, withal, the people left the theater slowly and quietly. It was about ten minutes before the President was removed, followed by Mrs. Lincoln supported by two gentlemen. A crowd of people filled Tenth street.

At that time I was a member of the military telegraph corps of the War department, being a cipher operator. I rushed to the office. Persons I met on the way were ignorant of the tragedy. At the office the news had been learned, but no details, and D. H. Bates, manager of the office, asked for particulars.

A full force of telegraphers spent the night in the office, sending out reports of the President's condition. It was eight o'clock on the following morning before I left for my lodgings. I walked along Q street. The morning was rainy, raw and cheerless. Between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, almost in front of Epiphany church, I met a small squad of cavalry, accompanied by a few military officers and civilians on foot. The band was proceeding quietly and with an evident desire to avoid public notice. They were escorting the President's body to the White House.

There is one other memory of that time of sorrow which I retain vividly. On the morning the President's body began the journey to Springfield it was warm, bright and altogether a day best suited to rejoicing, yet all Washington had come down town to see the funeral procession. Processions, normally, are stretched out, but this one was made as compact as possible. In the front went a detachment of cavalry, wedge shaped. Very slowly they proceeded, making their way steadily into the crowds which swarmed the streets, forcing them silently back to the curb. Carriages containing officials, instead of going single file, went three and four abreast. The horses' footfalls were the loudest sounds, while sobs punctuated the stillness of the watching multitude.

# LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

MAGGIE MITCHELL, ACTRESS,  
TELLS WONDROUS AND  
WIERD TALE.

How She Saw Wilkes Booth in a Remarkable Dream Assassinate Lincoln the Night the Terrible Tragedy Occurred.

The sight of so much black everywhere in this gay city recalls a wondrous story related to me away down in Texas toward the close of the year 1866. The memory of the awful tragedy of the assassination of Lincoln was then fresh in the minds of the people. Every word of gossip or history relating to it was eagerly seized and devoured by the gaping multitudes.

The story ran in this wise: That after the death of Wilkes Booth, while the body lay under guard and covered with an old tarpaulin, his affianced lover, like a poor wounded thing, hiding from every human eye and fretting her life away in hopeless grief, suddenly conceived the idea that there might be some mistake and that her lover was not dead.

She then sent for Maggie Mitchell, and besought her to go to the place where the body lay and bring her some proof of his identity. The story said that the distinguished lady approached the trestle on which the body lay, and by her wonderful fascination so won upon the guard that he allowed her to clip a lock of his hair without raising the tarpaulin; that she did so and discovered that the lock that was clipped was not the hair of Wilkes Booth.

Remembering all these wild stories and many others recalled by the sad surroundings, I determined to go down to the Hotel Grand, where Mrs. Maggie Mitchell Paddock is now boarding during a highly successful engagement in this city, and seek an interview with the charming little lady, and ascertain the facts about this story.

I sent up my card to Mr. and Mrs. Paddock, and was invited up to one of the parlors of the Grand. Taking my seat, very soon I heard the sprightly steps of the lady, those fairy like footfalls that have charmed the hearts and gladdened the sight of so many thousands throughout the length and breadth of this land. She advanced to meet me with the cordially that characterizes her. In a few moments we were at ease and conversing about Louisville and its people. I heard with pleasure her expressions of deep regret for our city and the pleasure it always gives her to appear before so appreciative an audience.

She is as bright and piquant as ever, and in private is even more attractive than on the stage. Her delicate features, bright, earnest eyes, and those indescribable expressions that play about the lips like sunbeams on roses, are inexpressibly charming and attractive. She has the rare power of drawing every one to her, and nine times out of ten every one is willing to be drawn.

In a few words I told her the old story I had heard away down in Texas, long, long ago; and a shade of melancholy came over the bright face as I mentioned the sad details. She shook her head and said: "There

is no foundation in fact for the story as told to you. John Wilkes Booth was an intimate friend of my family and of myself. But I was not at Washington when the fearful tragedy occurred, I was at St. Louis then, stopping at the Lindell hotel, as I well remember from a dream, a most remarkable dream, I had the very night of the tragedy. I will tell it to you presently. The story about the lock of hair must have originated in this wise. After John's body—we all call him John—was disinterred and taken to his father's burial lot in Baltimore, Miss Anna Ford, another intimate friend of John, was solicited to get a lock of his hair. She did so, and with her own hands clipped from his head a little lock of his beautiful hair and gave it to me. It was his hair beyond a doubt. No one ever had more beautiful hair than he. 'Twas the loveliest hair in the world."

"Was he very handsome and agreeable man, Mrs. Paddock?" I asked.

"Oh, very, indeed," she replied; "he was a delightful companion through his great attainments and intellectual superiority. He was a splendid horseman and rode with ease and grace. Being fond of the exercise myself, I was often out with him on horseback."

"Then you have no doubt that it was really John Wilkes Booth who was killed?" I asked.

"Oh, dear no; not the shadow of a doubt. It is true. The lock of hair clipped from his head by Miss Anna Ford and given to me, I sent to his mother, poor woman, who was grieving for his untimely end. It was much as a woman's life was worth in those days to have had an intimate friendship and acquaintance with him, but I braved all this and secured the lock of hair and gave it to his mother.

"I will now tell you about my dream at St. Louis the night of the tragedy, good Friday. I had been playing there, and was stopping at the Lindell.

"I dreamed on that night that I saw John Wilkes Booth leap from the private box of the president at Ford's theater to the stage. He was dressed as usual, with inimitable taste and neatness. He wore a short Spanish cloak, lined with crimson satin. As he leaped on the stage from the box, hurriedly and excitedly, his cloak flew open and disclosed a little white poodle dog under his arm. He ran past me and made his exit by the identical door through which he did actually escape after committing the horrid deed.

"I was telling this dream next morning to my sister Mary and a party of select friends while eating our breakfast. I was engaged in telling my dream, and before getting through with the remarkable details the head waiter came up to us with a seared look on his face.

"We were interrupted by his asking if we had heard the bad news. He then said that President Lincoln had been shot the night before; and in less than ten minutes we were all electrified with the astounding news that the assassin was John Wilkes Booth, about whom we were talking when the head waiter first interrupted our chat at the table. It made a lasting impression on me. I have often told it to my friends, and it is strange that it has never got into the papers, because every one who heard me telling my dream, before we heard the news from Washington, considered it remarkable and wondrous from its astounding coincidents."

"Are you superstitious, Mrs. Paddock?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, she is a little so," interrupted Mr. Paddock, her husband.

"I don't blame her with such an experience as that," I replied.

Thanking Mrs. Paddock for the entertainment she had given me, I bowed myself out of her gracious presence, and was soon in the whirling, moving masses out on the streets.

—Cincinnati Correspondence of the Courier-Journal, July 1, 1882.

Mitchell,  
Maggie

# St. Paul Woman Recalls Meeting Lincoln and Assassin on Fatal Day



MRS. A. P. MOSS.

*1 March Review*  
*2-12-29*  
**Mrs. A. P. Moss Danced at  
War President's Second  
Inaugural Ball.**

Mrs. A. P. Moss, who still has the little dancing slippers she wore at the White House at the brilliant second inaugural ball in Abraham Lincoln's administration, and who a few weeks later, April 14, 1865, the last day of Lincoln's life, shook hands with both him and the man who a few hours later was his assassin—John Wilkes Booth—will observe Lincoln's birthday today, but in a way very different from her custom.

She will not put on her Civil war-time silk dress, with its wide skirt and its embroidered and fringed mantilla. She will not wear her lace and silk Victorian bonnet. She will tell stories of the martyred President, but she will tell them from a chair in the hospital room at the Home for the Friendless, her home for the past nine years.

**Elbow Broken in Fall.**

It was only a couple of weeks ago that Mrs. Moss got out of St. Luke's hospital after being there from the Sunday after Thanksgiving. On that day as she was about to go into the House of Hope church, she fell on the icy sidewalk. She is 88 years old. She sat through the entire service with her right elbow broken. At the end of the service, when friends, as they always do, came up to greet

her, she said, "I fell, and I don't just feel very well."

She was taken in an automobile to the Home for the Friendless, and from there to the hospital.

So she is not accepting any invitations out, this Lincoln's birthday; but it will be as big a day for her as it always has been because of its cherished associations.

Her meeting with Lincoln on the day of his death came about through a visit she and her husband made to the White House conservatory. They knew the head gardener and were invited by him to visit the green-houses and especially to see a lemon tree that had borne fruit. While there they came on Lincoln, among his flowers. He talked with them and gave Mrs. Moss a lemon from the tree.

**Met Booth at Theater.**

Later Mrs. Moss, who had a relative in theatrical work, happened to be at the Ford theater. There she met and talked with John Wilkes Booth. Her assumption is that at that moment the actor was trying to learn which of two theaters Lincoln was going to accept an invitation to attend that night.

The women of the Pioneer Civic League, of which Mrs. Moss is a charter member, will have a luncheon party today at the home of Mrs. C. C. Woods, 1226 Hague avenue. Mrs. Moss, though absent, will be the "guest" of honor, and the women will write cards at the luncheon which will be taken to her.

*St. Paul Press,*  
*2-12-29*  
*(on 2-11)*

## Ex-Actress Recalls Lincoln As 100th Birthday Nears

PHOENIX, Ariz., Feb. 12 (AP) — Mrs. Edwin Wight who, as a member of a stock company, was entertaining troops at Nashville when an officer announced the assassination of President Lincoln, will round out a century of living next Friday.

Mrs. Wight, a singer and dancer whose stage name was Carrie Novarre, had been entertaining American audiences a decade when Lincoln was killed.

She will observe her 100th birthday by receiving her hundreds of friends at a tea between the hours of 2 and 4 p. m.

Mrs. Wight spent 42 years behind the footlights, first as a chorus girl and then as a singing soubrette whose pleasing contralto won widespread recognition.

Born Mary Ann Swisher near Steamboat Landing, Ark., February 18, 1838, she moved to Cincinnati at 15, at which time her father died. She took a job with a chorus the following year to support her mother.

In 1861, she married Edwin Wight, Shakespearean actor and manager of a stock company. During the Civil war she spent most of her time in Nashville with the Laura Keen company, entertaining troops.

Mrs. Wight also recalls sitting on the lake shore during the great Chicago fire, a wet sheet shielding her and her two small children from the heat of the blaze.

Three of her six children, a son and two daughters, will be with her on her birthday. Three sons are dead.

## INCOLN SHOOTING WITNESS SUCCUMBS

NEW YORK, March 31 (AP)—Emmanuel Obendorfer, who witnessed the shooting of Abraham Lincoln, died today at his home in West 144th street. He was 87 years old.

Until five weeks ago, when he became ill, Mr. Obendorfer was head of the Obendorfer Spring Bed Manufacturing Co. in New Haven, Conn. Mr. Obendorfer was in Washington on business at the time of Lincoln's assassination in Ford's theater. He witnessed the shooting from a seat in the orchestra.

The 3 articles of people who  
saw Lincoln are from unknown  
sources.

The two old looking ones were  
taken from a scrapbook of one of  
the soldiers of the 24th Michigan  
Infantry whose name escapes me  
at the moment. I made copies  
from the originals.

Mary Kalamas  
J







# A Clerical Link With the Lincoln Tragedy

THE forty-fourth anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln occurs this week, and so swiftly do actors pass from the scene of history, so swiftly do the audiences change who witness the human drama, that already those surviving, who were men at the outbreak of the Civil War, are on the eve of their allotted threescore years and ten; and those who passed through those bitter days with their manhood full upon them, during which the world recoiled in horror from the tragedy of Ford's Theater, are rated old men by the generation that is now in its prime.

The story has often been told of the mingled grief and blazing wrath with which the great cities of the North received the news of the murder of the man who had already been recognized as the national hero, the type of the unflinching patriot to whose devotion the Union owed its unity, so recently assured.

But it has remained for a modest clergyman of the town of Newville, between Harrisburg and Chambersburg—the Rev. W. O. Owens—to picture the mingling of passions that stirred the countryside, in the very heart of the North which had been most war-torn, when the news of Booth's crime was realized in the fulness of its fearful import.

THE Rev. Mr. Owens, a retired Baptist clergyman now, was pastor then of the Church of God, at Newville. The recollections he writes of the scenes attending the receipt of the news of Lincoln's death and of the sermon which he, like hundreds of other clergymen at the time, preached on that occa-

sion of national mourning, must come to the new generation with a peculiar flavor of an age long past and, to the old, with a striking reminder of the most nerve-trying time in the nation's history.

"Cumberland Valley was the thoroughfare through which thousands of soldiers," he writes, "were rushed from Harrisburg to the front over the Cumberland Valley Railroad. The frequent sight of long trains of cars filled and covered with soldiers lustily cheering as they flew past our town, aroused the patriotism of many, and also the passions of not a few. The frequent drafts fell heavily on Newville and the surrounding country, awakening in certain quarters the most bitter opposition, bordering even on revolt, though the quotas were usually filled out.

### MINGLED PASSIONS

"The people could think, and speak, and write of nothing but armies, campaigns and battles. In all the disquiet and gloom of those times, we had not the moral support of a united sentiment. The social atmosphere was surcharged with a diversity of political prejudices. . . . The Breckenridge Democrats were the secessionists of the South and their sympathizers of the North.

"As 'copperheads,' their influence was felt in Newville as well as in other towns of the North. They denounced every draft and proclamation. They abused Mr. Lincoln as no President ever had been abused, calling him the most opprobrious names, such as 'baboon,' 'tyrant,' 'Nero fiddling while Rome was burning.'

"On the Monday night following General Lee's surrender to General Grant, on April 9, 1865, all the houses of Newville, with but few exceptions, were illuminated from top to bottom. I never saw such demonstrations of joy that the war was ended.

"The Friday night following, that of April 14, President Lincoln was assassinated. Some, no doubt, secretly rejoiced over the event; but all demonstra-

tions of such feelings were effectually quelled. I was told that, in Chambersburg, a 'copperhead' said: 'The rascal ought to have been killed long ago.' A soldier standing by shot him dead on the spot. A few drastic doses like that, though unlawful and indefensible, stopped all such talk.

"The next Sunday, I announced to my congregation that, on the following Sunday night I would preach a sermon on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The house was crowded. At one time during the delivery of the sermon imprecatory mutterings were heard in the crowd. A few sturdy men pitched the offenders out of the door. That restored quiet.

"It is impossible at this time of universal peace and good will to describe the feelings of the people over that tragic event. My sermon, however, was written in all the heat and excitement of those momentous times. Like the phonograph, it caught the people's feelings occasioned by the tragic death of their beloved President, and it shows to the present generation those feelings in all their original intensity."

Mr. Owens' text, from Samuel, xix, 2, was, "And the victory that day was turned into mourning."

There are still many thousands of Pennsylvanians who can recall the emotions with which they listened to similar sermons at the time, and how their hearts beat high in response to words like these, spoken in the town of Newville, nearly half a century ago:

### AN EXALTED EULOGY

"The same God who watched over us in the past will watch over us in the future if we remain true to our God and true to our nation. Our lamented President delivered us from the perils of treason only because he acted in accordance with the indications of Providence, and, although he is now dead, yet that God in whom he trusted is still living, and He can guide and strengthen his successor, as He guided and strengthened him.

"He is dead, but our great cause is still living. He who supposed that he could assassinate the nation when he assassinated the President, is most inexcusably ignorant of our national fabric. Our nation is not

[Incomplete]

## OLD LETTER SHOWS GRIEF FOR LINCOLN

Reflects Gloom of a Nation  
Stunned by Assassination and  
Fearful of Future

### FOUND IN HOUSE HERE

The pall of gloom which settled over the nation at the news of Lincoln's death is reflected in an old letter which has just come to light with the renovating of a dwelling at 1317 W. Girard av.

Workmen engaged in installing a new chimney tore down part of the east wall and uncovered the remains of an open fireplace and mantel.

Demolishing this, they came upon hidden letters addressed to Mrs. George Bonbright, some at a downtown address and some at 1317 W. Girard av.

The building is now occupied by a business firm and Max Sandler, the manager, found the mourning letter, written the day Lincoln died.

It was written in Rochester, Pa., by one Sue Powers. It follows, in part:

Rochester, Pa.,  
Saturday Afternoon,  
April 15, 1865

"My Dear Sister:—

This is writing day—but I know not how to write. A gloom of deep sadness over all our hearts today—there is but one subject fills our hearts. Our President is dead—it is a hard fact to believe—hard to realize.

"The news came upon us this morning with a great shock as it has upon the whole nation—dear 'old Abe'—after all his toil—his trials—first as peace dawns again upon our country—and he could have enjoyed the reward of his labors—he is struck down by an assassin's hand. It seems to me that it can not be that he is gone.

"Last Sunday, what a day of rejoicing to our nation—every loyal heart was jubilant, happy in the prospect of a speedy determination of all our national troubles. Tomorrow will be a day of sadness and mourning. And never was there such cause for a nation to mourn. Who can take the place of our great and loved Lincoln?

"But God is the great disposer of all events—To Him can safely be committed all our interests as a nation or as individuals. He will provide another leader for a while—Some of the 'copperheads' in our town have dared to express their satisfaction. Father heard an old gentleman this morning, on hearing the news say, 'I am glad'—Father says he jumped to his feet and gave him a few words—and some others had hard work to keep hands off. They should have arrested him at once.

"Aron and Father both seemed stunned by the news. I have heard them talk but little yet about it. Father thinks it will be a blessing if Seward is spared. It will be hard to find a man to fill his position.

"The word has just come that the man who took the life of the President has been caught—not much mercy will be shown him, I think.

"I presume business in the cities is suspended today.

"We heard the news of Lee's surrender on Monday morning. Our

town made considerable demonstration in the evening, bells rang, cannons fired and houses illuminated. We had all our windows lit up.

"We have four letters from George this morning. He is joyous over the success of the Army. Won't the soldiers feel sad over the news today!"

# NEW LINCOLN FIGURE ALSO IN ALMHOUSE

Proctor, Present at Martyr's  
Death, Meets Deery, Old Friend  
of Booth, the Assassin.

*Times*  
TWO HAD NOT MET BEFORE

*Oct 21*  
Second Man, Once a Billiard Player,  
Courtied Sister of Girl the  
Actor Also Admired.

Thomas Proctor, the aged inmate of the City Home on Blackwell's Island who was present at the death bed of Lincoln, was brought face to face yesterday with John Deery, who says he was a friend of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln. Deery, several times winner of billiard honors, has been an inmate of the city almshouse since 1914, but it was not until yesterday that the two old men were brought together.

These two feeble old men going back across the intervening years broached the subject of Lincoln's assassination in the first words they exchanged. Deery, although several years the senior of Proctor, has a very nimble memory. He reconstructed many of the incidents on the eventful day and night of the tragedy in Ford's Theatre. Proctor listened attentively, now and then interposing a remark indicating the vivid pictures conjured up in his mind.

The meeting of these two lesser figures in one of the world's greatest tragedies was regarded as a remarkable coincidence by C. B. Cosgrove, Superintendent of the City Home. He said the records showed that Deery had been admitted in 1914. Mr. Cosgrove did not know of any way to substantiate the claim of Deery that he was a friend of John Wilkes Booth, but he placed confidence in the statements of the old man, because he has been able to confirm Deery in matters of ordinary occurrence. Mr. Cosgrove arranged for the meeting of these elderly inmates of the almshouse as a result of the interest aroused by the story of Proctor.

### Says He Was Billiard Champion.

The first claim made by Deery when admitted to the almshouse was checked up last night by THE NEW YORK TIMES. He represented himself as the "world's champion billiard player" when he sought asylum on Blackwell's Island, but his claims attracted no more attention than the general run of pretensions made by many of the men and women who pick a friendly haven in their declining years at the City Home.

Deery is well known by the old-time billiard players. Tom Gallagher said that he could vouch for Deery's championship claims. Deery, according to Gallagher, in the early '60s was one of the leading players and won a diamond cue. He played matches with Maurice Daly, who runs a billiard parlor at Fifteenth Street and Broadway. Later, when the title went to Louis Fox of Rochester, Deery challenged the champion and wrested the honors from Fox. It was said. The blow of defeat was so severe that Fox committed suicide.

Deery said that in 1865 he was the proprietor of a billiard parlor in Fourteenth Street, Washington. Previously he had met Booth in New York, and

Booth kept up the acquaintance wherever he was playing in the capital city. "Booth used to come in to my place and watch the matches that were played there," said Deery. "He was always interested in a good game, and games sometimes were interrupted when Booth insisted that we should all go out and get a drink. He had been drinking all day when he shot President Lincoln. I was in the theatre at the time. I remember distinctly how Booth looked as he leaped from the box of the President, and I can still see the spur on his boot, entangled in the drapery of the box."

### Knew Booth Intimately.

Deery said that he and Booth spent weeks at a time together. Indeed, so close was their companionship that they were attentive to two sisters in Washington. Deery said that the name of the young woman to whom he had laid court was Mollie Turner, but he did not recall that of her sister.

Thomas Proctor spent one of the happiest days of his life yesterday. He was the centre of attention for a dozen newspaper photographers and moving picture cameramen. He good-naturedly posed until he was almost exhausted, then Superintendent Cosgrove led him away to his quarters, where the old man dropped off to sleep like a tired child.

In a letter to THE TIMES yesterday, John Musser, assistant professor of history in New York University, said that he met Proctor in Bedford, Pa., twenty years ago. Professor Musser was of high school age, and Proctor a practicing lawyer who had gone to Bedford to settle an estate.

"At this time," said Professor Musser, "he was in the fullest health, mentally and physically able to carry on his profession, to work on the grounds of the property, or to walk miles through the woods and fields."

"After I had known him about a year, and he realized my interest in the events of the Civil War, he talked freely of his life in wartime, and finally told me the story that Mr. Daly has related, and the details of which THE TIMES reporters have collected. The account he told me varied in no particulars except that I am under the impression that he said he was 19 instead of 17 at the time and that he then looked older than he was."

# STORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DEATH.

Thomas Proctor, of Brooklyn, One of Two Survivors of the Little Group that Witnessed the Martyr's End—Story of the Stolen Gold Pieces a Fabrication — Coins Used Were New Pennies.

(From the Springfield, Mass., Republican.)

5.17.1914  
**P**RESIDENT Lincoln was shot April 14, 1865, and died the following day—49 years ago. The anniversary has brought its annual addition to the newspaper history, more or less authentic, of the events of that stirring and critical episode. There are but two survivors of the little group that stood beside Lincoln's bedside when the end came. One of these men is Henry S. Safford, of this city, and the other is Thomas Proctor, lawyer and naturalist, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who occupied the apartment with him in the house where Lincoln died. Mr. Safford's recollections of the two April days have been given to Republican readers, and there will be unusual interest in the interview with Mr. Proctor, which the New York Times has printed. The two men had not met nor conferred regarding the tragic incident since it occurred, but Mr. Safford testified that Mr. Proctor's recollections are in complete accord with his own, and incidentally somewhat at variance with others related by people who could not have had the opportunity which these two young men had to know the facts. The interview with Mr. Proctor as it appeared in the Times was as follows:

"Yes," said Thomas Proctor, the Brooklyn lawyer and naturalist, "anything that has any reference to Lincoln always brings to my mind the night he was shot, and his death, of which I was one of the few eyewitnesses. There are some few things about that time which I should like to see straightened out, especially many misstatements that have been made.

"I recall that night and everything that happened with perfect distinctness. I was a young man, living in Washington, and connected with the war department, and when I found that a great tragedy had been brought right to my door I knew that I was in the center of a big historical event. If I should get out my notebook of that time I could tell you everything that occurred in detail, and almost to the minute.

"I was attending a meeting of an organization known as the 'Mosaic' that evening. It was literary in its nature, and was started by a number of southern women, most of whom had members of their families in the southern army. Such men as belonged to the families who were in Washington attended, and there were a few outsiders who were invited. I was one of the two or three northern men.

"The meeting of the Mosaic that Good Friday night in 1865 was at the house of Philip Y. Fendall in Judiciary square. At the close of the evening usually a Virginia reel was danced. There was always some discussion about this. The women with interests in the south were not in the mood for festivities in those days; they did not go to the theater; they did not give entertainments; they dressed chiefly in black, and they did not like even the mild festivities of a Virginia reel. But the dancers usually carried the day, as they had that evening.

"I was talking with Miss Mary Fendall, the eldest daughter of the house. Her father was an invalid, and she devoted herself to him, and that was the first time I had met her. It was reported among her friends that Thackeray had said of her, when he was in this country, that she was the wittiest woman he had met in America; so I was delighted to have the opportunity of talking with her. We were standing near the door of the parlor leading into the front

hall when her brother, Reginald Fendall, entered the house and said to me, as the first person he met, in a low, excited voice. 'The president is shot!'

"How much shot?" I asked. I remember the quick, awkward expression I used.

"'Killed probably,' he answered. 'He did not intend to be overheard, but those near caught his words, there was much excitement, and the company broke up immediately, and I started for home. The streets were filled with people, some talking in loud tones and others whispering together.

"When I came to my street at the corner of the block below the house where I lived I found a cordon of soldiers, and it was with some difficulty that I obtained permission to pass. When I came to the house, which was just opposite Ford's theater, I found the stoop in possession of an officer and a guard of soldiers, who refused to allow me to pass. I was endeavoring to make them understand that I lived there when Henry S. Safford, who occupied a suite of rooms with me in the house, came to the door and told me to be quiet as the president was inside. That was the first I knew of it. That also established my identity, and I was allowed to enter.

"The president was on the bed in a small room on the first floor at the end of the hall. I went down through the basement and through a back door into the yard and up a pair of rear stairs and through a small room in the back of the house over the extension, and entered by the rear door the room in which the president was lying.

"It was a small bed, too short for so tall a man, and he was lying crosswise, with his head at the front toward the door. He was lying on his right side, with the wound in his head in full view, and the surgeon was probing it with his finger when I entered. The room was almost, it not entirely, filled with prominent men of the nation. Charles Sumner stood at the head of the bed, with Robert Lincoln leaning on his shoulder weeping. Mr. Welles, the secretary of the navy, sat in a rocking chair, and when I came in he was asleep. He was an old man, there had been a great deal of excitement, and I suppose he was worn out. There were Safford, the 'Clerk' brothers and other inmates of the house standing in the doorway.

"Mr. Stanton, who came into the room at intervals during the night, was busy in the back parlor receiving dispatches and dictating answers to a stenographer. That stenographer was the man since so well known as Corporal Tanner. He then lived next door, and Safford, who knew everyone, had recommended him as a stenographer.

"Mrs. Lincoln, laboring under great stress of emotion, was brought in two or three times after I came in by two women who were with her. She remained only a short time, calling to her husband to speak to her, and then was taken away upstairs again. The women while in the house remained in the suite of rooms belonging to Safford and myself.

"There was a large front parlor or library with sleeping rooms at the rear. I have heard a great many different versions of the story, but it was due to Safford that the president was brought into the house. He was sitting at the window of the parlor when he saw the excitement outside. They were taking the president to the nearest place that seemed open, when he called to them to bring him into the house.

"With the expectation of a short time when I went into a rear room and lay down for half an hour, I was in the room with the president all night. I was there when the breathing which had been so labored that it could be heard through the house gradually modulated, and in the morning when the physicians, who had his finger on the pulse, said: 'The pulse has ceased to beat!'

"An interesting but untrue story about the gold pieces that were placed on the president's eyes and afterward stolen has been written by a prominent man. I know the story of those 'gold pieces.' After the president had ceased to breathe the doctor put his hand in his pocket and brought out four new, shiny 2-cent pieces.

Two of these he put on each of the eyes to close them. Everyone left the room then except two attendants, and after a time the coins were removed and placed carelessly on a table near the hair which had been cut from the president's head around the wound.

"After the body had been taken away I took the four coins, which were blood-stained from the fingers of the physician; the hair, which gathered together made a good sized lock, and one of the blood-stained pillow slips from the bed. One of the coins I gave to Safford, another to William T. Clark, another occupant of the house, in whose room and on whose bed the president died. He had chanced to be absent that night. The other two coins, the most stained, I kept myself.

"That disposes of the question of the stolen gold pieces. The story was nonsensical on its face, for everyone who knew the times knows that the doctor would not carry gold pieces around in his pockets, that they were only to be seen as curiosities in brokers' windows. My two coins were eventually lost. I don't know how. The stains wore off, and they may have been spent or I may have thrown them at something. I did use coins that way frequently. We didn't think much of fractional copper currency in those days.

"It was a prominent official in Washington who, writing of Lincoln's death, said: 'He died in the house of a sordid rebel, who stole the gold pieces from his eyes.' I must have been that sordid rebel who took the 2-cent pieces.

"The politics of poor old Mr. Peterson, who owned the house, consisted in an intense admiration for Andrew Johnson. Peterson was a merchant tailor, and Johnson used to drop into his place to see the men work and tell about his own experiences as a tailor. Because he had been a tailor and had risen to a high position, Peterson considered him a great man. That was about all the politics he had.

"There have been various stories told also to the effect that the room in which Mr. Lincoln died had been occupied by his slayer, John Wilkes Booth, for some time prior to the act. The room had been occupied by Mr. Clark for many months. I knew him well, and he was a friend of Mr. Safford's. Before that the room had been occupied by an actor named Matthews, and it is possible that Booth might have visited him, though I think I should have heard of it if it had been so.

"The pillow slip, which was very much stained, I have now, or a great portion of it. The lock of hair I thought I had until at one time I visited Peoria, Ill., when I met a bright woman, Mrs. Brotherson, the wife of an ex-mayor of the city and a poet who wrote the poems for the city celebrations. Peoria was the seat of the great Lincoln and Douglas debates, and Mrs. Brotherson was an ardent admirer of Lincoln. I promised to send her the hair. But when I went to get it I found that all but a few hairs had been destroyed by insects, and nothing but the blue ribbon with which I had tied it was left.

"There was only one reliable picture of the scene of Lincoln's death made. That was made by a Mr. Berghaus, of New York, for an illustrated weekly of this city. He went to the room and made a very accurate sketch of it, even to Clark's picture on the wall, and we gave him a careful description of everything that

took place and the people present. I know that was the only picture, for though Safford and Clark left the house and city not very long after, I remained for more than a year, and no one else came to see the room or to ask particulars. We gave Berghaus a certificate as to the correctness of his picture."

J WRIGHT

Proctor,  
Thomas

# OLD LETTER PROVES LINCOLN STORY TRUE

Man Who Lived Where President Died Said Cut Showing Proctor Was Accurate.

MORE DETAILS DISCLOSED

Niece of Man Who Directed Drawing of Death Scene Recalls Incidents Told by Uncle.

Further evidence that Thomas Proctor, an aged inmate of the City Hall on Blackwells Island, was present at the death of Abraham Lincoln came to light yesterday in a stream of published and unpublished historical material brought to the surface by the interest in the Proctor story.

It remained in doubt whether Lincoln died on Proctor's bed, because of indications that the occupant of the bed had been William Tilton Clark, a young Massachusetts soldier. Old letters which were searched to prove that the bed was Clark's resulted, however, in establishing, on the authority of Clark himself, that Proctor was present at the deathbed.

A letter of Clark to his sister, written four days after the death of Lincoln, told how he was busy helping Berghaus, the engraver of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, to make an accurate picture of the deathbed scene. This woodcut, which was printed on April 29, 1865, and reproduced in The New York Times last Sunday morning, pictured Proctor standing near the center of the group beside the bed, and gave his name. Both Proctor and Clark signed a statement printed in the same issue of Leslie's vouching for the accuracy of the picture.

In one of Clark's letters he said that he was "engaged nearly all Sunday (April 16, 1865, the day after Lincoln died) with one of Frank Leslie's speckled artists, aiding him in making a complete drawing of the last moments of Mr. Lincoln, as I know the position of every one present." Further in the letter he said that the artist "succeeded in executing a fine sketch, which will appear in their paper."

Clark does not appear in this woodcut, but Proctor is one of the conspicuous figures. It is apparent that Proctor and Clark were good friends and agreed as to their parts in this memorable scene, but the death of the one and the failing mind of the other leaves still open the question of possession of the bed.

Clark's Niece Tells Story.

Most of the information regarding Clark was furnished yesterday by his niece, Mrs. Maud Wright O'Leary of Wellesley Hills, Mass., who wrote as follows:

Wellesley, Mass., Oct. 1, 1921.

"To the Editor of The New York Times: In your issue of October 1, 1921, you have a long article about a Mr. Proctor who loaned his room and bed to President Lincoln in his dying hours. You have been misinformed, and I hasten to tell you the facts as they have been the most treasured bit of history in my family all my life.

"My mother's brother, William Tilton Clark of Boston, was in the Thirteenth Massachusetts Regiment of infantry and fought through thirteen battles of the Civil War. At the close of the war he was engaged in the War Department as a clerk, on account of his very beautiful handwriting. He roomed in a small single room on the main floor of the house

opposite Ford's Theatre. The house is now a Government museum devoted to Lincoln exhibits.

"On the night of the assassination he was smoking on the doorstep as President Lincoln was brought from the theatre, and, in answer to a request as to where he could be cared for, called them to his room. Mr. Proctor doubtless did live in the house at the time, but, as he says, on the floor above, probably.

"As a child we had many interesting and tragic reminders of that fearful night, among them a piece of lace which fell from Mrs. Lincoln's cap or neck; the knife used to spread the plaster which formed the death mask; the candle end which the surgeons used in searching for the bullet, and a piece of the pillow case with the fearful blood-stains.

"I have one letter written from my uncle at the time in question in which he says he spent all Sunday morning with Frank Leslie's artists (my uncle was also an artist), helping them to make their famous picture, as he knew just where each person sat or stood about the bed. A later letter says:

"The same pillow is under my head and the same coverlet covers me at night that covered the dying President."

"At the time Miss Ida Tarbell was writing her 'Life of Lincoln,' she wrote several letters to my father, or saw him personally, I forget which, in regard to the occupant of that room, and, if I am not very much mistaken, has given my uncle's name of William J. Clark as the occupant of that room in her book. This Mr. Proctor is a very old man and 'forgets,' as you say.

"William T. Clark died nearly forty years ago. I think this is the second or third time some member of his family has had to write a letter of this sort. Mr. Oldroyd told me some years ago that 'about a dozen men had claimed that room,' but when my father, Henry Estes Wright of Boston, called to see him with the letters and the relics of that sad occasion, he was convinced at last that he had found out who the real occupant of that room was. Please correct this error in your paper, but please also remember that I do not say Mr. Proctor was not a roomer in that house at that time. There were probably several young men rooming there, and W. T. Clark was the one who gave up his bed to the martyred President. Very truly yours,

(Mrs.) MAUD WRIGHT O'LEARY,  
Wellesley Hills, Mass."

Old Friend Recalls Details.

Timothy Daly of Brooklyn, who made public the fact that the aged man on Blackwells Island was one of the few who had seen Lincoln die, said yesterday that a false impression of Proctor's age was responsible for one of the attacks on his story.

"I see that Mrs. Pauline Louise Wenzing of Baltimore says that Lincoln died in her bed," he said, "and that Proctor could not have been there, because no one so young as that was allowed, even President Lincoln's younger son, Tad, being excluded. The fact is that Proctor was 22 or 23 years old at the time. Proctor may have said that he thought he was about 17 years old, but his memory had failed him on that point.

"The fault which is found with his story is all based on mistaken memories of the matter. The woodcut and signed statement in Leslie's is absolute confirmation of his story as he told it years ago. There is another picture in existence which still further verifies it. This is a picture on Page 505 of Chapman's 'The Latest Light on Abraham Lincoln.' The faces are all shown very clearly and that of Proctor is distinctly recognizable. I have a picture of Proctor taken twenty-five

years ago, and no one could doubt for a minute that it is the same man."

One of the difficulties in reconciling the various accounts of Lincoln's death is that all agree that the room was very small and all put a large number of persons in it at the death scene. A diagram prepared in 1865 by Major Rockwell named twenty persons and said that there were about eight others present. This was explained by the account of James Tanner of Washington, a stenographer, who was called in to the Peterson house where Lincoln died and who described what happened in a statement in 1920 to the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. Tanner said that some hours after Lincoln was shot a man ran out from Peterson's house and called to the crowd, asking for any one who knew shorthand to present himself. Tanner responded. He said that witness after witness was called, who, trembling and half-stupefied, gave rather unsatisfactory accounts of the shooting, even being vague in their identification of Booth as the assassin.

Mr. Tanner said that, when the surgeon announced that Lincoln was dead, the Rev. Dr. Gurley, in a shaking voice, began a prayer. In his agitation, Mr. Tanner broke the point of his pencil and failed to take the words of that historic petition. Immediately after the prayer, he said, Stanton uttered the historic phrase, which Tanner rendered "He belongs to the ages now."

LETTER BEARS OUT CLAIM.

Missive by Clark Testifies Cut in Leslie's Was Correct.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—Two framed documents hanging on the walls of the historic room in the house at 516 Tenth Street, N. W., where Lincoln died, tend strongly to substantiate the claim that Thomas Proctor was present at the death of the President. One is the framed original of the double page woodcut of the deathbed scene in which one man is named, "Mr. Proctor." The other is a framed copy of the letter of William T. Clark, saying that he had furnished the artist with the facts from which the sketch was made.

In the Clark letter, dated April 19, 1865, and addressed to "Dear Sister Ida," the young soldier explained his absence from the woodcut as follows:

"He [the artist] wished to mention the name of all the pictures in the room, particularly the photograph of yourself, Clara and Nannie, but I told him he must not do that, as they were members of my family and I did not wish them to be made so public. He also urged me to give him my picture, or at least allow him to take my sketch, but I could not see that either."

HAYMARKET 2421

## OWEN &amp; COMPANY

600 W. JACKSON BLVD.

CHICAGO, ILL.

March 6th 1939

Dr. Louis A. Warren,  
Lincoln National Life Insurance Co.,  
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Dear Dr. Warren:

I wonder if you have ever heard of a Thomas Proctor? Outside of the fact that I have heard he gave talks on the death of Lincoln I know nothing about him, nor have I been able to find anything.

The reason for wishing to find out something is apparent from the following letter I have;-

"187 Schermerhorn St.,  
Brooklyn Oct 3rd 1906

You request that I give you some writing authenticating the genuineness of the Lincoln relic I presented you some time ago. I am pleased to do so and most willingly take this opportunity to certify and declare that this relic, consisting of a small piece of cotton fabric, is a portion of the pillow slip upon which lay the head of Abraham Lincoln during his last hours upon earth, and until his great heart ceased to beat.

I was present in the room previous to, and at the moment of his death, and the pillow slip from which I clipped this piece was taken by me with a few other things as mementoes immediately after the removal of President Lincoln's body. The blood stains have lost their brightness, but can be distinguished even at this late day.

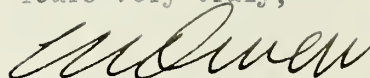
Very sincerely,  
(Signed) Thomas Proctor

To C. B. Wyckoff,  
Brooklyn, N.Y."

The item was in the Leland collection formerly, and I have always had some doubts about it. The recent article by Sandburg in the "Red Book" mentions the fact that there were at least more than one pillow used, which has caused me to either try to prove this "relic" either true or false. If you have any knowledge of Thomas Proctor I would appreciate knowing of it.

"Lincoln Lore" is getting better and better. The last few numbers have been exceptionally good. As a suggestion, why not devote a few numbers to the best known collections of Lincolniana, describing the collections and where they are.

Yours very truly,



March 9, 1939

Mr. C. M. Owen  
600 W. Jackson Blvd.  
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Mr. Owen:

Just back from a rather extended itinerary I found your letter with respect to the Proctor item on my desk.

I think it is accepted generally that Thomas Proctor was living in the room where Abraham Lincoln's body was taken after his assassination in Ford Theater. I find in my files several items relating to him and dated October 18, 1921 in which it states that he had at that time become a pauper in New York living in the New York City Home on Blackwell Island. Another clipping suggests that he was 17 years old and a clerk in the War Department rooming in the Bederen house and Lincoln's body was taken to his room.

We have had several requests recently for information about the room in which Lincoln died and it may be possible for us to cooperate in a Lincoln Lore story about the house and its inmates.

It would appear to me that you do have a genuine relic.

Very truly yours,

LAW:PW  
L.A. Warren

Director

## OWEN &amp; COMPANY

600 W. JACKSON BLVD.

CHICAGO, ILL.

March 11th 1939

Dr. Louis A. Warren,  
Lincoln National Life Foundation,  
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Dear Dr. Warren:

Thank you very much for your letter of the 9th in reference to Thomas Proctor. Up to the receipt of your letter and one other this man has been an elusive character, as there was nothing about him at either the Chicago Historical, the University of Chicago, and nothing shown in Poole's index.

You list October 18th as one of the dates of an article. Can you tell me what paper this and the other articles are from?

In case you are not already familiar with it, there were five articles in the New York Times dated October 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, 1921 giving a rather full account of Proctor and his connection with the death of Lincoln, which contain some very interesting reading. Also Leslie's Illustrated Weekly of April 29th 1865, which contains a woodcut showing and naming Proctor standing at the side of the bed. I also understand that Oldroyd had a letter written by Wm. T. Clark to his (Clark's) sister on Wednesday, April 19th, 1865, saying he was, "engaged nearly all Sunday (April 16th) with one of Frank Leslie's special artists in making a complete drawing of the last moments of Mr. Lincoln, as I know the position of everyone present."

This was the drawing which appeared in the issue of April 29th, which is attested to by an affidavit signed by Peterson, Clark, Proctor and two others.

I am certainly much obliged to you for your letter. I will attempt to get copies of the New York Times, and in case you have not seen the articles, and I succeed in getting them, I will be glad to send them to you for your perusal.

Yours very truly,



C. N. Owen.



Proctor, Thomas

March 14, 1939

Mr. C. N. Owen  
Owen & Company  
600 W. Jackson Blvd.  
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Mr. Owen:

One of the clippings is undated and unidentified although there is an indication that the International Photo Service did issue a photograph with the article but it was apparently detached.

The other clipping is from the Fresno Morning Republic, Tuesday, October 18, 1921 and it gives a picture of Thomas Proctor.

Somewhere in our files we have a more elaborate statement about him but our indexes do not seem to point us to the material. When we do find it, however, we will advise you.

Very truly yours,

LAW:FW  
L.A. Warren

Director

## Man Now Living Here Saw Assassination Of Lincoln

But for an erroneous report from a small New York town that the citizens of that community were to honor the only man yet alive who witnessed the assassination of Abraham Lincoln it might have remained unknown to Fort Wayne citizens that in their own city is another individual who was present in Ford's Theatre on the occasion of the shooting of the beloved President.

Charles H. Quimby, who resides at 1134 West Washington Boulevard, is one of the admittedly very few persons who saw the fatal wounding of the "Great Emancipator." According to Mr. Quimby, who is 88 years old and a member of the G. A. R., a group of soldiers in the One Hundred Fifty-seventh Regiment of the Union Forces had returned to Washington on April 14, 1865, from a trip south to Camp Delaware, where they had taken some Confederate prisoners. Upon arrival at Washington they were notified that they might spend the evening at Ford's Theatre.

Mr. Quimby and his group sat toward the rear of the theatre and on the opposite side from that on which the President's box was located. Mr. Quimby recalls distinctly hearing the shot fired and seeing Lincoln, who was about 60 feet from him, slump over in his chair. Immediately the



Charles H. Quimby.

word spread that the President had been shot, according to Mr. Quimby, and the theatre was soon in an uproar. Mr. Quimby did not see John Wilkes Booth jump to the stage.

Mr. Quimby stated that numerous details surrounding the assassination have escaped his memory. Mr. Quimby, who is remarkably active for his age, served two separate 100-day periods in the Union Forces, because of the fact that he was too young to be enlisted as a regular soldier. In 1865, he was serving as a prisoner guard and prior to that, while stationed in Cumberland, N. C., had been instrumental in warding off an enemy attack by the capture of three rebel spies. He also saw other action. He is a native of Steubenville, O., having come here ten years ago.

### George O. Brown Resigns.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 9.—(I. N.S.)—Announcement was made here today of the resignation of George O. Brown as vice-president and associate publisher of the South Bend News-Times, to become vice-president of the Studio Press, Inc., of Indianapolis.

# KANSAS MAN PRESENT WHEN LINCOLN KILLED

## Saw Booth Crawl Toward Box of President; Only Living Witness.

The only living eye witness of Lincoln's assassination is Comrade **E. E. Ream**, Holton, Kan., here for the G. A. R. encampment.

Ream, a private in Battery C, Independent Pennsylvania artillery, had sneaked with two buddies on two tickets for the three of them into a seat in the parquet circle of Ford's theater in Washington on that fateful night of April 14, 1865.

### Ream Saw Booth.

The play "The American Consul" was in progress when Ream noticed Booth walking along the gallery to the president's box. The actor entered, and a shot was heard.

Booth leaped to the stage, but being grasped by Major Rathbone, fell heavily and broke a leg. His spur fell off, having caught on the fringe draping the president's box, and this relic is today in the possession of Comrade Ream.

"Sic Semper Tyrannis!" Booth cried, then before anybody could recover from the absolute shock which smote the entire theater full of people, he limped swiftly through the back of the stage, mounted his horse being held by a boy outside, and escaped for the time being.

### Stage Was Empty.

Ream explained Booth's escape by the fact that the stage was empty at the time except for Laura Keane, and that everybody who heard the shot and saw the dramatic fall of Booth thought it was part of the play. The deep box prevented the president from being seen by nine-tenths of the audience, and only when the tragedy was announced did people realize with a stunning shock what had happened.

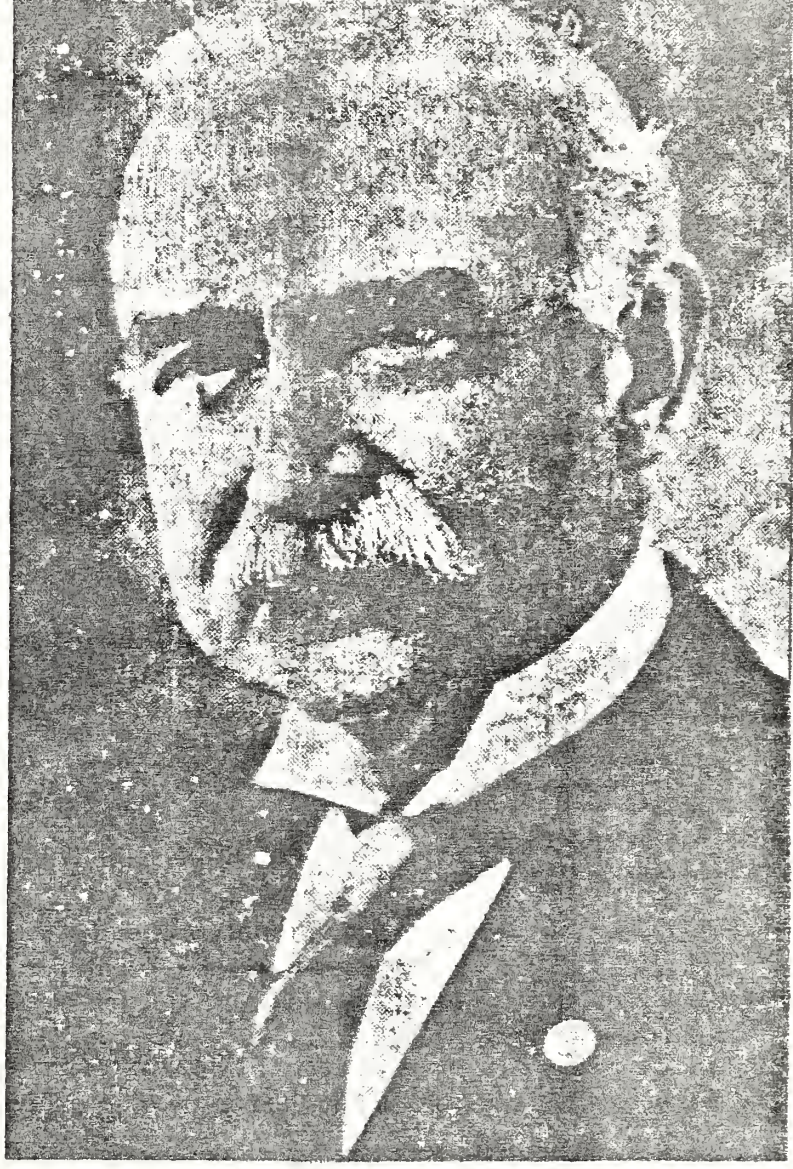
The shot ended the play right there, and all plays at Ford's theater, for it was closed from that day.

In the street, whither everybody poured from the theater, soldiers examined everybody thoroughly, and hundreds of arrests were made, says Ream.

Capt. Eugene Merrick, Los Angeles, Cal.—Words are inadequate to express my sentiments. The courtesy and hospitality of Des Moines people was truly wonderful.

**PLAN LITTLE ROUND TOP REAM**  
Corporal Skelly Post, No. 9, Grand Army of the Republic, of Gettysburg, Pa., and the local camp of Boys of the Cross are planning a celebration at the 60th anniversary of the storming of Little Round Top on July 2, 1863. Plans are on foot to have State or National troops participate.

Senator Townsend says he is for it "first, last and all the time." Senator Newberry similarly expresses himself and is looking for the passage of the Bureau Bill this Congress, which, I hope, is certainly to be fulfilled.—Joseph M. Weeks, G. M. Sergeant, 6th Mich. H. A., and First Lieutenant, 20th Mich., Battle Creek, Mich.



The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic has again warmly commended the administration of the Pension Bureau by Comrade G. M. Saltzgeber, and requested to remain as Commissioner at least until the end of the Presidential term. The National Encampment has never before honored any Commissioner of Pensions in this way.

There is a very strong trend among the veterans for Comrade Saltzgeber for Commander-in-Chief.

## Story of Lincoln's Death Told by Eye-Witness

D. J. Richards, or "Dad" Richards, as he is familiarly known, is, insofar as is known, the only living person of those who made up the audience on the night of that tragic event when John Wilkes Booth fired that fatal shot in Ford's Theatre, April 14, 1865.

In his story, as told by him, the audience can almost see the tragedy reenacted before their mind's eye, so one of the prominent educators writes. He tells of the conditions, as they existed in 1865; the surrender of the Southern Army, the great rejoicing throughout the country, especially in the North; scenes witnessed while on the way to Washington the night of the 13th of April; his arrival with his father the morning of the 14th; the great joy of the people of that city, who, for four years had lived in fear of each other because each thought the

other was spying on their every movement. Then he tells of being in Ford's Theatre, where it had been announced the President and party would be present at the opening night of the play, "Our American Cousin"; the great disappointment of the audience when the party failed to make their appearance; the great ovation given when, while the orchestra was playing, "Hail to the Chief," the party entered and Lincoln made his appearance at the front of the box, bowing to the right, center, and the left; the progress of the play until the beginning of the last act, the pause, during which the President was shot; the assassin's leap to the stage; his appearance being applauded; when he made his presence known to the audience with an uplifted dagger in his hand and by the shout of "Sic Semper Tyrannis"—following this, another pause of several minutes—then the announcement which came like a thunderclap from a clear sky, "THE PRESIDENT IS SHOT." Following this, there is pictured the rush to the stage, the appearance of Mr. Ford stopping a stampede that would undoubtedly have injured many, perhaps killing many; Lincoln's removal to the house across the way, where, at a little after seven the morning of the 15th he passed away to the Great Beyond. He died, but the spirit of Lincoln still lives and the statement of Secretary of War Stanton seems like a prophecy, which is being fulfilled from year to year. "He now belongs to the Ages."

This man is one of the very interesting persons in America today. On April 14, 1865, a fifteen-year-old boy sat in the pit in Ford's Theatre in Washington, D. C., absorbed in following the scenes of the play, "Our American Cousin," which was being enacted on the stage. There came a pause in the play, a pistol shot rang out, and in a few horrid seconds this fifteen-year-old boy learned that the President of his Republic had been murdered before his youthful eyes. That boy, hale and hearty in mind and body today, is "Dad" Richards, the last living witness of the assas-

ination of the Great Emancipator. Out of the richness of his memory and the fullness of his devotion to the Great Martyr, "Dad" Richards offers this tribute.

### The Tribute

His character was moulded and wrought in an environment of loneliness, sorrow, and privation. His heart bled from early youth until under the weeping skies of a sad April morning in '65" it was drained of its last crimson drop.

Looking back upon his strange career, it almost seems as if the man stalked across the stage of life with a crown of thorns upon his brow, bearing a cross to his calvary, beholding the world through a mist of tears. He loved his country, unselfishly, and he served it nobly and with unflinching faith.

His spirit knew neither malice nor hatred; no impulse of vengeance ever sought refuge in his bosom. He was gentle of speech, sympathetic, charitable, compassionate, patient, tender, brave. Destiny made him the broken-hearted Commander-in-Chief of an embattled Nation; duty drove him through the tragic ordeal; and at the end, perfidy struck him down and left even his estranged kinsmen bowed and dumb above his prostrate form.

History reveals no counterpart of Abraham Lincoln. In body, heart, soul, mind, as well as in his fateful career, the world has had no other like him among all its sons—save One: the Man of Galilee.

The pyramids in time may sink beneath the desert sands, the temples of earth crumble in the dust of ages, the fame of Caesars vanish in the darkness of oblivion, but surely as long as the race endures, it will behold in the familiar figure of the martyred son—strange, gaunt, silent, colossal, with agony written in the lines of his kindly face, and love glowing in his wistful eyes—the saddest, gentlest, and most pathetic figure in all human history.

They said at his death-bed, "Now he belongs to the Ages"; to our present age, therefore, he is repeating to us his words first uttered when he took the Presidency: "You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it."

Gold is good in its place; but loving, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.—Abraham Lincoln.



**D. J. (DAD) RICHARDS**

The only known living person who was present in Ford's Theatre the night President Lincoln was assassinated.

# FINDLAY MAN SAW LINCOLN SHOT BY BOOTH

One of Few Living Men Who Witnessed the Tragedy at Ford's Theater in Washington.

*From the Boston News 2-12-17*

FINDLAY, O., Feb. 11.—W. H. Roberts, of Findlay, a Civil War veteran, is one of only a few now living who saw the fatal shooting of Abraham Lincoln, April 14, 1865, in Ford's theater, Washington.

Although only 16 then, Roberts recalls vividly the scene of the shooting and the events that followed.

Roberts' seat was some thirty or forty feet from the presidential box in which Lincoln and his party were seated for the performance "Our American Cousin."

Roberts was a soldier in the Union army and had only recently been stationed in Washington, when the assassination occurred.

"I was with a group of comrades in a restaurant in Washington early that evening," he said.

### Go to Ford's Theater.

"Someone suggested we go to Ford's theater. I hesitated at first, for I was not in the habit of going to theaters, but decided to go.

"We were admitted free. I guess it was because we were soldiers. The president and his party came in a few minutes after we were seated. He bowed to the audience from his box and received quite an ovation. His box was some ten feet above the stage at one side.

"The shot came in the midst of the play without warning, startling the audience as anything like that would.

"Nearly every one feared, I believe, that the president had been the target of the gun. All appeared dazed for a moment. Then great confusion began to prevail, of course. Cries of 'get him' went up on all sides. Some rushed to the stage, from which Booth, the assassin, had fled. Others went into the street, while others rushed toward the box.

### Leaps From Box.

"Just after the crack of the gun we saw a man leap from the president's box. A spur attached to his boot became entangled in the flags around the railing and he fell heavily to the stage. As he leaped, he flourished a dagger. He muttered something in a strange language, which I afterward learned was the famous 'Sic Semper Tyrannis.' The assassin quickly recovered himself and disappeared through a stage door, despite a bad ankle.

"As cavalrymen we joined the hunt for Booth and were on the scene when he was finally captured and shot several weeks later."

Roberts said feeling ran high around Washington.

"Anyone who said a word that might be regarded as condoning the act was dealt with harshly," the veteran declared. "I recall a soldier shooting to death one man who said he was glad Booth had shot Lincoln."

Roberts served only a year in the war because of his age.

He is commander of the Findlay G. A. R. post.

## CARRIED MESSAGE ON LINCOLN'S DEATH

**Thomas F. Rochford, Now 72, De-  
livered Bulletin to Newspapers  
Sixty Years Ago.**

*7<sup>th</sup> N.Y. Times 2/25*  
A man and a boy were the first persons in this city to receive the news that Abraham Lincoln had been shot by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre, Washington. The boy was Thomas F. Rochford, now 72 years old and living at 1,010 Avenue N. Brooklyn. The other was a telegraph operator. At that time Mr. Rochford, a lad of 12 years, was a messenger in the Western Union Telegraph office at 145 Broadway. There was then only one direct wire between Washington and New York.

On the night of April 14, 1865, Rochford was sitting beside the telegraph operator waiting for a message that would send him on another trip into the street. The Washington wire began to click off a message. The operator sat up very suddenly and the boy, with his knowledge of the code, was able to make out what was coming in.

"Lincoln is shot," came the words. Rochford with the message in his pocket started on a run for Newspaper Row. Just outside the door he was stopped by two men who asked: "Is Lincoln dead?" Mr. Rochford holds to the theory that the plot against the President's life was conceived in New York City.

His first stop was The Tribune office, then on Nassau Street, and from there he hurried to other offices to give his message. On his way back to Broadway the messenger saw the crowds gathering about the bulletin boards reading the news that shocked the city and the nation.

Jennie Ross

**Former Actress, 91,  
Dies of Poisoning**

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29. — Mrs. Jennie Ross, 91, who was in the cast at Ford's theater the night Lincoln was assassinated, died here Sunday from illuminating gas poisoning. 1924

