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of twelve or fourteen years. He was descended from the Trimbles of Augusta County, Va., some of whom emigrated to Ohio when it was a territory and a wilderness, and, growing up with the State, filled the high offices of Governor, United States Senator, Representative in Congress, general in the army, and other conspicuous positions.

He had numerous relatives in Augusta, and had spent several years before the war with his cousin, Col. J. Marshall McCue, of that county. Like most invalid youths, he possessed a mind of extraordinary quickness and strength which he improved so as to be a most interesting and entertaining companion for men of the highest intelligence. He was an enthusiastic Confederate; and, delicate and feeble lad though he was, he resolved in 1862 to enter the army. He volunteered his services to Colonel (afterwards General) Imboden, who was then engaged beyond our lines in organizing the hardy mountaineers of the border and northwest counties for service in the Confederate army. He was accepted as a courier and a scout, and right nobly did he perform his duties; for, being an admirable rider and well mounted, he moved over great distances with wonderful celerity.

Collected, shrewd, observing, intelligent, and brave, he was often intrusted with important information to be conveyed when writing would have been unsafe and through a region of country where a man could not have passed, but where a boy attracted little attention. He made many narrow escapes. Sometimes he outwitted those who sought to find out who and what he was, and only once was he actually captured. This was in the mountains of Hardy, where the enemy held Moorfield. Jack was taken to headquarters and closely questioned; but he appeared to be only an ordinary mountain lad of no consequence, and was ordered by the general commanding to be put upstairs to sleep. After all was silent, Jack disappeared, found his horse, flanked the pickets, and at daybreak was many a mile across the Virginia mountains on his way to his own people. He was trusted, respected, and honored by his officers, and was a universal favorite and pet with the men.

I shall be greatly pleased to hear from any comrade who remembers John Alexander Trimble, the well-loved "Little Jack," whose services are thus briefly generalized. I feel sure that there is left some relative, friend, or comrade in Imboden's command who remembers the boy courier and can give some particulars of his service. James Blythe Anderson, 657 Elsmere Park, Lexington, Ky., is writing the genealogy of the Anderson family for publication, and he is as anxious as I am for facts in regard to "Little Jack," as he wishes to give his service faithful record in his book.

INNOCENCE OF MRS. SURRATT DECLARED.

[From the New York World.]

When Mary E. Surratt ascended the scaffold in the Washington Navy Yard at noon on July 7, 1865, to expiate the crime of complicity in the plot to assassinate President Lincoln, there was one man to whom she gave her dying message. That man was John P. Brophy, at that time tutor in Gonzaga College and a confiding friend. Mr. Brophy was then twenty-seven years old, a Northerner by birth and proclivity, but a staunch defender of the cause of justice. He had known Mrs. Surratt through her son for years, and knew every actor in the terrible tragedy that bereft the nation.

When Mrs. Surratt was taken into custody on the evidence that Weichman and Payne, two of the conspirators, lived in her house and that Booth called there occasionally to see them, Brophy at once set to work to learn the true facts to

free Mrs. Surratt. He traced the conspiracy step by step from its first inception, on September 15, 1864, to the assassination.

It was to clear forever the name and memory of that noble, pious woman, as he calls her, that the tutor of forty-two years ago spoke as Professor Brophy from the platform in Delmonico's last Monday night to the members of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. His address was the vindication of a Catholic woman who was charged with being in a Catholic plot backed by the pope to destroy the republic. This charge, though not specified in the complaint of Mrs. Surratt, developed in the testimony of her trial when General Baker, in charge of the National Secret Service, tried to show that every one connected with the conspiracy was a Catholic, and coupled this alleged discovery with the letter sent by the pope to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy.

"It was a pure concoction on the part of General Baker," said Professor Brophy. "There was no Catholic plot, and only three of those in the conspiracy were Catholics. They were later declared innocent. The letter of the pope to Davis was in reply to one from Davis. It was a perfunctory message, and had no bearing whatever on the conflict between the North and South."

Professor Brophy then traced step by step the failure of Booth's plot to kidnap President Lincoln.

"Booth's hero was Brutus, who murdered Cæsar, and the tragedian gloried in such heroic deeds on the stage. He was a popular young actor, and so deeply immersed in tragic drama that his mind was affected. He was an eccentric youth, as his father and grandfather had been before him. Booth wanted fame. He was a fire eater of the South, and induced Samuel Bland Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin to enter a conspiracy with him to kidnap Lincoln. Their entry into Richmond with the President a captive was to be in the nature of a triumph, and Booth dreamed of that moment when he would be acclaimed a hero in real life.

"Booth plotted and planned the kidnaping carefully, but each time the plan was to be put into execution something occurred to frustrate him. Once the President was to be taken as he passed over the Anacostia bridge in his carriage on his tour of the military hospital. That and the two other attempts failed. Booth was the guiding spirit of the conspiracy, and had provided his followers with weapons for emergency. Those with him in the kidnaping scheme, besides Arnold and O'Laughlin, were Atzerodt, Payne, John H. Surratt, son of Mrs. Surratt, and the boy Herold, the poor sixteen-year-old half-witted orphan. Herold worshiped the hero actor, and the free passes he got from Booth to the show made him his slave. It was a national crime to take that boy's life.

"During these various attempts to kidnap the President Mrs. Surratt was in utter ignorance of her son's doings. Nor did she have the faintest idea of the plot or the part of Weichman and Payne in it. Mrs. Surratt had come to Washington from Surrattsville only shortly before this time and opened a boarding house to support herself, son, and daughter. John had been a student at St. Thomas's Institute. Mrs. Surratt's husband had left her a farm heavily mortgaged; but a neighbor owed her a large sum of money, sufficient to redeem the mortgage, which was due the day Lincoln was assassinated. It was on the early afternoon of that day that Mrs. Surratt set out in her coach to collect her debt and pay the mortgage.

"Booth had learned of her proposed trip a few minutes be-

fore and asked her to deliver a package to Lloyd, owner of Lloyd's Hotel, on the way to Surrattsville. Without the slightest hesitancy she took the parcel and delivered it to Lloyd in passing. Subsequently, when she was apprehended and tried, the charge of complicity in the crime was made on the testimony of Lloyd, a drunken sot, who swore that when Mrs. Surratt handed him the field glasses from Booth she whispered to him to 'have the shooting irons ready.' On her dying oath in her prison cell and on the way to the scaffold Mrs. Surratt swore that she never breathed such a word to Lloyd nor had the faintest idea of any such matter.

"Mrs. Surratt was convicted and executed on the testimony of Lloyd and Weichman. Weichman was a weakly craven; but weak and craven as he was, he told me the day he testified that he knew his testimony would hang Mrs. Surratt because President Johnson told him that was the only way he could save his own neck. He cried and begged me to do something. I said, 'Come with me to Secretary Stanton;' but Weichman feared Stanton would turn him away. Then I proposed that he write a full confession of his perjury, and he said he would be hanged if it were published. Then I prevailed on him to write his confession and I would take it to President Johnson. He agreed to do this, but no message ever came from him, and he disappeared.

"Mrs. Surratt was convicted on July 6 to die at noon next day. Atzerodt, Payne, and the boy Herold were condemned to die with her. I went to them in their arsenal cells, and with General Hartranft, a Union officer in charge, we begged the three men to tell everything. There was no hope of saving their lives, because they were directly concerned in the conspiracy and were part and parcel of it.

"Booth, when he learned late in the afternoon that Lincoln was to be at Ford's Theater, had time only to apprise his trusty followers. He armed Atzerodt and Payne to kill Johnson and Seward, and the boy Herold was to be at the stage door with his horse at ten o'clock. Mrs. Surratt was then in Maryland and her son John in New York State. John and the others, except Atzerodt, Payne, and Herold, dropped out of the kidnaping conspiracy after the third attempt failed. They knew nothing of the execution plot.

"The three unhappy men swore to God that Mrs. Surratt knew nothing of the plot and that she was totally innocent. General Hartranft was convinced of Mrs. Surratt's innocence, wrote a letter, and urged me to take it to President Johnson.

" 'This woman will not die until you return,' he shouted after I had jumped into an army ambulance and sped to the White House. Two rows of armed soldiers flanked the two flights of stairs leading to President Johnson's room. They were under the command of two United States Senators. I was prevented even from mounting the stairs. No one would take my message to the President, and I was in despair when Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, wife of Lincoln's bitterest political foe, appeared. She seized my message, pushed aside the pointed bayonets, and threw herself at the President's feet. She begged him to spare Mrs. Surratt's life. She cried for a respite of a few days. President Johnson turned her away. When all hope was over, I grabbed Mrs. Surratt's little girl and the ambulance raced madly back to the navy yard, so the child could see her mother before her death.

"It was a heartrending scene as mother and daughter embraced through the prison bars, and it will live forever in my memory. I took the child to General Hartranft's room as the great bells tolled the fateful moment and the four

condemned prisoners were led to the scaffold. Father Walters, besides myself, was the only person to speak to Mrs. Surratt before her execution. As she ascended the scaffold she said to me in the calm spirit of one facing death nobly: 'Mr. Brophy, before God, I am innocent. I go to my death quietly, I know not why, but something tells me it is best. I die for the sake of American womanhood, and especially for the womanhood of the South, and I ask you to tell the world that I am innocent. Before God I swear it, and pray that he will keep his merciful hand over the innocent child whom I leave an orphan.'

"On the scaffold Father Walters held Mrs. Surratt's hand, steady in the shadow of death. She said her only message before her departure to the other world was that she died innocent. Father Walters broke down with grief. He was prostrated as the drop fell.

"Years after, when President Johnson and General Bingham, head of the military court, fell out, many things came to light. Johnson accused General Bingham of suppressing many things and with falsifying others vital to the cause of Mrs. Surratt. Five of the nine members of the commission had signed a petition to mercy that went with their verdict, which President Johnson said he never heard of until three years after the execution. He charged General Bingham with withholding it. The Congressional investigation that followed showed that the verdict of guilty with the recommendation to mercy for Mrs. Surratt was extorted from the commission after they had decided not to convict her for a capital offense, on the specious promise of General Bingham that the recommendation to mercy would have the same effect on the President.

"In the House of Representatives a few years later, during the impeachment trial of President Johnson, an investigating committee reported that General Baker, head of the Secret Service, who drew the net around Mrs. Surratt, could not tell the truth even by accident, and General Butler said sneeringly of General Bingham 'that the only victim of his prowess was the innocent woman hanged on the scaffold.' Senator Garret Davis said: 'The commission which tried the alleged conspirators were murderers.' Senator Ben Davis, who was a friend of President Lincoln, said he would not hang the mangiest dog on the evidence of Weichman and Lloyd.

"Not once since that sad and fatal day have I spoken one word in public in defense of Mrs. Surratt. I speak it now, and speak it with all the conviction that my words can give it, and say unqualifiedly that she was an absolutely innocent woman and was put to death for a crime of which she had not the slightest inkling or knowledge. Her hanging was a judicial murder."

Professor Brophy is nearly seventy years old and obtained a degree of LL.D. in St. John's College, Fordham, and a Ph.D. in Manhattan College. He is deputy clerk of the Court of General Sessions, and as such is on terms of close intimacy with the justices on the bench. Several of the justices of the Supreme Court induced him to finally say a word in defense of Mrs. Surratt, and he spoke for more than an hour from the platform.

U. C. V. REUNION AT LITTLE ROCK.—Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff of the U. C. V., has made official announcement that the twenty-first annual Reunion will be held in Little Rock May 16-18, 1911.