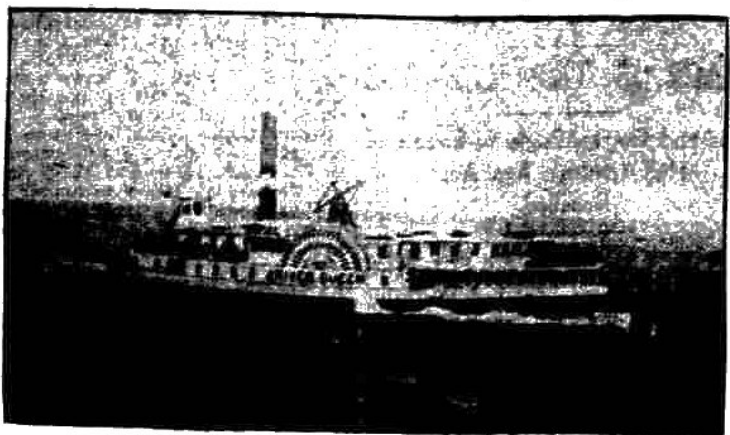


LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

No. 1—Lincoln's Last Journey.



THE STEAMER RIVER QUEEN.

On which Lincoln made his last journey from City Point to Washington. From a war-time photo in the collection of the Loyal Legion, Boston.

In the strange, appealing life story of Abraham Lincoln, no chapter is filled with deeper human interest than that which terminated in his last journey, on April 8 and 9, 1865, from City Point, on the James River, to Washington, where he was to meet his death at the hands of an assassin.

This period of Lincoln's life showed his greatness under the supreme test of victory. He had seen Lee's army driven from the trenches of Petersburg with Grant in pursuit; had walked the smoking streets of captured Richmond; had visited the late official residence of Jefferson Davis—and when common men were joyous, he mourned the cost in blood of the Federal triumph. With the Union safe he longed to see a quick end to the final acts of strife.

In his craving for peace, and news from Grant that the end had been accomplished by the capture of Lee's army, he had tarried several days after the fall of Richmond at Grant's base on the James.

Here his heart went out to all about him who were suffering. Tenderness for the thousands of soldiers of both sides in the military hospitals at City Point radiated from him. On his last day there he walked the hospitals five hours without rest, and in that time shook hands with not less than 5,000 wounded soldiers.

To a guest who expressed the hope that Jefferson Davis, if taken, would be hanged, he replied by quoting a phrase from his second inaugural address: "Let us judge not, that we be not judged." (An adaptation of Matthew, vii:1.)

Thinks of Boyhood Days.

Lincoln's stay at City Point, from March 24 to April 8, constituted his longest absence from Washington since his arrival there from his home in Springfield, Ill., in February, 1861, to prepare for his inauguration.

Mrs. Lincoln and their young son Thomas ("Tad") had gone with him to City Point; had returned to Washington, and on April 5 had rejoined him with a party of guests, including Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, and the Marquis de Chambrun, a distinguished French exile.

The newcomers, keen for news of the fall of Richmond, listened eagerly to what Lincoln told them of his visit to the fallen Confederate capital. They were impressed that "his only preoccupation was the necessity of wiping out the consequences of the war."

When he went with them for a drive through Petersburg they were struck by his stopping his carriage to examine a noble tree, because, he said, it reminded him of one of the great oaks he played under when a boy. This was the first of several references made in the last few days of his life to scenes familiar in his days of obscurity and poverty.

It had been Lincoln's purpose to remain at City Point for tidings of Lee's surrender, but on receipt of news from Washington that Secretary of State William H. Seward—the virtual head of the government in the President's absence—had been seriously injured by being thrown from his carriage, he decided to begin his return trip—his last journey—on the evening of April 8.

Has Band Play "Dixie."

A few hours before the departure of the President's boat a military band came on board and gave a concert. After several pieces had been played, Mr. Lincoln, as a compliment to his French guest, suggested that they play "The Marseillaise." He was so pleased with it that he ordered it played a second time.

He then asked the marquis if he had ever heard "Dixie," the patriotic song of the Confederates. On a negative answer being made, he said: "That tune is now Federal property. It belongs to us," adding that it was "good at any rate" to show the Confederates at that time that "with us they will be free to hear it again."

Several similar references to "Dixie" were to be made by Lincoln in his last days. It will be noted that this, the first, was made the day before Lee's surrender, while a large Confederate army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was yet in the field and Jefferson Davis was still uncaptured.

As at 10 o'clock the President's steamer left the wharf at City Point he lingered on deck. He stood for a long time gazing through the darkness at the few lights on shore and the dim forms of many

Federal ships anchored in the wide river. He seemed absorbed in meditation.

"Duncan Is in His Grave."

Next morning the President's steamer, having rounded Fortress Monroe, was in the Potomac, steaming northward for Washington. It was Palm Sunday, falling on a date great in the annals of peace, for it was the day of Lee's surrender.

Lincoln, in one of those strange revelations of his many-sided nature, seemed on this day to put thoughts of the war out of his mind. Most of his day was spent in the company of Charles Sumner and the Marquis de Chambrun in the discussion of literary topics. It was an oddly contrasted group thus engaged on the deck of the steamer on the wide Potomac in the hours of the closing scene at Appomattox. Lincoln, the great, sympathetic, rough son of the prairie, unskilled in social finesse, limited in education, yet a master mind of the ages; Charles Sumner, a cold man, the finished product of the relatively older civilization and the higher educational standards of Massachusetts, and the titled Frenchman, the ally of royalty, to whom the ideals and antecedents of both Lincoln and Sumner were alike foreign—three more sharply dissimilar men probably could not have been brought together by arrangement in such a place.

Their discussion turned to poetry, and Lincoln produced a quarto volume of Shakespeare, of whom he never tired as a companion in his leisure time, and turning to the tragedy of Macbeth he read aloud a number of its finer passages.

At the conclusion of reading the lines describing the remorse of Macbeth after the murder of Duncan, the President paused and spoke of how true the description of the murderer was, when, his dark deed achieved, in his torture he envied the sleep of his victim.

As if impressed with the beauty of the lines, or by some unuttered presentiment, Lincoln read over a second time this passage:

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

After Lincoln's assassination persons who heard of his strange reading of Macbeth on the last Sunday of his life, recalled these lines from the play, so applicable to the tragedy in which he was the Duncan:

Besides this, Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin hosed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.

Not to Think of Enemies.

As the steamer was passing Mount Vernon, the Frenchman turned a compliment by saying to the President: "Mount Vernon and Springfield, the memories of Washington and your own, those of the Revolutionary and civil wars; these are the spots and names America shall one day equally honor."

To this Lincoln responded: "Springfield! How happy, four years hence, will I be to return there in peace and tranquillity!"

As the steamer approached Washington Mrs. Lincoln, looking at its roofs and spires, topped by the great white dome of the Capitol, exclaimed: "The hateful city; it is full of our enemies!"

Lincoln replied, in a soothing manner: "That is not so—now. We must never think of that."

At that moment the man who in five days was to take Lincoln's life, John Wilkes Booth, was lodged at a hotel not a mile from the White House, impatiently waiting the hour when he might strike down the nation's head.

At the dock the President's guests went their several ways.

As Lincoln's carriage was driven toward the White House its occupants noticed an air of unwonted excitement among the people in the streets. Bonfires were seen at various points, and people were laughing and cheering. Young "Tad" became so excited that the carriage was stopped and the President's personal guard asked a citizen: "What is the matter?" The man looked at him in astonishment and said: "Why, where have you been? Lee has surrendered."

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Tomorrow—Booth's plot to kidnap Lincoln.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

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No. 2—Booth's Plan to Kidnap Lincoln.



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

This picture shows the assassin as he appeared when plotting to kidnap Lincoln, before he formed a resolution to murder him. From the Collection of the Lloyd Lenoir, Boston.

While the National Capital was rejoicing over the surrender of Lee and the end of the war, and while President Lincoln, newly come from captured Petersburg and Richmond, was receiving the joyous congratulations of many callers at the White House, there passed in and out among the happy crowds in Washington, on streets, in hotels, theaters, and other public places, a young man whose mind was centered on killing the President.

This was John Wilkes Booth. He was not like the traditional assassin, skulking with lowering brow and furtive eye, but bright and gay, with a winsome manner that disarmed suspicion and made men like him on sight.

Watching and waiting to take Lincoln's life, he went blithely from place to place, busy with his plans of death, yet apparently carefree and even joyous. He had moved thus for months about Washington, and also on various journeys, long and short—to Baltimore, New York, Boston, and Montreal—leading what seemed a normal life, yet always planning and plotting for the downfall of Lincoln.

At first he had planned to kidnap the President, take him South, and offer him in exchange for all the Confederate prisoners held in the North. This plan failing, he had embraced the dark purpose of assassination, and had nourished it secretly in his bosom until it mastered him and controlled his every thought.

In his first plan Booth had drawn about him such persons as he needed for his work and could control without explanations. When that plan failed he held most of these dupes about him, to do his bidding in the darker work. He had no confidants, no advisers, no partners; all the persons he enmeshed in his net of crime were subjects of his will, obeying him blindly and at times unwillingly.

Booth's Beauty of Person.

The personality and occupation of John Wilkes Booth combined to afford him unusual facilities for the dispatch of his crime, for by reason of them his goings and comings were not questioned. His family name was known all over the country. As an actor he was at home wherever there was a theater. If he chose to spend a week in Baltimore or in Boston, or a month in Washington, his professional connections gave proper color to his movements; and wherever he went he won men's hearts.

Booth was 27 years old. He was described as "tall and full of slender grace." His features were regular, his eyes large, black and very expressive, and his curling black hair fell over a white and intellectual brow.

He was born at Bel Air, near Baltimore, Md., in 1838, the youngest but one of the ten children of Junius Brutus Booth, who, although a famous actor, drank to excess, and was at times insane in consequence. He died in 1852. Of his sons, two became famous on the stage. They were Junius Brutus and Edwin Booth. John Wilkes might have won a fame like theirs, except for indolence. But he was a graceful and charming figure on the stage and his intermittent appearances were sufficient to yield him a liberal income.

On the night of November 25, 1864, all three brothers appeared in a performance of "Julius Caesar" at the Winter Garden Theater on Broadway, New York, opposite Bond street. Their mother witnessed the performance. Julius was cast as Cassius, Edwin as Brutus and John as Marc Antony.

When Booth thus appeared with his gifted brothers his mind was already full of his project to kidnap the President, and with finding associates. He had already secured in Baltimore, in September, two recruits. They were Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin, who had been his schoolmates. Both had served in the Confederate army.

Booth in Maryland.

In October Booth had visited Montreal and had deposited funds in a bank there, apparently for use in the event of failure and flight. He may also have communicated his plan to the Confederate commissioners there, though there is no evidence on this point.

Returning from Canada, Booth went into Maryland to make arrangements for transporting his captive and crossing the Potomac. He carried a letter from a Confederate sympathizer in Montreal to a citizen of Charles County, Dr. Queen, whose guest he was for a Saturday night. With his winning ways, his Southern sympathies and a plausible story that he was looking about for a country place that he might buy, Booth quickly won the confidence of the people he met here. To some he gave a hint of his plan.

With his host, Booth attended Sunday service at St. Mary's Catholic Church, near Bryanstown, and there was introduced to a local physician, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. Booth, asking Dr. Mudd if he knew of any one who had a horse to sell, the doctor did, invited Booth to his home and introduced him to a neighbor who sold him a horse. Booth slept at Dr. Mudd's house that night.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance, to be continued to three meetings that were to clinch Dr. Mudd as a conspirator in the assassination of Lincoln.

Booth's next meeting was with James the President. Booth had canvassed and rejected two modes of procedure before fixing on one that seemed to promise best. The first had been to spring upon the President as he sat in his box at a performance at Ford's Theater, and, a confederate having turned off the gas in the theater, to handcuff him and hurry him across the stage and into a carriage before chase could be made. Surrounded by armed men, he was to be driven rapidly into Maryland.

His next plan had been to seize the President as he passed at night from the White House across the grounds to the old War Department building, as he often did, accompanied usually only by one man, and hurry him in the darkness to an ancient mansion, the Van Ness house, in Seventeenth street, near the Potomac.

This house, surrounded by trees and having a secret cellar, reached by a trap door, was thought by Booth to afford a safe hiding place even for such a captive as the President until the Potomac could be crossed.

It does not appear that either of these wild plans were entertained long. Booth did not hire the mansion, nor did he seek to seize Lincoln at the theater, although he showed two of his new associates the arrangement of the stage and rear exits.

The plan finally adopted was to lay in wait for the President's carriage as he drove in some unfrequented road, for it was known he rarely had a large guard.

On March 16 Booth learned that a special performance of the play, "Still Waters Run Deep," was to be given next day at the Campbell Military Hospital by J. W. Wallack, E. L. Davensport, and Rose Eytinge, and that the President was expected to attend. The hospital was out Seventh street, beyond the city limits, near the Soldiers' Home.

Booth now decided that the time had arrived for the kidnaping, and he assembled his followers and assigned to each his part. Atzerodt was to have the boat ready and the others, mounted and armed, were to go with Booth to a lonely part of the road to the hospital and, near the President's carriage, to take the boat.

was an accidental one in Washington a month later. Booth then requested Dr. Mudd to introduce him to John H. Surratt, a young man represented to Booth as an active messenger for the Confederacy. Dr. Mudd did so, but apologized to Surratt privately for introducing him to a stranger of whom he knew little, and whom he suspected of being a government detective.

Surratt a Valued Recruit.

Booth secured in Surratt his most valued recruit. Surratt knew every road to the Potomac, every creek and crossing place on the river and every house along the way to Virginia. He entered enthusiastically into Booth's kidnaping plan and by so doing enmeshed his mother in Booth's fatal net. Eight months after meeting Booth she died on the scaffold.

Mrs. Surratt was a strong, serious-minded, religiously inclined woman and a member in good standing of the Roman Catholic Church.

Mrs. Surratt, as Mary Jenkins, in her girlhood had been a local belle in Prince George County, Md. On marrying John H. Surratt she had lived first on a farm and next at a roadside settlement about twelve miles from Washington, where he bought a farm and tavern and became postmaster, giving the place the name of Surrattsville. (It is now Clinton.)

The elder Surratt died in 1862. In the fall of 1864 Mrs. Surratt rented the tavern to one John M. Lloyd and removed with her daughter, Annie, and son, John, to Washington, opening a boarding house at 511 H street northwest. (The house is now numbered 601.)

From the day John Surratt joined his fortunes to Booth's the actor became a caller at the Surratt home; and he often sent others of his agents there to consult with Surratt.

Through his acquaintance with John Surratt Booth met another young man suited to his purpose. This was David E. Herold, a drug clerk, 20 years old, of Washington. Herold lived with his widowed mother and seven sisters. They were a respectable family. He was a careless youth whose greatest fault was idleness.

Gets a Boat and Arms.

Making his headquarters at the National Hotel in Washington, Booth employed Surratt as his field agent. Surratt went to Port Tobacco, Md., and there bought a flat-bottomed boat or scow that would hold about fifteen persons. This was to be used in ferrying President Lincoln and his abductors across the Potomac from Nanjemoy Creek, about twenty-five miles south of Washington.

An acceptable ferryman was secured in the person of a German named George A. Atzerodt, a carriage painter by trade, who was acquainted with "running the blockade." He was a good-humored, clownish, low-browed man of small mental capacity, weak and avaricious, and willing to do anything for the wealth Surratt declared success would bring him.

The boat secured, Booth supplied his men with equipment for their enterprise. In a bedroom in a Baltimore hotel he met Surratt, O'Laughlin, and Atzerodt, and gave them two carbines, ammunition, pistols and knives.

The guns were taken by the three men in a buggy to the tavern at Surrattsville, and John Surratt showed the proprietor where to hide them, in a secret room under the eaves, until they were wanted.

Booth's Last Recruit.

Booth's last recruit, and one of the most important to him in the end, was brought into the circle by the merest chance. Booth, on a brief visit to Baltimore, was standing on the steps of Barnum's Hotel, one day early in March, when a hulking young man, of athletic build, badly clothed and evidently dejected, slouched past him.

Booth recognized him. Four years before Booth had played in a Richmond theater to a large audience, including many Confederate soldiers. One face in the audience had attracted him. It was that of a raw young soldier, Booth, on leaving the theater, found this young man near the stage door, and addressed him.

The young soldier had never seen a play before. He was from Florida, the son of a Baptist clergyman. His name was Lewis Thornton Payne, but he called himself Lewis Payne. Flattered by the young soldier's frank admiration, Booth condescended to accept him as an acquaintance. They met every day for a week, and when the soldier marched away his soul was Booth's. He would have faced death in any form at the word of the brilliant, handsome, fascinating young actor.

At Gettysburg Payne was wounded and captured. He was sent to a Baltimore hospital, from which he escaped, going to Virginia, where he joined a Confederate cavalry regiment. Deserting this in January, 1865, he sold his horse, money dwindled day by day, and finally, homeless, penniless and desperate, walked the streets. Booth saw him that day, followed him, and the two met again.

Booth gave young Payne money and sent him to Washington to see Surratt. His band was now complete, and he only awaited opportunity to set them upon the President.

In executing a plan for kidnaping were to be overpowered, gagged and bound, and Booth was to drive the carriage rapidly into Maryland and by the shortest route eastward of Washington.

How the Plan Failed.

At a meeting of the plotters that night, in a hotel, John Surratt declared the plot was already known and that it would fail. Some of the others urged withdrawal, when Booth arose, struck the table in a dramatic manner, and exclaimed:

"Well, gentlemen, if worst comes to worst, I shall know what to do."

Four of the men rose to go. One of them said: "If I understand you to intimate anything more than the capture of Mr. Lincoln, I for one will bid you good-by."

The others assented to this statement. Booth at once, in his most winning manner, quieted their fears and when, at 5 o'clock in the morning, the meeting broke up, he had won them back to allegiance to his kidnaping plan.

That afternoon Booth and his band mounted and rode out of Washington, two by two to the rendezvous, to wait for the President's carriage. After nightfall they returned and dispersed, baffled and disappointed. Lincoln had not gone to the theatrical performance.

Booth at this point, relinquished his plan to kidnap Lincoln. How much of his mind he revealed to his associates cannot be said. It is doubtful if any but Payne knew his purpose. O'Laughlin went back to Baltimore, Arnold went to Fortress Monroe and secured employment. In a fortnight John H. Surratt went to Richmond, to take dispatches to Canada—a journey that saved him from hanging. Atzerodt, Payne and Herold, Booth kept about him, until such time as he could use them; and as the days passed he watched, smiling and gay of manner, at the theaters, for the coming of the President.

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Tomorrow—Lincoln's last speech.

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Lincoln's Strange Dreams



(Photo, 1864, by Brady; negative in the War Department collection.)

MRS. MARY TODD LINCOLN.

The President's wife is shown in a costume she wore at a White House reception.

A few days before his death Lincoln related to his wife and a few friends the story of a strange dream that had disturbed him the night before.

In his dream, he said, he went from room to room in the White House, and everywhere heard sounds of "pitiful sobbing," though "no living being was in sight . . . until I arrived at the East Room. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse. Around it were stationed soldiers. There was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully.

"Who is dead in the White House?" I demanded of one of the soldiers.

"The President," was his answer. "He was killed by an assassin." Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which woke me from my dream."

On the afternoon of Friday, April 11, a few hours before he fell under the assassin's bullet, Lincoln held his last Cabinet meeting. It was remarkable for two things—the depth of charity and love displayed by Lincoln in a discussion on the return to the Union of the seceded States, and a curious vein of mysticism. The President displayed in describing a premonitory dream he had had the night before.

Gen. Grant, who had just arrived from Appomattox, was invited to attend the meeting and did so. Grant was anxious about Sherman, who was confronted by the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the vicinity of Goldsboro, N. C., and expressed a desire for news from him. The President responded by saying that he thought that all was well with Sherman—a dream had caused him to feel so. He then described the dream.

His manner while doing so made a deep impression on most of the men about him. He had never seemed more hopeful or serene.

When, the next day, the sad duty devolved on Stanton to report to our Minister in England the death of the President, he wrote thus of Lincoln, at that Cabinet meeting, while the memory of it was still strong and fresh.

"He was more cheerful and happy than I had ever seen him, rejoiced at the near prospect of firm and durable peace at home and abroad, manifested in marked degree the kindness and humanity of his disposition and the tender and forgiving spirit that so eminently distinguished him."

Secretary Stanton afterward told Charles Dickens (who preserved the account in one of his letters) that the President's manner throughout the meeting was "grave and calm," with a dignity none had ever noted in him before, but that after first speaking of his dream, he sat with "his chin sunk in his breast," until aroused by a question as to the character of the dream.

Possibly the most exact description of the incident, and certainly the most matter of fact, was that written by Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, as follows:

"The President remarked that news would come soon and come favorably; he had no doubt, for he had last night his usual dream, which had preceded nearly every great event of the war. I inquired the particulars of this remarkable dream. He said it was in my element—it related to the water; that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore; that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River (Murfreesboro), Vicksburg, Wilmington, etc.

"Gen. Grant remarked with some emphasis and asperity that Stone River was no victory—that a few such victories would have ruined the country, and that he knew of no important results from it.

"The President said that perhaps he should not altogether agree with him, but, whatever might be the facts, his singular dream preceded that fight. Victory did not always follow his dream, but the event and results were important. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place or was about being fought and

Johnston will be beaten; for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman; my thoughts are in that direction and I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur."

Friend of the Fallen South.

The Cabinet's discussions that day were broad ones of reconstructing the South, of reopening avenues of trade and re-establishing State governments.

Throughout them Lincoln displayed a depth of charity and love for his fellow citizens of the South such as he had never before displayed in all his tolerant dealings with his war-time enemies. He checked any tendency on the part of his associates to be hard with the people who had been in arms against him. Mr. Stanton made a suggestion that, for administrative purposes, the States of North Carolina and Virginia be considered as one. Lincoln emphatically discountenanced it.

According to Mr. Welles, the President made these remarks:

"I hoped there would be no persecution, no bloody work, after the war was over. None need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing those men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off, said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep. Enough lives have been sacrificed. We must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union. There was too much of a desire on the part of some of our very good friends to be masters, to interfere with and dictate to those States, to treat people not as fellow citizens; there was too little respect for their rights. He did not sympathize in those feelings.

This was Lincoln's last official utterance to his Cabinet.

"With Charity for All."

Lincoln's "charity for all" was exemplified in a number of ways in the last day of his life.

That afternoon the question was put to him by Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, as to whether any effort should be made by the government to prevent Jacob Thompson, former Secretary of the Interior, who had been the chief Confederate agent in Canada and had planned, among other things, the destruction of Northern cities by incendiaryism, from leaving the country by way of Portland, Me.

Mr. Dana had a telegram from Portland saying that Mr. Thompson was soon to arrive there to take a steamer for England. On entering the President's office he found it empty and started to go out, when the President called to him from a little side room, where he was washing his hands.

"Hello, Dana," said he, "what is it? What's up?"

Mr. Dana read the telegram.

"What does Stanton say?" asked Lincoln.

"He says 'arrest him.' But that I should refer the question to you."

"Well," said he President slowly, wiping his hands, "no; I rather think not. When you've got an elephant by the hind leg, and he's trying to run away, it's best to let him run."

That afternoon Lincoln signed a pardon for a soldier sentenced to be shot for desertion. "I think the boy can do us more good above ground than underground," was his comment. An application for the discharge of a Confederate prisoner who wished to take the oath of allegiance he indorsed, "Let it be done."

Lincoln's last day was not without a direct expression of a foreboding of death. As he walked toward evening across the White House grounds to the War Department he said to his single bodyguard, on seeing some intoxicated men: "Do you know, Crook, I believe there are men who want to take my life." After a pause he said: "And I have no doubt they will do it." In dismissing the subject he said: "If it is to be done, it is impossible to prevent it."

These words were spoken about three hours before Lincoln was shot down.

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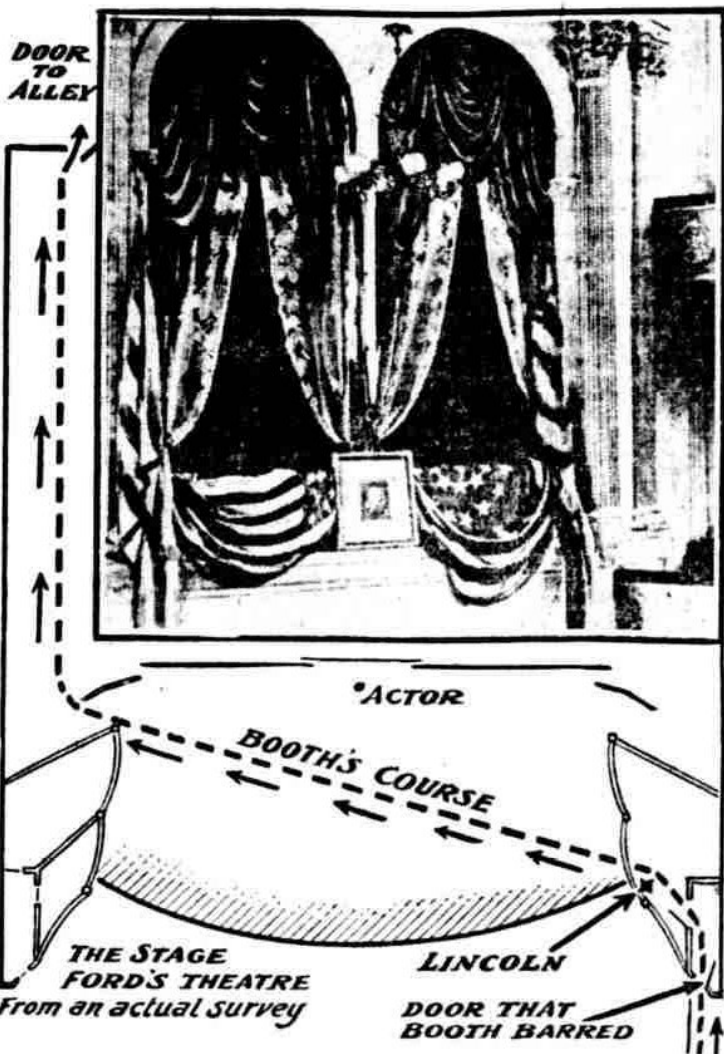
Tomorrow: Lincoln Shot Down by Booth.

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The President Shot Down



THE SCENE OF THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

Lincoln sat behind the drapery and flag at the right of the box. The photograph was taken shortly after the assassination and shows the decorations undisturbed.

(Photo by Brady. Original in the War Department Collection.)

In the last afternoon of his life Lincoln rode out in the White House carriage with his wife. The weather was lowering, with heavy clouds, a gusty wind, and occasional showers, but the President's mood was in contrast to its gloominess.

He talked to the good woman at his side of their future, in a happy, hopeful vein, speaking as if all the cares and perils of their years of stress and war were behind them.

"Mary," he said, "we have had a hard time since we came to Washington, but the war is over and, with God's blessing, we may hope for four years of peace and happiness. Then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. I will open a law office in Springfield or Chicago, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood."

His mind reverted to his early days as a lawyer. He spoke of the brown cottage that was their home, of his old office, of his green bag, of the courtroom and of his experiences when riding the circuit. He seemed like a boy out of school. In his joyous spirit he was already back among his old friends, in the courts and among the homely scenes of his beloved Illinois.

When the drive was over the President's time was taken with callers. Two friends from Illinois came in and found him reading from one of his favorite humorous authors ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House, called on the eve of departure for California, and to him the President intrusted a message of cheer to the miners of Colorado.

When dinner time came the President was so much absorbed in his book that several calls were needed to get him to come to the dining-room. He knew that a theater party had been arranged for that evening, but he had no desire to go. He was too happy to wish then the diversion afforded by a play, though he was fond of the theater.

Party Planned for Grant.

The theater party that was to bring Lincoln within the assassin's reach had been planned as an honor to Gen. Grant, who, his work in the war done, had arrived in Washington the day before from City Point, Va., with his wife, who had been with him in the closing weeks at Petersburg.

But the Gen. and Mrs. Grant were anxious to keep on and see their daughter, who was in school at Burlington, N. J., and on Gen. Grant explaining this to the President, Lincoln had indulgently excused them from the engagement that had been made for them. At 2 that afternoon Grant had said farewell forever to his great chief, and before nightfall he boarded a train for Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, the managers of Ford's Theater had advertised that the President would witness that evening's performance at their house of "Our American Cousin" to be given for the benefit of Laura Keane.

Rather than disappoint the theater people and public, Lincoln had decided to attend the theater without Gen. Grant. To make up a party, Mrs. Lincoln then invited a young couple of the official circle, Miss Clara H. Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, of New York, and her fiance, Maj. Henry R. Rathbone.

The theater management on receiving an order for the President's box (No. 7, on the balcony level, on the right of the house), had prepared it for the evening,

by rearranging the furniture, placing a portrait of Washington in its front, and draping the box with flags.

These preparations were in progress when John Wilkes Booth called at the theater, as he had done on many days in the preceding months, to get his mail. He received a long letter, and sat on the theater steps to read it, smiling as he read. Then he sauntered away toward Pennsylvania avenue, apparently as care-free, and certainly as jaunty as usual.

In that visit to the theater Booth learned that the victim for whom he had waited long was that night to be given into his hands; and he lost no time in putting into train his matured plans for his foul deed.

Preparations for Crime.

Booth's preparation for his crime fitted so well into his daily habits and abunts, and were carried out with such cunning dissembling, that his familiars at the theater saw no reason to suspect him.

It had been his custom to ride to the theater on horseback, and keep his horse in an alley behind the building. Here, when forming his earlier plan of kidnapping Lincoln, which he discarded in March, he kept a horse, in a little stable hired for the purpose. That horse had been sold, but on April 14 Booth hired another, a little bay mare, at a livery stable. In the afternoon he rode the paces of this animal to a saloonkeeping friend.

The work in the theater of preparing the President's box was not watched by Booth. He knew the house so well that he need not study it now. When the workmen had gone, at supper time, it seems most probable, the assassin slipped through the darkened theater to the President's box. No one saw him there; but a hole was bored in the panel of the box door, and a bar was fitted behind the door opening from the balcony on the little corridor at the back of the box. With one end of the bar in a hole dug in the plaster of the wall, and the other pressed against the side of a panel, the door could not be opened from without.

These things done, and the bar taken down and stood in a dark recess behind the door, Booth left the theater.

That evening at 8 o'clock, in a room in a second-rate hotel, Booth met three men. They were members of the band he had trained in his kidnaping plan. One was Lewis Powell, alias Payne, him Booth assigned to assassinate Secretary of State William H. Seward at his home. Another, George A. Atzerodt, was told off to kill Vice President Andrew Johnson at his hotel. The third was David E. Herold, who may have been ordered to attack Secretary of War Stanton, but whose chief duty was to meet Booth after the assassination of Lincoln and guide him through Eastern Maryland to the lower Potomac.

The night's work thus laid out, Booth rode to Ford's Theater to wait the coming of the President.

The Shooting of Lincoln.

The President was late in reaching the theater. As he entered the box, the action of the play ceased, the audience rose and cheered and the orchestra played "Hail to the Chief."

Lincoln took his seat in a rocking chair at the left of the box, from the door. Mrs. Lincoln sat next to him, and the young couple on a sofa at her right. All were soon absorbed in the play.

The President's party was accompanied by one guard from the White House, for whom a chair had been placed in the little corridor at the back of the box; but the man wished to see the play, and leaving his post took a seat among the audience, at some distance from the outer door of the box.

Booth, who was not at the theater when Lincoln arrived, left his horse at the stage door between 9 and 9:30, and passed through the house. Several times between 9:30 and 10 he passed in and out of the front entrance, jesting once with the doorkeeper, and again consenting to an introduction to some of the man's country friends.

At 10:10 the assassin passed in for the last time. His keen eyes noticed on his earlier visits the absence of the President's guard from his post. His path to his victim was not obstructed, and the time he had set to strike, when the stage would be clear of all but one person, was near.

Passing down the side aisle toward the box, Booth leaned easily against the wall, his face directed to the stage, but his alert eyes covertly studying the audience.

Several people saw him there, but none saw him softly open the door to the little corridor behind the President's box, and close it quickly behind him.

The bar was easily put in place. A glance through the hole in the inner door showed the assassin that all four of the persons in the box were preoccupied. Lincoln's gaze was directed to the left, none toward the orchestra than toward the stage, on which a scene was draw-

ing to a close. Waves of laughter passed over the house as Booth stood there for an instant and drew from his pocket a revolver.

Then softly opening the box door—he knew its lock was out of order and that the door would open to his touch—the assassin stepped noisily upon the carpet behind the President's chair. The actor on the stage finished a funny line—a line ending with the word "man-trap."

It was the last word Lincoln ever heard spoken.

In another instant Booth aimed at his victim's head and fired. The sound of his loud, clear voice, uttering the words "Sic Semper Tyrannis," mingled with and outlasted the brief, sharp report of the pistol.

The Assassin's Escape.

At the shot Lincoln's head drooped forward and to one side. The assassin dropped his smoking weapon and, drawing from its sheath a long knife, advanced to the front of the box.

Maj. Rathbone attempted to strike him down, but Booth thrust at him savagely with the knife, gashing the arm he raised as a guard.

Then seizing the front of the box, the assassin vaulted over the edge, though retaining his hold to break his fall. The height was about nine feet. As his feet cleared the rail one of his spurs struck the frame of Washington's portrait, caught in the draped gag and caused him to pitch forward and strike the stage heavily, first on his left foot, and then on his torso. As he fell persons in the audience saw his gleaming and bloody knife in his right hand.

Booth's left leg was broken, but in an instant he was up and as Maj. Rathbone, pale and bleeding, appeared at the front of the box and cried, "Stop that man!" before any hand could stop

him the assassin strode across the stage as he had often before trod the boards in mimic tragedy, passed into the wings, struck aside a musician who accidentally barred his way, and gained the back door of the theater.

His horse was there, held by a half-witted lad, and with a curse and a kick to him, Booth swung himself quickly into the saddle and rode rapidly away from the scene of his crime.

Lincoln's Wound Declared Fatal.

In the theater excitement now followed the stupefaction into which the swift action of the crime had thrown actors and audience alike. Men rushed upon the stage, and into the alley, to find the assassin gone. Others pointed at the barred door to the President's box. A surgeon climbed up the face of the box, and into it.

The stricken President was laid upon the floor, and as his head was pillowed in the lap of Laura Keane, his life blood staining her dress, surgeons opened his clothing and sought the wound. It was found at last in the head, on the left side, and was quickly seen to be fatal.

At first it was thought he might be carried to the White House, but the surgeons forbade it and he was removed to the nearest house. This was directly across the street, a modest dwelling, the home of one William Peterson, a tailor. Here, in a little hall bedroom on the first floor, the great man was laid to die.

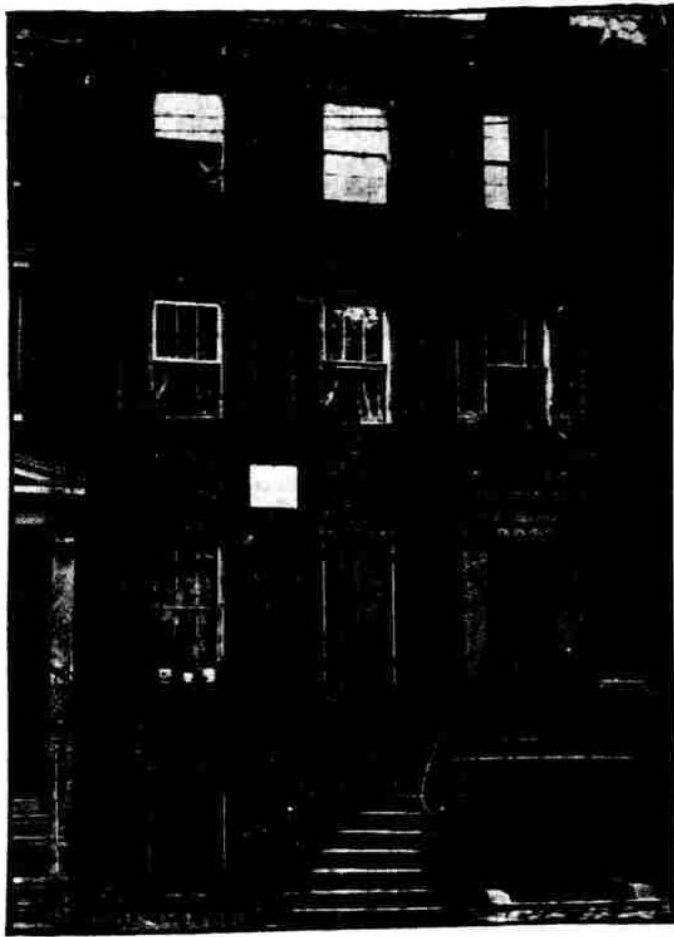
Tumultuous—The death of the Emancipator.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

Death of the Emancipator



The House Across Tenth Street from Ford's Theater, in Which Lincoln Died. It is Now a Lincoln Museum.

As Lincoln lay dying in the little bedroom of a lodging house across Tenth street from Ford's Theater, where he was struck down by John Wilkes Booth on the evening of April 14, Washington passed through such a night of terror, of sorrow and of anger as had never before stirred the people of an American city.

Crowds cried for vengeance on the assassin, and on the South, for wild rumor soon spread a report that the striking down of Lincoln was but part of a widespread Confederate conspiracy to kill all the government heads and establish Jefferson Davis as President in Washington. A murderous assault upon Secretary of State Seward by Booth's dupe, Lewis Payne, at the hour of Lincoln's fall, gave color to these exciting rumors. When it became known that Lincoln's assailant was an actor, there were cries of "Burn the theater."

That mob violence did not break out was due to the good sense of the majority and to the fact that Washington was a garrison city, in the strong hands of military authority.

Before the dying President had been long in the little house on Tenth street, cavalry patrols arrived and swept back the excited crowd that filled the street between the house and the theatre, establishing a cordon at each intersecting street.

Messengers had driven rapidly to the White House to bring Lincoln's eldest son, Robert, and to the homes of officials needed to assume authority, and of physicians to give aid to those already beside the dying President. One messenger, seeking Surgeon General Joseph K. Barnes of the Army, found him at the bedside of the Secretary of State, whom he left to hurry to the dying President.

Stanton Calm and Strong.

Within half an hour of the President's fall prominent men were crowding the little ground floor room in which he lay—Cabinet members, Senators, generals and heads of departments. One of the first to arrive was Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, who, in the midst of great excitement, showed himself calm and strong, taking up the reins of government as if the act were a matter of course. While others stood mute beside the President or in nervous silence in the hall, this short, florid, bearded man sat at a little table in the back parlor and dictated orders and dispatches to a stenographer. Before him were brought the actors and actresses of Ford's Theater, fresh from the comedy that had so suddenly turned into the darkest of actual tragedy.

They thought they recognized the assassin as John Wilkes Booth, but in their horror they dared not swear so monstrous a crime upon a well-loved member of their profession. Before morning other persons were found who had recognized the assassin as Booth, and at 3 a. m. Secretary Stanton named him as the man who struck down Lincoln.

In the Death Chamber.

Those persons granted the privilege of standing beside the dying President found him stretched diagonally on a bed too short for his great length, in a room 9 by 17 feet at the rear of the front hall. It was the room of a young soldier (William T. Clark, Company D, Thirtieth Massachusetts Infantry). Only Lincoln's great strength kept life thus long within his big frame, for the assassin's bullet had coursed his brain. He was unconscious, his body rigid and his breathing at times stentorian with automatic moans.

There was no hope that he would ever

regain consciousness, although the doctors at first had covered his body with mustard plasters, and had administered brandy, in hope of increasing vitality. The wound bled freely, and some of the brain mingled with the blood. The bullet had entered behind the left ear and lodged back of the right eye. The wound was kept free of coagulation, as it was found he was easier with it open.

While the doctors worked over the President—there were three, Surg. Gen. Barnes, Dr. Robert King Stone, the family physician, and Dr. Charles H. Taft, an army surgeon, who had been one of the first to reach Lincoln after the shooting—Mrs. Lincoln, distracted and unable to control a grief destined eventually to unbalance her reason, sat on a sofa in the front parlor of the house, a few feet from the front chamber. Her son, Robert, sought in vain to comfort her.

How the End Came.

At intervals in the night Mrs. Lincoln was led to the bedside of her dying husband. She remained with him from 1:45 to 2:10, and at 3 o'clock again visited him.

Before she entered the room the surgeons spread clean napkins to hide the crimson, stains on the pillow; yet when she saw how distorted and how plainly marked with death's seal was her husband's face she fell in a swoon to the floor.

When she had been restored and was led to the bedside she addressed her dying husband with the words: "O, love, live but for one moment to speak to me once—to speak to our children!"

In compassion she was led away. At 3:35 the pastor of Lincoln's church (Rev. Dr. Phineas D. Gurley) knelt at the bedside and offered prayer.

Lincoln was then very quiet, his respiration being regular. At 6 his pulse began to fail, and at 6:30 the loud, labored breathing was resumed. His pulse was falling fast. At 7 o'clock the doctors noticed symptoms of immediate dissolution.

As the dawn of a lowering, rainy morning paled the lamplight in the little room, revealing the sorrowing faces of the group about the bed, scarcely less haggard than that of the dying man, Lincoln's breathing grew fainter and fainter, his pulse weaker and weaker, until at last by a sign the doctor holding his hand (Surg. Gen. Barnes) indicated that the end had come. It was then 7:22.

In that solemn moment, amidst a stillness broken only by repressed sobs, Secretary Stanton said, "Now he belongs to the ages."

"O, that Dreadful House!"

Dr. Gurley knelt beside the bed and offered prayer. Then the widow was brought into the room, supported by her son. With a heart-rending cry, she cast herself upon the body.

Silently and weeping, the men who had crowded the room withdrew, leaving her there with one or two whose restraining and soothing hands led her at last away from the room.

As she entered a carriage to return to the White House, she looked for a moment at the theatre across the street and moaned, "Oh, that dreadful house! that dreadful house!"

At the White House the tears of the widow were mingled with those of her little son "Tad." The boy had heard the awful news of his father's assassination announced at Grover's Theater the night before. A kind doorkeeper at the White House had soothed his grief and put him to bed.

Johnson Becomes President.

Vice President Andrew Johnson, who was not at his dying chief's bedside. Although notified shortly after the shooting of Lincoln's condition, he did not leave his chamber in a hotel three squares away. There in the morning he was sought, and there the oath of office was administered to him by Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, in the presence of only one or two other persons.

President Johnson then rode in a closed carriage to the White House. That day at noon he met the Cabinet members for conference at the Treasury Building, and that afternoon at the White House he received his first official callers.

Meanwhile the body of Lincoln, placed in a temporary coffin and draped in the American flag, was borne by six soldiers from the house on Tenth street, placed in a hearse, and with a small cavalry escort was taken to the White House.

In the dull morning Washington's bright bunting of the day before, spread in glory of the end of war, hung limp and dripping, and men went about the work of taking it down and putting crepe in its place.

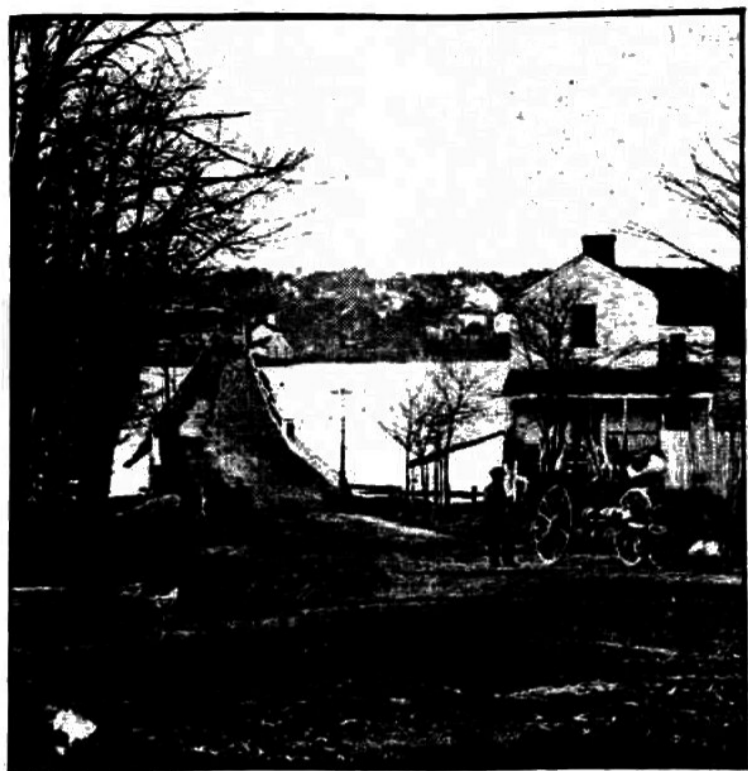
Tomorrow—The escape of Booth.
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LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

The Assassin's Flight



The old Navy Yard Bridge across the Anacostia, over which Booth escaped from Washington.

Photo, 1865, by Brady; negative in the War Department collection.

Spurring his horse out of the alley behind the theater in which he had struck down the greatest and best man of his time, Booth, the assassin, rode out of Washington, without being observed by any man who afterward could swear to the course of his flight.

Passing down Ninth street to Pennsylvania avenue, he rode along that great main thoroughfare without exciting the suspicion of any guardian of the law. His goal was the bridge across the Eastern Branch of the Potomac (the Anacostia) into Maryland.

Once across it, he felt that with the guidance of David E. Herold, one of his dupes, whom he had ordered to join him on the farther side, he could make good his escape through Maryland to a ferrying place across the Potomac at Port Tobacco, about thirty miles south of the Capitol.

In the period of good will and jubilation following the end of the war, military vigilance had been relaxed among the pickets that walked their beats on the south side of Washington. Booth had counted on this.

He rode on straight to the bridge. The moon would soon rise. Fortune was with him in that at least, for in moonlight he could easily find his way over the rough places in the road. His little mare was fleet and not tired. He had shown her that afternoon to an admiring tavern keeper and had said: "See, she can run like a cat."

Horse never bore more desperate rider than this fleet little mare, yet he rode up to the sentry who barred his way at the bridge with the cool assurance of a man of iron nerve. Quick capture, or perhaps another life taken, might turn on this encounter. But Booth faced the sentry with a smile and ready words of guide upon his lips.

Passing the Century.

As the sentry stood across Booth's way the commander of the guard, Sergt. Silas T. Cobb, stepped up and questioned the horseman. He said his name was Booth; that he lived in Charles County; that he had been in the city and was going home.

Unsuspecting, the sergeant asked Booth why he rode so late. Booth replied that he did not know of the rule that persons were not allowed to pass after 9 o'clock and that as it was a dark night, he had waited for the moon to rise before starting home. The story was told so calmly the sergeant thought the man a proper person to pass and passed him, although he noticed that his horse seemed recently to have been ridden very hard. Of man and beast, Booth seemed the less eager to be off.

Ten minutes later, at the outside, a second person rode upon the bridge. He was eager to cross. He said his name was Smith, that he lived at White Plains.

He made use of an elaborate expression in telling the sergeant that he had been in bad company. The soldier brought him up before the guardhouse door so that the light shone full upon his face and on his horse. After scrutiny of both he allowed this second horseman to pass.

This was Herold, upon whom Booth relied as his guide.

A few minutes after Herold had ridden off the Maryland end of the bridge a third man rode up to the sentry and requested to pass. It was John Fletcher, a livery stable keeper, seeking the horse ridden by Herold.

That afternoon Herold had hired a roan horse of Fletcher, which he promised to return not later than 9 o'clock. When that hour had passed, Fletcher became uneasy about his horse and went out to look for it. In front of Willard's Hotel he saw the horse, being ridden eastward by Herold from the direction of the Treasury Building, and shouted: "You get off that horse. You've had it long enough." Herold thereupon put spurs to the horse and disappeared up Fourteenth street. Fletcher returned to

his stable and, saddling a horse, started in pursuit.

He had ridden along Pennsylvania avenue to the south side of the Capitol. Meeting a man there, he asked him if he had seen a horseman pass that way. The man replied that he had, and that he was riding very fast. Fearing that his horse had been taken into Maryland, the stableman rode to the bridge. Here he learned from the sentry that two men had passed and from the description of them he judged that one was Herold, riding his horse.

Fletcher asked the sentry if he could cross the bridge after them. He was told that he could, but that he could not come back that night.

The Fugitives at Surrattsville.

In the small hours of the morning Fletcher told his story to the military commander at Washington. The clue he furnished was later corroborated by another witness who had met Booth in his flight.

At the Maryland end of the bridge Booth had taken a road to the left, leading up a long slope called "Good Hope Hill." Half way up, about 2½ miles from Washington, he met a young farmer, Polk Gardner, and asked him if he had seen a horseman pass. The farmer said he had not.

Booth then asked which road led to Marlboro, and was told to keep the road straight ahead. Booth then rode on and Gardner continued his way.

Half a mile nearer the bridge he was met by another horseman, who halted and asked of Gardner and of several teamsters who were on the road if they had seen a man on horseback pass. The teamsters told him they had, and the man pressed on. It was Herold. It is probable that he joined Booth near the top of the hill, for at that point a road turns off to the right, to Surrattsville, about thirteen miles southeast of Washington.

This they followed, for at midnight they halted in front of the tavern there. They wanted two carbines that had been left there at the time of Booth's plot to kidnap Lincoln.

Seeking Medical Aid.

John M. Lloyd, the tavern keeper, had been drunk that night and slept heavily. He responded tardily to heavy knocking on his door, to find Herold there, demanding "those things."

Lloyd did not ask what things were meant, but brought the carbines. Booth, who did not dismount, said he would not take one; that he could not carry it. He was suffering agony at the time from his broken leg, for in his ride the bone had torn the flesh. He wanted whisky and Herold bought a bottle. Then, taking one of the guns and a pair of field glasses belonging to Booth, Herold prepared to mount.

As he stood by his horse he asked Lloyd if he wanted to hear some news. Lloyd expressed indifference, whereupon Herold said: "Well, I am pretty certain that we have assassinated the President and Secretary Seward."

The tavern keeper went back to his sodden sleep, and the two horsemen spurred on over the silent, moonlit roads, southward. About 1 o'clock the beat of their horses' hoofs was heard passing through the little hamlet of T. B., five miles south of Surrattsville. It was not on the main road to Port Tobacco, but eastward.

Booth had left the beaten track to the old Confederate ferry to seek out a physician who could set his broken limb, and was riding to reach the home of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, near Bryantown, in Charles County. With Dr. Mudd he had some acquaintance, but he was not counting on it to aid him then, for before reaching the doctor's house he halted, and affixed to his face, with the facility of an actor, a false beard. Then he wrapped an gray shawl about his neck, and thus disguised, at 4 o'clock approached the doctor's door.

Tomorrow—Booth at Dr. Mudd's.

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LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

Arrest of Mrs. Surratt and Payne.



LEWIS THORNTON POWELL, ALIAS PAYNE.

Who wounded five men at the home of Secretary of State William H. Seward. (From a photo by Gardner, made on board the Monitor Saugus. Original in the Library of Congress Collection.)

At 11 o'clock in the evening of April 17, 1865, a group of army officers entered the home of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, No. 541 H street northwest, Washington, on the charge of being an accessory to the assassination of President Lincoln.

Three days had passed since Lincoln was shot down by John Wilkes Booth in a box at Ford's Theater. Although it was known the assassin had crossed the Navy Yard bridge into Maryland less than half an hour after the commission of the crime, for he had given his name correctly to the sergeant of the guard, no further trace of him had yet been found. Cavalry were riding hard and beating the swamps in Charles County, along the Potomac, in search of him, while in Washington the whole power of the War Department's secret service, backed by police and cavalry, was directed to hunting down his supposed associates in crime.

In their quest the authorities were guided by knowledge of Booth's plan, rejected in March, of kidnaping the President, and the persons associated with him in that enterprise were sought, as a matter of course, in connection with the assassination.

Foremost among these had been John H. Surratt, son of Mrs. Surratt; whose business was that of a messenger for the Confederate government. The name of Surratt was on everybody's lips in Washington on the day following the assassination, for the authorities claimed it was he who had attempted the assassination of Secretary of State William H. Seward at the time Lincoln was struck down.

Within five hours of the commission of Booth's crime detectives had searched the home of Mrs. Surratt in quest of her son. He was not found. He had not been in Washington at the time of the assassination. Fortunately for him he had undertaken a journey to Richmond, and thence to Montreal with dispatches, in early April, and on his return trip had stopped off at Elmira, N. Y., to spy upon the military prison there, in which many Confederates were confined.

A Caller at Mrs. Surratt's.

Not finding John H. Surratt, the detectives sought for evidence on which to arrest his mother. The Secretary of War had decided that, her house having been an occasional meeting place of Booth, Surratt and others, she must have a guilty knowledge of the assassination plot.

This conclusion being reached Monday evening, April 17, officers went to arrest Mrs. Surratt, while a representative of the Secretary of War went independently to search her house for papers. The detective found the officers in possession when he reached the house, and Mrs. Surratt, pale and trembling, preparing to accompany them to the headquarters of Gen. C. C. Augur, military commander in the city. With her were three other women, her daughter, Anna, a sister, Miss Olivia Jenkins, and a boarder, Miss Honora Fitzpatrick.

At this juncture occurred a dramatic thing. There came a ring and a knock at Mrs. Surratt's front door, and an officer answering it, the figure of a great, hulking young man, with a pick over his shoulder, was seen without. Seeing an officer, the young man said, "I think I have made a mistake." He was asked whom he wished to see, and replied, "Mrs. Surratt." He was bidden to enter, and did so.

By a dim light in the hall the officers saw before them an unkempt, disheveled, wild-appearing youth of 20. His beardless face was dirty. His trousers were smeared in mud to the knees. Over his shock of dark hair was drawn, in lieu of a cap, a piece of drawers leg.

Questioned, the young man gave vague answers. He had come, he said, to dig a drain for Mrs. Surratt; he had no home; he lived by his pick; he came thus late to arrange for the morning's work.

Opening the parlor door, one of the officers asked Mrs. Surratt if she knew the young man. She peered out—being short-sighted—and after a brief scrutiny, declared she did not.

Payne at Seward's House.

The young man was detained while Mrs. Surratt was taken away. Before leaving her home—which she was never to see again—she asked permission to pray, and it being granted, fell on her knees and spent a few minutes in silent prayer. She was a Catholic.

When a carriage took Mrs. Surratt and the other women away, the young man was detained until it could come back to take him also to headquarters. The officers felt that in him they had made an important capture, and in this they were right. Their prisoner was Lewis Payne, the only one of Booth's dupes who had followed his orders. He had attacked the Secretary of State at the time set by Booth—the moment when the assassin struck down Lincoln.

In the shadow of the greater crime, the attack on Seward has lost its true proportion. It was in fact one of the bloodiest attempts at assassination ever made. The plan of making it was Booth's. He had laid his last in-

junctions on his agent about 8 o'clock, and about 10 Payne, decently dressed and wearing a gray overcoat, rode up to the Seward home.

Mr. Seward lived in a large, handsome old mansion diagonally across the park from the White House. (A theater now stands on its site.) On the evening of April 14 the Secretary lay in bed in a front chamber up two flights, suffering from a fractured jaw and broken arm, injuries sustained in a runaway accident ten days before. Two hospital stewards attended him. His two sons, Frederick Seward, Assistant Secretary of State, and Augustus H. Seward, a major in the army, occupied rooms in the house.

At 10 o'clock a colored lad on duty at the door answered a ring to find Payne there, holding in his hand a package. He said he came with medicine from Dr. T. S. Verdi, Mr. Seward's physician, and must explain in person how the medicine was to be used. The doorman answered that he could allow no one to go up. Payne, still holding the package, convinced the servant that he should go up. At the top of the second flight of stairs he was met by Frederick Seward, who asked his business and told him he could not enter the sick room.

Payne's Bloody Work.

Finally Payne turned away and took a few steps down stairs. Then with a sudden turn he sprang back again and dealt Frederick Seward several blows in the head with a revolver. He also slashed him with a knife, and apparently having killed him, entered the sick chamber.

At the door he struck down the nurse with a blow of a knife in the forehead, and springing forward attacked the recumbent figure in the bed, with repeated stabs. An iron frame that held the broken jaw in place turned the knife more than once.

The nurse (Sergt. George F. Robinson), now grappled with the murderer. As they began to fight the sick and wounded Secretary fell off the bed, between it and the wall, as it chanced to safety.

As the nurse and Payne were locked in a fierce embrace, Maj. Seward entered the room. The gas was turned low, and in the dim light he seized the uppermost of the struggling figures. It was Payne.

With both Maj. Seward and the nurse attempting to put him out of the room, Payne struck repeatedly at Maj. Seward's head with his knife, crying in an intense, but not loud voice, "I am mad! I am mad!"

Near the door Payne knocked the nurse down with a blow of his fist, but Maj. Seward still clung to him until they reached the hall. There Payne broke away from him and, inflicting a deep wound upon the other nurse (E. W. Hansell), who barred his fight, he threw away his knife, leaped down the stairs, left the house bareheaded, mounted and rode off, turning into Vermont avenue.

(Of the five wounded men Payne left behind him, Frederick Seward was the most seriously hurt. His skull was broken and for several days he lay unconscious. His life was despaired of, but he recovered. Secretary Seward's wounds were a gash in the right cheek and two in the neck. His recovery was rapid.)

In the Government's Net.

Three hours after the bloody scene at the Seward house, Payne's horse was found, in a welter of sweat, a mile east of the capitol. He had thrown his rider. Where Payne went after his fall, or how he spent his time until Monday night, is not known. It is assumed he hid in the woods on the eastern outskirts of the city.

On the day of Mrs. Surratt's and Payne's arrest the government caught in its net two others of Booth's associates in the kidnaping plot. They were Samuel Arnold, who had parted from Booth on April 1, and had gone to work in a sutler's store at Fort Monroe, and Michael O'Laughlin of Baltimore. Arnold was not in Washington on April 14. O'Laughlin was there to witness the illumination in celebration of peace, but apparently did not see Booth.

A third arrest this day was that of Edward Spangler, a scene shifter at Ford's Theater. Booth had asked Spangler to hold his horse for him when he entered the theater to commit his crime, and Spangler, who was busy, had turned the horse over to a negro lad. It was charged that Spangler cleared the stage and kept the back door of the theater open to aid Booth in his escape, and that he fitted the bar behind the corridor door by which the door was secured by Booth before he fired. (None of these charges was proven.)

The authorities still sought another of Booth's associates who had been with him on the night of the crime. This was George A. Atzerodt, the doltish German who was ordered to kill Vice President Johnson. He had taken a room at Mr. Johnson's hotel, but had lacked purpose to strike, and had spent the evening in riding about the city and visiting saloons.

Next day he wandered out of Washington, making his way to Barnesville, Montgomery County, Md., where on April 20 he was arrested at the house of a relative.

Tomorrow—Booth at the home of Dr. Hudd.

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Booth at the Home of Dr. Mudd.



DAVID E. HEROLD, BOOTH'S COMPANION IN FLIGHT.

The Picture Shows Herold After His Capture. He Was Naturally a Gay and Trifling Character. He Was but 20 Years Old. (Photo by Gardner, in the Library of Congress Collection.)

It was 4 o'clock on the morning of April 15, nearly six hours after he had shot down Lincoln, that Booth, accompanied by Herold, his guide, drew rein before the door of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, twenty-five miles south of Washington, in Charles County, Md.

Every moment gained by the assassin in his flight was precious to him, for cavalry would soon be on his trail, hunting him down; but he was in agony from his broken leg, and he overtook nature now called a halt. Furthermore he felt that in this region, on the border between North and South, he would not be subject to questioning; the people there had long since ceased to question strangers. Yet Booth did not rely on a slight acquaintance with Dr. Mudd as a safeguard, and rode to the doctor's door disguised by a false beard and a shawl about his neck.

Dr. Mudd was a hard-working, honest country practitioner, 32 years old, living with his wife and four young children on a farm. His home was about four miles northeast of Bryantown, but not on the direct road from Washington. It stood somewhat back from the road, at the head of a narrow bog, some fifteen miles long, known as the Zakiah Swamp, one of the numerous feeders of the Wisconsin River, a tributary of the Potomac.

Dr. Mudd's sympathies were with the South, but beyond sheltering a small band of Confederate soldiers for a few days on his place in 1861 he had taken no active part in the war.

Dr. Mudd had met Booth in the preceding November, when Booth went into Charles County to learn the roads to the Potomac, in preparation for his proposed kidnapping of Lincoln. Dr. Mudd had then been introduced to Booth at church and Booth had been his undesired guest that night, having asked the doctor to direct him to a man who could sell him a horse. Dr. Mudd had next met Booth accidentally on the street in Washington on December 23, and had introduced him, at Booth's request, to John H. Surratt.

When Booth came to his door at dawn with a broken leg, wearing a beard and with his face muffled in a shawl, Dr. Mudd saw he was a suspicious character; but he ever afterward maintained that he did not penetrate Booth's disguise.

Setting Booth's Broken Leg.

Dr. Mudd had not felt well in the night of April 14, and when his slumber was disturbed by a loud knock at his door he asked his wife to see what was wanted. She demurred, and the doctor, in his night clothes, went to the door. There, in the gray light of a lowering dawn, he found a young man standing holding the bridles of two horses, on one of which another man was mounted.

The man at the door said that his friend had stumbled and fallen on his horse and was in great need of medical attendance.

Dr. Mudd at once said he would do what he could for the man, and, slipping on some clothing, he helped assist the wounded traveler from his horse and into the parlor, where, with a groan, he sank upon a lounge.

The doctor's wife having brought a candle, Dr. Mudd began an examination of the wounded man's leg. He found it so swollen that his riding boot could not be drawn off. While his wife prepared bandages and splints the doctor, aided by Herold, helped Booth upstairs, and as he lay upon a bed cut the boot from his injured leg. He found that the small front bone, or fibula, had been broken at right angles about two inches above the instep. He set it as best he could, binding it up in splints improvised by cutting up a wooden bandbox.

Herold at Dr. Mudd's Table.

During the operation Booth lay with the shawl still about his neck and his face turned to the wall. Dr. Mudd left him thus, in the care of his friend. There was a bed for each in the room.

At breakfast time Booth's companion came downstairs and partook of the meal with the family. He said that his name was Tyson and that his friend's name was Tyler. They were on their way to the Potomac, he said, and he asked how far it was to the river. Dr. Mudd told him eighteen or twenty miles.

Herold, or "Tyson," talked as cheerfully and glibly at Dr. Mudd's breakfast table as if he had not a care in the world. He mentioned the names of various Maryland families. Mrs. Mudd asked him if he was a resident of the county, and he answered, "No ma'am, but I've been frolicking around for five or six months."

The doctor's wife, with motherly solicitude, was moved by the young man's manner to admonish him with the words: "All play and no work makes Jack a bad boy. Your father ought to make you go to work."

Herold replied lightly that his father was dead, and that he was "ahead of the old lady."

In his talk the young man revealed the weakness of character that had made him a willing dup of Booth in the scheme of the actor's plotting against

Lincoln. No thought of his good mother or his seven sisters in Washington, whom he had left to follow the fortunes of a hunted assassin, seemed to enter Herold's mind.

After breakfast, young "Tyson" retired to the chamber where Booth lay, a breakfast that Mrs. Mudd had sent him untouched on a tray beside him.

Booth Refuses Food.

Shortly before dinner time Herold came downstairs. He was as cheerful as before. At dinner he again talked freely. He said he and his friend "Tyler" were anxious to reach the Potomac, and he thought he would be obliged to buy a carriage in which to continue their journey. He asked Dr. Mudd if he knew where a suitable vehicle could be obtained. The doctor told him that he thought his father, who lived about two miles away, had one which could be borrowed. He was going to Bryantown, the nearest village, after dinner, and Mr. "Tyson" could go along with him.

The two set out together on horseback in the early afternoon.

They found that the elder Mudd did not wish to lend his carriage, as he had planned to take his family to church in it the following day, which was Easter Sunday. Dr. Mudd's companion rode on a short way with him toward Bryantown, then saying he would return to the house and endeavor to continue his journey on horseback, he turned back.

During the absence of Dr. Mudd and the young man Mrs. Mudd had endeavored to minister to the comfort of the suffering stranger in her front chamber by taking him up some cake and wine. In reply to a question as to how he felt, Booth answered: "My back aches awfully. I must have hurt it when the horse fell and broke my leg." He refused the cake and wine and asked for brandy. Mrs. Mudd replied that there was none in the house, but that Dr. Mudd had some good whisky. This was declined. The stranger then asked if he could borrow shaving materials. Mrs. Mudd brought them and left him. During the whole of the interview he had lain with his back to her and she did not see his face.

Suspicious Guests Depart.

On the return of Herold, Mrs. Mudd heard footsteps in the chamber and soon learned that the two men were preparing to leave the house. Their horses were brought from the stable to the door and the injured man, hobbling on a rude crutch that had been made for him by Dr. Mudd's gardener, came painfully down the stairs to take his leave. Mrs. Mudd then noticed that he had shaved off his mustache and that his beard was false. She saw a part of it detached from his face. The wounded man mounted with difficulty, his pale face a picture of agony, and the two rode slowly away westward, over a road through the swamp that Dr. Mudd had pointed out to Herold that morning as a short cut. The young man had then said he was "going to Parson Wilmer's."

Dr. Mudd returned. He had gone to the town and there had learned that Lincoln had been assassinated, and that the assassin was a desperado named Boyle (well known in that section) or a man named Booth.

Dr. Mudd was excited by the news, though it did not occur to him how closely it was destined to touch his own life. On his way home he stopped at a neighbor's to order some timber for fence rails. He there declared the death of Lincoln was a great calamity and added that if the assassin was named Booth he might know him, as he knew a John Wilkes Booth. "But," he added, "I understand there are several brothers of them, and it may not be the one I know."

When Dr. Mudd reached home and heard from his wife her story of the departure of his mysterious guests, he declared that he must return at once to Bryantown and tell the officers.

It was now dark and Mrs. Mudd, terrified at the thought of a protector, begged him to stay home that night. The murderers might learn of his mission, return before he came back, and in revenge kill her and the children. He could send word tomorrow when he went to church.

Dr. Mudd yielded to his wife's entreaties—an indulgence that went hard with him later.

Tomorrow: Booth Finds a Hiding Place.

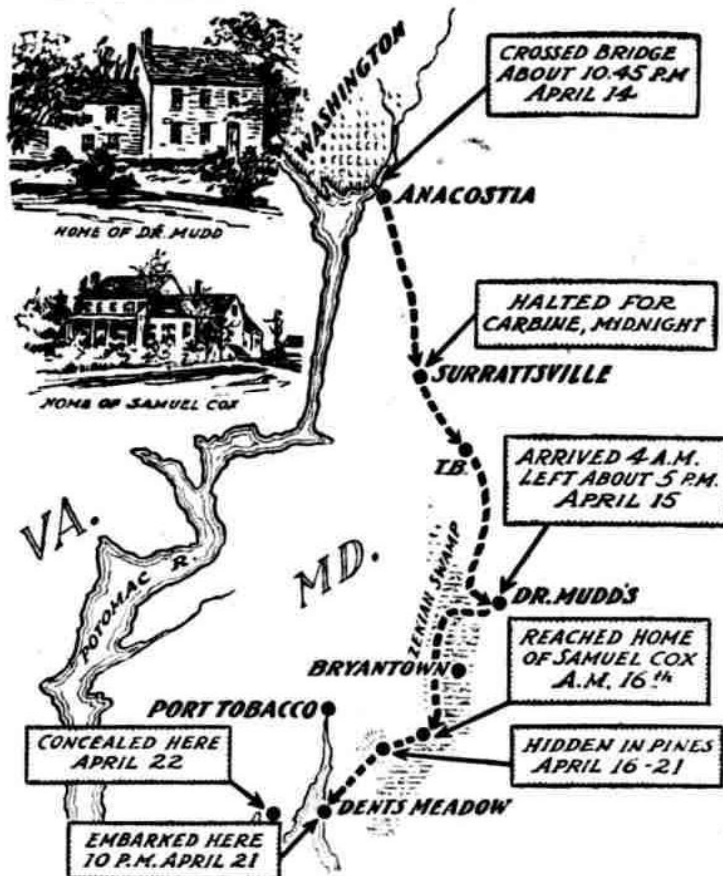
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LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy
of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

BOOTH FINDS A HIDING PLACE



BOOTH'S ROUTE FROM WASHINGTON TO THE POTOMAC, AND HOUSES AT WHICH HE HALTED.

When John Wilkes Booth and his companion and guide, David E. Herold, on the afternoon of April 15, 1865, rode away from the home of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, in Charles County, Md., where that morning they had found shelter and medical aid for the assassin, their trail, which by this time had been taken up by pursuing cavalry, ended as completely as footprints in water.

It was near nightfall when they left Dr. Mudd's house, taking an obscure road into the wilds of the Zekiah swamp to the westward, on their way toward the Potomac. Darkness overtook them as they rode slowly in this wild region.

Booth suffered great pain from his broken leg. The road was bad, and they finally lost their way, west of the village of Bryantown, which was four miles south of Dr. Mudd's. Halting at a lonely wayside building, a negro church called Brice's Chapel, they held a conference.

Herold decided to push on in search of a road or a guide. Leaving Booth alone by the little church, the younger man rode westward a mile and a half to a house—the shanty of a negro, one Oswald Swann. Herold aroused the negro, and with the promise of money persuaded him to go to where Booth was and act as their guide to the home of Col. Samuel Cox, a man to whose known Southern sympathies Booth felt he could appeal successfully for shelter and concealment. Col. Cox lived fourteen miles west of Dr. Mudd, and was his friend. He had known something of Booth's earlier wild plan to kidnap Lincoln, and doubtless had countenanced it as a war enterprise.

About 1 o'clock in the morning of Easter Sunday, April 16, Col. Cox was aroused by a knock at his door. He found there a young man, and saw in the moonlight a little way from the gate a man on horseback. They requested that he take them in. He told them that unless they could identify themselves to his satisfaction he could not give them shelter. The President had been assassinated and he could entertain no strangers. He then closed the door and returned to his bed.

Befriended by Col. Cox.

With this rebuff from the door of a Southern man, Booth had the first evidence of the world's abhorrence of his crime. There in the moonlight, in the yard of Dr. Cox's home, he held another conference with the weak youth who was now his only reliance. Then paying the negro and dismissing him, Booth rode slowly to the shelter of a gully half a mile from the Cox home. He knew of no other place to go and his physical suffering from his broken leg was almost more than he could bear. In the gully the two men dismounted and threw themselves on the ground to rest.

In the early morning, being disturbed in his mind by the midnight call and believing that the men were concealed near his house, Col. Cox rode out and searched for them. He soon found them in some pines, and although they were armed, they made no effort to prevent his approach.

Booth, always able to play upon the sympathy of man or woman, begged Col. Cox to aid him, and having won his promise, revealed himself as the assassin of Lincoln. To prove his identity he showed Cox his initials, J. W. B., in India ink on his right wrist. Cox, though he now knew what already he must have suspected, was so filled with compassion for Booth that he resolved to aid him to escape.

Jones, the "Blockade Runner."

The only person Col. Cox knew who could help the two fugitives across the

Potomac was Thomas A. Jones, his foster brother, who lived about four miles southwest of his home, toward the river. Jones during the war had been employed as a mail carrier or "blockade runner" for the Confederates, making frequent trips across the Potomac and between Maryland and Richmond. He had been suspected, but never caught.

On Sunday afternoon Jones received a visit from the adopted son of Samuel Cox, who said his "father wanted to see Mr. Jones about getting some seed corn." The young man added significantly, "Some strangers were at our house last night."

Accustomed to move with secrecy, and to be sparing with his words, Mr. Jones did not pursue the conversation, but mounted his horse and rode with the young man to the Cox house. On his arrival there Col. Cox told him of the visit of the two fugitives, taking him aside into an open space near the house to make the communication.

When he had finished he added, as if putting into words the thoughts of both: "Tom, we must get those men across the river."

Jones was silent a moment and said: "I will see what I can do; the chances are against me." He then said he must see the men. Cox told him where they were concealed and taught him a signal, a certain whistle, that he must use on approaching them.

Booth's Place of Concealment.

Booth's hiding place was about 250 yards south of the present railroad hamlet of Cox's Station, or Red Altar.

Here Jones came upon a bay mare with bridle and saddle on, grazing loose in a small open space. He caught the animal and tied her to a tree, then gave his signal whistle. In a moment a young man stepped out of a dense growth at the edge of the clearing and stood before him. He carried a carbine, cocked and ready for firing, and demanded sharply: "Who are you and what do you want?"

Jones answered that he was a friend; that he had been sent by Cox. The young man then said "Follow me," and led the way about thirty yards into the undergrowth. When they halted, Jones saw another man lying on the ground with a blanket partly drawn over him. This was Booth. A slouch hat, carbine, two pistols, a knife and a crutch were beside him.

The Confederate blockade runner was at once struck with the beauty of the man before him, and also by his pallor and evident suffering. His voice was melodious and his personality so appealing that Jones at once resolved to stop at nothing in giving him aid.

"Murderer though I knew him to be," Jones wrote many years after, "his condition so enlisted my sympathy in his behalf that my horror of his deed was almost forgotten in my compassion for the man."

Jones therefore promised to bring Booth food and to watch an opportunity to get him across the river.

Booth was fated to lie nearly a week in this hiding place before Jones could start him on his way southward—a week in which troopers swarmed in that part of Maryland and detectives searched all the nearby hamlets and towns, without being able to trace him beyond the home of Dr. Mudd.

Tomorrow—The search for Booth.

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WHY BOOTH KILLED LINCOLN.

Writer Thinks Execution of Beall Had Bearing on Tragedy.

Editor of The Washington Herald: I have read with much interest the articles on "Lincoln and Booth" by Mr. Winfield M. Thompson, which have recently appeared in your valuable paper.

There is, however, one link in the chain of this terrible tragedy of fifty years ago which neither Mr. Thompson nor hardly any other narrator of it seems to have gotten hold of, but which, to my mind, throws much light upon it. I refer to Lincoln's giving his consent, under pressure from Secretary Seward, to the execution of Capt. Beall, a commissioned officer of the Southern Confederacy, who, for a short time, wrought some havoc on Lake Erie, and who was an intimate friend of Booth, after having given Booth the promise that he would not be executed, but would be treated as a prisoner of war—an incident which occurred the latter part of February, 1865, only a few weeks before the assassination. This also seems to throw light on why the attempt was made on Secretary Seward's life at the same time Lincoln was assassinated. Booth had done all he could to save Capt. Beall's life, and his execution, after the promise referred to, greatly wrought up Booth, who denounced the act as "murder," and accused Lincoln of "falsehood" and "treachery."

As I read these splendidly written articles by Mr. Thompson in your paper, I wished that his attention might have been called to the incident referred to, which, if true, seems to throw so much light upon the immediate, if not the real and overmastering, incentive which prompted Booth to commit the act and plan the assassinations he did.

Seward, although a great statesman, was not the humane and tender-hearted man that Lincoln naturally was, and, as indicated in "Curious Bits of History," published in The Washington Herald of July 7, 1911, was inclined at times to want to take the reins of government in his own hands and run it over Lincoln's head. For yielding to him in the execution of Capt. Beall, it appears, Lincoln lost his life, and Seward came nearly meeting the same fate.

If the incident to which I have referred is not in accordance with fact, I would be glad to be corrected. If it is, then it seems that it would be treating facts and actual history only fairly to let it be known and allowed to have its proper bearing upon the assassination of the great and beloved Lincoln.

W. A. COLCORD.

Takoma Park, D. C., April 18, 1915.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

Search for the Assassin.

War Department Washington, April 20, 1865.

\$100,000 REWARD

THE MURDERER

Of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln,

IS STILL AT LARGE

\$50,000 REWARD

Will be paid by this Department for his apprehension, in addition to any reward offered by Municipal Authorities or State Executives

\$25,000 REWARD

Will be paid for the apprehension of G. A. Atzerodt, sometimes called "Port Tobacco," one of Booth's accomplices

\$25,000 REWARD

Will be paid for the apprehension of David C. Herold, another of Booth's accomplices

LIBERAL REWARDS will be paid for any information that shall conduce to the arrest of either of the above-named criminals, or their accomplices.

All persons harboring or secreting the said persons, or either of them, or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a Military Commission and the punishment of DEATH.

Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

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

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

DESCRIPTION. BOOTH is five feet 7 or 8 inches high, slender build, high forehead, black hair, black eyes, and wears a heavy black mustache.

ATZERODT is five feet 4 or 5 inches high, low dark, curly hair, and a dark thick mustache. He had a light complexion, and his children were much darker on the side of his face. He has a dark skin, and very dark eyes. He was dressed in a suit of grayish dark color, and wore a gray necktie and a black bowtie. He had common coarse boots, with green outside of tops, and wore spurs.

HARROLD is a fine shandy man, quite a youth, and wears a very dark mustache.

One of the Several Posters Issued by the Government Offering Rewards for Both Booth and His Associates. It Announces That Harboring Booth Is Punishable by Death.

On April 20, the sixth day after the assassination of Lincoln, the government issued a poster offering rewards aggregating \$100,000 for the apprehension of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and two of his supposed accomplices.

Of this, \$50,000 was for Booth, \$25,000 for John H. Surratt, who was supposed at first to have attempted the murder of Secretary of State William H. Seward, and \$25,000 for "Daniel C. Harrold, another of Booth's accomplices."

At the time this was issued Lewis Powell, alias Payne, had been in custody in Washington three days and had been identified as the assailant of Mr. Seward. The other man for whom \$25,000 was offered was not Daniel C. Harrold, but David E. Herold, whose identity could have been established by a few hours of police investigation, as he had lived in Washington all his life. He had worked there as a drug clerk, and his family, including seven sisters, lived there.

A later issue of the government's proclamation gave Herold's name correctly, and substituted for that of Surratt the name of "G. A. Atzerodt, sometimes called 'Port Tobacco.'" This was George A. Atzerodt, who had been assigned by Booth to kill Vice President Johnson, but had lacked purpose to do the work. On April 20 he was still at large.

To this offer of these large rewards were appended these words:

"All persons harboring or screening the said persons, or either of them, or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a military commission and the punishment of death.

"Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers.

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

Pursuit Badly Managed.

This proclamation reflected public sentiment. The people were savagely impatient for the capture of the assassin, and the delay in taking him, or in gleaning from a thousand wild stories of his flight a reliable clew of his course, irritated the earnest and excitable Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, who represented the government in the hunt for the murderer.

From the first the pursuit of Booth had been vigorous, but badly managed. In the grief, excitement, passion and rage following the striking down of the President the men worked blindly and at cross purposes. The large rewards offered dazzled the police detectives, who plunged into the hunt with zeal and promptitude; but Washington was policed by the military, under the commander of the Department of Washington, Maj. Gen. C. C. Augur, and the military officers could not bring themselves to work heartily with civilian detectives.

The result was several pursuits by groups of men not working sufficiently in harmony to insure efficiency and the saving of time.

The first officer to approach the route taken by Booth was Lieut. David D. Dana, of the provost marshal's forces, who was sent out to follow the first clew received, indicating the direction of Booth's flight. This clew was furnished about four hours after the assassination, by John Fletcher, a livery stable manager, who had seen Herold, Booth's companion, on one of Fletcher's horses, that Herold had promised to return by 9 o'clock, and had followed him to the Navy Yard Bridge. Here Fletcher had been turned back by the guard, but without learning that two horsemen had crossed into Maryland a few minutes before.

Lieut. Dana, with a small cavalry escort, followed to a fork the same road as that taken by Booth. Here Booth had taken the left-hand road, to go to Surrattsville, where his carbines were concealed, and thence to the home of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, near Bryantown, to have his broken leg set. Lieut. Dana took the right-hand road—the direct road to Port Tobacco, which Booth reasonably might have been expected to follow. At 7 a. m. April 5, Lieut. Dana reached the hamlet of Piscataway, from which he reported that he had reliable information that the President's slayer was named Boyle or Boyd, a desperado who had recently killed a Federal officer in Maryland.

Lieut. Dana next went to the north-

cavalry post, Chapel Hill, to throw out scouts, and kept on toward Bryantown. In this part of his journey his path crossed that which Booth pursued that night in leaving Dr. Mudd's.

Cavalry's Fruitless Labors.

The government's great resources in mounted troops stationed about Washington were employed to beat the country for Booth, though with strange futility. Regiments scouted far and wide to north, east and west. To the south, in the region of swamp and woods, where the assassin had taken cover, cavalry forces were not readily available. They had to be sent chiefly from Washington, and when they were sent they proceeded, under orders, to seek a military enemy.

Secretary Stanton from the first assumed that the death of the President had resulted from a great conspiracy of Confederates. The pursuit of Booth, therefore, was based on the assumption that he was receiving protection from a desperate band, or at least had numerous Confederates to give him aid.

The process of seeking a lone and crippled murderer, guided by a weakling youth, by methods usual by the pursuit of criminals, was not followed. The military forces were ordered to hunt for a band of guerrillas.

This phase of the search for Booth is not touched upon in any account of the assassin's flight. Evidence of it, and its abortive effect, is to be found in the War Records (Part III, Vol. 46).

The records show that military pursuit of Booth in Maryland was not taken up until the third day after the crime. On April 17 an order was issued from Gen. Augur's headquarters to Maj. J. M. Waite, of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, directing him to proceed with one battalion to the lower Maryland counties of the department.

"There is in that vicinity of country a band of guerrillas who are supposed to have collected for the purpose of assisting in the escape of the murderers of the President and assassins of the Secretary of State," the order ran. "The special object of your expedition will be to capture and destroy this band, to arrest all suspicious persons, allow no one to pass who cannot explain his business and status satisfactory . . . Search houses and make arrests at your own discretion. Make your headquarters at Leonardstown."

Maj. Waite set out that day, making a halt on the march at Port Tobacco, a few miles from Booth's hiding place.

On April 20, Maj. Waite reported his arrival with one company at Leonardstown, and stated the extent of country which he intended to search. He had under his command 700 of his own regiment, 100 of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, and 600 of the Twenty-second Colored Infantry. With these forces he began working northward from Leonardstown.

On April 22 Maj. Waite reported that he had scoured the country thoroughly, and could find no trace of any band. On April 23 he reported "there is no armed band" in the country in which he was operating.

Dr. Mudd Provides a Clue.

While the cavalry was thus abortively engaged, detectives flocked to the hunt, from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

Col. Lafayette C. Baker, who was at the head of the War Department's Secret Service, had been called upon by Secretary Stanton to "see if you can find the murderers of the President." Col. Baker, who was in New York, hurried to Washington, and on April 16 began organizing a search by police methods. In this he worked without the aid of the military officers, who told him his services were not required by them.

Before Col. Baker had progressed far in his work, a party of eight Washington detectives, under Maj. James R. O'Beirne, provost marshal of the District of Columbia civil and military police, went down the Potomac on April 18 on a steamer, landed at Chapel Point, and rode thence to Port Tobacco. There Maj. O'Beirne met Maj. Waite, on his way to Leonardstown. They conferred, but neither could give the other any clew.

Some of O'Beirne's men went into the hunt with more seal than discretion. One of them (Laverty) impersonated Booth, and accompanied by another (Hoey), who impersonated Herold, applied at various tenements for shelter, hoping to trap one who befriended them. This method was quickly discarded when the bogus Booth narrowly escaped shooting at the hands of a farmer.

While the detectives scoured the country in vain, a definite clew was provided by Lieut. Dana, who was still at Leonardstown.

It was furnished by Dr. Mudd, who had been visited by the officers that day.

terious strangers had been at his house on Saturday, April 15. Lieut. Dana had awaited the arrival of detectives before acting on the clew. Some of these arrived Tuesday, being a few of Maj. O'Beirne's men, who had ridden down from Surrattsville.

When these men interviewed Dr. Mudd they were convinced that it was Booth who had been at the doctor's house, but his trail ended with his riding away from it into the near-by swamps on Saturday night, April 15.

Tomorrow—Arrest of Dr. Mudd.

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LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

Arrest of Dr. Mudd, Who Set Booth's Leg.



DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD, WHO SET BOOTH'S BROKEN LEG, AND HIS WIFE.
Photo of Dr. Mudd was made at the Dry Tortugas military prison, to which he was sentenced for life. That of his wife was made after his release by pardon in 1869.

The first clue to the course taken by Booth through Charles County, Md., on his way from Washington to the Potomac was furnished by a person known in history as one of the Lincoln conspirators—Dr. Samuel A. Mudd.

It was at Dr. Mudd's house, twenty-five miles south of Washington and about four miles northeast of Bryantown, Md., that Booth and his companion, David E. Herold, drew rein at daylight on April 15, the morning following the assassination.

Dr. Mudd had set Booth's fractured leg, given him a bed and, when Herold said they must keep on, had pointed out to Herold a short cut across Zekiah Swamp to the place he said they wished to reach Piney Church.

That was on Saturday forenoon, before the doctor had heard of the assassination. Returning from Bryantown, where he had heard the news, suspicions were aroused by finding his guests gone and by his wife's declaration that the man with the broken leg wore a false beard.

Dissuaded from returning to the town at once to tell the officers there about his visitors, Dr. Mudd decided to send word to them next morning when he went to church.

On Easter morning, at St. Mary's Catholic Church, near Bryantown, Dr. Mudd met a cousin, Dr. George D. Mudd, and gave him a message to the officers about the two men who had been at his house.

In the leisurely manner of the time and place, in a country without good roads, before the days of telephones and among people not accustomed to haste, this message did not reach the authorities until Monday.

The doctor's message was communicated by his cousin through a third person to Lieut. David D. Dana, of the military police, who had arrived in the town from Washington on Saturday with a cavalry escort. Lieut. Dana sent for Dr. George Mudd and interviewed him, but did not act on his information until the next day, when a number of detectives arrived from Washington and prepared to follow up the clue.

Thus a delay of three days resulted between the time that Booth left Dr. Mudd's and the taking up of his trail by his pursuers.

Dr. Mudd and the Detectives.

Several Washington detectives, accompanied by Dr. George Mudd—who was a staunch Union man—went to Dr. Mudd's house on Tuesday, April 18. Dr. Mudd was absent, making professional calls, but soon returned. His manner showed alarm, and when questioned he gave sparing answers. An educated man, he knew what to expect if the cloud of suspicion settled on him in that time of passion and vengeance, and he feared for his wife and his four little ones if he were torn from them. He had done nothing more for the stranger who had visited him in distress than any humane doctor would have done; but he had aided him, and sent him on his way, and now the government by proclamation had declared that such aid was punishable by death.

The fact that Dr. Mudd had sent news of his mysterious visitors to the authorities weighed lightly with his interrogators against his reluctance to speak freely. He answered their questions, but seemed to volunteer little information. His alarm and nervousness condemned him to his inquisitors.

At this interview the name of Booth was not spoken, nor was a photograph of the assassin shown Dr. Mudd. His description of the crippled stranger convinced the detectives, however, that the man was Booth.

Booth's Boot Produced.

On April 23 the detectives made a second visit to the home of Mr. Mudd. Dr. Mudd as this interview produced the long riding boot he had cut from Booth's foot before setting his leg. The detectives demanded why he had not produced it before. He stated that it had been thrown under the bed on which Booth had slept and that when they called before he had not thought of it. It had since been brought to his attention.

Examination of the boot showed that it was marked on the inside "J. Wilkes." An effort was made to discern another word on the theory that "Booth" had been scratched out. No trace of another word could be found. The boot doubtless had belonged to one of Booth's wardrobes when he acted under the name of John Wilkes.

Dr. Mudd again went over the details

of Booth's stay at his house, and told how he showed Herold the way across the swamp. He acknowledged that he had been introduced to Booth in the preceding November, when Booth was in that section on the ostensible business of buying a farm.

Dr. Mudd was now shown a photograph of Booth, and was asked if he recognized it as that of the man whose leg he had set. He answered that there was a resemblance in the hair and eyes, but that the man wore a beard and was so debilitated that the resemblance was not great enough for recognition.

The interview ended with the detectives telling Dr. Mudd that he must come with them to Bryantown; that doubtless his detention would be brief.

So bidding farewell to his weeping wife and children, Dr. Mudd rode away with the detectives. He was destined not to see his home again for four years, after a sentence to life imprisonment at the Dry Tortugas, in the Gulf of Mexico, had been abated by pardon.

The Case Against Dr. Mudd.

At Bryantown Dr. Mudd was taken before Col. H. H. Wells, of the Twenty-sixth Michigan Regiment, head of a military commission of three officers appointed to obtain facts regarding the assassin. In three interviews, between Friday night and Sunday, one of which lasted five hours, Dr. Mudd went over and over the story of his acquaintance with Booth and stated that on reflection he now believed that the man he treated was Booth.

That was all; yet the officers felt the doctor must be concealing something. To them the case against Dr. Mudd looked black. He had strong Southern sympathies. He had been tardy in notifying the authorities of Booth's visit, and in bringing forward the boot.

The one question that remained unanswered by convincing evidence was: Did he recognize Booth and know he was the assassin when he treated him and helped him on his way? Dr. Mudd solemnly affirmed, even after he had been pardoned from life imprisonment, that he did not. At the time of Dr. Mudd's arrest two residents of Charles County to whom Booth had revealed himself as the assassin were hiding him, at risk of their lives—and they were never to answer the law. They were Col. Samuel Cox and Thomas A. Jones.

Tomorrow—Booth in hiding.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy
of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

BOOTH IN HIDING IN MARYLAND



Thomas A. Jones, Who Aided Booth to Escape Across the Potomac. He Was Arrested, but Released for Want of Evidence.

(From a Photo by Brady, Hitherto Unpublished, Showing Him in Later Life).

John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln at 10:15 on the evening of April 14, and on the afternoon of the next day left the Maryland home of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who had set his leg, broken in his jump from the theater box after firing the fatal shot. On Sunday morning, April 16, he was concealed by Col. Samuel Cox in a pine thicket near his home, a few miles southeast of the village of Port Tobacco, and three miles from the Potomac River, thirty miles south of Washington. There is now a railroad station at this spot, known as Bel Alton.

Here Booth lay, waiting a chance to get across the river, until Friday evening—six days and five nights. Cavalry scoured the country farther south in quest of him. At one time he heard the clank of sabers and the pounding of hoofs as a squadron acting as an escort to detectives cantered past his place of concealment.

That the assassin, debilitated by exposure and suffering agony from his swollen and broken limb, survived the sufferings of a week in the open—a week of cloudy days, with scarcely a ray of sunshine, and cold, misty nights—was due to the ministrations of Thomas A. Jones, a former "blockade runner" on the Potomac and Confederate mail carrier, to whose care Col. Cox, his foster brother, had commended Booth. But for the sympathy and secret aid of these two men, Booth and his companion and guide, David E. Herold, probably would have been taken within twenty-four hours after leaving Dr. Mudd's.

It was Easter morning, April 18, when Jones was sent by Cox to Booth and Herold. The next morning he took food and a flask of hot coffee in his overcoat pockets and a basket of corn on his arm, and rode away from his farm as if he were going to feed his hogs, which ran wild in the woods. Making sure he was not observed, he rode to Booth's place of concealment.

Booth, lying on the ground with a blanket over him and his arms beside him, greeted his newly-found protector with questions as to the prospect of crossing the Potomac. Jones told him he must wait until the coast was clear;

there were gunboats patrolling the river, and the country was alive with cavalry.

Jones Stands by Booth.

While Jones was speaking thus the unmistakable sound of cavalry on the march came to his ears. Booth also heard the sounds and correctly judged their meaning. The cavalry were searching for him.

All three men held their breath as the troopers passed. When they were gone, Jones said to Booth, "You see, my friend, we must wait." Booth replied: "Yes. I leave it all to you."

Caution prompted Booth's protector to advise that the mare on which the assassin had ridden thus far and the roan horse that had carried his companion be put out of the way, as a neigh from either might betray Booth's hiding place.

His advice was accepted, and Franklin A. Roby, foreman on Col. Cox's farm, who could be trusted with the secret, was sent by Jones to dispose of the animals. He led them deep into a swamp and there shot them.

Foul birds wheeling above their carcasses might at any time in the next two days have guided the searching cavalry to the spot; but the troopers did not read the signs, and entered the swamp, to beat it, above the spot where, in a few days, the ooze covered the dead animals from sight.

On Tuesday, April 18, Jones went to the village of Port Tobacco for news. He wished to know which way the hunt was turning before he attempted to ferry Booth and Herold across the river.

The most likely place for news was the village barroom, and there Jones spent some time. Among the men whom he heard talking there was Capt. William Williams of Washington, a detective seeking Booth.

Williams had some slight acquaintance with Jones and had suspected him of being a Confederate agent. He asked Jones to join him in a drink and Jones assented. As they stood at the bar Williams looked steadily into Jones' eyes and said:

"I will give \$200,000 to any one who will give me information that will lead to Booth's capture."

Not a muscle of Jones' countenance changed. He returned the detective's gaze and said, lightly: "That ought to get him if money can do it."

As Jones rode homeward his mind dwelt on the detective's offer. He was a poor man and the war had made him poorer, for he had been unable to collect the money due him for his services to the Confederacy. But the offer of a fortune did not tempt him. He had given his word to Booth, and, assassin though he was, Jones felt that he would play a traitor's part if he betrayed him.

Booth Writes of His Crime.

The next day Jones' house was searched by cavalrymen. Nothing incriminating was found. No one on the place was in the secret guarded by Jones, for the man had kept his own counsel, not confiding even in members of his family; and they, from years of peril and secrecy, had long since learned not to ask him questions.

Throughout the week Jones carried food daily to Booth and Herold. He also secured newspapers for them, and Booth, reading of the world's execration of him for his deed, gnashed his teeth in rage. He had expected the applause of the South; not to get it was a heavy blow to his abnormal vanity.

At some period before crossing the Potomac, probably as he lay in the thicket counting the leaden hours, Booth made an entry in his little red leather-bound diary, which, with the photographs of five handsome women, each one of whom doubtless had felt his charm, he carried in an inner pocket.

In it defiantly he sought to justify his crime. Writing as if on the night of assassination, he traced these lines in pencil:

"April 13, 14, Friday, the Ides—Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But, our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted, 'Sic temper' before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I pass all his pickets, rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump.

"I can never repent it. Though we hated to kill, our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment.

"The country is not what it was. This forged union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night (before the deed) I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the National Intelligencer, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceeding. He or the government—"

Booth believed that a statement he had left with a friend to be sent to a Washington newspaper was suppressed by the government. In fact, the man to whom Booth handed it, John Matthews, an actor, on discerning its character, destroyed it. The "others" to whom Booth referred were the Southern leaders, whom Booth could not forgive for capitulating. His statement that he rode sixty miles on the night of his crime was incorrect; the distance from Ford's Theater to Dr. Mudd's, by the roads he followed, was about thirty miles.

Jones Has a Boat Ready.

While Booth, suffering in body and mind, lay in the thicket, Jones prepared the means for his escape across the Potomac. He had a small boat—a valued possession to a Southern man on the Potomac at that time—and from the moment of his meeting with Booth he took care to keep this boat out of the hands

of Federal searchers. This he did by requiring a freed slave who worked for him, one Henry Woodland, to go out fishing daily in the boat. The negro obeyed his orders, and, therefore, was absent on the broad river with the boat when the cavalry searched the Jones farm.

At night the boat was moored in a small creek about a mile from the house, known as Dents Meadow. This was a secluded spot between high and heavily timbered cliffs, covered with an almost impenetrable growth of laurel. It was from this spot that Jones determined to

dispatch Booth on his voyage across the river.

Tomorrow—Booth embarks on the Potomac.

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BOOTH EMBARKS ON THE POTOMAC



JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

In the first week of his flight as a hunted assassin Booth changed from a handsome, well-dressed man to an unkempt physical wreck. This picture shows him as he appeared shortly before shooting Lincoln.

Booth and his companion in his flight, David E. Herold, had lain five nights and six days in their Maryland hiding place, a pine thicket near the farm of Col. Samuel Cox, in Charles County, before their flight, and guide, Thomas A. Jones, found an opportunity to take them to the Potomac (though it was but little more than three miles away) and embark them on its dark bosom for a passage into Virginia.

Booth had gone into hiding in the thicket on Easter Sunday morning, April 16. Jones, taking him food daily and newspapers when he could get them—for Booth was eager to know what the world said of him—had restrained the assassin from attempting further flight while cavalry beat the swamps and searched the settlements about his hiding place.

With the sagacity of an old Potomac "blockade runner" and mail carrier for the Confederacy, Jones knew how to read small signs as to the movements of his former enemies, the cavalry.

On Friday, April 21, Jones went to the hamlet of Allen's Branch, three miles from his home, to glean information. He was in the general store there when an officer whom he knew came in and, addressing some soldiers, told them that he had received a report that Booth was in St. Marys County, several miles farther south. The whole party at once mounted and rode off.

Jones now believed his opportunity had come. Leaving the store without an appearance of haste, he started homeward. Out of sight of the place, he moved quickly. All his plans had been laid, and he had only to seek Booth, in the approaching darkness, and make the long-awaited dash to the river.

The Start for the River.

The enterprise was a desperate one for Jones, as detection meant hanging. But he did not hesitate to take the risk. He had given his word to see Booth started across the river, and he went calmly about the keeping of it.

Nature favored the enterprise. Night came on very dark, with a mist lying dense over swamps and woods.

Riding straight to Booth's hiding place, Jones gave their accustomed signal whistle. He had never before visited the assassin at night, and as he waited a reply he wondered if Booth would trust him now. Presently the appearance of Herold, standing before him like a wraith in the fog, proved his answer. The guide was led to Booth, who, feverish and suffering, was eager to be off.

In brief whispers Jones explained his plan for getting to the meadow creek on the river where his boat was concealed. The horses Booth and Herold had ridden from Washington having been killed in the swamp for fear they might neigh and betray the fugitives, Jones placed his own horse at Booth's disposal. The assassin was lifted on the horse and with Herold leading the animal, the journey began in accordance with the guide's plan.

Jones, knowing the way, walked ahead a few yards, and finding the coast clear whistled. Herold then led the horse cautiously forward to the spot where Jones stood. Jones then advanced again, signaled, and again the horse was brought up.

Booth Pleads for Warmth.

In the stillness of night, as he stood after giving the signal, the guide felt that even his own breathing was audible. Every night sound, like the distant baying of a dog, the croaking of frogs in the swamp, or the whirring of a night bird's wings, was magnified tenfold to him.

Thus they kept slowly on. One mile of their route was public highway, where two houses had to be passed. A light in the kitchen window of each glowed dimly through the mist, but no dog came out to raise an alarm and the little cavalcade passed unnoticed.

Three miles from their starting place they halted, on Jones' farm, under a pear tree, not fifty yards from his house,

where a friendly light burned. Here Jones commanded the fugitives to wait until he could them some supper.

At this point, in sight of the warmth and comfort of a dwelling, Booth's fierce spirit softened and with a pleading tenderness, almost like a child's, he begged Jones to let him come into house.

"O, can't I come in and get some of your hot coffee?" he said.

Pity for the man's condition, knowledge of his sufferings, as he had lain wounded for a week in the open air in damp, sultry weather, pulled hard at Jones' heartstrings, but he said: "No, this is your last chance. You must stay here."

Booth's guide went among his family as if engaged in his usual undertakings, ate his supper without show of haste, put up some food and drink, which he put into his pockets, and left the house without any one asking him a question or showing any apparent interest in his movements.

In the dark orchard he found the fugitives where he had left them, and the march to the river was resumed.

Booth and Herold Aboard.

The route lay across a field about half a mile to a fence. An opening could not readily be made in the fence and it was necessary to take Booth from the horse.

With Jones on one side and Herold on the other, the assassin limped the remaining 200 yards on a rough path to the water. The boat was found drawn up in the bushes where Jones' negro fisherman had left it, in accordance with orders. It was a mere skiff, twelve feet long and flat bottomed, that Jones had bought in Baltimore, for use in his former business. To baffle the Federal patrols on the river it had been painted lead color.

After Booth had taken his place in the stern of the boat and Herold had prepared to handle the oars at the bow seat, Jones produced a candle which, surrounded by an oil coat in the bottom of the boat, he lighted. Beside it was placed a small compass owned by Booth, on the card of which Jones pointed out to Booth the direction in which the boat should be steered to bring it to the nearest landing place on the Virginia shore, Machodoc Creek.

Booth knew nothing of navigation and Jones expressed on him the necessity of holding the compass course. Then cautioning them to keep the light hidden, Booth's guide said "Goodby." Years afterward he thus recalled the scene of parting:

"As I was in the act of shoving off the boat, Booth exclaimed, 'Wait a minute, old fellow.' He then offered me some money. I then took \$18, the price of the boat, which I knew I should never see again. He wanted me to take more, but I said, 'No, what I have done was not done for money.' In a voice choked with emotion, he said, 'God bless you, my friend, for all you have done for me. Goodby, old fellow.' I pushed the boat off and it glided out of sight into the darkness."

Tomorrow—The assassin lost on the Potomac.

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Booth Loses His Way on the River.



A WAR-TIME PATROL ON THE POTOMAC.

The Skiff Shown at the Right Is of the Same Type as that in Which Booth Crossed the River.

(From a photo in the collection of the Loyal Legion, Boston.)

Saying farewell to their friend in need, Thomas A. Jones, the one-time "blockade runner" of the Potomac, who, from compassion and without price, had guided them to the river, the assassin and his companion, Herold, shoved off in their skiff from the Maryland shore, to cross to Virginia, in the evening of Friday, April 21, almost at the hour that Booth, seven days before, had fired the fatal shot at Lincoln.

The little cove in which they had embarked, Dents Meadow, was calm and still; but as Herold rowed the boat out of it in the white fog that soon obliterated all traces of the bank the two heard in the broad river a sound unfamiliar to either the rower or the desperate, pain-racked man who sat in the stern seat, and carefully shielded with an oil coat the candle that lighted his compass.

It was the wash of the flood tide, of which Jones had failed to warn them. It ran strong in the channel and over the shallows of the great stream, here five miles wide. In a short time the voyagers were in its grasp, being swept steadily up stream, though they sought by the aid of the compass needle to keep the boat's head toward the Virginia shore, where they hoped to effect a landing at Machodoc Creek.

Booth and Herold had set out from a point near Popea Creek. Above there the river makes a great turn around Matthias Point, on the Virginia shore, its actual course in consequence being for some miles northeastward.

As they were swept into this great bend the refugees lost their bearings completely. Booth anxiously held the candle over the compass glass until its drippings obscured the rapid turnings of the card beneath; but Herold could not lay a course from his promptings that brought them to land.

Near Federal Gunboats.

Hour after hour Herold rowed. He was not robust and this labor probably

was the hardest he had ever done in his life. His hands were blistered and his body ached.

What passed between the two men as they wearily kept on, wrapped in the fog and darkness, cannot be told. Booth may have menaced Herold to keep him busy at the oars, or the alarms they suffered may have been spur enough to the poor youth.

Often through the fog they could hear sounds that told them they were near boats. Once it was the sound of talking; again the splash of paddle wheels. The war patrol of the river by Federal gunboats had not ceased when the hue and cry for Booth went out, and now the river was policed with added vigilance, to catch the assassin, if possible, in his passage of the river—for by this time he had been traced into Charles County, Md.

Once they were so near a gunboat they saw its form loom through the fog. Resting on his oars and holding his breath, we may believe, Herold allowed the skiff to drift with the tide in the enveloping gloom to safety.

Had they been detected and had a boat seized them there, blood doubtless would have been spilled, for Booth was armed with a carbine and two pistols, and was resolved that he would never be taken alive.

Ashore Again in Maryland.

At last, as the deep gray of the night was lightening under the approaching day, they found themselves on the edge of the current in quiet water and the shore appeared. Herold put the boat upon the beach and got out. From what he could see, it was not the place they had expected to reach. They were indeed still on the Maryland side, about twelve miles above their starting point. They had rowed into Avon Creek, an affluent of Nanjemoy Creek.

Hiding the boat in the bushes, and Booth with it, Herold set out with daylight to learn where they were. Ventur-

ing cautiously forth, he came to the house of Col. J. J. Hughes. Here he revealed his identity and, his story being sympathetically heard, was given food to last them through the day and directions for resuming their voyage to Machodoc Creek at night.

During the day the fugitives lay hidden in the woods where they had landed. It was the eighth day since the assassination. Booth was now much reduced in strength. The night of the crime and the night following he had spent in the saddle. Six days and five nights he had lain without shelter in the woods in agony from his broken leg and with no comforts except cold food and coffee brought him daily by Jones.

Booth was now wild-eyed, haggard, unshaven and unkempt, a shadow of the gay and handsome young man of eight days before. He was savagely resentful against the world for its denunciation of his crime. He had believed Southern people would acclaim him their liberator. When he found that compassion for his pitiful plight was all he could command from the most ardent supporters of the South that he had met in his streets he began to see what he had done.

Booth Writes of His Crime.

The bitterness of Booth's reflections on his day of hiding by the river is revealed in an entry he made in the little red diary he carried, with a few women's photographs, in an inner pocket. The date of the entry is wrong—he might easily lose track of the days in his misery—but its text is a clear revelation of the assassin's mind. The entry was as follows:

"Friday, 21.—After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return, wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero; and yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cutthroat.

"My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the other had not only his country, but his own wrongs to avenge country, but his own wrongs to avenge, wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone. A country ground beneath this tyranny, and prayed for this end, and yet behold now the cold hand they extend me! God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see any wrong except in serving a degenerate people.

"The little—the very little—I left behind to clear my name, the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon for me in heaven, since man condemns me so.

"I have only heard of what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God! try and forgive me and bless my mother. Tonight I will once more try the river, with the intention to cross, although I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do.

"I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness.

"Tonight I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. O may He, may He spare me that, and let me die bravely! I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong unless God deems it so. And it's with Him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but 'I must fight the course.' 'Tis all that's left me."

"The little I left behind" was a communication to a newspaper, justifying himself, that Booth put in the hands of a friend, who destroyed it on learning its character.

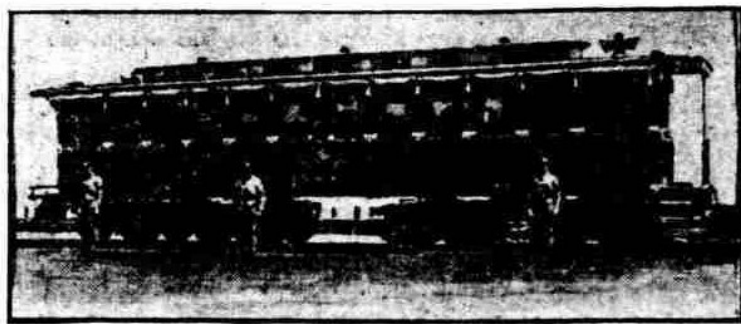
Tomorrow—Lincoln's funeral.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

The Nation's Tribute to Lincoln Dead



Lincoln's Body Lying in Simple State Under the Dome of the Capitol; and the Funeral Car in Which It Was Conveyed from Washington to Springfield, Ill.

From photographs.

Lincoln's funeral was one of the most extraordinary in the world's history. The mourners numbered more than 25,000,000. The funeral cortege moved over a route more than 1,500 miles long, from the National Capitol, where the great President had laid down his life in the service of his country, to the prairie city of Springfield, Ill., whence he had come a little more than four years before to take up the burdens of the Presidency.

Along that route various halts were made, where sorrowing throngs paid their homage of grief at the bier of the best-loved man of his time. The Nation's tribute to Lincoln dead, on this solemn funeral journey, was spontaneous, simple, genuine, showing how deeply the plain, honest and loving man had touched the hearts of his countrymen. Men and women gazed upon his features for the last time, and wept beside his coffin, as though mourning a dead friend. This personal touch of sorrow, this tribute to the man and not to the fallen ruler, was the distinguishing feature of the great funeral of Abraham Lincoln.

This funeral, begun in Washington on April 19, lasted until May 4, when the body of the President was put to rest in a vault at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, in the rolling, open country of Illinois, which he had loved so well.

On the morning of Lincoln's death in the little bedroom of a lodging house in Tenth street, Washington, to which he had been removed from the theater where Booth shot him, his body, in a temporary coffin, was taken to the White House. There it was embalmed and placed in a suitable casket, and there it lay, in the East Room, until the morning of April 13.

Then, while the churches of the country were holding solemn services of requiem, the body was drawn in a great funeral car through the black-draped streets of Washington to the Capitol, where it was to lie in state.

The strength and dignity of the nation found expression in that first stage of Lincoln's long funeral journey. Seasoned troops, splendidly equipped, from the great army that had brought the war for the Union to a successful issue only ten days before, formed the funeral escort.

The new President, his Cabinet, Senators and Representatives, judges, army and navy officers, foreign ministers and dignitaries in civil life followed the funeral car. Among these mourners were special delegations representing Lincoln's State of Kentucky and his adopted State of Illinois, and at the head of the procession, in symbolism of Lincoln's life-work done, marched a detachment of negro troops.

Mourning Crowds in Baltimore.

From the forenoon of April 19 to the evening of April 20, Lincoln's body lay in state under the Capitol's lofty dome, while mourning thousands passed in slow procession before it, and viewed the pale face beneath a plate of glass.

It was decided that the funeral journey should be in reverse of the route Lincoln had followed when he came to Washington for his inauguration.

On the morning of April 21 the body was escorted with solemn pomp to a funeral train, and placed in a car that had been reserved, in the war time, for the use of the President. Here, on a plain, black-draped stand the casket was placed. Across the head of the apartment was another and much smaller casket, that containing the body of Lincoln's little son Willie, whose death at the White House in 1862 had been a severe blow to the President. The little form was now to make the last journey to a final resting place in Springfield.

An official guard of honor, members of the President's family, representatives of State and nation, army and navy, judiciary and executive, occupied the train, which at 8 a. m. drew out of Washington for the funeral journey.

The first stop was at Baltimore, the city through which Lincoln had been obliged to hurry at night when on his way to Washington, to escape supposed assassins. Although the day was stormy, with heavy wind and rain, crowds waited the funeral train, and when the body, placed in a great hearse drawn by four black horses and escorted by military forces and wailing bands, was taken to the exchange, the people reverently bared their heads as it passed.

Beneath the dome of the exchange the coffin was placed upon a catafalque, and past it, for an hour and a half, moved a steady line of people. At 2:30 the coffin was closed and the funeral march was resumed to a station, from which the train departed for Harrisburg, Pa.

Pennsylvania's capital was reached at 8 in the evening. In its storm-washed streets throngs waited to watch the passing of the funeral cortege to the State Capitol. Here, until midnight, the body was exposed to view to a stream of mourners. Next morning the Capitol was opened at 7, and the crowds poured in again, while disappointed thousands waited outside. At noon the funeral journey was resumed for Philadelphia.

At Independence, Mo't.

As the funeral train passed through villages and towns on the line to Philadelphia people assembled at the stations and along the line and stood with bared heads to watch it pass. For some miles

outside Philadelphia the lines of mourners were practically continuous.

Through streets densely crowded with people, who bared their heads, the body of Lincoln was borne in a great funeral car, escorted by military and civil bodies and preceded by bands playing dirges, to Independence Hall.

Here, in the historic chamber that witnessed the founding of the republic, Lincoln was laid. The hall had been draped in black to receive him, and his coffin was placed beneath a sable canopy in the center of the room. The air was heavy with the scent of flowers.

At 10 o'clock in the evening the doors were opened to the public, who until midnight filed past the coffin, while bands stationed outside the hall played dirges. At midnight the hall doors were closed; but as the funeral guards looked from the windows at times in the night they saw groups of people in the park, waiting patiently for morning and an opportunity to gaze upon the features of Lincoln. Many of them were poor, and they had brought humble tributes of flowers to place upon Lincoln's bier.

All day Sunday (April 23) and until 1 o'clock Monday morning a crowd poured in orderly files into Independence Hall, past the coffin and out of the building.

Some of the men who recalled their last upon Lincoln here looked that in that very hall, on February 22, 1861, when on his way to Washington to take up his burden, Lincoln had delivered a brief, eloquent speech, concluding with these words: "I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by." On the same day, at a flag-raising outside the building, he had said that the country could be saved without giving up the principle of the Declaration of Independence, adding, "I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

Services in New York.

In the forenoon of April 24 the funeral journey was resumed to New York City. The rotunda of the fine old City Hall had been draped with crepe and black velvet, and on a catafalque at the entrance of the governor's room the coffin was placed.

The square and all the streets about were densely crowded. At 1 o'clock the procession past the body began. Outside the door thousands formed in line, and all through a day uncomfortably warm, and into the night, those not near enough to enter held their places, with ever-fresh accessions.

Within the hall singing societies chanted solemn music; outside the deep tones of dirges filled the air, while eighty persons a minute passed the body, forty on each side. It was well toward morning before there was a break in the line, but with the coming of daylight the press began again, and again the streets and square became crowded.

Among those who looked upon the body here was Gen. Winfield Scott, the aged commander of the army at the outbreak of the war.

At noon on Tuesday the doors were closed, after 150,000 persons had viewed the body. Then, through great crowds in the draped streets, a funeral procession escorted the coffin to the train. In Union square a halt was made and services were held, with an oration by George Bancroft, the historian.

The funeral train left New York for the journey west at 4:15, April 25. All up the Hudson the train was greeted with demonstrations, although it stopped only at Poughkeepsie. At one town a hundred white-clad schoolgirls stood singing by the track. In another a young woman representing the Goddess of Liberty knelt in mourning attitude upon a dais, the flag, draped in black, in her hand.

At West Point the cadets were drawn up in line, minute guns were fired and the bands played dirges as the train passed.

After dark torches lighted the faces of the mourning people as they stood uncovered to watch the passing of the funeral train.

Albany to Springfield.

At Albany the body was taken to the State Capitol at midnight, and at 1 o'clock the casket was opened in the assembly chamber. Until 2 o'clock in the day people filed past it in two lines.

The next stop on the funeral journey was Buffalo, April 27, where the body was placed in St. James' Hall, and was viewed by thousands from 8:30 a. m. to 9 p. m. In its escort here was ex-President Millard Fillmore.

From Buffalo the funeral train went to Cleveland, where on April 28 the body was placed in a structure erected for the purpose in the park. Here the burial service of the Episcopal Church was read by Bishop McIlvane, of the Diocese of Ohio. About 100,000 persons viewed the body between morning and 10 p. m. It was returned to the funeral car in a torrential downpour, and the journey was resumed to Columbus, Ohio, which was reached on the morning of April 29. Here it was borne into the State Capitol

under an arch inscribed "Ohio Mourns," and lay in state in the rotunda, funeral services being held in the afternoon.

A night journey brought the funeral train next to Indianapolis. Bonfires and torches had lighted its way, and at many stations were funeral arches and delegations of mourners.

Rain prevented a pageant here, but the body was viewed by thousands in the Statehouse.

Thence the journey, now nearing its end, was continued to Chicago, where on May 11 the body was placed in the courthouse. Musical numbers and a dirge chanted by German singing societies were a feature of the services here. For two days the body lay in state, viewed by thousands of the "plain people" whom Lincoln loved and understood full well.

The last stage of the long funeral journey to Springfield was made on May 3, and on May 4, after resting one night in the Illinois Statehouse, the body of Lincoln was committed with simple and impressive ceremonies to the tomb.

Tomorrow—Booth and Herold reach Virginia.

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LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

Booth and Herold Reach Virginia.



EDWARD SPANGLER AND GEORGE B. ATZERODT.

While Booth was in hiding these men were made prisoners. Atzerodt had been ordered by Booth to kill Vice President Johnson, but made no effort to do so. A reward of \$25,000 was offered for his arrest. Spangler was a scene shifter at Ford's Theater, and was accused of aiding Booth in his escape. His picture shows the kind of handcuffs placed on Booth's male associates when arrested. They also wore heavy chains on their ankles, with weights attached.

Photos by Brady; Originals in the Library of Congress Collection.

Living in a marsh beside Avon Creek, on the east shore of the Potomac, about thirty miles below Washington, John Wilkes Booth and his companion, David E. Herold, lay through April 22, the eighth day following the assassination of Lincoln.

They had set out to cross the Potomac the night before, but had lost their way in the fog.

Luck had attended them in making a landing after the night on the river. Their place of concealment, for themselves and their boat, was perfect. Col. John J. Hughes, a householder to whom Herold applied for food, did not fail them.

But they were still on the Maryland shore, and felt that they could not breathe freely until they reached the soil of Virginia.

That night they put their fate to the touch once more, by embarking again on the river. This time, though they were obliged to row about nine miles to reach the neighborhood of their designed landing place, Machodoc Creek, they were more fortunate than on the night before, and in due time arrived at the Virginia shore.

Herold, though weary with his service at the oars, kept up his rowing while Booth, silent upon the stern seat and suffering torture from his broken and swollen leg, scanned the shore for their landing place. It did not appear. At last the flush of morning in the east warned them that they must find a place of concealment quickly. By the growing light they discovered a little opening in the bank. It was Gambo Creek, a mile short of their goal. This they entered.

Rowing until out of sight of the river and its dangers from patrolling gunboats, Herold put the bow of the boat upon the shore beside a walnut tree, and drew the craft upon the strand.

Pursuers Pass Booth.

Booth was profoundly relieved when he felt himself on the Virginia shore, and not without good reason, for in escaping from Maryland he had slipped through a cordon of pursuers as a fox slips through a scattered pack of hounds.

Cavalry had beaten every wood and swamp in the whole peninsula between the Patuxent and the Potomac rivers, from Leonardstown to the vicinity of Washington. Detectives had interrogated householders. Gunboats had patrolled the rivers.

On the very night in which Booth succeeded in crossing the Potomac a party of detectives and cavalry crossed the river a few miles above him, to hunt him in Virginia. This party was headed by Maj. James R. O'Beirne, a provost marshal from Washington. Some of Maj. O'Beirne's men had followed the clew provided by Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, who had set Booth's leg on April 15, and who sent word to the authorities of Booth's visit, but were unable to track Booth beyond Dr. Mudd's. A negro's statement that he had seen Booth in a boat on the Potomac on April 15,

finally led Maj. O'Beirne to cross the river. Riding as far south as Prince George Courthouse, and obtaining no clew there, he returned to the river Sunday, re-crossing it but a few miles above the spot on which Booth landed that morning.

Fugitives Find Friends.

Booth landed on the farm of a Dr. Hoor. No house was in sight. It was broad daylight when Herold helped him ashore—a still, lowering morning. Booth was impatient to be off on his journey southward, but it was needful first to find the friends to whom they had been directed by their guide and friend on the Maryland side, Thomas A. Jones, who had concealed them in their six days of hiding near his home and had provided them with the boat.

The assassin's landing place was in a neighborhood locally famous in the war for its ferries on the "underground route" between Richmond and the North. Hereabouts mail carriers, spies, messengers and smugglers from the South made their way across the Potomac. The inhabitants were all loyal to the South, and four years of war had taught them much in the way of aiding mysterious travelers.

Jones had told them to seek out Mrs. E. R. Quesenbury, who lived beside Machodoc Creek; and leaving Booth under the walnut tree, Herold set out for Mrs. Quesenbury's home. He had no difficulty in finding his way, and on reaching the modest cottage by the creek he received a friendly welcome. There had been a Confederate signal station on Mrs. Quesenbury's place during the first two years of the war, and she had helped many a Confederate traveler then and since. She now gave Herold food for Booth and himself, without time lost in questions.

At Mrs. Quesenbury's Herold found Thomas H. Hardin, who was a brother-in-law of Jones, and could be depended on to aid the fugitives. Hardin responded to Herold's call for aid by going with him to Gambo Creek, and aiding him to navigate the boat with Booth in it, farther up the waterway into the swamp. He then guided Booth and Herold into a wooded region a mile or more to a little clearing in which stood a log house, occupied by an old man named William Bryan.

Booth hobbled painfully along with his crutch, aided by his companions, while Herold carried their carbine and other effects.

The old man Bryan had sheltered in his poor dwelling many a fugitive in four years. His homely hospitality was at Booth's disposal for the asking, and he also procured what Booth much wanted, whisky.

In this safe retreat, off the beaten roads, Booth lay through most of the day, which was Sunday. But he wished to push on, and thought of the comforts of the kind of house he had been accus-

tomed to, and of the cheer of a well-spread board. He had eaten very little in the eight days of his hiding.

Rebuffed at Dr. Stewart's.

That afternoon Booth's humble host secured a poor beast and a wagon and drove Booth and his companion southward about eight miles to the summer home of Dr. Richard Stewart, "Cleydyle," where Booth anticipated a welcome to the comforts that his troubled mind had pictured.

Dr. Stewart was the wealthiest man in those parts. He was an ardent Confederate, and his entertainment of travelers who knocked at his door in the war time had got him into trouble. He had been arrested several times, and was but recently come from prison in Washington.

When, therefore, Booth was driven to his door Dr. Stewart—who had heard of the assassination and may have suspected the character of his caller—declined to invite him within. He sent out food, however, which was eaten in an outbuilding, and directed the travelers to the home of one of his tenants, a negro named William Lucas, which was about a mile off.

Lucas received the two men and made them as comfortable as his wretched cabin permitted. He also provided more whisky.

The drink was fire to Booth's fevered veins and singing nerves, and he was in a savage mood—at war with the world that denied him the praise he had expected for his deed, and resentful against Dr. Stewart for turning him away.

As he nursed his grievance he took from his pocket his little red-bound diary and wrote in it a letter addressed to Dr. Stewart. The draft did not please him and he wrote another. This he tore from the book and, wrapping it about some money, gave it to the negro to take to Dr. Stewart.

Booth's Angry Letter.

Booth's letter was as follows: "Dear Sir: Forgive me, but I have some little pride. I hate to blame you for want of hospitality; you now your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken leg, in need of medical advice. I would not have turned a dog away from my door in such a condition. However, you were kind enough to give me something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but on account of the reluctant manner in which it was bestowed I feel bound to pay for it. It is not the substance, but the manner in which kindness is extended, that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The sauce in meat is ceremony; meeting were bare without it. Be kind enough to accept the enclosed \$2.50 (though hard to spare), for what we have received. Yours respectfully, STRANGER."

With what feelings the doctor read these lines is indicated by the fact that he sent no reply. He handed the note to his wife, who carefully put it away. A few days later it was to be demanded by a Federal detective. It now reposes in the dusty archives of the War Department, among many other bits of evidence of human passion, weaknesses and sorrow in the great tragedy of 1865.

Halted at the Rappahannock.

Booth and Herold lay on the night of April 23 at the home of the negro Lucas. They would have pushed on that night, but the negro declined to drive them in the dark. Furthermore, they had some consolation in drink.

Early on the morning of April 24, Lucas hitched a poor horse to a rickety wagon and set out with the travelers for Port Conway on the Rappahannock River, about twenty miles away. Booth felt that with another river between him and his pursuers his chance of escape would be improved.

At noon they halted at "Office Hall," the home of William McDaniel, where

they took dinner. At 3 p. m. they arrived at Port Conway and drove down to the ferry. William Rollins, a fisherman, who lived at the ferry, was at home, mending his nets, when Herold knocked at his door and asked if they could be set over the river.

The fisherman replied that the ferryboat was aground, and would not be afloat for three hours. When it floated they could be ferried over the river.

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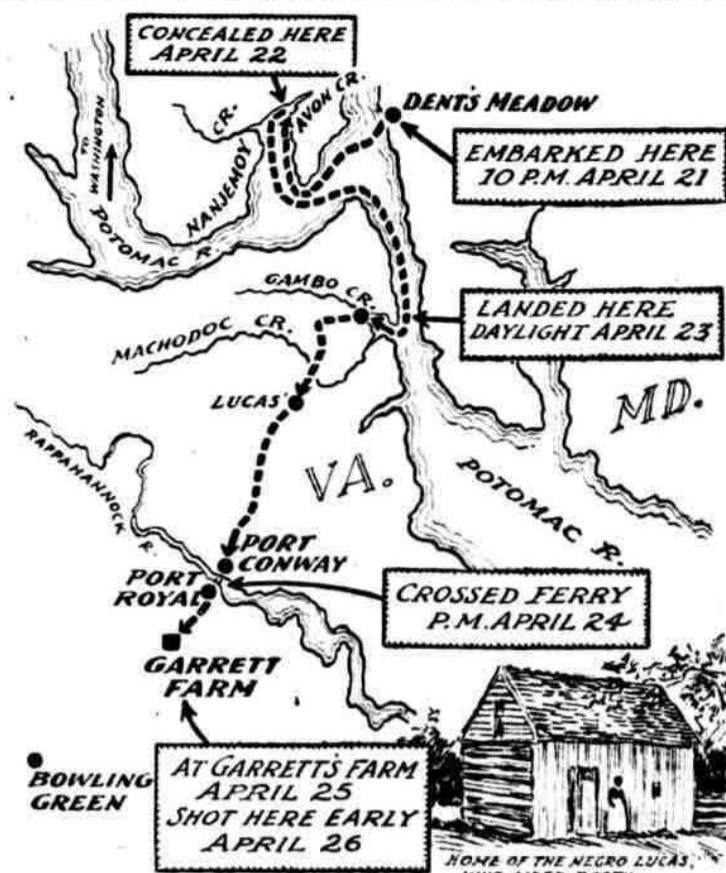
Tomorrow—Booth Crosses the Rappahannock.

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BOOTH CROSSES THE RAPPAHANNOCK



Booth's route across the Potomac and to the scene of his death.

It was the tenth day after his crime, in the afternoon of April 24, that Booth, still accompanied by young Herold, who had clung to him throughout his flight, reached the ferry across the Rappahannock River at Port Conway, Va., fifty miles in an air line south of Washington.

One day he had spent at the home of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, in Charles County, Maryland, six miles inland in a pine growth a few miles southeast of Port Tobacco, Md., near the Potomac. The eighth he had passed in a swamp beside Avon Creek, still on the Maryland side of the Potomac, after failure in an attempt to cross the river in a skiff. On the night of Saturday, April 22, he had crossed the river. The next day he had spent at the house of a friendly white man, and the night of the house of a negro, eight miles inland, who, on Monday, April 24, drove him ten miles to Port Conway, which lies across the Rappahannock from Port Royal, Caroline County.

Impatient to put the Rappahannock between himself and the detectives and cavalry he knew to be hunting for his trail, Booth was forced to wait three hours for the rising tide in the river to float the ferryboat. As he was waiting, seated in the poor wagon the negro, three Confederate officers, freed from service to the Lost Cause, rode down to the ferry and halted before the house of William Rollins, a fisherman.

They were: Maj. M. B. Ruggles, Lieut. A. R. Bainbridge, and Capt. Willie S. Jett, late of Mosby's Rangers. They still wore their gray uniforms. All lived in that part of Virginia and were homeward bound.

As the three young men dismounted they noticed at the ferry wharf the wagon in which sat Booth. Herold stood near it. After brief scrutiny he approached them and asked to what command they belonged. They replied briefly to Mosby's. He asked them where they were going. They replied that they did not care to state, it was a secret.

The Confederate officers showed no inclination to pursue the conversation further, and Herold went back to the wharf. The officers leisurely followed. Booth climbed slowly from the wagon as they approached and they had good opportunity to observe him. His tragic appearance was sufficient to rivet their attention.

Booth Seeks Companions.

Wearing a black slouch hat and a gray shawl about his neck, with a blue-black growth of ten days' stubble beard upon his haggard face, burning black eyes set deep in darkened sockets, clothing stained with mud and torn by briars and with one swollen leg clothed only in a black stocking, and bound between rough splints of wood and pasteboard, he was a strange figure. The most casual glance would show the man had passed through the deepest suffering. He was in pain then and winced when he moved his wounded limb.

As he stood before them, silent and watchful, Herold again addressed them. He said his name was Boyd, and the wounded man was his brother, who had been captured at Petersburg and had broken his leg escaping from a Northern prison. They were of A. P. Hill's corps and wished to get through the military lines to the South. Could the officers not take them through?

The three Confederates made, no definite reply, and rode back to the fisherman's house, where they dismounted and sat down on the steps.

Herold followed them and joined in their conversation.

"I suppose you are raising a command to go South," he said. "We would like to go along with you."

Jett replied, after a pause, that he would not travel with any man he knew nothing about.

Herold's manner on hearing this remark, attracted Jett's attention. He was agitated and seemed struggling to make some revelation. Finally he spoke, addressing himself to Jett, and in a trembling voice faltered out the words:

"We are the assassins of the President. Yonder is J. Wilkes Booth, the man who killed the President."

Befriended by Ex-Soldiers.

Astounded, the Confederate captain made no immediate reply. It seemed hardly possible that this timid, trembling youth before him could be the accomplice of the assassin, or that the wretched man at the wharf could be the assassin himself.

After a pause Jett called to Ruggles, who was watering his horse nearby, and on his coming up Herold repeated to him his statement. The first feeling of Ruggles and of Jett and Bainbridge, was one of repulsion.

But the shock of Herold's revelation was quickly followed by the appearance of Booth, who, painfully hobbling on his rude crutch, came up from the wharf, and stood before them. He saw by their faces that they knew his secret. His brow darkened.

"I suppose he has told you who I am?" he said, addressing Ruggles.

Ruggles nodded assent. Booth then suddenly threw his weight upon his crutch, and drawing a revolver, and assuming a menacing attitude, he glared at the men before him and said: "I hadn't intended telling that. Yes, I am J. Wilkes Booth, and I am worth just \$175,000 to the man who captures me!"

The Confederate soldiers assured him that he need not fear them; they were not "looking for blood money." In their hearts they had no sympathy with assassination, but they held bloodshed lightly, and were without loyalty to the national government, for they had just ended four red years of war against its forces. They had not yet taken the oath of allegiance after defeat, and the hunted, tragic figure before them so stirred their compassion that they forgot the murderer in the man, and told Booth they would assist him across the river and on his way. They said they were not on recruiting service, as he thought. They were merely disbanded soldiers, but they knew the country well, and their knowledge was at his service.

With a fervent "God bless you, sir," from Booth the spokesman for the soldiers the compact was sealed.

"Safe in Old Virginia."

Jett formerly had been stationed across the river in Caroline County in the Confederate commissary department, and knew most of the people thereabouts. He told Booth, as they sat on the steps of the fisherman's house, that he thought he could find a lodging for him either in Port Royal or near there.

"I am in your hands, boys, do with me as you think best," said Booth.

When finally the boat was ready, Booth was lifted upon Ruggles' horse, and on it rode aboard the ferry scow. A negro poled the boat across the stream, here about 300 yards wide.

Booth's spirits rose as the boat neared the southern bank, and as he talked he laughed for the first time, perhaps, since the dark hour in which he entered Ford's Theater to commit his crime. Then he had jested with the doorkeeper.

As Booth rode ashore in Port Royal he said, with something of his old theatrical manner, "I am safe in old Virginia, thank God!"

He had been in Virginia, in fact, since crossing the Potomac, but he had not counted himself safe until the Rappahannock was behind him.

He was indeed no safer here than he had been before, nor as safe; for in the same hour that he crossed the Rappahannock a party of detectives and cavalry left Washington to take up his trail at Port Conway, which they were destined to reach within the next twenty-four hours.

Tomorrow: Booth's pursuers cross his trail.

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Booth's Pursuers Cross His Trail.



COL. LAFAYETTE C. BAKER.

As chief of the War Department's Secret Service Col. Baker organized the searching party that captured Booth. His success caused much bitterness among the military and civil police at Washington.

Photo by Brady, in the War Department Collection.

The clew which brought a party of pursuers across the trail of Booth at the ferry over the Rappahannock, between Port Conway and Port Royal, within twenty-four hours after his passage of the river at that place, was obtained by a civilian detective operating in the section of Maryland through which Booth had fled to cross the Potomac.

The day after the assassination of Lincoln, Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, had ordered the chief of the War Department's Secret Service, Col. Lafayette C. Baker, to take charge of the detectives engaged in the hunt for Booth.

Col. Baker was well known in Washington, where his methods in detective work had made him unpopular in some of the government departments and with many military officers with whom he came in contact. He received, therefore, no aid from the officers who were organizing a military hunt for Booth, and proceeded to organize one of his own. His first step was to secure photographs of Booth and his companion in flight, David E. Herold, and make copies of them for the use of his men.

Early in his search Col. Baker, with the sanction of the War Department, sent a telegrapher, S. H. Beckwith Grant's chief cipher operator, to Port Tobacco, to tap the military wire running up the Western Shore from Point Lookout to Washington. With him went two detectives.

On Sunday, April 23, one of these, Theodore Woodall, talked with a negro, who said he had seen two men get into a boat near Swans Point the day before, and that "one was lame." The detective sent the negro to Washington forthwith to tell his story to Col. Baker. It indicated clearly the time and place of Booth's crossing of the Potomac.

How Chase Was Begun.

Acting on this clew, the first obtained since that furnished by Dr. Samuel A. Mudd on April 18, which revealed Booth's earlier route in Maryland, Col. Baker at once chose two detectives of his staff to lead a fresh pursuit of Booth. They were Everton J. Conger, of Ohio, and Luther B. Baker, of New York, the latter a cousin of Col. Baker, and both formerly officers in the colonel's regiment, the First District Cavalry.

Col. Baker called on the War Department for a cavalry escort for them. Stationed at Vienna, Va., a few miles from the city, was the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, from which Lieut. Edward P. Doherty and twenty-five men were detailed to report to Col. Baker. This they did on the afternoon of Monday, April 24. Lieut. Doherty was put under the orders of Detectives Conger and Baker, and the party left Washington that evening by steamer for Belle Plain, on the Virginia shore. Arriving there at 10 p. m., they took the road to the Rappahannock, with Conger in command.

Riding all night, the party made frequent stops to seek information, telling the people whom they called from their beds that they were Maryland Confederates, seeking a companion named Boyd, who was wounded, and had become separated from them. The name was that of a man who had slain a Federal officer in Maryland, and, by a coincidence, Booth used it that very day to conceal his identity.

Daylight revealing the character of the party, more direct methods of inquiry were employed, but no clew was obtained until Port Conway was reached, about noon on April 25. While the troopers were resting, Detective Baker made inquiries of all persons he met. One of these was William Rollins, the fisherman at whose house Booth and Herold had rested the day before while waiting for the ferry boat.

They showed him photographs of Booth and Herold, who recognized the likeness in each, and stated that the men had crossed the ferry at 3 o'clock the preceding afternoon, traveling with three Confederate soldiers they had met there.

(These were Maj. M. B. Ruggles, Lieut. A. B. Bainbridge, and Capt. Willie S. Jett, late of Mosby's Rangers.)

After Rollins' statement had been reduced to writing, and the ferry scow had been pulled from the Port Royal shore, Booth pursuers embarked on the ferry. The negro ferryman, James Thornton, was sharply interrogated as to his passengers of yesterday. He said he knew one of them, Capt. Jett, and that Jett had a sweetheart at Bowling Green. This was an important clew.

The ferryboat was old and leaky, and was laden beyond the safety point. When all had been ferried over, in two trips, the load was taken for Bowling Green, fifteen miles south. Rollins was taken along as a guide.

Booth at Garrett's Farm.

At that time Booth was at the farm of Richard H. Garrett, three miles out of Port Royal. When Booth left the ferry at Port Royal, one of the Confederate officers he had met at the ferry, Capt. Willie S. Jett, endeavored to get him a lodging in the town, but finding none, offered to give him a lift to Garrett's farm. Booth was then mounted behind Jett, while Herold mounted behind Ruggles.

To Mr. Garrett, whose house they reached before nightfall, Booth was presented as John William Boyd, a wounded Confederate. Mr. Garrett consented to take the stranger in until he could proceed South. Leaving Booth there for the night, Herold had kept on to another farm, five miles beyond, where with Ruggles and Bainbridge he secured a lodging. Jett kept on to Bowling Green and put up at the Goldman House. The proprietor's daughter was his sweetheart.

That evening Booth had joined in the social circle of the Garrett household, which consisted of the elder Garrett and his wife, two young sons, John W. and William, who had just returned from the war, in which they had served on the side of the South; Robert, a lad of 10, a daughter named Joann, a child of 2, and a young woman boarder, a school-teacher, Miss L. K. R. Holloway.

Sustaining his role of a Confederate soldier, Booth entered into the evening's talk, which doubtless turned largely to the ending of the war. The great news that was agitating the whole North and most of the South, that of Lincoln's assassination, had not yet reached this quiet neighborhood, which was without telegraph and where travelers on its wretched spring roads were few.

At bedtime Booth hobbled upstairs with the aid of the two older Garrett boys; and that night he shared their room.

Booth's Pursuers Pass Him.

The next day Booth lounged about the place. A large map in the house attracted his attention, and taking it down, he traced on it, in the presence of the 10-year-old boy, a route to Mexico.

That afternoon Lieut. Ruggles and Herold joined Booth. As Ruggles lay on the grass before the house with Booth, the assassin talked of his crime. He said he had hoped by killing Lincoln to end the war in favor of the South. Had he known that the South would not keep up the struggle he would not have struck. Of his associates he implicated only Lewis Payne, who attacked Secretary of State Seward, as an accomplice.

That afternoon Booth was sitting in the growing twilight on Garrett's piazza, when the pounding of hoofs on the road caused him to start in alarm. Cavalry was approaching.

Booth hobbled from the piazza and started to go behind the house. Herold stood in the lane before the house and watched the cavalry pass. They were Booth's pursuers. They did not draw rein at the Garrett place, but hastened down the road toward Bowling Green.

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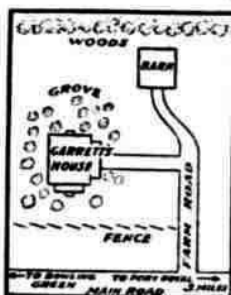
Tomorrow: The assassin run to earth.

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THE ASSASSIN RUN TO EARTH



THE GARRETT FARMHOUSE.

Here Booth passed the last day of his life. The diagram shows location of the barn to which he retired after seeing his cavalry pursuers pass the house.

Sketch of House from Harper's Weekly, 1865.

From the moment that Booth, seated on the piazza of John W. Garrett's home, saw the Federal troopers who were on his trail dash past the house, he knew that his flight had come to a desperate pass.

The cavalry was between him and the South, and he could not breathe easily again until he had passed them. His thoughts as he lay in the thicket behind the house, to which he had fled after the troopers had passed, were indicated when he came out at dark, for his talk was all of the need of continuing his journey.

He offered to buy young John Garrett's horse and to give \$150 for it, but the young man refused the offer. He had ridden the horse home from Appomattox. Booth then offered Garrett \$10 to take him next morning to Guinea Station, 18 miles away, on the railroad to Fredericksburg. The offer was accepted and the money paid.

Booth took supper with the family. It was his last meal. But little appears to have been said, for his hosts suspected him. When questioned by the family as to why he had gone to the thicket, Booth said he and young Herold "had been in a little brush over in Maryland, and thought it best to lie low for a few days."

This explanation did not satisfy the Garretts. Their door was always open to any one who had fought for the South; but there was something unlike a soldier about this crippled fugitive.

Locked Into the Barn.

At bedtime Booth said he would prefer not to sleep in the house, owing to the difficulty and pain of getting upstairs with his broken leg. He suggested that he could sleep on the porch. The elder Garrett said this would be dangerous, as the dogs might attack him.

Not far from the House was an old tobacco barn, in which was stored some furniture and hay, and it was decided that Booth and Herold might sleep there, on the hay.

When they had retired to this building, John Garrett, suspecting them of a design to steal his horse or his brother's, locked them in. He then concealed the horses in woods near the house, and returning, took up his station, with his brother, in a corn crib near the barn, in order to be near his suspicious guests.

Meanwhile the cavalry and the two detectives they were escorting, Everson J. Conger and Luther B. Baker, had ridden on through sand and mire, toward Bowling Green. At 9 o'clock, they halted at a roadside resort to ask if the inmates had seen any such party of three Confederate soldiers and two other men as they had heard decelerated at the ferry over the Rappahannock. One of these men the ferryman had recognized as Capt. Willie S. Jett, late of the Confederate army. His sweetheart was the daughter of Mrs. Goldman, who kept the hotel at Bowling Green.

The miserable women inmates of the roadhouse told the detectives of a party of four men of the kind they sought halting there the evening before, and going on toward Bowling Green.

Mounting again, the troopers pushed on to Bowling Green. After posting pickets in the road, they approached the Goldman House. It was then 11 o'clock. The house was dark and silent. Repeated knocks at the door brought no response.

Search of the premises revealed a negro in a cabin in the rear. He said a woman and her daughter were in the house, and that a soldier was there also.

Knocking and commands now brought Mrs. Goldman to the door. She declared the only man in the house was her cousin, who was wounded. She indicated his room.

Rushing to the room, the detectives pounded on the door. They were answered by Jett. Asking to speak to Conger privately, Jett said: "I know who you want, and can tell you where he can be found. He demanded protection in return, and it was promised him."

The Barn Surrounded.

Jett dressed, and in the midst of the cavalry rode down the road to Garrett's. At 2 a. m. the cavalry deployed around the house, while the detectives

made their way softly up the lane and to the side door of the house, and knocked.

As the owner of the house, Richard H. Garrett, appeared at the door in his night clothes, trembling with alarm, Detective Baker seized him by the throat, thrust a pistol into his face and demanded that he at once yield up the two men who had been his guests. The old man quavered that they were not in the house.

As he protested that he knew not where they were, Detective Conger called to a soldier: "Bring a lariat rope, we'll string him up to one of these locust trees."

The threat was useless. The old man could tell no more. As he stood before the detectives his son John appeared. He had stepped from the corner to be confronted by cavalymen, and they had brought him to the house.

"Don't hurt my father," he said. "He is scared and can tell you nothing. I will tell you where the men are you want to find; they are in the barn."

Highly excited, Booth's pursuers set out for the barn, the cavalymen shouting as they rode. In a few minutes they had surrounded the building.

Booth's Arms Demanded.

The barn was a rough structure, about 50 feet square, formerly used for storing tobacco. Between the weathered boards of its sides were apertures for ventilating a drying crop. A small door gave convenient entrance through the large central doors. It was this young Garrett had locked.

As the soldiers deployed about the barn not a sound came from its dark interior. Detective Baker carried a candle, and its flame, scarcely flickering in the still night air, lighted up the front of the building before which the detectives stood. Had Booth wished to shoot either of these men he could have done so then, or at any time for a considerable period thereafter, as Baker continued to carry the candle until admonished by Conger, when he set it down about twenty feet from the barn.

It was decided to dismount the men. This occupied nearly half an hour, as the men went to the rear two at a time in order not to break the line about the barn.

When all were dismounted they were posted thirty feet or more from the barn. Some of the men were so weary that they at once fell asleep. Others declined to come within the candle's beams, while fence rails were being propped against the large barn doors to prevent their being opened from within.

After a conference the detectives decided to open a parley with Booth by demanding his arms.

Assuming that young Garrett was a confederate of the assassin, they told him he must go into the barn to get the arms. The young man was no coward, but he shrank from such a task.

The silence in the barn at last was broken by a rustling sound, as of footsteps in the hay. Standing before the door, Baker called out: "We are going to send in this man on whose premises you are, to get your arms, and you must come out and deliver yourself up."

Then the small door was unlocked by Baker, and young Garrett was thrust into the dark interior of the barn.

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Tomorrow—Booth shot.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

BOOTH SHOT IN A BURNING BARN



BOOTH'S LAST STAND.

A fanciful contemporary sketch in Harper's Weekly of the assassin at bay in the burning barn. Actually he had dropped his crutch and was hopping on one leg toward the door, with the carbine lowered when shot down.

In the still darkness of a warm spring night, at a small roadside farmstead, in Caroline County, Va., about three miles south of Port Royal on the Rappahannock, and perhaps fifty-five miles south of Washington in an air line, was enacted the closing scene in the pursuit of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

The doomed assassin, who had sworn he would never be taken alive, faced death as he had lived, without fear. He played his part to its tragic end, as he might have played it in many tragedies, so filling the stage with his presence that the other people in the drama became mere supernumeraries.

Details of Booth's death are obtainable today only by patient research.

Only so much of the story of Booth's end as would establish evidence of his death was permitted by the government to come to light. The authorities sternly suppressed all details that might arouse a feeling of admiration or pity for the man. He was represented as in the act of aiming at one of his pursuers with a carbine when shot down. The fact that he ignored opportunities to shoot one of his chief pursuers, Detective Luther R. Baker, who stood with a candle in his hand fully half an hour outside the barn, whose walls were full of old cracks, was suppressed, for there was no public need of its being known.

The testimony on which the accepted narratives of Booth's end are based are those of Detective Everton J. Conger, which was brief, for the reasons indicated, and that of First Sergeant Thomas P. Corbett, of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, who shot Booth. Corbett was a religious zealot of unsound mind, who, having accepted the Christian faith in Boston, adopted the name of that city as his own. His story of the shooting of Booth was denied in its essential particular by that of Detective Baker, which was suppressed by the government. Baker afterward gave testimony on the death of Booth before a Congressional committee, and from that, pieced out with the story told by Conger at the trial of Booth, it is possible to present a reasonably accurate story of Booth's end.

Demand for Booth's Arms.

Booth was trapped in the Garrett barn at 2 a. m. April 26. Detectives Conger and Baker laid siege to the building, posted their escort of twenty-six men of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry about it, and sent young John W. Garrett into the barn to demand Booth's arms.

The young man had not been long in the building before a low, clear voice addressed him: "Young man, you had better get out of here," it said. "Your life is in danger."

The young man returned to the door, followed by the words, "D—n you, you have betrayed me!"

"Let me out; let me out quick!" pleaded young Garrett. "He is going to shoot me!"

The door was opened by Baker, whose form was lighted up by the candle he held in his hand, and Garrett slipped out.

A brief silence followed. Then the voice of Booth was heard:

"Who are you?" he said. "What do you want? Whom do you want?"

Baker replied: "We want you and we know who you are. Give up your arms and come out."

Booth replied: "Let us have a little time to consider."

The silence was broken by Baker, who said:

"We have fifty men around this barn, armed with carbines. If you come out, all will be well. If not, we will burn the barn in two minutes."

"This is hard," said Booth. "An innocent man owns this barn."

After a brief pause he went on: "Give a lame man a chance, Captain. I know you to be a brave man, and I believe you to be honorable. I am a cripple; I have lost one leg. If you will withdraw your men in the 100 yards from the door I will come out and fight you."

"We did not come here to fight," Baker replied. "We came here to make you a prisoner."

After a brief further silence, Booth said: "If you take your men fifty yards from the door, I'll come out and fight you all."

In the course of this dialogue Detective Conger admonished Baker not to expose himself to great danger longer by holding the lighted candle. The light therefore was set down about twenty feet from the barn door.

As a feint to lead Booth to believe the barn was about to be fired the detective set young Garrett to work piling straw and brush against it at a point where a board was off.

The young man soon desisted. "I will not risk my life further," he told them. "He threatens to shoot me."

Again Booth repeated his offer to fight the whole command, adding, "Give me a chance for my life!"

The same reply was made to him. He must surrender or the barn would be burned. Then he said in a clear and theatrical tone: "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me!"

There was further silence. Then Booth was heard again. He said: "There's a man in here wants to come out." Lieut. Baker replied: "Very well, let him hand out his arms and come out."

Sounds of low voices and a few sentences reached the ears of the watchers outside, as Booth and Herold had their last talk. Booth's voice was the louder, and he was heard at last to say: "You damned coward! Will you leave me now? Go, go! I would not have you stay with me."

Herold then came to the door and cried: "Let me out!"

Baker demanded that he hand out his arms.

"I have none," he said.

Booth interposed saying: "The arms are mine. I've got them."

Baker declared the man carried a carbine. Booth answered: "Upon the word and honor of a gentleman, he has no arms; the arms are mine and I have them."

The door was opened. Herold put out his hands. Baker seized them and drew him out.

He was taken to a tree and tied to it, babbling protests of his innocence until silenced.

The Barn Set on Fire.

Conger now proceeded to fire the barn. Going around a corner he pulled some hay out of a crack, twisted up a little rope about six inches long, set fire to it, and stuck it back.

As the first flash of fire caught the hay Booth was heard to say in loud, theatrical tones:

"One more stain on the old banner!"

They were destined to be the last words he would ever utter above a whisper.

As the fire climbed higher Lieut. Baker opened the door and peeped into the ruddy interior of the barn. He saw Booth leaning against a haymow,

his crutch under his arm, his carbine held trailing at his hip. Near him was a large table, bottom up. He seized it, as if to try and smother the fire with it, but after lifting it he dropped it, and for an instant made a survey of the barn. The flames were now rolling toward the roof on one side. The moment had come when the assassin must leave the barn.

Dropping his crutch, he drew a pistol from his belt, and with this weapon in one hand and his carbine in the other, but neither of them in position for use, he started toward the door.

It was the first time since the night of the assassination, twelve days before, that he had sought to step upon his broken leg. He made several limping, halting jumps toward the door, but the pain must have been more than he could bear, for he next began hopping on his sound leg, his weapons at his side.

He had taken three such steps, or hops, when a shot was heard from the rear of the barn and he fell at the instant when Baker, at the door, was prepared to seize his tottering body and disarm him.

The Shooting of Booth.

As Booth fell, Baker, not knowing the man was wounded, jumped upon him to pinion his arms. He wrenched from his clenched hand the revolver; the carbine had fallen between his legs.

The second person to enter the barn was young Garrett, intent on putting out the fire. The third was Conger, who rushed to Baker's side.

Baker, now finding the man beneath him inert, turned the apparently lifeless head toward the fire, and said: "It is certainly Booth."

Conger replied: "What on earth did you shoot him for?"

"I did not shoot him," said Baker.

The shot that had cheated Booth's pursuers of their chance to take him alive was fired from the back of the barn, where Corbett—having disobeyed his orders, which were that no soldier should come nearer the barn than thirty feet, and that no shot should be fired without orders—had posted himself, his pistol through a crack, and steadied on his arm.

Corbett's reasons for shooting Booth were thus given under oath:

"I supposed he was going to fight his way out. He was taking aim with the carbine, but at whom I could not say.

"My mind was upon him attentively to see that he did no harm, and when I became impressed that it was time I shot him."

The source of the shot that brought Booth down was unknown to Conger and Baker as they bore Booth out of the burning barn and laid him on the grass, but the next day, when questioned as to why he fired the shot, Corbett told his commander:

"Colonel, Providence directed me."

Tomorrow—The assassin's death.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

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By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

THE ASSASSIN'S END

As John Wilkes Booth, unconscious, was laid under a locust tree near the burning barn in which he had been shot down, the man who first reached his side, when he fell, Detective Luther B. Baker, raised him partly to a sitting posture and took the assassin's head upon his knee.

By the fire's glare Baker, looking upon the ghastly features of the mortally wounded man, saw a quiver of the eyelids and of the lips that indicated a return to consciousness.

Beside the two was the detective who had directed the running of Booth to earth, Everton J. Conger. Both men were touched by the shadow of death upon the wan face before them, and

arrived, and after probing the wound, not knowing the bullet had passed entirely through the neck, he expressed the opinion that the man could not live more than an hour and a half.

Leaving orders that if Booth lived longer than that a messenger should be dispatched for a surgeon from one of the Federal vessels in the Potomac, and that if he died his body was to be taken to the Capital without delay, Detective Conger mounted and rode off, carrying Booth's effects in a bundle. It was then about 5 o'clock.

At times one of the young women in the house, Miss Holloway, aided in bathing the dying man's face. He looked at her, but did not speak to her.

At this time his heart action was failing. At intervals of about five minutes he gasped, and his heart would nearly cease beating. Then it would flutter and beat fast.

Occasionally he whispered some request to Baker. Finally he said, "My hands," indicating a wish to have them lifted so that he could see them. The detective bathed them in ice water, and raised them. As Booth gazed at them, he said:

"Useless! Useless!"

Whether he spoke of the uselessness of his crime, or of his efforts to live, they knew not. His words were his last.

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Tomorrow: The burial of Booth.



SERG. THOMAS P. ("BOSTON") CORBETT.

The trooper, who declared his act was directed by Providence, is shown in the uniform worn at the time of its commission.

Photo by Grant, in the War-Department Collection.

sought to do what they could to ease the assassin's last hours.

Baker had a small vial in his pocket, and in this water was brought. Some of this was dashed in Booth's face, and some was poured in his mouth.

As the two watched him, they saw his lips move, as if he wished to speak. Conger put his ear to Booth's lips, and caught, in a faint whisper, the words:

"Tell my mother."

The whisper ended in a swoon.

Baker bathed Booth's face and presently he revived, opening his eyes. Again his lips moved, and leaning over him Baker caught the words:

"Tell my mother I die for my country."

Conger also heard the dying message, and, repeating it, asked:

"Is that what you say?"

Booth answered:

"Yes."

Mind Alert to the Last.

It was evident to the two men that Booth had not long to live, though as yet they did not know the nature of his wound. The heat of the fire was too great to be sustained in their position under the tree, and calling two soldiers to help, they lifted his limp body and bore him to the Garret farmhouse, where they laid him on the porch.

The women of the household, who in terror had witnessed the arrival of the cavalry, the parley with Booth in the barn and the firing of the building, now found relief for their nervous strain in ministering to the dying assassin.

One of the daughters brought water, cracked ice and cloths. Detective Conger tore open Booth's shirt collar, exposing his chest and Baker bathed his face and neck in cold water. He then saw Booth's wound for the first time. The bullet had passed through the neck, and apparently the spine, from right to left. Paralysis had resulted.

As they worked over him the dawn came, and the sun rose on a clear brilliant spring day. Booth again regained consciousness and it was apparent that his mind was clear. Turning his great black eyes, that so often had broken the souls of women and won the hearts of men, upon the two men beside him, he murmured again his message to his mother.

Baker, seeking to soothe him, addressed him by name.

On hearing his name spoken the assassin turned on the men a look full of inquiry. He had not revealed his identity to the Garrets, and he seemed to be at a loss as to how they had established it.

"O, Kill Me! Kill Me!"

A mattress was brought, and as Booth lay on that, with his head elevated and his eyes closed, he was as alert mentally as the men beside him. This was shown when Baker made some remark aside to Conger about Willie S. Jett, the Confederate officer who had served as Booth's guide to the Garret farm, and who, on being seized by the detectives, had led them to the house.

Booth opened his eyes and whispered:

"Did Jett betray me?"

Baker soothed him by saying, "Never mind anything about Jett."

Presently Booth asked for water, and they gave him some, and a little whisky. He asked to be turned on his face. They told him he could not lie that way, and turned him on his side. He soon indicated that he wished to be turned back. He could find no comfort. Whispering to Conger he asked the detective to press down on his throat. He did so, and Booth made exertions to cough. He was directed to put out his tongue, and did so. Conger told him there was no blood on it, that the bullet had not passed through his throat.

As it became evident to the watchers that Booth must soon die, Conger, anxious to set out for Washington with the news of his capture—for the country had been impatient that the assassin be found—began to gather up Booth's effects. In his undershirt had been found a diamond pin. In his pockets were a small sum of money, his pipe, handkerchief, diary and some papers.

To get the diary it was necessary to turn him slightly. He saw the object of it and groaned, "O, kill me! Kill me!"

Booth's Last Words.

A doctor who had been sent for now

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

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HOW BOOTH WAS BURIED



"THE ASSASSIN'S END: AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH."

A fanciful sketch of Booth's supposed burial, published in Leslie's Weekly, under the caption quoted, that led many persons to believe the assassin's body was sunk in the Potomac. The sketch was undoubtedly inspired by Col. Lafayette C. Baker, chief detective for the War Department.

Booth's burial was purposely shrouded in mystery, for a reason afterward given by Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton. "I thought the body should be interred so that if there was any disposition to do so, it might not be made the subject of speculation by unloyal persons. I thought it would be a source of gratification to the loyal people of the country. If the best was permitted to be made the instrument of rejoicing at the deaths of Mr. Lincoln.

It was represented in many stories sent from Washington to the press, that the assassin's body was sunk in the Potomac at night. One of the leading illustrated journals of the period gave a page picture of this supposed burial, quoting as its authority, one of the two officers employed in the duty of sinking the body in the middle of the Potomac.

Half a century has not sufficed to bring up in the minds of men, the mystery attending the disposition of Booth's body. Only careful study of various official documents today will furnish a connected narrative of what was done with the body.

Booth died about 3:30 on April 20, 1865, at the steam farm near Fort Roush, Va., three hours after being shot.

A detective, Luther B. Baker, who with Detective Evertson J. Conger, had with Booth to earth, was with him at the end. It was his duty to transport the body, without delay to Washington by way of Belle Plain, on Potomac Creek, where a steamer had landed the detachment of twenty-six members of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, Lieut. Edward P. Deberry commanding, who, under guidance of the detectives, had effected Booth's capture.

Detective Conger had started back to Washington overland, and the steamer waited the cavalry's return.

Lost Was with Body.

As soon as the doctor who had been called for Booth pronounced him dead, the body was sewed up in a cavalryman's blanket, lashed to a board and placed in a negro's wagon. Then, escorted by the cavalry, it was driven to the ferry over the Rappahannock at Port Royal, which Booth had crossed two days before. Young David E. Herold, Booth's companion in his flight, walked among the horsemen, his hands bound behind him. As the party advanced Booth's wound, which had not bled before, began bleeding freely. A trickle of blood came down from the wagon, marking its route by red spots on the road.

At the ferry the negro who drove the wagon accidentally thrust his hand in some of Booth's blood. Seeing the red stain, he cried in terror that it would never come off, because it was murderer's blood.

On the Port Conway side of the ferry the calvalcade turned northward. As the cavalry could go no faster than their prisoner could walk, and Herold soon began to show signs of exhaustion, Detective Baker, who was well mounted, pushed on ahead with the wagon.

The roads in that section were poor and unmarked by guide posts. At a fork, Detective Baker took one road and the cavalry, on coming up, another.

In this manner Baker became separated from his escort and also lost his way.

The wagon broke down and much time was lost securing another. With this Baker reached Potomac Creek, only to find himself three miles below the point at which he expected to meet the steamer.

It was not possible to strike a cross country with the wagon. Baker hid the body in the woods, and leaving the negro to guard it, set out for aid. He procured a small boat, and in this rowed back to where he left the body, and putting it aboard the boat, rowed it to the steamer, where it was placed on deck.

The cavalry having arrived with its prisoner, the boat set out for Washington.

Taken Away in a Boat:

Meanwhile Detective Conger had reached Washington with the great news that Booth had been taken. Gen. Lafayette C. Baker, chief detective of the War Department secret service, who had sent out the party which trapped Booth—one of many that were searching for him—at once embarked on a tug to meet the steamer, which arrived at Alexandria with the body late that evening.

The orders of Secretary Stanton, the steamer proceed at once to the Washington Navy Yard, and the body was transferred to the deck of the monitor Montauk, where it lay for the remainder of the night, under a marine guard. Herold, in heavy irons, was placed in the ship's chain locker.

The next morning an autopsy on Booth's body was held by Surg. Gen. Joseph K. Barnes, of the United States army, and the body was officially identified. Dr. J. F. May, a prominent Washington physician who had treated Booth for a carbuncle on the neck, found the scar resulting from its removal. It was also identified by other persons who had known Booth.

The section of the spine at the neck through which the bullet had passed was removed and the body was pronounced ready for burial. The body was then placed in two blankets, the edges of which were sewn together, forming a bag. A young woman who had known Booth, whom some one of the persons present at the autopsy had smuggled aboard the ship, when not observed cut the sewing near the head, and cut off a lock of the assassin's hair. She was ob-

served and obliged to return it to the bag.

The commander of the monitor had orders to place the body in a strong box, and navy yard carpenters vied with each other in "driving a nail in the coffin of the President's murderer."

Before the box was ready a small boat was rowed alongside the monitor at 2 1/2 p. m. Detectives Lafayette C. Baker and Luther B. Baker quickly lifted the body over the ship's low side into the boat, and before the guard could interpose effectual objection rowed away from the ship, heading their boat down the Eastern Branch of the Potomac.

Buried Secretly at Night.

The two detectives were acting on direct orders from the Secretary of War, to take the body to a place where it could be given secret burial.

They rowed the boat around the point on which the War College now stands, and on to a wharf near the foot of Four-and-a-half street in the old arsenal grounds.

It was lifted out and placed on the wharf, where it lay under guard of a sentry until night. Meanwhile Maj. James G. Benton, commanding at the Arsenal, received orders from Secretary Stanton to prepare a grave that would be under lock and key.

Within the Arsenal grounds was a grim old building that served as a penitentiary for the District of Columbia, and then was used as a military storehouse. One of its larger rooms, formerly a recreation room for convicts, and more recently used for the storage of fixed ammunition, was paved with flagstones. One of these was raised and a grave was dug.

The body was then brought from the wharf and placed in a pine gun box. The box was marked with Booth's name, and the mortal remains of J. Wilkes Booth, their ignoble funeral journey over, were duly buried in the presence of Maj. Benton, L. C. Baker, and Thomas T. Eckert, the latter chief military telegrapher, who acted as agent for the War Department.

The flagstone being put back in its place, the workmen who had buried Booth, and the official observers, left the old prison to darkness and silence.

Booth's Resting Place.

That night the key of the room in which this burial had taken place was put into the hand of Secretary of War Stanton. Maj. Benton made a report of the burial, which never reached the public records.

The secret of Booth's burial place was secure. In 1867 Secretary Stanton told a Congressional committee, in response to questions, that Booth was buried "on the premises of the Ordnance Department," but he did not tell where.

In the same year the portion of the old penitentiary in which Booth lay buried was torn down. The body was then moved, again secretly, to an old storehouse in the Arsenal grounds, where it was again buried. There it remained until February, 1869, when permission was granted by President Andrew Johnson to Edwin Booth, the assassin's brother, to remove it.

Mr. Booth went to Washington with a Baltimore undertaker to get the body. Probably for convenience, and perhaps without thought of the strangeness of his choice, the famous actor went to Ford's Theater, the scene of his brother's crime, to wait the transfer of the body to a coffin.

The transfer took place in the little stable in the rear of Ford's Theater, where Booth had kept his horse when plotting the kidnapping of Lincoln, before he had formed his purpose of assassination.

In the transfer of the body the head was found detached, as naturally it would be, a section of the spine having been removed the day after death. A dentist identified two fillings in the teeth as his own work on the teeth of J. Wilkes Booth.

The body being thus identified, it was removed to Baltimore and given its final burial in the Booth family lot in Green Mount Cemetery.

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"Tomorrow: The Myth of the Great Conspiracy."

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

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By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

The Escape of John H. Surratt



JOHN H. SURRATT, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE PAPAL ZOUAVES, WHICH HE JOINED AFTER ESCAPING TO EUROPE FROM CANADA. HE WAS NOT IN WASHINGTON AT THE TIME OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION. (From an Original Photo.)

In no chapter of the great tragedy of 1865 is a more tangled skein of evidence presented than in that relating to John H. Surratt. He was the active agent of John Wilkes Booth in the plan to kidnap Lincoln, and in that wild and abortive enterprise was as guilty as any man who aided Booth, but he had no hand in Lincoln's assassination.

On the morning of April 15 Surratt was named as the assailant of Secretary of State William H. Seward and his son Frederick, both of whom were then thought to be dying from their wounds, inflicted at their home at the time Booth was committing his heinous crime at Ford's Theater.

A little later a reward of \$25,000 was offered for Surratt, as one of Lincoln's assassins, for it having been found that the Seward's were attacked by Lewis Payne, the part of aid to Booth at the theater was attributed to Surratt.

During the fortnight covering the pursuit of Booth and the arrest, one after another, of his associates and persons who aided him in his flight, John H. Surratt was sought in vain. Hanging was surely the portion awaiting him were he caught.

John H. Surratt succeeded in baffling his pursuers because he was not in Washington at the time of the crime; but his good fortune in evading capture augmented the public's opinion of his importance as a criminal. It was argued that he must have powerful friends to shield him; and his disappearance, when all the other persons wanted were in custody, added to the popular belief that the crime of Booth must be chargeable to widespread conspiracy.

But even though Surratt had been Booth's friend and agent in the plan to kidnap Lincoln, he had no knowledge of the assassination until he read in a newspaper that he was sought as one of the assassins.

Surratt's Visit to Richmond.

Surratt has not been nearer Washington on the night of the crime than 200 miles; for though witnesses afterward swore to seeing him there on the evening of April 14, he was then in Elmira, N. Y.

Surratt's business during the war had been that of a Confederate spy and dispatch bearer. Late in March, after the plan to kidnap Lincoln had been abandoned, Surratt received orders to proceed to Richmond. He arrived in the Confederate capital March 31, three days before its fall, met Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of State in Jefferson Davis' cabinet, received from him certain papers to be delivered to a Confederate agent in Canada, was paid \$200 in gold, and left Richmond the following morning for the North.

At 4 p. m. Monday, April 3, Surratt arrived at his mother's house in Washington. While making a change of underclothing he showed a friend, Louis J. Wiechmann, who boarded in the house, some of the gold he had received. This money was represented at the trial of Booth's associates as part of the price paid by the Confederate government for the murder of Lincoln.

Having refreshed himself at home, Surratt continued his journey. The next day he called at Booth's home in New York, and was told Booth was not there. On April 6 Surratt arrived at Montreal, registered at the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel as John Harrison and delivered his dispatches to Gen. Edward G. Lee, a Confederate officer. They related to the money affairs of Confederate agents in Canada.

Sent to Elmira as a Spy.

Surratt remained in Montreal until April 12, when he was sent by Gen. Lee to Elmira, N. Y., to make sketches of the Federal prison there, with a view to a delivery of the Confederate prisoners it contained, for the Confederates in Canada did not realize that the war was virtually at an end.

Surratt arrived in Elmira next day, registering at the Brainard House as John Harrison about 10 o'clock. The next morning at breakfast he heard that the President had been assassinated, but did not hear the name of the assassin. "It never occurred to me for an instant that it could have been Booth," he after declared.

His mind was on Booth, nevertheless, for he went to the telegraph office and sent a message addressed "J. W. B." to Booth's New York home, saying, "If you are in New York telegraph me."

As he passed the message through the wicket he heard a man say, "There are three brothers of them—Junius, Edwin and John Wilkes." It then flashed upon his mind that Booth was the assassin.

He took the message away from the operator, but it was too late. The man had seen it. Tossing it back with an air of coolness, Surratt walked out of the office.

The bells were tolling, minute guns were booming, flags were at half-mast. Everybody was discussing the assassination; but as yet Surratt did not know the part ascribed to him in the crime.

Surratt wished, however, to leave Elmira. He wanted to go to Baltimore, but there was no train. He took a train to Canandaigua, and, arriving there found there would be no train out until Monday morning, it being then Saturday night.

Surratt put up at the Webster House as John Harrison. Sunday he went to church. Monday morning at breakfast he read in a paper: "The assassin of William H. Seward and his son is John H. Surratt." He could scarcely believe his senses. He read the words over and over. Then, with an effort at calmness, he paid his bill and left the hotel, taking a train to Albany and thence to Montreal.

On the morning of April 18 he was back at his hotel there, registered, and in a short time took his bag and left. He had found a friend, a Confederate sympathizer named Porterfield, who would shelter him in his house.

Surratt was a week at Porterfield's, while detectives from Washington, accompanied by Wiechmann, sought him in Montreal. Their search led to his hiding place, which he left just before their arrival.

Leaving Montreal in a cab with a friend, Surratt drove nine miles down the St. Lawrence. Securing a canoe they crossed the river and struck off southward. Their objective was the village of St. Liboure, forty miles south. On the evening of April 22 Surratt and his friend were received into the home of Rev. Charles Boucher, a Roman Catholic priest at St. Liboure. Surratt gave his name as Charles Armstrong, and said that he "was in difficulties over the American war," and was traveling for his health.

Served in Papal Zouaves.

The fugitive remained with the friendly priest for twelve days before revealing his identity. The revelation made no change in his host, under whose roof he remained three months in all. Late in July another priest, Fr. Lapierre, became his host, and with Fr. Boucher ultimately got him out of the country.

With his hair dyed and wearing spectacles, Surratt traveled with the priests to Quebec, where, on September 15, he embarked on the steamer Peruvian for Liverpool. On the voyage, he had revealed himself to the ship's doctor, who, on arriving at Liverpool, gave the authorities information regarding him.

Surratt remained in Liverpool a month, waiting for money from Canada. He traveled then by degrees to Rome, where he spent the winter at the English college. In the spring, under the name of Watson, he enlisted in the Papal Zouaves.

He had been at liberty more than a year when his battalion being stationed at Tresulti, he met a Zouave who recognized him, and denounced him to the American Minister, Rufus King Surratt, and this man, named Henri B. St. Marie, had met three years before at a college in Maryland.

Home on a Warship.

Surratt's presence in the Papal Zouaves was reported to Cardinal Antonelli, and by him to the Pope. The Cardinal expressed to the United States Minister a willingness to surrender Surratt, although Rome had no extradition treaty with the United States.

Some months passed without the United States demanding Surratt. The reward of \$25,000 for his arrest was withdrawn. The Government would have been satisfied had he never been found. The hanging of his mother had been made a political issue and was causing President Johnson discomfort, through attacks of his enemies.

But the informer against Surratt was persistent, and there being no impediment to his extradition, he was finally arrested on November 7, 1866, while on leave from his company at Veroli, and was confined to the prison at Velletri. When being taken from the prison next day under a guard of six men, he sprang from a platform into a deep ravine. His fall was arrested by a shelf of rock and though injured he escaped.

Making his way to Naples, he took steamer for Alexandria. There on November 27 he was arrested for the American consul. He was conveyed back to the United States on the ship of war Swatara, and was tried in the spring of 1867. The jury stood eight to four for acquittal, and he was eventually released. (His trial will be described in this series May 2.)

Tomorrow — "The Great Conspiracy."

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy
of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

The Myth of "The Great Conspiracy"



FIVE OF THE NINE OFFICERS ON THE MILITARY COMMISSION THAT TRIED BOOTH'S ASSOCIATES.

Left to right—Gen. Thomas M. Harris, Gen. David Hunter, Gen. A. V. Kautz, Gen. James A. Elkin, and Gen. Lew Wallace.

Photo by Gardner, Negative in the War Department Collection.

On the morning of May 10, 1865, Jefferson Davis, late President of the Confederate States, who since April 2 had been a fugitive from Richmond, Va., was captured at Irwinville, Ga., by Federal cavalry. A price of \$100,000 was on his head, for he had been proclaimed at Washington as the head of a great conspiracy to murder Abraham Lincoln and the men nearest him in the control of the Federal government.

That same morning a military commission met in Washington to try the eight unfortunates, seven men and a woman, whose association with John Wilkes Booth had brought them to felons' chains and arraignment as assassins, and in trying these dupes of the assassin, the army officers who served on the commission, earnest and honest men all, were bound by the charges on which the eight prisoners were arraigned, to show the world that a great conspiracy, with Jefferson Davis at its head, had struck down the nation's beloved leader.

This was the cornerstone of the government's case. It was not enough that Booth's associates should be sent to the scaffold or a dungeon, for this could be easily done; it was needful that the North's cry for vengeance be appeased by proof of the guilt, alleged from the morning of Lincoln's death, of Jefferson Davis and certain of his associates.

Men's minds were so clouded by passion that the existence of the "Great Conspiracy" seemed beyond question. That the Confederates, enraged by the loss of their cause, desperate at the end of the war, caring not what measures they now took to stride down and destroy the government, had resorted to murder, seemed possible to minds that had been made sick by four years of fraternal bloodshed. Indignant disclaimers from Southern people and their sorrow felt for the loss of Lincoln as a true friend of the South, counted for nothing. In the yellow pages of the Records of the War one finds in this letter from Lieut. Gen. R. S. Ewell and other officers, prisoners at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, addressed to Gen. Grant:

"Need we say that we are not assassins, nor the allies of assassins, be they from the North or from the South, and coming as we do from most of the States of the South, we would be ashamed of our own people, were we not assured that they will repudiate this crime."

Such words as these were not allowed to see the light. Charity, which had ever guided the great man now laid low, stood outside the gate a stranger. Clearness of sight was impossible in the cloud of dark suspicion that obscured the clearest vision.

How completely men's views were distorted in that time of rage and mourning only the student of the inner

history of the "Great Conspiracy" trial may judge—for dispassionate study. In the cool, clear light of half a century, shows that the "Great Conspiracy" was a myth.

Men Named as Murderers.

The military commission chosen to prove the existence of the great conspiracy and try the so-called Lincoln conspirators, was composed of nine officers, as follows: Maj. Gen. David Hunter, U. S. E., an old army officer; Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace, U. S. V.; Brevet Maj. Gen. August V. Kautz, U. S. V.; Brig. Gen. Albion P. Howe, U. S. V.; Brig. Gen. Robert S. Foster, U. S. V.; Brevet Brig. Gen. James A. Elkin, U. S. V.; Brig. Gen. Thomas M. Harris, U. S. V.; Brevet Col. C. H. Tompkins, U. S. A.; Lieut. Col. David R. Clendenin, Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

The government's case was in the hands of Brig. Gen. Joseph Holt, judge advocate of the army, assisted by Hon. John A. Bingham, a Representative from Ohio, who was an experienced criminal lawyer-officer assigned to the case by the War Department because of experience gained in a treason trial at Indianapolis, that had been held to prove the existence of a conspiracy to establish a Northwestern Confederacy.

The scope of the government's case was indicated by the charge on which the prisoners were arraigned:

"For maliciously, unlawfully and traitorously, and in aid of the existing armed rebellion against the United States of America . . . combining, confederating and conspiring together with one John H. Surratt, John Wilkes Booth, Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, William C. Cleary, Clement C. Clay, George Harper, George Young, and others unknown, to kill and murder . . . Abraham Lincoln, President; Andrew Johnson, Vice President; William H. Seward, Secretary of State, and Gen. U. S. Grant.

The persons named after Jefferson Davis were Confederate agents in Canada or their employees. They and Mr. Davis were further charged, with Booth and Surratt with "maliciously, unlawfully and traitorously murdering" Lincoln, Assaulting Secretary Seward, with intent to kill, and "lying in wait with intent to kill and murder" Vice President Johnson and Gen. Grant. (The latter left Washington seven hours before Lincoln was shot.)

The charge specified that these acts took place "within the fortified and entrenched lines" of Washington; the trial of the case before a military tribunal being thus justified.

Testimony of a Perjuror.

The opening days of the commission's sittings were devoted to testimony to prove that a conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln was entered into

in Canada between Jacob Thompson and his associates, on the one part, and Booth and Surratt on the other.

There was reliable evidence that Booth and Surratt had been in Canada, and had talked with Confederate agents there. To prove that their talk related to a conspiracy to kill Lincoln, the government relied upon the evidence of one Sanford Conover, a detective and spy, who had served both sides in the war. He swore that he had been invited by Jacob Thompson to participate in a plot to assassinate Lincoln and his Cabinet; that he had seen Booth and Surratt with Thompson, and that a few days before the assassination the latter had delivered dispatches to Thompson, who said: "This makes it all right"; that Mr. Cleary expressed to the witness a fear that Booth might "make a fizzle of it," as he was dissipated and reckless.

The fact that both Booth and Surratt had been in Canada gave color to this testimony. Booth was there in October, to deposit money for flight in case of failure in the plan he was then nursing to kidnap Lincoln. Surratt was there the first week in April with Confederate dispatches.

Conover's testimony appeared to be corroborated in its essential part by two witnesses, and was accepted by the commission as true. It was taken in secret session, and no reference to it was printed, for the stated fear of "embarrassment to the government."

Two years after the trial Conover was convicted in the District of Columbia of perjury in this case and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary at Albany. It was then shown that he had produced both the witnesses who corroborated him, and that one of them received \$1,000 for his testimony. Various persons had testified that they could not believe this witness under oath.

Irregular War Acts Reviewed.

To prove the existence of the "Great Conspiracy" the commission heard testimony relating to the chief known acts against the government of the Confederate agents in Canada during the war, most of which acts were not countenanced by the rules of war.

These included a plot to destroy vessels in Northern ports by incendiary, an attempt to burn New York City, which failed only because of the use of defective chemicals for causing combustion, and the raid of Lieut. Bennett H. Young on St. Albans, Vt. Testimony was also taken on the treatment of Union prisoners in the South, the blowing up of an ammunition barge at City Point, the mining of Libby Prison, Richmond, at the time of Dahlgren's cavalry raid, and the alleged introduction of yellow fever into Union camps in infected clothing sent from the Bahamas by way of Canada and sold at auction to sutlers in Washington.

Jacob Thompson's bank account, a cipher letter found in Booth's effects, and an advertisement in an Alabama newspaper calling for a subscription of \$1,000,000 for assassination purposes, were offered in evidence.

None of the evidence under these heads showed Booth had any part in the war activities described, or was otherwise associated with the Confederates named in the charge.

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

No Evidence Against Davis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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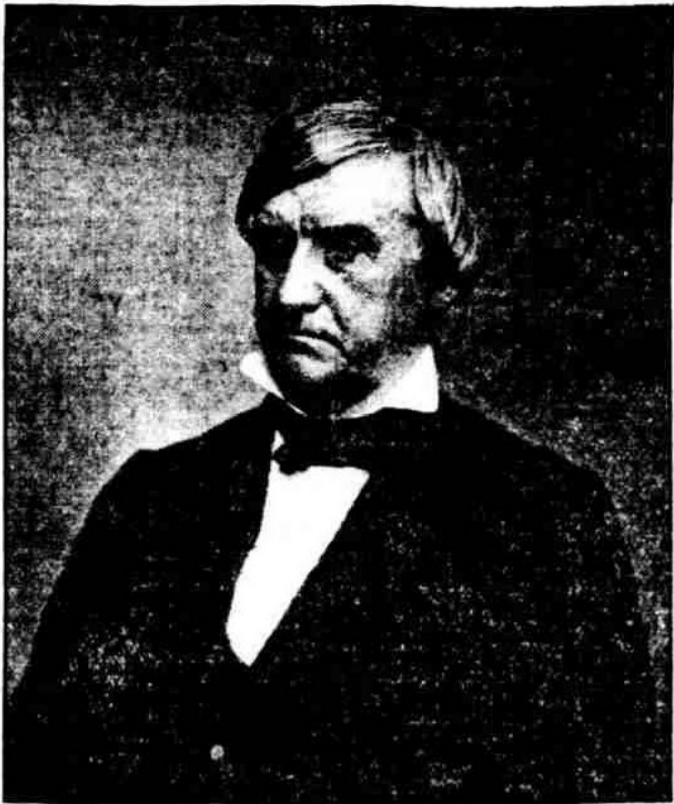
Tomorrow—Trial of Booth's Associates.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

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TRIAL OF BOOTH'S ASSOCIATES



JOSEPH HOLT, JUDGE ADVOCATE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

As prosecutor of Booth's associates, he built his case to prove a Confederate conspiracy on the testimony of a witness afterward sentenced to ten years for perjury. Judge Holt was described as "conscientious, stern, obstinate, and credulous."

Photo by Brady. Negative in War Department Collection.

The trial of eight of Booth's associates was held in the old Penitentiary Building that stood in the arsenal ground on Greenleafs Point, at the confluence of the Potomac and the Anacostia, in Washington. The seven men and one woman held on the charge of conspiring with Booth to murder Lincoln, or of aiding and abetting him in his crime, were confined in cells under the same roof that covered the secret grave of the assassin, who was buried beneath the floor of a basement storeroom.

The rigor with which prisoners were treated in the French revolution was paralleled in the treatment of the male prisoners held as accomplices of Booth. It was assumed that they all were desperate criminals and enemies of the government, who had forfeited all claim to kind treatment.

In the excited state of public feeling no less rigorous course toward them would have been deemed safe. The men responsible for the preservation of the government believed it to be in danger. The war was so recently ended that fear of an outbreak of anarchy or guerrilla warfare was entertained. It was thought the accused were members of a secret society, the Sons of Liberty, that was held to be dangerously treasonable.

The fact that all the accused, except Herold, were sympathizers with the South, made their cases hopeless. "Somebody must suffer for Lincoln's death," was the cry of the North.

When first arrested they had been taken on board the monitor Sangus, or the monitor Montauk, off the Navy Yard, where, in chains, they were confined beneath iron decks. To the left ankle of each was fastened an iron band for a two-foot chain, and to the chain was fastened an iron cone a foot high, weighing seventy-five pounds. On Lewis Powell, alias Payne, and George A. Atzerodt were put the added weight of a ball and chain.

The hands of six were manacled with iron bands connected with a bar of iron fourteen inches long. An exception was made of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, whose handcuffs were connected with a chain.

Over the head of each was placed a rough flannel hood, or cap, drawn with a string about the neck. A hole was left for the mouth, but none was employed because Payne tried to end his life by dashing his head against a beam on board the monitor. The manacles, weights and chains, and the presence of four guards for each prisoner, reduced the possibility of suicide to a minimum, even had the caps been removed. The caps were still worn after the prisoners were removed from the ships.

Suffering of Prisoners.

The suffering of the prisoners from the caps was great, from the warmth of the weather and the shutting out of the light from their eyes. When they were brought into court and the caps were removed, the light of day for a time blinded them.

The eighth prisoner, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, was not subjected to the torture of the cap and fetters. She was allowed a certain choice in her food, and was permitted to see her daughter Anna. The cries of the poor girl, weeping at her mother's knee, often filled the corridors of the prison.

An improved courtroom for the trial was fitted up in a whitewashed chamber on the same floor as the prisoners' cells, the third. Across one end was placed a raised platform for the prisoners and in front of it two small tables for their counsel. There was a long table at one side for the Military Commission of nine officers acting as judges, Joseph Holt, judge advocate of the army, and his two assistants, Hon. John A. Bingham and Col. H. L. Burnett.

When the trial opened, on the morning of May 10, each of the prisoners came into court guarded by a soldier. The iron weights of the men were carried by two soldiers each, on an iron bar thrust through a staple in the cone. Their chains clanked on the floor as they made their way slowly to their places. Mrs. Surratt was given the seat nearest the door.

A Political Trial.

The taking of testimony lasted until June 14, and the arguments nearly two weeks. The findings of the court were ready June 30 and its verdict was approved by the President July 5.

As seen in the light of history the trial was grossly unfair; yet in view of all the conditions of time and place, no other kind of trial was possible. Political rancor ruled the deliberations of the court.

Each of the prisoners was represented by counsel, the ablest of whom was Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr., a Union soldier, well versed in the law. He appeared for Dr. Mudd and Samuel Arnold. W. E. Doster appeared for Payne and Atzerodt, Walter E. Cox for Michael O'Laughlin, and Frederick A. Aiken, a native of Massachusetts, practicing in Washington, for Mrs. Surratt.

From the opening of the court it was evident that the passions of the war were still hot within the soldiers who formed the commission. Only strong Union men received consideration from them.

The first evidence of this appeared when Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, appeared for Mrs. Surratt. As he took his seat among counsel Gen. David Hunter, president of the commission, rose and read aloud a note from one of

his colleagues, Gen. T. M. Harris, objecting to Mr. Johnson's appearance as counsel "on the ground that he does not recognize the moral obligation of an oath." Mr. Johnson, with much feeling, replied to what he termed "this aspersion upon my moral character." He reminded the court that he had taken the oath in the Senate of the United States.

Gen. Hunter replied to Mr. Johnson by saying, "I hoped the day had passed when freemen from the North were to be bullied and insulted by the hounding chivalry," and more to like effect.

The objection to Mr. Johnson was withdrawn, but he did not engage actively in the trial.

The temper of the court was further displayed in the case of Edward Johnson, a former major general in the Confederate army, who appeared as a witness in Mrs. Surratt's behalf. Gen. Albion Howe, of the commission, objected to his presence as "an insult to the court and an outrage upon the administration of justice," and moved that he be ejected. This objection he based on the fact that Gen. Johnson had formerly held a commission in the United States army and had served the Confederacy.

Booth's Diary Suppressed.

Judge Holt instructed the court that the witness could not be excluded on that ground, but that his testimony might be discredited; and the latter course was taken.

The government having professed its case on the theory that Lincoln's death resulted from a widespread Confederate conspiracy, with Jefferson Davis at its head, each of the prisoners was charged with being a party to the conspiracy.

The existence of Booth's earlier plan, through which all the persons tried before the military commission (except one, Spangler), were brought into contact with him, was ignored by the prosecution. No palliating circumstances could be admitted. It was held that the public safety demanded conviction in each case and every case.

Evidence that might disprove the theory of conspiracy was suppressed. The most notable example was Booth's diary, found on his person at his death, in which he took on himself all responsibility for his crime, and declared he had worked six months on his plan to kidnap Lincoln before resorting at last to murder. The book was in Secretary of War Stanton's office, and no mention of it was made at the trial. The secret of its existence leaked out two years later.

Secretary Stanton afterwards gave under oath his reason for suppressing the diary. It was that it might have given sympathizers with the assassin ground for glorification of his deed.

There was another, an underlying reason—the diary threw doubt on the existence of a conspiracy. It revealed the fact that Booth's deed was that of one insane man, working alone, and showed by inference that the persons whom he had implicated in his crime were not conspirators, but his dupes, whom he used, with their knowledge in some cases, without it in others, to do his bidding.

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Tomorrow—The Verdict against Booth's associates.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

Verdict on Booth's Associates.

Of the seven men tried before a military commission for complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, all were found guilty. Three were sentenced to death by hanging and four to imprisonment, one for six years and three for life. The one woman who sat in the felon's dock with them, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, shared the fate of the rest.

All but of the prisoners were tried as conspirators, as well as on the charge of being accessories to Booth's crime.

The first charge against them was that they, together with John H. Surratt and John Wilkes Booth, "incited and encouraged thereto by Jefferson Davis" and various other Confederates, conspired together to murder Lincoln and other officers of the Government (who were named), and that John Wilkes Booth, at 10:15 on the night of April 14, 1865, did inflict a mortal wound upon Lincoln, in which crime he was aided by John H. Surratt.

Surratt was not in custody. He had been in Elmira, N. Y., on the night specified and had escaped to Canada, where he was in hiding. He had no part in the assassination of Lincoln, but had been Booth's most active agent in the kidnaping plan. He was tried ten years later, but not convicted, the jury standing 8 to 4 for acquittal.

Three of the nine persons charged with the assassination were deputized by Booth to shed blood and only one had done so. Two hours before shooting Lincoln he gave his orders to Lewis Powell, alias Payne, who was told off to kill William H. Seward; David E. Herold, who was to

guilty as charged and sentenced to life imprisonment. He was pardoned in 1869. He died in 1883.

Spangler, O'Laughlin, Arnold.

Edward Spangler, scene shifter at Ford's Theater, was charged with aiding Booth to obtain entrance to the President's box, and to fixing the bar obstructing the door to the box, and in aiding him to escape.

Booth on arriving at the theater, about 9:30, asked Spangler to hold his horse but Spangler, being busy, asked a boy to do it, and went on with his work. When the shot was fired Spangler was at work. He did nothing to aid Booth to escape. The worst testimony brought out against him was that he told the boy to "shut up" when he was questioned about Booth.

There was no evidence that he aided Booth in arranging the bar for the box floor or admitted him to the box. Booth had freer access to all parts of the theater than Spangler, and needed no such aid.

Spangler was found guilty, as charged, of aiding Booth to escape, and was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. He solemnly affirmed, to the day of his death, that he knew nothing of Booth's plans. Like Atzerodt, Payne and Herold, he lacked mental capacity to act as a conspirator.

Michael O'Laughlin was charged with having lain in wait for Gen. Grant, to "kill and murder" him, on April 13 and 14. Three witnesses swore they had seen the accused at Secretary Stanton's house on the evening of April 13, where a reception was being held. Gen. Grant was present.

O'Laughlin had been one of Booth's hand in the kidnaping plot, but after its



SAMUEL ARNOLD AND MICHAEL O'LAUGHLIN.

These Young Men Were Associated With Booth in His Plot to Kidnap Lincoln, but Left Him After Its Failure. Both Were Arrested Soon After His Crime, and Though They Had No Hand in It, Were Sentenced to Life Imprisonment.

Photo by Brady, originals in the Library of Congress collection.

attack Secretary of War Stanton, and George A. Atzerodt, who was to kill Vice-President Johnson.

Payne, who was but 20 years old, was a giant physically, but of low mentality, and subject to violent attacks of cerebral excitement. He had taken without question Booth's orders to kill Seward, and had done his utmost to carry them out, leaving five wounded men when he fled the house. There was no question as to the degree of his guilt. He remained silent throughout the trial and could not be persuaded to divulge any facts concerning Booth's other associates.

Herold and Atzerodt.

David E. Herold was an amiable, idle youth, of respectable antecedents, his brother and seven sisters lived in Washington—but with no more mental force than Payne. He had lacked courage to become a murderer. He did not go to Secretary Stanton's house, but satisfied himself with galloring through Washington at the hour of Booth's crime, and escaping over the Anacostia Bridge into Maryland, where he joined Booth in his flight.

The charge against him was that he did "aid, abet and assist" Booth in the murder of Lincoln, and "did accompany and assist" him in "attempting to conceal himself and escape from justice."

The last charge was true, for Herold was Booth's companion from within an hour after the crime until Booth was shot down, twelve days later, in a Virginia barn.

The charge against George A. Atzerodt was that he "did lie in wait" for Andrew Johnson, with the intent to "kill and murder" him. Atzerodt, who was a low-browed, unintelligent German carriage painter, had been chosen by Booth in the plot to kidnap Lincoln, to act the part of ferryman across the Potomac. When ordered to do murder he lacked courage to go near the Vice President's room in the Kirkwood Hotel, though Booth had reserved for him a room in the same house.

Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt were found guilty as charged and sentenced to death by hanging.

The Case of Dr. Mudd.

In the case of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, the Maryland physician who had set Booth's leg on the morning after his crime, the charge was that he did "advise, encourage, receive, entertain, harbor and conceal, aid and assist" Booth, "with knowledge of the murderous and traitorous conspiracy aforesaid."

Booth arrived at Dr. Mudd's house at 4 a. m. in disguise. The doctor set his leg, and directed Herold to a road they wished to follow. That afternoon they departed, in the doctor's absence.

On learning of the assassination, Dr. Mudd had sent word of his suspicious guests to the authorities. He solemnly averred that he did not recognize Booth, whom he had seen twice before.

A strong case was worked up against Dr. Mudd. One witness, Daniel Thomas, swore he heard the doctor say, some weeks before the assassination, that "Lincoln and his whole Cabinet, and every Union man in Maryland, would be killed within six weeks."

Twenty neighbors of this witness, who had known him long, and his own brother, testified that he could not be believed under oath; but his testimony against Dr. Mudd stood.

Other witnesses testified to Dr. Mudd's confusion when first questioned about Booth and his tardiness in producing the boot he had cut from Booth's leg. There was no doubt that Dr. Mudd had been confused when he found who his mysterious visitor was. He knew that suspicion would stand for fact in his case, for he was a Southern man, and he feared for his wife and four children if he were taken from them.

Dr. Mudd's good character and reputation for truthfulness did not count strongly in his favor and he was found

failure (on March 17) had returned to his home in Baltimore.

Unfortunately for him, he went to Washington on April 13 to see the illumination in celebration of Lee's surrender. He spent the evening of that day and of the next with three friends in various resorts on Pennsylvania avenue. He proved by them and numerous other witnesses that at the time it was claimed he was lying in wait for Grant he was in a certain saloon. His alibi was complete, but his former association with Booth was shown and he was found guilty as charged and sentenced to life imprisonment. He died of yellow fever at Dry Tortugas in 1867.

Samuel Arnold, last of the alleged conspirators, had been associated with Booth in the kidnaping plot, but on its failure had gone to Fortress Monroe and secured employment in a sutler's store. He was there on the night of the crime.

He was charged with aiding Booth and the others "in said unlawful, murderous and traitorous conspiracy." He was found guilty as charged and sentenced to life imprisonment. He was pardoned in 1869, returned to Baltimore and lived to old age.

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Tomorrow—The case of Mrs. Surratt.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

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THE CASE OF MRS. SURRETT.



MRS. MARY E. SURRETT.
From a Photograph Made About 1864.

Of the eight persons tried by a military commission for complicity with Booth in the assassination of Lincoln, the seven men did not arouse as much interest as the one woman, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt.

She was represented as the arch conspirator with Booth, who mothered the brood of assassins who plotted to overthrow the government by killing its head and his ministers. Her house was described by President Andrew Johnson as "the nest that hatched the egg" of assassination.

In Mrs. Surratt's behalf it could be shown that she was a respectable, home-keeping, intelligent woman, a fond mother and a devout Christian. Her undoing may be traced to circumstances connected with the War. Her son was a messenger for the Confederacy—a business that at any time might have cost him his life. She wept and worried over him on his life-and-death journeys between Richmond and Canada, but she shielded him, and made his friends her own.

It was through him that Booth became a caller at her house. He had sought out John Surratt when planning to kidnap Lincoln, because of the young man's knowledge of roads to the Potomac. He had found Mrs. Surratt's house suited to his purpose. It was a boarding house. To it he twice sent Payne, and Atzerodt spent several nights there. There was no evidence that Mrs. Surratt knew why they came. In the case of Atzerodt she objected, as she did not like the man's appearance.

There was no evidence that any of the others ever went there or that any conference was held there after the failure of the kidnaping plot on March 17. John Surratt left home for Canada on April 1, and Booth did not go there often thereafter.

No evidence was introduced to show that Mrs. Surratt was ever present at any conference of her son and Booth or the others, or had ever conferred with Booth or knew his plans.

Carried Package for Booth.

The specific charge on which Mrs. Surratt was tried was in the following language: "In further prosecution of said conspiracy, Mary E. Surratt did receive, entertain, harbor, conceal, aid and assist Booth and his associates in crime."

The testimony introduced to show her complicity with Booth was supplied by two men—Louis J. Wiechmann, who had been a boarder at the Surratt house and a friend of John H. Surratt, and John M. Lloyd, who rented Mrs. Surratt's tavern at Surrattsville, and to her taking a package for Booth on the second journey, the day of the crime, which she gave to Lloyd. The package contained Booth's field glasses.

Lloyd swore that Mrs. Surratt requested him, on both visits to "have the shooting irons ready," as they would soon be called for. The "shooting irons" were two carbines that John Surratt, Atzerodt and Herold had received from Booth for use in the proposed kidnaping of Lincoln, and which Lloyd had concealed for them at the tavern.

Other witnesses testified to Mrs. Surratt's denial of knowing Payne when he came to her house at midnight, two days after his attack on Secretary of War Seward.

Two Interested Witnesses.

This was the sum of the most damaging testimony against Mrs. Surratt, and in the circumstances it was damaging enough. It was given, however, by witnesses who themselves were in the shadow of the gallows. Wiechmann had been cognizant of the conferences between John Surratt and Booth and a party to some of them. He had known enough of their plan to kidnap Lincoln to have justified him in warning the government. He was a government employee, but he had remained silent.

After Mrs. Surratt's arrest Wiechmann was detained by Secretary of War Stanton as an informer, was sent to Canada to trace John Surratt, and unquestionably was granted immunity for his testimony against Mrs. Surratt. He may have felt, therefore, that it was a situation of his own life or hers.

Wiechmann's testimony against Mrs. Surratt was not impeached before the court; but he remembered so much that in a time of general suspicion he might well have been accused of knowing more than an innocent man should.

The other witness against Mrs. Surratt, Lloyd, was a drunken sot, who acknowledged on the stand that he was deep in liquor at the time of his alleged conversations with Mrs. Surratt. He had been implicated by hiding the arms, and by producing them when Booth, fleeing from the scene of his crime, called for them. He had been arrested, and had denied knowledge of the arms or of Booth. A few days in prison had refreshed his memory, and immunity from punishment was his reward for his testimony.

On the testimony of these two men Mrs. Surratt was sent to the scaffold. It was shown that she had served Booth by carrying his field glasses to Surrattsville on the day of the crime, and she may have carried the message to Lloyd. In her defense it was shown that business in connection with a lawsuit over land had taken her to Surrattsville on both occasions. The prosecution claimed that the second visit was unnecessary, that she went as a messenger for Booth. The point that she planned the second trip at an earlier hour than that of Booth's call at her

home, when he gave her the glasses, had no weight with the court.

Evidence was introduced that Mrs. Surratt received a call at 9 on the evening of the assassination from a man who did not enter the house. No witness was produced who saw him, but after Mrs. Surratt was in her grave, Wiechmann swore that the caller was Booth. The man, in fact, was not Booth, but a caller for Anna Surratt.

Clemency Denied.

There was little question that Mrs. Surratt had known something of Booth's earlier plan for the kidnaping of Lincoln. With the usual bitterness of Southern women in the war, she doubtless believed the kidnaping of the President was a legitimate war enterprise. That she knew of Booth's darker design, adopted when his first had failed, was not proven in any degree.

In such a time, before such a tribunal—for the commission was organized to convict, and would not have dared to render a verdict of not guilty in the case of any of the prisoners—the admitted facts of Mrs. Surratt's sympathies and her son's connection with Booth were enough to condemn her.

When the verdict had been rendered sealing her fate, five of the nine men who found it joined in a petition to the President for clemency. President Andrew Johnson did not have the courage to grant the petition, or even to acknowledge that he had received it. He confirmed Mrs. Surratt's death sentence on July 5, ordering her to be hanged on the 7th.

When a plea was made to him to spare the prisoner's life on account of her sex, he is said to have replied: "There haven't been women enough hanged in this war."

When the condemned woman's daughter went to the White House to plead for her mother's life she was not permitted to enter it. In her agony of grief she cast herself upon the White House steps, from which men removed her with pity in their hearts.

A President's Nemesis.

The case of Mrs. Surratt was to rise, like Banquo's ghost, to disturb the soul of President Johnson throughout his official life. It first involved him in a bitter controversy with Judge Advocate Joseph Holt, by whom Mrs. Surratt was prosecuted, whom he accused of withholding the court's recommendation for mercy. Judge Holt retorted by securing evidence from Cabinet members and others that the recommendation was received by the President and discussed by him and the Cabinet, but political pressure was brought on the judge advocate to persuade him not to make public the issue.

The case of Mrs. Surratt next invaded the halls of Congress, where Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, seeking a weapon with which to strike President Johnson, invoked it as that of an innocent woman judicially murdered.

Gen. Butler succeeded in having a Congressional committee appointed to learn if possible who were Booth's associates. This was aimed at President Johnson, for already calumny had clouded from the case of Mrs. Surratt a dark charge against Johnson. He was accused in Congress with "entering the Presidency through assassination." It was even charged that he had been in communication with Booth—in effect, he was one of Booth's associates in crime. Johnson's absence from Lincoln's dying bedside was pointed out. A card was produced that had been sent to his hotel room by Booth on the afternoon of the murder day, with this message on it: "Don't wish to disturb you; are you at home?"

Monstrous as the thinly veiled charge was, it pursued President Johnson through proceedings of impeachment, in which he narrowly escaped ejection from his high office.

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To-morrow—Execution of four of Booth's Associates.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD H. THOMPSON.

On the morning of July 7, 1865, Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, who was condemned to die that day on the scaffold, having been adjudged by a military commission guilty of complicity with John Wilkes Booth in the assassination of Lincoln, sought through her counsel a writ of habeas corpus, as a means of respite, on the ground that she had been denied a trial by jury.

A judge of a District of Columbia court issued the writ, directing Gen. Winfield S. Hancock, commander of the military department embracing Washington, to produce the body of Mary E. Surratt in court. The writ was returnable at 10 a. m. the first hour of four within which Mrs. Surratt's sentence directed that she be hanged by the neck until dead.

When Gen. Hancock appeared in court he was accompanied by the Attorney General of the United States, James Speed, who placed in the hands of the judge an executive order freshly signed by President Andrew Johnson, suspending the writ. The President, to prevent delay in the death of Mrs. Surratt, had exercised a power placed in his hands for employment in times of emergency.

Farewells to the Condemned.

In denying a stay to the condemned woman the President not only had been obliged to set aside a process of law, but he had to harden his heart to pitiful appeals from Mrs. Surratt's daughter, Anna. There was a tender affection between the mother and girl. They had been rarely apart. In their home life, their religious duties, their tastes and sympathies they were in close accord. The daughter could scarcely believe that the whole proceeding against her mother was not some hideous dream. She could not conceive that one who had been always good and kind and true to her should be the accomplice of an assassin. Her heart had recoiled at the terms of opprobrium heaped upon her mother, in her trial, and when at last the order for death by hanging had been signed by the President, on the 5th the unhappy girl sought frantically to secure some measure of mercy.

She had gone to the White House, but had been sent away from its door. On the fateful morning she had appeared there again, and, being denied admission to the President's room, had thrown herself in a paroxysm of grief on the stairs leading to the room. She pleaded to see the President's secretary, and when he came, pitying her, she sank on her knees before him and, with streaming eyes, kissed the skirt of his coat. He could not aid her, and at last, the fatal hour having come, and all hope gone, she went to the old penitentiary to say farewell forever to her mother.

In American history there had never been, nor has there been since, such a scene as that of the morning of July 7, 1865, in that dark old building beside the Potomac. The walls of women filled its corridors like the lamentations of those who went for the condemned in the cruel times of the French Revolution. There was no hope no appeal from the decree of the government.

The tears and sobs of Anna Surratt, as she hung on the neck of her mother, who in her anguish suffered at her daughter's death—and tears the torture of a hundred women who had come to say farewell to another of the condemned. They were the sisters of David E. Herold, the youth who was to pay for his flight with Booth with his life.

No legal aid had been engaged for Herold. The same was true of Lewis Powell, alias Payne, who had made the home of Secretary of State Seward a hospital. No one came to say farewell to him. His home was in Florida, where his father, a Baptist clergyman, could not yet have learned of the swift execution of the law that was now taking place.

Least of the three condemned men, as a man, was George A. Atzerodt, the poor, shuffling little German who had feared to do the task, assigned him by Booth, of killing Andrew Johnson. One woman came to see him in his last hours, a sorrowing drab who had loved him and lived with him out of wedlock. He mingled his tears with hers.

The President had ordered that the execution take place between the hours of 10 and 2; but such persons as had secured passes to the arsenal grounds, in which stood the prison, had come long before the earlier hour.

It was a day of breathless heat. The land about the prison, bare and dusty, shimmered under the torrid sun. Men and women carried umbrellas to protect themselves as they waited, and mopped perspiration from their brows.

The Way to the Scaffold.

As the crowd waited, with lines of blue-coated Veteran Reserve troops all about, they studied the rough scaffold that had been erected against the high prison wall. Four nooses of new rope hung from its heavy beam. Four chairs were placed upon it. At its end were four fresh graves, and at the rear were four pine coffins.

Gen. Hancock, a fine, commanding figure, in the full uniform of his rank, was present to see that every arrangement had been made. At 1 o'clock there appeared from the door in the prison wall another officer, with a staff. This was Maj. Gen. John F. Hartranft who served as provost marshal of the prisoner's guard.

Following these officers came a solemn procession. Had it been arranged for tragic effect it could not have been more striking, for at its head marched the condemned woman. She was clothed in a loose dark gown, full in the skirt, and without collar, a black bonnet and a veil. Her hands were pinioned before her.

The curious noted that she was neither large nor small, but a solid figure, with dark brown hair. Could they have seen her face it would have revealed dark gray eyes and firm, square features. It was not an uncomely face even after her great suffering, nor that of an old woman, for she was but 45, and in her youth she had been a belle in her little world in Prince George County, Md.

On either side of the woman walked a priest, uttering prayers in low and solemn cadences. One of these men of God held before the breast of the condemned woman a jet crucifix.

Four soldiers, with musket at shoulder, followed.

On passing out of the prison, the condemned woman had said farewell to a friend who had come to see her, and her parting words were "Take care of Annie." She was then ready for death.

Indifference of Payne.

Next in the solemn procession came the stooping, shambling figure of a mean little man, Atzerodt. His complexion was pasty; perspiration poured from his brow. Chains upon his legs clanked as he walked slowly, with a clergyman of the Lutheran faith beside him. He was followed by four soldiers.

Third in the tragic line walked a shabby youth, a weakling, whose trembling legs would scarcely support his tottering body. This was Herold. Two clergymen of the Episcopal faith walked with him.

Last came Payne. The most guilty of the four, he walked more like a gladiator coming from combat than a felon going to the gallows. His head was erect. The muscles of his giant neck and broad chest were revealed by a low-cut, loosely-

fitting knit shirt. He wore no coat nor shoes. On his thick dark hair was a straw hat. His manner was composed, his eyes fearless. There was something suggesting an Indian in his indifference to death.

At the scaffold steps Mrs. Surratt's strength nearly failed her. She was aided up the steps and sank limp and gasping into the chair assigned her. Occasionally her lips moved and she made a moaning sound.

Each of the condemned being seated, Gen. Hartranft, in clear tones, read the order for their hanging. Then a clergyman stepped to the front of the platform, expressing the thanks of Payne for considerate treatment by his keepers. He then prayed, briefly and eloquently. Payne followed the words dumbly with his lips and tears stood in his eyes. It was his only show of emotion in his trial of death.

The Closing Scene.

One of the clergymen attending Herold next spoke, offering the prisoner's thanks and a prayer. Another did the same for Atzerodt. The spiritual advisers of Mrs. Surratt spoke no words beyond their prayers.

Then came the final scene of preparation. The prisoners were ordered to stand up. Mrs. Surratt, who had moaned in her chair like a person in desperate illness, was assisted to her feet and men prepared to bind her. Her body seemed to swoon as she stood on the pinnacle of infamy, while her skirts were gathered about her and her limbs were pinioned.

"Don't let me fall," she gasped weakly. The words were the last she spoke. The hangman's cap of white cotton was soon placed over her head, and the noose adjusted on her neck.

She trembled and shrank, but the soothing tones of the priests recited words of spiritual consolation seeming to sustain her.

When the noose was placed around the neck of Payne the youth revealed his courage again by directing how it should be adjusted. No friendly voice had said farewell to him, no friendly hand had pressed his, and now he had no parting words to speak.

Herold wept and said no word as they bound him, but Atzerodt babbled in terror and attempted a faraway speech. His adopted tongue failed him in this elemental crisis. "Take care," he said, meaning perhaps that those who heard him should beware of the things that had brought him there. Then making a fresh start, he said "Gentlemen, who are before me, we may all meet in another world."

As the hangman's cap was placed over his head he said "Don't choke me." These words were his last. He went to his death weeping and whimpering.

The End of Four Lives.

When all was ready, and the prisoners stood bound hand and foot, with the light of day shut from their eyes by the caps, there was a solemn pause. The people who had been near the condemned stepped back from the drops.

All being ready, an officer gave a signal, and men on the ground raised two beams in their hands and thrust them against the wooden props that held the hinged platforms of the drops.

In an instant the four bodies dropped and snapped at the end of the four ropes. Then twirling erratically the four victims swung in the agony of brutal death. Payne drew up his great chest near to his chin, and died with his muscles tense and his veins black and near bursting. Herold also died hard. Mrs. Surratt and Atzerodt mercifully suffered relatively little.

The drop fell at 1:25. At 1:30 the bodies were cut down. They were placed in the coffins, to lie under the sword of the old prison yard until delivered when the whole bitter tragedy was a memory, to loving friends, for Christian burial.

These were the only lives, besides that of Booth, taken to satisfy the public cry for vengeance on the assassin and his associates. Four men, Arnold, O'Loughlin, Dr. Mudd and Spangler, were transported to the Dry Tortugas, the first three under life sentences, the last for six years.

Yet these condemnations did not satisfy the law's demands in full, for while scaffold and prison took their toll, Booth's most trusted agent in the kidnaping plot, which had preceded his plan of assassination, was a free man. This was John H. Surratt, who, though he had no part in the assassination, was destined to be tried as Booth's aid in the crime—and to go free.

Tomorrow—The trial of John H. Surratt.

LINCOLN AND BOOTH

The Inner Story of the Great Tragedy
of Fifty Years Ago

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON.

THE TRIAL OF JOHN H. SURRETT.



JOHN SURRETT AND HIS SISTER ANNA.

The photo of Surratt shows him as he appeared when associated with Booth. That of his sister was taken about the time their mother was hanged. The negative of the latter is in the War Department Collection.

Last of the so-called Lincoln conspirators to be brought to trial was John H. Surratt, son of the unhappy woman who paid the penalty of acquaintance with Booth by death upon the scaffold.

When Mary E. Surratt—was hanged her son was in hiding in Canada. The news of her trial was kept from him by friends, and no filial motive to aid her therefore prompted him to return and give himself up. Had he returned there would have been one more figure on the scaffold on which Mrs. Surratt perished on the 7th of July, 1865, for John H. Surratt was held to be first aid of Booth in the killing of Lincoln.

Had John Surratt been tried in 1865, before the military tribunal that condemned his mother, the evidence that enabled him to go free in 1867 would not have availed him. The military commission that condemned Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Atzerodt and Herold to death and sent Dr. Mudd, Arnold, O'Loughlin and Spangler to the Dry Tortugas, the first three with life sentences, the last for six years, was appointed to convict.

In the passion of the time clear judgment could scarcely be expected. The members of the commission were officers, and not lawyers. Many of the witnesses who appeared before them were influenced by the hope of large rewards. Others were in fear of government displeasure or harbored hope of gain in place or influence.

In the two years that elapsed before John Surratt was brought to trial men's brains had time to cool. A military commission could not sit in his case, for the Supreme Court had ruled that while the courts were free to exercise their functions such a body was not a competent tribunal for trying civilians. Trial before a court meant a freer introduction of testimony for the accused. Before the military commission the preponderance of testimony admitted had been that against the accused.

A change had come over the government also in these two years. In the first trial President Andrew Johnson, with a declared purpose to "make treason odious," supported by Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, had pressed the case against the prisoners with little regard as to the relative degree of their guilt or innocence. He had charged Jefferson Davis with heading the "Great Conspiracy" to murder Lincoln.

The "Great Conspiracy" had not been proven to exist. President Johnson had soon turned from bitter hostility to the South to a friendliness that gave his political opponents a club with which to belabor him. He feared John H. Surratt would prove a cause of fresh trouble to him. If he, who was charged with being Booth's aid in the assassination, were acquitted, the verdict would be accepted by sympathizers with his mother that she had not had a fair trial.

Witnesses Exceed 200.

Surratt arrived home from Europe in February—he had been taken while serving in the Papal Zouaves—and was not brought into the criminal court of the District of Columbia before Judge George P. Fisher until June 10. This gave his counsel, John H. Bradley sr., John H. Bradley, jr., and Richard T. Merrick, opportunity to seek evidence for his defense. The task was not extremely difficult, for Surratt had not been in Washington on April 14, the day that Lincoln was assassinated, but in Elmira, N. Y.

The prosecution of Surratt was in the hands of the district attorney, E. C. Carrington. To assist him and conduct the case, the government retained Edward Pierrepont, a prominent member of the New York bar, known for his skill in glossing over weak points.

Surratt's trial lasted two months. More than 200 witnesses were called.

The prosecution, as in the case of Mrs. Surratt and the others, ignored Booth's abortive plot to kidnap Lincoln, which had brought him first into contact with Surratt and all the others except Spangler, the scene shifter, and sought to prove that Surratt's association with Booth was solely in pursuance of a conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln.

The defense sought to prove that Surratt was not sought with Booth after the failure of the kidnaping plot; that he was not in Washington after the evening of April 3, when he arrived there from Richmond, and started for Canada with dispatches for the Confederate government.

The crux of the case was the whereabouts of the accused on the evening of April 14. The testimony brought out on this point revealed in a striking manner the ease with which men give false testimony, either by convincing themselves it is true, or from motives of self-interest.

Testimony Impeached.

Only one man had testified in the conspiracy trial to seeing Surratt in Washington on April 14. He was David C. Reed, a tailor. He swore then he was sure it was Surratt, whom he knew well, but admitted that he was more interested in looking at the man's clothes than his face, as he had never seen Surratt wear any like them.

This man was recalled at the trial of Surratt and gave similar testimony. He swore that he had known Surratt since he was a child and believed him to be 20 or 30 years old; that Surratt had never heard when he met him April 14. The defense showed that Surratt was but 23 years old at the time, and wore a chin beard.

The testimony of this witness and the thirteen others called to support him, often is cited today as proving that Surratt was in Washington as charged.

Four had testified in the conspiracy trial, and only Reed had then mentioned Surratt. Of the ten new witnesses, six could not make a positive identification of the accused.

Four of the new witnesses were positive in their identification. Their testimony and the refutation of it were as follows:

and shaved a stranger who was with him "clean all around his face except where the mustache was." He now recognized this man as the prisoner.

The defense proved that Surratt not only wore a chin beard on April 14, but then had no mustache.

Theodore B. Rhodes, a clock mender, swore that about noon, April 14, he entered the dress circle at Ford's Theater, noticed that the curtain was down, and saw a man fitting a bar of wood behind the door to the President's box. (This was the bar by which Booth secured immunity from interruption.) Witness swore the man told him he was fixing the box so that the President would not be interrupted that evening. Witness identified the accused as the man with whom he talked. He elaborated his testimony by swearing that he remained in the theater fifteen minutes after Surratt had gone and saw the employes arrange the chairs in the President's box.

The defense showed that on April 14 a rehearsal was going on at Ford's Theater at noon, that the curtain was up, that the door by which witness said he entered the dress circle was locked, and that the fitting up of the President's box did not begin until after the rehearsal, in the middle of the afternoon.

B. W. Vanderpool, of New York, a discharged prisoner of war, swore that on the afternoon of April 14 he visited a hall on Pennsylvania avenue, where there was music and a woman dancing, and that he saw Booth and two or three others, including the prisoner, sitting at a round table.

The defense showed that no performance of any character was held in the hall on any afternoon, and that the tables were not round.

A colored maid employed in Mrs. Surratt's house testified that on the evening of April 14, between 8 and 9, when going into the dining-room, she met Mrs. Surratt and a young man, whom Mrs. Surratt told her was her son.

The defense showed that the incident occurred as related, but on April 3, the night Surratt left for Montreal.

Man Who Called the Time.

The testimony of some of the uncertain witnesses seemed convincing until impeached. John Lee, a detective officer, swore to meeting a man on Pennsylvania avenue at 3 p. m., the 14th, "whom he took to be Surratt." The defense showed that Lee's reputation for veracity was bad.

Dr. William E. Cleaver, a former friend of Surratt's, testified that he met Surratt on horseback, a little after 4, on April 14, and spoke to him. The defense forced the witness to acknowledge that he had been in prison, under conviction for a foul crime, when approached by Sanford Conover, a detective, who influenced him to testify against Surratt. Conover was the man who gave testimony at the conspiracy trial, to implicate the Confederate agents in Canada in the "Great Conspiracy." He was convicted of perjury in 1867 and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Another detective, Joseph M. Dye, identified Surratt as the man he had seen call the hour to Booth at the theater. "I have seen that face often, while I have been sleeping—it was so exceedingly pale," he declared.

The defense produced in court John Matthews, an actor, who testified that he was the man who told Booth the time at Booth's request, on the night of the crime. No suspicion attached to Matthews.

After shattering the testimony of the chief witnesses who placed the prisoner in Washington on the fated day, the defense produced two reputable citizens of Elmira, N. Y., who swore that they saw him in that city on April 13 or 14; another who swore he conversed with him there on one of those days, and another, John Cass, a shopkeeper, who swore to holding a long conversation with him there at 9 a. m. on the 15th. Cass described minutely the coat Surratt was admitted to have worn, known as a Garibaldi jacket.

Register Ruled Out.

Surratt claimed that he had registered at the Brainard House in Elmira as John Harrison on April 13, that April 15 he went to Canandaigua, and registered there at the Webster House under the same name. His counsel had failed to find the register of the Brainard House, but produced that of the Webster House, with the name "John Harrison" in the middle of the page for April 15, and proved it was in Surratt's handwriting. The judge ruled the book out on the ground that Surratt might have gone back at any time within six months and signed the register. The fact that other names preceded and followed his signature on the page was not admitted as competent. This was the most important of several rulings adverse to the accused. In fact, the attitude of the judge against the prisoner was designated by Gleason Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in his diary (published fifty years later), as "disgracefully partial and unjust."

The defense, however, had come near enough to establishing an alibi for Surratt to force the prosecution into a change of tactics. It was finally admitted by the prosecution that Surratt was in Elmira on the morning of April 13, and an effort was made to show that he made a rapid journey to Washington to arrive there for the assassination.

The defense showed that the only passenger train which would have secured him connections for Washington left Elmira before the hour which the prosecution fixed as the latest on which he was in the town.

The prosecution endeavored to show that Surratt left the town after the regular train left, stealing a ride on a special train, and later traveling on certain construction trains. Its evidence of the supposed journey was not convincing.

Surratt Goes Free.

The judge's charge was highly improper. He made an attack upon the Supreme Court's decision that trial by military commission in a case analogous

to that of Booth's associates was illegal, and stated that a verdict for Surratt might lead to the removal of the government from Washington, where the public servants were not safe "from the presence of unpunished assassins."

The jury was out two days, coming in on August 19 to report that it couldn't agree, standing eight to four for acquittal.

There was no second trial, and after a few months in prison Surratt, the most deeply implicated of all Booth's agents in the kidnaping plot, was freed, and the indictment against him not pressed. He was the only one of the so-called Lincoln conspirators to escape punishment.

The verdict in his case strengthened the claim of Mrs. Surratt's friends that with an approximately fair trial she would not have suffered the death sentence.

Surratt could credit his escape to the passage of time, and to his trial before a jury and not a military commission.

Even-handed justice would have sent him to prison for his plotting against Lincoln, and would have spared his mother the ignominy of death upon a gibbet.

THE END

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