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Death of Booth

Details of His Actions During His Closing Hours

A New and Interesting Account of the Tragedy.

Told by Members of the Garrett Family.

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Washington, D. C., April 14, 1897.

Thirty-two years ago President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. On the night of April 14, 1865, while in a private box at Ford's theatre, Washington, he received a murderous wound from John Wilkes Booth, the actor, and expired the next morning at about 7 o'clock.

This subject can probably not be treated on its current anniversary better than by giving something new concerning the great tragedy. There is little new that can be found or said regarding the assassination itself, but I find that one of the most interesting stories connected with the flight and killing of the assassin has been hitherto hidden and unpublished.

The narrative of the flight of Booth through Maryland, covering a period of eight days has been told at different times with varying minuteness of detail, and also his subsequent movements up to his arrival at the Garrett farm house, and even his final extirpation in the Garrett barn—many of these details were brought out during the conspiracy trial and form a part of its records, and others have come to light since in private accounts of persons, who became connected with the affair, but, strange to say, no account of a detailed nature has ever been given covering the movements of Booth during his two days' stay in the Garrett house—the last two he spent on earth, and probably for that reason the most interesting of the flight. The Garretts were never tried, the government becoming convinced of their innocence of complicity, so that their evidence did not become a part of the public record.

Booth arrived at the Garrett house in the afternoon of Monday, April 24, 1865, and spent the remainder of his time there until his death in the early morning of the following Wednesday, the 26. Mr. and Mrs. Garrett are long since dead—Mr. Garrett died in 1878, and Mrs. Garrett in 1889. The other members of the Garrett household at the time, and who were present during the sojourn of Booth, were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Garrett—John M. Garrett, aged 24; Willie Garrett, aged 20; Kate Garrett, aged 22; Annie Garrett, aged 19; Baynham Garrett, aged 10; Robert Garrett, aged 7, and Miss L. K. B. Holloway, who was a teacher in the family and sister of Mrs. Garrett, aged 32. Probably the most competent living witness of the incidents of this memorable week at the farm house, both from age and experience, at the time, is Miss Holloway, who was a college graduate with very superior advantages. The next in age was John M. Garrett.

I have before me two carefully prepared manuscripts, sent me by Miss Holloway, who is still living at a beautiful old age, residing at Bowling Green, Virginia, within a few miles of the scene of the fated Tuesday night. I have also a statement written by Mr. John M. Garrett, who is now living at Brandywine, Va., corroborating the account given by Miss Holloway, except in two unimportant details, which are a consequence of disagreeing memories. Miss Holloway has prepared her manuscript with great care and has gone into the narrative of the movements, actions and conversations of Booth, with beautifully interesting detail. From these manuscripts I am enabled to prepare a statement of the incidents of this unrelated period in the records of this great tragic drama of the nation.

The chief items in the flight of Booth may be stated as follows:

Crossed Navy Yard bridge into Maryland, 10:30 p. m., April 1.

Arrived at Dr. Mudd's daybreak, April 15.

Concealed himself in "Cox's Pines," April 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

Crossed Potomac, morning April 23.

Arrived at Rappahannock river, midday, April 24.

Arrived at Garrett house, 3 p. m., April 24.

Surprised and shot in Garrett barn, between 2 and 4 a. m., April 26.

Died in Garrett house about 7 a. m. April 26.

On Monday, April 24, at about noon, as Booth lay in a wagon at the ferry on the Conway side of the Rappahannoc river in Virginia, accompanied by David Herold, his accomplice and companion in the flight, who was standing a few paces off, three men rode up clad in Confederate uniform. They were ex-Confederates returning home—Maj. M. E. Ruggles, Lieut. A. R. Bainbridge and William Jett, a young man of about 20 years. Herold approached the new arrivals, and in a short time had told them that his companion was Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. He then asked them for assistance in removing Booth to a place of safety. Ultimately, the entire party crossed the Rappahannock, and Booth was carried to the house of Mr. Garrett, about three miles from Port Royal, on the Caroline side, where they arrived just before 3 o'clock Here Miss Holloway's narrative begins.

The Garrett house, which is still standing, was a plain but neat and substantial frame dwelling with two stories and two rooms on each floor with a hall between. It had expansive porches on each side where the halls ended, and a small porch at one end, upon which opened one of the rooms. One of the rooms on the first floor was used as the sitting room, and the other as Mrs. Garrett's chamber. In the yard were out-houses—a carriage house, a barn, a tobacco house, a kitchen, used also as the dining room, and other buildings after the fashion of the time. The distance was about fifty miles due north to Washington, about forty to Richmond and the place was almost on a straight line between Washington to Richmond.

On Monday, April 24, 1865, Mrs. Garrett and Willie Garrett were spending the day at the home of the mother of Mrs. Garrett in the neighborhood. Jack Garrett was also away in the afternoon. At this time Miss Holloway says she had been teaching for about two years in the Garrett family.

The afternoon came clear and pleasant; the trees were just budding, and the air was peculiarly touched with the baminess of spring. Kate Garrett and Miss Holloway, after the noon meal, and sat at the open window within Mrs. Garrett's room, on the front of the house, and the senior Mr. Garrett sat outside in the porch near them. Naught seemed about to happen to remove the even tenor of a quiet and delightful day. The neighborhood was of the usual routes of travel, with no railroad in a number of miles, and the life was the monotonous one of an isolated locality. It was while sitting thus drinking in the agreeable air that three horses with their riders were observed to come into view, down the road from Port Royal, which ran several hundred yards from the house. The party stopped at the gate which led into the premises from the public road. There were five men, two mounted upon each of two of the horses and one upon the third. One of the men dismounted, and the other four then rode in and on to the house, the dismounted man remaining at the gate. Upon nearing the house the party did not stop at the lawn gate as was the custom, but rode up the walk to the steps. As they came up the walk Mr. Garrett arose, and at the same time one of the party spoke.

"This is Mr. Garrett, I presume."

Mr. Garrett assurred the speaker that it was, and the speaker then introduced himself as "William Jett," and the man behind him as "John William Boyd," a Confederate soldier who had been wounded in the battles around Richmond near Petersburg. The speaker then requested Mr. Garrett to "take care of his friend Boyd" until Wednesday morning, when he would call for him. Mr. Gareett readily consented to receive the wounded man as requested. Jett did not know Mr. Garrett personally, but relied upon the well known hospitality of the old gentleman to Confederates in distress to secure accommodation for his friend.

"Boyd" (who was John Wilkes Booth) dismounted, and in doing so, stepped upon the porch from the horse instead of upon the ground. With the aid of a pair of crutches he walked across the porch and took the seat Mr. Garrett had just vacated. Jett then remounted his horse and together with his companions, who proved to be Maj. Ruggles and Lieut. Bainbridge, though they were not introduced at the time

rode off. At the outer gate they got the dismounted man, who proved to be Herold, and the party went on toward Bowling Green. Booth was received into the house as a wounded Confederate soldier and no one connected with the house knew to the contrary until thirty-six hours afterward.

As soon as Miss Holloway saw Booth she told Kate Garrett that she supposed he was from Maryland, as he was drssed nicely, Maryland soldiers having this peculiarity over other soldiers. Booth was clad in a black cloth suit and was thoroughly neat in his appearance.

Soon after Booth took his seat Mr. Garrett asked him whether he had been to dinner. Booth replied no, he had not, but that he was not hungry. Mr. Garrett then asked Kate Garrett to go and put out something to eat for Mr. Boyd, and Kate Garrett went, accompanied by Miss Holloway. As they left the house the clock struck 3, a fact which was noticed by a trifling incident occurring at the time. The bell was rung and Mr. Garrett conducted Booth to dinner in the dining room in the yard. Booth was at this time an exceedingly handsome man, with searching, penetrating black eyes, the most brilliant, Miss Holloway thinks, that she has ever seen in a human head. His face was thin and pale as if he was of a delicate constitution, but his features were even and striking. He had a noticeably fine forehead and black hair, and had the manners of a perfect gentleman. He was not drinking then, and not under the influence of liquor, nor did he drink at all while at the Garrett house so far as the family observed. He was not talkative at dinner, nor as a rule at any other time, though he replied pleasantly to all questions that were asked him. He seemed to enjoy what he ate, but ate little. He wore shoes, Miss Holloway thinks, and did not seem to suffer from his wound, about which he adopted a particular cheerfulness. He did not indicate at any time that it gave him any pain and did not mention it at any time during his stay, except when it was spoken of by someone else. The wound was on the ankle just above the instep. He seemed to the Garretts to get along on his crutches very well.

After dinner Booth returned with Mr. Garrett to the porch and in a few minutes the two other ladies resumed their former positions. They all spent the most of the rest of the afternoon there, conversing in a desultory way, mostly about the war, and the recent surrender of Lee. No mention was made of President Lincoln. Late in the afternoon Mr. Garrett went into the yard to direct some work, and Booth remained on the porch. He had changed his position since dinner and sat at some distance from the ladies, who were principally engaged at sewing. At one time as Booth sat seeming to have dropped into a deep study, Miss Holloway says, he said, as if talking to himsel: "The ship has gone down, down, never, never to rise again." Then he looked around abstractedly as if unconscious of the presence of any other person and repeated the speech. When he did so, Miss Holloway asked him what he meant by the "Ship." He replied that the "south had gone down never to rise." She said to him that she did not think so, that it seemed so then, but after the southern people realized their condition, the young men who were left would busy themselves and become energetic, and that she believed, the south would then become better off than if she had never owned slaves. Booth did not make any reply to this, but took a piece of paper from his pocket, wrote a few lines on it and put the paper back.

This occurred at about sunset, which was especially beautiful. The rays flooded the earth and sky in a manner that seemed peculiarly grand, as if in mockery of any great earthly tragedy to mar the heavenly glory. Booth admired the scene very much, and said that he had never seen anything so beautiful. He said that was his idea of the death of a Christian—that their good deeds should be left behind them to inspire others as far as they might. After supper the family with Booth sat upon the porch until bedtime, when Booth went upstairs with Jack (John) and Willie Garrett, and together they slept in the room above the sitting room. Booth in a bed to himself at the west side of the room. Booth did not bring any baggage with him, nor did he change his clothing while at the Garrett house.

The next morning, Tuesday, Booth was seen reading a book on the porch, but what the book was no one ever knew. Booth ate three meals this day—six in all at the Garrett house, and Miss Holloway sat opposite to him at table. He seemed to prefer to sit on the porch to any other place, staid there the most of the time, and frequently spoke of the view from it, which went rolling away from the high hill on which the house was situated. It is were made as to its effect upon the one joining in it except Booth. He remained silent. Various conjectures thought probable, however, that his real fondness for the porch lay in the fact that he could see from it some distance down the road toward Port Royal. In the morning, Booth and Baynham Garrett were sitting beside the writing desk of Mr. R. H. Garrett, and Booth said he would like to have a map of Virginia. Baynham took down a map of the United States which hung on the wall, and Booth drew from it a map of Virginia. Nothing was said, however, regarding a map of any other country, and none was drawn of Mexico, as has been sometimes stated.

Tuesday when Jack Garrett returned from Port Royal he broke the intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln!

The fact of the assassination was not known at the Garrett house until this time, although ten days had elapsed since its execution. As described, the neighborhood was isolated, and additionally the blockade was still in effect on the Potomac, stopping communication. Jack Garrett gave the information to the family, including Booth, while they were dinner. The disclosure did not have any visible effect upon Booth so far as the Garrett's remembered to have observed. The subject became the subject of conversation to the desertion of everything else, everypublic welfare, and the probable motive that inspired the deed. One of the daughters said she supposed the perpetrator had been well paid for it. At this Booth turned to her and with a smile said, "Do you think so, miss? By whom do you suppose he was paid?"

"Oh, I suppose by both the north and the south," was the reply.

"It is my opinion," said Booth, "that he was not paid a cent, but did it for notoriety's sake."

Soon after this, all left the table. As Booth started out Mrs. Garrett asked him whether he would not like to have his wound dressed. Booth replied that the wound did not give him the slightest pain, thanked her, and with several others, went upon the front porch and sat upon the steps, from whence he commanded a full view of the public road. When Booth arose from the table his sleeve became slightly pushed up, and Miss Holloway saw letters on his arm done in India ink. During the afternoon, Booth being still in the front porch or on the steps with several others, two horsemen rode up to the outer gate on the road. One of the horsemen had a man behind him and this man got down and came toward the house, his two companions continuing on toward Port Royal. When Booth saw the man coming toward the house, he got up and stood in the doorway of the sitting room, opening on the porch. Then he asked Jack Garrett to go up stairs and get his (Booth's) revolver for him. Booth seemed excited and Jack Garrett asked why he was so, and why he wished the revolver. Booth replied that he always felt safer when armed. Jack then asked him who it was that was approaching, to which Booth replied, "Oh, it is one of our men." Jack Garrett asked him what he meant. "Why, one of those who crossed over the river with us," Booth replied.

When Jack Garrett brought the revolver, Booth stood in the doorway while putting it on, and Miss Holloway noticed that he had on two revolvers besides the one he was buckling on. Miss Holloway thinks that Booth was in constant dread of being capturtd, fully realizing that it would be difficult for him to escape punishment. Booth walked off and met the man who was coming, who proved to be Herold. They met about midway between the house and the gate and remained for fully half an hour in earnest conversation, after which they came to the house. Not long afterward the two men rode back hurriedly to the house and Booth and Herold talked privately with them. They told Booth and Herold that they had better make good their escape as Federal troops were crossing from Port Conway to Port Royal. Then they galloped off and Booth and Herold walked to a thicket near the barn and went into the thicket. This was the only time that Booth went out of sight of the house. There is a difference of opinion between Miss Holloway and Mr. Garrett as to whom the two men were who rode to the house. They both agree that one was Lieut. Banbridge, but Miss Holloway has always felt convinced that the other was Jett, though Mr. Garrett is positive it was Major Ruggles. Miss Holloway thinks that Jett informed Booth of the approach of the troops as a "blind," and was really the wilful betrayer of Booth, although Mr. Garrett stoutly takes the part of Jett.

After Booth and Herold had gone into the thicket, and at about an hour before sundown, Miss Holloway says they saw Federal troops go dashing by on the way to Bowling Green. Soon Booth and Herold returned from the thicket. The senior Mr. Garrett said to Booth: "Why, you did not stay very long; you could not have gone very far." To this Booth replied: "I did not, but as far as I wanted to go." Jack Garrett then asked Booth and Herold why, as ex-Confederates, they should hide themselves from Federal troops since the war was over. Booth replied that he did not "care about meeting any of them anyway. Jack Garrett could not understand the action of Booth and Herold, and so resolved to institute inquiry. He left the house and went into the nieghborhood. While he was gone, Booth stood at an apple

tree about two yards from the porch and talked to Mr. R. H. Garrett and whittled on the tree with his knife. He cut the initials "J. W. B." on a limb of the tree which were seen afterward. He stood whittling for ten or fifteen minutes, and then sat upon the steps. When Jack Garrett returned he had learned that the troops were in pursuit of two Confederate soldiers, one of whom was wounded and the description that was given of them correspond exactly with that of the two men at his father's house. He said to Booth on his return, "You know what you have done. Now, if you have gotten into any difficulty, you must leave at once, for I do not want you to bring any trouble on my aged father." Booth replied that they had gotten into a "little brush over in Maryland, but it was all over."

In the evening after supper, Booth and Herold with the family sat upon the porch. Booth requested Jack Garrett to take him to Guinea's Station (railroad) that night, and offered him ten dollars for the service. When asked why he wished to go to Guinea's Station, Booth replied that he had heard there was a Confederate Maryland battery near Louisia court house, which had not disbanded and if he could reach that he would be safe. Jack told him he could not carry him that night, but would the next morning. Booth then offered him one hundred and fifty dollars for his horse, but Jack refused to sell it, saying it was the only one he had. Booth then agreed to be taken the next morning, and gave Jack ten dollars in advance. But Booth was destined never to take that ride. If he could have got off that night, history might have been different.

When the hour came to retire Booth asked Jack Garrett if there was an outhouse in which he could sleep that night, so as not to go up stairs. Asked why he wished to sleep in an outhouse, he said, "I would rather not go up stairs. He was told that he could not be made comfortable, to which he replied that anywhere would do rather than to have to go up stairs. Finally Booth and Herold were conducted to a large tobacco house which stood in the yard about a hundred and fifty feet from the dwelling. In it was stored a quantity of furniture belonging to the people of Port Royal, put there for safe keeping and covered with hay and other provender. Booth and Herold entered the house and Jack Garrett locked the door. It was the custom to lock this house on account of its contents, and it was not thought at the time that Booth and Harold took offence at it being done that night. Jack gave the key to Miss Holloway when he went to the house and asked to keep it and to let no one have it as he thought the men intended to steal the horses and escape. Kate Garrett and Miss Holloway remained on the porch a short while after the men left, and then, going into Mrs. Garrett's room, found old Mrs. Garrett lying across the foot of the bed asleep. He had been complaining of feeling unwell. He had not heard the conversation of Booth in regard to the tobacco house, and therefore, did not know but that the two men were asleep up stairs until their whereabouts were disclosed during the night. Jack and Willie Garrett armed themselves and went to spend the night in a shed opposite the tobacco house. The Garretts have always believed that it was largely consideration for the family that prompted Booth to go to an outhouse at this time, knowing that his position in the dwelling would involve the safety of the house and its inmates if he was found. His wound could not have had anything to do with his wish not to go up stairs as he could walk very well, apparently.

It was about 2 o'clock in the morning (Wednesday) that the family were aroused by the fierce barking of dogs, the clanking of arms and the heavy tread of men passing up and down the porches. It was soon discovered that a sentinel had been placed at every door and window and that the yard was well filled with soldiers. All at once a rush was made for the small porch at the end of the house, followed by a battering of the door and demands that it be opened. The terror of the family was very great as they could not then construe the nature of the disturbance. The ladies occupying the room over Mrs. Garrett's dressed hurriedly and went down, hastened by the screams of Mrs. Garrett. When they got down they found that Mr. R. H. Garrett was being dragged from the house amidst demands to know where the murderer of "their president" was. Mr. Garrett disclaimed knowing anything about him. He was threatened with death unless he gave the desired information and a rope was brought with which to hang him. Protesting his ignorance and making inquiry for full particulars, he was at length told that "Lieut. Doherty with thirty or forty men accompanied by Mr. Conger, Lieut. Baker and a New York newspaper reporter had come to arrest Booth." It then dawned upon the old gentleman that "Boyd" must be Booth. Jack Garrett, at this time ran up from the shed to where his father was. Those about his father turned and asked him where he came from and where the murderer of "their president" was. Jack Garrett replied, "If you want to know where those two men are I will take you to the place—they did not sleep in the house tonight, but in an outhouse." He then conducted them to the tobacco house.

At this time, Miss Holloway, hearing Kate Garrett upstairs in great distress went to her. There they could hear loud talking and threats down at the tobacco house. Miss Holloway put her head through a broken place in the window and listened to what was being said at the tobacco house, being able also to behold the scene that was transpiring there. Jack Garrett plead with Booth to surrender. Booth refused. Jack Garrett was then made to pile lightwood and brush around the building. Then he was sent in after Booth who refused to come out, warning Jasck at the same time not to enter again. Booth then said to those without: "Gentleman, who are you and what did you come for?"

"We want you; and we came for you," was the reply.

"Then," said Booth, "prepare a stretcher, for I will never surrender." Jack Garrett said to Booth, "Here are nearly fifty armed men, and escape is utterly impossible. Act like a man and surrender."

"Surrender, the word surrender was never in my vocabulary," said Booth. "I have never learned the meaning of that word. There is one here though, who will surrender."

Jack Garrett was then sent in to bring Herold out. Herold was placed under guard, and Jack Garrett was then made to set the wood and brush on fire. When the flame flared up Booth called out, Now I can pick out eighteen of you before I stop; but I have accomplished all I want." Jack Garrett was then made to put out the fire.

Again Booth called out, saying, "Give me fifteen steps and I will make good my escape."

"No, we will not give you any," was the reply.

"Give me ten steps and I will escape," he said. This was refused.

"Give me five," Booth persisted.

"No, we will not give you any," he was again told.

"Well, I want you to take notice of one thing," Booth said, "the gentleman with whom I am stopping knows not who I am nor what I have done."

A torch was then put into the tobacco house. It ignited with the hay inside in a few seconds the interior was brilliantly lighted, and it was apparent that there would be a great fire.

In a few seconds, taking advantage of the darkness without and the light within, Sergeant Boston Corbett, belonging to the troops, put his revolver through a crack and fired into the house. The ball hit Booth and passed through his jugular vein and took in one of the cerebral vertebraae. Jack Garrett saw Sergeant Corbett fire the shot, and Sergeant Corbett told Miss Holloway during the morning that he fired it, although he had been censured for so doing; but that he thought that was the only way Bootn could be taken as he knew he would not surrender. It is therefore untrue, according to this testimony that there is any probability that Booth committed suicide, as has been some times conjectured.

As soon as it was discovered that Booth had been shot, the Garretts say, Jack Garrett was sent in to bring him out, and in doing so he came very nearly being burned himself. Soon after being brought out Booth was brought across the yard and laid on the floor of the poorch, to all appearances dead. Miss Holloway had come down, and when she opened the sitting room door, Booth's head was so near the door that she came nearly falling over him. Lieut. Baker asked for a mattress, and Miss Holloway took one from a lounge in the room, but Booth refused to be put on it, saying "No, no; let me lie here, let me die here." One of the officers said at this, "The —— rebel is still living," whereupon Lieut. Baker requested that no noise should be made about the dying man's head. A doctor was at once dispatched for at Port Royal. Miss Holloway inquired who it was who had been shot. Sergeant Corbett asked her if she was really ignorant who it was. She replied that she did not know. Sergeant Corbett then took out of his pocket a handful of photographs and Miss Holloway and KateGarrett went with him to a distant part of the porch, where he showed the pictures to them. When he got to the photograph of the dying man, he asked Miss Holloway if that was not a good likeness of the man who lay dying on the floor. She said it was. She now says that the likeness was perfect. Sergeant Corbett said, "It is Booth, the actor, the murderer of our president." Miss Holloway was astounded and told him that no one at the Garrett house knew of the tragedy until Tuesday at dinner, not that the man with them was Booth.

A pillow was asked for, which Miss Holloway got and placed under Booth's head, while Lieut. Baker held it up. Miss Holloway says she offered Booth water, but he refused it. Wine was then offered him, but he clinched his teeth and refused it also. Lieut. Baker asked Miss Holloway to rub his forehead. She did so, kneeling by Booth's head. Soon after she knelt, Booth protruded his tongue. Miss Holloway dipped her hankerchief in water and moistened his tongue and lips. He then said, "Tell my mother I died for my country; I did what I thought to be best.' He soon again protruded his tongue, and Miss Holloway again moistened his tongue and lips. He looked up and repeated his message to his mother, and Miss Holloway says that, though dying, his eye was as bright as ever. Soon he gasped. She moistened his lips again; but he did not speak again. In rubbing his forehead and temples she noted that his pulse was growing weak and she indicated it to Lieut. Baker. Directly she saw that the end was near. He gasped three times and crossed his hands on his breast, and died calmly and without a struggle, just as the day was breaking and Dr. Urquehart was reaching the house. A stray curl which had fallen over Miss Holloway's fingers while she stroked his head, Dr. Urquehart at her request, cut off, and Miss Holloway still keeps a part of it as a momento of the harrowing but historic episode. Lieut. Baker when it light enough to see, asked Miss Holloway for a cotton and thread, which she gave him, and the body of Booth was sewn into a United States blanket, taken from one of the saddles and placed into a wagon borrowed from a negro named Ned Freeman, living near-

by, (free-man—it is said he received his name because of the fact that he had always been free) and together with Jack and Willie Garrett, the body was conveyed to Bellplanes station, whence it was carried up the Potomac to Washington. Miss Holloway is particulrly strong in saying that she has never had any doubt that this was Booth; he had a striking face, that could hardly be forgotten; the comparison satisfied her at the time, and she has since had opportunity to examine other photographs of Booth, besides keeping up with all Bothania, and has never had occasion to change her mind as to his right identity.

Dr. Urquehart examined Booth's wound after his death, and declared that decomposition had set in and that he could not have lived twenty-four hours, if he had not been killed. After Booth expired great regret was expressed among the troops that he was not taken alive, the general expression being that he had received too mild a death.

When Booth came to the Garrett house he wore a handsome ring, which when he was laid on the porch he did not have on, and it is thought he must have thrown it away in the tobacco house, together with what money he had, as he had none on his person after his deatn. On Wednesday morning Miss Holloway found a pair of opera glasses, which they had not seen before, lying on the bookcase. She scratched "J. W. B." on the strap, and they were subsequently turned over to the government.

This is the story of the capture and death of John Wilkes Booth as given by Miss Holloway, corroborated by Mr. John M. Garrett. The following additional incident and personal observation from Mr. Garrett's letter and the story is done:

"When I was sent in the barn to ask Booth to surrender, I told him the situation he was in, that the barn was surrounded by armed men and escape was impossible. He replied "Surrender, I never will," and he then addressed the officers without saying, "Give a man a chance for his life. Draw your men off fifty yards and I will come out and fight the whole of them." The officer seplied, "I am not here for that purpose. I came here to capture you, and I am going to do it. If you are going to surrender, come to the door and deliver up your arms, or the barn will be fired in fifteen minutes." Booth replied, "It would be a hard case to burn this gentleman's barn, as he is ignorant of who I am." In a few minutes a match was applied to hay in the barn through an opening. Booth was standing in about the centre of the born at the time. As soon as the fire commenced to burn he tried to put it out, but finding that that was impossible, he turned from the fire and said, "One more stain on the glorious banner!" Sergeant Corbett just then fired.

"It is often stated that Jett telegraphed to Washington after leaving Booth at my father's house on Monday. This he could no have done, as he went directly to Bowling Green, and remained there all that night and the next day; there was no telegraph line nearer than Richmond, by which he could reach Washington, and there were no trains running to Richmond. Jett was found at Bowling Green on Wednesday morning about 4 o'clock by armed men who placed loaded pistols at his head and demanded him to tell where the two men were he had in charge when he left Port Royal on Monday. Jett did as any other sensible man would have done under the circumstances—he immediately conducted the troops to where he had left Booth. This statement in defence of Jett has never been made—he is now dead. I think he died in an insane asylum, but if published, I hope it will be of some comfort to his family."

HUGH C. MIDDLETON.
GEORGE A. McKIE.