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Bates Scrap Book R72

AMONG the grimmest romances that arose in the wake of the great civil war was one that had its origin in the greatest tragedy of our history. It ran that John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, had escaped the frantic clutch of justice at the hands of the anger-maddened people of the North; had escaped the myriad nets spread for him, and was living perdu somewhere, his identity concealed or known only to a few, says the New York Herald of today (April 26).

The world had read and read of the hunt for the assassin, of his capture in a barn on a lonely Virginia farm, at night, nearly a fortnight after his crime, of his being shot to death when the barn was fired, of the return of the body to Washington, of its secret burial.

When, therefore, years after the terrible days of 1865 it began to be whispered about that it was not Booth who had been captured at Garrett's farm; that the real Booth had baffled his pursuers and had been carried in safety to France, to Canada, to England, to South America or wherever the latest whisperer fancied, people who heard the whispers asked first of all, who, then, had died and been buried in the place and stead of John Wilkes Booth. Others asked, Was not the body of the assassin properly identified?

Amazing as was the story, it was found by all who made investigation that the identification of the dead man seemed curiously incomplete. Not one of his captors had seen Booth in life. He did not explicitly admit his identity in the short time between receiving his death wound and his death. His captured companion, Harold, was understood to deny that it was Booth. Finally the legal identification was made when the face was unrecognizable and dependent on the character of an old scar on his neck.

The whisperers said boldly that the dead man was one of the conspirators, but not Booth.

If then, one admitted the possibility of Booth's survival, where was he? Under what mask was he dragging out his existence? Where on the habitable globe was so great a miscreant screened by those about him?

The answer came at last in the shape of the assertion that he had lived for years at Atlanta, Ga., not as a recluse, not as a skulking wretch stealing out at night in the shadow of a nation's curse, but as a clergyman of the Episcopal church, and in the open light of day!

He who was known in life at Atlanta, Ga., as the Rev. James Armstrong, was, the whisperers said, undoubtedly John Wilkes Booth.

Dumfounding and incredible as the assertion seemed, it demanded investigation, when lo! a wonder of another kind was revealed. Not indeed the assassin, but a man so marvelously like John Wilkes Booth in body and mental traits that twelve years after his sudden death the belif is firmly held in a hundred quarters that he was Booth.

And, stranger still, the Rev. Mr. Armstrong well knew of this resemblance, and in many ways, without overtly saying so, allowed the belief to live that he indeed was the man they thought he was. Once at a crisis of his life, which was stormy for a minister, when asked by his bishop before an ecclesiastical trial court, "Are you John Wilkes Booth?" replied, "I am on trial as James Armstrong, not as John Wilkes Booth." Pressed further, he refused to affirm or deny.

To account for this attitude on the part of a minister of the gospel one must search in the strange byways of the human mind. The love of mystery is one clew. Beside it there was something, too, of the love of notoriety that would rather be marked apart as the reverend hero of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was marked than pass a common man; the state of mind in which Dante permitted the Italian peasants to say uncontradicted as he passed with the far-away look in his eyes: "Do not touch him, children; he is the man who has been in hell."

Other and less excusable but equally human reasons there was. Back of the dreadful time when the clergyman's double, John Wilkes Booth, leaped into an accursed prominence the Rev. Dr. Armstrong had been making a personal history that he would not care to see unveiled. He was in the South. Those who might suspect that he was Booth would be less likely to delve into that past if they thought that such delving would uncover the mon who, however madly and fatally for the South itself, had risked his life in what he thought her cause. Policy, therefore, and the curious bent of an unusual mind conjoined to let the story keep on its way.

How it grew, how its survival was so long possible, upon what meat of rumor, circumstance, innuendo and assumption it fed make a remarkable story. Above all is the extraordinary likeness down to minute details between the two men—the actor-assassin and the clergyman-actor—for Dr. Armstrong's taste lay not toward the pulpit, but toward the stage. His voice was remarkable and his personal magnetism great. He organized amateur theatricals among the young folk of the parish, and his favorite plays were Shakespearian. Before he died he went on the lecture platform, and his most remarkable lectures were "Richard III" and "Hamlet."

Circumstantial evidence going to prove that he was Booth cropped up on all sides during his life in Atlanta. Years after the dreadful event of April 14, 1865, when Edwin Booth, the actor, ventured to play again through the South, the Rev. Dr. Armstrong occupied a stage box in the opera house at Atlanta, Ga.

When these two men looked into each other's eyes across the footlights the Atlantans who were in the audience will tell you that they felt the play pause. Edwin Booth stood staring from the center of the stage at the likeness of his brother, and that night he visited the Rev. Dr. Armstrong in a close carriage at one o'clock in the morning.

Every time he came to the town he sought out the doctor. They were fast friends. Everything he could do to further the belief in Southern minds Dr. Armstrong did. He openly visited Edwin Booth at the Kimball Hotel, enjoying the significant glances which were cast upon him.

To take the story up in its natural order, then, it is necessary before passing to the Atlanta legend and its solution by the Herald to glance first at the appalling crime, which put the red seal of assassination on the last page of the civil war.

## THE PLOT AND ASSASSINATION.

ON the night of April 14, 1865, President Lincoln attended the production of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theater in Washington. Gen. Grant, who was to attend the theater with the president, left Washington suddenly at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 14th "to visit his children" at Burlington, N. J. The "great conspiracy," which, according to the evidence afterward submitted to the military commission, which hung four of the conspirators and imprisoned others for life, had been hatched in Canada, included in its terrible scope the killing of all the heads of the government at Washington—President Lincoln, Vice-President Andrew Johnson, Secretaries Seward and Stanton, Gen. Grant and others.

An assassin had been appointed for each man, and to Booth fell the lot of killing Lincoln. Booth had free access to the theater by al lthe entrances, having played at the theater frequently. On the night that he shot Lincoln, booted and spurred, he rode to the stage entrance and called for Edward Spangler, the stage carpenter, and one of his confederates, to hold his horse. For an hour he walked about the theater and visited an adjoining saloon on the south side, calling for brandy to steady his nerves and to make him feel like a hero ready to rid the country of a tyrant. At ten minutes after ten he reached the doorway of the passage leading to the president's box. Here he stopped, and to avoid attraction leisurely surveyed the house.

Entering the passageway, he secured the door by placing a bar of wood against it and the wall, making it impossible for any one to enter from without. There were two doors leading into the box from the passage, and the box was divided by a partition, one door entering each compartment. The screws had been carefully removed from the locks to both doors, so that they could not be fastened by any member of the president's party. The only man with the doomed president was Maj. Rathbone.

Booth, like a typical stage villain, which was the role he was imitating, knife and pistol in hand, turned the knob and pushed the door slowly and silently open. The noble head of the president rose before him, a dark silhouette, framed in the glow of the footlights beyond. The president, unsuspicious of danger, believing in his great and kindly heart that the rumors which had reached his ears of the plot to assassinate him were only idle rumors, was absorbed in the play. Booth stepped swiftly forward, pressed his murderous pistol against the curling ringlets of the noble leader and fired. Dropping his pistol, he sprang to the railing, crying:

"The South is avenged!"

The stage, in its glimmering light, lay nine feet below him. The white faces of the audience were upturned toward him as he hovered on the edge gathering himself for the leap. Many believed that the short, bitter crack of the revolver was a part of the play. Booth leaped into the air. His spur caught in the folds of the American flag which draped the front of the president's box, and he landed on the boards upon his hands and knees, breaking his leg.

As he stood upon his feet once more, still acting tragedy, and with dagger uplifted, he shouted above the screams of Mrs. Lincoln, which just then rang through the house, the motto of the State of Virginia:

"Sic semper tyrannis."

Unmindful of his broken leg, he ran toward the stage door, slashing viciously at every one who appeared to block his passage. He mounted his horse and galloped away into the night, and none of his friends in Washington ever saw him again.

Two hours afterward the military authorities at Washington were searching for John Wilkes Booth. They found that at 11 o'clock, thirty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired, two men crossed the Anacostia Bridge into Maryland. One gave the name of Booth and the other Smith. At the first the authorities thought that the man Smith might be John Surratt, but at that time Surratt was riding on horseback to Baltimore, where he took the train to Montreal and escaped from the country. Smith, it appears, was none other than the boy Harold, a friend and devoted admirer of Booth. The two riders arrrived at the house of Dr. Mudd, three miles from Brandytown, thirty miles from Washington. It took them six hours to cover the distance.

## THE HUNT AND THE CAPTURE.

ELEVEN days elapsed, during which time the country was furious in its demands for the arrest of the murderer. The war department felt keenly the disgrace which would attach to it if the assassin were not caught. The country was full of fleeing men. Many were members of the conspiracy, who had assisted in cutting the thirty telegraph wires leading from the war department at the very moment that the principal actor in the tragedy was consummating his dread deed.

Many were disbanded Confederate soldiers, returning to their homes, and endeavoring to escape capture. At first the war department authorities refused to follow the trail which led across the bridge, because they thought that some one had given the name of Booth to the sentinel as a decoy. They thought Booth was making for Canada, and turned their attention in that direction. But on April 25 the country was overjoyed to hear that John Wilkes Booth had been shot at Garrett's farm, seventy-five miles south of Washington, and that Harold, his companion, had been taken alive.

The body, it was pointed out by those who believed the tale concerning the identity of the assassin and Dr. Armstrong, sewed securely in an army blanket, was removed by the government to the navy yard at Washington, and secretly buried. The public and the friends of the dead man were not allowed to see him. It was reported in explanation that the body was in an advanced state of decomposition. Booth at the time of the assassination wore a mustache, and the official description of him stated that he had no "no beard and no appearance of a beard," and Booth was but 27 years old at the time. Yet in describing the body of the man brought back by the government they say the newspapers of April 28, 1865, declared that "his mustache had been cut with scissors and his beard allowed to grow, changing his appearance considerably. His hair had been cut somewhat shorter than he usually wore it."

It would seem, they argue, that the body was considerably changed in eleven days, so that it became necessary for the government to identify it by means of one of its own surgeons, Dr. May, of Washington. He identified the body as that of John Wilkes Booth by a scar upon the neck, which he recognized as the scar made by his knife in removing a tumor from the actor 's neck some two or three years before.

From the time Booth left Dr. Mudd's house until he was brought back to the navy yard at Washington no one who knew him, according to the record of the war department, saw him. Boston Corbett, the sergeant who disobeyed orders and shot the man in the barn, was never punished for his grave offense against military discipline. Not a single member of Lieut. Dougherty's squad of twenty-six men who assisted in the capture had ever known Booth in life. Upon the body was found a draft on a Canadian bank drawn to the order of J. Wilkes Booth; but it is also a fact that a similar draft was found in the Kirkwood Hotel, in the room which was occupied by Atzeroth, the man who was assigned to murder Andrew Johnson, and whose courage failed him at the critical moment.

Booth, it seems, had been in habit of handling the money furnisned by his fellow conspirators in Canada, and upon him fell the task of securing and paying the men who were to be his assistants. All of Booth's effects, his diary and letters were secured by the government in Washington to do with it as it chose. And nowhere in the record of the trial which occurred afterward do we find the man Harold stating that his companion who had been shot in the barn was J. Wilkes Booth, the actor.

All these things taken together have caused the persons who came in contact with Dr. Armstrong to be sceptical as to whether John Wilkes Booth had ever been captured. If, they argue, it was such a simple matter for John Surratt to ride to freedom into the very heart of the North, why could not Booth, who was the brains and the heart and soul of the conspiracy, have done the same?

It is not surprising, therefore, that the residents of Baltimore Block, where Dr. Armstrong lived, believed that they were harboring J. Wilkes Booth in their midst, and jealously guarded the secret. Among those who used live there who have recently moved to New York are Mrs. M. A. Reeves, of No. 52 Morningside avenue; Mrs. W. C. Lawrence, No. 117 West One Hundred and Seventeenth street; and Mrs. Chase, daughter of Judge Strong, the bosom friend of Dr. Armstrong, now dead. Although their evidence is all purely circumstantial, there is no questioning their belief in the identity of the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, for they are still under the spell of his wonderful personality.

# MRS. M. A. REEVES' STORY.

ON the night that Lincoln was shot, April 14, 1865, I was in Washington with my father, at the National Hotel. I was then a little girl, about 14 years old. My father was there in company with a man named Thompson, a lobbyist. The first that I heard of the trouble was in the afternoon, about 4 o'clock. Thompson came to my father's room, and said:—

"Those fellows are all down at the saloon. They are crazy drunk, and well guarded."

"I was out about an hour ago," said father, "and met two or three of the gang on the way to the saloon."

"Keep out of the way," Thompson replied, "for they would shoot you at the drop of the hat. Johnny Surratt has sent home to his mother for a gun."

"Rash boy!" said my father. "He is going to get that unfortunate woman into trouble."

The rest of the conversation is indistinct in my mind, but I remember that prominent names were mentioned, such as "Andy" Johnson, McClellan, Grant and Gen. Rosecrans.

About 6 o'clock in the evening father and I went out on Pennsylvania avenue. We went almost to the steps of the capitol, where father met several gentlemen. He joined them and they took him aside and talked with him in low tones excitedly, while I stood on the outskirts. One of the gentlemen, noticing me, said to my father, loud enough for me to hear:—

"You's better take the child and go home."

Father and I returned to the hotel, and after dinner he and I went to our room and father told me in a very earnest manner not to leave the room, no matter what happened. He seemed so earnest that he frightened me by his manner. Child though I was, I felt that something dreadful was going to happen, and though I went to bed I did not go to sleep. Some time in the early night, after ten o'clock, there came a dreadful knock on the door and Mr. Thompson rushed in, exclaiming to my father in a horrified voice:—

"My God, they have done it!"

"What have they done?" asked my father.

"They've shot Lincoln."

"My God, they've shot the wrong man!" said father.

"Poor Abe! Poor Abe!" they both said together.

"What else have they done?" asked father.

"They've killed Seward, too, and the fool who shot Lincoln was so drunk that he has broken his leg."

"How did he do it?"

"He hasn't had a mouthful all day, and they had to fill him with liquor and make him do it; and he fell."

"Then they've got him, have they?"

"No, they haven't, and they won't."

"How can he escape?" said father.

"That's all right. Everything is prepared all along the line, and once he crosses Harper's Ferry he's safe."

"What happened to Grant?"

"The coward fled to New York."

"How was that?" said father. "I thought he was going to the theater with him."

"Yes, he was to; but fifteen minutes before the time he sent a telegram that he was called to New York."

"Somebody will have to pay for this," said my father.

"Oh, don't you worry," said Mr. Thompson. "They're in hot pursuit and they will bring a dummy back."

"What do you mean by a dummy?"

"I mean they won't get him, but a dead body will come back."

"What has become of Surratt?" asked my father.

"He is not far, and I'm afraid they'll get him before morning."

"And that poor woman! They'll make her swing for it."

"Yes, and Garfield will do it," said Mr. Thompson.

Their manner of talk was so tense and so vehement, and their words so strange, that I sat bolt upright in the next room and began to sob aloud, and my father, hearing me, left his companion and came to quiet me. He questioned me as to what I had heard, put his head on the pillow until I went to sleep, and then left me. The next morning when I woke it was to hear the hoofbeats of the horses on the cobblestone pavement up and down Pennsylvania avenue. The cries of the people and the noise in the street brought the scene of the last night back to me very vividly, and though I did not realize what had happened, I remember I kept saying over to myself while I was dressing:

"They've killed him! They've killed him!"

Before we went down to breakfast I remember my father came to me and, looking into my eyes, made me promise that I would never tell a soul or even my mother or sister what I had heard the night before. He said that if I ever breathed a word of it to any one I would lose my father. And I never have forgotten his words, and I have never said anything about this until this moment, and even now I will not tell who my father was.

As I look back on it, it seems to me that my father, like many other gentlemen of that time who were strong Southern sympathizers, may have been working for the South and may have been connected with the first plan of the conspirators to abduct the heads of the national government; but I am sure, judging from the warnings of Mr. Thompson to my father to keep off the street or he would be shot by the drunken ruffians in the tavern, that he had refused to have anything to do with the conspiracy when it proposed to take life.

As no one was allowed to leave Washington without a pass from the war department, it was three days before my father was able to come to New York. We left our baggage behind us, and sent for it after the excitement was over.

## A NEW JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

The next thing that I remember was in Camden, N. J., four years later, at a hotel there. During dinner father engaged in conversation with a gentleman whom he knew, from the South. I heard the conversation.

"Well," said the Southerner, "I understand Booth is flourishing in Paris."

"Indeed!" replied my father. "Who told you that?"

"My brother Gilbert, the actor, talked with him there; and you know Gilbert is not given to fairy tales."

"Well," said father, "Booth better be careful or he will be marched back."

"No, he won't. His friends are powerful."

Then they laughed, and called attention to the extradition laws which existed in the United States, which it seemed to them were fashioned to return a horse thief, but not a political murderer.

In the meantime, as time went on, my father died and I married and moved South with my family, ten years ago, to Atlanta, Ga. We were Episcopalians and attended St. Philip's church. Among the church people who called to make us feel at home in our new surroundings was Mrs. Armstrong, the widow of the Rev. James G. Armstrong, who had died two or three years before. She was a very pleasant woman, about 50 years old. When I returned her call, some days later, and was ushered into her parlor, I was thunderstruck to see upon an easel a life-size crayon of J. Wilkes Booth. He was dressed in a long black ecclesiastical frock coat and wore a white collar around his neck after the fashion of that time. Mrs. Armstrong entered and found me looking wild-eyed at the picture.

"Where did you get this picture?" I exclaimed, greatly excited. "This is the last place in the world where I expected to find a portrait of J. Wilkes Booth."

She laughed rather nervously, I thought, and said, without looking at me:

"So many have made that same mistake."

"Mistake? Mistake?" I said.

"Yes, for that is a picture of my husband, the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, as he appeared when a young man."

Still looking at the picture, I shook my head.

"Did you know him?" she asked, sadly.

"Yes, I saw him often in Washington, and my father knew him and loved him."

"Dear, dear," she said, sighing. "This is such a small world, after all."

In a few moments the door opened and a young woman of about 24 years of age came into the room. She had dark brown hair and big, blue gray eyes, and I was struck with her remarkable resemblance to the Booth family. She looked and acted and talked in every way like a Booth. She was Mrs. Armstrong's only daughter, Mrs. Glenn.

Mrs. Armstrong repeated to her daughter my exclamation about the picture.

"Oh!" exclaimed the daughter, clasping her hands and looking at me with a bright, eager, anxious expression. "Did you take him for J. Wilkes Booth? That man is my ideal. Did you know him?"

I nodded.

"You are the second one I have spoken to who knew him, and they all speak so kindly of him. It was very sad."

"Oh, if my father were alive now," I said. Naturally my interest was aroused, and I determined to find out who the Rev. Mr. Armstrong was. I talked with Judge Strong, who had lived in Atlanta, Ga., all his life, and was best fitted to tell me. At first he would say nothing, putting me off with the remark:

"You know, Mrs. Reeves, that we Southerners have our little secrets."

## ARMSTRONG'S ADVENT IN ATLANTA.

But when he found that my father was a Southerner, and had done so much in horses and money for the South during the war, he talked more freely.

"You know," he said, "the Rev. Mr. Armstrong was no more fitted to be in the pulpit than I am. He came to us about nine years ago from Richmond, Va., bringing with him his wife and daughter. We needed a pastor in the church, and he preached a trial sermon. No one knew who he was or where he came from, but the sermon was magnificent. The man's wonderful personal magnetism charmed us all. From the moment he opened his mouth until the close of the service he held us spellbound. We secured him and he preached in the church for many years.

"The first thing he did was to get up Shakespearean classes and amateur theatricals among the young folks. It was during a rehearsal of the first of these performances that I had my suspicions aroused. I went to the rehearsal and heard the Rev. Mr. Armstrong instructing a young man in his part. The minister became an anctor for the boy and showed him how to put fire into his lines. The moment he opened his mouth and strode upon that stage, with the curious limp which he always had, I knew that J. Wilkes Booth was before us."

It seems that the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's life was not altogether a peaceful one. About two years after he took charge of the flock he mysteriously disappeared from Atlanta and was gone two weeks. When he came back he was haggard and worn, as if from the effects of dissipation. But his term of repentance lasted only six months. At the end of that time he again disappeared, but was later seen by a member of his church in Charleston, S. C. When he came back to Atlanta he was tried by his bishops for conduct unbecoming a clergyman. During the course of the trial one of the bishops asked him, point blank:

"Are you, or are you not, J. Wilkes Booth?"

The clergyman showed no signs of embarrassment, but looking his questioner straight in the eye, calmly replied:

"I am not being tried as J. Wilkes Booth; I am being tried as the Rev. James Armstrong."

This did not satisfy the bishop, and he pressed the question further, whereupon the dominie refused either to deny or affirm it. The findings at the trial did not favor Mr. Armstrong.

Another significant incident which still further went to confirm my suspicions was that Edwin Booth, the actor, brother of J. Wilkes Booth, visited the Rev. Mr. Armstrong on the first occasion, and on every occasion, that he played in Atlanta, Ga., or vicinity. The actor, after the curtain had fallen, would drive to the rectory in a closed carriage, arriving there at 12 or 1 o'clock at night. He would remain closeted with the minister when all the house was asleep, and return to his hotel as quietly, and, some said, as stealthily as he came.

These facts in Mr. Armstrong's career were told me by Judge Strong and others. I afterward learned a great deal from Mrs. Armstrong. She said that one day, while she and her husband were on a train coming from Chattanooga, Tenn., a stranger passed and repassed in the aisle, looking intently at her husband as if he knew him. Finally the stranger put his hand on her husband's arm and exclaimed:

"Why, Wilkes Booth, can it be possible that this is you? She heard her husband say, "Hush!" and then, rising, add:

"You are mistaken, sir; I am the Rev. Mr. Armstrong. This is my card. I will be glad to see you at any time."

The stranger took the card and passed down the aisle, and Mrs. Armstrong said that when her husband sat down he was trembling violently. That was the first time that she had her suspicions aroused as to the identity of her husband. When she got home she was continually asking about it, but he would give her no satisfaction. She herself told the bishop of the occurrence, which was why he asked the question at the trial later. Indeed, it was said that after he had left the church Dr. Armstrong in a moment of excitement had said:

"Never forget that you have Wilkes Booth for husband, and Lincoln's blood is still on his hands."

Whatever truth or imagination there may have been in this story, it is certain that mother and daughter remained loyal to the man they loved.

While I was in Atlanta I became very friendly with the daughter. She seemed to take a fancy to me because I had recognized J. Wilkes Booth in her father's picture. She often asked me about his career in Washington and what people said about him. Col. Glenn, her husband, was a lawyer, and at the time I speak of had just become involved in some legal trouble. His wife, greatly exercised, fled to me for comfort in her trouble. She was hysterical and so much excited that she had lost control of herself. After I had heard Judge Strong's story and knew so much about it, I determined to find out all I could from the daughter. I asked her to tell me the truth. Then it was that she broke down.

"What can I do?" she cried. "There is nothing in this world for me but sorrow. I don't know who my father is, except what he told me that dreadful night. I can never forget it. You say that he is Wilkes Booth and others say so, too. And it is the first thing my husband casts into my face when we quarrel. It must be true. My only happiness in this world now lies in leading the same life that he lived—I mean that I must go upon the stage to support myself. My little girl will be safe here, for mother is more of a mother to her than I am."

About three months after that she came to New York, where she studied to go upon the stage. She had a beautiful voice and was a thorough musician. I do not know what her stage name was nor what she played in New York. She was only on the stage a year when she died. As far as I know Mrs. Armstrong is still living in Atlanta, Ga., with her granddaughter. I believe that the Rev. Mr. Armstrong is, or was, J. Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Abraham Lincoln, and there are many people in Atlanta, Ga., who hold the same belief.

## MRS. LAWRENCE BELIEVED IT.

I LIVED in Baltimore Block, Atlanta, Ga., for a number of years and was intimately acquainted with the Rev. Dr. James Glasgow Armstrong and his family. In fact, his daughter, Miss Miriam Armstrong, afterward Mrs. Glenn, was my most intimate girl friend in he South. I believe that Dr. Armstrong was John Wilkes Booth. Why, everybody in Baltimore Block believed it, too.

My father was Gen. M. J. Collier. He, you will remember, was famous for having led the Morgan raid. I was a little girl when President Lincoln was assassinated, but little as I was, I remember that there was a great deal of doubt in the minds of my father's friends, who were Union officers, as to whether the government had really captured Booth. I frequently heard my father ask:

"I wonder if that really was Booth?"

One day I asked father as to what I should say if anybody asked me whether Booth had really been captured and killed in Garrett's barn. He shook his finger at me and replied:

"If they ask you, daughter, you tell them that you don't know."

Consequently, when I moved to Baltimore Block and saw Dr. Armstrong I was not at all surprised. My own first suspicions, it seemed to me, were further confirmed by the curious talk which went to and fro and up and down Baltimore Block. I lived with Judge Strong and his family. At that time his house was a sort of an apartment house or boarding house, and we all met around the table in the evenings.

The Southerners were very slow about expressing their belief in the identity of Armstrong before me, because I came from Cincinnati, O., and was considered a Northerner. They guarded the secret carefully. One day at the supper table, in the course of the conversation, I asked of the entire room whether it was true. Needless to say, I got no direct reply. But I noticed a significant look passing from one to the other, which was more convincing to my mind than any reply could have been.

Dr. Armstrong was of the same height and build and temperament as the infamous actor. He walked with a limp, and there was a scar upon his neck three inches below the left ear, which nobody knew about until he was dead. Only one woman knew of the scar, and that was his own wife. She did not know of it until after she married him.

When she did learn of it it made such a terrible impression upon her mind that it marked her child, for in the same spot on Miss Miriam's neck appeared a duplicate of her father's mark. I have often seen that mark on Mrs. Glenn's neck, and on account of it she never wore a low-necked dress, except with a band of dark plush or something around her throat. After Dr. Armstrong died and the duplicate mark was discovered upon him we all understood how the daughter came by it.

I do not believe that Mrs. Armstrong knows where her husband came from or who he was. I know that when I asked her she did not know. I also know that Miriam believed her father to be John Wilkes Booth, because she was afraid to come North and go upon the stage for fear that it would be found out, and that she would be made to suffer. When she did finally leave home she went upon the stage under another name. For her sake, I will not tell what her stage name was. She married her husband to please her father. Col. Glenn was a remarkably brilliant man. His one failing was a fondness for opium. Dr. Armstrong was given to drinking brandy, but he became familiar with the effects of opium through association with his son-in-law.

Col. Glenn died in a sanitarium, it said, from opium poisoning, and Dr. Armstrong died on the sofa in his study at Baltimore Block from an overdose of morphine. His daughter was about to make her debut on the stage at Washington, D. C., when she received a telegram which made her hasten to her father's bedside. He was dead when she arrived.

There are a great many things, significant things, which happened when the Rev. Mr. Armstrong was laboring under the excitement produced by stimulants, such as confessions of his real identity, which make me positive in my statement that the rector was John Wilkes Booth. In my mind there is no doubt. He rather led us to believe he was the actor and he appeared to like the air of mystery which surrounded him.

## JUDGE STRONG'S INVESTIGATION.

I DO not believe the story at all, and I think that my father did not believe it either. Dr. Armstrong was a wonderful man in many respects, and we all loved him down at Atlanta. His wife and daughter were very lovely people and moved in the best society. Naturally, a man like Dr. Armstrong, in public view continually, would make a number of enemies, and they would start, if they could, such a dreadful rumor. I know that many people did say that he was John Wilkes Booth, and nothing that his friends could do would prevent them from intimating it.

The rumors become so loud at one time that my father, Judge Strong, instituted an investigation into Dr. Armstrong's record, and I feel sure that when he got through he believed Dr. Armstrong to be what he represented himself. He never mentioned to me the result of his investigations, but I am sure if he had found Dr. Armstrong to be John Wilkes Booth he would have quietly withdrawn our family from intercourse with his, although he would never have told a living soul. But our families after the investigations remained on the same friendly footing as before. Through it all my father remained his friend.

## ARMSTRONG'S TRUE HISTORY.

WHEN Dr. Armstrong died a record of his life was made public. According to it he was born at Ballymena, Ireland, on July 24, 1828, and was educated at Queen's College, Belfast, under the direction of his uncle, the famous James Glasgow, D. D., after whom he was named. He came to America in 1856 and prepared for the Presbyterian ministry in 1857 and 1858 at Xenia College, Ohio. His first charge was at Sidney, O., where he married Miss Alma Hitchcock. She is still living in Atlanta, Ga.

From Sidney he moved to St. Louis in 1863, where he had trouble with the Presbyterian church and resigned to become an Episcopal minister. He attended St. Paul's Episcopal College and worked his way through as instructor in Hebrew and metaphysics in 1870, and was ordained as an Episcopal minister by Bishop C. F. Robertson at St. Paul's church, Palmyra, Mo., in 1871.

From Palmyra he moved to Hannibal, Mo., in 1871 to 1874; then to Wheeeling, W. Va., from 1874 to 1878; then to Richmond, Va., from 1878 to 1884; then to Atlanta, Ga., from 1884 to 1888, where he again had trouble with his bishops. He gave up the ministry and lectured from 1888 until 1891, when he died suddenly.

It is necessary to prove his career only prior to 1865, the year in which Lincoln was killed, to show that Dr. Armstrong was affecting a pose in permitting the rumors about him to be circulated. And a telegram to any one of the places mentioned in the above history would be sufficient. The following comes from the Rev. Dr. William G. Moorehead, president of Xenia College, where Dr. Armstrong, according to his record, prepared for the Presbyterian ministry in 1857, eight years before Lincoln died. Dr. Moorehead knew Dr. Armstrong in 1862, and speaks of his resemblance to Booth:

"I find in the records here," he says, "that James G. Armstrong was a native of Ireland, born at Ballymena in 1828; that he graduated from Queen's College, Belfast; studied theology in the Xenia Theological Seminary; was licensed to preach in 1859; settled at Sidney, O., in 1859; removed to St. Louis in 1863, and was afterward connected with the Protestant Episcopal church and settled at Wheeling, W. Va. He was rector of one or more churches in the South, the last being at Atlanta, Ga., I think, where he died some years ago. He married in Sidney, O. He was somewhat lame, walked with a cane, but had a very handsome and attractive face. He so closely resembled Wilkes Booth that he was actually mistaken for the actor, and one or more papers of the country some years ago confounded him with Booth. He was gifted as an orator, clear and keen of intellect, but erratic and opinionated, as I knew him in 1862. Whatever became of his family I do not know."

From Sidney, O., comes the following:

"The Rev. James G. Armstrong married Miss Alma Hitchcock at Sidney, O., in 1863. He died in Atlanta, Ga., in 1891. His wife is a sister of A. B. C. Hitchcock, a prominent citizen of Sidney. The Rev. Mr. Armstrong was stationed in Springfield, O., for a while, and is remembered by the older ministers. From here he was called to Hannibal, Mo., and from there to St. Louis. Later he received a call from Atlanta, Ga., where he died suddenly. His widow now lives in Atlanta with her granddaughter, Alma Glenn, their only daughter, Mrs. William Glenn, and husband, having died several years ago."

All of which proves conclusively that the Rev. Dr. Armstrong lived in the western part of Ohio at the same time that J. Wilkes Booth was living at Baltimore and Washington. There is, therefore, only one supposition remaining, and that is that the Rev. Dr. James Glasgow Armstrong was the Rev. Dr. James Glasgow Armstrong and not J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Abraham Lincoln.