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Mar. 26th. '25.

Editor Dearborn Independent
Detroit Mich.

Dear Sir:-

I notice that you are still running Lincoln in your Independent, this week, how Lincoln was killed, suggests that perhaps next week you would publish why Lincoln was killed. I am therefore sending you the enclosed reason as being the only one I have ever heard, with the hope that you might get somewhere in Lincoln's history.

The poem was sent to me by a friend who owns one of the few editions of 1872 Lamon's Life of Lincoln, the edition of 1896(?) being an expurgated edition. I had written this friend for the loan of the copy, as I wanted to re-write the original edition and sell it. But this friend wrote me that it would hardly be worth while, the younger generation, meaning the present, were given over to believe a lie about "the old reprobate " and do not care to hear the truth."With them Lincoln is the symbol of their conquest of the South and nothing can stop their worship".

This friend says that Kate Chase is the same who afterward married Sprague of Rhode Island, who on one occasion ran Roscoe Conklin from his house with a shot gun.

I have some other things on Abe that might interest you if you are really trying to get at the truth of the subject under discussion.

Yours Truly,

T. J. Evans

WHY BOOTHE KILLED LINCOLN.

Deny him a grave, let him sleep neath the wave
In the darkness of night by a lantern,
In the depths of the sea, his body shall be,
Was the order of a friend known as Stanton.

But they feared that the wave would find him a grave
When the storm rocked the billows to motion
That some rock-reef'd his body would save
And again cast it forth on the ocean.

Then after a while a beautiful isle,
Like Delos for rest evermore,
And Mermaidens smile as their songs would beguile
The Strangers who came to their shore.

He'd burried in sand, washed up on the strand
By the murmering sad sea wave,
And the Flowers on land, by light Zephr's fan'd,
Would cast their sweet bloom on his grave.

But no oceans swell, with pearly lip'd shell
Cast him up from the deep hidden cave,
And his foes could not tell, what friends knew so well
That they put the wrong man in his grave.

They made low bed for the man that was dead,
In a hole on the dark prison ground,
When friends took the dead, from his dark prison bed,
A corpse with red hair was there found.

The picture I paint, is not of a saint,
Or a Martyr for country's cause slain,
But a woman's fair face, with a bright wanton grace
And not for a cause or for gain.

A beautiful face had the charming Kate Chase
Ambition, with wealth all untold,
To be first in the race, for power and place,
She, her charms to the President sold.

Let history moan, for Hyperion thrown,
From the boudior of loves softer blisses,
But write on the scroll, she bartered her soul
When she gave to the Satyr, her kisses.