to his mother in Maryland. Of John Wilkes Booth's burial there can be no doubt. John T. Ford, the Baltimore theatrical manager, and Charles B. Bishop, the comedian, both told me that they witnessed for Edwin Booth the exhuming of the body!"

*(Then we ask where from? Out of the obliterated grave described by Gen. Dana; from under the brick pavement in the room in the old Penitentiary Building described by Wallace, or from the waters of the Potomac river, as described by Col. Wood and Capt. Hillard?) "And that the same was identified and sent to his mother. This should set at rest the rumors that Booth lives!"

"Of the exhuming of this body and its identification by John T. Ford and Charles B. Bishop, as published by the Baltimore Sun, is incomplete as an historical fact, for the reason that there were others present at the same time with Mr. Ford and Mr. Bishop, who have likewise spoken of the manner of the identification of this body as that of John Wilkes Booth. Among the others present was Miss Blanche Chapman, leading lady in the play, "Why Smith Left Home" company, and in referring to the story published in the Baltimore Sun, she says:

"'One morning in 1872, just after rehearsal, my godfather, John T. Ford, manager of the theater, came to me and in a strangely serious voice for him to assume when addressing me, said: 'Blanche, keep your eyes and ears open, and your mouth shut, and follow me.' I followed him out through the back of the theater

The ~~Ans~~ questions in parentheses are by Mr. Bates.

and across the street to Mr. Weaver's undertaking establishment, which was just opposite. He led the way to a sort of private room at the back of the shop, furtherest from the street, and upon entering I saw a number of people seated or standing around a rough, earth-stained box, which contained something that was wrapped in a muddy army blanket. Some of the people present I knew at the time, but there were some I did not know. Of course, I afterward learned their names, and the company was made up as follows: John T. Ford, my godfather and manager of the theater; Charles B. Bishop, the comedian; Mrs. Booth, widow of the elder Booth and mother of Edwin Booth, Junius Brutus Booth, and a still younger brother, whose name I did not know; Mr. Weaver, the undertaker, my little sister and myself.

"'It was not long before I began to realize what the solemn little conclave meant. The muddy brown army blanket was partly removed from the object inside of it with a decorous solemnity that I could not misunderstand. Mr. Bishop approached the box, and turning to Junius Brutus Booth, said in a low tone: 'You are sure about that being the only tooth in his head that had been filled?' 'Yes.'

"'Mr. Bishop then gently pressed down the lower jaw of the body in the box and with his thumb and forefinger withdrew the tooth indicated. It had been filled with gold, and the peculiar form of the filling was at once recognized by Junius Brutus Booth. Mr. Bishop then carefully drew off one of the long riding

boots, which were still on the feet and limbs of the body, which had evidently lain in the earth for years, and as he did so the foot and lower portion of the limb remained in the boot. An examination was then made, and it was plainly seen that the ankle had been fractured. By this time, of course, I realized from what I saw and heard that the remains in the box were those of John Wilkes Booth, returned to the family by the government.'"

This is as far as Mr. Bates quotes Blanche Chapman's story. Why does he not repeat the rest of it! Let us examine it and see. Continuing where Mr. Bates left off (Baltimore Sun, January 18, 1903)

Blanche Chapman, Baltimore Sun, Jan. 18, 1903.

Continued at point where Bates left off in his book bottom of page 186.

" They had been returned to the family by the government, and the friends of the family were taking these precautions to make sure of the absolute identification, as all sorts of wild stories had been in circulation, not only as to the disposition of the body, but as to the fate of John Wilkes Booth himself. Of course the family and their friends believed that the government was acting in absolutely good faith as to the return of the remains, but they were taking these precautions for the purpose of at once and forever setting at rest all sensational rumors to the contrary. The identification was considered indisputable by the mother, sister and brothers of the deceased and after being decently prepared for burial the body was interred in the family plot in the cemetery in Baltimore.

" If I should live for a thousand years I am sure I could never forget the intense sad solemnity of that short scene in which comedians and tragedians and managers and laymen all met upon a common ground of dire affliction, unrelieved by even one bright or redeeming feature. As soon as I had realized what it all meant, and that it was the body of John Wilkes Booth that lay in that earth-stained box, in tattered clothing and wrapped in a mud-bedraggled army blanket, my interest was well nigh limitless. I had no thought of shuddering at the touch of the crumbling, lifeless clay. While my elders were standing about the foot of the rude coffin, bowed in awesome affliction, I gradually sidled up toward the head of the coffin to touch the rags that inclosed the arms and shoulders. I can never forget the picture presented by that dead face. The flesh seemed to have disappeared or to have shrunken away to almost nothing, and yet the skin seemed to be perfect as far as texture was concerned, although it was a dark brown like time-stained parchment. What astonished me most at the time, however, was that the head was covered with an immense growth of luxuriant black hair, which fell in rich curling masses away down over his shoulders. Upon the whole, considering that the remains had lain in the earth fully seven years, the similitude was most striking. Mrs Booth handed Miss Anna Ford a pair of scissors and requested her to cut off two or three of the long, black ringlets, and after she had done so I stood beside the coffin, passing my fingers through the soft, glossy locks that lay in thick masses about the dark, dead face, and as I did so Mrs Booth, seeming to divine my wishes, asked me if I would not like to cut off one of those long, black ringlets. I said that I would, and

she passed the scissors to me. I selected a long, curling lock that hung down from the centre of the forehead, and, raising it between the first two fingers of my left hand, I clipped it off with the scissors and handed it to Mrs Booth, who, after smoothing it out between her fingers, carefully divided it and handed me one-half of it. I have that lock of hair still in my possession, and as long as I live it will bring back to me one of the most weirdly dramatic and withal solemn scenes I have ever witnessed. //

After quoting the first part of Blanche Chapman's story, Mr. Bates makes the following suggestions which are wholly untenable. Bates (pages 186-188): "It will be remembered that President Lincoln was assassinated in the Ford Theater, at Washington, D.C., a place owned by this same John T. Ford, or run by him; that Ford and Bishop were warm personal friends of John Wilkes Booth, and the others were friends of the Booth family, who of all people were anxious that the government officials and the American people at large should believe that John Wilkes Booth, their relative and friend, had been killed. For this belief meant absolute protection for the living John Wilkes Booth at Glenrose Mills, Tex., know as John St. Helen.

"Suppose these people had failed to recognize and had announced that the body shown was not that of John Wilkes Booth. The government would have been up in arms, figuratively speaking, and the people of America frenzied with indignation over the deception practiced upon them, would have demanded punishment and justice for the deceivers.

"There is no question that there was a body exhumed, or otherwise obtained, at Washington, as stated in the Sun's publication, and as disclosed in the statements of Ford, Bishop and Miss Chapman. But the examination of this body discloses the fact that it was not the body of John Wilkes Booth. The government could not afford to have been caught red-handed in the act of attempting to palm off a spurious body

on the friends and relatives of John Wilkes Booth. Therefore the body was kept for seven years, at the end of which time it was identified by a gold-filled tooth and a limb that came off in a boot which had been left at the home of Dr. Mudd seven years before."

The charge that the Booth family, their friends, and the government were in a hugh conspiracy to fool the people is so ridiculous that it at once brands its author as either a knave or a fool.

The body had not been kept for seven years as is stated, Blanche Chapman was mistaken in this as the body was turned over to the Booth family February 15, 1869, four years after John Wilkes Booth's death. This is an example of how Mr. Bates accepts throughout his book without checking any statement that he feels will aid in the least toward proving his point. What better proof than a gold-filled tooth identified by a brother? As to the boot: was Miss Chapman standing so near the coffin at the time that she could not have been somewhat confused as to whether the boot was on the broken leg or not?

Bates (Page 188-189): "It is a physical fact that Dr. Mudd cut one of the riding boots from the injured limb of Booth on the morning of April 15, 1865, the limb at that time being so swollen and painful as to render it impossible for Booth to longer endure the suffering it caused, and from that time to the date of his

supposed capture and burial Booth had on but one riding boot. And at the time this supposed identification was being made in Baltimore, as described by Miss Chapman, the very boot said to have been drawn off, carrying with it the wounded foot and leg, was at that self-same time in the archives of the government at Washington, where it was placed after being removed from the home of Dr. Mudd. So that the identification story published in the Baltimore Sun, the same as described by Blanche Chapman, must fall flat, for the reason that the very means of identification accepted as physical facts proving the identity of the exhumed body to be that of John Wilkes Booth, actually prove it to have been the body of some one else who had on two boots." And the boot in the War Department is a left boot while Mr. Bates' "John Wilkes Booth" had his right leg broken.

Could not be checked as it could not be located since Mr Bates fails as usual to give the source of his information.

Mr. Moxly's statement now quoted by Bates (Page 189-190) ↑ "In this connection I reproduce what Mr. Moxly says in a published interview:

Mr Bates says,

"'Mr. Basil Moxly, veteran doorkeeper at John T. Ford's Opera House, after a silence of years, informs the world that the body buried in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, was not that of the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, but that of another man, forwarded to Baltimore by the government at the solicitation of the Booth family and their friends.

"'Mr. Moxly is the sole survivor of the men who acted as pall-bearers at what he now terms a 'mock funeral,' and he has deemed the time ripe to tell the facts

in this strange disclosure.

"'I knew Booth well,' said Mr. Moxly, 'and I conversed with him only a short time before the affair in Washington. I am the only one of the pall-bearers left. The man who was brought to Baltimore did not resemble Booth; he had brown hair, while Booth's was jet black; there was also a difference in their general appearance.'" Here we have the explanation of Mr. Bates' reason for not giving the remainder of Blanche Chapman's story--she said the body brought to Baltimore had "luxuriant black hair".

Mr. Bates continues to quote as follows: "The statement of Mr. Moxly is positive and conclusive that the body buried at Baltimore was not that of John Wilkes Booth, and the question, "'Was John Wilkes Booth killed?'" again arises, and we revert back to the evidence held by the government, where we find the circumstance of finding Booth's letters, pictures, check, etc., on the body of the man killed, which John St. Helen, the mysterious cultured gentleman of leisure living at the very edge of civilization, explains were in the possession of the dark haired, swarthy complexioned man, not quite so tall or large as himself, by the name of Ruddy or Roby, his better recollection being that it was Ruddy or a name sounding the most like the word "Ruddy." Ruddy had black hair and eyes, too (Bates Page 49) according to St. Helen. Therefore, the body above could not even