EN LINCOLN WAS SHOT

Medina Man One of Those Present Sees the Flight of Booth.

Slight of build and looking less than the 66 years he confesses to,—that is Luke Hubbard, who works as a finisher for S. A. Cook & Co. and lives at 301 Commercial street, and in his teens was an active participant in the great Civil War and was present in the theatre at Washington when President Lincoln was assassinated.

It is not difficult to induce Mr. Hubbard to tell his story for it made an impression on his mind at the age when impressions become the most lasting and it is all very vivid to him yet. He enlisted when only sixteen years old with Col. Seward's 9th Heavy Artillery at Auburn and was a bugler in Co. L. He served with his regiment until after the battle of Cedar Creek when he was attacked by typhoid fever which sent him to the hospital for two months. During his convalescence a place was made for him in one of the garrison bands at Washington and it came about that he was one of the members of the orchestra of 30 or more pieces which was playing at the theatre which President Lincoln attended so frequently. Young Hubbard was playing the triangle and bells and as was the old custom was placed on the left of the orchestra instead of on the right as at present, so that the President's box was just over Hubbard's head.

The actor Booth, Mr. Hubbard says, was well known by the President and when he was not cast in the piece being presented or when Booth was off stage for a time, or between the acts, he would often call on the President in his box and he and Mr. Lincoln would witness the performance together, or sit and chat in the most friendly fashion, so that he had no trouble at all in gaining access to the box on the night of the conspiracy.

None of the members of the orchestra heard the shot because of incidental music they were playing and not until Booth sprang over the rail, caught his spur in the drapery and fell heavily to the stage, close by where young Hubbard was sitting in the orchestra pit, did they realize that there was something unusual. Then he shouted dramatically his Latin phrase and rushed for the rear of the stage while simultaneously came the shrieks from the President's box and a woman signalling frantically for the orchestra to stop playing. "Never before while I was in the theatre did I ever see the scenery all pushed back so that the rear wall could be seen, but it was, that night. Confederates on the stage had everything ready. The door was open and I distinctly saw two men reach in to help him as he passed from sight to mount his horse and flee. It all happened in not more than a minute and when we realized it, the members of the orchestra, most of us soldiers, were the earliest to start in pursuit. I was the third man to climb over the footlights and rush to the back of the stage, but the door was locked on the outside.

"The excitement was terrible and it is all very vivid in my mind yet, though I was only seventeen years old then. Several people were injured in the rush from the theatre which ensued, but so quickly was the building surrounded by guards that we employees who went out last were stopped and very closely questioned before we were allowed to leave."

Medina Daily Journal