THE HUNT AND THE CAPTURE.

Remarkable Incompleteness in the Identification of Booth's Dead Body by the Authorities.

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 twenty-seven 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 offence against military discipline. Not a single member of Lieutenant 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 furnished 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 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 to 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 117th 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.

Fourteen-Year-Old Girl Who Heard the Great Conspiracy Discussed and Afterward Believed She Had Discovered Booth in Atlanta, Ga.

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 fourteen 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 four o'clock. Thompson came to [illegible] 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 General Rosecrans.

About six 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'd 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 theatre 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 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 hoof beats 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 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 fifty 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 twenty-four 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 a 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 Shakespearian 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 actor for the boy and showed him how to put fire into his lines. The moment he opened his mouth and strode upon the 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 church 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 bishop 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 twelve or one 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 him 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. Colonel 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 shall I do?" she cried. "There is nothing in this world for me but sorrow upon 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.

Most Intimate Friend of Dr. Armstrong's Daughter Felt Sure That He Was the Assassin of Lincoln. ∴ ∴

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 the South. I believe that Dr. Armstrong was John Wilkes Booth. Why, everybody in Baltimore Block believed it, too.

My father was General 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.

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

The Southerners were very slow about expressing their belief in the identity of Armstrong before me, because I came from Cincinnati, Ohio, 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. Colonel 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.

Colonel 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 début 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

Was Undertaken to Set at Rest the Rumors About Armstrong's Real Personality. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

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 became 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.

REMARKABLE PHYSICAL SIMILARITY.

	Physical Description, issued by the Government on April 15, 1865, of John Wilkes Booth.	Physical Description, secured by the HERALD, of the Rev. James Glasgow Armstrong.
Height	6 feet 1 inch.	6 feet ½ inch.
Hair	Black, thick, long and straight.	Black, thin, long and straight.
Beard	None, and no appearance of beard.	None, and no appearance of beard.
Cheeks	Red on the jaws.	Sallow.
Face	Moderately full.	Thin.
Age	22 or 23 years.	53 years when he died.
Eyes	Large, not prominent (dark blue).	Large, not prominent (dark blue).
Brows	Not heavy, but dark.	Not heavy, but dark.
Complexion	Healthy.	Swarthy.
Nose	Straight, well formed, medium size.	Straight, well formed, medium size.
Mouth	Small; lips thin; upper lip protrudes when he talks.	Small; lips thin; upper lip protruded when he talked.
Chin	Pointed and prominent.	Pointed and prominent.
Head	Medium size.	Medium size.
Hands	Soft, showing no signs of hard labor.	Soft, showing no signs of hard labor.
Fingers	Long and tapering.	Long and tapering.
Shoulders	Broad.	Broad.
Waist	Taper.	Taper.
Figure	Slight.	Slight.
General appearance.	Strong looking; manners not gentlemanly, vulgar.	Strong looking; manners gentlemanly, not vulgar.

ARMSTRONG'S TRUE HISTORY

His Remarkable Similarity to J. Wilkes Booth That Caused Such Widespread Belief in the Legend That They Were the Same Person. ∴ ∴ ∴

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, Ohio, 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 Wheeling, 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

ing 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, Ohio, 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, Ohio. 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, Ohio, comes the following.—

"The Rev. James G. Armstrong married Miss Alma Hitchcock at Sidney, Ohio, 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, Ohio, 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.