Sketches

OF

TUDOR HALL

AND THE

BOOTH FAMILY

BY
ELLA V. MAHONEY

TUDOR HALL
BELAIR, MD.
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AUTHOR'S NOTE

I was encouraged to prepare this little volume, for which I claim no literary merit so far as my part in it is concerned, at the request and for the information of many visitors from all parts of the country to Tudor Hall, the home of the Booths, best known as the birthplace of Edwin Booth.

I have tried, so far as possible, to recount such facts as will answer all the questions I am asked.

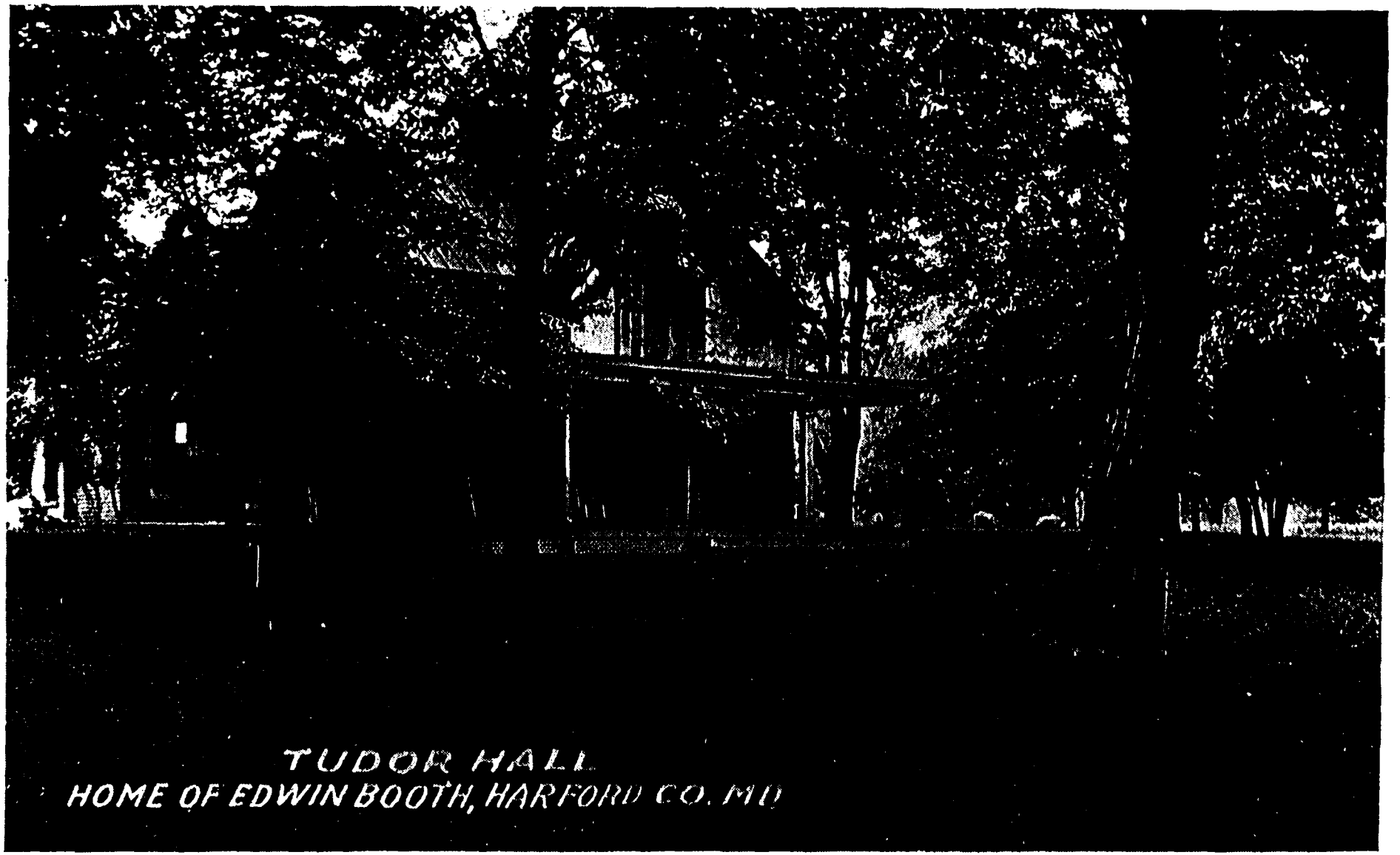
Of late the uppermost question in the public mind seems to be that oft revived subject as to the fate of John Wilkes Booth. I hope the evidence and proofs I am able to give on that subject may prove convincing to my readers.

I have drawn my information from many sources. I am greatly indebted to William Winter, whose "Life And Art of Edwin Booth," is one of the most beautiful tributes to the life and character of a friend, I have ever read.

I am deeply grateful to Mrs. Thomas Baily Aldrich for the privilege of quoting passages from her charming book, "Crowding Memories," published by Houghton, Mifflin Company. (The Aldrich's were intimate friends of Edwin Booth and his family from the time of their meeting him and his young wife until his death.)

To Clara Morris (Mrs. Frederick C. Harriott), who after her retirement from the stage wrote most interestingly of her dramatic experiences in "Life on the Stage," Doubleday, Page & Company. I also owe thanks to Thomas A. Jones, whose little book I found very helpful, and especially to Asia Booth Clark, whose "Life of Junius Booth," in which she tells of their early life on the farm is particularly interesting. To one wishing to learn more of the life and character of Edwin Booth, the book prepared by his daughter, "Edwin Booth, Recollections by His Daughter and Letters to Her and Her Friends," The Century Company, New York, will prove most interesting. And for the privilege granted me by courtesy of Harper & Brothers of copying from an article, "Shattering the Myth of John Wilkes Booth," by William G. Shepherd, and published in *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1924.

ELLA V. MAHONEY.


TUDOR HALL
HOME OF EDWIN BOOTH, HARFORD CO. MD

Tudor Hall

IT is a little more than a hundred years since the Booths came to Maryland. When I was a young girl, I sometimes visited a dear old lady who was an intimate friend of the family, from the time of their arrival, who told me many things about their lives here. I made a pilgrimage lately to their burial place in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, a beautiful spring morning; warm bright sunshine, birds singing—a peaceful contrast to the life of the one whose invisible grave I had come to visit. For though no stone marks his grave, though I could find neither mound nor depression in the velvety turf to mark the place of his burial, the body of John Wilkes Booth as surely rests there as do those of his parents, brothers and sisters.

Living as I have for these many years in the home of the Booths, bought by my husband in 1878, directly from Mary Ann Booth, wife of Junius Brutus Booth, and mother of Edwin Booth (her signature to the deed), with the many visitors to the place, on account of its associations, and being the daughter of one who with his brothers had been companions of John Wilkes Booth when he was a gay, genial, happy-hearted youth with the promise of a bright and happy future, I have learned many interesting things concerning the family.

Perhaps it would be as well to begin with the history of the place itself.

Junius Brutus Booth came with his young wife to seek a home in the country, quiet and retired, where he might find rest from his arduous work, and perhaps refuge from the temptation which all his life beset him.

He brought with him a little piebald horse, which must have been a good traveler and had great endurance, as he rode it back and forth to Baltimore, sometimes when he was in a "fine frenzy," there being no railroad, or even stage-coach from here to the city. How he found this place, so retired and uncultivated, I do not know, but he came, and rented a little unused house on adjoining property. Mrs. Rogers, the old lady

to whom I have referred, used to tell me how he came with his wife and the little horse "Peacock," and rented the small log house which stood in their field not far from this property. There they lived until he bought this place of one hundred and fifty acres, part of a large tract of land called "Butterworth's Addition." There was no house, or buildings of any kind on the land.

The little house in which they were living had been occupied by the Rogers', who some years before, having rented the farm and gone to live in town, becoming discontented and the lease not having expired, built this for a temporary home until they could regain possession of their house. The house was strongly built, and Mr. Booth bought and moved it. It caused quite an excitement in the neighborhood, people coming to witness the novel sight of a house being rolled across the fields, and many lent a helping hand.

Mr. Booth chose a location for his home near a fine spring. In front of the house stood a large cherry tree, and at the back a sycamore, which has grown to immense size, being now eighteen feet in circumference. In that house they lived until later they built this substantial brick house, after a design Mr. Booth brought from England—Elizabethan style, with diamond paned casement windows. He named the place "Tudor Hall." Mr. Booth was an Englishman, and never became a naturalized citizen.

I find that among those who helped to build this house was a young carpenter, Spangler by name, who came from York County, Pennsylvania, and was working about theatres in Baltimore when Mr. Booth engaged him to come here. So he became acquainted with John Wilkes as a boy, and afterward met him about theatres in Baltimore and Washington.

Through that winter of 1865 he was working about Ford's Theatre in Washington and saw Booth often. A boy who assisted him, also cared for Booth's horses, stabled back of the theatre. Spangler saw that they were cared for and sold a team for Booth.

He was called out of the theatre that night to hold Booth's horse, but called the boy and returned to his occupation at the back of the stage. He with Dr. Mudd, Arnold and O'Laugh-

lan was sentenced to imprisonment at Fort Jefferson, situated on a desolate island—Dry Tortugas—off the coast of Florida. O'Laughlin died of yellow fever during his imprisonment. Spangler became greatly attached to Dr. Mudd, and shortly after the end of their confinement of nearly four years, made his appearance at the home of Dr. Mudd and remained for the rest of his life, helping about the place.

The old house still stood on the front lawn when I first knew the place. I remember it well. The main part of the house—the part that was moved—had had added at the east end a kitchen built of logs, a big stone chimney on the outside, and a wide fireplace within. At the west end also a log addition, which had never been finished, no floors laid above or below. As a child I used to play in that old house, and walk on some boards laid on the sleepers of the upper story.

The main part of the house consisted of one large room, with hall running through at one end. A door opened out at either end, and at one side a well preserved stairway and railing; a landing well up; a large closet under the stairway, and also a closet in the big room above, in which room as well as in the room below, was a fireplace, with shelves in the wall on either side. I remember these closets so well, on account of having seen a cross goose sitting in the room below, and another walk deliberately past us when we were playing in the room above, and go to her nest in the closet there.

The old house was so unattractive, standing as it did in front of this house, and in such a state of decay, that my husband had it removed when he began improvements about the place, as I suppose the Booths had intended doing. There were the remains of another building near the back of the house, a room perhaps for the servants. There was a log springhouse near the spring, through which the overflow from the spring ran; also the remains of an old cider press.

When the place came into our possession there were many repairs needed about this house, the wind had blown the tin roof from the porch, but the heavy block tin roofing then on it was better than any new tin procurable, and remains after all these years, impervious to storms.

Sometime during the war the Booths had rented the farm

to a family from the City, leaving their furniture and many things packed away in the old house. They still had their City home on Exeter Street, and the family only visited their country home occasionally, with the exception of John Wilkes, who had a strong affection for his boyhood home and friends. His name is still legible where he carved it, with the date, 1852, on a beech tree near the spring. When we came to dig and dam up a pond in a marshy place, near the lane, through which ran a stream and in which was also a spring of excellent water, we found long logs, remains of a dam which we found on inquiry had been the wall of a pond Mr. Booth had built in the same place for his children. On the rising ground of a hillside, near this place, in the same field, had been the family burying ground.

Below the house, in the east side of a steep bank near the barn, were the remains of what had been a little cave or dug-out—nothing mysterious or hidden about it—but it had its part in the subsequent history of the place. As soon as Booth got settled on the farm, needing a hand for gardening, caring for the cows, and work in general about the place, he went to Mr. Bond, near Bel Air, who owned a number of slaves, and hired from him a young colored man named Joe, with whom he was so well pleased that he wished to have him permanently. Mr. Bond, a kind master, did not sell his slaves, but Mr. Booth, finding that Joe liked his new home and would be willing to remain with him, took Joe (an uncle of mine accompanying them) and went to Mr. Bond with an offer to buy the young man. Mr. Bond called Joe to him, and being assured by him of his willingness to belong to Mr. Booth, the arrangement was made and Mr. Booth paid, I am not sure, but I think eight hundred dollars for Joe. My uncle has told me how after the transaction was concluded, Mr. Booth, who surely could not have approved of slavery, turned to his new possession and said, "And now Joe, if you are a faithful servant to me, in five years I will set you free."

Joe, whether or not given his freedom, never left his master, but remained a faithful servant and friend to the family until all finally left the farm. He married a fine young colored woman belonging to the Rogers family. She remained with her

THE LAKE

master, as she has told me, until years later when there was a family of four or five children. Joe, who with a liberal master had been saving money, bought her for five hundred dollars. But she had to come to him without her children, and though not far from them, her freedom did not bring her much happiness without the little ones to whom she was a devoted mother, being about her. Especially was it most painful to be separated from her baby. But she worked diligently, not only for the Booths but day's work for others in the neighborhood, and she and Joe saved their money until they had a hundred and ten dollars with which they bought their baby. Later, they bought a house with a few acres of land about a mile from the Booth place. Here they lived long enough to have all their children at home with them after the slaves were freed. Joe died before I was old enough to remember ever having seen him, but Ann lived to quite an old age, and worked hard to improve her little farm and care for her family. She washed and did other work in my father's family, and after I came here to live, did my washing as long as she was able to work. I remember well her plump comfortable figure, when after the washing was done, the kitchen scrubbed and the basket of freshly dried clothes brought in, Ann would sit down to rest for an hour. It was then she would tell me many things of her life as a slave, and of her later life here with the Booths. She showed me one day the sill along the back basement wall in the stable of the old barn where she and Joe kept the money hidden while they were saving to buy their baby. I think this child is now the elderly man who having inherited with his father's name that spirit now so rare—allegiance to a good master—has since a boy been in the employ of one family. I have in my possession a blue bordered platter that belonged to the Booths, but afterwards to Ann, which she told me she had often carried to the dining room and set before Mr. Booth.

There were many old apple trees about the grounds. The last one of them, on which my children had a swing, blew down during a heavy wind storm some years ago.

For many years there was an immense bullfrog that lived in the spring. His roar was indeed like that of a bull, and on quiet evenings could be heard by neighbors a mile distant.

We used to say we believed he was in the spring when the Booths lived here, so what was our surprise when reading Asia Booth Clark's life of her father, in which she tells of their life on the farm, to find mention of the immense bullfrog at the spring, which they as children "used to imagine had croaked to the first invaders of his solitude."

The Cherry Tree

The immense cherry tree of which Mrs. Clark writes with such fond remembrance, was blown down during a storm that seemed to come suddenly out of a clear sky one summer Sunday afternoon. I will never forget the day. The morning had been very warm, and in the afternoon I took a book and laid down on the grass under an old locust tree near the corner of the porch. I did not read, but lay looking up through the foliage at the fleecy clouds floating across the blue overhead, and the swallows darting about, and down into the chimney, when suddenly the sky darkened, the branches of the trees began to sway in the wind, and I hurried upstairs to close the windows. While I was there, in only a few minutes, I heard such a roaring and crashing that I ran downstairs, terror-stricken, to find the tree under which I had been lying not five minutes before, another old locust a short distance away, and two great divisions of the old cherry tree lying, their tops intertwined, across the ground in front of the house, so close that the trunk of the tree under which I had been, barely missed carrying the porch roof with it.

On a panel sawed from one of the branches of the cherry tree I painted cherries with two Baltimore orioles alighting among the foliage. It was sent to Edwin Booth, who had sent us a check for five hundred dollars toward establishing a library in Bel Air, and a number of his photographs (of which the one printed here is a copy). I had not then read his sister's description of the tree where, to quote her again, "every year the orioles and mocking birds paid their welcome visits, and his tall sons swung themselves up among its great boughs to read or doze away many a sultry afternoon; merry groups gossiped under its shelter; little ones danced there; the aged mother in her widowhood remembered happier days in its shadows;" but I had heard their boyhood friends tell how from the crotch of the tree, which separated like five great fingers from a hand, the Booth boys used to declaim passages from Shakespeare.

Edwin Booth's appreciation of that panel of the cherry tree was therefore greater than I had anticipated, and he mentions in one of his letters to his daughter the receipt of "a panel of wood from the old cherry tree in whose shade I was born, on which the wife of the present owner of the farm painted a sprig with cherries and two Baltimore orioles on it."

I came lately across the letter of acknowledgment he wrote to the committee who had the undertaking in charge.

"The Players, 16 Gramercy Park, N. Y.,

"Sept. 17, '89.

"Dear Ladies:

"The precious souvenir of my birthplace which you kindly sent me was an agreeable surprise on my return to the city yesterday. I thank you for it most sincerely. My earliest memories are associated with it. The selection of the panel, with its appropriate device, was a happy thought of the artist—no other token of appreciation of my silght service could have pleased me so much. It shall be placed beneath the portrait of my father which now faces me, on the wall above my desk, as a constant reminder of my happy association with those who cherish his memory. . . .

"I am, respectfully yours,

"EDWIN BOOTH."

I learned long after his death that the panel still hung with his father's picture over his desk, in his room at The Players. The room is still preserved as he left it, even to the book lying open, at the page where he was reading for the last time.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH

Junius Brutus Booth

I am often painfully surprised in talking to people who come to see the birthplace of Edwin Booth, to find the name of Junius Brutus Booth is unknown to them, as though for the people of this generation the memory of his name, of the great impersonator of Richard the Third, Sir Giles and Iago has passed away, totally eclipsed by the greater or rather more recent fame of his son, whose versatility in portraying such diverse characters makes his name, we think, immortal. Or, will his memory fade with another generation as has the memory of Junius Brutus Booth with this?

The elder Booth's portrayal of Richard the Third caused him to stand without a rival for thirty years from 1819, when he appeared on the English stage, a rival to Kean (who until that time was considered without a peer), until 1852, when he performed for the last time, in New Orleans. Edwin Booth's great talent was inherited, and from his boyhood fostered, through his association with his eminently talented father, who was "of different natures marvelously blent;" the other side of his strange makeup, his eccentricities, fits of aberration, almost madness, his mind at times "by frenzy desolated," was inherited by the John Wilkes, and accounts in great measure for the crime committed under a wild hallucination that he was another Brutus.

Before giving a sketch of the life of Junius Brutus Booth, I must say that I draw my knowledge of his early life, before he came to the farm, from the short story of his life by his daughter, Mrs. Clark, to which I have already referred. This much prized book (now difficult, I believe, to obtain) came into my possession in this wise: One cold, rainy evening in March, about fifteen years ago, as my husband and I were about sitting down to supper, there came a rap at the door, and when I opened it there entered a young man, who introduced himself as a strolling player, come to visit the home of the Booths. He had come to Bel Air on the train, and walked down the three miles from the station, in the mud and rain. We spent

a most delightful evening together, and when he was leaving the next morning he promised to send me this book, which came a few days later. On the fly leaf is written:

"To Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney,

from the little stroller who can never forget the happy evening spent at "Tudor Hall," the grand old home of Junius Brutus Booth.

"Joe" Loraine.

"March 6, 1909, N. Y. City."

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
—Longfellow.

He wrote a charming letter to us later. Though we have never heard of him since, this highly prized little book keeps his memory green.

On the title page of Mrs. Clark's book is this apt quotation:

"And Booths were created for the entertainment of the people, and were much resorted to."
—(Views of London.)

The first passages read: "Junius Brutus Booth was born on the first day of May, 1796, in the parish of Pancras, London. His grandmother, Elizabeth Wilkes, was a relative of John Wilkes, and through his mother he inherited the blood of the Llewyellyns. The Booths and Wilkes were honorably known in their time. The ancient churchyard of St. John of Jerusalem still contains the gravestones of their descendants." Richard Booth, the father of Junius Brutus, studied law, but becoming infatuated with Republicanism, left home with a cousin to embark for America (then at war with England). Booth was taken prisoner, and sent back to England, where he devoted himself to his profession. He always kept a picture of Washington in his drawing room. At the age of twenty he addressed a letter to "the great Wilkes," which is now among the original collection of the Wilkes papers in the British Museum. "His cousin Brevitt escaped to America, fought against England,

was made a captain, and subsequently married a Quakeress of Baltimore."

"Junius Brutus, the son of Richard Booth, received a classical education. He essayed one art after another—painting, poetry, sculpture. His ever restless mind found its true element in the art of the actor."

So she tells us he began the life of a strolling player and at the age of nineteen had already attracted favorable notice, and was recommended to play Richard the Third, on account of the impression he had already made in that character. At the age of twenty-one he was winning equal honors with Edmond Kean. In January, 1821, at the age of twenty-five, "he married Mary Ann Holmes, at the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Chambers, who had always manifested a great interest in Mr. Booth's career, and who presented to his wife on her wedding day those well-known jewels which afterwards decorated his Richard's crown."

Mr. and Mrs. Booth made a brief visit to the Continent, later to the West Indies, and sailed from Deal, "at which place they bought a piebald pony named Peacock, to which he became much attached, and in after years was closely identified with him in his occupation as a farmer."

"In April he took passage for himself, wife and pony in the schooner 'Two Brothers,' for America." They had a tedious journey of forty-four days, and landed at Norfolk on the 30th of June, 1821.

His first engagement after landing "unheralded and unknown," was at Richmond. People doubted if he were really the great young actor Booth, of whom they had been hearing, but he soon took his audience by storm, and he was everywhere enthusiastically received. "In the summer of 1822, while the yellow fever was raging in Baltimore, Mr. Booth purchased a farm twenty-five miles from the City and lying in Harford County, Maryland. This place became his constant resort when free from the excitement of his profession, and was the birthplace of his children. This uncultivated possession lay equally distant from three small villages—Bel Air, the County town, Hickory, and Churchville." William Winter, in "Shadows of the Stage," speaking of the Elder Booth, says:

"He bought a farm near Belair, Harford County, Maryland, in a wooded, romantic solitude, far from the abodes of men, and that hermitage he made his headquarters, emerging from time to time, to dazzle and astonish mankind upon the stage, and straightway escaping again into his retreat."

During his first year at the farm his father, Richard Booth, came to this country and made his home with his son.

I speak of them again from knowledge gained from those who knew them here in their adopted home.

Mr. Booth, a devoted husband and father, under the stress of any trouble or excitement was subject to fits of melancholy, periods when his mind became unbalanced, followed by days of serious illness. The neighbors considered these attacks to be the result of excessive drinking, but this was not altogether the case. Following the death of a little boy and a few days later the little girl (Mary Ann, I think), his mind became seriously unsettled, and a long illness followed. These two little children were buried on the farm, the first I think in the little graveyard. I used to hear when a child of how Booth, receiving the news of the second child's illness, disregarded his engagement and rode home on Peacock, in his frenzy belaboring the little horse with his hilted sword; but only on his arrival to find the child dead. For days after, his mind was unsettled and a serious illness followed.

Mr. Booth was fond of animals, and spared every form of life on the farm. Mrs. Clark, speaking of this characteristic of her father, quotes from a letter written by him when away from his family, in regard to one of his boys gunning: "The robber of life can never give back what he has wantonly and sacriligiously taken from beings perhaps innocent and equally capable of enjoying pleasure or suffering torture as himself. The ideas of Pythagorus I have adopted, and as respects our accountability to animals hereafter nothing that man can preach can make me believe to the contrary, 'Every death its own avenger breeds.' "

I often heard it related of him that coming home on one occasion, he found the little horse Peacock, now quite aged, dead. He sent for several of his neighbors (my uncle among them), and going to the house forced Mrs. Booth, terror-

stricken, to sit on the horse, wrapped in a sheet, while he walking around with a gun on his arm, read a funeral service. Two of the neighbors whom Joe had hastened to bring, arriving, one attracted his attention, while the other going quietly up behind, pinioned his arms, rendering him harmless. Instead of struggling or growing angry, he dropped the gun and remarked, "Well, you've got me, come to the house and have a drink." But later in the day he disappeared, and the next day was quite ill.

These and many other things show how at many times the mind of that great genius wavered in the balance.

In 1836, Mr. Booth went to England, taking his family with him.

The following is so touching that I must again quote from Mrs. Clark. He settled his family in London, and while filling an engagement in Birmingham he received news of the death of a favorite son, Henry Byron Booth. The grave of this son is in the churchyard at Pentonville (near that of Grinaldi). On the stone erected by Mr. Booth are these lines taken from Southey's "Doctor":

> "Oh, even in spite of Death, yet still my choice,
> Oft with the inward, all-beholding eye,
> I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice."

And he writes to his father: "Our dear little Henry is dead! * * * so proud as I was of him above all the others."

In the spring of 1852, he went to California, accompanied by Edwin and John Wilkes. Edwin had always accompanied him, and had had some nerve racking experiences, the frail boy guarding and trying to control his father during those attacks when he was not safe without a guardian. But he decided to come home from California alone, and leave his sons to try their fortunes there.

His last appearance was in New Orleans, on his way home, and he was taken sick and died on his way up the Mississippi, before he reached Cincinnati. On reaching that City, the Masonic fraternity had his body embalmed in a metallic coffin, and Mrs. Booth arriving, expecting to find her husband very ill (having missed the second telegram), returned bringing the body with her. Instead of being brought to the farm for burial, he was buried in Old Baltimore Cemetery.

I have often heard old theatregoers describe his wonderful acting, and tell of how on one occasion in a scene of Richard the Third he forced his opponent off the stage and chased him down the aisle, when in a frenzy he imagined himself indeed Richard.

In his family he was a kind and devoted husband and father, but in his dark and distraught moods the great forest and streams adjoining the back of the farm were his favorite places to wander alone. William Winter describes him: "a wild, and strange being, as mysterious and as grand as 'The Ancient Mariner,' which of all poems he loved best, and which is an apt emblem of his haunted spirit."

The only description of his personal appearance I have ever found is also from "Shadows of the Stage," by Winter: "The Elder Booth was a short, spare, muscular man, with a splendid chest, a symmetrical Greek head, a pale countenance, a voice of wonderful compass and thrilling power, dark hair and blue eye." He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

He was acknowledged by all old theatre-goers to be the greatest Richard, Sir Giles, and Iago who ever acted on the American stage.

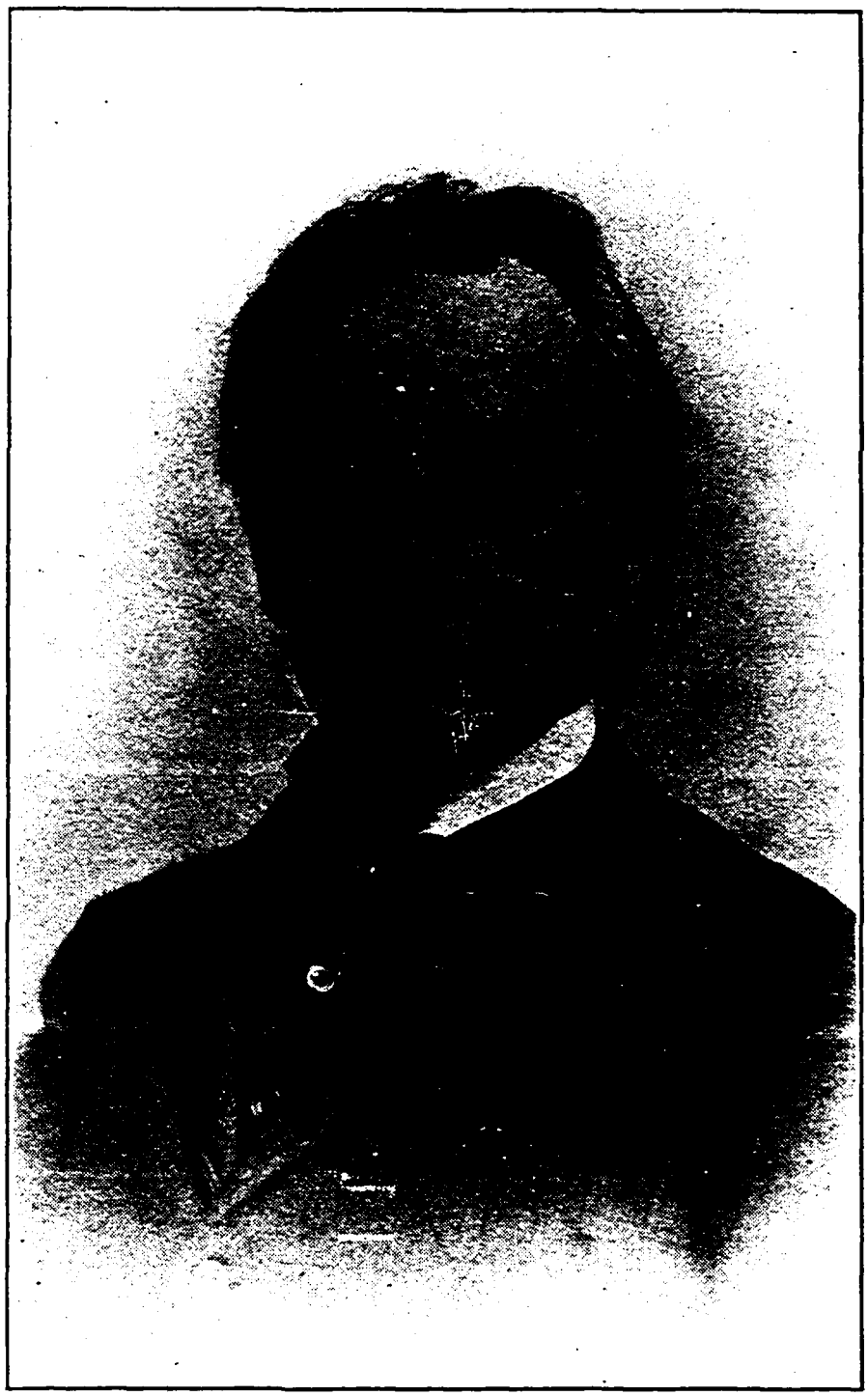
Edwin Booth

Edwin Booth, the seventh child of his parents, was born here, on that wonderful night of which I have heard old Ann and many others tell, "when showers of stars fell from the sky," the 13th of November, 1833. And strange to say, on the night of his death, all the electric lights in his room and in the street below suddenly went out. And so he went "from light to dark, from dark to light."

Most of his time as a youth was spent in attendance on his father, giving him no chance for a classical education, the lack of which he always deplored. Winter mentions that he had for an instructor for a time "a Mr. Kerney, who compiled his own text books." I have learned from a relative of Mr. Kerney's that he prepared a compendium of history, an arithmetic and other text books for his school, which have since been widely used. I have met his son and grandson, and a short time ago his great grandson proudly announced at the house where I was visiting that they were using his great grandfather's arithmetic in his school.

Quoting from Mrs. Clark once more "Edwin Booth voted but once in his life, and that was for Lincoln in 1864. A short time after, on the night of November 25th, the three brothers appeared in the play of "Julius Caesar," Junius Brutus as Cassius, Edwin as Brutus, and John Wilkes as Marc Antony. The theatre was crowded to suffocation. The aged mother sat in a private box. The three brothers received and merited the applause of that immense audience, for they acted well, and presented a picture too strikingly historic to be soon forgotten. The eldest, powerfully built and handsome as an antique Roman, Edwin, with his magnetic fire and graceful dignity, and John Wilkes in the perfection of youthful beauty, stood side by side, again and again before the curtain, to receive the lavish plaudits of the audience, mingled with waving handkerchiefs and every mark of enthusiasm.

The more one studies the life and character of Edwin



EDWIN BOOTH

Booth, the more one learns to admire the man as well as the actor—to understand the beauty of that "calm, benignant face."

William Winter, who for many years was his close personal friend gives the most interesting and understanding history of his life. In one place he begins thus: "The story is that of a dreamer, who, nevertheless, threw himself into the strife of action; a simple gentleman who was often perplexed and bewildered among the thorns and dangers of this world." And no one better describes what the trials and adversities of his life were than that same author, when he writes: "Edwin Booth has been tried by some of the most terrible afflictions that ever tested the fortitude of a human soul. Over his youth plainly visible, impended the lowering cloud of insanity. While he was yet a boy, and when literally struggling for life in the semi-barbarous wilds of California he lost his beloved father, under circumstances of peculiar misery. In early manhood he laid in the grave the woman of his first love—the wife who had died in absence from him, herself scarcely past the threshhold of youth, lovely as an angel, and to all who knew her precious beyond description. A little later his heart was well-nigh broken and his life was well-nigh blasted by the crime of a lunatic brother that seemed for a moment to darken the hope of the world. Recovering from that blow he threw all his resources and powers into the establishment of the greatest theatre in the Metropolis of America and saw his fortune of more than a million dollars together with the toil of some of the best years of his life, frittered away. Under all trials he has borne bravely up, and kept the even, steadfast tenor of his course; strong, patient, gentle, neither elated by public homage, nor embittered by private grief." But after his great loss with his theatre he toured the country and brought back enough money to pay all his debts, and then began an undertaking that may be called the crowning success of his life. I have read somewhere the regretful reflection that actors can leave nothing substantial behind them, except a memory. Perhaps this is true, except as their high purpose has helped to elevate the stage for all that are to come after; but besides this, Edwin Booth realizing in his own case the often homelessness of the actor (for once in writing to a friend he deplores the lack of

domestic life) he built and furnished that beautiful home for actors, "The Players," where he spent the last years of his life, its loved and honored President, and where he died, June 7th, 1893.

The Players Club was formally opened on the last night of the year 1888. Booth, writing to his daughter the next day, suggests that there be a "Ladye Daye" for her, and so it came to pass that Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, from that first year is "Ladye Daye," and Booth writes to one of his friends, on April 24, '91: "Yesterday was our third annual fete—'Layde Daye,' and as usual, the house was given up to ladies and flowers and ice cream and all the other sweets that this blessed season brings."

There is at The Players Club a fine portrait of Edwin Booth by Sargent, about which Thomas Baily Aldrich wrote some beautiful lines, ending with—

> "That sweet majestic face
> The gentle Prince of Players wore."

And no words could more aptly describe the face of Edwin Booth as he seems to look down at me from the fine portrait by Cummings which hangs in this home of his childhood. There is also a fine portrait of him in the Court House in Bel Air.

I stood by his grave one June day in beautiful Mount Auburn, where he is buried beside his young wife. Their graves are in Anemone Path, near Spruce Avenue. T. W. Parsons wrote the epitaph for the tablet over the grave of Mrs. Booth—the lines all beautiful. I copied two verses ,as follows:

> The handful here, that once was Mary's earth,
> Held while it breathed so beautiful a soul
> That when she died, all recognized her birth,
> And had their sorrow in serene control.
>
> "Not here! Not here!" to every mourner's heart
> The wintry wind seemed whispering round her bier;
> And when the tomb door opened, with a start,
> We heard it echoed from within, "Not here!"

Edwin Booth chose as his epitaph these lines of Hamlet:

"Thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

(It may be interesting to know that the memorial to Edwin Booth was designed by Stanford White, the famous New York architect.)

He must have schooled himself to bear all things in that way. Mr. Mears, who buried his mother and sisters at Greenmount, told me that Edwin Booth had an engagement at Holliday Street Theatre on the day of his mother's and also the day of his sister Rosalie's burials, but he is quoted as saying: "I have been on guard, on the lookout for disasters—for which, when they come, I am prepared. Therefore, I have seemed, to those who do not really know me, callous to the many blows that have been dealt me."

As I stood by Edwin Booth's grave where a group of his friends had stood on that June evening of 1893, I recalled T. B. Aldrich's beautiful description of the scene: "There in the tender afterglow two or three hundred men and women stood silent, with bowed heads. A single bird, in a nest hidden somewhere nearby, twittered from time to time. The soft June air, blowing across the uplands, brought with it the scent of syringa blossoms from the slope below. Overhead and among the trees the twilight was gathering. 'Good-night, sweet Prince!' I said, under my breath . . . . and thus we left him."

It is worth while to have lived and suffered many things, to be so appreciated, and have such a beautiful, and beautifully true pen picture of your life and character written about you as appeared in one of the New York papers the morning after his death, to the memory of Edwin Booth, by William Winter. To read the words and study the face of Edwin Booth should be an inspiration:

"A blow that has long been expected has at last fallen, and Edwin Booth is dead. By this death the community loses the foremost and the best of American actors, and one of the greatest tragedians that have ever lived. His friends . . . have

a great consolation when they remember what a noble character he developed, what a beautiful life he lived; . . . what an ideal of purity, stateliness, and grace he fulfilled; what blessings of goodness he diffused, and what a stainless and radiant example he has left. If it is success so to live that the world shall be better for your presence, and your fellow-creatures shall be strengthened and ennobled by your influence, Booth had a life of splendid triumph, and now that it is ended he sleeps in blessings and his laurel can never fade. . . . His mind was noble; his spirit was grave, contemplative and intense; his temperament, although sombre, was sweet, and his feelings although reticent, were tenderly sensitive and affectionate. He was devoid of egotism and conceit. He was indeed proud and resolute, but at the same time, he was constitutionally humble and simple. No man was ever less thoughtful of himself or more considerate of others. No man was ever more genuine. He took no rewards he had not earned, and no honor that was not entirely his due. From the first he fixed his eyes upon the loftiest heights. He steadily attempted great things, and his attempt was justified by his deed. In singleness of purpose, in devotion to spiritual, moral ,and intellectual beauty, in allegiance to art, in poise of character, in cheerfulness, patience, in benignity and sweetness, in fidelity to duty, in simplicity and dignity of life, in scope and height of artistic purpose, and in worth of artistic achievement, whether as a man or as an actor, he was an exceptional person, an honor to human nature and a blessing to his time. In thousands of homes all over the land, the feeling of the hour is not simply regret for the death of a great actor, but sorrow for the loss of a personal friend. In thousands of hearts, during the generation now closing, life has been made fuller and richer by the ministrations of his beautiful art, and for a time it must indeed seem lonely and bleak, now that he has become only a memory.

"Good night, sweet Prince,
And flight of angels sing thee to thy rest."

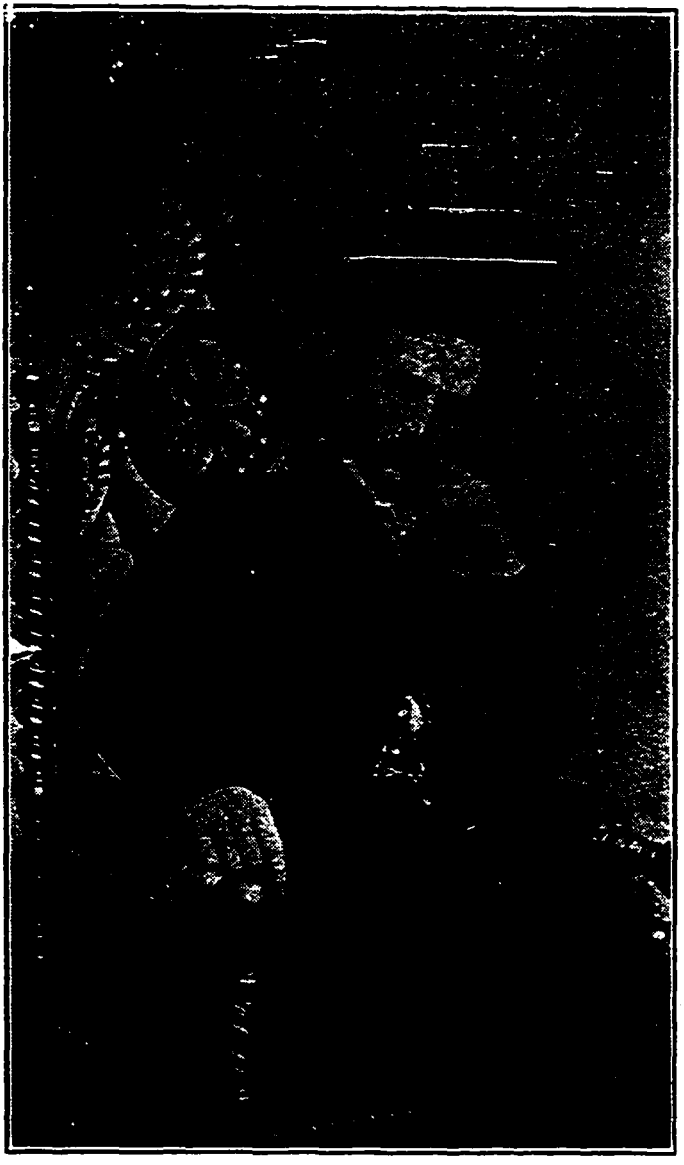
The beautiful characteristics of Edwin Booth's nature here shown are charmingly illustrated in his letters to his daughter and friends in a large and attractive volume published by his daughter under the title, "Edwin Booth."

John Wilkes Booth

And now that I come to the life of that son who caused his family such grief and shame, I hesitate how to begin. How to have my readers have pity for the misguided boy, whose unbalanced mind made him conceive that he was another Brutus avenging the wrong of the South. He was the handsome, daring, good-hearted boy, always welcomed among his friends here, —most welcome at all times. Full of reckless but harmless pranks, a little wild and dissipated as he grew older, but never cruel or ungentlemanly, in his wildest moods. He once made a bet that he would go sleighing in July, and put a pair of horses to the sleigh and drove to Bel Air. It did not injure the horses, but when he got home there was no iron on the sleigh runners. I was a small child and do not remember to have heard the name of Booth until that day when the news of the assassination came. It came to us here a double shock of horror and consternation. I can remember well how it affected my father—his grief and indignation, and with it the incredible report that one he knew so well had committed the horrible deed.

I remember one who frequently visited our house who must have loved him well, whose grief at hearing him execrated on all sides, where he had been loved and welcomed, was extreme. I remember seeing her when she went home (she had taken me with her to spend the night), take a photograph from the mantel in her room, and kiss it heart-brokenly, and child though I was, I knew that she did not condone the crime, and the scene was to me something too sacred to mention, as a child might have done.

Naturally, nowhere could it have aroused deeper and more varied feeling than here in his boyhood home. That is about all I remember associated with the war, except that in our prayers at night we asked that our father might not have to go, and that an uncle, whose home was in Indiana, might return safely from the war. That uncle had been away from his family for three years, and his wife wrote to Lincoln,



JOHN WILKES BOOTH

asking that he might get home to see her and the little children, and very shortly, in answer to her petition, he was given a three months' furlough.

My chief object in writing this paper is to refute by positive evidence the many sensational stories that come up from time to time of John Wilkes Booth's escape, and his having been seen in different parts of the country. Naturally these stories come to me. Only a short time ago a visitor to the place affirmed to one of my household (I did not meet the man) that a niece of John Wilkes Booth had taken oath that her uncle lived, and she had known him long after the war. How improbable! And a brother of mine, stopping in Memphis several years ago, found two men exhibiting what they claimed was the body of John Wilkes Booth, recently deceased, and crowds of people were paying to see him. So credulous is the multitude!

The old lady before mentioned, that close friend of the family, Mrs. Rogers, on several occasions told me of how Rosa Booth wrote to her that the body of her brother John Wilkes was to be at the undertakers in Baltimore, sending her at the same time some token to put in his coffin, and requesting her to take a lock of hair from his head for her. Mrs. Rogers, who had known him well from childhood, assured me, in contradiction to stories so often then afloat, that the body was perfectly recognizable, and if in no other way, she would have identified him by a scar on his head, the result of a wound received when a boy, his mother sending for her, she had dressed and bound up the wound.

I came into possession sometime since of a little book published over thirty years ago, written by a man named Thomas A. Jones, which gives a most vivid account of those days when John Wilkes Booth was making his painful journey toward Virginia. If Mr. Jones is still living, I would like to ask his permission to quote from his story written thirty years after, of his part in that undertaking, which put his own life in jeopardy. But I am sure he would not object to my quoting from the story of the part he took in those stirring times.

Jones was a farmer, living about sixty miles below Washington. He worked zealously for the Confederate cause, and carried passengers across the Potomac into Virginia. In Sep-

temuer, '61, he was arrested on his return from one of these trips to Richmond, sent to Washington, and for six months held a prisoner at the Old Capitol prison. Several of his neighbors were also imprisoned at the same time. Soon after his return home he says, "my dear wife, whose health had been broken through work and care during my absence, was taken from me. A bereaved and saddened man, I resumed my occupation of farming and fishing." Later he became one of the agents for getting mail through from the United States and Canada to Richmond, "a position that required great caution." Having lost much in the Confederate cause, he gave up his farm, and took a smaller one, two miles farther north and a mile from the Potomac River.

Jones mentions having heard in December, '64, of "plans on foot to kidnap the President," the idea of the conspirators being to hold him as hostage while they dictated terms to the North. His first knowledge of the assassination was on the following evening, when on his way to his former home he met two Federal soldiers, who asked him if he had heard the news and then said, "our President was shot last night, and the men who did it came this way." The next morning, Easter Sunday, his adopted brother Samuel Cox sent for him, and feeling that it was on account of some important matter, he saddled his horse and went at once. He was told of the two fugitives who had come to Cox's door that morning at four o'clock, guided by a colored man of the neighborhood. How one had taken him apart, and telling him who he was, shown him the initials J. W. B. in India ink upon his arm, thrown himself upon his mercy, and begged him to find a way to get them across the river. He finished by saying, "Tom, you must get them across."

Booth with his companion on the night of the assassination had ridden, as he mentions in his diary, sixty miles 'with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump." They reached Dr. Mudd's house about 4 o'clock Saturday morning, and the doctor answered their call, helped the crippled man upstairs with the assistance of his companion, and set the broken leg. Dr. Mudd had met Booth twice in the previous year but did not recognize him in disguise and did not hear of the assassination

of the President until he rode in Bryantown that evening. When he returned the strangers were gone. The displacement of a false beard as they were leaving aroused Mrs. Mudd's suspicions and the next day at church Dr. Mudd sent the authorities an account of his visitors. It was from Dr. Mudd's that Booth and Herold arrived, making their appearance at Samuel Cox's Sunday morning.

I quote from Jones: "Reader, it will scarcely surprise you that I was much disturbed by Cox's disclosure. In the cause of the Confederacy I was willing to risk my life, as I had often done. But the war was over. The cause which I loved and for which I had labored was lost. Nothing now could raise from the dust the trailing Stars and Bars. I knew that to assist in any way the assassin of Mr. Lincoln would be to put my life in jeopardy. I knew that the whole of Southern Maryland would soon be—nay, was even then,—swarming with soldiers and detectives, like bloodhounds on the trail, eager to avenge the murder of their beloved President and reap their reward. I hesitated for a moment as I weighed these matters, I was aroused by Cox's voice, 'Tom, can't you put these men across?' I replied, I will see what I can do. I must see these men; where are they?"

Jones, after being directed where to find the fugitives, in a piece of thick pine woods a mile away, and the signal to give on his approach, left Cox and rode to the place indicated. On giving the signal agreed upon, "a young man—he looked scarcely more than a boy—came cautiously out of the thicket and stood before me." He led the way about thirty yards into the thick undergrowth to where his companion was lying. "This friend comes from Captain Cox," he said, and that was my introduction to John Wilkes Booth.

"He was lying on the ground with his head supported on his hand; his carbine, pistols and knife were close beside him. A blanket was drawn partly over him, his slouch hat and crutch lying by him. Though he was exceedingly pale and his features bore the evident traces of suffering, I have seldom, if ever, seen a more strikingly handsome man. He wore a mustache, and his beard had been trimmed two or three days before. His voice was pleasant, and though he seemed to be suffering intense

pain from his broken leg, his manner was courteous and polite. No sooner had I seen him in his helpless and suffering condition than I gave my whole mind to the problem of how to get him across the river. Murderer though I knew him to be, his condition so enlisted my sympathy in his behalf that my horror of his deed was almost forgotten in my compassion for the man."

After telling Herold of a spring nearby, Jones promised to provide food for them every day and bring newspapers, and get him across the river as soon as it would be less risky. Booth told Jones what he had done, and that he would never be taken alive, and complained that he was condemned for doing that for which Brutus had been commended. Jones warned the young man to get rid of the horses, and as they were never found, it is supposed he shot them where they would sink into a quagmire nearby. Jones' description of the days that followed is so interesting that I can scarce forbear continuing to copy his own words. Booth held out his hand and thanked him, and he took him food and newspapers every day, and found him suffering intensely with his broken leg, and impatient to get away. He lay within two hundred yards of the road, and Jones mentions that on one occasion, while he was talking to Booth, they "heard the clamping of sabres and tramping of horses, as a body of cavalry passed by."

Jones' house was visited several times, as were all the houses in Southern Maryland, and his colored man questioned and threatened. Through six long days Booth lay hidden, his leg becoming terribly swollen and inflamed, and pain almost unbearable, and to add to his discomfort, "a cold, cloudy damp spell of weather such as we often have in the spring set in and continued through the week. He never tired of the newspapers, and there, surrounded by the sighing pines, he read the world's just condemnation of his deed and the price that was offered for his life." On the sixth night, Jones having reason to think there would be no soldiers in the neighborhood, succeeded in getting the fugitive down to the river—a perilous undertaking. Booth rode Jones' horse with Herold walking beside him, Jones walking a short distance ahead and giving signals when he found it safe to proceed. He stopped at his own house on the way to get food and Booth begged, "can't I go in

and get some of your hot coffee," and not the least painful thing of that journey was to refuse him whose head had not been under a roof, who had not tasted warm food, felt the glow of a fire, or seen a cheerful light for nearly a week.

They reached the river bank where the fishing boat always lay anchored at night, the last part of the journey, down the steep bank to the water's edge, being most painful to one whose "every step was torture." They "placed Booth in the stern of the boat with an oar to steer. Herold took the bow seat to row. As they were pushing off Booth offered Jones some money, but he would only take the price of the boat, which he knew he would not see again. Booth said, 'God bless you, my dear friend, for all you have done for me. Good-bye, old fellow.' I pushed the boat off, and it glided out of sight in the darkness."

I heard this narrative, much as Jones tells it, from a nephew of his, who used to hear his uncle, when an old man, tell the story.

Townsend, an author of some note during the years following the war, and who understood well the state of men's minds at that time, writes thus: "The whole land was mourning for the President, and the assassin found that every Southern and conservative interest sought to repudiate him. . . . The world seemed to have become ungrateful. How had men lost pride in him who only had treasured up and executed their threats and hatred of years.

"Alas! he who is the executor of base and frivolous popular resentments, only realizes for himself their infamy, being instantly deserted by his instigators; for no man thinks any man is wicked enough to wreak in cruelty the passing political intentions of the heart.

"The very papers which had assisted to mould and arm his mind for murder . . . now named *him* the Junius Brutus of the age and Tarquin killer—as a crazy man and a drunkard, and what was still worse, said he was a circus jumper and never could act."

The following letter is taken from a diary found on his dead body and still preserved in Washington. It is written to Dr. Seward, on whose place he stopped on his painful journey. The date, April 23, 1865. "I have some little pride. I cannot

blame you for your want of hospitality. You know your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken limb, and in need of medical advice. I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight. However, you were kind enough to give me something to eat. . . . The sauce to meat is ceremony, mealing were bare without it. Be kind enough to accept the enclosed five dollars (though hard to spare) for what I have received."

They lost their way, did not succeed in crossing the river that night and again lay hidden and wrote in his diary on Friday: "After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me. I am here in despair. Tonight I will once more try the river with intent to cross." In this second attempt they succeeded and later, quoting from Townsend:

Quoting again from Townsend:

"A negro was hired to take them in a cart to Port Conway across the weary hills and hollows—a twelve mile journey—where they arrived early Monday morning and some disbanded rebel cavalry were picked up by Herold and used to procure Booth ferriage across the Rappahannock, where he crossed over into Caroline County. He rode on a young officer's horse along the skirt of old Fort Royal town and was left at a retired farm house three miles south of it, a wretch without a plan, a friend or a country.

Speaking of his leap from the box to the stage, Booth said to Thomas Harbin, in Virginia, that if he had not been a very courageous man he would have given up and have been taken right there, as he for an instant seemed about to faint.

The boat in which he crossed the Potomac was taken to Washington.

There is something very pathetic in the fidelity to death of that young Herold, a druggist's clerk, who being unknown in the affair, could very likely have made his escape. Poor boy!

Mrs. Thomas Baily Aldrich tells in her charming book, "Crowding Memories," of being, with some friends in Washington at the time of the trial of those connected with the crime and being permitted to enter the court room, a military

court, "in a small room of the old arsenal. The surroundings were in their gloomy and sombre shade well fitted for the recital of the grim tragedy." She thus describes the boy: "Young Harold, a druggist's clerk, who had joined John Wilkes Booth immediately after the assassination, and had been with him during the ten days that preceded their capture, was under the fire of cross-questioning as we entered the court-room. It was a very slight and boyish figure that fronted his stern judges, the face set and colorless like yellow wax, with freckles that seemed almost to illuminate the waxen surface. The brown eyes were in expression as a deer that has been wounded, the whole body and face vibrant with anxious fear, like an animal that has been trapped and sees no escape. One turned away from it with a feeling that no mortal had the right to look at a soul so naked and unveiled."

I had not intended to so long digress from what I started out to prove—the certain evidence of John Wilkes Booth's death. The rest of the tragic story is well known, how four days later they reached Mr. Richard Garrett's, where they spent Monday night. Tuesday, feeling it unsafe to remain in the house, they went to the barn. This hiding place was discovered, and a squad of Federal soldiers surrounded the barn. Young Garrett was sent in to Booth, "with a demand for his surrender." Young Harold came out and surrendered; Booth refused; the barn was fired, and Booth was seen in the light of the flames and shot through the head. "He was taken to Garrett's house, and laid on the porch, where he died." His last words were: "Tell my mother I died for my country and what I thought was right." His identification was so complete, his death such an assured fact, why should there ever have arisen any doubt about it.

Clara Morris, one of the foremost actresses for many years, in one of her books, "Life On the Stage," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., gives some recollections of John Wilkes Booth which are very interesting, from which I copy the following passages:

"In glancing back over two crowded and busy seasons, one figure stands out with clearness and beauty. In his case only (so far as my personal knowledge goes) there was nothing de-

rogatory to dignity or to manhood in being called beautiful, for he was that bud of splendid promise blasted to the core, before its full triumphant blooming—known to the world as a madman and an assassin, but to the profession as 'that unhappy boy'—John Wilkes Booth.

"He was so young, so bright, so gay, so kind.

"He was like his great elder brother, rather lacking in height, but his head and throat, and the manner of their rising from his shoulders, were truly beautiful. His coloring was unusual, the ivory pallor of his skin, the inky blackness of his densely thick hair, the heavy lids of his glowing eyes were all Oriental, and they gave a touch of mystery to his face when it fell with gravity—but there was generally a flash of white teeth behind his silky mustache, and a laugh in his eyes."

Clara Morris tells that the next morning after a performance in which "Mr. Booth came—such a picture in his Greek garments as made even the men exclaim at him . . . I saw Mr. Booth come running out of the theatre on his way to the telegraph office at the corner, and right in the middle of the street, staring about him, stood a child—a small roamer of the stony street who had evidently gotten far enough beyond his native ward to arouse misgivings as to his personal safety, and at the very moment he stopped to consider matters Mr. Booth dashed out of the stage-door and added to his bewilderment by capsizing him completely. 'O, good Lord! Baby, are you hurt?' exclaimed Mr. Booth, pausing instantly to pick up the dirty, touseled small heap and stand it on its bandy-legs again. 'Don't cry little chap,' and the aforesaid little chap not only ceased to cry, but gave him a damp and grimy smile, at which the actor bent towards him quickly, but paused, took out his handkerchief and first carefully wiping the dirty little nose and mouth, stooped and kissed him heartily, put some change in each freckled paw, and continued his run to the telegraph office. . . . He knew of no witness to the act. It required the prompting of a warm and tender heart to make a young and thoughtful man feel for and caress such a dirty, forlorn bit of babyhood as that.

"Mr. Ellsler, who had been on terms of friendship with the

elder Booth, was delighted with the promise of his work. He greatly admired Edwin's intellectual power, his artistic care, 'but John,' he cried, 'has more of the old man's power in one performance than Edwin can show in a year. He has the fire, the dash, the touch of strangeness. He often produces unstudied effects.'

"I cannot believe that John Wilkes Booth was 'the leader of a band of bloody conspirators.'

"Who shall draw a line and say where genius ends and madness begins? There was that touch of strangeness. In Edwin it was a profound melancholy; in John it was an exaggeration of spirit—almost a wildness. There was the natural vanity of the actor, too, who craves a dramatic situation in real life. There was his passionate love and sympathy for the South—why, he was easier to be played on than a pipe.

"Undoubtedly he conspired to kidnap the President, that would appeal to him; but after that I truly believe he was a tool, certainly he was no leader. Those who led him knew his courage, his belief in Fate, his loyalty to his friends, and because they knew these things, he drew the lot, as it was meant he should from the first. Then, half mad, he accepted the part Fate cast for him—committed the monstrous crime, and paid the awful price."

The following letter written by Edwin Booth to a friend who asked for some information regarding his brother will prove interesting. I copy it by permission of his daughter, Mrs. Edwina Booth Grossman:

TO NAHUM CAPEN.

Windsor Hotel, July 28, 1881.

DEAR SIR:

I can give you very little information regarding my brother John. I seldom saw him since his early boyhood in Baltimore. He was a rattle-pated fellow, filled with Quixotic notions. While at the farm in Maryland he would charge on horseback through the woods, "shouting" heroic speeches with a lance in his hand, a relic of the Mexican war, given to father by some

soldier who had served under Taylor. We regarded him as a good-hearted, harmless, though wild-brained boy, and used to laugh at his patriotic froth whenever secession was discussed. That he was insane on that one point, no one who knew him well can doubt. When I told him that I had voted for Lincoln's re-election he expressed deep regret, and declared his belief that Lincoln would be made king of America; and this, I believe, drove him beyond the limits of reason. I asked him once why he did not join the Confederate army. To which he replied: "I promised mother I would keep out of the quarrel, if possible, and I am sorry that I said so." Knowing my sentiments, he avoided me, rarely visiting my house, except to see his mother, when political topics were not touched upon, at least in my presence. He was of a gentle, loving disposition, very boyish and full of fun,—his mother's darling,—and his deed and death crushed her spirit. He possessed rare dramatic talent, and would have made a brilliant mark in the theatrical world. This is positively all that I know about him, having left him a mere schoolboy when I went with my father to California in 1852. On my return in '56 we were separated by professional engagements, which kept him mostly in the South, while I was employed in the Eastern and Northern States.

I do not believe any of the wild, romantic stories published in the papers concerning him but of course he may have been engaged in political matters of which I know nothing. All his theatrical friends speak of him as a poor, crazy boy, and such his family think of him.

I am sorry I can afford you no further light on the subject.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN BOOTH.

How thoroughly Booth was obsessed with the idea that his cause was right, some extracts from his diary,—the private expressions of a frenzied mind,—more plainly proves, than any surmises from other sources can do. They may prove interesting to some of my readers, as they have to me, and although I hesitate about inserting them, yet as I started out to give a little information on any part of the subject that may come up, and as I am often asked why he committed the crime. I will venture to quote some passages that show the distraint, uncertain

mind of the man through those days of anxiety, disappointment and suffering after the deed, and while flying from justice.

On the day of the assassination he writes, seemingly in disgust with some who had failed to carry out their part of the plot: "Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But our cause being almost lost, something decisive must be done. But its failure was owing to others who did not strike for their country with a heart." Later he writes: "This forced union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country."

On Friday after his first attempt and failure to cross the Potomac he wrote: "After being hunted like a dog, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero. And yet I for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My action was purer than either of their's. One hoped to be great. The other had not only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain, I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country and that alone. A country that groaned beneath this tyranny, and prayed for the end, and yet now behold the cold hand they hold out to me.

"God pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see my wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little I left behind to clear my name, the Government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family and am sure there is no pardon in heaven for me since man condemns me so.

"I have only heard of what has been done (except by myself) and it fills me with horror. God, try to forgive me, and bless my mother. Tonight I will once more try the river with intent to cross. Though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name —which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man.

"Though I am abandoned and with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would

have made me great, though I did not desire greatness. To-night I try to escape those blood-hounds once more. Who can see his fate? God's will be done.

"I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. O may He, may He spare me that and let me die bravely."

And meanwhile his grief-stricken mother was praying: "O God, if this be true, let him not live to be hung! Spare him, spare us, spare the name that dreadful disgrace."

Again from the diary: "I have never hated or wronged anyone. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so, and it is with Him to damn or bless me.

"And for this brave boy with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart—was it crime for him, for him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but 'I must fight the course.' 'Tis all that's left me."

I have a fine almost life-size picture of John Wilkes Booth, which must have been taken shortly before that time. It came to me by an odd combination of circumstances. I was having some building done, and among the carpenters brought by the contractor for the work was a young man I had never known. One day he said to me, "They are getting ready for a sale at our house, and among some things that belonged to my grandfather there is a picture of John Wilkes Booth. They have taken it from the frame, intending to sell the frame, as no one would want the picture. My grandfather and John Wilkes Booth were friends when boys. I thought living on this place, it might be of interest to you." (How often had I heard my father speak of the young man's (Mr. Bowman's) grandfather, of John Wilkes, Churchville, and the old tavern, a meeting place between their homes!) He brought the picture the next day. I found it no common crayon, such as is often seen adorning (or disfiguring) the walls of a country house, but a work of art. I bought it, and had it suitably framed and hung by the portrait of his brother. In this house, the home of his birth and happy boyhood, it seems not inappropriate.

One cannot help gazing long at the handsome face and graceful figure, the forehead reminding one of Edgar Alan Poe, though the face is much handsomer. As I read from the

little book I mentioned, Jones' description of him, I can see that handsome, tragic face, as he described his first interview with him, when he found him lying hidden in a thicket, a wretched hunted fugitive. Jones wrote after a lapse of more than twenty-five years, and in his introduction says: "To-day I speak of the murdered President as 'great and good,' thirty years ago I regarded him as the enemy of my country. But now that the waves of passion, stirred up by the storm of war have all subsided and passed away forever, and I can form my opinions in the light of reason instead of the blindness of prejudice, I believe that Lincoln's name justly belongs among the first upon the deathless roll of fame. I can now realize how truly he was beloved by the North, and what a cruel shock his death, coming when and as it did, must have been to the millions who held his name in reverence. And with that realization comes the wonder that the revenge taken for his murder stopped where it did."

The Enid Myth

The secrecy of the removal and disposition of the body, a wise precaution on the part of the government, led to the beginning of these surmises. The body was placed in a government boat on the river, but in the night secretly removed to a small boat and taken to the old arsenal grounds at the Navy Yard in Washington and buried in a plain gun box under the old Penitentiary, or in the enclosure around it. It being a secret as to what became of the body, one report spread that it had been thrown into the river from the government boat, and the other and more lasting impression was that it was not the body of John Wilkes Booth, he having escaped. Then when there appeared in different parts of the South a mysterious person, accomplished and handsome, with a certain resemblance to Booth, who would recite poetry, and in confidence confide to someone that he was John Wilkes Booth,, and then as if regretting the confidences he had made, quietly disappear, thousands of people in the South came to believe the story. This man spent his life so far as known in Texas and Oklahoma. In the latter state, at El Reno and Enid.

Some of my family on a train to California a year ago, met an old man who stoutly maintained that he had seen him in the latter place, and nothing would convince him to the contrary.

The first person at a little town in Texas to whom he told his story—a young lawyer, Firnis L. Bates, so fully believed him that he spent years looking up corroborative evidence and trying to find him after his disappearance. He had made his appearance about eight years after the assassination, disappeared some time later, and Mr. Bates did not come up with him until thirty years later he read in the newspapers of the death, by his own hand, of an old man, dissipated and poverty-stricken, who had represented himself to several people as John Wilkes Booth. Bates went to Enid and identified the body as that of the man he had known as John St. Helen, or John Wilkes Booth. The body was being carefully embalmed with the hope of getting the reward promised by the government at

Washington. After the body had remained a long time at the undertaker's at Enid it was given to Bates, who took it to Memphis. There my brother saw it a few years ago, displayed in a public place, and being viewed by crowds of people.

His assertion as to their mistake made little impression on the people about him. Firnis L. Bates was so thoroughly convinced of the identity of the man that he published a book (I found a copy of it a short time ago in the Pratt Library)—"The Escape and Suicide of J. Wilkes Booth"—which had, I imagine, a wide circulation in the South. There is in the November, 1924, number of *Harper's Magazine,* a very interesting account given by William G. Shepherd, who was sent in the interest of the magazine to investigate what has come to be called the "Enid Myth." He made several trips through Texas and Oklahoma, met and talked with many who had known the mysterious man, young or old, under one name or another, through more than thirty years. There was nothing to convince anyone of the truth of his story. The tintype photograph given by him to Firnis L. Bates is of a man wearing hair and mustache in the same fashion as Booth, but the face is broader, the side-face much shorter and the forehead especially at the temple, not nearly so high. The most convincing proof Mr. Shepherd found as to the falseness of his claim was in the handwriting, which he compared with that of John Wilkes Booth, being entirely different. Mr. Shepherd's description of his being taken to see the mummy at the home of Firnis L. Bates is interesting. I give it in his own words:

"It was in the evening after dinner and after the unsuspecting colored servants had retired to their quarters that I was escorted to the garage to see the mummy. There was the body of an old man, with bushy white hair, parted low, as young Booth parted his. If this were Booth's body, then Booth must have lived to be sixty-five years old. John Wilkes Booth had been a handsome man and the despair of lovely women. Could this long gray hair, still curling and plenteous, have been the adornment of that young man who mastered the stage of his day with his talent and his physical beauty? This poor old man, unburied yet after twenty-one years of death—could he have been John Wilkes Booth? And if he could,

what a fate it would be—more ghastly than any punishing judge could impose—that his body should not be laid to rest."

One man who had been the mayor of Enid said to Mr. Shepherd: "I never believed he was Booth. But he could recite. I can remember a verse I used to hear him repeat," and then quoted:

> "Come not when I am dead
> To shed thy tears around my head,
> Let the winds weep and the plover cry,
> But, thou, oh foolish man, go by!"

(Strange to stand by that old unmourned, unburied body and recall those lines.)

But Mr. Shepherd could not find that he quoted Shakespeare. "The people of Oklahoma Territory did not know much about Shakespeare in those days."

Mr. Shepherd, after long journeying from place to place, discovered a check written by David E. George, the name by which the old man was passing at the time of his death, and he says: "Within two days I held that check in my hand in an attic room in the War Department in Washington, where are stored the dusty relics, archives and exhibits in the case of John Wilkes Booth. With permission of the War Department and in the presence of two guards, I had access to all the documents in the Booth case. In the other hand I held a little book, covered with red leather and lined with decaying silk—the diary of John Wilkes Booth. Putting the check and the diary side by side I had my proof. Different hands wrote that check and that diary—one the hand of a man who wrote laboriously, a man so unaccustomed to check-writing that he spelled out the number of his check, 'One,' instead of using the numeral, as if this were the first check he had ever made out in all his long life. The other was the hand of John Wilkes Booth. That afternoon in the War Department attic in Washington I ended to my own satisfaction the Enid legend."

But it is not wonderful that this "myth" still survives. On a visit to Washington a short time ago, taking a conducted bus trip about the city, our conductor, as we passed the opera house where the tragedy occurred, ended his description of the event

by saying: "And John Wilkes Booth died at Enid, Oklahoma, in 1914, and a niece of his attested the fact that he escaped and lived and died in the South."

I find there was a woman, an actress, who claimed to be the daughter of Junius Brutus the younger (the eldest son of the Elder Booth), but as her stories told at different times do not agree with each other, and as Junius Brutus the younger was supposed to have only two children—sons—it is strange she should not be remembered when she claims as a child of seven to have met her Uncle John, before the tragedy. Junius Brutus the younger was well known in Boston as an actor and a manager of theatres. I think he owned a theatre there.

The claim is perhaps as plausible as that of another I recall. Mrs. Rogers once, when showing me pictures of the Booths, came across a picture of a young woman, a girl of about twelve, and a boy, younger. She said some years before, the woman with her children paid her a visit and claimed to be the wife of John Wilkes Booth and they his children. She wanted Mrs. Rogers' advice about putting the girl on the stage. Mrs. Rogers did not believe her story, and of course advised her against trying to get the girl's interests advanced in that capacity, as the daughter of Booth. The woman and children disappeared and nothing more was heard of them.

The Identification of John Wilkes Booth

I find in the diary of Mr. George T. Strong, treasurer of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, the following entries:

For "April 22: On Government mail boat. Officers came on board and searched every state-room for Booth, but in vain."

"April 27: City full of reports about Booth. Question settled at last by a surgeon who had seen Booth lying dead."

In that same journal Mr. Strong makes a statement which I must correct. He mentions that Edwin Booth's wife gave John Wilkes Booth a character so repulsive that the words he puts in her mouth are horrible to remember as coming from a source so gentle and lovely. The fact is Mrs. Booth had been dead for more than two years when he claims to have met her after the assassination.

In the winter of 1863 Edwin Booth went to New York for an engagement of a few weeks, leaving his family at their home near Boston.

Mrs. Aldrich, from whom I have already quoted (from "Crowding Memories") writes: "They (the Aldrich's and Edwin Booth) were unexpectedly joined (in New York) by John Wilkes Booth young, handsome, gay, full of the joy of life, no tragedy there; visibly embodying the line, 'My bosem's lord sits lightly on his throne.' He had just arrived from Boston. He said that two days before he left, Mrs. Booth had suggested that, as she would be alone again, she should go to the city and ask a friend to return with her."

A little later they heard of Mrs. Booth's being ill. To quote from Mrs. Aldrich:

"There had been a snow storm, a delay in the horse car, and standing on the snow she had waited for it and taken cold. On her return to the house she said to the maid: 'take me upstairs and put me to bed. I feel as if I should never be warm again.' Pneumonia developed. She wrote to Mr. Booth that his en-

gagement must not be broken on account of her illness. She grew worse and Mr. Booth did not receive the telegrams sent him in time to reach her before her death. Among those who stood by her grave was Mr. Booth's mother and John Wilkes Booth."

Learning, several years ago, that Mr. Mears, who succeeded shortly after Booth's burial at Greenmount, to the undertaking establishment of Weaver, to which place Booth's body had been brought from Washington, I called on Mr. Mears and learned from him many interesting things.

He had charge of the lot and burials at Old Baltimore Cemetery and later at Greenmount.

He told me of the removal of Junius Brutus Booth's body to Greenmount and at about the same time the remains of those buried on the farm—the little children and Richard Booth, the father of Junius Brutus, who had died in 1839; and what I was most anxious to learn, about the burial of John Wilkes when the body was brought to Baltimore. How it was identified as it lay for a day at the undertaker's by four men who had known Booth from boyhood—Colonel Pegram, who reasserted a short time before he died that he positively identified the body as that of John Wilkes Booth; by Magistrate Hagerty, who lived across the street from their winter home on Exeter Street; by Basil Moxley, the old doorkeeper at Holliday Street Theatre, and by one other whom he had forgotten. I have since learned that the fourth was Dr. Theodore Micheau, who his daughter tells me played here on the farm with the boys when they were children, and that it was he who threw an oyster shell, more in play than anger (which cut Booth's head and left the scar which remained with him to his death), when he peeped in a cellar window and laughed at a play the other boys were staging.

She told me that as a child he often took her to the cemetery and showed her where Booth was buried. A minister, the Rev. Fleming James, visiting in the city at the time, read the funeral service. He was from the North and his congregation learning of it would not allow him to return. He did not know until he reached the cemetery gate of whose funeral it was. "He remained in Baltimore and was for some years Rec-

tor of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church, on Lombard Street."

From the Maryland Historical Society I procured a statement given by Colonel William M. Pegram, which confirmed all I have learned from other sources. This statement was made in refutation of F. L. Bates' assertions made in his book, "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," which Colonel Pegram characterizes as "the creation of a mind either utterly imaginative or grossly misinformed."

I quote from that document his description of Booth as he lay in a gun box for a coffin: "On the underside of lid, had been placed with a marking ink the single word, 'Booth,' evidently to identify the remains should they ever be removed. Mr. Wagner and I looked at the body as it lay dressed in the suit of clothes in which he had been shot. On the right leg was a long cavalry boot, coming up to the knee. The left leg was disjointed both at the knee and ankle, the latter having been broken when he jumped from the box to the stage of the theatre after the shooting of Lincoln.

"It will be remembered that Dr. Mudd treated the broken ankle without knowing who his patient was. He cut the boot from the left leg and manufactured a shoe from the boot's foot, in which we saw the remains of the actual foot lying in the casket. It had become separated from the bones of the leg, and they also separated at the knee. The skin was still drawn tightly over the grinning skull, which showed the splendid teeth for which Booth was noted, there being only a single filling, which was identified by the dentist who did the work. The coal-black hair which rolled back from the forehead had grown probably nearly a foot in length. The family fully identified the body."

Mr. Wagner, before his death in 1913, took oath to the accuracy of Colonel Pegram's statement as follows: "I have read the foregoing statement by Mr. William M. Pegram, with regard to our visit to Weaver's (the undertakers), in February, 1869, and there viewing the remains of John Wilkes Booth, just brought over from Washington, and I hereby certify that the said statement is absolutely correct in every particular.

(Signed) HENRY C. WAGNER."

To further the truth of these statements in the minds of the doubtful, who claimed that the $100,000 reward offered by the President of the United States had not been paid, Mr. Pegram consulted the documents to which he was referred by the War Department at Washington, and found that it had been paid. Of the $100,000 there went to the captors of Booth and Herold $75,000; to those capturing Payne, $5.00, and Atzerodt, $25,000. The records give the amount assigned to each. They are to be found in Vol. 14 of the Statutes, and on pages 341 and 342—the rewards paid for the capture of Booth and Herold. There were in all fifty-three persons shared in the reward.

Few persons knew at the time of Booth's body having been given to the family, its removal and burial in Greenmount.

The Search for Booth at Tudor Hall After the Assassination of Lincoln

At the time of these terrible happenings the Booth family were not at either their country or city home. They had rented the house on the farm to a family from Washington. Mr. King being a business man in the city, his family was alone through the week, except for the servants, and no word of what had happened had reached them in their quiet home. Many years later Mrs. King visited the place and sat with me where I am sitting now, and told the story of that night of terror. She occupied the room that had been Mrs. Booth's bedroom, and on the night of the day after the assassination, while she was saying her prayers, the nurse girl rushed into the room crying, "the house is surrounded with men." Mrs. King stepped out an upstairs casement window, on to what we call the Romeo and Juliet balcony, and truly the house was surrounded with men—soldiers. She asked them why they were there, and they informed her of what had happened and asked her to open the door; no one would be molested, but they must search the house. They made a thorough search of the house and outbuildings, Mrs. King in terror that her little girls might waken while even their bed was being examined. They searched through the furniture and proded their swords among the garments packed away by the Booths. When Mrs. King informed them that John Wilkes Booth was not here, she added, "but gentlemen, you would have found him an honored guest, as he was always welcome," to which the answer was, "Madam, it is well for you that we have not found him here, in which case you would have had to go to Washington with us tonight."

A night or two later as the nurse was putting the baby to bed, she had another fright, and ran downstairs to say a man was on the porch roof looking in the window. The whole neighborhood was watched for days, and the mention by someone of a cave on the place set the soldiers looking for something much more likely to be called a cave in which one might hide than the dugout in the hillside. My father and others

they met were questioned about the cave, and they would not believe that no one knew of one being on the place.

A few years ago the woman who had been Mrs. King's nurse girl came with two of her pretty grand-daughters to see the place, and I heard again the story of those anxious days. One can imagine how the family were dreading that the hunted fugitive might come to them. An odd coincidence, the next week after the visit of which I have just spoken, a man who had been one of the soldiers who searched the place for Booth, came with some strangers to show them the place, and again I heard the story of that search. Both have since passed away, and I know of but few remaining—one, an old, old lady, who still talks about when the Booths lived here; how handsome and gay was John Wilkes, of the poetry he once wrote and sent her. She is the only one now to remember and say "How beautiful was Asia! How handsome John Wilkes Booth!"

I met a man a few years ago, a Benedictine priest, who told of having known the colored man who was in the service of Edwin Booth at the time of Lincoln's assassination, and who told him of how he went to Booth's room the next morning, and informed him as best he could of what had happened and told him there was a mob of people in front of the hotel. I do not know of the correctness of his statement, but he said that Edwin Booth went to the window and talked to them, and they went away. But certainly the people were so beside themselves that he dared not venture on the street or go to his stricken mother in New York until he could go with less danger of being recognized, at night.

One of the most interesting visitors I have had was William J. Ferguson, who was on the stage that night of April 14th, 1865. A boy of fifteen, he was an understudy, and on that night took the part of a young actor who was sick. Just as he with Laura Keene were making their appearance from one end of the stage, he heard the shot and saw Booth leap from the box to the stage, hesitate an instant and run through the wings. It was Mr. Ferguson who rang down the curtain. Mr. Ferguson sat before the picture of John Wilkes Booth, whom he had known well, as he told me his story, with a face

so full of life and animation, a face so extremely interesting, it was hard to realize his eighty years.

Another most interesting visitor, and with what varying emotions she must have regarded the picture and the birthplace of John Wilkes Booth, was the granddaughter of Mrs. Surratt.

The Booths never came back to the farm to live. Its management was placed in the hands of the agent through whom we later bought it from Mrs. Booth, then living at Long Branch. It had been rented to other tenants, the Kings having gone back to the city shortly after the war. In 1867, Dr. Joseph Booth and Rosalie came and sold off the furniture and took away such things as they wanted to keep. Such pieces as I can find I am gathering and bringing back to the house. They had what remained of the bodies in the little graveyard removed to their lot in Old Baltimore Cemetery. There were only a few bones to be found, so that their dust, for the most part, still rests here, covered with the broken marble which had rested on their graves. The stone had been a large flat marble slab, but was broken to pieces, the story runs, by Junius Brutus Booth on an occasion when coming home one night in one of those strange frenzies, distracted over the loss of a child who had recently died, he took an axe and broke the stone to pieces. I only know that the broken slab was there, and the children of the family living on the place at the time the bodies were removed had pieced it together and read the inscription and dates of more than thirty years before. I am sorry I do not know the exact spot where the dust of the father and little children of Junius Brutus Booth lies, covered with the broken slab. One piece of stone which was overlooked in the burial I have used these many years as a door-stop.

There were some theatrical garments left in the house, moth eaten perhaps, but beautiful. I remember the dark rich cloth with buttons and trimmings of gold, a suit, dressed in which a son of the family who were living on the place at the time of the sale, came to our house on the Christmas Eve of 1869, as Santa Claus. I am sorry to say that later I saw the beautiful cloth of those garments being torn into strips and plaited into rugs by one of the thrifty but not sentimental occupants of the Booth place.

Their Burial Place

On the beautiful spring morning when I visited the Cemetery, I looked to find some trace of where John Wilkes' grave might be, either by mound or depression, but if there ever had been, all trace was removed when the lot was put in its present condition, under Edwin Booths' direction, sometime before his death. I learned later from Mr. Mears that he is buried at the back of the large monument. The lot is beautifully kept, the green turf like velvet and the rose bushes show the attention of a careful hand.

To me, knowing as much as I do of the lives of those who sleep there, it was in a pleasantly pensive mood that I passed those quiet hours, studying the inscriptions on the stones. The lot is easily found. Going in by the Greenmount Avenue entrance, a turn to the right on the first avenue to the south, and you come in a short time in view of the tall monument that stands in the centre of the lot, and on the north side which faces you is the one word "Booth." The base of the monument is granite, six feet high, from which rises a marble shaft about seven feet in height. On the south side is inscribed, "Junius Brutus Booth. Born May first, 1796." On the east side of the shaft is a fine medallion of Booth as a young man, encircled with a laurel wreath, and below on the same side is inscribed: "In the same grave with Junius Brutus is buried the body of Mary Ann his wife, who survived him 33 years." Directly below, in the middle of the east side of the lot is their grave, on which is a flat dark stone on which two white marble scrolls contain the following inscriptions:

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH
Born May 1, 1796
Died Nov. 30, 1852
MARY ANN BOOTH
Wife of J. B.
Born June 27, 1802
Died Oct. 22, 1885

and on the west side is inscribed:

"To the memory of the children of J. B. and Mary Ann Booth.
John Wilkes
Frederick
Elizabeth
Mary Ann
Henry Byron
Joseph Adrian."

Henry Byron is the dearly loved son who died in London, and is buried at Pentonville, "a Chapel ground nearby." Two of these were the children removed from the "little graveyard" here, and one I think died in some foreign land, for we have no account of him.

The grave of Rosalie Booth is at the northeast corner of the lot, and Mrs. Clark's at the southeast. Their gravestones are alike, each a flat stone of granite on which at the head, lying flat and diagonally of the stone, is a white marble cross and below on a marble scroll, on one the words: "Rosalie Booth, aged 65, died 1889." On the other: "In memory of Asia, wife of John S. Clark."

In the life of her father, the daughter says, after some discussion about names for a daughter, the father wrote to his wife: "Call the little one Asia, in remembrance of that country where God first walked with man." I think I never heard anyone who knew her mention her name without adding: "She was a beautiful woman." She died abroad, in a convent, and her body was sent home for burial. "She said she could not live in this country on account of the notoriety brought on the family by her brother."

At the northwest corner of the lot is the grave of Dr. Joseph Booth, 1840-1902, and in the extreme corner the tiny grave of Edwin, "son of Joseph and Cora Booth." Joseph's wife is not buried there.

Junius Brutus, the oldest son, lived and died in Boston. His grave is not in Greenmount.

But most interesting of all the graves to me was that of Richard Booth, father of Junius Brutus Booth. Lying in the middle of the north side of the lot between the graves of Rosalie and Joseph Booth, is that in memory of Richard, who was first

buried here, in the little graveyard, then in Old Baltimore, and finally in Greenmount. He should be remembered as the fiery young Republican who tried to come to this country to enlist in our cause for liberty. Mr. Mears had informed me that the inscription on the flat gray stone that covers his grave was translated at the direction of Edwin Booth, from an inscription in Hebrew which was on the stone brought from his grave in Old Baltimore Cemetery. Mr. Mears with some difficulty had it translated into Latin, and the first stone was put into the grave. (Strange that two stones with inscriptions to his memory should be themselves entombed!) But the present stone on his grave is very interesting. It is an oblong gray stone, with round corners, lying flat on the grave, and the inscription below a marble cross reads:

"Sacred to the memory of
RICHARD BOOTH
who died Dec. 29, 1839
aged 76

Then the inscription in Latin, which as nearly as I could decipher the worn letters, reads:

"Ex vita ita descedo tamquam ex hospito in fervam Reguum in elytissimi Ducis illiea ire ad Astra."

I wonder if a second translation changes it much from the original Hebrew:

"I give up this life in favor of the King. I am going unknown unto the stars."

The lot is large, and not half filled with graves, and the heads of the graves are all to the north.

I have heard it asked, "Why was Edwin Booth not buried at Greenmount with his family?" I think the reason is obvious. At the time of his wife's death, near Boston, where they were living, his family dead had not been moved to Greenmount. It was natural he should want his body to rest beside her who had been "the love and inspiration" of his life. As he wrote of her, "She was to me at once, wife, mother, sister, guide and

savior. . . . Two little tiny years, and the bright future is a dark and dismal past."

When Mr. Mears had finished putting the lot, inscriptions, etc., in order as directed by Edwin Booth, he went by appointment to meet him at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. After telling what he had done, he said hesitatingly, "Now all is done as you desired, but what about John Wilkes?" To which Edwin Booth threw up his hand and said, "Let that rest as it is."

Standing where Mrs. Booth lies buried in the grave with her husband I thought of how little we have ever heard of her. Mrs. Rogers, her friend and neighbor, used to speak fondly, admiringly of her. She must have been a woman of fine character and great ability to care for and almost alone rear her large family; and she had many sorrows; anxiety as to the condition of her husband, his coming perhaps in one of his strange moods. The birth of ten children and often alone with these babies. The death of two so near together, with the father absent, and later the death of her husband under such painful circumstances; and then when life should have been easier, with the loving care of her son Edwin and her devoted daughter, Rosalie, came the crushing blow of her life in the awful deed and ignominious death of her son; for quoting from Mrs. Aldrich: "John Wilkes was her idol, her youngest born, and whatever the world might find of him unlovely he was to her a most devoted son."

I recalled Mrs. Aldrich's account of those dreadful days when the mother and sister shut in from an angry world waited in agony and suspense and shame through those ten awful days. She says:

"On the morning after the tragedy we came to the sombre household within whose walls a mother and sister sat stricken and stunned with grief, like Rachel of old refusing to be comforted. . . . Then came the sound of a postman's whistle, and with a ring of the doorbell a letter was handed in to Mrs. Booth. It was from John Wilkes Booth, written in the afternoon before the tragedy. It was an affectionate letter, such as any mother would like to receive from her son, containing nothing of any particular moment, but ghastly to read now with the

thought of what the feelings of the man must have been who held the pen in writing it, knowing what overwhelming sorrow the next hours would bring and vaguely groping, by affectionate words, to bring to her whom he loved most, some alleviation, some ray of light in the darkness in which he was to envelop her.

On the day of his capture and death Mrs. Booth was called to her daughter, Mrs. Clark, who was alone and ill in Philadelphia. "On the moving train, surrounded by strangers, the poor mother sat alone in her misery, while everyone about her, unconscious of her presence, was reading and talking, with burning indignation, of her son, the assassin of the President. Before the train had reached its journey's end, Mrs. Booth, with wonderful fortitude and self-restraint, had read the pitiful story of her misguided boy's wanderings, capture and death, and alone in her wall of silence read: 'Tell my mother that I died for my country.'"

Standing among their graves I recalled a beautiful letter Edwin Booth wrote to his friend, William Winter. I copy it here from "Life and Art of Edwin Booth": "I cannot grieve at death. It seems to me the greatest boon the Almighty has granted us. This life is a temporary ill, to be soon cured by that dear old doctor Death, who gives us a life more healthful and enduring than all the physicians, temporal or spiritual, can give. When I last saw my dear mother alive she had just entered on her eighty-fourth year, after a battle of certainly sixty years of sorrow. Her face was seamed with wrinkles, in every one of which could be plainly seen the ravages of suffering. No one ever loved his parent dearer than I; and yet, for years, I prayed, silently, deeply, in my soul, for her release; and when it came, and I was hastily summoned to her death-bed, I found the weary old woman transformed into a most beautiful object—so beautiful that I would not have believed it to be my poor old mother's corpse, had I seen it by mere chance. The natural grief that possessed me, from the moment I was summoned until I raised the cloth from her dear face, ceased at once, and my soul said, 'God be thanked!' And I was happy in her happiness, which the good God revealed to me in the

exquisite loveliness of her dead features. . . . It is God's sign-manual of immortality."

That devoted son, who must have been the pride and comfort of his mother's life, sleeps far away from her beside the woman who was the love and inspiration of his life, but I am glad to know that close to his mother's grave lies the body of her deluded, wayward but much loved son, John Wilkes, and that before her death she knew where he rested.

A stained glass full length figure of Edwin Booth's wife, Mary Booth, with a dove clasped to her bosom occupies a window of a church in New Port.

One sees the result of Edwin Booth's loving thoughtfulness for his people in the beautifully cared for resting place he provided for them. One child is I think buried elsewhere, and I suppose the little grave of the boy who is buried at Pentonville, in "a chapel ground nearby" has long been neglected, but Edwin's grave is beautifully kept, a shrine to which pilgrimages will long be made; and near the graves of our beloved poets—Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes.

And so, quoting from Mrs. Hemans' beautiful poem, "The Graves of a Household":

> "Their graves are scattered far and wide,
> By mount, and stream and sea;
> And parted thus they rest, who played
> Beneath the same green tree."

I sit this spring morning looking out on the grounds once so familiar to those whose history has somehow grown deeply into my own life. I see the old locust trees, the immense sycamore, whose branches would now have met over the old log house, if it were standing, those of the cherry tree. The oriole has come; I hear his joyous song, as he and his mate flit back and forth, choosing a place to hang their nest on some far-reaching branch of the sycamore. The robins have already made their nests ,and are hopping in pairs about the lawn. The wren is singing wildly, while his mate finishes her nest-making in the house that has been her choice for many years. And the peewit is building in her old place over a window on the porch. The martins are welcoming each additional pair of arrivals to their colony in their cheerful fashion. But they who held this peace-

ful scene in such fond remembrance are gone, and I shall be glad if I have done a little to perpetuate kind memories of those who in the shelter of this quiet home played at tragedy, and later went out into the world to experience it in real life.

And may the memory of the patriotism of Richard Booth, the world-renowned genius of Junius Brutus, his son, and the undying memory of Edwin Booth, the brave in time of calamity, the gentle, good and lofty soul, who dignified the stage and is a source of undying pride to his native Maryland, cover with a mantle of charity the memory of the fanatical and misguided one who made the nation mourn.