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LINCOLN'S MURDERER.

THE TRAGEDY IN WHICH BOOTH WAS THE CONSPIRATOR.

Assassin's Old Shoe Sold for Five Dollars—His Wound Similar to That Which Killed the President.

Veteran Charles F. Lincoln, who holds a humble position in a New York down-town office, was quartermaster on the monitor Saugus, at the time that the body of John Wilkes Booth was on that vessel, and that others concerned in the assassination conspiracy were confined there. Mr. Lincoln, having had his attention called by the writer to the article by the late Seaton Munroe in the "North American Review," on Lincoln's murder, related some interesting incidents in connection with that national tragedy.

Mr. Munroe represents one of the witnesses, Mr. Dawson, a clerk in the National Hotel, as saying that "he had often seen on Booth's right hand, at the junction of the thumb and forefinger, the initials 'J. W. B.' in India ink." Mr. Lincoln says that he observed the body when it was being examined, and saw on the left forearm the letters, "J. W. Booth" in India ink. Mr. Lincoln is very positive as to this. Booth's injured leg, Mr. Lincoln says, was mortified up to the knee, and the doctors who performed the autopsy expressed the opinion that Booth could not have lived over five days longer, had he been left alone. On the foot of the injured leg was an army shoe. Quartermaster Lincoln noticing the shoe, after its removal from the foot, was about to kick it overboard, remarking at the same time: "There's Booth's shoe!" A citizen in the crowd that was gazing at the monitor heard the remark, and quickly exclaimed: "Is that Booth's shoe? If so, I'll give you five dollars for it." Quartermaster Lincoln

handed over the shoe and received the five dollars. He says that this was beyond doubt the genuine shoe. Other men on the Saugus, hearing of the price paid to the quartermaster for Booth's shoe, got hold of other similar shoes and disposed of them as Booth relieves.

LIKE LINCOLN'S WOUND.

Regarding the autopsy, Mr. Lincoln says that the doctors cut off Booth's head, and made the comment that the wound which caused his death was very similar to that which caused the death of President Lincoln. Booth's heart was uncommonly large. When Herold was being brought on board the Saugus he nearly fell into the water, and was saved from a watery grave by Mr. Lincoln, who gave him a timely push. Quartermaster Lincoln had to give up his own hammock to Payne, and afterward brought to Payne a naval uniform, requiring him to take off the clothes which he wore, and which bore bloody evidence of his crime. Mr. Lincoln's story of the disposition of Booth's body agrees with that told by Mr. Seaton Munroe. He adds that there cannot be the slightest doubt that the body on the Saugus was that of John Wilkes Booth.

In feature Mr. Lincoln bears a very distant but still noticeable resemblance to the martyred President. As the ex-quartermaster was born in North Carolina, a remote relationship is possible. Not long before the assassination President Lincoln drove down, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, to where the Saugus was moored. The captain of the Saugus, while conversing with the President, noticed his quartermaster nearby, and called the President's attention to him. President Lincoln asked the quartermaster whether he was any relation of his (the President). The quartermaster replied: "They all call you Uncle Abraham, Mr. President, so I suppose you are my uncle." President Lincoln smiled at the answer.
Henry Mann.

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WHY WILKES BOOTH WAS LED TO KILL LINCOLN

To the Editor of The Record: A day or two ago, during a conversation with several gentlemen on matters general, the motive that actuated Wilkes Booth in the killing of Pres. Lincoln came up, and I related the story as told by J. W. Forney in Philadelphia immediately after the close of the Civil war.

J. W. Forney was a democrat before the war, and in the winter of 1861 was secretary of the United States senate, and during the war was a close and intimate friend of Lincoln and was to be found in his company much.

Wilkes Booth had a Baltimore schoolmate who had been arrested as a spy, was tried, found guilty, and shot at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor. On the night immediately preceding the day on which Booth's friend was to be put to death, he, Booth, called on Mr. Forney at a very late hour of night and told the story. Forney suggested calling on Cong. Charles Foster, best remembered by the readers of 40 years ago as "Calico Charlie Foster," a man of large influence in the republican party's councils. Forney and Booth reached Mr. Foster's house at 1 a.m. or near that hour. The matter was gone over again, and Mr. Foster became interested enough to say that if Booth would present his case to Mr. Lincoln he would try and obtain an audience with Lincoln at that hour.

The three repaired to the White House, not far away, and, Mr. Foster's card being sent up, they were soon ushered into Mr.

Lincoln's chamber. Mr. Lincoln had simply thrown the bed-clothing from him and was sitting on the side of the bed when they entered the room.

Mr. Foster introduced the subject, gave reason for the untimely call, and then introduced Booth. Booth finished his remarkable and eloquent appeal kneeling by the side of Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln requested him to rise, and, placing his hand on his arm, told Booth that he would save his friend. But Mr. Lincoln in the greatness of his heart had counted without his host, for Stanton, head of the war department, with his inexorable mind, would not listen to Pres. Lincoln's appeal, but told Mr. Lincoln that the country demanded this man's life as an example; that the people throughout the country, especially in Maryland and Pennsylvania, were tired of the weakness shown by the government in such cases, etc., and Booth's boyhood friend was shot at sunrise.

Forney's article ended with a graphic word-picture of that remarkable scene in Mr. Lincoln's chamber—Lincoln sitting on the bed in dishabille, Booth on his knees with his hands raised in appeal, a scene which, no doubt, he had enacted hundreds of times before to admiring audiences, and Mr. Foster of large stature, head bowed, visibly affected. It was no doubt an occasion never to be forgotten by the participants, and it is a pity that the scene was not suggested to some one who would have handed it down to us on canvas.

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