

April 12, 1914



Mrs.  
L. A. Howard,  
Who  
Claims  
That Booth  
Escaped  
and Was  
Her  
Father.

My mother was a widow at the time of her marriage to my father. She remained true to his memory to the last. Whatever he may have told her of his previous history was buried with her when she died. She told me upon her death bed that he was the man accused of the assassination of the President.

Of how he managed to escape after that terrible night in Washington and of why he chose the Tennessee hills as a hiding place I do not know. That he did so escape seems borne out by the evidence I hold in my possession. If that be true, then I am certainly his daughter. If the Oklahoma hermit and J. Wilkes Booth are one and the same, then I am the heiress of the former.

But above all other considerations I wish to clear the matter up because of its historical importance, and its importance to me as an individual. I want to know who my father was. He came into Tennessee, wooed and won and married my mother, and then deserted her. I cannot believe that he left her of his own volition. She was not the kind of woman that a man would want to leave.

There must have been a strong outside influence that prompted him to the desertion of his family. To my mind it must have been the ever-present fear that the authorities were after him. This fear made him a wanderer over the face of the earth until, in desperation, he ended his own life in the Oklahoma town.

I shall never rest until this matter has been definitely settled.

The North American,  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
October 27, 1915.

PROCLAMATION SIGNED BY  
LINCOLN IS SOLD FOR \$515  
One of Lot Which Emancipator  
Prepared for Philadel-  
phia Fair

Special Dispatch to The North American  
NEW YORK, Oct. 26.  
In the second day's sale of the Lincoln collection of the John E. Burton library in the Anderson galleries, the best price obtained was \$515, paid by George D. Smith for a copy of emancipation proclamation signed by Lincoln and Seward, accompanied by a letter in regard to the document written by John Hay.  
The proclamation, No. 396 in the catalog, was one of fifty signed by Lincoln and intended to be sold at the sanitary fair in Philadelphia in 1864. The John Hay letter was No. 484.  
Mr. Smith paid \$92.50 for No. 359, "The Bloody Junco," by Captain R. H. Crozier, being an account of the escape of John Wilkes Booth; \$65 for No. 493, a Lincoln memorial address, by Charles M. Ellis; \$27 for No. 494, an emancipation proclamation issued by the secretary of state; and \$22 for No. 495, letters written in reply to Lincoln's letter upon emancipation.  
The total for the session was \$1447.35 and for the sale to date \$3781.40.

named J. W. Booth. The certificate of his marriage to my mother proves that. From what people in Tennessee who knew my father tell me, there is every indication that he was a man of parts. His familiarity with Shakespeare strengthens the belief that he was also familiar with the stage.  
There has always been some doubt as to whether the body identified as that of Booth by the Federal soldiers was in reality the body of the actor. There is every reason to believe that Booth may have escaped into the South. The Federal soldiers would have been likely to palm off an alien body as that of Booth in order not to lose the reward that had been offered for him.

My mother often told me that I was the daughter of the man accused of the assassination of President Lincoln. My father deserted my mother several months after their marriage—of course, before I was born. This fact, to my mind, is still further evidence that my father was Booth. My mother always believed that her husband had received sudden information that made him apprehensive of arrest on a charge of responsibility for the death of the President. My mother never heard of my father again after he left her. She was always reticent about discussing my father. I believe that my father confided his identity to her prior to their marriage, and that she always respected his confidence.

My attention was attracted to the Oklahoma suicide by a report in a newspaper that because of his familiarity with the classical dramas he was suspected of being the actor-assassin, even before his confession was found after his death. I have corresponded with a number of people in Oklahoma who knew the recluse, and the statements of all of these have borne out the theory that he may have been Booth. The likeness between the pictures of the two men is most striking. I have also been told that I bear a striking resemblance to both of them. To my mind my case is complete, but it is very hard to break down a theory that has passed into history.

I have much documentary evidence to substantiate my claims. The marriage license issued to Louisa J. Payne and J. W. Booth speaks for itself. That the marriage was celebrated is attested by court records. There could hardly have been two J. W. Booths. That my father came into the Tennessee mountains a stranger shortly after the assassination of the President is established. His signature upon the Franklin County Court records is similar in every detail to authentic signatures of Booth. The signature of the Oklahoma suicide to his confession, a copy of which I have, is also the Booth signature. My theory will bear close scrutiny at every point. It would almost stand the test of a court of law.

## Woman's Dream of Lincoln

Saw Him Killed in Vision—  
Friends Would Not Let  
Her Warn Him.

Special Correspondence of "The Record."

Baker, Ore., April 11.  
APRIL 14 would not be a day of sorrow in this country had men only listened to what they called "merely a woman's dream" in the firm opinion of Marian Augusta Baldwin, who is nearing her eighty-fifth birthday anniversary in this city. Had they only followed the guidance of this dream President Lincoln might have been warned of the fate that was meted to him in Ford's theatre, April 14, 1865, and cast the country into gloom, has been the contention of this venerable woman for 49 years, especially as each anniversary of that fatal night appears.

Those who have heard of her vision agree with her that it might have averted a crime and a catastrophe had it been heeded and she been permitted to go to Washington to warn Lincoln or had men obeyed her urgings to tell him when they would not let her make the trip. That her dream was a remarkable one in its fidelity to the scene that followed months afterward all will agree after reading her account given first time. One striking feature is that Mrs. Baldwin had never been in a theatre when she saw in her vision the entire scene as it was enacted in Ford's theatre. That her first visit to the theatre was on the night that Lincoln was shot makes her story even more remarkable. On that night she saw Fanny Davenport play the part of Charlotte Corday at a Chicago theatre.

It was in the fall of 1863 that she had her dream. Mrs. Baldwin is now living with her son Charles and daughter Carrie in Baker, Oregon. Here is the story, as penned by Mrs. Baldwin, of the dream that might have averted the tragic termination of the life of America's most beloved leader:

MY DREAM FORECASTING LINCOLN'S DEATH.

By Marian Augusta Baldwin.  
As a young girl I was an ardent politician. I became a strong partisan of Lincoln, and deeply felt his defeat in his contest with Douglas for Senator, but had faith in his idea that they would meet in a wider field, where the results would be different. Then as time passed Lincoln became President, and the terrible civil war drew to its close when this strange dream came to me.

In the dream I saw myself in a crowded place in a gallery, and in the open space before me were many people. Then appeared the President. I saw him as he walked up the gallery and took his seat. I turned to look at something on a stage between the galleries (I had never been in an opera house or theatre). A short time passed and then a man appeared as if from the entrance, walking up the gallery toward the President, a man of medium weight, well dressed and in appearance a gentleman; then I saw him draw a revolver, step close to the President's box and take deliberate aim at him; then in some incon-



Saw Lincoln Shot in Dream

The small picture shows Mrs. Baldwin as she looked at the time she had a vision in which she saw Lincoln shot. The large picture shows her as she is now at her home at Baker, Oregon.

ceivable way my hand stretched out and caught his arm, and the ball from the pistol sped on its way harmless. Then I awoke trembling with the terrible fright and scarcely able to realize that I was in my own bed at home.

Tries to Interest Friends.

There was no more sleep for me that night; I felt it to be a warning and resolved to do all I could to prevent the crime that I was sure was being planned. I tried to interest different men, one a personal friend of mine, Mr. Elmer Baldwin, who had been in the Legislature with Mr. Lincoln, and William H. Herndon, a warm personal friend of the President for years, and others. But no one would hear my words, my entreaties; it was only a woman's dream and they even laughed at the idea of going to Washington or sending to have a special guard for such an occasion appointed. But I could not forget, and it was only after the President's return from Richmond that I began to feel that it might, after all, be only a dream and that all might be well.

Months passed and I had gone to Chicago to live. The never-to-be-forgotten day, the 14th of April. Fanny Davenport, then in the full tide of her

success, was to appear in her well-known role, "Charlotte Corday," in a Chicago theatre. I had never been in a theatre nor seen the performance of a play, but I finally decided to go.

"Charlotte Corday" was to me a heroine of high order, giving her life to save her country from the rule of an incarnate fiend. I was not carried away by the play; it was simply acting, but when she drew the dagger and disappeared for a moment behind the curtain to reappear, holding it out dripping with blood, it seemed to me I was struck. I saw or knew little of what followed. My only thought was, "Someone has been struck down tonight; now, just now, who can it be?" Strange I did not think at first of the President, but of Secretary Stanton, Seward or General Grant. I went home, but I could not sleep. In the early morning I fell into a troubled doze, from which I was startled by the cry on the streets, "President Lincoln has been shot; Secretary Seward and others killed." Then I understood; it was a warning, that dreadful dream.