

N.C. Newman

Linton, Indiana.  
June 27, 1921.

My name is N.C. Newman, same being Nathaniel Charles Newman. Was born near Henderson, Ky., November 1, 1857, and left there when I was a young child, and was taken by my parents to Friendsville, Ill., and stayed there until I was a few years old, and we then moved on the old Raccoon Creek, where my father owned and run the old grist mill and sawmill combined, and this is where John Wilkes Booth visited our home. He came, as I now recollect, on Sunday evening or night, and left the last part of the same week. When Booth and my father and Ed Walker got on horses and left. My father was gone for several days and I never knew where he went. The next time I saw John Wilkes Booth it appears to me like it was in January, but I am not positive, but am sure it was in cold weather, and what makes me recollect it so well was that Tau Cyle LaBelle had a mortgage on our place in the amount of \$500.00, which was due and he was going to sell it, and my mother was down-hearted, and Booth told her to revive up, that there was always hopes as long as there was life. So before Booth left he gave her \$500.00 and Mother got on a horse the next morning and went and paid the mortgage off, and I had that mortgage in my possession until my house burned down here in Linton, and my house burned four years ago. And the last time I recollect seeing Booth, until one morning I think a year or so after he first came to our house, when he and Lize Higgins and Bill Epperson came to our house and sat out in an old express wagon, Epperson, Booth and Higgins, and my father took their pictures, (he could take pictures). The first time that Booth came to our house was in May, 1865, or only a short while after we had heard that Booth had killed President Lincoln. I am first cousin to John Wilkes Booth, my mother and his mother were sisters. Booth was all in the first time he came to our house from long travel on horseback, and suffering greatly with his broken right foot and ankle, his foot and leg was badly swollen to above the knee, full of fever and a bad lump at the ball of the foot and big toe, and Mother put hot cloths on it all night and continued to treat it until he left. One evening while Booth was there he told me that if I would get on a horse and go to the distillery and bring back a demijohn full of whisky, that he would give me a present. This distillery was just about two and a half miles up above us, on a clay bank. I went and brought back the whisky and the next morning he gave me a five dollar bill, and I went to Friendsville and bought me a new pair of red top boots, the first I had ever had, and the next Sunday morning I put on my tow linen shirt that my Mother had made for me, and the new boots, and went to Sunday School and every time a bit of dust would get on the boots I would take my handkerchief and clean it off. The above picture that was taken of John Wilkes Booth and others, by my Father, was taken when I was about nine years old. My mother had the picture of Booth in this group enlarged, which is now in the possession of my sister in Allensville, Ill., this picture having been enlarged about the year 1876. I recognized the body of John Wilkes Booth while it was in a mummy condition while here in this city on exhibition, from

its likeness to his pictures taken in life, and could not fail to recognize it by his broken right foot that I so often saw my Mother dress. But I am satisfied as sure as I am now alive that the body I saw in this city on exhibition during the month of June 1921, was the body of my cousin, John Wilkes Booth. I positively know that John Wilkes Booth was not murdered, because I saw him many different times, as I herein state, beginning shortly after the assassination and shortly after Booth was supposed to have been killed, at the times, places and under the circumstances as I have above herein stated. When he left our house the last time my Father, Bill Epperson and Lize Higgins all left with him, and my Father was gone for several days, Father left word by my mother that if any one asked any of us where he had gone to tell them that he had gone to the Buchanan settlement to a political meeting. My father, Nathaniel Foster Newman, organized and was the President of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and at the time of the Olney raid was when the Republicans tore up the Democratic Press, and my father got 700 men and went there and surrounded the town and they gave them 24 hours to put the Press back in perfect repair, or they would destroy the town and the Press was then made as good as new.

Then old Waddy Buchanan and about 80 men came to our house and asked for my Father to capture him. My Father and three other men hid in the willows on the creek and Waddy Buchanan went up to the house and asked my Mother where Father was, and she told him he was up in the Buchanan Settlement at a political meeting, and old Waddy Buchanan said to the other men - "Com on, boys, we will get old Fos Newman." Then my Father went and gathered his men and went to meet them and before they came together the old men of the county got old Waddy Buchanan to disband and leave, and that stopped the trouble.

John Wilkes Booth's mother's name was Mary Ellen, and her maiden name was Mary Ellen Martindale, and my Mother's name was Elizabeth Reed, half sister of my aunt, John Wilkes Booth's mother, being Mary Ellen Booth, wife of Junius Brutus Booth, my uncle by marriage. My father was a strong Democrat. Old Anthony Chevelet and two other men came past our shop and got in a fuss with my father and called him a "Secesh" and a "Southern sympathizer." My father got his gun and made them leave, but they renewed the fuss that night, but no one was hurt. Booth was lame, of course, with his broken foot, his right broken foot being a little slued. I know that when Booth would take cold or talk too much, he would get awfully hoarse, and he taught me the best remedy for hoarseness I have ever used, consisting of grease fried from smoked hog bacon, in combination with soda and salt, made into a gargle for the throat. I remember amusing Booth by tolling our old pacing sow with corn which I would run and drop after me, passing around a pile of saw logs at the mill, which amused him greatly, as he watched the sow in her peculiar running pace.

The statements I have made above were kept fresh in my memory from childhood by conversations concerning them with members of my family, which was the one incident of interest in the life of our family, and it is as clear to my memory now as if it had happened only a few years past.

(SIGNED) N.C. Newman

STATE OF INDIANA )  
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COUNTY OF GREEN )

Before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for the said County and State, personally appeared Nathaniel Charles Newman, who on oath acknowledged the execution of the above and foregoing statement or narrative, and says that the same is true in substance and in fact.

Witness my hand and notarial seal, this the 27th day of June 1921.

(SEAL)

(SIGNED) Emma Pearce  
Notary Public.

My commission expires 12-4-22