

SEPTEMBER 22, 1895

Booby Journal.  
**HE WAS AT FORD'S**

**The Night When President Lincoln  
Was Assassinated by John  
Wilkes Booth.**

For 30 years Capt. Silas Owen has carried in a little envelope, securely hidden in his pocketbook, a square piece of cardboard, on which are these words:

FORD'S.  
FRIDAY.  
Orchestra.  
Section B.  
Seat 173.

It is the coupon of the ticket which Capt. Owen used at Ford's Theatre on the night that Lincoln was murdered, says the New York Tribune. The Captain was then the commanding officer of the United States ship Primrose, and he and his master's mate, William R. Flood, had gone to the theatre especially, because it was understood the President would be present, and Owen had taken seats that would be directly in the line of vision with the Presidential box. He cherishes the memento warmly, and frequently talks to his friends about that awful and impressive incident. He is a Trustee of Round Lake, and in one of his recent official visits there he gave an interesting reminiscence of it.

"Flood," said he, "was the first man to reach the President's side, and I was the second. The firing of the shot hardly gave us any idea of the awful deed that it indicated. Booth clattered down the side of the box and crossed the stage, and even then we could comprehend nothing of the awful nature of the catastrophe until Mrs. Lincoln leaned over the edge of the box, wringing her hands, and, with a face of terror and amazement that will never be erased from my memory, called aloud: 'They have shot pa!' I remember the homely phrasing so well.

"That was enough. Flood was out of his seat as if he had been shot from a mortar. He jumped over the head of the leader and climbed into the box before the rest of the audience seemed even yet to comprehend it. To shoot the President seemed, even in all the horrors of the long war, to be something too incredible. I followed Flood and was second at the side of the dying man. Flood found him still sitting in his chair, but with his head resting on his breast, and he gently lowered him to the floor. There was no sign of any wound and no flow of blood, and we believed that there was no disaster until while Flood held his head in his lap he felt the soft trickling of matter. It was not blood. He showed it to me and we knew that the dreadful deed was complete. It was the pure white matter of the brain.

"I see it stated that they show people the dress of Laura Keene at the tomb, all dabbled with the President's blood. If this is so it is a mistake, for Mrs. Keene was not at the President's side that night, to my knowledge. The blood was shed most likely by Booth's knife, for the assassin made a stroke at her with it. And that calls for another correction. It has frequently been told how Booth strode majestically

and tragically across the stage and, with a flourish of a dagger, cried, 'Sic semper tyrannis!' As a matter of fact he did not stride majestically at all. He pulled one one foot after the other very slowly, for he had fallen as he jumped, his foot being caught in the folds of the American flag which enveloped the lower edge of the stage, and sprained his ankle, and his stride was a most painful process. At the side of the stage, just between the curtain, which was down, and the edge of the proscenium box, stood Mrs. Keene, who had been there some time. She was not in front receiving the applause of a recall, as has also been stated, nor was Harry Hawk with her. Booth dragged himself up to her, and she seemed to comprehend ahead of the rest of us what had happened, for she put her hands out toward him and said: 'What have you done, John?' He then made a thrust at her with his dagger and seemed to rip the sleeve of her dress, and he probably wounded her in the arm, for it was a savage blow. It was then that he uttered the cry: 'Sic semper tyrannis'—that incredible parody and mockery of the noble Roman's utterance.

"The memory of that great event," said the Captain, "will remain vividly with me forever, as it remains now, over 30 years after it happened."

Saracuse N.Y. Post,  
July 6, 1896.

**SAW LINCOLN SHOT.**

**O. C. Reynolds of This City Was in Ford's  
Theater on the Night of Booth's Act.**

It is not generally known that an eye-witness of the assassination of President Lincoln in Ford's Theater in Washington at present resides in Syracuse. O. C. Reynolds of No. 922 Bellevue avenue was present at the theater on the night when Booth committed the rash act and saw the whole affair.

Mr. Reynolds was a member of the One Hundred and Tenth Regiment. During service in the South he became afflicted with malaria, which necessitated his entering the Marine Hospital, located in a suburb of New Orleans. He remained there until the spring of 1865, when he went to Washington to take a Government position. He arrived in the capital city on April 5, going to work in the Armory Square Hospital. This hospital was composed of a number of small buildings located about the armory, intended for the reception of wounded and sick soldiers. In speaking of this to a Post reporter yesterday, Mr. Reynolds stated that this hospital was filled with some of the worst cases that ever were taken to any such place.

It was during Mr. Reynolds' connection with the hospital that Lincoln was killed. "I heard him make his last public speech," said the veteran soldier, "at the White House on April 9, 1865. A cousin of mine, W. J. Reynolds, who is now keeping hotel at Jackson, Mich., was with me at the time and went with me to the theater. It was advertised a couple of days in advance that Lincoln and many of the other prominent men of the country would attend the opera, so my cousin and I went beforehand and procured good seats. Lincoln's seat was in a box on the right hand side, the box as well as the rest of the house being decorated with American flags. The seats we selected were diagonally across from the President's box.

"The play of the evening was 'Our American Cousins,' played by Laura Keene's company. As the President arrived one of the members of the play, personating an English dude, was telling why the dog wags its tail, and knowing that Lincoln was fond of a joke the play was stopped until he had taken his seat. Then the dude commenced his story again, taking a long time to say that the reason was because the tail could not wag the dog. With Lincoln was his wife, Major Rathbun and Miss Harris.

"The play was not nearly completed when Booth deliberately shot the President. He could have been caught by any of the officers, but every person thought at first that this act was a part of the play. As Booth jumped from the box he was caught by Major Rathbun, who received a wound in the arm from the assassin's knife. Everyone was so excited that no one moved until Laura Keene walked around and, stooping down, took the head of the President in her lap. Mrs. Lincoln was excited and crying. No one seemed to know what to do. The people were so wild that they pulled up the chairs in the theater to make way. One writer states that Lincoln's wound did not bleed, but I contradict that. Laura Keene's dress was covered with blood and she was afterward offered \$10,000 for it. The President was carried to a house across the street, remaining there until morning, when he was removed to the White House. The city was in the greatest excitement. They had to get out the mounted police to preserve order. Nobody slept that night in the city.

"Lincoln's body lay in state at the White House for one day and the next day at the Capitol. The first day I stayed in the ranks for three hours, waiting for my turn to see the body, and then gave it up, and on the second day we went up in sets through the rain to the Capitol."