

John St. Helen as John Wilkes Booth

Story of the Saloonkeeper of Hood County, Texas—Fifth Article

By F. L. BLACK

WAS John Wilkes Booth shot in the Garrett barn or was it someone else? Before dealing with the proofs of identification, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will give its findings with reference to the claims that the trinity, John St. Helen, of Texas, David George, of Oklahoma, and John Wilkes Booth, of Maryland, were one and the same man.

John St. Helen, of Granbury, Hood County, Texas, claimed that he was John Wilkes Booth. This, according to Finis L. Bates, to whom he made the alleged confession, occurred sometime between 1872 and 1878, while Mr. Bates was a "lawyer yet in his teens."

In January, 1921, a representative of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT had interviews with all persons in Granbury and Glenrose, Texas, who had been there in 1872-1878 or knew anything about John St. Helen, and their sworn statements were taken.

Mr. Bates states that this man St. Helen was one of his first clients and that he ran a saloon at Glenrose Mills, a few miles south of Granbury. Mr. Bates describes a trip to Glenrose made by him as "the orator of the day," with "General J. M. Taylor," at the invitation of St. Helen, for a Fourth of July celebration. (General Taylor, upon investigation, was found to have been an old soldier, who had never risen above the rank of private.)

Bates describes St. Helen as speaking at this meeting in a "full, clear voice," and using "choice and eloquent language." In a later description of St. Helen's voice, Bates says, "All this time his (St. Helen's) breath came hard, almost to a wheeze, superinduced by excitement, or what seemed to be a disease, possibly produced by exposure and bordering upon a bronchial or an asthmatic affliction of the throat and chest."

The history of Hood County says: "St. Helen had a serious impediment in his speech, caused from asthma, so he could rarely speak above a whisper."

D. L. Nutt, who with his brother figured largely in the affairs of Hood County, says that St. Helen had something wrong with his throat, which made him hoarse and wheezy. George M. Wright, also of Granbury, said that "St. Helen wheezed continuously. This wheeze was especially noticeable when he got a little excited."

St. Helen moved his business, about the year 1873, from Glenrose to Granbury and it is upon this point that Mr. Bates takes occasion to plant the suggestion that St. Helen received remittances from some mysterious source: "St. Helen's business did not seem to be a matter of necessity with him, as he at all times appeared to have more money than was warranted by his stock in trade, and he apparently took little interest in it and trusted at all times the waiting on of customers to his Negro or Mexican porter, while he was, in fact, a man of leisure, spending most of his time after his removal to Granbury in my office, reading and entertaining me after business hours, and in our idle moments in many other ways, but his favorite occupation was reading Shakespeare's plays, or rather reciting them as he alone could do."

W. W. Snyder, the man from whom St. Helen purchased the Glenrose saloon, states that the purchase price was one hundred and fifty dollars. D. L. Nutt who, according to old Granbury residents, was one of St. Helen's friends, states that "at no time did St. Helen ever have more money than he could have made in his business."

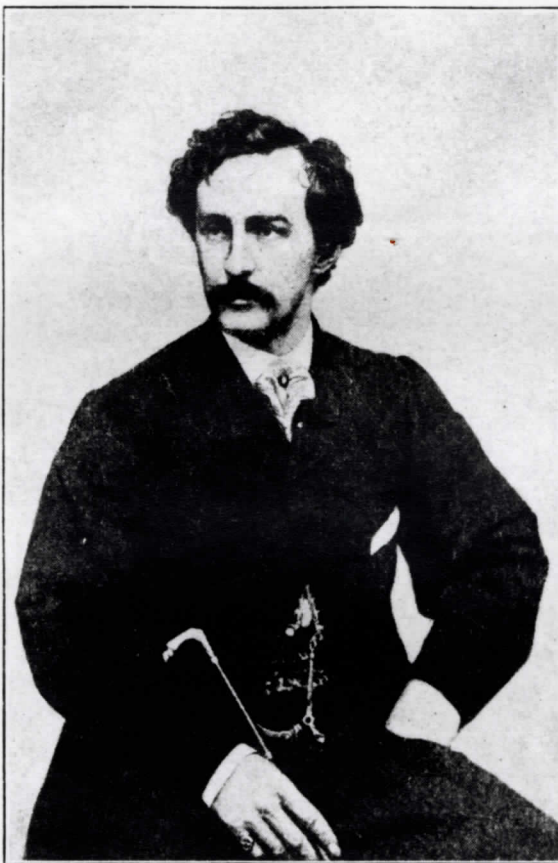
A. W. Crockett, who worked on the local newspaper, in which St. Helen carried an ad for his saloon, The Black Hawk, said that St. Helen never had any special amount of money and could not have received remittances from outside sources without its becoming known.

Captain J. H. Doyle, a resident of Granbury since 1870, who was in the merchandise business at the time, said that he "never knew or heard of St. Helen having more than an ordinary amount of money."

The theory is, of course, that if Booth were alive and a fugitive, his family or accomplices would be secretly supplying him with funds. Considerable emphasis was placed on these "mysterious remittances" by Mr. Bates, and every possible clue was run down in a vain effort to substantiate his claim. What is said with regard to St. Helen's remittances will serve all later phases of the Booth myth as well.

Mr. Bates, in conversations with the writer, indicated a number of leads that he claimed would prove that the family of John Wilkes Booth was making regular remittances to him as John St. Helen and later as David George. These were all carefully checked. One story will be sufficient to show how easily "delusion" may become "fact."

A man in Missouri had read a copy of the Bates book and thinking he had discovered the destination of funds secretly disposed of by his wife, whose grandfather's name had been Booth, called on Mr. Bates in Memphis. According to Mr. Bates this man suspected that his wife's money was being sent to a brother in Wisconsin, who he claimed was a cousin of John Wilkes Booth



JOHN WILKES BOOTH, above. The tintype of John St. Helen at the left, badly defaced by having been broken, which Bates claims was given him in Granbury, Texas, at the time St. Helen "confessed" he was John Wilkes Booth.



and acting as fiscal agent for the Booth family under the name of George E. Smith—the "mysterious Mr. Smith" whom we later discuss. The coincidence in family names was proof conclusive to the man from Missouri and Bates that they were on the right track. The writer was told by Bates that there had been frequent conferences between the alleged Wisconsin cousin and Edwin Booth.

The Missouri man was interviewed in his home town. The story he told the writer did not agree in many details with that reported by Mr. Bates, who had claimed that the Missourian had documentary evidence to support his story, which was denied by this party at our interview. A thorough investigation made at the home of the alleged Wisconsin cousin showed absolutely no connection between his Booth family

and that of John Wilkes and his only personal knowledge of Edwin Booth had been across the footlights as a spectator in a Chicago theater.

Mr. Bates asserts that St. Helen continually recited Shakespeare in his saloon and at public entertainments, read theatrical papers and talked about the stage. Was a man "kind in disposition, careless of self, thoughtful of others, leading his own life in soliloquy, reveling in the thoughts of the master minds of the past, was modest, unobtrusive, and congenial, ever pleasant in association with me. He was a social favorite with all with whom he came in contact yet, he was rather a social autocrat than a social democrat. Except for a select few he held all men to the strictest social etiquette, repelling all undue familiarity, refusing all overtures of social equality with even those of the better middle classes of men, but it was done in such a gentle and respectful way that no affront was taken—if such it could be called—it was more pleasant than otherwise, leaving the impression that he would be delighted to be on the most intimate terms with the other, but, as there is nothing in common between us more than a respectful speaking relation, it is an impossibility. And thus he made friends while he drew the social lines and pressed home a consciousness of his own superiority as an entertainer.

"The hours of our social life were pleasantly spent, not by riotous living, but by amusing games of cards, recitations and readings by St. Helen, which were always a great treat, and which he himself seemed to enjoy, as did his friends.

"St. Helen often admitted that in his younger days he sometimes drank to excess of strong whiskies, wines, and so forth, as also decoctions of brandy and cordials, but

during our associations I never knew of his taking strong drink of any character, nor did he use tobacco in any form, and in the absence of these habits and tastes we were entirely congenial, as I myself had never cultivated appetites of this character. We were also lovers of literature of the same class, as well as music and the fine arts, and matters pertaining to the stage. We enjoyed the gossip of the stage, and the people of the stage came in for a large share of our attention, especially St. Helen's, who talked much of what he called the old and the new school of acting, with which I became conversant, which greatly pleased St. Helen, who frequently made reference to me as his trained associate, while he would explain that men became congenial by constant association linked together by the common mother, kindred thoughts, the offspring of blended characters."

A. P. Gordon, who came to Hood County in 1871 and who claims that St. Helen worked for him about a year before going into business for himself, does not agree with Mr. Bates' description. He states that "St. Helen kept away from public meetings and crowds, and never to my knowledge took part in any plays or entertainments. He never got dramatic unless warmed up with whisky. He was inclined to quote poetry both when sober and drunk, but I never saw him read any book or have any in his possession. He was considered a very wicked man and always went around with a pistol and knife. I do not remember that St. Helen and Finis Bates were ever intimately acquainted, and do not think it could have been possible, due to their difference in age and character. Bates was just a young green kid and St. Helen was a hardened man of the world of at least forty. St. Helen did not room here at Granbury in his saloon at night unless gambling all night, which he often did. Occasionally he slept outside, back of his saloon in a wagon, and claimed that he could breathe better when in the open."

Frank Gaston, editor Granbury News, said: "I was in Granbury during the time St. Helen was here. I was in his saloon several times, and once or twice I was also in his place at Glenrose. St. Helen was a typical saloon desperado. He had a quick eye and sometimes his eyes were rather wild looking. No one around here at that time thought St. Helen so strange and different, but, of course, many after they heard that he might be John Wilkes Booth thought him quite different."

George W. Wright, another resident, said: "I knew St. Helen quite well while he was here in Granbury. While I remember him quoting poetry, I do not remember of him ever making fine speeches; this would have been impossible anyway on account of his throat."

D. L. Nutt declared that: "He (St. Helen) was particularly a good friend of John Reed, who made most of his living by gambling. I've heard A. S. McCamant, county clerk at the time, say many times: 'St. Helen and Reed are rascals.' St. Helen drank a lot and was awfully drunk several times and could hardly get around. He and Bill McDonald were close friends; in fact, I think it was McDonald who brought St. Helen to Granbury in the first place. McDonald was a drinking and fighting man who got drunk frequently and was quite handy with the knife and cut John Green up pretty badly. St. Helen once started a fight in my place of business with a half-breed Indian by the name of Selvidge. St. Helen came in half-drunk and in a violent and vicious mood. Just how the fight started, I do not know, but the first thing I saw was Selvidge on the floor with 'Saint' on top of him. Bill McDonald was in the saloon and ran up with a knife to aid St. Helen. I grabbed Bill and pushed him out through the front door. When I turned I saw St. Helen going out the back door and found Selvidge back of the counter with a bloody knife. He had cut St. Helen across the back of the neck, opening the muscles, which left a bad scar." This story is also told in the history of Hood County.

Mr. Bates' descriptions of John St. Helen, when read to Granbury people who knew him, greatly amused them.

Next follows the alleged confession which, according to Bates, was made to him during a serious illness in which St. Helen thought he would die. This "confession" is quoted by Mr. Bates from memory more than thirty years after its alleged date, and after he had read the current story of the assassination. Mr. Bates says he did not believe the "confession" at the time, and, therefore, did not take notes.

According to Mr. Bates, it began by St. Helen saying: "I am dying. My name is John Wilkes Booth and I am the assassin of President Lincoln. Get a picture of myself from under the pillow. I leave it with you for my future identification. Notify my brother, Edwin Booth, of New York City."

Then followed a recital of the Booth family history, which was of previous general newspaper knowledge. The instigator of the crime is then claimed in the "confession" to have been Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President, who desired the Presidency and played upon the southern sympathies of John Wilkes Booth to execute his purpose. The St. Helen "confession" goes on to say that preparatory to an attempt to kidnap Lincoln, "David E. Herold [the conspirator captured with Booth] and I left Washington, D. C., to a point near Richmond. Returning, we stopped the night of the 13th day of April, 1865, at the old Surrattville tavern, ten miles south of Washington." [This was the night before the assassination.]

The testimony of C. D. Hess, manager of Grover's Theater, Washington, shows that Booth spent some time in the theater that afternoon. The "confession" and the known facts are impossible to reconcile on this point.

The "confession" declared that on the morning of the fourteenth Booth and Herold in their attempt to enter Washington were stopped by Federal troops at the East Potomac bridge and held there until 2 o'clock in the

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afternoon; "where we made satisfactory explanations and were permitted to enter the city and went straight to the Kirkwood Hotel arriving about 3 o'clock."

The fact is that Booth had his hair trimmed in Washington about 9 a. m. that day by Charles Wood, barber. At 11:30 to 12:30 a. m. he called at Ford's Theater for his mail and was seen by H. Clay Ford, Thomas J. Raybold, James J. Gifford, Louis J. Carland and James W. Pumphry. At 12:30 he was seen at the corner of Tenth and E streets by James R. Ford. Soon after 2:30 p. m. he was seen at Mrs. Surratt's home on H street, between Sixth and Seventh, by Louis J. Weichman and Miss Anna E. Surratt; between 2:00 and 3:00 p. m. he was seen at the back door of Ford's Theater by Mary Jane Anderson; between 2:00 and 4:00 p. m. he was seen near the theater by James R. Ferguson; and at 4:00 p. m. on Pennsylvania Avenue by John Matthews. John Wilkes Booth is thus quite definitely accounted for, and St. Helen's "confession" so far does not agree with the evidence.

Then the "confession" describes a call on Vice-President Johnson at 3 o'clock at the Kirkwood Hotel, and his declaration to Johnson of an intention to abandon further attempts to kidnap Lincoln:

"When Vice-President Johnson turned to me and said, in an excited voice and apparent anger: 'Will you falter at this supreme moment?' I could not understand his meaning, and stood silent, when with pale face, fixed eyes and quivering lips, Mr. Johnson asked of me: 'Are you too faint-hearted to kill him?' As God is my judge, this was the first suggestion of the dastardly deed of the taking of the life of President Lincoln, and came as a shock to me. While for the moment I waited and then said: 'To kill the President is certain death to me,' and I explained to Vice-President Johnson that I had just been arrested by the guard as I was coming into the city over the East Potomac bridge that morning, and that it would be absolutely impossible for me to escape through the military line, should I do as he suggested, as this line of protection completely surrounded the city. Replying to this Mr. Johnson said: 'General and Mrs. U. S. Grant are in the city, the guests of President Lincoln and family, and from the evening papers I have learned that President Lincoln and wife will entertain General and Mrs. Grant at a box party to be given in their honor by the President and Mrs. Lincoln at Ford's Theater this evening.'

"At my suggestion Vice-President Johnson assured me that he would so arrange, and see to it himself, that General and Mrs. Grant would not attend the theater that evening with the President and his family, and would also arrange for my certain escape. I replied: 'Under these conditions and assurances I will dare strike the blow for the helpless, vanquished Southland, whose people I love.' Mr. Johnson left the room and after a little more than an hour returned, saying that it had been arranged as he had promised, and that General Grant had been or would be suddenly called from the city and that, therefore, he and his wife could not attend the theater that evening with the President and Mrs. Lincoln, as had been prearranged, and that such persons as would attend and occupy the box at the theater with the President and wife would not interfere with me in my purpose and effort to kill the President, and this he thought an opportune time, and that I would be permitted to escape by the route over which I had entered the city during the forenoon of that day."

(Major Rathbone's and Miss Harris' statements at the conspiracy trial show that the Major made every effort to apprehend the assassin, and was severely wounded by Booth in the attempt, which disproves the alleged statement of St. Helen that the parties would not interfere, since they actually did.)

The "confession" continues: "That is, that I was to go out over the East Potomac River bridge, that the guards would be called in from this point by order of General C. C. Augur that afternoon or evening, but if there should be guards on the bridge, I was to use the password 'T. B.' or 'T. B. Road,' by explanation, if need be, which would be understood by the guards, and I would be permitted to pass and protected by himself (Mr. Johnson) absolutely in my escape, and that on the death of President Lincoln, he (Vice-President Johnson) would become President of the United States, and that in this official capacity I could depend on him for protection and absolute pardon, if need be, for the crime of killing President Lincoln, which he had suggested to me and I had agreed to perform.

"I began the preparation for the bloody deed by going to Ford's Theater, and, among other things, arranging the door leading into the box to be occupied by Mr. Lincoln, which had already been decorated for the occasion, so that I could raise the fastenings, enter the box and close the door behind me so that it could not be opened from the outside, and returned to the Kirkwood Hotel. I then loaded afresh my derringer pistol so that she would not fail me of fire, and met Vice-President Johnson for the last time and informed him of my readiness to carry out the promise I had made him. About 8:30 that evening we left his room, walked to the bar in the hotel and drank strong brandy in a silent toast to the success of the bloody deed. We walked from the barroom to the street together, when I offered my hand as the last token of goodby and loyalty to our purpose, and I shall not forget to my dying day the clasp of his cold, clammy hand when he said:

"Make as sure of your aim as I have done in arranging for your escape. For in your complete success lies our only hope."

"I replied, 'I will shoot him in the brain.'

"Then, practically, from this time I am President

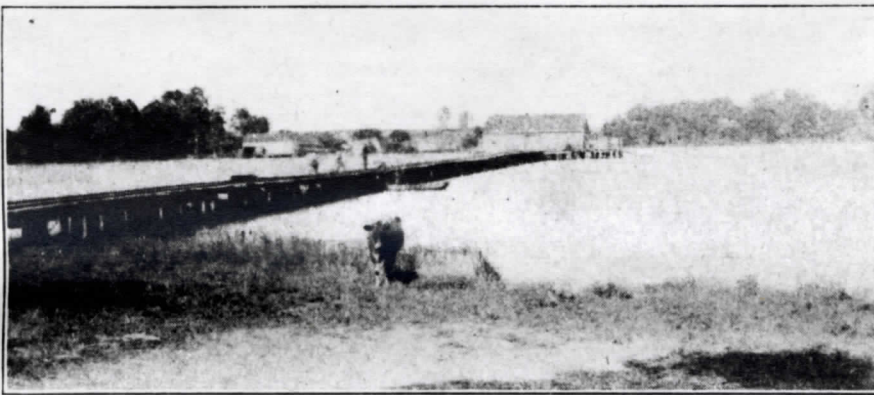
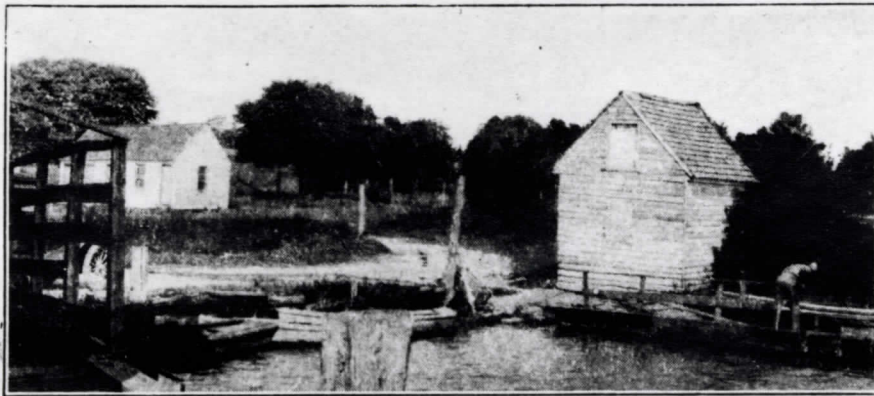
of the United States," replied Vice-President Johnson, and he added, "Goodby."

According to Atzerodt, who was selected to kill Johnson, at the hour St. Helen claimed he was with Johnson, Booth, Herold, Payne, and Atzerodt were together at the Herndon House.

The absurdity of St. Helen's alleged statements is shown when compared with the letter left by Booth for the *National Intelligencer*, his diary, and Payne's statement. (See THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, April 4, page 15.)

This suggestion that Andrew Johnson was implicated in the assassination is not new. It was first made by a southern leader, Beverly Tucker, in a letter addressed "To the People of the United States," which was published in the newspapers during May, 1865. A wild charge was made by President Johnson in his Proclamation of May 2, 1865, that certain Southern leaders, Tucker among them, planned Lincoln's murder. Tucker retaliated, asking how the South could benefit by Lincoln's murder, and, in a wildness equal to Johnson's, Tucker charged Johnson with the murder as he was the only visible beneficiary, having succeeded to the Presidency. Both men were wrong. No evidence has ever been found to support the charges of either.

During the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, witnesses were heard in an attempt to link Johnson with



The ferry landings as they are today. Port Conway (above), Port Royal (below), where Booth and Herold crossed the Rappahannock River, and Monday, April 24, 1865, met the three Confederate officers, Jett, Ruggles and Bainbridge.

the assassination, but the main witness was found to have perjured himself. The enemies of President Johnson then abandoned the charge. There is ample evidence of the highest historical character of Andrew Johnson's complete loyalty, which may easily be found by anyone interested. The attempt of Bates and the "confession" to show that Johnson was a friend of the South, because he was southern born, and that he would be of more service to the South if Lincoln were removed, is refuted by the facts. Johnson's administration was marked by a severity toward the South that Lincoln would have repudiated in every respect. Had St. Helen been John Wilkes Booth he would have known that in a speech given April 5, 1865 (nine days before the assassination) Vice-President Johnson spoke of the necessity of proper punishment of the Confederate leaders. Speaking of Jeff Davis, Mr. Johnson said: "Yes, I say hang him many times." Mr. Johnson then went on to say that the Confederate leaders should be treated as traitors and their property confiscated.

Continuing Mr. Bates' story of the "confession," St. Helen describes how he entered the box and shot the President and—

"As I fired, the same instant I leaped from the box to the stage, my right spur entangled in something in the drapery on the box, which caused me to miss my aim or location on the stage, and threw my shin bone against the edge of the stage, which fractured my right shin bone about six or eight inches above the ankle."

Mr. Bates says: "At this point St. Helen exposing his shin called attention to what seemed to be a niched or uneven surface on the shin bone. This I did not notice closely, but casually it appeared to have been a wound or fracture."

At the conspiracy trial (Pittman Report, Page 87) May 13, 1865, a long riding boot for the left foot, slit up in front for about eight inches with the name John Wilkes written in it, which had been found at the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd, Friday, April 21, and which Dr. Mudd said he had cut off Booth's leg, was offered in evidence. The boot is now in the secret archives of the War Department, Washington, D. C., and is a left boot. The "confession" says that it was St. Helen's right leg that was broken.

Had St. Helen been John Wilkes Booth, he would not have made the absurd statement that he broke his leg by throwing his "shin bone against the edge of the stage." The presidential box of the Ford Theater was back of the edge of the stage, and as Booth jumped his right spur caught on the flag, throwing him heavily on his left foot and injuring it.

The "confession" then deals with the flight:

"From the stage I reached my horse in safety, which

by arrangement was being held by David E. Herold, back of the theater and close to the door of the back entrance. With Herold's assistance I mounted my horse and rode away with full speed without hindrance, and reached the bridge at the East Potomac River, crossing the same with my horse at full pace."

[The horse was held by a boy, Joseph Burroughs, who was connected with the theater. Herold was not even back of the place.]

"When I came to the gate across the east end of the bridge there stood a Federal guard, who asked me a question easy to answer:

"Where are you going?"

"I replied, using the simple letters 'T. B.," as I had been instructed, and the guard then asked:

"Where?"

"I then replied, 'T. B. Road,' as I had been instructed by Mr. Johnson, and without further question the guard called for assistance to help raise the gate quickly, when I at once again urged my horse to full speed and went on to Surrattville, where I waited for Herold to overtake me, as prearranged, whom I expected to follow closely behind.

"After waiting a few minutes Herold came up and we rode the remainder of the night until about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, when we reached the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd, where Dr. Mudd,

by cutting a slit in it, removed my riding boot from the injured right foot and leg and proceeded to dress it by bandaging it with strips of cloth and pieces of cigar boxes, and the riding boot was left at the home of Dr. Mudd, where we remained during the rest of the day, and at nightfall proceeded on our journey, my bootless right foot being covered only by the sock and the leg as bandaged and splintered by Dr. Mudd."

[Nothing is said about the stop at the Surratt Tavern for the arms. Note the repetition of right leg when it was the left boot that was cut off by Dr. Mudd.]

"From the home of Dr. Mudd I went to the home of a southern sympathizer by the name of Cox, which we reached between 4 and 5 o'clock on the morning of the 16th day of April, 1865. Mr. Cox refused to admit us into his house, the news of the death of President Lincoln having preceded us, and he feared for this reason to take Herold and me in. But he called his overseer, or manager about the place, and instructed him to hide us in a pine thicket on or near the banks of the Potomac River, just back of and near his plantation. This man, the overseer, was of medium size, approximately my weight, but not quite so tall, I should say, swarthy complexioned, black hair and eyes, with a short growth of whiskers over his face. I called him by that familiar cognomen known to the Confederate soldiers, 'Johnny.' I have the impression, whether correct or not I cannot say, from having heard his name called by a Mr. Jones, a relative of Mr. Cox, that it was Ruddy or Roby, but heard this only a few times. Of course, this may have been a given name, nickname or surname, I don't know how this

was; I was not specially interested in knowing his name and was with him but a short while, having negotiated with him to put us across the country and into the care and protection of the Confederate soldiers. [Refer to Jones story in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of April 4, page 9. The overseer was Franklin Robey.]

"Ruddy told me (if this be his name) that some of Colonel Mosby's command of Confederate troops were then encamped not far south of the Rappahannock River at or near Bowling Green, Virginia, and agreed to convey and deliver us to these Confederate troops for a price, as I now best remember, about three hundred dollars. Ruddy, as we will call him, left us in our hiding place until he could go to Bowling Green, some thirty-five miles or more distant, with a view of arranging with some of these soldiers to meet us at a fixed time and place—proposedly on the Rappahannock River, which was then about the dividing line between the contending Federal and Confederate armies.

"Ruddy left and did not return for several days, from say the 16th or 17th to the 21st of April, 1865. Herold and I were cared for during his absence by Mr. Jones, the relative, I think, half-brother of Mr. Cox. On Ruddy's return he reported that the desired arrangements had been made with Captain Jett and others of Mosby's command, then stationed at Bowling Green, Virginia [The records show that Mosby was at Winchester, 90 miles northwest of Bowling Green.], south of the Rappahannock River, to meet us at the ferry on the Rappahannock River at Ports Conway and Royal, as early as 2 o'clock p. m. of April 22, 1865. So we immediately started for this point on the night of the 21st of April, crossed the Potomac River, reaching the south side of the Potomac River. We then had about eighteen miles to go from the Potomac to the Rappahannock River to the point agreed upon."

The "confession" then describes the trip to Port Conway, lying down in the Negro's wagon, "Herold and Ruddy following along in the wake of the wagon, some distance behind. In my side coat pocket I had a number of letters together with my diary, and I think there was a picture of my sister, Mrs. Clark, all of which must have worked out of my pocket en route or came out as I was hurriedly taken from the wagon. Just as we drew up at the ferry old Lewis called out:

"Dar's dem soldiers now."

"And at the same moment some one began tearing away the things from the back gate of the wagon, who proved to be Herold and Ruddy, much to my relief, as they had begun unceremoniously to remove the back gate of the wagon, which necessarily excited me very much, as the driver did not say Confederate soldiers, and the

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"soldiers" referred to flashed through my brain as being Federal soldiers. But before I can tell you, the back of the wagon was taken away, I was pulled out by the heels by Herold and Ruddy, and at once hustled into the ferryboat and over the river, where our Confederate friends were waiting for us. They, in fact, being the "soldiers" referred to by Lewis, the driver.

"In the hurry, as well as the method of taking me from the wagon, I think the letters, diary and picture of my sister were lost from my pocket, as I was dragged out. About this I can't say, but I do know that after I had crossed the river and was feeling in my pocket to get the check, which I had on a Canadian bank, and with which I paid this man Ruddy for his services he had rendered us, for an amount, as I now remember it, of about sixty pounds, I discovered I had lost these papers. I asked Ruddy to go back over the river and get them out of the wagon, if they were there, and bring them to me at the Garrett home, where the soldiers had arranged to take me until Herold and Ruddy should go to Bowling Green, Virginia, that afternoon, it being then about 2 o'clock. [Statements made by the elder Garrett, Jett, Bainbridge, and Ruggles disprove any previous arrangement for taking Booth to the Garrett home.]

"This man Ruddy stepped into an old batteau boat to go over to the wagon and get these papers after I handed him his check. We being too exposed to wait for his return, I hurriedly rode away with the two gentlemen to whom I had been introduced as Lieutenants Ruggles and Bainbridge, to the Garrett home, mounted on a horse belonging to the man to whom I had been introduced as Captain Jett. These gentlemen, as I understood it, were connected with Mosby's command of Confederate soldiers. But before separating at this ferry it had been understood between Herold, Ruddy and myself that they would go to Bowling Green, Virginia, that afternoon, in company with Captain Jett, on foot, by a near way, for the purpose of getting me a shoe for my lame foot and such other things as Herold and I needed and that could not be obtained at Ports Conway and Royal, and they were to return and meet me the next day at the Garrett home, where Ruddy would deliver to me the papers mentioned, if recovered.

"The Garrett home, I should say, is about three miles north of the public road crossing the Rappahannock River at Ports Conway and Royal and leading in a southerly direction to Bowling Green, Virginia. From the ferry we went out the Bowling Green road a short distance westerly; we then turned and rode north on a country or bridle road for a distance of about three miles and a half, when we reached the Garrett home, where Lieutenants Bainbridge and Ruggles left me, but were to keep watch in the distance over me until Ruddy and Herold returned, which they were expected to do the following day, it being some twelve or fifteen miles' walk for them. They were to remain there (at Bowling Green) overnight of the day they left me and return the following day.

"About 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon of April 23, 1865, the second day of my stay at the Garrett home [The testimony of Jett, and statements of the Garretts, Bainbridge, and Ruggles show that Booth and Herold did not arrive at the Garrett home until Monday afternoon, April 24.—F. L. Black.], I was out in the front yard, lounging on the meadow, when Lieutenants Bainbridge and Ruggles came up hurriedly and notified me that a squad of Yankee troops had crossed the Rappahannock River in hot pursuit of me, and advised me to leave at once and go back into the woods north of the Garrett house, in a wooded ravine, which they pointed out, giving me a signal whistle by which I would know them, and hurriedly rode off, saying that they would return for me in about an hour at the place designated, and bring with them a horse for my escape.

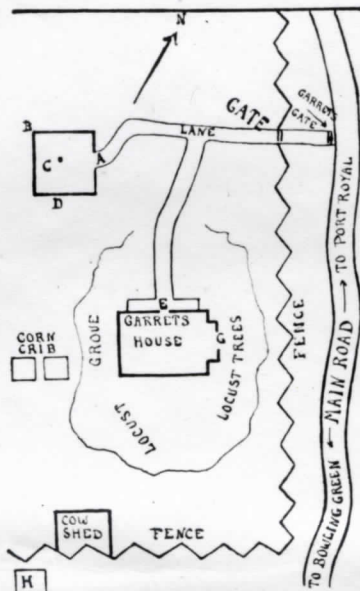
"I left immediately, without letting anyone know that I had gone or the direction I had taken. I reached the woods at about the place which had been pointed out to me, as nearly as one could traveling in a strange wooded section with the impediment of a lame leg. At about the time fixed I was delighted to hear the signal, and answered, to the best of my recollection, about 3 or 4 o'clock p. m. My friends came up with an extra horse, which I mounted, and we rode away in a westerly direction, riding the remainder of the afternoon and the following night until about 12 o'clock, when we camped together in the woods, or rather dismounted to rest ourselves and horses until daylight. We talked over the situation, they giving me directions by which I should travel. When we at last separated in a country road, they said about twenty or twenty-five miles to the west of the Garrett home or Ports Royal and Conway; I, of course, thanked them and offered them pay for the services they had rendered me and the price of the horse they had turned over to me, all of which they refused to accept, and bade me goodbye, with the warning that I should keep my course well to the westward for that day's ride, and then, after this day's ride, continue my journey to the southwest." [The absurdity of this part of St. Helen's "confession" is easily seen by comparing it with the sworn statements of the men he mentions—Jones, Jett, Bainbridge, Ruggles, Rollins, and the Garretts.]

"As advised by them, I rode on westerly through all the country roads as I came to them leading in that direction until about 10 o'clock a. m. of the second day out from the Garrett home, when, owing to the fatigue of myself and horse, and suffering from my wounded leg, I found it necessary to rest and stopped at a small farmhouse on the country road, where there seemed to live only three elderly ladies, who, at my request, took me in as a wounded Confederate soldier, fed my horse, and gave me breakfast, and as I now best remember, I compensated them, paying them one dollar in small silver coin.

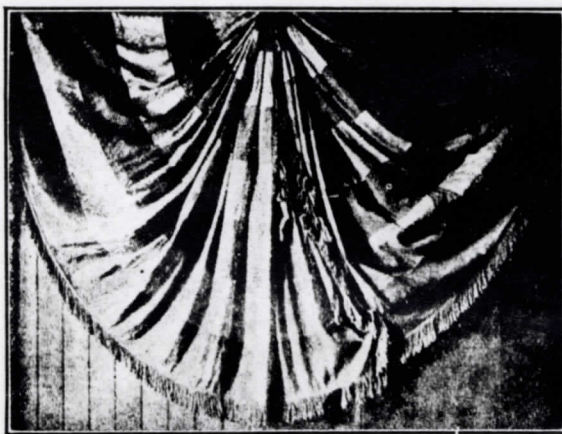
"After a few hours' rest for myself and horse, I pushed on toward the west the remainder of the day and the fore part of the night, as best I could, but early in the night I rode into the thick brush located in a small creek bottom some distance from the road and remained there all night. The next morning I obtained breakfast for myself and feed for my horse from an elderly gentle-

man and lady at a little country home at an early hour without further incident and interest, save and except the enjoyment of the meal, when I turned my course to the southwest, as I had been directed, and followed this direction day after day, impersonating the character of a Confederate soldier. Continuing on down through West Virginia, I crossed the Big Sandy River at Warfield, in Eastern Kentucky, and after traveling from Warfield for about two days, and covering a distance of fifty or sixty miles in a southwesterly direction from Warfield, I, as well as my horse, was about worn out, and I was therefore compelled to rest for about a week, claiming to be a wounded Confederate soldier. The parties with whom I stopped was a widow lady and her young son, whose name I cannot now remember. But after receiving their kind attentions and needed rest, I resumed my journey with the purpose of traveling to the south until I could reach the Mississippi River at a safe point for crossing it, and find my way into the Indian Territory as the best possible hiding place, in my opinion.

"I finally reached without incident worthy of mention the Mississippi River and crossed the same at what was called Catfish Point, in the State of Mississippi. This point is a short distance south of where the Arkansas River empties into the Mississippi River. I followed the south and west bank of the Arkansas River until I reached the Indian Territory, where I remained at different places, hiding among the Indians for about eighteen months, when I left the Indian Territory and went to Nebraska and was at Nebraska City employed



Plan of Garrett place made soon after Booth was shot.
 A. Door through which the dying man was brought.
 B. Corner at which the barn was fired.
 C. Spot in the barn on which Booth stood.
 D. Point where Corbett fired.
 E. Porch where Booth died.
 G. Kitchen door at which Lieutenant Baker knocked.
 H. Shed.



"The mute avenger of the nation's fallen chief." The flag in which Booth caught his spur as he jumped from the box after shooting Abraham Lincoln.

by a white man to drive a team connected with a wagon train going from Nebraska City, Nebraska, to Salt Lake City, Utah. This man was hauling provisions for the United States Government to the Federal troops encamped at Salt Lake City. But I left this wagon train while en route, just before we got to Salt Lake City, and proceeded to San Francisco, California, to meet my mother and brother, Junius Brutus Booth. After meeting my mother and brother and remaining a while there, I left and went into Mexico. From there I went up through Texas, finally stopping at Glenrose Mills and Grandberry, Texas, where we are now."

A sudden and suspicious vagueness comes over the "confession" after the Garrett place is left. That is to say, as soon as the narrative leaves the proved and accepted state of facts, details, dates, places, names are missing. From the Garrett place on, the point from which the Booth myth must be proved, nothing tangible is given. Up to this point there was some historical basis for the alleged St. Helen story. It loosely parallels the known facts; but from here on there is nothing on which to base even an imaginative tale. It is rather strange that when the facts about Booth cease, the alleged facts about St. Helen, as given in his "confession," are not even coherent. For here surely was Booth's great story—the assassin of Lincoln roaming unknown and unrecognized among the people. Would Booth's dramatic sense have been blind to that? Bates then describes later discussion he had with St. Helen with reference to some of the details of the "confession."

In his "confession," St. Helen in one place claims:

"For instance, I knew nothing of the plan to take the life of Secretary Seward on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, or at any other time, showing that it would appear to have been a conspiracy against both the President and certain members of the Cabinet."

Reference to the confessions of Atzerodt, and Payne, the man who attempted the assassination of Secretary Seward, clearly shows that Booth did know of Payne's plans for Seward's assassination.

Mr. Bates asked: "Did not the government of the United States announce to the American people, and as for that matter, to the civilized world, that Booth was killed and the death of President Lincoln avenged? Then do you say it is a fact that Booth was not killed at the Garrett barn in Virginia? It is a physical fact that some man was killed at the Garrett home. If not Booth who was this man?"

"St. Helen replied by saying, 'As you have heard that a man was killed at the Garrett barn, and without positive or direct proof as to who this man was, yet from the circumstances I would say that it was Ruddy, the man with whom I had negotiated for my personal deliverance, together with that of my accomplice, David E. Herold, to the Confederate soldiers. You will remember I paid this man with a check made payable to my order by a Canadian bank, and if he did, as I requested, which he promised to do and left me to do, he got my letters, pictures, et cetera, out of the wagon, as I have explained to you, as he was to bring them to me at the Garrett home on the day or night following the day that I left the Garrett home, as I have also explained to you. I take it, without personal knowledge of the facts, that Ruddy and Herold came to the Garrett home, as prearranged and promised when we separated at the ferry on the Rappahannock River, so that the Federal troops, by some means, traced me to the Garrett home, where they found Herold and Ruddy, killing Ruddy and capturing Herold. They found on the body of Ruddy the check for sixty pounds, together with my letters, and I think a picture, and by reason of finding these belongings of mine on the body of Ruddy, I presume they identified it as the body of myself.'"

St. Helen has Booth leaving the Garrett's on April 23. The man who was shot in the barn was killed on the morning of the twenty-sixth. Mr. Bates in conversation February 9, 1921, admitted that there is some discrepancy here, but could not explain it. Even if Booth had lost his papers in the bottom of the Negro Lucas' wagon, is it reasonable to suppose that he also lost his knives, his pocket compass and the initialed pin from his undershirt, all of which were found on the man who was shot?

Mr. Bates later claims that he located a "large family of people by the name of Ruddy living within the immediate neighborhood of Samuel Cox."

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, in 1921, pursuing the investigation in Southern Maryland, had the following statement from A. W. Neale, an old resident of La Plate, about five miles from the old Cox home:

"Colonel Samuel Cox was a strong and dominant man; but I would not say that he ruled the neighborhood in which he lived. There were many men in the neighborhood as strong and dominant as he. I also knew Tom Jones and Franklin Robey well. Tom Jones had a regular 'poker face.' You could not tell from his face whether he was betting on a pair of deuces or a straight royal flush. I never heard of a man named Ruddy in this country. Ruddy is probably intended for Robey."

John Garner, in a sworn statement made July 25, 1921, said:

"I am 82 years old and have lived in this neighborhood all my life, and remember quite clearly events happening during the Civil War, 1860-1865.

"At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln I was living down on the 'Neck,' not far from the home of Thomas A. Jones. I knew him, 'Colonel' Samuel Cox of Cox's Station, and Franklin Robey, 'Colonel' Cox's overseer, all quite well. I also was well acquainted with George Atzerodt, who was hung as one of the conspirators. I went hunting with him a good many times when we were boys together.

"Atzerodt, as a boy, didn't have good 'horse sense' and when he grew up he became quite a drinker and a 'good for nothing.'

"Colonel Cox was a wealthy and pompous man and practically ruled this section of the country. Tom Jones was a foster brother of 'Colonel' Cox and a contraband runner across the Potomac River during the Civil War. He was arrested and imprisoned for this several times. Jones was the type of man who could put on a 'long' face and be the most innocent looking fellow in the world when he wanted to.

"Franklin Robey was Colonel Cox's overseer. He was a quiet sort of man who didn't say much unless religiously aroused. He was a Shouting Methodist by religion, and his sport was fox hunting.

"These three people, Colonel Cox, Tom Jones, Franklin Robey, and an old Negro by the name of Woodland, who worked for Jones, are the only ones I ever heard of being connected with the care of Booth and Herold at Cox's place. Jones took them from there to the Potomac. I have never heard of a family of Ruddys and am sure no one by the name of Ruddy ever lived around Cox's station.

"Franklin Robey, I know, was alive thirty-two years ago, for I moved into the place I am now living at that time, and after I moved Robey spent a night with us.

"Robey always claimed that he had very little to do with the care of Booth and Herold; that Jones was really the man who cared for them.

"About the time Robey was here last, Tom Jones had been convinced by a young fellow by the name of Mattingly that he should write a book about Booth and that they—Jones and Mattingly—would sell it at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. They went to Chicago and tried to sell it from a tent. Jones was inside the tent, and Mattingly stood outside telling the crowd that the man who aided John Wilkes Booth to escape was inside and would sell them copies of his book which told the story. An old Union soldier stepped up and said that he was a boyhood friend of Abe Lincoln and

(Concluded on page 14)

John St. Helen as John Wilkes Booth (Concluded from page 13)

would like to get hold of the _____ that aided Lincoln's murderer to escape, and just to let him inside. Jones heard this and went out of the back end of the tent, and he and Mattingly didn't try to sell any more of the books.

"As I remember, when Robey stayed with us that night Jones was mentioned, and the big reward offered for Booth and Herold, and Robey opined that he guessed Tom was more afraid of Colonel Cox than he was of the Federal Army or his desire to have the reward."

"Jones always said that Herold had driven the horses—Booth's and Herold's—into the quicksand in the swamp near Cox's place and shot them, and that the horses buried themselves. Signed—JOHN (X) GARNER."

Giving corroborative testimony, Charles Garner, son of John Garner, stated that Franklin Robey died about twenty years ago.

He further stated, "My father, Franklin Robey, myself, and several others were out fox hunting a number of times. I remember Robey was a good Methodist and would not swear like most of us. He used a peculiar cuss-word, 'Dawdet, dawdet.'" But Mr. Garner could not say what it meant.

The Maryland directory of 1878, a copy of which is in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C., gives Franklin A. Robey as a farmer near La Plate, which is four or five miles from Cox's station. The name "Ruddy" could not be found in the directory.

From the evidence submitted one must decide that whoever was shot at the Garrett barn, it was not Franklin Robey or "Ruddy."

According to Bates, he left Granbury sometime in 1875 and later settled in Memphis, Tennessee. As far as can be determined from statements of Granbury people, St. Helen left about 1875 or 1876 for parts unknown.

"I determined," Mr. Bates says, "to drop the subject (the 'confession') for all time to come—treating it as a myth unfounded in fact—a story that existed only in the mind of St. Helen, a comparatively demented man, a crank, who gloried in deceiving me to the idea. I preferred to accept the story of the event referred to as it is told by the government—the accepted facts of history rather than those of this man of mystery."

Mr. Bates says, "During this interval of time (from time he left Texas, about 1875 until 1898) my location being more convenient to books and to acquiring information, I investigated the subject of the assassination of President Lincoln and its attendant circumstances in view of the statements made by St. Helen."

It would have been difficult to make any such investigation without coming upon many published pictures of John Wilkes Booth. Ray Stannard Baker's article, most of which Mr. Bates uses in the chapter preceding the one now under discussion, had a very good one. But Mr. Bates "assumed that the tintype," given him by St. Helen, was some one of the Herolds. Such an unusual "confession" and the tintype in his possession all these years, and no attempt to compare it with a likeness of the man it was supposed to represent!

Mr. Bates states that his interest was revived in the "confession" by a story which appeared in the Boston *Globe*, December 12, 1897, from an interview with Lieutenant David D. Dana (Bates constantly refers to him as General Dana), who, according to his own story, was in supreme command of the pursuit of the assassins and was taking his orders direct from Major General Augur.

Among the numerous officers of higher rank connected with the case his name occurs infrequently. His superior officer was Colonel Wells, the provost marshal general of the section over which Lieutenant Dana claims he had authority.

The Official Records of the Civil War and the Washington newspapers of the period, instead of confirming Lieutenant Dana's various statements, give much material to show they must have been the result of an imaginative memory.

Mr. Bates states: "After having read the publication of General Dana in December, 1897, I remembered anew the confession of St. Helen."

He then says he wrote "to General Dana for further facts."

"Having no knowledge whatever of the Booth family

Paul Revere Tells His Own Story

Concluded from page 12

ment and they concluded to go from that house toward Woburn. . . .

"Mr. Lowell asked me to come to the tavern with him and get a trunk of papers belonging to Mr. Hancock. We went up chamber, and while we were getting the trunk we saw the British very near, upon a full march. We headed toward Mr. Clarke's house. On our way we passed through the militia. There were about 50. When we had got about 100 yards from the meeting house the British troops appeared on both sides of the meeting house. In the very front there was an officer on horseback. They made a short halt, when I saw and heard a gun fired, which appeared to be a pistol. Then I could distinguish two guns, and then a continual roar of musketry, when we made off with the trunk."

The remainder of the letter is devoted to Paul Revere's suspicions of the disloyalty of several persons. It was because of this, probably, that after he had signed the letter, he wrote in a different ink over the signature: "A Son of Liberty of the Year 1775," with the caution: "Do not print my name."

On the nineteenth of April, as part of the Concord and Lexington celebration, two impersonators of the early riders—Paul Revere and William Dawes, ride over the old turnpike from Boston, down through Medford, until they came to the Minuteman Statue in Lexington which marks the spot where the first defenders of the states stood against the British troops.

before my meeting with St. Helen, I could only explain the information I had received from him concerning this family and the escape of John Wilkes Booth upon the theory that St. Helen was related to Herold and knew Booth's personal and family affairs by reason of his association with either Booth or Herold, or both. So, I assumed, without foundation in fact, that the tintype picture of himself, given me by St. Helen when he believed he was dying, must be a picture of some one of the Herolds. So I wrote General Dana, who, in return, sent me the first pictures I ever remember to have seen of Booth, also Herold, and others. I at once identified John Wilkes Booth for the first time, by comparing the tintype picture of St. Helen with the picture of John Wilkes Booth sent me by Dana. St. Helen was indeed the man he claimed to be—John Wilkes Booth."

Mr. Bates' letters to Dana are not in evidence, but copies of Dana's answers have been secured and are here given:

Only the parts italicized were quoted by Mr. Bates in his book.

"West Lubec, Maine. Dec. 25, 1897.

"Mr. F. L. Bates

"Dear Sir:

"Yours of the 20th at hand read and contents noted. Enclosed please find a good likeness of Booth, also one of Herold. *Booth, I personally knew, Herold I did not. After Booth was killed he was brought up to the Navy Yard in a gunboat and I went on board to see if it was him. I identified him at once and know positively that it was Booth. He was buried near the old jail and a battery of artillery driven over his grave to obliterate all trace of it.* Atzerodt, another of the conspirators, was captured by my troops, tried and hung, making four including Mrs. Surratt that was hung, namely, Herold, Atzerodt, Payne, and Mrs. Surratt.

"The Herold that you knew must have been a relative of the one hung. There were a large number of them and all related, and several of them were mixed up in the conspiracy, to a greater or less extent, and his object of secrecy was to save them from trouble. I have not a particle of doubt but that he told you the truth. It was a peculiar incident that I should refrain from publishing the account of their pursuit and capture until after the expiration of the 25 years. I have concluded to send the entire lot of those captured and proven to be connected with the conspiracy.

"Trusting that what I have written and pictures sent will be of interest to you, I am

"Sincerely yours,

(Signed) "David D. Dana."

The Official Records of the Civil War, series 1, volume 46, part 3, testimony at the conspiracy trial, and the making of the awards, show that Lieutenant Dana had absolutely nothing to do with the search for or capture of George A. Atzerodt. The search and arrest were made by Sergeant L. W. Gemmill under the direction of Major Enos R. Artman, and both received rewards for the capture. Atzerodt was arrested at the home of a Mr. Richter near Germantown, Maryland, about thirty miles northwest of Washington; just the opposite direction from where Lieutenant Dana was located—Sergeant Gemmill's testimony—Pittman Report, page 149.

Bates then says: "I at once had a picture made from the tintype and sent it to Dana," whose reply, from Lubec, Maine, January 17, 1898, with respect to this picture, is here given in full. Mr. Bates, however, quotes only those parts of this letter shown in italics.

"F. L. Bates, Esq.

"Dear Sir:

"*Your favor of Jan. 8th at hand and read. I must say that I was somewhat surprised at the turn things took, for I expected that the likeness of Herold had some of the features in it of the man you wrote me about. But it seems that Booth was the one instead, and as you have invited me to help you "correct history" it is my duty to present to you certain facts, in relation to the matters of Booth's death, although if I had a copy of the confession you have I would be better able to do so. First, as I wrote you before, I knew J. W. Booth and it was him that I followed through Maryland. He had broken his leg and Dr. Mudd set it for him, but in his travel, he had undone the setting so that it was in a worse condition when he was killed than when first broken, for gangrene had set in and he could not have lived over two weeks longer at the most.*

"When the body lay on board of the gunboat, at

Was This the Birthplace of Mankind?

Concluded from page 5

than living apes possess. Thus it was mastering a manlike co-ordination of the hand and eye—a characteristic which has been so important a factor in the development of stimulating, memorable, and accurate knowledge among mankind.

Those parts of the new South African fossil ape so far recorded proclaim that their possessor had certain cranial and facial physical characters and also certain mental traits clearly placing it in a position superior to any other ape, living or fossil. It is thus not only a genuine super-ape, but it is the *only super-ape* known today. Still, since it lacked articulate speech, it was not a man or even the "Missing Link," but it was climbing, in certain particulars, higher than any other ape known, away from that plane whereon all the existing apes have survived in out-of-the-way places of the tropics in Africa and in Malaysia.

Navy Yard bridge I went on board and saw him as he lay there. *He had grown poor and thin, his features were drawn and pinched as if he had suffered a great deal, which undoubtedly he had.* The surgeons who examined him knew him well in life and they pronounced the corpse to be that of John Wilkes Booth. His brother, Edwin Booth, claimed the body as that of his brother and asked the government to give it up to him for burial, which they did after it had lain in the old arsenal yard for two years, and it was put in the Booth vault in the Baltimore cemetery. The old arsenal yard and the old prison yard and the old jail yard are all one. It was used as an arsenal yard first, then as a prison and last as a jail.

"Booth had a brother, J. B. Booth, who was almost an exact counterpart of J. W. in looks, who, if I am not very much mistaken, died some years ago of consumption down South. It would be hard to tell their likeness apart, put the two together. Could it not have been J. B. you saw and knew? He must at that time have been very poor. You ask about Lt. Col. Baker. He at that time was not connected as one might say with the army although he held a Lt. Col's commission. He was at that time at the head of the Secret Service and was under the control of the War Department alone.

"As I sent in my reports from day to day, the Department knew every move. In one of my reports, I mapped out a route and only route Booth was to take to effect his escape into Virginia, and the Department sent Col. Baker with a squad of cavalry to intercept him, which he did as you have read. When the conspirators were tried, all the officers who performed such wonderful feats in capturing them had to own that all the information they had concerning their movements came from me and you will so find it in their evidence. So I care nothing about what they write or what they claim. *Will it be asking too much for you to send a copy of the confession which you have? I would like it for my own satisfaction. If I can be of any help to you, will gladly aid all I can. Regarding J. B. Booth, I shall write to some one of the family and learn all I can of his death and where, when received, will send to you.*

"Respectfully yours,
(Signed) "David D. Dana."

After receiving this, Mr. Bates says: "Especially attention is called to General Dana's identification of the tintype picture as that of John Wilkes Booth."

Reference to the letter itself shows that Dana was uncertain and canvassed the possibility of its being a photo of J. B. Booth instead.

Granbury statements indicate that St. Helen left about 1875; Bates sometime earlier. Bates claims St. Helen started for Leadville, Colorado, in the spring of 1878 from which point he lost trace of him until 1898.

To substantiate the Leadville location, Bates told the writer that he had been informed that St. Helen was one of the founders of the Elks at Leadville and that his picture hung on the walls of the clubroom. Investigation disclosed that the picture was that of an actor, Charles Vincent, one of the founders of the "Jolly Corks" which later became the Elks. Vincent might by some be thought to resemble the Booths.

The Bates' book gives instances of persons seeing a man in various parts of Texas who was recognized as Booth, but in no instance was the matter followed and the true identity learned. Because of the thirty years which elapsed between hearing St. Helen make his "confession" and writing it up, it is doubtful that Mr. Bates, since he himself did not believe it, could remember all its florid detail. The great difference in Mr. Bates' descriptions of St. Helen and those given by other Granbury residents, in a much better position to know St. Helen and remember him, and the wide divergence between the story of the assassination and pursuit as told in St. Helen's confession and that told on the witness stand a few weeks after the events happened, while they were all fresh in the memories of the witnesses, lead to the conclusion that even if John Wilkes Booth did escape from the Garrett barn he did not become John St. Helen.

The George myth now remains to be examined. This will be considered in the following issue.

Where the Lantern Signal Shone

Concluded from page 3

congregation were removed and the box pews rebuilt. Happily the original doors, hinges, and much of the paneling had never been destroyed. The numbering was copied from the old records and the names of the first owners painted on the doors. The descendants of Paul Revere still own the pew of their illustrious ancestor. Beneath the floor, a thousand communicants of an older day are buried.

The quiet dignity of the interior, with its fluted pillars, its high arched windows and small panes of glass, offers a grateful rest from the noisy foreign quarter which now surrounds the church. There is the oak table which served as an altar in Dr. Cutler's time, his chair, and the fading letters of the Commandments painted in 1736. There is a bust of Washington, his first public memorial, depicting a far more vigorous countenance than that of the Stuart portrait. There is the great Bible of George II opened to the "Parable of the Vinegar," as, by a misprint, the heading of the twentieth chapter of St. Luke reads. On the gallery, the ancient clock ticks out the seconds, and in front of the organ are poised the four little angel figures, gazing into space as if wondering whether that church in a distant land had missed them.