

A "SPIRIT" WHO HAD TOO MUCH "SPIRITS"—THE MOST "ORIGINAL" GHOST SCENE EVER WITNESSED—BOOTH AND GENERAL HOUSTON ON A "JAMBOREE"—AN INDIAN WHO WOULDN'T KILL A TURKEY—SOME OLD THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES—MRS. PHILLIPS AND THE SAILOR—WHY VESUVIUS WOULDN'T "BRUPT."

When Rossi played Hamlet here in New York some time since the ghost came near stumblin' once. This calls to mind how a ghost stumbl'd, not once, but half a dozen times, in playin' to the elder Booth's Hamlet, some years ago.

Booth never liked Hamlet particularly, and to tell the truth he wasn't particularly good in Hamlet, either. Still, at one time in his career the people would have his Hamlet more than any other part, and so his managers insisted on his playin' the melancholy Dane, which always made Booth get melancholy and "tight" at the same time.

Booth kind of suited his "Drunks" to his part. When he played Othello he got kind of maudlin, sentimentally "drunk," when he played Richard he got wild and royally "tight," and when he played Hamlet he got kind of mildy and philosophically "boozy." So he was in a philosophical state of intoxication when he went on this night for the ghost scene.

Patrick Fields, "Paddy" Fields, an Irish actor of course, was cast for the ghost, and when sober made a pretty good though healthy-lookin' apparition. But to-night he imitated Hamlet in gettin' tight. B-in' cast to play a "spirit," he thought it his duty to get into a "spiritual" state, I suppose.

Well, the ghost got his cue, and on he came. But he didn't stalk on to the stage. He staggered, staggered like any other tipsy Irishman, swayed first to one side of the stage, then to the other; then clutched at vacancy in the funny way drunken men have; then, whirlin' himself around, suddenly stood bolt upright before his princely son.

At first the audience thought this might be some new rendering of his part by the ghost. The critics watched the spirit's evolutions intently, thinkin' they were about to catch some new meanin' of the words put in the ghost's mouth by the immortal bard. But pretty soon they saw that all it amounted to was that the ghost was drunk. Then the critics blessed, but the audience laughed.

As for Booth, under any other circumstances, and with any other man but Paddy Fields, he would have been rayin', dangerous mad; but Booth and Paddy had been on many a "tear" together, and Booth himself was nearly as far gone as Paddy, so the great tragedian merely started first, then shook with lateral laughter, and then went on as best he could with his address to the ghost.

The ghost managed to keep an upright "posish" for a while, then he gave a lurch and fell, disarragin' in the fall his white togery, and makin' the gobs in the gallery roar.

Then the ghost bounced up again, rubbin' his knees and scratchin' his head—two very unghostlike things to do—and resum'in' a royal posture, got along pretty well till it was time to lead his princely son away to tell him the story of his uncles more privately. Then the ghost spoiled all again by bein' taken with a sudden fit of politeness. Instead of goin' ahead of Hamlet and leadin' him on, the ghost bowed two or three times and waved his hand, signifyin' that Hamlet should himself go first, which made the whole thing so supremely ridiculous that Hamlet and the audience roared together, a roar in which the ghost himself accommodatin'ly joined, presentin' the rare spectacle of a ghost grinin' from ear to ear.

What happened behind the scenes, of course, is not exactly known; but after a few minute's delay on 'came another ghost, a ghost a good deal taller and thinner than Paddy, presentin' a contrast to the ghost just now which was in itself very funny, implyin' either that Hamlet coul'n't tell one ghost from another when he saw 'em, or that a ghost was like an India rubber bag or a balloon, capable of indifinite expansion and contraction. Altogether, it was the most "original" ghost scene ever witnessed, and was worth a dozen ordinary Hamlets.

Once Booth and General Sam Houston, of Texas, went on a jamboree together which lasted several weeks, durin' which the two really great men made great fools of 'emselvs, but had a splendid time—of his kind. Sam Houston was chuck full not only of whisky but of wild stories about frontier life and the Indians. These stories fired Booth's fancy, and a cabin would do but he must turn Indian himself. He forthwith went to the theatre one day and at Beauty Fielos to paint his face and hands a dark red. Then he dressed himself up in blankets, arrayed himself in feathers, got a big knife and a little hatchet, and, pleased with his general appearance in his state, gave a wild yell which fairly caroled the blood of those that heard it, and inexpressibly delighted Sam Houston, who gave a most expressive "grunt" of approval.

In this rig he got into a bus, and refusin' to pay his fare got into a row with the driver, whom he was about to scalp, when prevented by Houston, who put for two. After the fare was paid Booth insisted upon shakin' hands with the burly driver, who hadn't been a bit afraid of his "big Indians' rig." This scene, followin' the stoppin' of the stage, attracted quite a crowd, which Booth dispersed, gassin' 'em a vav with his big knife in the one hand, and his little hatchet in the other.

But even "big Indians" must have money when they are among "the pale faces." So as Booth had spent all his money, and as Sam Houston had spent all his, Booth sat down in his war paint and feathers, and wrote a letter to a theatrical manager askin' him for a loan of two hundred dollars. Then, at the same time, he sent two turkeys to the manager's wife—two turkeys that had been sent him from his own farm—accompanyin' the gift to the lady, however, with a condition that the turkeys should not be killed, Booth bein' always conscientiously opposed to the takin' of animal or bird life under any circumstance. "These two turkeys which I send you," wrote Booth, "are great pets of mine. I transfer them to you with my kindest wishes, and on the condition that you will not have them killed, but let them live until the great Jehovah causes them to die of a good old age."

This condition, of course, took away all the real benefit of the turkeys, which the good lady to whom he sent 'em would otherwise have killed and eaten out which now became only a nuisance and a bother.

But there was somethin' irresistibly comic in the idea of a big Indian chief, in his war paint, scalpin' knife and tomahawk in belt, sittin' down and writin' first for a loan of \$200, and then sendin' two turkeys to "a pale face squaw" on the condition that their lives were to be spared, thus presentin' a very un-Indian example of a very mild and mercenary Indian.

It is the custom nowadays, in certain quarters, to speak of Booth as if he was a great actor in every part; but the truth is that he was very often careless, and sometimes positively bad in his actin'. Once he played Iago at Burton's Theatre so badly that some of "the boys," not wantin' to hiss him, and unable to endure him, went fast asleep. One of the "gods" actually sneezed. Wilson played Othello on this occasion, and he was as bad as Booth. The whole affair was discreditab'le, and wouldn't have been stood at all by an average audience nowadays. Yet Charlotte Cushman as well as Booth was in the cast. The real truth of the matter is that while sometimes the plays in old times were much better played than they are now, they were often played much worse. Playin' then was more a matter of feelin'; now it is more a question of money. But feelin' has its ups and downs just as much as money.

There was one pretty sensible thing about Booth: he didn't care much what the critics said about him; whereas Forrest and some of the rest made personal affairs out of newspaper articles. Wood, the singer, for example, once was attacked professionally in General Watson Webb's paper, the Courier and Enquirer, and meetin' the critic a few days afterwards in the street, he spat in his face. He wanted to provoke the critic to fight a duel, so Wood said, but he wasn't gratified. The scribe went to law, and Wood had to pay damages.

Altogether, the Woods had a hard time in this country. They came here twice, had two rows, and returned poorer than they started, Wood having invested a good deal of his money in the United States Bank, which burst.

By the by, Forrest once did a sensible thing in regard to some press attacks made on him. He had refused, point blank, to play "for the benefit of the poor," and the papers came out against him for this refusal and called him mean.

But Forrest turned all this thunder against 'em by simply comin' out in a card and (while still refusin' to allow anybody for any cause to interfere with his business, or to get him to work for nothin', instead of gettin' his little two hundred dollars a night,) offerin', outside of his capacity as an actor, just as a man, to give double the amount that any gentleman on the committee for the benefit of the poor would contribute to the cause out of his own pocket.

This was a fair and square challenge, and meant business, but the gentlemen on the committee didn't take it up. It was one thing askin' an actor to give his services, you know, and quite another thing for a gentleman to give his own money, you undersand. But at any rate it shut the papers up at once.

Forrest did another sensible thing when the Democrats in New York asked him to run for Congress. He wrote a letter, refusin' the nomination, and when a friend asked him why he didn't "for the honor of the theatrical profession" accept the nomination, he replied, "What the — should I serve my country for \$8 a day when I can serve myself for \$200 a night?" The great tragedian's head was level.

There was one actress whom Forrest always thought a great deal of professionally. Her name was Phillips, and her great part was Jane Shore. She did the starvin' scene very forcibly indeed, and always produced in it a tremendous impression. One night she was doin' this scene and had just lain down faint with hunger to die, when up jumped a sailor from the pit, pushed everybody right and left, climbed up to the stage like a rat, and rushin' up to Mrs. Phillips put her head in his lap. The audience were dumfounded at this; so was the actress herself; but the sailor soon rendered matters clear.

"Blest the gods of land lubbers," he said, "who would sit by and see a woman starve. As long as he had a biscuit in his locker she should have it." So sayin' he took some crackers out of his pocket and fairly forced 'em down Mrs. Phillips' throat, almost chokin' her. Then on top of this he pulled out a bottle of brandy, and would have poured this down her throat, too, had not the object of his mistaken kindness resisted the attempt with more vigor than was reasonably to be expected from one in her starvin' condition.

By this time the audience had caught the idea, what the French would call the motif, in the old sailor's mind, and appreciated his kindness of heart, as well as immensely enjoyed the whole thing.

The actors rushed in and bore the old sailor off, but

In "Brutus," the tragedy written by John Howard Payne, Titus was Mr. Barron, Tarquenia was Miss Noah, and Mrs. Farren played Tullia. The Julie de Mortemar of "Richelieu" was Miss Noah, and Mr. Barron was the Chevalier de Mauprat. The Katherine was Miss Noah and the Petruccio was Mr. Booth in the play named from these two characters. Then in the "Merchant of Venice" the Portia was Miss Noah and the Bassanio was Mr. Barron.

Assassinated on Last Night.

The President was assassinated on the last night of the engagement. The following afternoon there was to be a "farewell matinee." The bill for that Good Friday night was "The Iron Chest" and "Don Caesar," a combination of gloomy tragedy and roaring comedy. In the former Sir Edward Mortimer was Booth and Miss Noah was Helen, with Mr. Barron as Milford; in the latter the Marlana was Miss Noah, and Mr. Barron did not appear.

In reference to her appearance with Edwin Booth Mrs. France relates this striking fact:

Several years before she was playing in Cleveland, and made her very first appearance as Ophelia with John Wilkes Booth as the Hamlet. Some time after, the Boston Theatre sent its stock company for an evening to Providence, and thus it happened that for the second time Miss Noah took the part of the unfortunate Ophelia with Junius Brutus Booth—"June" Booth, she calls him—as the Hamlet. In Boston during the engagement of Edwin Booth she played Ophelia for the third time. The same order of appearance happened in the case of her Katherine: the Petruccios were successively John Wilkes, Junius Brutus and Edwin Booth.

John Wilkes's Movements.

The movements of John Wilkes Booth for months and years preceding his crime of half a century ago have been traced with great care by Miss Clara E. Laughlin, and are narrated in her book on the "Death of Lincoln." On March 18, 1865, as is generally known, he played at a benefit for John McCullough at Ford's Theatre in Washington. He was announced as "the eminent young American tragedian," who would present his great character of Pescara in "The Apostate."

He then went to New York, and on his return to Washington he stopped over at Baltimore. He remained in Washington until almost the day of the fall of Richmond, which was April 3. He knew that the end of the confederacy was at hand, and was in the midst of his plottings, meeting frequently his fellow-conspirators.

A day or two before the entry of the Union troops into the capital of the confederacy Booth started for New York. The events which followed indicate that he was making a series of farewell calls upon his friends and presenting them with little keepsakes as if in the future he expected them proudly to cherish the mementoes of one who had done a historic deed.

Visits His Mother.

But he found that Edwin was no longer in New York. He therefore saw his mother and left the city. On this point Miss Laughlin says: "When Surratt called on him at Edwin's house on Tuesday afternoon (the 4th), he was told that John had that morning left suddenly for Boston, where Edwin was acting in Hamlet." And this writer adds: "Whether he was really out of town or not seems impossible to determine." She has since been in correspondence with Mr. Quincy Kilby and has learned some of the facts which here are narrated:

Then Miss Laughlin justly adds: "Certainly he was in New York on Friday (the 7th), for on that night he was at the 'House of Lords' and was seen and talked with for the last time by a number of his actor friends playing in New York."

The next day Booth returned to Washington and on Sunday night there heard of the surrender of Lee.

Booth was in Boston on the evening of April 5. The hour of his arrival is not known. But that he was there that evening is made certain by the recollections of Mrs. France and the play bill for that night. Miss Noah was waiting in the "first entrance left" at the Boston Theatre when she had a little talk with him. She was awaiting the cue for her entrance as Ophelia. The handsome fellow whom she knew well, strolled up to her, and after a greeting said laughingly:

Gone and Got Married.

"Well, little girl, I hear you've gone and got married."

They talked a few minutes about her marriage and she asked "John" if he were not going to play at all that season, she having heard little of him as an actor of late. He stated in reply that he might possibly appear a few times in New York and Philadelphia, but that he certainly would not enter upon any prolonged engagements. And then the cue was spoken, and the Ophelia "went on."

Wilkes Booth then went upstairs to his brother's dressing room, and later strolled about the front of the house.

It was the following day, Thursday, the 6th, that on the street he met "Dr." Orlando Tompkins, one of the owners of the theatre.

Said "John": "Here, Orlando, I never gave you anything to remember me by. Come in here."

Forthwith he took his friend into the store at the corner of Summer and Washington streets, where the subway entrance now is, conducted by the firm known as Jones, Ball and Poor, and bought a bloodstone ring, within the band of which he had engraved "J. W. B. to O. T."

That ring he gave Mr. Tompkins with the remark, "Keep this, I may never see you again."

Bequeathed to Mr. Kilby.

Upon the death of Orlando Tompkins the ring descended to his son, Eugene, long known in connection with the Boston Theatre, and when he died the ring came into the possession of Mr. Kilby, who wears it habitually. He added to the inscription, "April 6, 1865." The ring is peculiar in one respect. The usual bloodstone is streaked with red; in this ring the "blood" appears as a "drop," a single spot not far from the centre of the stone.

On April 17, just after the tragedy at the capital, the Boston Advertiser contained this statement:

"John Wilkes Booth was in this city no longer ago than last Monday and perhaps on previous days. He visited the shooting gallery of Floyd & Edwards in Chapman place, by the Parker House, and practised with a pistol, firing with the weapon under his leg, behind his neck, and in other strange positions. He is said to have been a frequent visitor at the gallery when in Boston and is very expert with the pistol. From

this city he must have gone almost directly to Washington."

Hard to Verify This.

Now that statement cannot be verified at this day. There are some traces of confirmatory evidence, and it seems likely that it is true, at least in part. The gallery of George H. Floyd and R. J. Edwards was just off School street and across the alley from the Parker House and was devoted also to bowling.

Just where Wilkes Booth stayed while in Boston at that time is not known. It is not likely that he was with Edwin, who was entertained by Mr. Tompkins at his home, 12 Franklin square. He may have been at the Parker House, but the register books have been destroyed. Then also he may have stopped at the famous theatrical boarding house kept at 2 Bulfinch place by Miss Amelia B. Fisher. In connection with that house a curious story is told of "John" Booth. It was related by Col. Harrison W. Huguley of Boston, the father-in-law of Eugene Tompkins, who died in 1913.

In the war time as a young man he was connected with the department of the surgeon-general in Washington. There he often saw Lincoln

Edwin Booth.



Abraham Lincoln.

making his regular nightly visits to the war department telegraph office for news. In the May of 1864, he came to Boston for a visit, bearing a note of introduction to Maggie Mitchell, who was playing at the Boston Theatre and living at Miss Fisher's.

Bitter Towards President.

Miss Mitchell invited Huguley to tea with herself and her mother on a Sunday night. There he met John Wilkes Booth, who also happened to be staying there. In the course of the conversation Booth spoke very bitterly of the President. Huguley felt that as a government employe he ought not to hear such treasonable talk and left early. On returning to Washington he happened to refer to the matter to his superior, and the latter insisted that the conversation should be related to Secretary of War Stanton. He always retained the impression that the secretary sent for Booth and had him questioned, but of the fact he never heard.

Of the charm and physical attraction of Wilkes Booth all who knew him bear witness. Clara Morris talked of it at length in her book of reminiscences. Mrs. Reynolds tells how the stage doors were always blocked with silly women trying to catch a glimpse of his superb face and figure. The stories of the love letters which used to pour in upon him are well known. Of this matter the former Rachel Noah says:

Handsome as Adonis.

"The charm of mind and person which distinguished Wilkes Booth at this time has become a tradition of the stage. The cloud of obloquy which has since shrouded his memory, threw no gloomy shadow before to presage his evil fate. He was handsome as Adonis, courteous and clever. To play the opposite part to this young genius was the dream of every ambitious young woman of the stage.

"With us at that time was one whom we little thought would, in a few years be styled America's greatest emotional actress, Clara Morris. To her and her companions I was an object of envy. No sooner did I make my exit after a love scene than she and the other girls would gather round me with a chorus of "Isn't he lovely?" and while on the stage, if he had to embrace me I was conscious of a volley of 'oh's,' and 'ah's' from Clara and the others in the entrance."

The common story is that on the night of the assassination Edwin Booth was playing Hamlet in this city. All who have looked into the matter know that the bill for that night was a double one. Miss Laughlin says upon this point:

Boston Theatre.

LESSEE AND MANAGER HENRY C. JARRETT
STAGE MANAGER Mr. F. H. AGGIE

FAREWELL BENEFIT

LAST NIGHT

EDWIN BOOTH

Who will appear in Two of his most Brilliant Assumptions.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER

DON CAESAR DE BAZAN.

CHARLES BARRON, as - - WILFORD

Friday Evening, April 14, 1865

Will be presented Excellent Play of the

IRON CHEST

OR THE

MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

MR. EDWARD MORTIMER	EDWIN BOOTH
W. FORD	C. BARRON
Capt. Fitzharding	Geo. Clair
Amson Rawbold	J. M. Dawson
Went	M. M. Lead
Went	F. Spear
Miss Winterton	J. Taylor
.....	B. O. Rogers
.....
.....	Miss Rachel A. Booth
.....	Miss Anna L. Brown

To conclude with the Beautiful Drama of

DON CAESAR DE BAZAN!

DON CAESAR DE BAZAN	EDWIN BOOTH
.....	Shirley France
.....	Geo. Clair
.....

The Boston Theatre Play Bill for the Night of the Assassination.

"He was playing Colman's tragedy 'The Iron Chest' last, and at about the moment of John's crime Edwin, as Sir Edward Mortimer, the homicide, was standing, with uplifted dagger, threatening the life of a youth who seemed on the point of opening the iron chest wherein the secret of Sir Edward's guilt was locked. This was told the present writer by Miss Ida Vernon, Booth's friend and one-time leading woman, to whom he commented on the coincidence."

In one particular the historian must be in error. Probably the memory of her informant was at fault. The double bill was "The Iron Chest" and "Don Caesar de Bazan," but the tragedy, according to the universal custom of the time, came first, and the laughter-provoking piece concluded the evening. That also is the recollection of Mrs. France, and of others who knew the theatre well at that time, and it is the testimony of the bill itself. Whether Edwin could have reached the episode in his play at about the time his brother was leaping upon the stage of Ford's Theatre in Washington from the box of the President is a point difficult to determine, but it seems unlikely.

In ignorance of the darkness about to descend upon him Edwin Booth left the theatre that night. The night before he had appeared as Gloster in "Richard III." and in the afternoon of that "fast day" the Warren matinee had been given, with William Warren and Josie Orton as the leading attractions. For the afternoon of Saturday, the 15th, there was announced Booth's farewell appearance in Hamlet. But the morning papers carried a dispatch from Washington, timed "2 A. M.," saying that hundreds of people were declaring that John Wilkes Booth, the actor, was the assassin of the President, the story of whose shooting was of course the great news feature of the issue.

Edwin learned the news from his colored valet. He was living in Franklin square at the Tompkins home. The servant came up with the mail, and, says Mr. Kilby, this conversation took place:

"Have you heard the news, Massa Edwin?"

"No, what is it?"

"President Lincoln has been shot and killed."

"Great God, who did that?"

"Well, they done say Massa John did it."

Later in the morning there were exchanged between the actor and the manager of the theatre these letters:

"Edwin Booth, Esq.
"My dear Sir—A fearful calamity is upon us. The President of the United States has fallen by the hand of an assassin, and I am shocked to say suspicion points to one nearly related to you as the perpetrator of this horrid deed. God grant it may not prove so! With this knowledge, and out of respect to the anguish which will fill the public mind as soon as the appalling fact shall be fully re-

vealed, I have concluded to close the Boston Theatre until further notice. Please signify to me your co-operation in this matter.

"In great sorrow, and in haste, I remain, HENRY C. JARRETT."

The actor's letter read thus:

"Henry C. Jarrett, Esq.,
"My dear Sir—With deepest sorrow and great agitation I thank you for relieving me from my engagement with yourself and the public. The news of the morning has made me wretched, indeed, not only because I have received the unhappy tidings of the suspicions of a brother's crime, but because a good man, and most justly honored and patriotic ruler, has fallen, in an hour of national joy, by the hand of an assassin. The memory of the thousands who have fallen in the field in our country's defence, during this struggle, cannot be forgotten by me, even in this, the distressing day of my life. And I most sincerely pray that the victories we have already won may stay the brand of war and the tide of loyal blood. While mourning, in common with all loyal hearts, the death of the President, I am oppressed by a private woe not to be expressed in words. But whatever calamity may befall me and mine, my country, one and indivisible, has my warmest devotion.
EDWIN BOOTH."

This letter, diplomatically expressed and laden with emotion as it now seems to have been, was given to the newspapers and published at once. But there was clamor even in Boston. Hard things were said about actors in general and about the Booth family in particular. Junius Brutus Booth was playing on the night of the assassination in Cincinnati at Pike's Opera House, and was stopping at the Burnet House. There was such a violent demonstration against him that he was assisted to disappear quietly, for it was feared that even his life was in danger.

In Boston feeling did not run so high against Edwin. Nevertheless precautions were taken. On the afternoon of Saturday the theatre was draped in black and an address was issued to the public declaring Edwin to have been innocent of any knowledge of the plot. Edwin seems to have remained in the city one day longer simply because his friends advised him that it was desirable to stay until he was set right with the public.

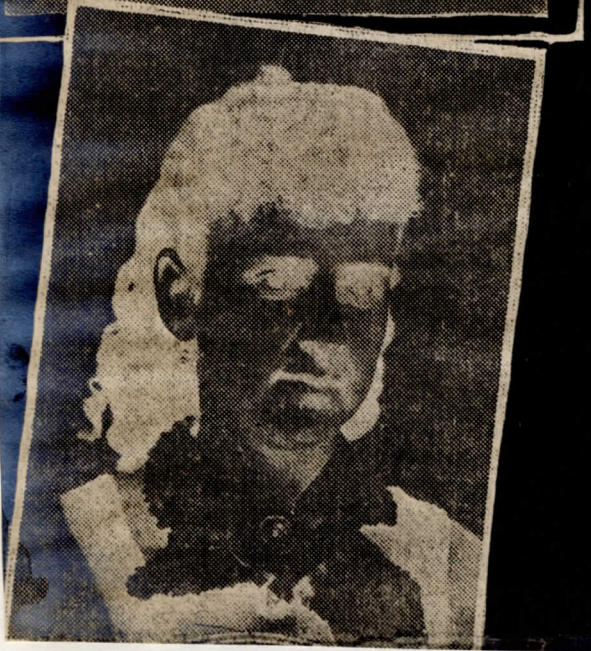
Clergyman Assists.

In thus setting him right the well-known clergyman and chaplain, George H. Hepworth, was of great assistance. At that time he was pastor of the Church of the Unity in West Newton street. On Thursday, the fast day, he had held a special service in commemoration of the triumphs of the Union arms, and among those who spoke was Edward Everett Hale. On the following Monday he was one of the speakers at Faneuil Hall, where a meeting was held to "take appropriate notice of the death of President Lincoln."

John Wilkes Booth.



Rev. George H. Hepworth.



Miss Rachel Noah.

the private papers of the actor were placed open for his inspection. And having gone through them, the clergyman issued this letter to the public through the newspapers:

"As a personal friend of Mr. Edwin Booth, I am glad of the opportunity to give the Boston public some idea of his present condition. I need not say that he has won the respect and esteem of all who have had the pleasure of knowing him, and am glad to inform the public that after a thorough search of his trunks and correspondence, nothing has been found which in the slightest degree implicates him in the knowledge that such an act was contemplated.

"He has always been a firm and unflinching supporter of the administration, casting the only vote of his life last November for Mr. Lincoln, and standing conspicuously in his profession as a man loyal to the idea and cause of the North. I have seen him this morning and find him overwhelmed by the greatness of his affliction. The Boston people will give him their sympathy in this, the hour of his trial, and cheerfully as I, unasked, offer my testimony in his behalf.

"In the cause of justice I remain, very truly,

"GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.
"Boston, Saturday, April 15."

To Comfort His Mother.

The first efforts of the actor's friends were to put him right before the people, the next to get him off for New York, where he was very anxious to go that he might do what was in his power to comfort his mother.

Mr. Kilby says that immediately the Franklin square home of Orlando Tompkins was draped in black as well as the theatre in Washington street, and that on the afternoon of Saturday he started for New York. As to the date he may be mistaken, for a letter was published in the Century magazine some time ago which sets the date of departure as Sunday, the 16th.

Edwin told his friend 'Joe' Jefferson that when the colored valet said "Massa John did it" to him he accepted the fact at once, and it was just as if he had been struck a blow in the forehead with a hammer. The

letter in question was written to his friend, Gen. Adam Badeau, who had been a witness at his marriage to Mary Devlin, and who had been borne to his bed by Edwin and his brother John Wilkes when he was wounded in 1863.

The letter was written in Boston on Sunday, April 16, but was mailed on Monday in New York. It was as follows:

"My dear Ad:

"For the first time since this damnable intelligence stunned me . . . am I able to write and hasten to acquaint you of my existence as it has been so long a time since I last wrote you. . . You know, Ad, how I have labored since dear Mary was called from me to establish a name that my child and all my friends would be proud of; you know how I have always toiled for the comfort and welfare of my family—though in vain; as well you know how loyal I have been from the first moment of this damned rebellion, and you must feel deeply the agony I bear in being thus blasted in all my hopes. . . .

"Alas! how frightful is the spectacle, What shall become of me. . . . Poor mother! I go to New York today—expecting to find her either dead or dying. I've remained here thus long at the advice of friends who thought it necessary that I should be set right before the public of Boston to whom I owe so much of all that is dear to me.

"You know my friends who loved and appreciated my Mary so well and as many who have ever been—even in this most awful hour—my firm and staunch friends. Abraham Lincoln was my President, for in pure admiration of his noble career and Christian principles I did what I never did before—I voted, and for him. I was two days ago one of the happiest men alive—Grant's magnificent work accomplished. . . and sweet Peace turning her radiant face again upon our country.

"Now what am I? Oh! How little did I dream, my boy, when on Friday night I was Sir Edward Mortimer exclaiming 'Where is my honor now?' 'Mountains of shame are piling upon me!' that I was not acting but uttering the fearful truth. I have a great deal to tell you of myself and the beautiful plans I had for the future—all blasted now, but must wait until my mind is more settled. I am half crazy now—

"You will be pleased to know that the deepest sympathy is expressed for me here—and by none more sincerely than dear old Gov. Andrew.

"God bless you. NED."

It may very well be that it was such reference as that contained in this letter which, dimly recollected by Miss Laughlin's informant, led to the mistake that "The Iron Chest" was played last that tragic night, and thus that the supposed coincidence is accounted for.

When Edwin left for New York,

Immediately after learning the story of the tragedy and feeling the throbbing indignation of the people of the city, an indignation which might be betrayed into the thinking, and possibly the doing, of unjust things, he went to see Edwin Booth. He must have conferred with him at some length. The baggage and even