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Washington, February 15. 1869

## REMOVAL OF BOOTH'S REMAINS

On the 15th of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln died. On the 15th of August, 1867, public sentiment extorted out of the pachydermatous Edwin M. Stanton, the place, time and circumstances of the burial of the man who killed Abraham Lincoln, and the secret of the grave of John Wilkes Booth became known not only for the first time to the country, but for the first time to his relatives who are few, and to his friends who are many. Since then the secluded room in the first of the warehouses in the military buildings on the old arsenal ground has been visited by many hundreds of people, actuated by all the mingled motives which run between and connect curiosity and affection. To-day, on the 15th of February, the body of Booth was finally taken up by order of the President of the United States, and the order reads as follows:

War Department, Washington,)
   
February 15, 1869, 3 P.M.)

To Brigadier-General Ramsey,  
Commanding at Arsenal.

The President directs that you give over the body of John Wilkes Booth to the bearer, Mr. John H. Weaver, sexton of Christ's Church, Baltimore, to be by him taken in charge for proper re-interment. Please report the execution of this order.

(Signed) E. D. Townsend,  
Assist-Adjt. General.

This order was issued by the Deputy at 3 P.M.; the order of Mr. Johnson on which it was based was issued at 2 P.M.; at 4 P.M. Mr. Weaver, and Messrs. Marr & Harvey, undertakers of this city, drove into the Arsenal grounds; and at 6 P.M. the little one-horse express wagon they came in bore out a white pine case smelling of earth and covered with a common stable blanket. In that case was the body of Booth, and with it the men drove to Marr & Harvey's place on F Street. There the pine box was encased in another larger pine box, and to-night it left under charge of Mr. Weaver in the train for Baltimore. He has been instructed by Edwin Booth, now playing in his own theatre in New York, to keep the body in his, Weaver's,

house, 22 Fayette Street, Baltimore, during to-night, to place the remains in a rosewood coffin, and with entire privacy to bury them alongside of his father, Junius Brutus Booth in Greenmount Cemetery to-morrow at 11 o'clock. It would be only the reproduction of matter to which THE WORLD has given fullest circulation before to narrate the mode, time, and manner of Booth's midnight burial. Briefly, he was interred, with a secrecy which smacked of the Inquisition, at the dead of night, under the flagstone floor of a room in the warehouse on the arsenal grounds. Only Stanton, Holt, and Baker were present in addition to the file of soldiers who dug the grave. Rumor has it that these soldiers only dug the grave and were then marched off, and that the hands of Stanton, Hold, and Baker bore in the body of the victim of Boston Corbett, shovelled in and levelled down the earth, and replaced the stone flooring. However this may be, it is certain that the file of soldiers were at once exchanged into a regiment on duty on the plains, and that many and very strong reasons were given to these men to suppress the scene at which the Secretary of War officiated as head sexton upon the remains of a man hunted to a Virginia barn, burnt out of it as a rat, and shot by a crazy religio-maniac in the spinal chord. Since then no direct effort has been made till last week by the Booth family to get the body of the youngest, though I believe request was made and barbarously refused to give over to Edwin Booth the shirts, shoes, and stockings which Stanton held, till Grant went into the War Department, ad interim, when the trunk was handed over. On last Friday John H. Weaver presented a letter from Edwin Booth to Andrew Johnson, simply requesting the custody of his brother's body, and it was granted, as before told, today, and the expedition with which the order was effected has been already indicated. I was present this afternoon at the arsenal, with Messrs. Weaver, Marr, and Harvey, and the events which occurred were so brief and purely official that it required the associations of the time and place, and the memory of all the tragedies there culminating, to enforce the suggestiveness if not the historical importance of the scene even on the most impressible mind. As said, the gentlemen entrusted with the reception of the remains arrived at the arsenal yard at 4 P.M., Mr. Weaver bearing the order to

General Ramsey delivered it to Captain F. H. Phipps, of the Ordnance Corps, Officer of the Day in charge. Mr. Weaver's interview with Captain Phipps lasted some fifteen minutes in the latter's office. At the end of that time the Captain and Mr. Weaver reappeared. The rest of the party, including your correspondent, followed them to two ponderous iron doors, which dovetailed on one another, and which were opened by Mr. Tapso, the civilian superintendent of the warehouse. The doors were exactly as those of a vault. Entering into the warehouse, we found that before the varied contents of the long room stretching ahead could be scanned, a short turn to the left brought us to the side room under the floor of which was first buried Booth and subsequently the rest of the conspirators, as they are called, and yet more subsequently Captain Wirz, the Andersonville jailor. The room is a rectangle, about forty by twenty feet, and about twenty feet high also. It is lined with shelves running up and across so as to form very many square pigeon holes, which are filled with boxes, bottles, tools and other odds and ends, including pieces of rope, small chains and many other articles. Right in the centre of the room the ordinary flagstone flooring had been taken up, and the gaps left by the disinterment of Mrs. Surratt, on Monday last, and of Harold, on Sunday night, had not been filled up. The earth was heaped high on both sides. The peculiarity of the graves is, that they are no graves. A single trench, five feet high, fifteen feet long, and six feet wide, has held the ugly boxes which contained in order the bodies of Mrs. Surratt, Captain Wirz, Lewis Payne alias Powell, George A. Atzerodt, David E. Harold, and John Wilkes Booth. Mrs. Surratt's disinterment left the boxes holding Wirz, and Payne, and Atzerodt quite visible. Harold's exhumation last night, of which hereafter, would have revealed the box holding Booth had not the latter been covered up immediately afterward. In this a sort of extra importance was given to the leader. His friend's remains were left for the time exposed. His were earthed over as quickly as the succeeding disinterments revealed them, until the word came to have himself borne to consecrated ground. The party once in the room, Captain Phipps courteously and quietly informed us of the relative position of the remains of each of the dead. The spectators were only three

undertakers, a military officer, and a journalist, but despite the hardness which the familiarity with catastrophes and death may be supposed to work upon such minds, there was a something of solemnity and sadness and awfulness at these graves which toned the voice to low utterance, induced each man to remove his hat, and made conversation begin with and end on the merest necessities of the case. As much of respect as could be was paid to the presence of the dead. In five minutes a file of soldiers came in, and, in response to an order of Captain Phipps, fell to work at the unburial. Booth lay last of the series of victims. To get at him it was necessary, if the trench be pursued at its existing opening, to take up Atzercoat and Payne. That was tried, but the work it was soon found would exhaust the daylight, and the soldiers were ordered to come out of the grave, throw back the right hand pile of the earth upon the coffins, so called, of Atzerodt and Wirz, just visible, and to open the trench from its farther end so as to reach Booth directly. The work thus far had been useless and had consumed an hour of very precious time. The soldiers, however, with a style of digging which betokened them as of the old Army of the Potomac, in fifteen minutes threw about three tons of earth, and in forty-five minutes more had dug all around the Booth box so that it was pulled up by box hooks inserted under its two ends. It came to the surface -- the box -- in a sound state of preservation. The rich dry soil having even hardened the wood, which soil largely persisted in clinging to the box as if loth to dispart from the body which had so long been enfolded by it. The box was carefully lifted to where the stone flooring had not been disturbed. The soldiers with shovels, and with a broken sword which lay near by carefully scraped the adhering soil from the wood, and when the head end of the case was reached the broken sword removed several layers of soil and then shone out the name, John Wilkes Booth, in capital letters about an inch long each, painted on the white pine in black paint. The name had been evidently painted on across a sheet of tin as packers mark their boxes, because the letters were as printed and not as written letters. The remains were not exposed, but a single general look was given the box after it had been thus partially cleansed. It was then borne by four

Words
 soldiers on their shoulders to the little red express wagon, into which it was placed gently and almost impressively. A blanket was thrown across and carefully secured beneath it, so as to cover up even a semblance of it. Not a word was said by a single person. The negro voter who drove the vehicle could not read; hence the name on the box when he saw it before it was covered over was as Greek to him. At a sign he drove off. Good day and thanks to Captain Phipps and his soldiers were exchanged. The little stubby sorrell broke into a brisk trot, the negro whistled Champagne Charlie, the gentlemen kept up strong and silent thinking, and the body of John Wilkes Booth was borne on to the city, finally in the custody of his kindred, to rest forever by the side of his father, the great actor of tragedies, next to the son whose deed and whose death constituted in themselves the greatest tragedy of the time. The streets of the capital were crowded with people coming home from work. The little wagon attracted no attention, for four men and a small box covered with a stable blanket were not calculated to excite even curiosity. To-morrow, at 11 o'clock, probably before Baltimore knows of it, Wilkes Booth's body will rest in Christian ground, and the long war of the government of the United States against a corpse will be ended.

THE REMAINS OF THE ASSASSIN BOOTH TAKEN TO BALTIMORE --  
 PROPOSED DEMONSTRATION BY THE POPULACE -- PRIVATE  
 INTERMENT DETERMINED UPON.

Baltimore, Feb. 16, 1869

The remains of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, were removed from Washington on Monday afternoon, and arrived here on the same evening. An order was obtained Monday morning, and J. C. Weaver, a well known undertaker, proceeded at once to Washington and disinterred the remains. They were contained in a plain pine box, two government blankets being wrapped about the person, The original box, which was much decayed, having been rotted by dampness, was exchanged for a plain coffin.

The remains were brought here as secretly as possible and deposited at the wareroom of Mr. Weaver. It became noised about that his body was here, and at an

early hour this morning crowds of people began to assemble, all anxious to get a glimpse of the last mortal remains of the assassin. All were denied admission, however, until about three P.M., when the box was again opened and the body, or rather skeleton, was transferred to a splendid metallic coffin.

There was but little of the remains left, <sup>declared the correspondent of</sup> the flesh having all disappeared, leaving nought but a mass of blackened bones. Upon one foot was an old army shoe, and upon the other a boot cut open upon the top. This covered the left foot, the leg having been broken in his leap from the stage box of the theatre after he had assassinated President Lincoln. The remainder of his dress consisted of a rough brown coat, black pants and vest, all of which were rotten and decayed. The hair all remained, and the silken curls of glossy black reminded one of the handsome face which people once so much admired, but the intelligent face was gone. During the afternoon hundreds of people visited the place, and some were allowed to view the remains.

New York Herald

After a short time it was found that the curious crowds had cut the blankets almost to pieces to get souvenirs. Many persons also visited Baltimore Cemetery during the day, believing the interment would be made there, but came away disappointed.

Mrs. Booth and her sons Edwin Booth and Junius Brutus Booth will arrive here to-morrow, when the body will be deposited in a vault at the government cemetery and in a few days will be secretly interred in the presence of the family, at Baltimore cemetery, beside the remains of Junius Brutus Booth the senior.

There seems a disposition on the part of many people here to get up a demonstration, but the relatives of Booth bitterly oppose anything of the sort, and have arranged to inter the remains secretly, as above stated. The presence of Booth's remains has been the topic of conversation among all classes here, and has been the sensation of the day.