

A MISTAKEN ARREST OF A JERSEYMAN

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Mr. John G. Stevens, a well-known citizen of Trenton, while on his way to the Pennsylvania oil regions recently, was taken prisoner by two detectives, on suspicion that he was Booth. The Trenton True American says:

At first Mr. Stevens, who can relish a joke, thought it was a very good one, and joined with the detectives in the pleasantries incident to the accidental meeting of a jocular party. The detectives took a seat very near by Mr. Stevens, and endeavored to draw out some facts which might confirm their suspicions, but the entire ignorance of Mr. Stevens of even the fact that he was seriously suspected, only confirmed the officers that their prisoner was a most adroit and accomplished gentleman.

Matters passed along pleasantly until their arrival at Titusville Pa., the head of the oil regions, when the unpleasant proximity of the officers, and the crowd of policemen, convinced Mr. Stevens that his arrest was no joke. The crowd became clamorous and violent, demanding that the prisoner should be hung up at once without judge or jury. All this, as may be imagined, was very pleasant to the feelings of Mr. Stevens. They followed close upon his heels up to the hotel, and while he and the detectives were in a room, examining into the identity of Mr. Stevens, and ascertaining whether or not he was Booth, the crowd outside continued to increase in numbers, and also in ferocity, demanding that he should be brought out, in order that they might take vengeance upon him.

The detectives soon found by the examination of Mr. Stevens' papers that he was a railroad man, from New Jersey, and was as far from being Booth, the assassin, as the Emperor of Russia, or any other man. They came out of the hotel and so informed the crowd; but this would not satisfy them, - they still demanded that he ought to be shot, and when

the detectives said he belonged to the state of New Jersey, and the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, some chap in the crowd said, "Well, damn him - he ought to be shot anyhow." The detectives advised Mr. Stevens that he had better appear at the window of the hotel and address the crowd. After a good deal of hesitancy, Mr. Stevens finally appeared, and in a very pleasant vein, addressed the people, and managed to get them in excellent humor.

TAKEN FOR BOOTH

Our townsman J. Allison Eyster, Esq., narrowly escaped arrest in Huntingdon last week on the suspicion that he was the veritable J. Wilkes Booth, the murderer of the President. He had gone there on a visit to his brother-in-law, Hon. John Scott, and went into a barber shop to get shaved. He ordered the barber to shave off his moustache, which was done, and after the operation was performed Mr Eyster walked out to the house of his relative. As soon as he left the shop, the barber declared that he was Booth; that he knew Booth well and had shaved him in the oil regions. Of course an intense excitement was aroused. The news spread through the town with lightning speed that Booth had been in the place. The hotels were all examined, but no such person had stopped at any of them, and suspicion was confirmed by the fact that the suspected individual must be secreted somewhere about the town. Mr. Eyster was not out of the house during the evening, and was therefore ignorant of the excitement he had created; and it was not until the next morning when he appeared on the street with Mr. Scott, that the blunder was discovered. Now that Booth has been captured and killed, we presume that Mr. Eyster will feel safe in venturing from home again.