

"So you are the desperate fellow we have been chasing around the world. Why, you are only a beardless boy." Turning to Commodore Jeffrey, he said: "Surely, Commodore, there is no occasion to iron Surratt. It is certainly unnecessary." The Commodore stated that they were his orders, and there was nothing left but to obey. I was placed in the stateroom, and a marine, with drawn cutlass and loaded revolver, placed on guard. The marine was given orders that if I attempted to escape to cut me down or shoot me down, if necessary. The whole thing struck me as being a perfect farce, and I laughed in the face of the officer who gave the command. He scowled at me. As I had a whole stateroom to myself, and as the marine had to march three paces forward and three paces back, I think I had the best of the bargain. The voyage was uneventful, and we landed in New York in the spring of 1867, and I was taken direct to Washington. During my trial, which lasted sixty-two days, over two hundred witnesses were examined. As you may know, the jury disagreed, standing eight for acquittal and four for conviction; and, after being kept in the Old Capitol prison for some months, I was liberated on \$25,000 bail. The case was never called again, and I presume the bail has expired by limitation. My counsel were General Merrick and John G. Carlisle. After that trial my nervous system was a wreck. I have never gotten over it.

Now, about the testimony of Lewis J. Weichmann—that man's testimony from beginning to end was outrageously false. He lied, lied, lied, from the time he took the witness-stand until he left it. During the three days he was on the stand he did not dare to look me in the face. I never took my eyes off him for a moment. General Merrick told me that the newspapers were commenting on the fact. I believed that if I could have caught his eye it would have ended his perfury. As I said to you at the

beginning of our talk, that man has done more to bring disgrace and ruin on me and my family than any one and every one else, living or dead. I am convinced that if he was on his death-bed he would send for me and ask my forgiveness for the ruin and trouble he has caused me.

Do I think that his testimony was actuated by malice? No, I do not. Moral cowardice was at the bottom of it. The morning after Lincoln's assassination a great many people were arrested. Weichmann was one of these. It became known that he was a friend of Booth. In order to get a confession from him a rope was placed around his neck, the other end of it thrown over a beam and he was ordered to tell what he knew. He was lifted off his feet. Under such circumstances a man will tell or say anything to get a rope from around his neck. Weichmann made up his story out of whole cloth and when he was in safety he did not have the moral courage to contradict it as any honest man would. He was a moral coward. He was that way as a school boy. At school it was forbidden to have novels. I had one in my desk and Weichmann opened the desk and took it out. Through some chance it fell into a teacher's hands. When I accused Weichmann of having taken it out, he swore by all that was holy that he did not do so, although I confronted him with three boys who saw him. As I said, the child is father to the man. The boys at school would not have anything to do with him. He was continually hanging around the teachers and running to them with tales.

The cost of my trial about impoverished me, and I could not have paid for it had not two friends in Baltimore sent me money. I received from them checks for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 at a time. My detectives had to follow the Government detectives all through the North. The latter tore the leaf out of an Albany hotel register where I had signed the day before Lincoln was murdered. But I was able to secure other registers where I had signed on dates which made my presence in Washington during those exciting times, impossible. I also summoned many prominent citizens of Elmira, all strong Union men, whom I had met there, and they testified to my being in that city on the dates I claimed. My counsel demanded that I give them the name of the Union Colonel who let me into the prison, but I refused. It would have ruined him, although it would have caused my acquittal.

WAS THE WORK OF MAD MOMENT

Maryland Man Believes John Wilkes Booth Was Insane.

BALTIMORE, May 16.—The statement of a New York man to the effect that John Wilkes Booth before the assassination of President Lincoln had spoken of his intentions to James A. Corby, the late millionaire, who in turn confided his secret to Rev. John Hennessy, a well-known priest in St. Joseph, have attracted considerable attention of late. In the story of the kidnaping plot, as told by Mr. Samuel B. Arnold, one of the Lincoln conspirators, the statement was made that until the day of the actual assassination, the writer believed, the subject of the assassination had never been considered, and Mr. Arnold advanced strong reasons for his belief. In order to learn the views of Mr. Arnold as to the story of the New York man, a

clipping was sent to him at his home, near Friendship, Anne Arundel County, and the following interesting letter was received in reply:

"The clipping inclosed of the 4th inst received. I have carefully perused the New Yorker's story. In the first place, it is not likely that John Wilkes Booth would have communicated to a perfect stranger such a startling disclosure, and, secondly, should he have done so, and Millinaire Corby failing to make known to the proper authorities the affair, makes him to all intents and purposes as guilty in the crime as Booth himself. Strange such a story remained untold for nearly 40 years before being given to the nation. The writer of the article had made it known to his friends; therefore, it was no secret and they could have told this tale without waiting for the death of Millinaire Corby, whom probably none of them knew personally.

"I stand by the confession of those in the crime that assassination was not contemplated until sprung upon them at 8 o'clock in the evening, and carried into effect at 10 o'clock the same night. I am constrained to believe that Booth was at the time he committed his unholy crime, demented, brought about through the collapse of the southern cause, for the success of which every pulsation of his heart throbbed. He was naturally erratic and of a visionary mind, and the South being crushed crazed him at the time. This is my firm and fixed conviction. The New York story is but another George affair, the man who suicided sometime ago, pronouncing himself John Wilkes Booth. The West is productive of many startling stories.

Sincerely yours,
SAMUEL B. ARNOLD.

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