

### BOOTH'S SHOT RECALLED.

A CURIOUS AND NEW STORY FROM A  
*N.Y. Times* MONTREAL MAN. 1890

DETROIT, Mich., April 17.—An echo of the shot fired by J. Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre, Washington, twenty-five years ago last Monday, by which Abraham Lincoln received his mortal wound, was heard to-day in Detroit. Thomas Casey, a typical Irishman of sixty years or more, stood in front of the Opera House this afternoon intently studying the show bill that bore the name of Edwin Booth, who is playing an engagement here. He asked a man standing near him if Edwin Booth was any relation to J. Wilkes Booth. Being assured that he was, Mr. Casey repaired to the hotel to tell Mr. Booth the following remarkable story, now repeated for the first time:

In June, 1865, while Mr. Casey was an auctioneer in Quebec, a schooner called the Emma loaded at Montreal with oil for Nassau. In the cargo were seven large tanks marked "J. W. B., Nassau, to be called for." The schooner passed Quebec, but a short distance below that city a storm struck her and she was wrecked. The crew and officers were never seen, but the derelict was picked up by some Quebec sailors, who claimed salvage. The goods recovered were put into the Admiralty Court to be sold, and Thomas Casey was the auctioneer to whom the sale was intrusted. He opened the seven trunks and found them filled with rich velvet suits, jeweled daggers, armors, helmets, plumes, and various other theatrical accessories. Old letters bearing the address "J. Wilkes Booth" and hundreds of tickets with the initials "J. W. B." were also found.

The goods were much damaged by water. For some of them there was no call, and Mr. Casey kept them. The sailors realized \$300, and \$300 was deposited to the credit of J. Wilkes Booth or his heirs. Mr. Casey had never heard of J. Wilkes Booth. Away down in Quebec he took but little interest in the affairs that were then interesting the American mind, and he made no effort to find the owner, who, he then supposed, was drowned on the Emma, nor had he any interest in inquiring for Booth's relatives. In the lapse of time the affair escaped his memory and he did not think of it again until to-day.

Casey's endeavor to see Edwin Booth was futile. He was not in his room and no reply was deigned to a note in which the writer intimated that he might be able to impart some information of interest about J. Wilkes Booth. A subsequent interview with Mr. Arthur Chase, Mr. Booth's manager, was equally fruitless, Mr. Chase informing Casey that the great tragedian would tolerate no allusions to or conversations about his brother from any source whatever.

The fact that the trunks were consigned to Nassau leads to the belief that J. Wilkes Booth evidently hoped to escape to the Bahama Islands and there resume his profession, believing, no doubt, that his offense would be considered a political one and that he would be safe in a foreign country.

Casey is a resident of Montreal who happens to be visiting this city.

A COINCIDENCE.—Twice, between an interval of many years, has the nation paused in its labors to whisper with hushed voice the tragic name—Ford's Theatre. On both days another name has been on the Public's tongue—Booth.

Thirty years ago the immortal Lincoln fell at the crack of Wilkes Booth's pistol. *June 1893*

A few days ago the walls of that fearful hall of entertainment crushed in their fall a corps of government clerks. At that time, at the same hour, Edwin Booth's remains were being taken to their last resting place, while a nation sorrowed for the loss of a scholar and its greatest actor.

There are some, doubtless, who will connect these sad, tragic events. No deeper sorrow ever rested on man than that which the hand of Wilkes put on his brother Edwin. Is it not strange that the walls, the walls which Edwin Booth must have believed accursed, should have crumbled as he was carried to his grave? With Edwin Booth sank to the everlasting silence the last of a famous family of actors, and on the same day perished the theatre inseparably connected with a name honored and dishonored by the same generation of Booths. It seems as though the evil genius of the family of Booth lived in Ford's Theatre, and when Edwin, the sad, the melancholy, the dark-featured, the last bearer of the family name, was no more, it, too, winged itself away and let its haunt sink into the dust.