The Columbian

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HENRY L. DIEFFENBACH,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Columbia County Official Directory.

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Associate Judges—IRAM DERR, ISAAC S. MONSON.
Prothonotary, &c.—WELLINGTON H. ENT.
Register & Recorder—WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.
District Attorney—F. R. IKELER.
Sheriff—MORDECAI MILLARD.
Surveyor—ISAAC DEWITT.
Treasurer—DAVID LOWENBERG.
Commissioners—WILLIAM G. QUICK, CYRUS ROBBINS, HIRAM J. REEDER.
Commissioners' Clerk—WILLIAM KRICKBAUM.
Auditors—U. J. CAMPBELL, A. J. ALBERTSON, DANIEL LEE.
Coroner—JOHN D. HOUCK.
Jury Commissioners—ISAAC McBRIDE, JOHN McANALL.
County Superintendent—CHARLES G. BARKLEY.

Bloomsburg Official Directory.

First National Bank—CHAS. R. PAXTON, Pres't., J. P. TUSTIN, Cashier.
Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association—JOHN THOMAS, Pres't., J. B. ROBISON, Sec.
Bloomsburg Medical Saving Fund Association—————— President, M. WHITMOYER, Sec'y.

Bloomsburg Directory.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

A. M. RUPERT, dealer in stoves & tinware, Rupert block, Main st. west of Market. vl-n48

JACOB METZ, dealer in stoves and tinware Main street, above court house. vl-n43

CLOTHING, &c.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main st., 2d door above American House. vl-n48

WM. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor corner of Centre and Main st., over Miller's store. v3-n30

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

E. P. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st. below the Post Office. vl-n43

MOYER BROS., Druggists and Apothecaries Brower's block Main st. vl-n43

CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

HENRY ZUPPINGER. Watches, Spectacles & Jewelry &c., Main Street near West st. v3 n15

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the American House. vl-48

LOUIS BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker, near southeast corner Main and Iron sts. vl-43

R. CATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Market street, below Main. vl-n46

BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. M. BROWN, Boot and Shoemaker, Main street, under Brown's Hotel. vl-n43

DAVID BETZ, Boot and Shoemaker, Main st., below Hartman's store, west of Market. vl-43

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, East Bloomsburg. vl-n43

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. H. C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Main st., above the Court House. vl-n43

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician, Exchange Block over Webb's book store v3-n38

DR. B. F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth extracted without pain. Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church. vl-n46

E. R. IKELER, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel." v3-n1

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel." v3-n3

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, north side Main st., below Market. vl-n43

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, south side Main street, below Market vl-n43

J. C. RUTTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician Market street, above Main. vl-n43

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main street. v2-n20

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

E. PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, opposite Episcopal Church, Main st. vl-n4

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey building Main street. vl-n43

MISS A. D. WEBB, Fancy Goods, Notions, Books, and Stationery, Exchange Block, Main street. vl-n43

MISS M. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below Market. vl-n44

MRS. E. KLINE, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main street below Market. vl-n4

MISS JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, Ladies' Cloaks and Dress Patterns, southeast corner Main and West sts. vl-n43

THE MISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below American House, vl-n44

HOTELS AND SALOONS.

FORKS HOTEL, by T. Bent. Taylor, east end of Main street. vl-43

WIDMYER & JACOBY, Confectionery, Bakery and Oyster Saloon, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block, Main street. vl-n43

MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

C. C. MARR, Dry Goods and Notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

C. B. SEESHOLTZ, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, &c., corner Main and Iron streets. vl-n30

D. A. BECKLEY, Boot and Shoe store, books & stationery, Main st., below Market. vl-n43

E. JACOBS, Confectionery, groceries etc., Main st., below Iron vl-40

E. MENDENHALL, General Stock of Merchandise and Lumber, corner of Main street and Berwick road. vl-n43

FOX & WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery wholesale and retail, Exchange Block. vl-n43

H. C. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Main st., above Court House. vl-n43

J. J. BROWER, Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., corner Main st. and Court House alley. vl-n43

ROBBINS & EYER, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., cor. Main and Centre sts. vl-n43

J. K. GIRTON, Groceries & Provisions, Main Street below Market. vl-n44

J. K. EYER, Groceries and General Merchandise. Main st., above West. vl-43

J. H. MAIZE, Mammoth Grocery, fine Groceries, Fruits, Nuts, Provision, &c., Main and Iron Streets. vl-n30

M'KELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., N. E. cor. Main and Market sts. vl-n43

S. H. MILLER & SON, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, Notions, etc., Exchange Block, Main st. vl-n43

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. WITMAN, Marble Works, one door below Post Office, Main Street. vl-n43

BLOOMSBURG LUMBER CO., manufacturers and dealers in Lumber of all kinds; Planing Mill near the railroad. vl-n46

C. FOSTER, Gun Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, Scottown. vl-n47

C. M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness-maker, Shive's Block Main Street. v3n16

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door north northwest corner Main and Iron sts. vl-n43

E. B. BIDLEMAN, Agent for Manson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod. v2n19

E. J. THORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades and fixtures, Rupert Block, Main st. vl-43

G. W. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story brick, Main Street, west of Market st. vl-n43

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins & Eyer's Store, Main st. vl-43

I. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chemberlin's alley, rear of American House. vl-43

JOHN A. FUNSTON & CO., mutual and cash rates fire Insurance companies, Brower's Building, Main Street. vl-n43

JACOB DIEFFENBACH, Brush Factory, Orders left at his residence or at Muler & Son's Store promptly filled. Best green Western brush used. vl-n18

JAMES CADMAN, Cabinetmaker and Chairmaker; rooms Main street bel. Iron. v3-n24

N. W. SAMPLE & Co., Machinists, East Bloomsburg, near Lack. R. R. Castings made at short notice. Machinery made and repaired. v2-n2

R. H. RINGLER, dealer in pianos, organs and melodeons, at G. W. Corell's furniture rooms vl-n43

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road. vl-n4

W. PEACOCK, Notary Public, northeast corner Main and Market st. vl-43

WM. RABB, dealer in furniture, trunks, cedar willow ware, near the Forks Hotel. vl-n43

Orangeville Directory.

A. & E. W. COLEMAN, Merchant Tailors and Gent's furnishing goods, Main St., next door to the Brick Hotel. vl-n47

A. R. HERRING & BROTHER, Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine. vl-n47

BOWER & HERRING, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Lumber and general Merchandise, Main st. vl-n47

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment Saloon, by Bohr M'Henry cor. of Main and Pine st., vl-n47

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, Physician and Surgeon, Main st., next door to Good's Hotel vl-n47

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street. vl-n47

I. L. EDWARDS, Physician and Surgeon, Main st., first door above M'Henry's Hotel. v4-n23

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Make and Undertaker. Main St., below Pine. vl-n47

J. M. HARMAN, Saddle and Harness maker, Main st., opposite Frame Church. v2n11

SCHUYLER & CO., Iron founders, Machinists, and Manufacturers of plows, Mill St. vl-n4

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle. Main St. v2n5

WILLIAM DELONG Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine vl-n49

Catawissa.

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St., Robbins' Building. v2-n18

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician, Second St. below Main. v2-n18

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street v2-n12

B. KISTLER, "Catawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets. v2n18

I. KEHLER, Billiard Saloon, Oysters, an Ice Cream in season Main St. v2n12

M. M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise, Dry Goods, Groceries &c. v2-n18

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbader Proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street. v2n12

D. D. RINARD, dealer in Stoves and Tin-ware, Main Street, v2n12

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney at law, Main St. v2n12

Light Street.

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above School House. v1n46

JOHN A. OMAN, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, v1n46

J. J. LEISER, M. D., Surgeon and Physician. Office at Keller's Hotel. v2n27

PETER ENT, dealer in Dry Goods Groceries. Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., Main street. v1n49

R. S. ENT, dealer in Stoves and Tin ware in all its branches. v1n46

Espy.

B. F. REIGHARD, & BRO, dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, and general Merchandise. v2n11

ESPY STEAM FLOURING MILLS, C. S. Fowler, Proprietor. v2n46

J. D. WERKHEISER, Boot and Shoe Store and manufactory. Shop on Main Street opposite the Steam Mill. v2n4

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufactory. v2n11

Buck Horn.

M. G. & W. B. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceries and general merchandise. First store in south end of town. v2-n18

Hotels.

THE ESPY HOTEL.

ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

The undersigned would inform the travelling public that he has taken the above named establishment and thoroughly refitted the same for the perfect convenience of his guests. His larder will be stocked with the best the market affords. The choicest liquors, wines and cigars always to be found in his bar.

Apr.23,69-tf WILLIAM PETTIT, Espy, Pa.

BRICK HOTEL,

ORANGEVILLE, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

ROHR M'HENRY, Proprietor.

This well known House, having been put in thorough repair, is now open to the travelling public. The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars, and the table will be, at all times, supplied with the delicacies of the season. No pains will be spared to insure the comfort of guests.

Orangeville, dec. 10,'69-tf.

MONTOUR HOUSE
RUPERT, PA.
WILLIAM BUTLER, Proprietor.

This House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to ensure the perfect comfort of the travelers. The Proprietor solicits a share of public patronage. The bar will be stocked at all times with fine liquors and cigars. mar11'70-tf.

BENTON HOTEL.

W. F. PIATT, Proprietor,

BENTON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

This well known House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of visitors. No pains have been spared to ensure the perfect comfort of guests. The proprietor also runs a Stage from the Hotel to Bloomsburg and intermediate points on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. [may 6'70-tf

Stoves and Tinware.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.

ISAIAH HAGENBUCH,

Main Street one door above E. Mendenhall's Store.

A large assortment of Stoves, Heaters and Ranges constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest rates.

Tinning in all its branches carefully attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Tin work of all kinds wholesale and retail. A fail is requested. \apr.9,69-tf

STOVES AND TINWARE.

A. M. RUPERT

announces to his friends and customers that he continues the above business at his old place on MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG.

Customers can be accomodated with FANCY STOVES of all kinds, Stovepipes, Tinware and every variety of article found in a Stove and Tinware Establishment in the cities, and on the most reasonable terms. Repairing done at the shortest notice.

2 DOZEN MILK-PANS on hand for sale.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

CLARK M. BROWN,

MAIN STREET, UNDER BROWN'S HOTEL.

A full and complete assortment of ready made boots and shoes for men, women and children just received and for sale at reasonable rates. Varieties to suit all classes of customers. The best of work done at short notice, as heretofore. Give him a call. [apr8'70-tf.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!

JOHN FAREIRA,

718 ARCH STREET,

Middle of the Block, between 7th and 8th Sts., South Side,

PHILADELPHIA,

Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds and quality of

FANCY FURS

FOR LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

Having enlarged, remodeled and improved my old and favorably known FUR EMPORIUM, and having imported a very large and splendid assortment of all the different kinds of Furs from first hands in Europe, and had them made up by the most skillful workmen, I would respectfully invite my friends of Columbia and adjacent counties, to call and examine my very large and beautiful assortment of Fancy Furs, for ladies and children. I am determined to sell at as low prices as any other respectable House in the city. All Furs warranted. No misrepresentation to effect sales. JOHN FAREIRA,

718 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Nov. 4, 1870-3m.

Philadelphia Directory.

EAGLE HOTEL.

247 NORTH THIRD STREET,

R. D. CUMMINGS, PROPRIETOR.

ESTABLISHED 1793.

JORDAN & BROTHER,

Wholesale Grocers, and Dealers in SALTPETRE AND BRIMSTONE

No 249 North Third St.

Philadelphia.

C. H. HORNE. W. S. KING. J. B. SEYBERT.

HORNE, KING & SEYBERT,

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,

No. 421 Market Street

PHILADELPHIA.

Orders filled promptly at lowest prices.

January 5, 1870.

H. W. RANK'S

WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND CIGAR WAREHOUSE,

No. 146 North Third Street,

Between Cherry and Race, west side.

Philadelphia.

FRANK & STRETCH,

(Successors to I. H. Walter,)

Importers and Dealers in

QUEENSWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS,

No. 234 N. Third Street,

Between Race and Vine Sts.

PHILADELPHIA.

S. FRANK, C. R. STRETCH, } Gen'l Partners.
I. H. WALTER, Special Partner.

je24'70-tf.

J. M. KEPHEART,

WITH

BARNES, BRO. & HERRON,

HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS & FURS,

No. 503 Market Street,

(Above Fifth,)

PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,

Successors to Stroup & Brother,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FISH.

No. 24 North Wharves and 25 North Third St

Philadelphia.

RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

NO. 128 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA

oct. 22,'69-1y

WILLIAM FISHER

WITH

THOMAS CARSON & CO.

WHOLESALE

DEALERS IN HOSIERY,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

LINENS & NOTIONS

NO. 18 NORTH FOURTH STREET

Philadelphia.

June 4,'69-6m

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,

PHILADELPHIA,

Dealers in

TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES

RICE, SPICES, BICARB SODA, &C., &C.

Orders will receive prompt attention. may 10,67-tf.

Business Cards.

M. M. L'VELLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Ashland, Schuylkill County Pa.

C. W. MILLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. sep.3'67

ROBERT F. CLARK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office Main Street below the Court House, Bloomsburg Penn'a.

E. H. LITTLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office Court-House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office, Bloomsburg Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

OFFICE—Court House Alley, in the COLUMBIAN building. [Jan4,'67.

E. J. THORNTON

would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has just received a full and complete assortment of

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,

FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,

and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment. mar.5,'69-tf Main St. below Market.

CHESTER S. FURMAN,

HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,

and dealer in

CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS,

BUFFALO ROBES, HORSE-BLANKETS &C.,

which he feels confident he can sell at lower rate than any other person in the county. Examine for yourselves.

Shop third door below the Court House, Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Aug. 5, 1870.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER

W. M. MONROE & CO.,

Rupert, Pa.,

Manufacturers of

POWDER KEGS,

and dealers in all kinds of

LUMBER,

give notice that they are prepared to accomodate their custom with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

E. M. KNORR.

Having purchased the stock of the old Keystone Shoe Store, and added thereto a large and well selected new stock is prepared to exhibit the best variety of

BOOTS AND SHOES

ever brought to this place. He is also prepared to make Boots and Shoes to order in the latest and best styles. For cash only. In the old Post Office building, corner Main and Market Streets, Bloomsburg, Pa. [sep3'70-1y.

BUSINESS CARDS,
VISITING CARDS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
PROGRAMMES,
POSTERS,
&C., &C.

Neatly and Cheaply Printed

From the Latest Styles of Type at the COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

250,000 PRIME BRICK FOR SALE AT ESPY.

For particulars, address

B. J. MILLARD, Espy.

OR T. B. MILLER, Lime Ridge.

oct28'70-tf.

SLATE ROOFING,

EVERY VARIETY

AT

MOST FAVORABLE RATES,

JOHN THOMAS, AND CASPER J. THOMAS

Box 277. Bloomsburg, Pa.

Mar.19,69-1y

Poetical Selections.

Not Lost.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes;
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear;
It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
Over soiled robes which once were pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole;
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet;
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin,
These are not lost

Not lost, O Lord, for in Thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our grace below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

Slander.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet a woman's fair name wilted,
And friends once warm grew cold and stilted,
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow
In craven whispers, hushed and low,
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one—
That muttered low for very shame,
That thing the slanderer dare not name,
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

Evidences of a God.

God hath a voice, that ever is heard,
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird,
It comes in the zephyr just kissing the bloom,
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom;
Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice,
O what do they tell, but that God hath a voice?
God hath a presence and that you may see,
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noon day, the star of the night,
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land,
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where you may, from the sky to the sod,
O where can you gaze, that you see not a God?

The Story of the Assassination of President Lincoln.

JOHN H. SURRATT'S LECTURE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—JOHN H. SURRATT, last night, at Rockville, a village in Montgomery county, Maryland, some sixteen miles northwest of this city, made his *debut*. Since his trial and discharge in this city, Surratt has spent a portion of his time in lower Maryland, has been in the commission business in Baltimore, and now has turned up as a school-teacher in Rockville, where he has availed himself of leisure hours to prepare, in the shape of a lecture, a history of the events which brought him so prominently before the public. He has a good voice and easy delivery, to which he occasionally added great warmth of feeling, particularly when he referred to his mother and his alleged desertion of her in her darkest hour:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Upon entering that door a few moments ago the impression on my mind was so strong as to vividly recall scenes of three years ago. I am not unacquainted with court-room audiences. I have stood before them before; true, not in the character of a lecturer, but as a prisoner at the bar, arraigned for the high crime of murder. In contrasting the two positions I must confess I felt more ease as the prisoner at the bar than I do as a lecturer. Then I felt confident of success; now I do not. Then I had gentlemen of known ability to do all my talking for me; now unfortunately, I have to do it for myself, and I feel illy capable of performing the task; still I hope you will all judge me kindly. I am not here to surprise you by any oratorical effort—not at all—but only to tell a simple tale. I feel that some explanation, perhaps, indeed, an apology is due you for my appearance here this evening. In presenting this lecture before the public I do it in no spirit of self justification. In a trial of sixty-one days I made my defence to the world, and I have no need or desire to rehearse it; nor do I appear for self glorification. On the contrary, I dislike notoriety, and leave my solitude and obscurity unwillingly. Neither is it an itching for notoriety and fame. My object is to present a simple narrative of events as they occurred. I stand here through the force of that which has obliged many other men to do things quite as distasteful—pecuniary necessity, for the supply of which no more available channel presented itself. This is a reason easily appreciated. So you will take it kindly, I trust, and the ground we will have to go over together will guarantee sufficient interest to repay your kind attention. In this my first lecture I will speak of my introduction to J. Wilkes Booth—his plan—its failure—our final separation—my trip from Richmond, and thence to Canada—then my orders to Elmira—what was done there—the first intimation I had of Lincoln's death—my return to Canada and concealment there and final departure for Europe.

At the breaking out of the war I was a student at St. Charles' College, in Maryland, but did not remain long there after that important event. I left in July, 1861, and returning home commenced to take an active part in the stirring events of that period. I was not more than eighteen years of age, and was mostly engaged in sending information regarding the movements of the United States army stationed in Washington and elsewhere, and carrying despatches to the Confederate boats on the Potomac. We had a regularly established line from Washington to the Potomac, and I being the only unmarried man on the route, had most of the hard riding to do. I devised various ways to carry the despatches—sometimes in the heel of my boots, sometimes between the planks of my buggy. I confess that never in my life did I come across a more stupid set of detectives than those generally employed by the United States Government. They seemed to have no idea whatever how to search men. In 1864 my family left Maryland and moved to Washington, where I took a still more active part in the stirring events of that period. It was a fascinating life to me. It seemed as if I could not do too much or run too great a risk.

In the fall of 1864 I was introduced to John Wilkes Booth, who, I was given to understand, wished to know something about the main avenues leading from Washington to the Potomac. We met several times, but as he seemed to be very reticent with regard to his purposes, and very anxious to get all the information out of me he could, I refused to tell him anything at all. At last I said to him, "It is useless for you Mr. Booth, to seek any information from me at all; I know who you are, and what are your intentions." He hesitated some time, but finally said he would make known his views to me provided I would promise secrecy. I replied, "I will do nothing of the kind. You know well I am a Southern man. If you cannot trust me we will separate." He then said: "I will confide my plans to you; but before doing so I will make known to you the motives that actuate me. In the Northern prisons are many thousands of our men whom the United States Government refuse to exchange. You know as well as I the efforts that have been made to bring about that much-desired exchange. Aside from the great suffering they are compelled to undergo, we are sadly in want of them as soldiers. We cannot spare one man, whereas the United States Government is willing to let their own soldiers remain in our prisons because they have no need of the men. I have a proposition to submit to you, which I think, if we can carry it out, will bring about the desired exchange." There was a long and ominous silence, which I at last was compelled to break by asking, "Well, sir, what is your proposition?" He sat quiet for an instant, and then, before answering me, arose and looked under the bed, into the wardrobe, in the doorway and the passage, and then said: "We will have to be careful; walls have ears." He then drew his chair close to me and in a whisper said: "It is to kidnap President Lincoln, and carry him off to Richmond." "Kidnap President Lincoln!" I said. I confess that I stood aghast at the proposition, and looked upon it as a foolhardy undertaking. To think of successfully seizing Mr. Lincoln in the capital of the United States, surrounded by thousands of his soldiers, and carrying him off to Richmond, looked to me like a foolish idea. I told him as much. He went on to tell with what facility he could be seized in various places in and about Washington; as, for example, in his various rides to and from the Soldiers' Home, his summer residence. He entered into the minute details of the proposed capture, and even the various parts to be performed by the actors in the performance. I was amazed—thunderstruck—and in fact, I might also say frightened at the unparalleled audacity of this scheme. After two days' reflection I told him I was willing to try it. I believed it practicable at that time, though I now regard it as a foolhardy undertaking. I hope you will not blame me for going thus far. I honestly thought an exchange of prisoners could be brought about could we have once obtained possession of Mr. Lincoln's person. And now reverse the case. Where is there a young man in the North with one spark of patriotism in his heart who would not with enthusiastic ardor have joined in any undertaking for the capture of Jefferson Davis and brought him to Washington? There is not one who would not have done so. And so I was led on by a sincere desire to assist the South in gaining her independence. I had no hesitation in taking part in anything honorable that might tend towards the accomplishment of that object. Such a thing as the assassination of Mr. Lincoln I never heard spoken of by any of the party. *Never!* Upon one occasion, I remember, we had called a meeting in Washington for the purpose of discussing matters in general, as we had understood that the Government had received information that there was a plot of some kind on hand. They had even commenced to build a stockade and gates on the navy yard bridge; gates opening towards the South, as though they expected danger from within, and not from without. At this meeting I explained the construction of the gates, &c., and stated that I was confident that the Government had wind of our movement, and the best thing that we could do would be to throw up the whole project. Every one seemed to coincide in my opinion except Booth, who sat silent and abstracted. Arising at last and bringing down his fist upon the table, he said: "Well, gentlemen, if the worst comes to the worst I shall know what to do."

Some hard words and even threats then passed between him and some of the party. Four of us then arose, one saying: "If I understand you to intimate anything more than the capture of Mr. Lincoln I for one will bid you good bye." Every one expressed the same opinion. We all arose and commenced putting our hats on. Booth perceiving, probably, that he had gone too far, asked pardon, saying that he "had drank too much champagne." After some difficulty everything was amicably arranged, and we separated at five o'clock in the morning. Days, weeks and months passed by without an opportunity presenting itself for us to attempt the capture. We seldom saw one another, owing to the many rumors afloat that a conspiracy of some kind was being concocted in Washington. We had all arrangements perfected from Washington for the purpose. Boats were in readiness to carry us across the river. One day we received information that the President would visit the Seventh-street Hospital for the purpose of being present at an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. The report only reached us about three quarters of an hour before the time appointed, but so perfect was our communication that we were instantly in our saddles on our way to the hospital. This was between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. It was our intention to seize the carriage, which was drawn by a splendid pair of horses, and to have one of our men mount the box and drive direct for Southern Maryland, via Benning's bridge. We felt confident that all the cavalry in the city could never overhaul us. We were all mounted on swift horses, besides having a thorough knowledge of the country, it being determined to abandon the carriage after passing the city limits. Upon the suddenness of the blow and the celerity of our movements we depended for success. By the time the alarm could have been given and horses saddled, we would have been on our way through Southern Maryland towards the Potomac river. To our great disappointment, however, the President was not there, but one of the Government officials—Mr Chase, if I mistake not. We did not disturb him, as we wanted a bigger game than he could have afforded us. It was certainly a bitter disappointment, but yet, I think, a most fortunate one for us. It was our last attempt. We soon after this became convinced that we could not remain much longer undiscovered, and that we must abandon our enterprise. Accordingly a separation finally took place, and I never after saw any of the party except one, and that was when I was on my way from Richmond to Canada on business of quite a different nature—about which presently.

Such is the story of our abduction plot. Rash, perhaps foolish, but honorable I maintain in its means and ends; actuated by such motives as would, under similar circumstances, be a sufficient inducement to thousands of Southern young men to have embarked in a similar enterprise. Shortly after our abandonment of the abduction scheme, some despatches came to me which I was compelled to see through to Richmond. They were foreign ones, and had no reference whatever to this affair. I accordingly left home for Richmond, and arrived there safely on the Friday evening before the evacuation of that city. On my arrival I went to Spottswood Hotel, where I was told that Mr. Benjamin, the then Secretary of War of the Confederate States, wanted to see me. I accordingly sought his presence. He asked me if I would carry some despatches to Canada for him. I replied "Yes." That evening he gave me the despatches and $200 in gold with which to pay my way to Canada. That was the only money I ever received from the Confederate government or any of its agents.

It may be well to remark here that this scheme of abduction was concocted without the knowledge or the assistance of the Confederate government in any shape or form. Booth and I often consulted together as to whether it would not be well to acquaint the authorities in Richmond with our plan, as we were sadly in want of money, our expenses being very heavy. In fact, the question arose among us as to whether, after getting Mr. Lincoln, if we succeeded in our plan, the Confederate authorities would not surrender us to the United States again, because of doing this thing without their knowledge or consent. But we never acquainted them with the plan, and they never had anything in the wide world to do with it. In fact we were jealous of our undertaking, and wanted no outside help.

I have not made this statement to defend the officers of the Confederate government. They are perfectly able to defend themselves. What I have done myself I am not ashamed to let the world know. I left Richmond on Saturday morning before the evacuation of that place, and reached Washington the following Monday at 4 o'clock P. M., April 3, 1865. As soon as I reached the Maryland shore I understood that the detectives knew of my trip South and were on the lookout for me. I had been South several times before for the secret service, but had never been caught. At that time I was carrying the despatches Mr. Benjamin gave me in a book entitled "The Life of John Brown." During my trip, and while reading that book, I learned, to my utter amazement, that John Brown was a martyr sitting at the right hand of God. I succeeded in reaching Washington safely, and in passing up Seventh street met one of our party, who inquired what had become of Booth. I told him where I had been; that I was then on my way to Canada, and that I had not seen or heard anything of Booth since our separation. In view of the fact that Richmond had fallen, and that all hopes of the abduction of the President had been given up, I advised him to go home and go to work. That was the last time I saw any of the party. I went to a hotel and stopped over that night as a detective had been to my house inquiring of the servant my whereabouts. In the early train next morning, Tuesday, April 4, 1865, I left for New York, and that was the last time I ever was in Washington until brought there by the United States Government a captive in irons, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

The United States, as you will remember, tried to prove my presence in Washington on the 15th of April, the day on which Mr. Lincoln met his death. Upon arriving in New York I called at Booth's house, and was told by the servant that he had left that morning suddenly, on the ground of going to Boston to fulfill an engagement at the theatre. In the evening of the same day I took the cars for Montreal, arriving there the next day. I put up at the St. Lawaence Hotel, registering myself as "John Harrison," such being my two first names. Shortly afterwards I saw General Edward G. Lee, to whom the despatches were directed, and delivered them to him. Those despatches we tried to introduce as evidence on my trial, but his Honor Judge Fisher ruled them out, despite of the fact that the Government had tried to prove that they had relation to the conspiracy to kill Mr. Lincoln. They were only accounts of some money transactions—nothing more or less. A week or so after my arrival there, General Lee came to my room and told me he had a plan on foot to release the Confederate prisoners then in Elmira, New York. He said he had sent many parties there, but they always got frightened, and only half executed their orders. He asked me if I would go there and take a sketch of the prison, find out the number of prisoners, also minor details in regard to the number of soldiers on guard, cannon, small arms, etc. I readily accepted these new labors, owing to the fact that I could not return to Washington for fear of the detectives. The news of the evacuation of Richmond did not seem to disturb the General much in his plan, as he doubtless thought then that the Confederacy wanted men more than ever, no one dreaming that it was virtually at an end. I was much amused at one expression made use of by an ex-reb with regard to the suddenness of its demise: "Down the thing, it didn't even flicker, but went right out." In accordance with General Lee's order, I went to Elmira, arriving there on Wednesday, two days before Mr. Lincoln's death, and registered at the Brainard House, as usual, as "John Harrison." The following day I went to work, and made a complete sketch of the prison and surrounding. About 10 o'clock on Friday night I retired, little thinking that on that night a blow would be struck which would forever blast my hopes and make me a wanderer in a foreign land. I slept the night through, and came down the next morning little dreaming of the storm then brewing around my head. When I took my seat at the table about 9 o'clock A. M., a gentleman to my left remarked, "Have you heard the news?" "No: I've not," I replied, "What is it?" "Why President Lincoln and Secretary Seward have been assassinated." I really put so little faith in what the man said that I made a remark that it was too early in the morning to get off such jokes as that. "It's so," he said, at the same time drawing out a paper and showing it to me. Sure enough, there I saw an account of what he told me, but as no names were mentioned, it never occurred to me for an instant that it could have been Booth or any of the party, for the simple reason that I had never heard anything regarding assassination spoken of during my intercourse with them. I had good reason to believe that there was another conspiracy afloat in Washinton. In fact we all knew it. One evening, as I was partially lying down in the reading room of the Metropolitan Hotel, two or three gentlemen came in and looked around as if to make sure that no one was around. They then commenced to talk about what had been done, the best means for the expedition, &c. It being about dusk, and no gas light, and partially concealed behind a writing desk, I was an unwilling listener of what occurred. I told Booth of this afterward, and he said he had heard something to the same effect. It only made us all the more eager to carry out our plans at an early day for fear some one should