

BOOTH'S PLOT TO KIDNAP LINCOLN:

By IDA M. TARBELL

Edited by Ernest C. Miller*

Ida Tarbell Speaks Again

IDA M. TARBELL stands today for different things to different people.

There are, for example, aspiring young writers who are making added efforts to produce better writing after reading Miss Tarbell's "All in the Day's Work," which accurately portrays her early trials and later success as an editorial staff member on such magazines as "The Chautauquan," "McClure's Magazine," and "The American Magazine."

Others have found Miss Tarbell's worth in her excellent biographical works, "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" and "Madam Roland," resulting in part from her study and experiences in Paris.

Closer to home and to the present, her volumes on business, business changes, and industrial leaders, such as her "Life of Elbert H. Gary" and "Owen D. Young," established a standard for such writing that has seldom been equalled.

To a host of Lincoln scholars and experts, and to the American public in general, Miss Tarbell's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" stands as her supreme effort. In this she eulogized a man previously made repulsive by some authors. She set straight some controversial Lincoln questions, and, most important, brought from hiding and saved for posterity many reminiscences that would otherwise have been lost forever. Lincoln and the Lincoln family were persistent endeavors with Miss Tarbell and all her life she collected material on them. When she prepared "In the Footsteps of the Lincolns," she lifted that famous name from the category of "poor white trash" to its proper position.

*Ernest C. Miller of Warren, Pennsylvania, an oil historian, has prepared the introduction and notes for this Ida Tarbell article because of his knowledge of the Wilkes Booth story. He is the author of three oil books and many historical articles pertaining to early oil history.

The oil industry remembers Ida Tarbell chiefly for her monumental book, "The History of the Standard Oil Company." The work stands, after half a century, as the best examination of an oil corporate monopoly and as the best exposé of the gigantic "fist" once wielded by the Standard Oil Trust. It was an important work because Standard Oil was the first trust; the original group of founders created the trust charter and methods of operation; and they satisfied the trust ideal of complete commodity control.

No one was better qualified than Ida Tarbell to write about this phase of oildom. Born, raised, and educated in the very heart of the world's first oil field, she knew the oil business and its ramifications as no other capable journalist did.

Ida Tarbell maintained a steady and constantly increasing interest in Allegheny College, her alma mater, and for more than thirty years served as a member of the Board of Trustees. In 1927 she first planned to present her Lincoln Library to the college. The first shipment of eight hundred books, files, papers, documents and manuscripts arrived at the Reis Library at Allegheny College during 1939. During the next four years, more and more Lincoln material arrived at intervals from Miss Tarbell. Following her death early in 1944, the remaining Lincoln material was presented.

Generous alumni and interested friends provided an impressive room for housing the material and adding to it. It is now known as the Tarbell Lincoln Collection. But, best of all, the material is available to all students at the college and to outsiders who are genuinely interested in what it has to offer. Miss Tarbell would be pleased with the uses made of her collection.

The mass of letters, documents, and other material is being carefully inspected and classified by Dr. Stanley S. Swartley. This work will still take a considerable time.

Mr. Philip M. Benjamin, Librarian of Allegheny's Reis Library, first found the following hitherto unpublished Tarbell manuscript and brought it to my attention. It is given first publication here with the consent of the Faculty Library Committee of the college.

It is obvious that Miss Tarbell's interest in the "neglected episode" of Lincoln's assassination stemmed first, from her lengthy Lincoln work, and, second, from her acquaintance with the John Wilkes Booth tales rampant in the Pennsylvania oil country.

ERNEST C. MILLER

A Neglected Episode in the History of the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

THERE was no more exciting place in the United States in the summer of 1864—Washington and the battlefields of the Civil War aside—than a small tract in northwestern Pennsylvania known as the oil region. Five years before, in 1859, Nature's storage places for the petroleum she had been manufacturing through the ages with such secrecy, as well as a practical method of tapping her reservoirs, had been discovered.

The news had brought thousands to the country, building up a great, lusty, pushing population in which men of every kind were to be found—the city born and the country bred, the rich and the penniless, the ignorant and the cultivated, the honest man and the swindler.

In this amazing crowd there was, in the summer of 1864, no more fascinating member than the brilliant young actor known the country over, John Wilkes Booth.

There are many people in Franklin today who believe that he looked over the oil region before he came to settle there at this time. It is probably true, but so far as I have been able to find there is no proof of it. The winter of 1863-64 had been a busy one for him on the stage, and prosperous. That year he made some twenty thousand dollars, so he says, and he had closed the season with two weeks in New Orleans in April and five weeks in Boston closing the last week in May.¹

Certain it is that the summer found him in the town of Franklin, Venango County, Pennsylvania, the county-seat and one of the leading oil centers. With Booth as a companion was a man who was already or soon was to be established as a dealer in oil lands, Joe B. Simonds.² The two had probably met in the theatre. It was not long before it was known in oil circles that Booth and Simonds, together with two men from Cleveland, Ohio, one of them a well known theatrical man, John A. Ellsler, and a friend of his, Thomas Y. Mears, had formed an oil company and were drilling a well across the river from Franklin, on a piece of land which Mears had bought in the spring.³ They called this company "The Dramatic Oil Company."

If you should look for the charter of this company you'd not find it.

Mr. John F. Budke, a leading lawyer of Franklin, has made a thorough investigation of the activities of the Dramatic Oil Company, collecting certified copies of all existing documents. In his judgment no such corporation ever existed.

"It was the custom during the oil excitement," he says, "for a company, in a sense that the word company suggests a group of men, to adopt a name for their enterprise."

This seems to have been what happened now. Booth and his friends, Simonds, Mears and Ellsler had decided to try their luck as oil producers and chose a name celebrating their profession. Proof that business was carried on under that name is ample. It is the name under which the company was assessed by the township, the name used on an occasion the land was sold at Treasurer's sale; also it is the name under which the records concerning the land are indexed in the Venango County House.

The new interest kept Booth in Franklin while a well was drilling. He liked the town. Franklin, indeed, was a fine old place. Not even the inundation of men rushing to make fortunes had destroyed its charm. True, there were not enough beds to go around. True also, you had to take pot luck for food. But in the general excitement and in the consciousness that Franklin was growing rich—a high grade oil having been discovered in its neighborhood—there was a general gaiety about the hustle. Booth liked the town and soon was very much at home on its streets and in many of its homes.

There are men and women still living in or near Franklin who remember him. There are scores of those of middle life who have grown up on legends of him. They show you the house in which he lived, the room he occupied, the site of the oil well across the river in which he had an interest. They bring out mementoes of him, autographed photographs, a smart cane, a mirror with its wide old-fashioned mahogany frame he bought for his room. They tell you of his fastidiousness, particularly in the matter of towels. The town, over-run with strangers, was hard pushed even to find enough common towels. Booth insisted on his own and plenty of them, and it is still remembered. They tell how going to and from the house in which he lived he often passed a little shop in the

window of which the woman had the habit of placing her child. He always stopped to play with the little one, and if the child was not there, went in to ask if he were sick.⁴

There are a few recollections, not so pleasant, of angry outbursts when it was suspected that he had been drinking too much, but little of politics.⁵ Few remember any expression, even a mild expression, of his opinion on the government, of war, of Lincoln. A. W. Smiley, who shared his hotel room with Booth and Simonds when they first came to Franklin and who kept up the acquaintance until Booth left in the fall, has written in his *Recollections*: "I never heard him say a word about any of the leading actors on either side of the Civil War, which was still in progress, or ever make any reference whatever to either the North or the South."⁶ They remember him as a likeable, fascinating creature, so much more agreeable to have around than most of the multitude that this mad search for wealth had thrust upon them.

What these friends of Booth did not know, even suspect, was that he carried with him a load of bitter hate, that he was developing a plot he believed would satisfy it, one that through this oil venture he hoped to get money to finance. It promised to be a highly expensive undertaking.

If the tide of the Civil War had not turned against the South as it did in 1863, Booth, in all probability, would never have been more than a rather noisy critic of the Administration of the North. From boyhood he had loved the South and all her ways. For the North and her ways he had dislike, even contempt, and now the South he loved was being choked to death. The man responsible was Abraham Lincoln. As he went around the North playing in all its cities and larger towns he found a great multitude of men and women who felt as he did and were doing something about it.

The North reeked with subversive activities. Every known technique for embarrassing a government with which a man did not agree, particularly weakening the power of its leader, was tried out. A highly developed espionage flourished. There was sabotage on a huge scale, weeks of riot and arson in New York City, threats of epidemic from the poisoning of water or the scattering of disease germs, raids from Canada, the freeing of Confederate prisoners, the protection of deserters from the armies of the North. The most alarming form of anti-Administration activity was what

we call today the Bund, openly advocating disunion and slavery. One of these organizations had even set up as an independent government. THE ORDER OF AMERICAN KNIGHTS, THE OAKS, they were called.⁷ There were thousands of these Oaks handling plenty of money, planning a northwestern Confederacy which was to join the Southern Confederacy in overthrowing the North. They specialized in hindering enlistments, fighting the draft, stirring up discontent among Northern soldiers in the field.

The success of all these undercover efforts to paralyze the North depended on breaking down the people's faith in Lincoln, spreading and intensifying contempt and hate for him. They had much to work on that was contributed by the very supporters of the Northern cause. Lincoln's conduct of the war was under the continual fire of Congress, the press, the unhappy masses trying to support the army and to keep the country behind the lines fed and clothed.

Lincoln's handling of slavery was held to be arbitrary and unconstitutional. So were his military commissions, arrests, imprisonments, drafts, his suspension of the right of habeas corpus. These were the charges they used to stamp him as an ambitious and brutal tyrant, aiming to fix himself perpetually on the country, establish a dynasty. He was to be King Lincoln.

When, in the summer of 1864, Booth came to Franklin, Pennsylvania, he was not long in finding there were many in the town who shared this widespread contempt and distrust of the President. The attitude of a large portion of the population was best expressed by its leading newspaper—the *Venango Spectator*, which had carried since the summer of 1862 at the head of its editorial page in black-faced type the following announcement:

OUR PLATFORM

Mr. Lincoln is not the United States Government. The Government is ours, and we owe allegiance to it; Mr. Lincoln is not ours, and we do not owe allegiance to him. Mr. Lincoln's term of office is short and fleeting; the Government we hope, will last forever.

This platform of the leading Franklin paper is evidence enough that Booth found himself in a town where there was strong cop-

perhead sentiment—strong enough to let it pass if he dropped an embittered word about Lincoln. It was a town where he could escape the antagonism which he ran up against in the theatre, strongly loyal to the North, which made him see red, often tempted him to violence. Here he could secretly mull over his plot to help the South.⁸ It was a plot born of a situation which the Northern Government had itself created and which was causing cruel suffering to both sides. No more prisoners were to be exchanged. This resolution of the Northern Administration came out of its determination to keep the Confederate Army as weak as possible. To exchange men meant that the Southerners went back into the ranks. It prolonged the war. The result was that prisons on both sides were soon filled with half-starved, half-clothed men. The misery in the Northern prisons, particularly Camp Douglas near Chicago and Johnson's Island in Lake Erie, was intensified by cruel cold. The horde of southern sympathizers in the North was making its chief aim the helping of these men to escape, and it was to this end that Booth was plotting.

He was not plotting murder. The fact that he did murder Lincoln has obscured the fact that the plan he was working on during the summer of 1864 in the Pennsylvania oil region was quite another matter: a plan for kidnapping the President of the United States, carrying him to Richmond in the belief that there his exchange value would be so great that the Northern Administration would release the southern prisoners in order to get their President back.

It was a bold and not impractical undertaking if the group of conspirators he selected were chosen with care, if their movements were secretly and carefully planned, if execution was not attempted until each actor was letter-perfect in his role. But at no point was the conspiracy properly executed. George Bryan in his *Great American Myth* gives the best characterization of the group that Booth had selected: "Falstaffian." It was just that. It was an army that moved on last minute rumors and whose undertakings were so helter skelter, so dangerous and foolish, that they always ended in failure. Alarmed at the futility of their efforts, the band finally disintegrated, leaving but four on the ground to back up Booth in what, after six months of efforts to kidnap, had become a determination to murder and no longer to murder one

man, but to murder a Cabinet along with the General-In-Chief of the Army.

While Booth was building his crazy structure, transforming himself from a kidnapper to a murderer, he never lost touch with Franklin. So far as I have been able to find out, no one of his associates there, business or social, had reason to think that he was active in subversive projects. They knew that he kept his interest in oil.⁹ Simonds, his agent, was in constant communication with him, but Simonds and his friends in the oil business, like his managers in the theatre, John Ford, McVickers of Chicago, were puzzled by his inattention to business and to profession. "Why," theatrical people asked, "was John Wilkes Booth not filling the engagements he was offered?" As a matter of fact between the end of his prosperous season of 1863-64 and the assassination on April 15, 1865, he filled but three engagements and all three of these benefits. What was the matter with him? Had he become a professional playboy?

Simonds in Franklin was particularly disturbed by his inattention to his oil interests. We know that he talked loudly of them to the men he was to engage in his conspiracy. The rumors of what he said came back to Simonds or perhaps he himself wrote them, for in February of 1865 Simonds wrote him, "You must not tell extravagant stories, John, about me. We work very hard and from the office derive so far a very comfortable income, but nothing even compares with what you used to make acting. We have not got rich yet, John, but when I do you'll be the first to know of it."

And then Simonds blasted the hope of speedy wealth from their Pithole investment. They'd been drilling and had the most tragic of oilmen's many disasters in drilling: Tools stuck in the well. "I had hoped," wrote Simonds, "and expected when I wrote you last that our well in Pithole would have been tested long before this, but three weeks ago just as the last boring was being done, the tools went down and stuck fast. I went to work systematically to get them out and hope to be successful this week and then go on again. The delay has been most vexatious."¹⁰

Little wonder that Simonds, knowing how insistent Booth was on making quick money, should have written him in this letter: "I hardly know what to make of you this winter. So different from

your usual self. Have you lost all your ambition or what is the matter? Don't get offended with me, John, but I cannot but think you are wasting your time spending the entire season in Washington doing nothing when it must be expensive to live and all for no other purposes beyond pleasure."

Simonds and all Franklin were as startled into the realization of what Booth had been doing, something so far from pleasure, when on the morning of April 16 the news of his terrible deed first reached Franklin. It came to them over the railroad wires.

A station agent was busy selling tickets for an early train when suddenly he halted his work crying out to his assistant, "My God, do you hear what is coming over the wires? President Lincoln was shot last night in a theatre in Washington by John Wilkes Booth. Can it be possible that that is the John Wilkes Booth who was here last year we all knew so well?"¹¹

It did not take long to learn that it was the man they knew so well.

All day men gathered to discuss the meagre news coming in. There was an occasional outburst of rage; a stranger alighting from a train seemed to someone to look like Booth and he cried out his suspicion. It took the police to save the man. There were rare outbursts of satisfaction. "Goody, goody," cried a girl of sixteen, only to find a strong hand over her mouth and a stern voice ordering her to shut up. But these were stray expressions. The town as a whole sorrowed. For months he had been a familiar and romantic figure in their streets, a great actor of a family of noble actors he had moved about quiet and friendly, always one of them.

They followed the long search for him. It seemed incredible that he could long elude his pursuers. Where would he go? Would he come to them—his friends? It is still told in Franklin how on the evening of one of these days of doubt a group of well known men gathered in an office, all friends of Booth. What should they do, they asked one another, if, as they thought possible, he should steal back to Franklin? They were his friends. What does a man do for a friend even if that friend is the murderer of the President of your country?

These friends who might have been willing to shield him were not long in doubt. The news of his capture and death sent a wave of horror and apprehension to Franklin and the whole oil region.

What was their part in this? Had he accomplices? The Government sent agents to see, but found nothing then or afterward to make them suppose that Booth's connection with the oil business was any more than a phase of the wild, speculative interest, the hope to get rich quick that had swept the country.¹² Franklin dropped out of the picture.

The fact that Booth had expected to finance by oil operation a plot which had turned out to be the most hideous crime in the history of this country, played no part in the Government's trial, intent as it was on proving that Booth was a tool of the Confederate Government, that it was Jefferson Davis and his cabinet that had planned the Assassination.¹³

The Government paid no attention to Franklin and the Dramatic Oil Company, nor have any of the various biographers that have told in recent years, so often and so thrillingly, the story of his life and crime.

But the end of the conspiracy trial, the final burial of Booth in the Booth lot in Baltimore, did not prevent a return of the man to the court records of Venango County. As I have said, deeds there show that in October of 1864 he sold to his brother, Junius Brutus, what remained to him of the land owned by the company.¹⁴ One would suppose this would be his last appearance in the Franklin records. There is another and a later one, very puzzling. As we have seen, Joe Simonds, a one-third owner, was left as Trustee of the land, a Trustee of Ellsler and the interest Booth had sold. But when he was not looking, as we may conjecture, a railroad was surveyed down the Allegheny River across from Franklin. It ran the length of the three acres of the Dramatic Oil Company. It was not until the summer of 1867, two years and three months after the supposed death of Booth, that Simonds took the matter up, securing by petition to the Judges of Venango County, disinterested persons to assess the damages. They were fixed at \$1,400. Now the puzzling thing in the documents is that Simonds set himself down as Trustee for John Wilkes Booth.

The persons whose bump of credulity is developed to a point where they write books to prove that Booth did not die and was not buried as the Government testimony tells us, might make something out of this document. They would find material too, in the fact that Simonds' Petition to the Venango Judges was made

in Florida, that is, in Florida he swore before a Justice of the Peace that in 1867 he was acting as a Trustee for John Wilkes Booth.¹⁵

Notes

¹ Since Miss Tarbell wrote this manuscript considerable evidence has been found that John Wilkes Booth came to the Pennsylvania oil regions because he was physically unable to act any more at the time.

As early as 1862 an unknown Boston critic wrote that Booth spoke from the throat, produced mongrel sounds, had a nasal quality in his voice which "... bodes great harm to his delivery if not checked at once. . . ." In 1863 he was hampered by a form of bronchial trouble.

During March, 1864, he opened in New Orleans, and one reporter wrote that "... he is at present laboring under a severe hoarseness. . . ." Eight days later the management of the St. Charles Theatre announced that, because of a continued cold, Booth would have to take a short rest on orders from his doctor. Later he tried a few more performances, but the following week brought his stay to an end.

For confirmation and added details consult: Boston (Mass.) *Daily Advertiser*, May 19, 1862; New Orleans (La.) *Times*, March 9, 21, and 27, 1864; *Daily Picayune*, New Orleans, April 3, 1864.

Booth scorned such notices and any advice, and journeyed to Boston where he played at the Museum. Promptly a critic told his readers, "Mr. Booth played the part of 'Evelyn' at the Museum last evening with a tact, grace and appreciation of the character such as few but himself can exhibit upon the stage, the only drawback being the cold which restrains his voice." Boston (Mass.) *Transcript*, April 27, 1864.

² The correct name of Booth's friend was Joseph H. Simonds. Formerly a teller at the Mechanics Bank in Boston, Simonds was much interested in the theatre and met John Wilkes during his appearances in Boston and perhaps during his visits at the home of his brother, Edwin Booth, who lived in nearby Dorchester.

Simonds was of aid to John Wilkes in some Boston real-estate transactions and had a good financial background. It was logical that John should think he would make a good manager for oil properties.

³ The well was drilled on the Fuller Farm and the lease was for three and one-half acres. The lease was a mile south of Franklin, Pa., bordered on one side by the Allegheny River and on the other by the Franklin-Clarion turnpike. Cone, Andrew and Walter R. Johns, *Petrolia: A Brief History of the Pennsylvania Petroleum Region* (New York, 1870), p. 214.

⁴ In 1894 Mrs. J. T. P. Watson of Franklin related how Booth, en route from his rooming house to the U. S. Hotel where he took his meals, always stopped and talked with her son "Joie," who was two years old in 1864. The boy sat in a large window that opened on the sidewalk. For details see Ernest C. Miller, "John Wilkes Booth in the Pennsylvania Oil Region," *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, March-June, 1948, p. 8.

⁵ Of thirty-five interviews made by Louis J. Mackey in 1894 with people who knew Booth while he was in Franklin, seven of the people recalled angry outbursts by Booth. Several were said to have been caused by political discussions, while others seemed to have started from war news that favored the northern cause.

⁶ However, in Mackey's second interview with Smiley, Mackey quotes Smiley as saying to him: "Booth's remark regarding Lincoln was, 'I would rather have my right arm cut off at the shoulder than see Lincoln made President again.' This was during Lincoln's candidacy for the second time

and was brought out during a talk on politics of the day between Booth and some acquaintances on the ferryboat."

It was thirteen years later that Smiley reversed his position in his book *A Few Scraps—Oily and Otherwise* (Oil City, Pa., 1907), pp. 81-82.

⁷ Northern Democrats who wanted peace, often called "Copperheads," formed the Order of American Knights through reorganization of the Knights of the Golden Circle during 1863. The next year the name was changed to the Sons of Liberty when C. L. Vallandigham became the commander of the organization.

Stephen, Nathaniel W., *Abraham Lincoln and the Union* (New Haven, 1921), pp. 233-239.

⁸ While the owners of the Franklin newspaper were certainly anti-Lincoln, the residents were not anti-Union. Citizens held the largest mass meeting ever seen in Venango County at the courthouse park on April 22, 1861, "To uphold the U. S. government. . . ." Men started to enlist at once. During the conflict, all or large percentages of seventeen companies were raised in Venango County. Of full companies from the county were the "Venango Grays" or Co. C of the 10th Regiment; Co. A and Co. E of the 121st Regiment; "The Petroleum Guards" or Co. I of the 142nd Regiment; and "The Lamberton Guards," organized in 1862 when Lee's Maryland invasion threatened Pennsylvania. This last unit went to Harrisburg but returned home without action following Antietam. Public meetings were held to raise bounty funds for volunteers, and a Home Relief Association and Soldiers' Aid Dime Society flourished in Franklin. Venango's County Commissioners supported families of absent soldiers who were having a difficult time. For more details consult: Babcock, Charles, *Venango County, Pennsylvania: Her Pioneers and People*, Vol. I (Chicago, 1919); Newton, J. H., ed., *History of Venango County, Pennsylvania* (Columbus, Ohio, 1879).

⁹ It seems doubtful if John Wilkes Booth retained his interest in oil as Miss Tarbell believed. His partner, Simonds, testified before the Military Commission that Booth had disposed of all his oil property before leaving Franklin. Previous to this testimony, Simonds had written a letter to the Provost Marshal at Meadville, Pa., in which he said: "In September he made his third and last visit here during which time a purchase of the land interest in the Allegheny River property was consummated he furnishing his third of the purchase money and by agreement between all the owners the conveyance was made in my name as Trustee and at my suggestion the accounts settled, and operations suspended. . . . This was no sooner consummated than he requested me to prepare deeds conveying all his title and interest in the Allegheny River property to his brother, Junius Brutus Booth, two thirds and to myself one third, and all his interest in the Pithole property to his sister, he giving as a reason that his oil speculations had proved unprofitable and . . . they served to draw away his mind and attention from his profession. . . ."

Consult: Letter of J. H. Simonds to Capt. D. V. Derrickson, April 25, 1865, War Records Office, National Archives, Washington, D. C.; Pitman, Benn, *The Assassination of President Lincoln and Trial of the Conspirators* (Cincinnati, 1865), p. 45. Pitman's volume is not entirely accurate nor is it a verbatim report, but a *verbatim ac litteratim* report of the trial testimony, which confirms Booth's disposition of oil property, is available. See Poore, Ben Perley, *The Conspiracy Trial for the Murder of the President* (Boston, 1865), pp. 39-42. This was a projected three volume report of which only two volumes were ever issued.

¹⁰ Simonds is confusing when he wrote Booth during February, 1865, about the work on the Pithole well and property. But, while he doubtless had previously suggested to Booth that work be halted, early in 1865 gusher wells were struck along Pithole Creek, and this probably led Simonds to commence activity on the well there.

¹¹ H. B. Smith, friend and roommate of Alfred Smiley, was selling rail-

road tickets with his hands and listening to the telegraph with his ears. Smiley was sitting in the same office. When Smith heard the news, he actually said, "My God, Smiley, President Lincoln was shot last night in a theatre in Washington by John Wilkes Booth, theatrical performer. Can it be possible that it is the John Wilkes Booth that was here last summer that we all knew so well?" Quoted from Smiley's *A Few Scraps—Oily and Otherwise*, p. 89.

¹² There has never been any evidence produced that government agents visited Franklin to inspect Booth's quarters, property, or to question his associates. But the legend persists.

¹³ It was not proved that Jefferson Davis or other highly placed Confederate officials or military officers were connected with Booth, his abduction plot, or the assassination.

¹⁴ Booth made a present of two-thirds of his Allegheny River oil property to his brother Junius; there was a consideration mentioned in the deed but the property was a gift. Junius Booth had told John Wilkes that he had no faith in the oil business and that he would never invest a cent in it. His statement to that effect can be found in Kimmel, Stanley, *The Mad Booths of Maryland* (New York, 1940), p. 371.

¹⁵ Apparently Joseph H. Simonds, as Trustee, was inaccurate in describing the nature of his trusteeship when, from Florida, he petitioned the Court of Quarter Sessions of Venango County for redress against the Allegheny Valley Railroad.