

Thomas T. Johnson

(- 19 Mar 1894)

Johnson. On March 19, 1894, at 4 o'clock p.m., Thomas T. Johnson, officer of United States jail, beloved husband of Emma J. Johnson, of pneumonia. Funeral from his late residence, 320 11th street southeast, Wednesday, 2 o'clock p.m. Relatives and friends of family are invited.

The Evening Star, March 20, 1894

Death of Capt. Johnson

His War Record and Local

Experiences Briefly Recalled

Mr. Thomas T. Johnson, a guard at the jail for twenty-five years past, died yesterday, at his home, No. 320 11th street southeast, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, after a brief illness. Mr. Johnson had been complaining for some time of a cold, and on Thursday night last was obliged to leave his post of duty at the jail and return home and take to his bed, pneumonia having set in. He was not thought to be seriously ill, but yesterday he closed his eyes for the last time. Mr. Johnson was familiarly known as Capt. Tom Johnson. He was of a bright, cheery disposition and had made hundreds of friends in the District. He was born and raised in Fairfax county, Va., and followed farming till May, 1861, when, learning that the ordinance of secession had been passed, he came to this city, and was employed first in the erection of the fort near Chain Bridge, and then as a scout on the force of Gen. L.C. Baker, where he served until after the close of the war being one of those who had charge of those arrested and sentenced to be hung and imprisoned for the assassination of President Lincoln. His health had been seriously affected by his service, and from 1865 to 1869 he was almost continuously under medical treatment. In March 1869, he had, however, so improved that he accepted a position under Gen. Crocker at the jail, which position he held till his death. He leaves a wife and two children--Mr. Walter B. Johnson of the Atlantic Coast line system and a married daughter living in Chicago, and a number of brothers and sisters in Virginia. His funeral will take place from his late residence at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.