



Murder of President Lincoln!

Attempted Murder of Sec. Seward.

The announcement that President Lincoln was assassinated last Friday night, while sitting quietly and unsuspectingly witnessing a play at Ford's theater, sent a thrill of horror through every loyal heart in our country. We fill our paper this week with the startling details of this most appalling act. Without here repeating the circumstances, we refer the reader to the official and press account.

This terrible news fell upon the community, all jubilant with victory and the thought that the rebellion is ended, like a thunderbolt from heaven. We have experienced defeats in the field, and were prepared to suffer still others, and not lose heart; but no one was prepared to give up the head of our nation, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the great and good man, and that too by the hand of an assassin.

REBELLION killed our President. Here we have the natural result of that spirit which has for four years plunged our country in a terrible war—that has starved Union prisoners—that has hunted down Union men in the border states like wild beasts—that has murdered in cold blood whole garrisons of prisoners of war.—Here we have the essence of treasonable secession, in the assassination of the man who above all others was the friend of the rebellious state—he who was willing to forgive and forget the damning record of the past in the hope of a harmonious and peaceful future. Here we see and experience the venom of the slave power. Defeated and overcome in the field, its spirit was not subdued. Although beaten on every battle-field, and physically exhausted, the Lord permitted this crowning act of perfidy in its very death agony.

The Rebels have killed their best friend; let them abide the consequences. We would say nothing to rouse the passions of men, for we know the whole North is swelling almost to bursting, at the red-handed atrocity of last Friday night.—Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. But the loyal millions of this country demand justice; and justice will not be done till the leaders of this Rebellion expiate their foul crime.

We have no eulogy for Mr. Lincoln; able pens will write his virtues. Like that of the just, his memory is blessed. He will have a place in history among the great and good men of the world; while a disenthralled nation will ever look to him as their savior; and his name will always be on their lips next to that of the Redeemer of the world. May his soul rest in peace.

—There was also an attempt to murder Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, at about the same hour as the assault on Mr. Lincoln. From circumstances, trifling in themselves, this cowardly attack upon a man sick in his bed, probably failed of its object. But it is ascertained that there was a deep laid conspiracy to assassinate the President and Vice President, Lieut. Gen. Grant, and probably the entire cabinet; and thus by one fell swoop to paralyze the nation by striking down at once its Head, Heart and Arm. One man only of these foul conspirators did his work; the plot failed, and the Nation lives.

Long live the Republic!

What Shall be Done with Them?

The question now arises with redoubled weight, what shall be done with the Rebel leaders? We but reiterate the common sentiment, so far as we know it, when we say HANG THEM!

It is in no spirit of revenge that the people demand this policy. Security for the future as well as justice for the past, demand that the men who, in places of trust in the civil and military service of the United States, have committed the monstrous crime of treason, should expiate their guilt upon the gallows.

If there has been one thing which the North would have otherwise in the government, it has been the leniency exercised towards traitors. The magnanimity of our late good President would almost overlook the unparalleled crime of the traitors who have starved our soldiers by the thousands, committed atrocities upon Union men which would make the cheek of a savage to tingle, and deluged our whole land in blood.

The Almighty is a God of Justice.—Government is ordained of God. Rulers are His ministers, appointed as a terror to evil doers. If there is one thing that the lesson of the past week should especially teach us, it is that this sickly, sentimental philanthropy that calls for anything less

than the extermination of the viper that would sting to death our nation, is displeasing to the Almighty.

Andrew Johnson, Our President.

The thought among many, of who is now at the head of our nation, added not a little to the poignancy of the grief that all felt on hearing of the death of our good President. We confess we do not share very considerably in this feeling.

Who is Andrew Johnson, and what is his record? Born in humble circumstances, of poor parents, he has risen by his own efforts and indomitable will to the first place in our nation. He is emphatically a self-made man—a man of the people. So far, well.

When the Rebellion was concocted in the halls of Congress, Andrew Johnson was a senator from Tennessee. In the last days of Buchanan's administration, when treason was talked openly and defiantly on both floors of Congress, and some of the states had already been taken out of the Union by the arts of Jeff. Davis and other demagogues, Andrew Johnson, though from a Southern state, stood like a rock for the Union. The rebels knew his power and feared him.

In a lengthy speech on the 2d of March, 1861, (two days before the inauguration of President Lincoln) Mr. Johnson was personally attacked by that fit tool of secession, Jim Lane of Oregon. It was our privilege to hear a portion of Mr. Johnson's reply. Never will the scene of the occasion be forgotten by the crowds that filled every sitting and standing place in the Senate galleries. It was the beginning of a new era in the history of this country. Some of the states had already declared themselves as seceded; others were being forced into it; the hangly Southrons, like Breckinridge, Davis, Hunter, etc., scowled threateningly upon every lover of the Union, the "mudsills" being held in especial contempt. There were threats that Mr. Lincoln should never be inaugurated. The very air seemed freighted with ill omens. It was at such a time as this that Mr. Johnson silenced his opponents and made the traitors quail by his bold eloquence. We have only room to quote a short extract:

"But there are men who talk about cowardice, courage, and all that description of things; and in this connection, I want to say, not boasting, with no anger in my bosom, that these two eyes of mine never looked upon anything in the shape of mortal man that has heart feared."

Sir, we have reached a point at which we cannot talk about treason? Our forefathers talked about it; they spoke of it in the constitution of the country; they have defined what treason was; is it an offense, is it a crime, is it an insult to the constitution made by Washington and his compatriots? What does the constitution say?

Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. There it is defined clearly that treason shall consist only in levying war against the United States, and adhering to and giving aid and comfort to their enemies. Who is it that has been engaged in conspiracies? Who is it that has been engaged in making war upon the United States? Who is it that has fired upon our flag? Who is it that has given instructions to take our arsenals, to take our forts, to take our dock-yards, to take the public property? In the language of the constitution of the United States, have not those who have been engaged in it been guilty of treason? We make a fair issue. Show me who has been engaged in these conspiracies, who has fired upon our flag, who has given instructions to take our forts and our custom-houses, our arsenals and our dock-yards, and I will show you a traitor!—[Applause in the galleries.]

Let us then have faith in President Johnson. Let us trust that the exhibition of the last inauguration was an exception to Mr. Johnson's usual conduct. The government is with the people. Let such a sentiment go up to Washington from this entire nation as shall not only educate the central power there, but that will convince the world that the motto upon our new coins is no lie: "In God we trust."

—Since the above was in type we have a later record from Mr. Johnson. After the death of President Lincoln the cabinet held a meeting, and President Johnson retired for an interview with the committee on the conduct of the war, of which he was an original member. Members of this committee say that President Johnson referred in an appropriate manner to the recent sad event, and to the responsibilities which have devolved upon him. He spoke very decidedly upon the state of the country, declaring that treason is a crime that should be punished, not pardoned. This is in accordance with the public assertion made by President Johnson a few days ago.

"Treason," said he, "is the highest crime known in the catalogue of crimes, and for him that is guilty of it, for him that is willing to lift his impious hand against the authority of the nation, I would say death is too easy a punishment. My notion is that treason must be made odious, that traitors must be punished and impoverished, their social power broken. They must be made to feel the penalty of their crime. You, my friends, have traitors in you very midst, and treason needs rebuke and punishment here as well as elsewhere. It is not the men in the field who are the greatest traitors, it is the men who have encouraged them to imperil their lives, while they themselves have remained at home expending their

means and exerting all their power to overthrow the government; hence I say this: The halter to the intelligent, influential traitors, but to the honest boy, to the deluded man, who has been deceived into the rebel ranks, I would extend leniency, I would say return to your allegiance, renew your support to the government, and become a good citizen. But the leaders I would hang."

The Sad Story.

We give at length the horrid details of the scenes enacted at Washington, Friday night; and in addition a thrilling letter from our correspondent there, written before the President had hardly breathed his last. Besides these, we copy the best article we have seen on the subject from the Springfield Republican of Monday.

The Scenes at Washington.

BY A RESIDENT.
WASHINGTON, SAT'Y MORN.,
April 15, 1865.

FRIEND STONE:—I had written you a brief account of the exultation—of the joyous beating of the heart of the nation over our victories and the approach of returning peace: I now open the letter to add a hasty and a mournful postscript. The national heart, that a few hours ago was bounding with joy, now lies shakened, stunned and paralyzed with grief and horror. Within the past few hours tragedies have been enacted that will make the civilized world to shudder, and that will stand forever like a crimson blot on the page of history. The scenes of the French revolution threaten to re-enact themselves in our time and land.

The telegraph has already told you the fearful story, and the morning papers that I send herewith will give you the horrible details. I need not repeat them here. I had spent the evening at the house of a friend, and as I was returning home about half-past ten o'clock, I learned that the President had just been assassinated at Ford's theater, and that a contemporaneous effort had been made to murder the secretary of state, his son and other members of the cabinet. The news spread as by electricity, and almost instantly the whole city was aroused and in commotion. People ran hurriedly from place to place, or gathered in excited and anxious knots on the street-corners. I hastened at once to the scene, where an immense concourse was already assembled.

The particulars were being communicated from one to another, and its consequences discussed in low, earnest and solemn tones. Men spoke below their breath, or muttered threats and curses through their teeth. There was no noise, no demonstration, no loud talk, but it was evident from the frowning brows, the flashing eyes and the sullen silence, that all were animated with thoughts of vengeance too deep and terrible for utterance. The murderer had been brought among them then, he have been torn limb from limb in silence.

The general expression was that the rebels had slain their best friend—he who had stood like a shield and a savior between them and outraged justice—he who had pleaded with the people to be merciful towards them. Woe! now to rebels in arms! Let their black-hearted and red-handed sympathizers in our midst beware! They have slain "the element, the compassionate, and clemency and compassion are at an end. They have smitten the kind hand that was extended protectingly and forgivingly towards them; let them beware the mailed hand that will take its place, grasping the sword of vindictive justice and retribution!

All night long the crowd hung around the house where the President lay dying. He ceased breathing this morning about 7 o'clock. Since I commenced writing his remains have been borne past my window into the White House. Business of all kinds is suspended to-day—the stores shut up and the departments closed. A solemn, mournful silence broods over the city.

People look anxiously into each other's faces, as though they would read the thoughts and designs that are forming themselves in each other's minds. Will it all end here? or will the surcharged cloud, upon some slight provocation, discharge itself in a sudden burst of thunder, storm, tumult and bloodshed? If so, Woe! again, to them who have sown the wind; the whirlwind that they will reap will be terrible.

From the highest pinnacle of rejoicing, the nation has been plunged into a deep, dark gulf of mourning, and were tears and audible language, a cry would ascend from the sorrow-stricken heart of this loyal people, that would startle the world with the power of its agony. We have not yet sufficiently recovered from the sudden and stunning effects of the blow to think, or even conjecture its results and consequences. May it all be in fulfillment of the wise and beneficent designs of Providence. Hastily, yours in sorrow.

J. R. THOMPSON.

Lee's Surrender Completed.

The details of Lee's surrender have been so nearly completed that it is ascertained he surrendered 16,000 men, including teamsters and hospital attendants as well as soldiers; 170 pieces of cannon and 700 wagons. Lee had 40,000 men when he began his retreat, but lost many thousands by desertion as well as in the battles by which he was arrested.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

ASSASSINATED!

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE SECRETARY SEWARD.

[OFFICIAL.]

WAR DEPARTMENT,
April 15, 1.30 a. m.

To Maj. Gen. Dix:

This evening at about 9.30 p. m., at Ford's Theater, the President while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris and Maj. Rathburn, was shot by an assassin who suddenly entered the box and approached behind the President. The assassin then leaped upon the stage brandishing a large dagger or knife and escaped in the rear of the theatre.

The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head, and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since the wound was inflicted, and is now dying.

About the same hour an assassin, whether the same or not is not known, entered Mr. Seward's apartment and on pretense of having a prescription, was shown to his sick chamber. The assassin immediately rushed to the bedside and thrust two or three stabs into his throat, and two into his face. It is hoped the wounds may not prove mortal. My apprehension is that they will prove fatal. The noise alarmed Mr. Frederick Seward, who was in an adjoining room, and rushing to the door of his father's room, he met the assassin who inflicted upon him one or more dangerous wounds.

The recovery of Fred. Seward is doubtful. Gen. Grant and wife were advertised to be at the theatre last evening, but he started for Burlington, N. J. last evening.

Washington, 15th.

The President's fingers insensible, with his life-blood ebbing away. It is a slight consolation to learn that Gen. Grant has reached Philadelphia unharmed, as fears have been entertained that a plot had been laid, and that he might also have been a victim. So passeth away the champion of Liberty and Union—a devoted husband and indulgent father—a sincere friend and exemplary citizen, and an Honest Man.

May God in his mercy protect the United States. E. M. STANTON.

LATER.

To Maj. Gen. Dix:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN DIED THIS MORNING AT TWENTY-TWO MINUTES AFTER SEVEN O'CLOCK.

E. M. STANTON.

The Press Account.

The metropolis has been to-night the scene of a double attempt at assassination—President Lincoln and Secretary Seward being the victims of an evidently deep-laid plot, which has no parallel in American history.

It has been the custom of President Lincoln to frequently attend the theatre here, to escape from the office-seekers and volunteer-advisers who have haunted him at the White House. In the papers of this afternoon it was announced that he, with Mrs. Lincoln and Lieut. Gen. Grant would to-night attend Ford's Theatre, to witness Miss Laura Keane in the part of Alice Trenchard in "Our American Cousin." The house was crowded. Mr. Lincoln enjoyed the performance, and was in unusually good spirits, chatting with Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, who was of the party. During the third act, and while there was a temporary pause for one of the actors to enter, a sharp report of a pistol was heard, which merely attracted attention, but suggested nothing serious until a man rushed to the front of the President's box, waving a long dagger in his right hand, exclaiming "See super tyrants!" (This always with tyrants,) and immediately leaped from the box, which was in the second tier, to the stage beneath and ran across to the opposite side, making his escape amid the bewilderment of the audience from the rear of the theatre, and mounting a horse, fled.

The screams of Mrs. Lincoln first disclosed the fact to the audience that the President had been shot, when all present rose to their feet, rushing toward the stage, many exclaiming: "Hang him! hang him!" The excitement was of the wildest possible description, and of course there was an abrupt termination of the theatrical performance.

There was a rush toward the President's box, when cries were heard "Stand back and give him air!" "Has any one stimulants?" On a hasty examination it was found that the President had been shot through the head above and back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brain was oozing out. He was removed to a private house opposite the theatre, and the Surgeon General of the army and other surgeons were sent for to attend to his condition.

On an examination of the private box a common single-barrelled pocket pistol was found on the carpet.

A military guard was placed in front of the private residence to which the President had been conveyed. An immense crowd was in front of it, all deeply anxious to learn the condition of the President. It had been previously announced that the wound was mortal, but all hoped otherwise. The shock to the community is terrible.

At midnight the Cabinet, with Messrs. Sumner, Colfax and Farnsworth, Judge Curtis, Governor Oglesby, Gen. Meigs, Col. Hay and a few personal friends, with Surgeon General Barnes and his immediate assistants, were around his bedside.

The President was in a state of syncope, totally insensible and breathing slowly. The blood oozed from the wound at the back of his head. The surgeons exhausted every effort of medical skill, but all hope was gone. The parting of the family with the dying President is too sad for description. The President and Mrs. Lincoln did not

start for the theatre until 15 minutes after 8 o'clock. Speaker Colfax was at the White House at the time, and the President stated to him that he was going, although Mrs. Lincoln had not been well, because the papers had announced that he and General Grant were to be present, and as General Grant had gone North he did not wish the audience to be disappointed.

Attempted Assassination of Sec. Seward.

When the excitement at the theatre was at its wildest light reports were circulated that Secretary Seward had also been assassinated. On reaching this gentleman's residence, a crowd and a military guard were found at the door, and on entering it was ascertained that the reports were based on truth.

Everybody there was so excited that scarcely an intelligible word could be gathered; but the facts are substantially as follows:

About ten o'clock a man rang the door bell, and the call having been answered by a colored servant, he said he had come from Dr. Verdi, Mr. Seward's family physician, with a prescription, at the same time holding in his hand a small piece of folded paper, and saying, in answer to a refusal, that he must see the Secretary, as he was entrusted with particular directions concerning the medicines. He insisted on going up, although repeatedly informed that no one could enter the chamber. The man pushed the servant aside and walked heavily toward the Secretary's room, and was there met by Frederick Seward, of whom he demanded to see the Secretary, making the same representation which he did to the servant. What further passed in the way of colloquy is not known, but the man struck him on the head with a tully or butt of a pistol, severely injuring the skull and felling him almost senseless.

The assassin then rushed into the chamber and attacked Mr. Hans, of the State Department and two male servants, disabling them all. He then rushed upon the Secretary, who was lying in bed in the same room, and inflicted three stabs in the neck, and severing it, it is thought and hoped, no arteries, though he bled profusely. The assassin then rushed down stairs unmolested, mounted his horse at the door, and rode off before an alarm could be sounded, and in the same manner as the assassin of the President.

The entire city to-night presents a scene of wild excitement, accompanied by violent expressions of the profoundest sorrow. Many shed tears.

The military authorities dispatched mounted patrols in every direction, in order, if possible, to arrest the assassins. The whole metropolitan police are likewise vigilant for the same purpose.

The attacks at both the theatre and the Secretary's house took place at about the same hour—ten o'clock—thus showing a preconcerted plan to assassinate those gentlemen.

Secretary of War.

The Assassins known.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
April 15—1.10 A. M.

To Maj. Gen. Dix:—It is now ascertained with reasonable certainty that two assassins were engaged in the horrible crime, Wilkes Booth being the one that shot the President. The other was a companion of his, whose name is not known, but whose description is so clear that he can hardly escape.

It appears from a letter found in Booth's trunk that the murder was planned before the 4th of March, but fell through then, because the accomplice backed out until Richmond could be heard from.

Booth and his accomplice were at the lively stable at 6 o'clock last evening and left there with their horses about 10 o'clock, or shortly before that hour. It would seem that they had for several days been seeking their chance, and for some unknown reason it was not carried into effect until last night. One of them has evidently made his way to Baltimore. The other has not been traced.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Further Particulars of the Murder.

The President was shot with a common pocket pistol, resembling a Derringer, which the assassin fired within a few feet of him. The fatal ball entered the head near the temple bone, about three inches from the left ear, and penetrated nearly to the eye. He fell forward from the rocking chair in which he was seated, intact upon the performance, and remained in a state of syncope till he breathed his last breath, at twenty minutes past seven o'clock Saturday morning.

The report of the pistol and the theatrical exit of the assassin attracted attention to the President's box, which was entered by those in the vicinity, who raised him from the floor. As the back of the chair in which Mr. Lincoln sat was bloody, it was thought that he was wounded in the back, and his clothes were stripped from his shoulders, but no wound was at first found. He was entirely insensible. Further search revealed the fact that he had been shot in the head, as described elsewhere.

The President was carried from the theatre, the blood from the death wound falling upon the floor, stairway and sidewalk, as he was borne to the nearest house opposite.

Mrs. Lincoln was assisted in crossing the street with the President in a frantic condition, both she and her young son uttering heart-rending shrieks.

At the house, an army surgeon being at hand, he called for a small quantity of brandy, which was administered, and it was thereupon announced to the pressing excited crowd that he was alive and insensible, as Mrs. Lincoln in her agony insisted. It was then found that Maj. Rathburn had received a wound in the arm which he had intentionally concealed to prevent excitement. He then faintly. The surgeons pronounced the President beyond the reach of their skill, as the brain was oozing from the wound. He lay insensible, and at first his pulse was at 45. Gradually, as the blood rushed toward the brain, it produced a painful pressure and the pulse increased, while the death-stricken man breathed loudly, painfully and with difficulty. At times the surgeon introduced a probe, which would enter to blood and produce temporary relief, but there was no hope. The sufferer's pulse increased to 100, while the rush of blood made his eyes protrude from the sockets, and the flesh around them became discolored. Fortunately, perhaps, for him, his last moments were passed in a state of unconsciousness, and he gave up the ghost without a murmur. May he rest in peace.

One week ago to-day President Lincoln and Senator Sumner, while visiting the wounded Union soldiers in the hospitals at City Point, happened to be in a tent while an Ohio officer lying there breathed his last breath. The incident naturally made a profound impression on both gentlemen, but how little either thought that in one short week the Senator would be standing by the bedside of the President and would witness the cessation of his life. The surgeon felt his pulse for the last time and said—"He is dead." Abraham Lincoln was no more.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax was the last person who had an interview with Mr. Lincoln before the party left the White House for the theatre. Mr. Lincoln was in unusual good spirits, and just before leaving he said: "Colfax, when we were at Richmond the other day Gen. Shepley gave Sumner the gavel used by the Speaker of the rebel Congress, to give to Stanton, but a Secretary of War doesn't need a gavel, and I told Sumner that he must ask Stanton to give it to you."

Scores of reports about the arrest of the assassins are in circulation. Booth took the Bladenburg road and his over-lashed horse gave out and fell near Ford's Lincoln, this side of the late Mr. Rives'. A sentinel on post near by says that the rider took to the woods.

All the parties implicated are Maryland men. The efficiency of the arrangements for the defence of the city were last night manifest. Within half an hour after the crime was committed, thousands of men were roused by the long roll beaten at every post and barrack. Patrols rode in every direction and every avenue was at once guarded. Such a night of horror has seldom darkened any community. The indefinite dread which conspiracy inspires seized on the public mind, and suspicion, apprehension and agony pervaded the people.

Loyal men express horror and indignation at this barbarous demonstration of the hatred evinced by the defunct slave owners. Those who have sympathized with secession are dumb. Many of them know that Abraham Lincoln has ever been merciful to those who have been in arms against the Republic, and they fear that the sword of justice will now be unsheathed.

Joseph H. Stewart, a lawyer of this city, was in the stage box under that in which the crime was committed, and is positive that it was J. Wilkes Booth who sprang on the stage shouting "See super tyrants!" and then ran behind the scenes. Mr. Stewart sprang on the stage and followed him, but not knowing the way behind the scenes only got to the stage door in time to see the assassin gallop away.

Booth has for some months back been a guest at the National hotel here. He had not said much on political subjects, although he is known to be a secessionist. He represented himself as having made some \$300,000 in oil speculations, and as having retired from the stage, although he played a few weeks since at McCulloch's benefit as a favor. He was a trained gymnast, and had doubtless calculated the leap on the stage, which he took with agility, and recovering his feet instantaneously. In his trunk were several letters and photographs, a pair of steel handcuffs, with the key, together with some ammunition for the pistol used. He sold his own horse a few days since, and hired the one on which he commenced his escape.

The assassin of the President left behind him his hat and a spur. The hat was picked up in the President's box, and has been identified as one belonging to the suspected man. The spur was dropped upon the stage, and that also has been identified as one procured at a stable where the same man hired a horse in the evening.

Two gentlemen who went to the Secretary of War to apprise him of the attack on Mr. Lincoln, met at the residence of the former, a man muffled in a cloak, who, when accosted by them, hastened away. It had been Mr. Stanton's intention to accompany Mr. Lincoln to the theatre and occupy the same box, but a press of business prevented.

It, therefore, seems evident that the aim of the plotters was to paralyze the country by at once striking down its head, heart and arm.

Among the circumstances tending to fix a participation of the crime on Booth were letters found in his trunk, one of which, apparently from a woman, supplicated him to desist from the perilous undertaking in which he was engaged, as the time was unpropitious, the name not yet being ready to be sprung.

One of the letters, bearing date "Hookestown, Md.," speaks of "the mysterious affair in which you are engaged," and urges Booth to proceed to Richmond and ascertain the views of the authorities there upon the subject. The writer endeavors to persuade Booth from carrying his designs into execution at that time, for the reason that the government had its suspicions aroused. The writer seems to have been implicated in the mysterious affair with Booth, as he informs Booth in a letter that he would prefer to express his views verbally, and then goes on to say he was out of money, had no clothes, and would be compelled to leave home, as his family were desirous he should dissolve his connection with Booth. This letter is written on note paper, in a small, neat hand, and simply bears the signature "Sam."

That John Wilkes Booth was the murderer of the President is certain. There are two theories, however, as to the locality from which the fatal shot was fired. The pistol, which Booth doubtless dropped after he drew his knife, was an old-fashioned one, of what is known as a Derringer model and French manufacture. It is silver mounted, with a receptacle for the stock, in which were three extra percussion caps, and the barrel is not over three inches long.

One theory is that Booth, who was an accomplished pistol shot and billiard player, went, before committing the murder, to

the opposite side of the theatre and took the relative position of President Lincoln and the closed door of the box in which he sat, after which he went to that door, fired through it, and then rushed into the box by the other door. There is a bullet hole in the closed door, which is splintered on the inside, about the height of a man's hand in the attitude of pistol shooting from the floor. This bullet hole is about four feet from where President Lincoln sat, and it is asserted that had not the course of the bullet been partly arrested by the resistance to be overcome in passing through a thin pine board, it would have gone entirely through the President's skull.

The other theory is that the pistol was loaded with two balls of smaller calibre than the barrel, and that while one accomplished its deadly mission, the other went through the unopened door of the box. Miss Harris, who was in the box, is confident that the murderer was in the box when the shot was fired.

Booth's escape is not strange, considering the precautions taken by him. Some weeks ago he hired a stable in an alley way at the back of the theatre, and on the afternoon of Friday he rode there on a small bay mare which he had just obtained at a livery stable, having often ridden before. The mare was tied in the stable, unsaddled, and about ten minutes before the murder was committed Booth had been brought by a stage carpenter to the door behind the scenes.

From the spot where Booth alighted on his feet after jumping from the box to the prompter's desk on the other side of the stage, and thence behind the scenes to the private door at the rear of the theatre was only sixty-five feet, as measured. To rush about this distance flourishing a knife was a easy matter, for the theatre people there knew not what had happened. The leader of the orchestra, who was advancing in an opposite direction, received a cut from the knife which made him spring to one side, and the coast was clear. On reaching the alley Booth found that the stage carpenter left in charge of his horse had gone away, leaving the animal with a new-boy. Striking this boy with the butt of his knife, and cursing the stage carpenter for having gone away, Booth mounted and soon disappeared.

It is positively asserted that proof of a regular conspiracy has been discovered, and that the Vice President and every member of the Cabinet were to have been victims.

Booth's mistress, a girl named Ellen Turner, attempted to commit suicide yesterday at the house of her reputed kept by her sister. She took chloroform, but was discovered in time to save her life. She had Booth's picture under her pillow, and expressed regret that her life had been preserved.

An extra Star has the following: "Developments have been made within the past twenty-four hours showing conclusively the existence of a deep laid plot on the part of a gang of conspirators, including members of the 'Order of the Knights of the Golden Circle,' to murder Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. We have reason to believe that Secretary Seward received notice several months since that something of a very desperate character was to transpire at Washington, and it is more than probable that the information had reference to the plot of assassination. The pickets encircling this city on Friday night, to prevent the escape of the murderers, were fired upon by concealed forces. Arrests of parties charged with the offence will be promptly made.

A number of rebel officers who arrived here this morning by the mail boat from City Point asked permission to take the oath of allegiance, which request was not granted for the present, and they were committed to the Old Capitol prison.

It is ascertained from the personal friends of the late President that, some weeks ago, he had received several private letters, warning him that an attempt would probably be made upon his life, but to them he did not seem to attach much if any importance. It has always been thought that he was not sufficiently careful for his individual safety on his late visit to Virginia. It is known that on frequent occasions he would start from the Executive mansion for his summer country residence at the Soldiers' Home, without his usual cavalry escort, which often hurried and overtook him before he had proceeded far. It has always been understood that this escort was accorded by him only on the importance of his friends, as a matter of precaution. The President, before retiring to bed, would, when important military events were progressing, visit the War Department, generally alone, passing over the dark intervening ground at late hours, on repeated occasions, and after warning letters had been received.

Several close and intimate friends, armed for any emergency, were careful that he should not continue his visits without their company. For himself the President seemed to have no fears.

The Assault on Mr. Seward.

The person who attempted to assassinate Secretary Seward, led behind him a stoutheaded and an old, rusty navy revolver. The chambers were broken loose from the barrels, as it done by striking. The loads were drawn from the chambers, one being but a rough piece of lead, and the others, smaller than the chambers, were wrapped in paper, as if to keep them from falling out. It is now evident that he was a different person from the President's murderer. There were three persons in the room at the time—Miss Fanny Seward, a hired nurse, and chief messenger of State Department.

The Secretary lay in bed on his back. The assassin jumped upon the bed and endeavored to cut the throat of his victim. He inflicted three different wounds. While engaged in it the male nurse had hung himself upon his bed and thrown his arms around him and strove to pull him off the bed. The murderer instantly reversed the action of his knife and cut quickly over his shoulder and drove the hilt of his back. He then sprang from the bed and engaged in a fight for escape with that opposed him. He stabbed the chief messenger dangerously in the breast. He attacked Frederick Seward who had entered the room from an adjoining chamber and gave him a deep wound with his knife, which, strange to say, count-