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# The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. —PERSEVERE— TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance.

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**THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE.**

THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the country, and possesses the most ample facilities for promptly executing the most difficult and every variety of Job Printing, such as:

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**Army Correspondence.**

**ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,**  
Headquarters, 78th Regt. P. V.,  
Nashville, March 25, 1865.

DEAR GLOBE:—As most of those interested are aware, the company of men enlisted and organized by Capt. John Brewster and Lieut. D. G. Enright left Camp Curtin on Sabbath morning, 12th inst, and about two o'clock of the same day passed through Old Huntingdon, en route for Tennessee. We had a pleasant ride over the mountain and we could have enjoyed it very much had it not been that passing through Huntingdon brought the most of us so near our homes, reviving vividly all their precious memories, that a tinge of sadness settled upon nearly every heart.

We reached Pittsburgh about one o'clock that night, and soon were comfortably quartered in a large building used for that purpose, in the vicinity of the Girard House, where we slept soundly till morning. For breakfast we repaired to the Girard House, now used as a Soldier's Rest, and surrounding Uncle Sam's table, at heartily of his plain but substantial fare.

Upon returning to our quarters we were informed that it was customary for the citizens of P. to give one meal to every company, or regiment, of soldiers passing through their city, and that if we saw proper to accept their hospitality we should have dinner at the City Hall. This offer was accepted by the company without a dissenting voice; accordingly we held ourselves in readiness for an attack at noon upon the generosity of Pittsburgh. Meanwhile, we strolled through the city and were surprised to find that in Pittsburgh the citizens of all classes did not think it beneath them to notice a soldier and treat him kindly. The cheerful, genial kindness of the people of Pittsburgh toward us and Captain Shook's men, whom we overtook here, contrasted with our treatment in Harrisburg, was as the warm sunshine of June to the chilling blasts of December. While in Harrisburg the unpleasant impression forced itself upon us that it was no longer an honor, as it once was, to be an American soldier, but that in entering the service of our country we had bade adieu to our manhood. In Pittsburgh the reverse was the feeling that took possession of our minds, and her citizens told us—by words as well as deeds—that above everyone, it is the American soldier whom the people of Pittsburgh delight to honor. I should like to make mention here of many little incidents illustrating the kindness of the people of Pittsburgh to us, but space will not permit.

At noon we repaired to the City Hall, and partook of an excellent dinner. The Hall itself is a large room and beautifully decorated. Wreaths of spruce, gemmed with flowers, and surmounted with miniature flags, gives a pleasing effect to the place.

At 5 o'clock we took the cars on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago R. R. The train moved slowly off at first, and from every part of the city we could see flags and handkerchiefs and hats wave, and above the rattle of the train hear prolonged cheers from hundreds of voices. Never can we forget Pittsburgh. It reminded us of the early days of the war, when Old Huntingdon lavished her patriotic enthusiasm upon the soldiers passing through. The distance from Pittsburgh to Crestline, Ohio, where we were to change cars for Cincinnati, is 150 miles. Consequently, we were all night on the road.

The train on which we left Pittsburgh was an "extra," made up of inferior cars with narrow cushionless seats, and as we were much crowded we passed the night uncomfortably, and without sleep. A good breakfast with warm coffee made some amends for the discomforts of the night. At 11 A. M. we cheerfully entered the cars of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati R. R., and resumed our journey. Of the general appearance of the country, the improvements and farm management, between Crestline and Columbus, until you near the latter place, little can be said that is creditable to Ohio intelligence, taste and industry. The fencing is inferior, the barns mostly small log structures improvided with threshing floors, the dwellings correspondingly poor, and rendered generally unattractive by the entire absence of trees and shrubbery. We noticed all along the road large fields of corn standing in shocks untouched; in other places the farmers were engaged in husking and hauling it away. I do not make mention of this to condemn; perhaps, there may be arguments in favor of this plan, sufficiently strong, to justify its being practiced here. Much attention is

paid here to wool growing, and we saw everywhere large flocks of sheep in good condition.

We reached Columbus about 8 p. m. Columbus is a beautiful city, and had our incinations been consulted we would have preferred staying there a day. No offer of this kind being made us, we obediently entered the cars at the signal, and were soon under way to Cincinnati.

We passed through Xenia and reached Cincinnati at 8 P. M. Of the country between Columbus and Cincinnati too much can hardly be said in its praise. The Little Miami flows through a portion of it, and the whole country is possessed of great natural advantages. Broad fields of well cultivated land spread out before the eye of the traveller, while beautiful residences, environed in evergreens and shrubbery, with substantial outbuildings, are everywhere seen.

On arriving at Cincinnati we were conducted to the Soldiers' Home of the Cincinnati branch of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Here we were treated with the warm cordiality of friendship. Supper was given us and comfortable lodging. The next morning breakfast was furnished us in like manner, and as Captain Shook's men and ourselves were to leave Cincinnati at noon, the Commission got up a special meal for us at 11 A. M. It was a dinner such as only one at home would esteem a privilege to partake of. We ate heartily, and with feelings of gratitude and admiration for the Sanitary Commission, left the Soldiers' Rest for the steamboat. Before leaving, however, both companies drew up in line before the Commission's building, and gave three rousing cheers for the Cincinnati Branch of the Sanitary Commission.

Half an hour later we were on board the steamer General Lytle, and shortly after this were sailing down the Ohio. He must indeed be insensible to much that is beautiful and romantic in nature, who fails to be agreeably entertained by a trip down this noble river. After leaving Cincinnati the first thing that called forth our admiration particularly, was the vineyards stretching along the right bank of the river. From the bank of the river back half a mile the ground slopes gradually, and at others rises abruptly. For a distance of seven miles this slope is covered with the vine. As far as the vineyards extended, at the foot of the slope, and immediately on the bank of the river, are seen, nestled in among evergreens, tasteful cottages, forming, with the vineyards in the background, a scene of beauty rarely equalled. As we stood on the bow of the beautiful steamer, and watched her cleaving the wave, and gazed upon the fine scenery on either side, we almost forgot that every groan of her great engines, every stroke of her wheel, and every vibration that ran through her huge frame, was a reminder that we were being borne farther and farther from our native hills. Night came, and with it pretty much ended the enjoyment of this part of the trip. The night was too stormy to sleep with safety on the upper deck, or on the guard around the cabin. So we had only one choice left and that was quietly to take up our quarters on the lower deck. I shall not torture you with a description of how two hundred men, jammed in among huge piles of boxes, barrels, hogsheds, etc., tried with becoming perseverance to dispose their weary bodies in an attitude for sleep. Suffice to say, few were so fortunate as to woo to their embrace, "Nature's sweet restorer."

We reached Louisville in the night, but remained in the boat till morning. Our first view of the "Old Kentucky" shore was by no means enchanting. A heavy, cold northeaster was blowing and the rain was coming down in torrents. On the wharf was a mixed up mass of men in charge of the unloading, negroes, great and small, and many; all trying by dint of scolding, pushing, whipping, pulling, and awful swearing—the mules didn't swear—to induce certain drays and omnibuses to forsake mud and go up into the city.

We left the boat and marched one mile in the direction of the Depot to the Government Soldiers' Rest. We passed the place where the famous guerrilla, Sue Munday, had been executed the day before. At noon we entered the cars of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. On the day before, 15th, two trains, when forty miles below Louisville, had been fired into, thrown off the track and destroyed, by Gentry's band of guerrillas. The mail and Adam's Express were robbed, also the passengers, and the soldiers acting as a train guard, paroled. We were instructed to load our guns and be in readiness as an attack was anticipated

When we reached Elizabeth city we came up with the train that had left Louisville in the morning. The Road had not yet been cleared of the wrecked trains, nor the track repaired. By 11 o'clock at night the road was repaired and both trains, comprising some fifteen passenger cars, left Elizabeth city: Before leaving, the lights in the cars were extinguished, and soon, enshrouded in the darkness of midnight, we were whizzing through the deep forests of the "Dark and Bloody Ground" with a speed that was perfectly reckless and terrifying. We reached Pilot Knob, now historic ground, twenty-one miles from Nashville, just as the beautiful orb of day was emerging from the chambers of the east. An hour later we were in Nashville, and had the satisfaction to learn that the 78th regiment was encamped near Fort Negley, one mile south of the city. Thither we went our steps and were soon warmly welcomed by the officers and men of the Old 78th. We were conducted to comfortable barracks and by evening felt much at home. The 78th occupy what is called the Transfer Barracks, of which I shall speak again.

We have plenty of good limestone water, and the air is pure and delightful. There is but little sickness in our company and most of the men are cheerful and contented. We should like our friends at home to remember us by sending us, regularly, letters and Huntingdon papers.

Yours truly,  
M. H. S.

**A Complete and most Graphic Account of the Movements of J. W. Booth in his Assassination of Abraham Lincoln.**

We extract the whole of the following account of the conduct of the assassin on the day preceding the night of the tragedy from the correspondence of the New York World by Jerome B. Stillson. Without any exception, it is the best and most circumstantial account, if the whole of it be based upon fact, of any which we have hitherto seen; and if we dare say so, is one of the most dramatically detailed accounts of an appalling incident in national history which has ever been offered to any nation:

Some very deliberate, but not at all extraordinary, movements were made by a handsome and extremely well dressed young man in the city of Washington last Friday. At about 11 o'clock A. M. this person, whose name is J. Wilkes Booth, by profession an actor, and recently engaged in oil speculations, sauntered into Ford's Theatre, on Tenth, between E and F streets, and exchanged greetings with the man at the box office. In the conversation which ensued the ticket agent informed Booth that a box was taken for Mr. Lincoln and General Grant, who were expected to visit the theatre, and contribute to the benefit of Miss Laura Keane and satisfy the curiosity of a large audience. Mr. Booth went away with a jest, and a lightly spoken "Good afternoon." Strolling down to Pumpfroy's stable, on C street, in the rear of the National Hotel, he engaged a saddle horse, a high-strung, fast, beautiful bay mare, telling Mr. Pumpfroy that he should call for her in the middle of the afternoon.

Visits Mr. Johnson.

From here he went to the Kirkwood Hotel, on the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Twelfth street, where, calling for a card and a sheet of note paper, he sat down and wrote upon the first as follows:

I don't wish to disturb you; are you at home?  
J. W. Booth.

To this message, which was sent up by the obliging clerk, Mr. Johnson responded that he was very busily engaged. Mr. Booth smiled, and turning to his sheet of note paper, wrote on it: The fact, if fact it is, that he had been disappointed in not obtaining an examination of the Vice President's apartment and a knowledge of the Vice President's probable whereabouts the ensuing evening in no way affected his composure. The note, the contents of which are unknown, was signed and sealed within a few moments. Booth arose, and bowed to the attendant, and passed into the elegant person was seen on the street a few minutes, and was returned into the Metropolitan Hotel.

He Visits His Stable.

At 4 P. M. he again appeared at Pumpfroy's livery stable, mounted the mare he had engaged, rode leisurely up F street, turned into an alley between Ninth and Tenth streets, and thence into an alley leading to the rear of Ford's Theatre, which fronts on Tenth street, between E and F streets. Here he alighted and deposited the mare in a small stable off the alley, which he had hired some time before for the accommodation of a saddle horse which

he had recently sold. Mr. Booth soon afterward retired from the stable and is supposed to have refreshed himself at the neighboring bar-room.

The Scene at the Theatre.

At 8 o'clock the same evening, President Lincoln and Speaker Colfax sat together in a private room at the White House, pleasantly conversing. Gen. Grant, with whom the President had engaged to attend Ford's Theatre that evening, had left with his wife for Burlington, New Jersey, in the six o'clock train. After this departure Mr. Lincoln rather reluctantly determined to keep his part of the engagement, rather than to disappoint his friends and the audience. Mrs. Lincoln, entering the room and turning to Mr. Colfax, said, in a half laughing, half serious way, "Well, Mr. Lincoln, are you going to the theatre with me or not?" "I suppose I shall have to go, Colfax," said the President, and the Speaker took his leave, in company with Major Rathbone, of the Provost Marshal General's office, who escorted Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Harris, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln reached Ford's Theatre at twenty minutes before 9 o'clock.

The house was filled in every part with a large and brilliantly attired audience. As the Presidential party ascended the stairs, and passed behind the dress circle to the entrance of the private box reserved for them, the whole assemblage, having in mind the recent Union victories, arose, cheered, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and manifesting every other accustomed sign of enthusiasm. The President, last to enter the box, turned before doing so, and bowed a courteous acknowledgment of his reception. At the moment of the President's arrival, Mr. Hawks, one of the actors, performing the well known part of *Dandree*, had exclaimed: "This reminds me of a story, as Mr. Lincoln says." The audience forced him, after the interruption, to tell the story over again. It evidently pleased Mr. Lincoln, who turned laughingly to his wife and made a remark which was not overheard.

The Box.

The box in which the President sat consisted of two boxes turned into one, the middle partition being removed, as on all occasions when a state party visited the theatre. The box was on a level with the dress circle, about twelve feet above the stage. There were two entrances—the door nearest to the wall having been closed and locked; the door nearest the balustrades of the dress circle, and at right angles with it, being open and left open after the visitors had entered. The interior was carpeted, lined with crimson paper, and furnished with a sofa covered with crimson velvet, three arm chairs similarly covered, and six cane-bottomed chairs. Footstools of flax hung before the front of the box against a background of lace.

The Arrangement of the Party.

President Lincoln took one of the arm-chairs and seated himself in the front of the box, in the angle nearest the audience, where, partially screened from observation, he had the best view of what was transpiring on the stage. Mrs. Lincoln sat next him, and Miss Harris in the opposite angle nearest the stage. Major Rathbone sat just behind Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris. These four were the only persons in the box.

The Play.

The play proceeded. The audience at Ford's including Mrs. Lincoln, seemed to enjoy it very much. The worthy wife of the President leaned forward, her hand upon her husband's knee, watching every scene in the drama with amused attention. Even across the President's face at intervals swept a smile, robbing it of its habitual sadness.

The Assassin's Preliminaries to Flight.

About the beginning of the second act, the mare standing in the stable in the rear of the theatre, was disturbed in the midst of her meal by the entrance of the young man who had quitted her in the afternoon. It is presumed that she was saddled and bridled with exquisite care.

Booth Enters the Theatre.

Having completed these preparations, Mr. Booth entered the theatre by the stage-door; summoned one of the scene-shifters, Mr. John Spangler, emerged through the same door with that individual, leaving the door open, and left the mare in his hands to be held until he (Booth) should return. Booth, who was more fashionably and richly dressed than usual, walked thence around to the front of the theatre and went in. Ascending to the dress circle, he stood for a little time gazing around upon the audience, and occasionally upon the stage, in his usual graceful manner. He was subsequent-

ly observed by Mr. Ford, the proprietor of the theatre, to be slowly elbowing his way through the crowd that packed the rear of the dress-circle, toward the right side, at the extremity of which was the box where Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their companions were seated. Mr. Ford casually noticed this as a slightly extraordinary symptom of interest on his part of an actor so familiar with the routine of the theatre and the play.

The curtain had arisen on the third act, and Mrs. Mountchessington and *Asa Trenchard* were exchanging vivacious sturdities, when a young man, precisely resembling the one described as J. Wilkes Booth, appeared before the open door of the President's box, and prepared to enter.

The Assassin at the Box Door.

The servant who attended Mr. Lincoln said politely: "This is the President's box, sir; no one is permitted to enter." "I am a Senator," responded the person, "Mr. Lincoln has sent for me." The attendant gave way, and the young man passed into the box.

In the Box.

As he appeared at the door, taking a quick, comprehensive glance at the interior, Major Rathbone arose. "Are you aware sir," he said, courteously, "upon whom you are intruding? This is the President's box, and no one is admitted." The intruder answered not a word. Fastening his eyes upon Mr. Lincoln, who had half turned his head to ascertain what caused the disturbance, he stepped quickly back without the door.

The Shot.

Drawing a Derringer pistol, and taking by means of some almost miraculous calculation, a deadly aim, he fired through the closed door, on his right, the ball passing through the door, and entering the brain of the President.

The Assassin's Flight.

The movements of the assassin were from henceforth quick as lightning. Springing into the box through the door of which he had just retreated, he dropped his pistol on the floor, and drawing a bowie-knife, struck Major Rathbone, who opposed him, ripping through his coat from the shoulder down, and inflicting a severe flesh wound in his arm. He leaped then upon the velvet covered balustrade at the front of the box, between Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, and parting with both hands the flags that drooped on either side, dropped to the stage beneath. Arising, and turning full upon the audience, with the knife lifted in his right hand above his head, he shouted: "Sic semper tyrannis—Virginia is avenged!" Another instant and he had fled across the stage and behind the scenes. Col. J. B. Stewart, the only person in the audience who seemed to comprehend the deed he had committed, climbed from his seat near the orchestra to the stage, and followed close behind. The assassin was too feet and too desperate. Meeting Mr. Withers, the leader of the orchestra, just behind the scene, he struck him aside with a blow—that fortunately was not a wound; overturning Miss Jenny Gourlay, an actress, who came next in his path, he gained, without further hindrance, the back door previously left open at the rear of the theatre; rushed through it; leaped upon the horse held by Mr. Spangler, and without vouchsafing that person a word of information, rode out through the alley leading into F street, and thence rapidly away. His horse's hoofs might almost have been heard amid the silence that for a few seconds dwelt in the interior of the theatre.

The Scene in the Theatre.

Then Mrs. Lincoln screamed, Mrs. Harris cried for water, and the full ghastly truth broke upon all—"The President is murdered!" The scene that ensued was as tumultuous and terrible as one of Dante's pictures of hell. Some women fainted, others uttered piercing shrieks, and cries for vengeance and unmeaning shouts for help burst from the mouths of men. Miss Laura Keane, the actress, proved herself in this awful time as equal to sustain a part in real tragedy as to interpret that of the stage. Pausing one moment before the footlights to entreat the audience to be calm, she ascended the stairs in the rear of Mr. Lincoln's box, entered it, took the dying President's head in her lap, bathed it with the water she had brought, and endeavored to force some of the liquid through the insensible lips. The locality of the wound was supposed to be in the breast. It was not until after the neck and shoulders had been bared and no mark discovered, that the dress of Miss Keane, stained with blood revealed where the ball had penetrated.

*The Insensible President Carried out.*

As soon as the confusion and crowd were partially overcome, the form of the President was conveyed from the theatre to the residence of Mr. Peterson, on the opposite side of Tenth street. Here upon a bed, in a little hastily prepared chamber, it was laid and attended by Surgeon General Barnes and other physicians, speedily summoned.

The Excitement in the Capital.

In the meanwhile the news spread through the capital as if borne on tongue of flame. Senator Sumner, hearing of the affair at his residence, took a carriage and drove at a gallop to the White House, where he heard where it had taken place, to find Robert Lincoln and other members of the household still unaware of it. Both drove to Ford's Theatre, and were soon at the President's bedside. Secretary Stanton and other members of the Cabinet were at hand almost as soon. A vast crowd, surging up Pennsylvania avenue toward Willard's Hotel, cried, "The President is shot!" "President Lincoln is murdered!" Another crowd sweeping down the avenue met the first with the tidings, "Secretary Seward has been assassinated in bed." Instantly a wild apprehension of an organized conspiracy and of other murders took possession of the people. The shout "To arms!" was mingled with the expressions of sorrow and rage that everywhere filled the air. "Where is General Grant?" "Where is Secretary Stanton?" "Where are the rest of the Cabinet?" broke from thousands of lips. A conflagration of fire is not half so terrible as was the conflagration of passion that rolled through the streets and houses of Washington on that awful night.

The Attempt on Secretary Seward's Life.

The attempt on the life of Secretary Seward was perhaps, as daring, if not so dramatic, as the assassination of the President. At 9:20 o'clock a man, tall, athletic, and dressed in light colored clothes, alighted from a horse in front of Mr. Seward's residence, in Madison place, where the Secretary was lying very feebly from his recent injuries. The house, a solid three story brick building, was formerly the old Washington Club House. Leaving his horse standing, the stranger rang at the door, and informed the servant who admitted him that he desired to see Mr. Seward. The servant responded that Mr. Seward was very ill, and that no visitors were admitted. "But I am a messenger from Dr. Verri, Mr. Seward's physician; I have a prescription which I must deliver myself." The servant still demurring, the stranger, without further parley, pushed him aside and ascended the stairs. Moving to the right, he proceeded towards Mr. Seward's room, and was about to enter it, when Mr. Frederick Seward appeared from an opposite doorway and demanded his business. He responded in the same manner as to the servant below, but being met with a refusal, suddenly closed the controversy by striking Mr. Seward a severe and perhaps mortal blow across the forehead with the butt of a pistol. As the first victim fell, Major Seward, another and younger son of the Secretary emerged from his father's room. Without a word the man drew a knife and struck the Major several blows with it, rushed into the chamber as he did so; then, after dealing Mr. Hansell, the nurse, a horrible wound across the bowels, he sprang to the bed upon which the Secretary lay, stabbing him two or three times in the face and neck. Mr. Seward arose convulsively and fell from the bed to the floor. Turning and brandishing his knife anew, the assassin fled from the room, cleared the prostrate form of Frederick Seward in the hall, descended the stairs in three leaps, and was out of the door and upon his horse in an instant. It is stated by a person who saw him mount, that although he leaped upon his horse with most unseemly haste, he trotted away around the corner of the block with circumspect deliberation.

The Gathering of the People.

Around both the house on Tenth street and the residence of Secretary Seward, as the fact of both tragedies became generally known, crowds soon gathered so vast and tumultuous that military guards scarcely sufficed to keep them from the doors.

The Death Chamber of the President.

The room to which the President had been conveyed is on the first floor, at the end of the hall. It is only fifteen feet square, with a Brussels carpet, papered with brown, and hung with a Photograph of Ross Bonhour's "Horse Fair," and engraved copy of Herring's "Village Blacksmith," and two smaller ones of "The Stable" and "The Barn Yard," from the same artist.

ist. A table and a bureau, spread with croquet work, eight chairs and the bed, were all the furniture. Upon this bed, a low walnut four-posted, lay the dying President, the blood oozing from the frightful wound in his head and staining the pillow. All that the medical skill of half a dozen accomplished surgeons could do had been done to prolong a life evidently ebbing from a mortal hurt.

At the Bedside.

Secretary Stanton, just arrived from the bedside of Mr. Seward, and asked Surgeon General Barnes what was Mr. Lincoln's condition. "I fear, Mr. Stanton, that there's no hope." "Oh no, General; no, no," and the man, of all others, apparently strange to fears, sank down beside the bed, the hot, bitter evidence of an awful sorrow trickling through his fingers to the floor. Senator Sumner sat on the opposite side of the bed, holding one of the President's hands in his own, and sobbing with kindred grief. Secretary Welles stood at the foot of the bed, his face hidden, his frame shakening with emotion. General Hallock, Attorney General Speed, Postmaster General Denison, M. B. Field, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Judge Otto, General Meigs, and others, visited the chamber at times, and then retired. Mrs. Lincoln—but there is no need to speak of her. Mr. Senator Dixon soon arrived, and remained with her through the night. All through the night, while the horror-stricken crowds outside swept and gathered along the streets, while the military and police were patrolling and wearing a cordon around the city; while men were arming and asking each other, "What victim next?" while the telegraph was sending the news from city to city over the continent, and while the two assassins were speeding unharmed upon fleet horses far away, his chosen friends watched about the death-bed of the highest of the nation. Occasionally Dr. Gurley, pastor of the church where Mr. Lincoln habitually worshipped, knelt down in prayer. Occasionally Mrs. Lincoln and her sons entered, to find no hope and to go back to ceaseless weeping. Members of the Cabinet, senators, representatives, generals, and others, took turns at the bedside. Chief Justice Chase remained until a late hour, and returned in the morning. Secretary McCulloch remained a constant watcher until 5 A. M. Not a gleam of consciousness above, nor the visage of the President up to his death—a quiet, peaceful death at last—which came at twenty-two minutes past seven A. M.

Secretary Seward's Chamber.

In Secretary Seward's chamber, a similar although not so solemn a scene prevailed; between that chamber and the one occupied by President Lincoln visitors alternated to and fro through the night. It had been early ascertained that the wounds of the Secretary were not likely to prove mortal. A wire instrument drawn across the sides of his head and under his shoulders, to relieve the pain which he suffered from his previous injuries, prevented the knife of the assassin from striking too deep. The right cheek was laid open to the bone, and a fearful gash inflicted in the other. The neck was pierced in two places, but no arteries were severed. Mr. Frederick Seward's injuries were more serious. His forehead was stoven in by the blow from the pistol, and up to this hour he has remained perfectly unconscious. The operation of trepanning the skull has been performed, but little hope is had of his recovery. Mr. Seward will get well. Mr. Hansell's condition is somewhat doubtful.

Mr. Seward Informed of the Acts of the Assassins.

Secretary Seward, who cannot talk was not informed of the assassination of the President, and the injury of his son, until yesterday. He had been worrying as to why Mr. Lincoln did not visit him. "Why doesn't the President come to see me?" he asked with his pencil. "Where is Frederick, what is the matter with him?" Perceiving the nervous excitement which these doubts occasioned, a consultation was had, at which it was finally determined that it would be best to let the Secretary know the worst. Secretary Stanton was chosen to tell him. Having done so, Mr. Seward's bed, yesterday afternoon, he therefore related to him a full account of the whole affair. Mr. Seward was so surprised and shocked that he raised one hand involuntarily, and groaned.

What the Assassins Left Behind.

An old fashioned Colt's revolver was found in the hall of Mr. Seward's residence after the assassin left. It is the weapon with which Mr. Frederick Seward was killed. On the stage beneath the President's box a piece of spur was found. The gilt moulding around the front of the box was cut, showing that the spur hit it and was broken as the murderer's. This was sent leaped from the box. The President's pistol and hat left in the box, show how swift and desperate were his movements. An experiment was made to day which proved conclusively that the pistol was fired through the door of the box, as was stated. One man sat in the position occupied by the President, another, peeping through the hole made through the door by the bullet, found that its direction was straight to the back of the sinner's head.