

**HIGHLY IMPORTANT!**

**The President Shot!**

**Secretary Seward Attacked.**

**FIRST DISPATCH.**

To the Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 14, 1865.

The President was shot in a theater to-night, and perhaps mortally wounded.

**SECOND DISPATCH.**

To EDITORS: Our Washington agent orders the dispatch about the President "stopped." Nothing is said about the truth or falsity of the dispatch.

**THIRD DISPATCH.**

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

The President was just shot at Ford's Theater. The ball entered his neck. It is not known whether the wound is mortal. Intense excitement.

**FOURTH DISPATCH.**

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

The President expired at a quarter to twelve.

**FIFTH DISPATCH.**

To the Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, April 15—12:30 a. m.

The President was shot in a theater to-night, and is perhaps mortally wounded.

The President is not expected to live through the night. He was shot at a theater.

Secretary Seward was also assassinated.

No arteries were cut.

Particulars soon.

**SIXTH DISPATCH.**

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 14, 1865.

Like a clap of thunder out of clear sky spread the announcement that President Lincoln was shot while sitting in his box at Ford's Theater. The city is wild with excitement. A gentleman who was present thus describes the event: At about 10½ o'clock, in the midst of one of the acts, a pistol shot was heard, and at the same instant a man leaped upon the stage from the same box occupied by the President, brandishing a long knife, and shouted, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" then rushed to rear of the scenes and out of the back door

of the theater. So sudden was the whole thing that most persons in the theater supposed it a part of the play, and it was some minutes before the fearful tragedy was comprehended. The man was pursued, however, by some one connected with the theater to the outer door and seen to mount a horse and ride rapidly away. A regiment of cavalry have started in all directions, with orders to arrest every man found on horseback. Scarcely had the news of this horror been detailed, when couriers came from Secretary Seward's, announcing that he also had been assassinated. The following are the authentic particulars:

**SEVENTH DISPATCH.**

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 14, 1865.

The President attended Ford's Theater to-night, and about 10 o'clock an assassin entered his private box and shot him in the back of the head. The ball lodged in his head, and he is now lying insensible in a house opposite the theater. No hopes are entertained of his recovery. Laura Keane claims to have recognized the assassin as the actor, J. Wilkes Booth. A feeling of gloom like a pall has settled on the city.

**ASSASSINATION OF SECRETARY SEWARD.**

About the same hour a horseman rode up to Secretary Seward's, and, dismounting, announced that he had a prescription to deliver to the Secretary in person. Major Seward and Miss Seward were with their father at the time. Being admitted, the assassin delivered the pretended prescription to the Secretary in bed, and immediately cut his throat from ear to ear. Fortunately the jugular vein was not severed, and it is possible Mr. Seward may survive. Secretary Stanton was undisturbed at his residence. Thus far, no other murderous demonstrations are reported. It is deemed Providential that Gen. Grant left to-night for New-Jersey. He was publicly announced to be present at the theater with the President. Ten thousand rumors are afloat, and the most intense and painful excitement pervades the city.

**EIGHTH DISPATCH.**

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 14, 1865.

The assassin is said to have gained entrance

to the President's box by sending in his card requesting an interview. The box was occupied by Mrs. Lincoln and Col. Parker of Gen. Grant's staff. The villain drew his pistol across Mrs. Lincoln's shoulder and fired. Col. Parker sprang up and seized the assassin, but he wrested himself from his grip and sprang down upon the stage as described. His spur caught in the American flag as he descended, and threw him at length. He unloosed the spur and dashed to rear, brandishing his knife and revolver.

To the Associated Press.

**NINTH DISPATCH.**

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 14, 1865.

President Lincoln and wife, with other friends, this evening visited Ford's Theater for the purpose of witnessing the performance of the American Cousin.

It was announced in the papers that Gen. Grant would also be present, but he took the late train of cars for New-Jersey.

The theater was densely crowded, and everybody seemed delighted with the scene before them. 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, and exclaiming, "*Sic semper tyrannis,*" and immediately leaped from the box, which was on 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 theater, 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 to 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

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back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brains were oozing out.

He was removed to a private house opposite to the theater, and the Surgeon-General of the army and other Surgeons sent for to attend to his condition.

On an examination of the private box, blood was discovered on the back of the cushioned rocking chair on which the President had been sitting, also on the partition and on the floor. A common single-barreled 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 was terrible.

At midnight the Cabinet, together with Messrs. Sumner, Colfax and Farnsworth, Judge Curtis, Gov. 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 possible effort of medicinal skill, but all hope was gone.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln did not start for the theater until 8½ 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 Gen. Grant and they were to be present, and, as Gen. Grant had gone North, he did not wish the audience to be dispirited.

He went with apparent reluctance, and urged Mr. Colfax to go with him; but that gentleman had made other engagements, and with Mr. Ashman of Massachusetts bid him good night.

#### TENTH DISPATCH.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, April 15—1 a. m.

One of our reporters is just in from the Presidential Mansion, who says an orderly reports the President still breathing, but beyond all probable recovery. The circumstances of Secretary Seward's assassination are thus narrated by a member of his household: A man on horseback rode to the Secretary's house, rang

the bell and told the servant attending upon the door that he had a prescription from Dr. Verdi, Mr. Seward's attending physician for the suffering Secretary, which he must deliver in person. The servant took him upstairs, and ushered him into Mr. Frederick Seward's room, where he delivered the same message, but was assured by young Mr. Seward that he could not see his father. He then started to retire, when he turned with an inaudible mutter and levelled a blow at Frederick with a slung shot. A scuffle then ensued, in which the assassin used his knife and very seriously wounded the Assistant Secretary, then rushing by him he passed through the door into the father's room. He found the Secretary in charge of his male nurse, and with an instantaneous rush he drew his knife and cut the Secretary's throat from ear to ear, then, lunging his knife into the nurse, he darted out, when he encountered young Major Seward, who seized him and endeavored to detain him, without knowing the horrid tragedy he had enacted. He again used his knife and bil-ly, but was most eager to escape, and as soon as he had cut himself loose fled to the outer door, mounting his horse and was off before the inmates could give anything of an alarm. In fact the wonderful suddenness with which both acts of brutality were enacted, is perhaps the most surprising feature of this dire National calamity.

#### ELEVENTH DISPATCH.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 14, 1865—14 a. m.

The President is slowly dying. The brain is slowly oozing through the ball-hole in his forehead. He is of course insensible. There is an occasional lifting of his hand, and heavy stentorous breathing; that's all.

Mrs. Lincoln and her two sons are in a room of the house opposite to Ford's Theater, where the President was taken, and adjoining that where he is lying. Mr. Sumner is seated at the head of the bed. Secretary Stanton, Welles, Dennison, Usher and McCulloch, and Mr. Speed are in the room. A large number of surgeons, generals, and personal family friends of Mr. Lincoln fill the house. All are in tears. Andy Johnson is here. He was in bed in his room at the Kirkwood when the assassination was committed. He was immediately apprised of the event, and

got up. The precaution was taken to provide a guard of soldiers for him, and these were at his door before the news was well through the avenue. Capt. Rathbone of Albany was in the box with the President. He was slightly wounded.

We give the above dispatches in the order in which they reached us, the first having been received a little before midnight, for we know that every line, every letter will be read with the intensest interest. In the sudden shock of a calamity so appalling we can do little else than give such details of the murder of the President as have reached us. Sudden death is always overwhelming; assassination of the humblest of men is always frightfully startling; when the head of thirty millions of people is hurried into eternity by the hand of a murderer—that head a man so good, so wise, so noble as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Chief Magistrate of a nation in the condition of ours at this moment,—the sorrow and the shock are too great for many words. There are none in all this broad land to-day who love their country, who wish well to their race, that will not bow down in profound grief at the event it has brought upon us. For once all party rancor will be forgotten, and no right-thinking man can hear of Mr. Lincoln's death without accepting it as a national calamity. We can give in these its first moments, no thought of the future. God, in his inscrutable Providence, has thus visited the Nation; the future we must leave to Him.

Later.—The accounts are confused and contradictory. One dispatch announces that the President died at 12½ p. m. Another, an hour later, states that he is still living, but dying slowly. We go to press without knowing the exact truth, but presume there is not the slightest ground for hope. Mr. Seward and his son are both seriously wounded, but were not killed. But there can be little hope that the Secretary can rally with this additional and frightful wound.