LINCOLN'S MR. MURDER.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TRAGEDY IN THE THEATRE.

From Comedy to Tragedy-Laura Keene's Costume Covered with the President's Blood-The Revengeful Feeling in Washington -The Prisoners on the Monitors-The Inquest on Booth's Body Held on the Saugus - The Writer a Witness.

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The following simple narrative of events and incidents connected with the assassination of President Lincoln is intended to be confined to the knowledge and personal experience of the writer. As he has never, at home or abroad, encountered any opinion suggesting extenuation of the terribte crime, comment thereon is unnecessary, and will/find no place in these reminiscences.

On the evening of the 14th of April, 1865, a few minutes after 10 o'clock, I was in company with a friend walking on Pennsylvania avenue, when a man running down Tenth street approached us, wildly exclaiming: "My Cod, the President is killed at Ford's Theatre!" Calling to my friend to follow me, I ran to the theatre, two blocks away, perceiving as I neared it increasing evidences of the wildest excite-ment, which reached its climax in the auditorium. How it was that I worked my way through the shouting crowd that filled the house, and found myself over the footlights and on the stage, I am unable to describe.

The first person to whom I addressed a rational word was a detective, now one of the oldest in the city. I asked him who had done the shooting. When he mentioned the name of Wilkes Booth I scouted the idea; but others insisted that Booth had been recognized in the man who had leaped from the President's box and rushed across the stage. Excited crowds during the war were nothing new to me, but I had never witnessed such a scene as was now presented. The seats, aisles, galleries, and stage were filled with shouting, frenzied men and women, many running aimlessly over one another; a chaos of disorder beyond control, had any visible authority attempted its exercise. The spot upon which the eyes of all would turn was the fatal upper stage box, opposite to which I now stood. Access to it was guarded, but presently a man in the uniform of an army surgeon was assisted by numerous arms and shoulders to climb into the box to join the medical men already there.

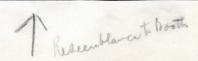
I was told that Laura Keene, immediately after the shot was fired, had left the stage and gone to the assistance of Mrs. Lincoln, and I soon caught a glimpse of that unhappy lady, who had apparently arisen from her husband's side. She stood in view for a moment, when throwing up her arms, with a mournful cry, she disappeared from sight of the stage.

I now made my way toward the box exit to await the descent of Miss Keene, hoping to learn from her the President's condition. I met her at the foot of the staircase leading from the box, and alone. Making a motion to arrest her progress, I begged her to tell me if Mr. Lincoln was still alive. "God only knows!" she gasped, stopping for a moment's rest. The memory of that apparition will never leave me. Attired, as I had so often seen her, in the costume of her part in "Our American Cousin," her hair and dress were in disorder, and not only was her gown soaked in Lincoln's blood, but her hands, and even her cheeks where her fingers had strayed, were bedaubed with the sorry stains! But lately the central figure in

the scene d comedy, she now appeared the in-carnation d tragedy. Preparations were now being made to remove the President to the neighboring house where he breathed his last about 7 o'clock the next morning, and the theatre was soon cleared and left in possession of the troops which had arrived.

By this time the fact of the murderous attack on Mr. Seward had become generally known, and the rumors grew as to similar atknown, and the rumors graw as to similar abstacks on the lives of other high officials. The streets were called with people, and the hotels were centres of surging crowds. Beyond the chief actor, the Fresident's assassin, whose identity was still a mooted question, there was none to whom suspicion as yet pointed. All trace of Booth was lost and the direction of his flight a mystery. Had the then unknown and unconceived telephone been in existence, could the headlong ride of the assassin and his complete the property of the country of the co

trations to the convival requesters of this unique oid curjosity shop. Booth and I occasionally drifted into subjects theatrical, and I warrence Barrett, the Mestayer, Western, and Fanny Clarke at my tongue's end. I had known all of the men, most of them as stock actors. All of them were then becoming famous, none of them, also now living. Booth never spoke to me of the war or of national affairs with more than a passing word, and remains a stock actors. All of them were then becoming famous, none of them, also now living. Booth never spoke to me of the war or of national affairs with more than a passing word, and the stock of the stock of the war of t



and successful largers, a native and Conference of the Conference of Elocida, who in the entry are on his first vest to the North. Durling one of closing my depost, if look thin into Gordene gallery on execute here, where were no because of the conference of the c

while others insisted that the body was carried down the river and bay by night, and thence out to sea, where it was sunk forever out of the sight and knowledge of men. Nine years afterward I met in Europe an Englishman, who declared and offered to wager that Booth was then alive and in India. He "knew all alout it," of course; but he eventually decided not to jose the considerable number of pounds sterling he had offered to risk when I engaged to produce an authenticated extract of the proceadings of the Commission.

The facts, with which I was well acquainted, are those; After the adjournment of the Commission, the remains were, in my sight, sewn up in a navy blanket and passed over the side of the vesel into a small boat, manned by two persons, one of whom was rowing, who had been detailed by Col. Baker, with instructions which they kept to themselves. The boat proceeded down the Anacostia and disappeared around the point in the direction of the United States Arsenal, now the Arillery Barracks. In these grounds was the old penitentiary, within the walls of which the conspirators were subsequently confined, tried, and four of them executed. The officers on duty at the Arsenal were well known to me, two of them being my relatives. A short time subsequently one of these told me of the receipt by him of the body and its interment in a cellar under the penitentiary building on the day I saw the last of it. Several years afterward, as is now well known, the Government turned it over to the family, and it is now resting in their cemetery plot in Baltimore.

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