

Additional Facts Respecting Booth's Capture—A Maryland Surgeon Arrested.

A letter received in this city yesterday, says:

"Booth's leg having been broken, he went to the house of Dr. Mudd, in Charles County, and had it set at 3 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, April 16—the second day after the murder of the President.

"Dr. Mudd split Booth's boot open to get it off, and when he left, the Doctor gave him a pair of crutches, and it is supposed that he left in an easterly direction from the neighborhood of Bryantown.

"Harrold was with Booth at that time.

"Dr. Mudd was arrested by the military with one of Booth's boots in his possession, which had Booth's name in it. The Doctor was immediately taken to Washington."

Harrold is a young man less than 25 years of age, a native of Washington, formerly a druggist's clerk in that city, but for some months without visible means of support, though during that time apparently well supplied with money. He has frequently been in St. Mary's County, Md., always taking his gun with him. The night of the assassination he was seen, it will be remembered, at the livery stable with Booth.

The News in the City.

When the announcement appeared on the newspaper bulletin boards yesterday morning that John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of the President, was shot, the most intense excitement prevailed. Eager groups collected around the newspaper bulletins to see and read the intelligence, before the extras appeared. Faces that wore the expression of gloom and melancholy for the last week were again lighted up with something like joy. The public heart felt relieved that the air was no longer polluted by the breath of the murderer—that earth was relieved of his living presence and that this soft April sunshine fell on no such loathsome thing. Fears, which appeared well grounded in consequence of his prolonged enlargement, had been entertained that he would evade punishment, and that co-conspirators not being few in the land, with their assistance the ends of justice would be frustrated. But all these fears were dispelled when the news flashed along the wires and was disseminated throughout the city that the felon fell, unpitied and unwept. Still the people were disappointed. They expected his capture alive. The fate he met was considered too good, too honorable for one who perpetrated so atrocious a crime. Men stopped each other in the street and discussed the event. Around a newspaper office one man remarked, "he ought to be pulled to pieces." Another suggested "the hanging of the dead body," and still another the fixing of the remains in irons as an eternal warning to the assassin. This is not cruelty, an unnatural craving for blood and torture, but the common instinct of human nature when a monster appears and defies the laws of God and man. Satisfaction everywhere was manifest.

Boston Corbett, President Lincoln's Avenger.

We have before us the photograph of Boston Corbett, the man who shot Booth. He is an Englishman about 26 years of age and Sergeant in Company I, of the 16th New-York Cavalry. He went out at the commencement of the war as a private of the 12th New-York State Militia, Col. Butterfield, and has been in active service ever since. About eight months ago he was captured by the Rebel guerrilla Mosby while out on a scouting expedition, all his party having either been killed or escaped. He held the entire Rebel gang, about 26 in number, at bay for some time, and only surrendered when his ammunition was exhausted. For his bravery in this affair he was promoted to be Sergeant, but only returned to the Union lines to assume the title after a five months imprisonment at Andersonville. While there he frequently held prayer meetings, and exhorted his dying companions, being an active and sincere member of the Attorney-st. P. M. Church of this city. He only lately rejoined his regiment, and had scarcely recovered from a chronic diarrhoea and scurvy contracted at the South, when he was appointed one of 28 tried men to perform the duty he so successfully accomplished. His face is intelligent, and bears the impress of a high-toned Christian patriotism.

New York Daily Tribune
Friday, April 28, 1865
page 1 column 6