

MARCH 9
1876

Killing of Lincoln.

On April 14th, 1865, when victory crowned the Union Armies, the theatre in Washington was filled to overflowing, with exultant officers, citizens, and ladies, while music and flowers, brilliant lights flashed and happiness reigned. — President Lincoln and wife were seated in a large stage box in the second tier, two boxes thrown into one draped in the national flag. The play on the stage was in the second part.

Through the general hum, following the stage pause, with the change of positions, etc., came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not a hundredth part of the audience heard at the time — and yet a moment's hush — some how, surely a vague, startled thrill — and then through the ornamented, draped, starred and striped space-way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage (a distance of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet), falls out of position, catching his boot-heel in the copious drape, (the American flag) falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM

CALHOUN TIMES
MAR 8, 1876

D. 14, APR 1865

(he really sprains his ankle, but un-
felt then,) and so the figure, Booth the
murderer, dressed in plain black broad-
cloth, bare headed, with a full head of
glossy raven hair, and his eyes like
some mad animal's, flashing with light
and resolution, yet with certain strange
calmness, holds aloft in one hand a
large knife—walks along not much back
from the footlights—turns fully towards
the audience his face of statuesque
beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flash-
ing with desperation, perhaps with in-
sanity—launches out in a firm and
steady voice "*sic semper tyrannis!*—
Virginia is avenged!" And then walks
with neither slow nor very rapid pace
diagonally across to the back of the
stage, and disappears.

A moment's hush, incredulous—a
scream—the cry of murder—Mrs. Lin-
coln leaning out of the box, with pale
cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry,
pointing to the retreating figure, "He
has killed the President!" Then all
was confusion and horror.

He Has a Case.