

COLUMBIA PHOENIX.

Daily Paper (24 a Month)
Payable in Advance.

"Let our just censure
Attend the true event"—Shakespeare.

Tri-Weekly (36 a Month)
Payable in Advance.

By J. A. SELBY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., MONDAY, MAY 8, 1865.

VOL. 1.—NO. 34.

THE COLUMBIA PHOENIX

IS PUBLISHED DAILY AND TRI-WEEKLY.

BY JULIAN A. SELBY.

The Daily is issued every morning, except Sunday, at \$40 a month. Tri-Weekly, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at \$20 a month, invariably in advance. Single copies \$2.
Advertisements inserted at \$10 per square (ten lines) for each insertion.

Details of the Murder of Lincoln.

The following account is taken from the *Richmond Whig*, of the 19th ult.:

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Toward the beginning of the second scene of the third act, John Wilkes Booth, brother to Edwin and Junius Booth, and son to the celebrated actor of the same name, visited this exclusive domain to which his profession as actor was an open sesame. He entered the back door of the theatre, and left very soon, leaving that back door open. He had evidently ridden to the theatre, for, on entering it, he left his horse in the alley.

THE MURDER.

The comedy is in its third act, in the 2d scene of it. Madame Mountchessington has left the stage to Ann Trenchard, with the remark:

"You don't understand the manners of good society. That alone can excuse the pertinence of which you are guilty."

Trenchard answers—"I guess I know enough to turn you inside out." And the audience clap their hands and laugh in glee. Mrs. Lincoln joins in the laugh—a pistol shot, sharp and clear—is heard. The words *Sic semper tyrannis* are whispered. "Revenge for the South," is added. A white face, covered with "a night of hair," lighted by two black, shining eyes, is seen between the President's box and the stage; a moment passes—it drops. A form crumbles as it falls—then rises in histrionic attitude—in its hand a knife whose newly polished surface reflects the numerous gajets. Three seconds—nay, two—and it is gone.

Still as the hush that follows a prayer in the chamber of the dying, the audience sits spell bound, it may have been for two seconds. A tall man jumps upon the stage, and he, too, disappeared, while a voice in the audience at last utters the name of the assassin—John Wilkes Booth.

HOW BOOTH KILLED THE PRESIDENT.

It has now been proven that Booth, after his visit behind the scenes, having left that back door open, rapidly went to the front

of the theatre, ascended into the dress-circle, passed by the only door open into the box, advanced to the front of it and leaning over, with the elbow of his right arm out of the box, his left hand on the balustrade fired a pistol at the President. This pistol, a Deringer, was evidently loaded with two (perhaps with more than two) balls of diameter less than that of the pit of barrel; one of these balls struck the President below the left ear and two inches behind it. The other did not hit him but went through the locked and unused door of the box, scattering splinters outside (not inside) the box. Having fired, Booth dropped the pistol, and drew a long knife, shaped like the sword of a Roman gladiator—a regular stylus in form, but rounded, not angled to a point. He vaulted over the balustrade to the floor of the box, his left hand supporting his weight and breaking his fall by its hold on it. The distance from the balustrade to the floor of the theatre is exactly twelve feet and eight inches. The exclamation *Sic semper tyrannis* was uttered as he vaulted out of the box, and, as he recovered his feet on alighting, he said something of which we could only gather four words: "Revenge for the South!"

He then, in a stilted, stager, yet rapid stride, his whole face turned toward the awe-stricken audience, gained the first stage entrance, pushed aside Miss Laura Keane, there awaiting her cue to enter upon the scene, and with the glittering stylus still in his hand, pushed on by the prompter's desk, turned to the right and by none of the audience was again seen. Fifteen seconds will cover the explosion of the pistol and Booth's disappearance. The distance he had to go across the stage was exactly thirty-nine feet.

THE BOX AFTER THE MURDER.

There is but one word that can describe the state of those in the box with him—paralysis. Miss Harris, recovered first, called to Miss Keen for some water; a gentleman, aided by the former, climbed into the box. A gentleman at last brought a pitcher of water. Several others also ascended into the box, and as the house was being emptied, Miss Keene went round up into the dress circle and into the box. She immediately set to work, placed the bleeding head of the dying man on her lap and endeavored to get some water down his throat; but even then he was wholly unconscious, and his breathing was rattlingly noisy. The brain was already commencing to ooze out, and the blood of the

first magistrate of the nation belabbed the role of an actress.

At last, medical aid arrived. The thronging crowd outside was forced back—the street was picketed—and one hour later the doctors had the suffering form transferred to the house of Mr. Petersen, opposite the theatre, where he died.

Inaugural Address of President Johnson.

We take the following from the *Richmond Whig* of the 19th ultimo:

GENTLEMEN: I must be permitted to say that I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to perform duties so important and responsible as those which have been so unexpectedly thrown upon me. As an indication of any policy which may be pursued by me in the administration of the Government, I have to say that that must be left for development as the Administration progresses. The message or declaration must be made by the Senate they transpire. The only assurance that I can now give of the future is reference to the past. The course which I have taken in the past, in connection with this rebellion, must be regarded as a guarantee of the future. The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavoring to establish and perpetuate the principles of free government, and I believe that the Government in passing through its present perils will settle down upon principles consonant with popular rights more permanent and enduring than heretofore. I must be permitted to say, if I understand the feelings of my own heart, that I have long labored to ameliorate and ease the condition of the great mass of the American people. Toil and honest advocacy of the great principles of free government have been my lot. Duties have been mine—consequences are God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed, and I feel that in the end the Government will triumph, and that these great principles will be permanently established. In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that I want your encouragement and countenance. I shall ask and rely upon you and others in carrying the Government through its present perils. I feel, in making this request, that it will be heartily responded to by you and all other patriots and lovers of the rights and interests of a free people.

A useful appendage to a ship is a mast; but her commander is a master.