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"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

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Latest News by Telegraph

TO THE

BALTIMORE CLIPPER.

FROM WASHINGTON

THE OBSEQUIES.

HOMAGE OF THE PEOPLE.

UNIVERSAL SORROW.

The Funeral Services at the Presidential Mansion.

SERMON BY REV. DR. GURLEY.

PRAYER BY REV. DR. GRAY.

Prayer and Benediction of Rev. Dr. Gurley.

FULL AND INTERESTING DETAILS

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NEWS FROM RICHMOND.

Lee Regrets the Assassination.

Gen. Lee Going to Bid Farewell to Richmond.

HE DON'T EXPECT TO BE HUNG.

&c. &c. &c.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL.

WASHINGTON, April 19—The day is bright and beautiful, and the atmosphere quite warm. The Avenue is crowded with people to witness the mournful funeral procession. Civic and military bodies are passing to the appointed places of rendezvous. All business is entirely suspended and the citizens have turned out en masse to pay the last and tribute of respect to the memory of the late President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Every window, housetop, and available spot are filled with people, and it is thought it will be an hour or two hours before the funeral cortege passes.

WASHINGTON, April 19—Early to-day the streets were crowded with persons, thousands of them from distant cities and other localities. Nearly the entire population were abroad.

By ten o'clock nearly every prominent point on the line of the procession was occupied by those who desired to obtain the best view of the solemn and truly impressive pageant. In the immediate neighborhood of the Executive Mansion a dense and unprecedentedly large crowd had assembled.

During the forenoon various bodies had met at the Treasury Department, separate rooms having been assigned them, and to these Assistant Secretary Harrington, who had charge of the arrangements, delivered tickets of admission to the Executive Mansion. They included the Assistant Secretaries, the Assistant Postmaster General, and the Assistant Attorney General, Senators and Representatives in Congress, Governors of the several States, the Judiciary and others of prominence. None could enter the Mansion without tickets, room having been provided for six hundred persons only upon the raised platform steps on the east, north and south sides of the room. The corpse lay about the centre, space being reserved all around the catafalque, with chairs for the occupation of the family of the deceased.

It was here in this east room that the bodies of Presidents Harrison and Taylor lay in state, but the arrangements on those occasions were far inferior to the present; for now artists had been employed, contributing of their skill and taste to produce the best possible effects.

At eleven o'clock the invited personages began to arrive, a body of about sixty clergymen from all parts of the country being the first to enter. There was an interval of a few minutes between the arrivals, and thus no confusion whatever was occasioned. The proper officers were in attendance to assign all to their appropriate places in the room. Heads of Government Bureaus, Governors of States, members of municipal governments, prominent officers of the army and navy, the Diplomatic Corps in full costumes, members of the Christian Commission, the Union League Committees of Philadelphia and New York, merchants of the principal cities, members of both Houses of Congress and others. Then came honored representatives holding the highest official stations from all parts of our own country and from foreign lands, and under the circumstances of the assassination of the President whose body lay before them, the scene was solemnly grand and impressive. At noon the President of the United States entered in company with his Cabinet, all of them being present excepting Secretary Seward.

President Johnson approached the catafalque and took a last, but brief look at his illustrious predecessor, and then retired to a position immediately on the east side and in full view of the remains.

At 10 minutes past 12 o'clock, amid profound silence, Rev'd Dr. Gurley approached the catafalque and announced the order of the religious services, when Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Episcopal Church advanced, and from the same point read a portion of the burial service of that church, including the funeral anthem, and the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

The opening prayer was made by Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who in the course of it said that in the hand of God were the issues of life and death. Our sins had called for His wrath to descend upon us as individuals and as a community. For the sake of our Blessed Redeemer forgiveness was asked for all our transgressions, and that all our iniquities may be washed away. While we bow under this sad bereavement which has caused a wide spread gloom not only in this circle but over the entire land, an invocation was made that all might submit to God's holy will. Thanks were returned for the gift of such a man as our Heavenly Father had just taken from us, and for the many virtues which distinguished all His transactions; for the integrity, honesty and transparency of character bestowed upon him; and for having given him counsellors to guide our nation through periods of unprecedented sorrow.—He was permitted to live to behold the breaking of the clouds which overhung our national sky, and the disintegration of the rebellion. Going up the Mount he beheld the land of promise with its beauty and happiness, and the glorious destiny reserved for us as a nation.

Thanks were also returned that His arm was strengthened and wisdom and firmness given to his heart to pen a declaration of emancipation, by which were broken the chains of millions of the human race. God be thanked the assassin who struck down the Chief Magistrate had not the hand to enslave the suffering and oppressed. The same God, the believed dead would ever be identified with all that is great and glorious in human society on earth. God grant that all who stand here entrusted with the administration of public affairs may have the power, strength and wisdom to complete the work of His servant so gloriously begun, and may the success of the deceased President not bear the sword in vain. God grant that strength may be given to him and to our military to perfect victory, and to complete the contest now nearly closed. May the spirit of the rebellion soon pass away, and may the last vestige of slavery, which caused the rebellion, be driven from our land. God grant that the sun may shine on a free people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Not only safely lead us through the struggle, but give us peace with all nations of the earth; give us hearts to deal justly with them, and give them hearts to deal justly with us, so that universal peace may reign on earth. We desire our before us to Thee to plead that Thy blessing may descend on the family of the deceased.

God bless the weeping widow, as in her broken heartedness she bows under a sad stroke, more than she can bear. Unclasp her in Thine own arms. God be gracious with the children left behind him. Endow his sons with wisdom from on high; prepare them for great usefulness. May they appreciate the patriotic example and virtues of their father, and walk in his footsteps.

We pray Thee, the Bishop said, to make this assassination of personal profit to our hearts while by the remains of the deceased whom we had called a friend, do Thou grant us grace and repentance of our sin, so that when the end of life we may be gathered where assassins are not found and where sorrow and sickness never come, but all gather in peace and love around the father's throne in glory. We pray Thee that our Republic may be made the stronger for this blow, while here we pledge ourselves to set our faces as a flint against every form of opposition which may tend to our destruction, so that we, the children, may enjoy the blessed inheritance of a Government delivered from our fathers.

He concluded by repeating the Lord's prayer.

The Rev. Dr. Gurley then delivered a sermon standing on the step and near the head of the coffin. He commenced by saying that God's ways are and above the sovereignty of God. His throne is in the heavens and His kingdom ruleth over all. It was a cruel hand—the dark hand of the assassin—that smote down honored, wise and noble President, and filled the land with sorrow. But above this there is another with whom we can see and acknowledge. It is the chastening hand of a wise and faithful God. He gives us the bitter cup. We yield to the behests and drink the draught.

His chastisement comes in a way heavy and mysteriously deep at a time when the rebellion was passing away. The assassin has stricken down a man upon whom the people had learned to trust, and upon whom confidence was growing any other had centered their hopes for a restoration of the Union and a return of harmony. In the midst of our rejoicings we needed this stroke, the chastisement, and therefore God has sent it. Our affliction has not come forth from the dust nor from the ground. Beyond the act of the assassin let us see it to God, whose prerogative it is to bring light out of darkness and good out of evil. He who has led us and prospered us so wonderfully during the last four years of anxiety and conflict will not forsake us now. He may chasten, but not destroy; He may purify as in the furnace, but will not consume us. Let our principal anxiety now be that this new sorrow may be a sanctified sorrow, and induce us to give all we have to the cause of truth, justice, law, order, liberty and good government, and pure and exemplified religion, though weeping may endure for a night, joy comes in the morning. Thank God that in spite of this temporary darkness, the morning has begun to dawn, the morning of a brighter day than our country has ever before seen. That day will come, and the death of a hundred Presidents and Cabinets cannot prevent it.—The people confided in the late lamented President with a firm and loving confidence which no other man enjoyed since the days of Washington. He deserved it well, and deserved it as it was entitled by his character, by his acts, and by the whole tenor and tone and spirit of his life. He was wise, simple, sincere, plain and honest, truthful and just benevolent and kind. His perceptions were quick and clear, his judgment was calm and accurate, and his purposes were good and pure beyond a question. Always and everywhere, he aimed and endeavored to be right, and to do right. His integrity was all pervading, and unchilling and incorruptible. He gave his personal confidential to all men alike whether great or small. How truly and well he discharged his post, and met all its grave demands in seasons of trial and difficulty, is known to all the country, and to the world.—He comprehended all the enormity of treason and rose to the full dignity of the occasion.—He saw his duty as Chief Magistrate of a great and imperiled people, and learn in the form of Him who gave the power to the faint, and who increaseth strength.

Dr. Gurley remarked he had often heard President Lincoln say that Divine Providence and mercy was the prop on which he humbly and habitually leaned, the best hope he had for himself and the country. When about leaving his home in Illinois to come to Washington, he said to old and tried friends:—"Pray with me with the request that you pray for me." They did pray for him, and still others prayed for him. Nor did they pray in vain, and the answer to the prayer shone forth in the clearness and brightness of his administration from the commencement to close. God raised him up for a great and glorious mission—furnished him for his work and aided him in its accomplishment. Nor was it merely strength of mind and honesty of heart, and purity and propriety of purpose that he furnished him. In addition to these things he gave him a calm and abiding confidence in the overruling providence of God, and in the ultimate triumph of truth and right through the friends of liberty and of God. This confidence strengthened him in all his hours of anxiety and trial, and inspired him with calm and cheering hope when others were inclined to despondency and gloom. Never shall I forget the emphasis and the deep emotion with which he said to me, very recently to a company of clergymen and others, who called to pay him their respects in the darkest days of our civil conflict: "Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on that immutable foundation—the justness and goodness of God; and when events are very threatening and prospects very dark, I still hope that in some way, which man cannot see, all will be well in the end, because our cause is just, and God is on our side." Such was his sublime and holy faith—it was an anchor to his soul, both sure and steadfast. It made him firm and strong. It emboldened him to the path way of duty, however rugged and perilous it might be. It made him valiant for the right—for the cause of God and humanity, and it held him in steady patience and unswerving adherence to a policy of administration which he thought, and which we all now think, both God and humanity required him to adopt.—We admired and loved him on many accounts—for strong and various reasons. We admired his child-like simplicity, his freedom from guile and deceit, his staunch and sterling integrity, his kind and forgiving temper, his industry and patience, his persistent, self-sacrificing devotion to all the duties of his eminent station, from the least to the greatest. His readiness to hear and consider the cause of the poor and humble, the suffering and the oppressed. His charity toward those who questioned the correctness of his opinions and the wisdom of his policy. His wonderful skill in reconciliating differences among the friends of the Union, leading them away from the abstractions and inducing them to work together and harmoniously for the common weal. His true and enlarged philanthropy that knew no distinction of color or race, but recognized all men as brethren, and endowed alike by their Creator "with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." His invincible purpose that what freedom had gained in our terrible civil strife should never be lost, and that the end of the war should be the end of slavery, and as a consequence, of rebellion. His readiness to spend and be spent for the attainment of such a triumph, a triumph, the blessed traits of which should be as widespreading as the earth, and as enduring as the sun. All these things commended and fixed our admiration and the admiration of the world, and stamped upon his character and life the unmistakeable impress of greatness. But more sublime than any of all of these noble traits, more holy and more influential, more beautiful and strong and sustaining was his abiding confidence in God, and in the final triumph of truth and righteousness through him and for his sake. This was his noblest trait, his granted principle, the secret alike of his strength, his patience and his success; and this, it seems to me, after being near him steadily and with him often for more than four years, is the principle by which more than by any other he being dead yet speaks. Yes, by his steady enduring confidence in God, and in the complete ultimate success of the cause of God, which is the cause of humanity more than in any other way does he now speak to us. He speaks to the nation he lived and served so well. By this he speaks of his successor in office, and charges him to have faith in God. By this he speaks to the members of his Cabinet, the men with whom he conferred so often, and was associated with so long, and he charges them to have faith in God. By this he speaks to all who occupy positions of influence and authority in these sad and troublous times; and the charges them all to have faith in God. By this he speaks to the great people as they still tarry in sorrow this day, and we offer him with tender walking and solemn tone to our friends, and charges them to have faith in God, and by this he will speak through all ages and to all rulers and people in every land, and his message to them will be, "long to liberty and right; battle for them, bleed for them, die for them if need be, and have confidence in God." So, that the voice of his testimony may sink down into our hearts to-day, and every day, and into the hearts of the nation, and carry its appropriate influences up in our feelings, our faith, our patience and our devotion to the cause now dearer to us than ever before, because consecrated by the blood of its most conspicuous defender, its wisest and most fondly trusted friend. He is dead, but the God in whom he trusted lives, and He can guide and strengthen him. He is dead, but the memory of his virtues, of his wise and patriotic counsels and labors, of his calm and steady faith in God, lives; is precious, and will be a power of good in the country quite down to the end of time. He is dead, but the cause he so ardently loved, so ably, patiently, faithfully represented and defended, not for himself only, but for all people, in all the coming generations, till time shall be no more.

That cause survives his fall, and will survive it. The light of its brightening prospects illumes cheeringly to-day athwart the gloom occasioned by his death, and the language of God's sealed providences in telling us that through the friends of liberty all, liberty lives and is immortal. There is no assassin strong enough, and no weapon deadly enough to quench the lofty, unquishable life, or arrest its onward march to the conquest and empire of the world. This is our consolation and this is our consolation as we weep and mourn to-day. Though our beloved President is slain, our beloved country is saved, and is saving our liberty as well as of judgment. Tears of gratitude mingle with those of sorrow, while there is also the dawning of a brighter and happier day upon our stricken and weary land. God be praised that our fallen chief lived long enough to see the day dawn, and the day star of joy and peace arising upon the nation. He saw it, and he was glad. Alas, alas, he only saw the dawn. When the sun has risen, full robed and glorious, and all happy, reunited people are rejoicing in the light, it will shine upon his grave; but the grave will be a precious and a consecrated spot. The friends of liberty and of the Union will repair to it, in years and ages to come, to pronounce the memory of its occupant blessed and gather from his very ashes, and from the rehearsal of his deeds and virtues fresh incentives to patriotism, they will there renew their vows of fidelity to their country and their God.

And now I know not that I can more appropriately conclude this discourse, which is but a sincere and simple utterance of the heart, than by addressing our departed President, with some slight modification, the language which Tacitus, in his life of Agricola, addresses to his venerable and departed father-in-law: "With you we may now congratulate; you are blessed, not only because your life was a career of glory, but because you were released, when, your country safe, it was happiness to die. We have lost a father, and, in our distress, it is now an additional cause for heartfelt sorrow, that we had not in our power to commune with you on the bed of languishing, and receive your last embraces. Your dying words would have been ever dear to us; your commands would have treasured up and graved on our hearts. This and comfort we may tell, and the world will hear it, expressed deeper. From the world of spirits behold your dear relate family as people, exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief to the contemplation of your virtues. These we must not lament; if we are impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and, so far as we can, to emulate your bright example, will be the truest mark of your respect, the best tribute we can offer. Your wife will thus preserve the memory of the best of husbands, and your children will prove their filial piety. By dwelling constantly on your words and actions they will have an illustrious character as the eyes, and, not content with the bare image of your mortal frame, they will have what is more valuable, the form and features of your mind. Base and satan, like their original, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, and is lifted to immortality. It is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist, with unconscious matter; our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. And if you that gained our love and raised our admiration still subsist, and will ever subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages and the records of fame. Others will hereafter on the stage of life, and were the worthies of a former day, will sink, for want of a faithful historian, into the common lot of oblivion, inglorious and unremembered; but you, our lamented friend and head, decorated with truth, and fixing your aim to posterity, will survive yourself and triumph over the injuries of time."

The Rev. Dr. Gray read the solemn service by delivering an appropriate prayer, in which he brought a blessing to the family, the dead and upon the President and his Cabinet.

THE PROCESSION.

The corpse was then moved to the hearse, which was in front of the door of the Executive Mansion, and at 2 o'clock the procession was formed. It took the line of Pennsylvania avenue. The streets were kept clear of all incumbrances, but the sidewalks were densely lined with people from the White House to the Capitol, a distance of a mile and a half.—The house tops, parapets, windows, and wire elevated points, were occupied by deeply interested spectators.

As the procession started, minute guns were fired near St. John's Church, the City Hall, and at the Capitol; the bells of all the Churches in the city and the various fire engine houses were tolled.

The first in order of procession was a detachment of colored troops.

Then followed white regiments of infantry and bodies of artillery and cavalry.

Navy and marine officers and army officers on foot.

Pall bearers in carriages.

Funeral car, drawn by six white horses, came next, the coffin being prominent to the view of every beholder. The platform on which it rested was strewn with evergreens, and the coffin decked with white flowers.

The President and Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, members of Congress, Governors of various States, delegations from various States, fire companies, clerks of the various Departments, civic associations, and other bodies, followed in the order of the procession as previously announced, together with many public and private carriages, all closing up with a large number of colored men.

The body of the deceased President was conveyed to and deposited in the rotunda of the Capitol, where it for the present rests until the time fixed for removing the remains to Springfield.

The procession was the largest and most splendid funeral procession that has ever taken place in Washington. One hour and a half was occupied in passing any given point. It was in the highest degree imposing, and many thousand hearts throbbed in unison with the solemn dirges performed by the bands as the procession slowly moved up Pennsylvania avenue. The nearest relatives of the late President's family now here are the two sons of the deceased, Captains Robert and Thaddeus Lincoln, N. W. Edward and E. Smith, of Springfield, Ill., brothers in law of the late President, and Dr. Lyman Beecher Todd, of Lexington, Ky., and cousin of Mrs Lincoln.

Mrs Lincoln was not present at the funeral. It is said that she has not even seen her husband's corpse since the morning of his death.

THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR CONVEYING THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN TO SPRINGFIELD.

WAR DEPARTMENT.
WASHINGTON, April 19—11 P. M.

Major General Dix, New York:

It has been finally concluded to conform to the original arrangements made yesterday, for the conveyance of the remains of the late President Abraham Lincoln, from Washington to Springfield, Illinois, viz: Baltimore to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago to Springfield. EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN OF THE LATE PRESIDENT—THE CORTEGE TO BE FIVE HOURS IN BALTIMORE.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The funeral train leaves Washington at eight A. M., on Friday, and is due at Camden Station at 10 o'clock precisely. The cortege will remain in Baltimore five hours, and start by the Northern Central Railroad at three P. M. for Harrisburg, *en route* to Philadelphia. The train will have eight cars, and the escort will number some 300 persons in all.

W. P. SMITH.

MEETING IN CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, April 19.—In response to the call of a number of prominent citizens, a large meeting was held at Pike's Opera House last night. Mayor Harris, the chairman of the meeting, said there had been a disposition prevailing among some persons to use the terrible calamity which has befallen us as a pretext to raise disturbances.

Up to the present time although some property has been destroyed, no lives have been lost. He favored law and order, and would enforce them at all hazards.—He hoped the citizens of Cincinnati had sufficient confidence in Gen. Hooker and himself to know that they would arrest any one who would now utter a disloyal sentiment.

Appropriate resolutions were passed, after which speeches were made by Judge Storer, Messrs. Chalfant, Gaddis, Noyes and Gen. Carrie.

The city is still in mourning, and business is not yet fully revived, but confidence is almost restored and a better feeling prevails.

A committee of six gentlemen were appointed to communicate with the proper authorities in Washington for the purpose of having the remains of the President pass through Cincinnati when on their way to Illinois.

THE NEWS AT MEMPHIS.

MEMPHIS, April 16.—The news of the assassination of Lincoln and Seward created much excitement throughout the city, producing great grief and sorrow mingled with threats of vengeance upon secessionists. The houses are all draped in mourning, and the secessionists deprecate assassination and keep very quiet.

FAST DAY IN WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING, VA., April 19.—Wednesday, the 19th inst., having been fixed for the funeral services of the late President, Mr. Lincoln, Gov. Boreman has issued his proclamation that it be observed as a day of fasting and prayer as a slight expression of their profound respect for the deceased, and their appreciation of his many private virtues and public acts, and for the purpose of solemnizing the occasion with appropriate ceremonies.

SOLEMNITIES IN CANADA.

MONTREAL, April 17.—A public Union prayer meeting last night was densely crowded. The meeting throughout was characterized by the deepest solemnity, and a feeling of earnest sympathy pervaded the whole of the vast multitude.—Clergymen of all denominations were present. The Rev. Mr. Kemp said they had come together for the purpose of expressing their sympathy with a great nation; that a people were this night bowed with a rod. Shall we refuse to bow with them, and with them drape our hearts with blackness, and shed a tear over him who lies the victim of a cruel assassination? The fall of Abraham Lincoln was a common sorrow to every man within whose breast beats a true Christian heart. Let them drop a tear for the mighty chieftain slain by the assassin's hand, and pray God that the calamity may be converted into a blessing.

The Rev. Mr. Roncer said he felt as if he had suffered a personal loss. He recounted many Christian acts of the President, and felt that his death would bind both nations heart to heart more than anything besides.

The Rev. Mr. Bond, of the Church of England, would not trust himself to speak on the subject, nor did he know how to characterize the cowardly, dastardly fiendish act, which the inmost heart abhors.

A number of ministers spoke in the same feeling manner, and at the conclusion of the service the solemn tones of Dead March in Saul were pealed from the organ, and the meeting dispersed.

FROM MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, April 17.—The following proclamation has been issued by the Mayor of this city:

Whereas, Wednesday next, April 19th inst., at noon, has been fixed for the funeral ceremonies of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, I, the undersigned Mayor of the city of Montreal, respectfully invite the citizens generally to close their places of business from 12 o'clock noon that day as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late President of the United States, and of sympathy with the bereaved members of his family, and also as an expression of the deep sorrow and horror felt by the citizens of Montreal at the atrocious crime by which the President came to his untimely end.

(Signed) J. L. BRANCHY, Mayor.

FROM HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 17.—The Common Council to-day passed a resolution expressive of sympathy with the bereaved family of the late President Lincoln, and as a mark of respect to the illustrious deceased ordered that the flags be draped over the city buildings on the day of the obsequies.

The American citizens resident here held a meeting to day at the Consulate for the expression of their sorrow over the death of President Lincoln, and testifying their respect for his memory. The Hon. Judge Jackson, United States Consul, presided, and Robert Bellows, of New York, acted as Secretary.

REPORTED SURRENDER OF THE REBEL GENERAL LYONS.

ST. LOUIS, April 19.—A despatch from Paducah announces the probable surrender of the rebel General Lyons to General Meredith.

☞ Movements are on foot in Chicago to establish an Evening Exchange, for the transaction of a general business in gold, produce and provisions.

From North Carolina.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF GOV. VANCE—SHERMAN'S OCCUPATION OF RALEIGH.

NEWBERN, April 15.—The superintendent of the railroad arrived here from Goldsboro' yesterday.

He states that Governor Vance was captured by our cavalry between Hillsboro and Raleigh on the 13th. A report states that he, Vance, had been sent to Sherman by General Johnson, who was at Hillsboro', with instructions to surrender the State of North Carolina to Gen. Sherman; but those instructions were afterwards countermanded, and Vance was returning to Gen. Johnston without seeing Sherman, when he was captured.

He is now a prisoner of war, not having carried out his mission. The report also states that Jeff. Davis and family had joined General Johnston at Hillsboro', which is about thirty miles west of Raleigh. Sherman's forces entered Raleigh a few days since, and are moving beyond that place after Johnston, who continues to fall back without fighting.

ARREST OF PROMINENT REBELS AT RICHMOND.

From the Washington Republican.

Judge Campbell, Mayor Mayo, and all the rebel officers in Richmond on parole, have been arrested, and will be held for any future contingency that may arise. That prominent rebel officers have had something to do with this assassination by organizing the conspiracy there seems to be no doubt.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

NEW YORK, April 19.—The steamship Persia, from Liverpool on the 6th, via Queenstown on the 9th, has arrived.—Her advices are two day's later.

Consols 90⅝ @90¾ for money. U. S. 5-20's 57 @58¾.

Arrived from Baltimore, ship John Wilhelmine, at Bremen.

HOW THE GAME WAS BAGGED.

(Special Despatch to the N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, April 18, 1865.

Late last night R. C. Morgan, of New York, made a lucky strike in working up the assassination plot. Acting as one of the Special Commissioners of the War Department, under Mr. Orcutt, he visited the residence of Surratt, on H street, between Ninth and Tenth.

The women were put under arrest and sent to headquarters for examination.—Then a search of the house was made.—Papers and correspondence of a most important character were found, but the most important event transpired while search was being made in the garret.

A peculiar knock was heard at a lower outer door. The expert at once entered and opened the door, when a large man confronted him with a pick-ax in his hand. Stepping aside, the man entered rapidly and unbidden. Morgan then closed the door upon him, and quickly locking it, put the key in his pocket.

The stranger, here discovering that something was wrong, turned and remarked that he had made a mistake—was in the wrong house, &c. "Who did you wish to see," was asked. "I came to see Mrs. Surratt," said he. "Well, you are right, then—she lives here," was replied.

He nevertheless insisted upon retiring, but a pistol was pointed at him and he was ordered into the room adjoining. His pick ax was taken from him and he ordered to sit down. Here a lengthy questioning and cross questioning took place. He stated he was a refugee from Virginia; was a poor man's son; had been brought up on a farm, did not know how to read; had always been kept hard at work, because his father was poor, and then showed his oath of allegiance, which he had in his pocket; said he had worked on the horse-railroad here.

When asked where he lived, he boggled a little. When asked where he slept last night, he said, "Down the railroad."—When asked where the night before and Friday, he was still more embarrassed and equivocated considerably. He said he came to this house to dig a drain for Mrs. Surratt; that he was to work at it early in the morning, and thought he would come in before he went to bed, as she would not be up in the morning.

It is proper to state that up to the question of where he stayed, no suspicion had been excited that he was other than a veritable laborer; but the fact of his coming at so late an hour led to suspicion that he might know something of the family connections.

Surratt himself having disappeared with Booth, a glance at his boots covered with mud disclosed them to be fine ones; his pants, also very muddy, were discovered to be of fine black cassimere. His coat was better than laborers usually wear, and nothing but his hat indicated a refugee.

He was still further questioned, and on saying that he had no money he was searched and twenty-five dollars in greenbacks and some Canada coins found on his person, a fine white linen pocket handkerchief with a delicate pink border, a tooth and nail brush, a cake of toilet soap and some pomatum, for all of which he tried to give a plausible account, though bothered a good deal about his taste for the white handkerchief in his possession.

Here his hat was examined, and found to have been made of a fine gray or mixed undershirt of his own, which he had taken pains to make a hat of, cut out in Confederate soldier style, and not sewed up but pinned. This led to the conviction that he had lost his hat, and other circumstances fixed suspicion that he was the assassin of the Seward family.

The Secretary's negro doorkeeper was sent for without the knowledge of what was wanted, came into the room and was seated, the gas having been turned down previously. After he was seated the gas was turned on brightly, and, without a word being spoken, the poor boy started as if he had been shot, and the *pseudo* laborer started also and turned deadly pale.

The recognition was instantaneous and mutual. On being asked why he seemed so affected, the negro immediately answered: "Why, dat's the man wot cut Massa Seward," and moving for a moment uneasily and with his eyes intently fixed on the prisoner, he continued: "I does't want to stay here, no how."

Major Seward and sister were sent to identify him this morning and did so completely. His identification is absolute, and he is now a prisoner on board a monitor. All of the circumstances connected with his arrest and detention are of the most marvelous character.

The detectives would not have been at the house but for the fidelity of a freedman, a poor colored woman, and the merest accident divested him of his well assumed character of a poor laborer.

Other evidence makes it probable that he is one of the St. Albans raiders. He gave his name as James Paine, and is known here by several aliases. We hear the supposition is, that, finding himself unable to get out of the picket lines, he had returned to Surratt's house for succor.

☞ The cavalry force now employed in the vicinity of Memphis is rapidly clearing the country of bushwhackers.

☞ General Pope and staff returned to St. Louis from Little Rock, Ark., on Wednesday.

☞ Twenty-two divorces were granted in St. Louis, Mo., last week.

☞ Foreign papers announce the death of Troyon, the celebrated French cattle painter.

Letter of John Wilkes Booth

The Proof that He Meditated His Crime Months Ago.

Confesses that He Was Engaged in a Plot to Capture and Carry Off the President.

HIS EXCUSES FOR THE CONTEMPLATED ACT

His Participation in the Execution of John Brown

A SECESSION RHAPSODY.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer.]

The following verbatim copy of a letter, in writing which is the hand-writing of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of President Lincoln, has been furnished us by the Hon. Wm. Millward, United States Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. It was handed over to that officer by John S. Clarke, who is a brother in law of Mr. Booth. The history connected with it is somewhat peculiar. In November, 1864, the paper was deposited with Mr. Clarke by Booth, in a sealed envelope, "for safe keeping," Mr. Clarke being ignorant of the contents. In January last Booth called at Mr. Clarke's house asked for the package and it was given up to him. It is now supposed that at that time he took out the paper and added to it his signature, which appears to be in a different ink from that used in the body of the letter, and also from the language employed could not have been put to it originally. Afterwards he returned the package to Mr Clarke again for safe keeping, sealed and bearing the superscription "J. Wilkes Booth."

The inclosure was preserved by the family without suspicion of its nature.—After the afflicting information of the assassination of the President, which came upon the family of Mr. Clarke with crushing force, it was considered proper to open the envelope. There were found in it the following paper, with some Seven thirty United States bonds, and certificates of shares in oil companies. Mr. Clarke promptly handed over the paper to Mr. Stal Millward, in whose custody it now remains. From a perusal of this paper it seems to have been prepared by Booth as a vindication of some desperate act which he had in contemplation; and from the language used it is probable that it was a plot to abduct the President and carry him off to Virginia. If this was meditated it failed, and from making a prisoner of the President to his assassination was an easy step for a man of perverted principles. It also appears that Booth was one of the party who was engaged in the capture and execution of John Brown, of Ossawattomie, at which time he doubtless imbibed from Wise and his associates those detestable sentiments of cruelty which have culminated in an infamous crime. The letter is as follows:—

——, ——, 1864.

My Dear Sir:—You may use this as you think best. But as *some* may wish to know *when, who* and *why*, and as I know not *how* to direct, I give it (in the words of your master)

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN":—

Right or wrong. God judge me, not man. For be my motive good or bad, on one thing I am sure, the lasting condemnation of the North.

I love peace more than life. Have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years have I waited, hoped and prayed for the dark cloud to break, and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime. All hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done. I go to see and share the bitter end.

I have ever held the South were right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln, four years ago, spoke plainly, war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it. "Awaiting an overt act." Yes, till you are bound and plundered. What folly! The South was wise. Who thinks of argument or patience when the finger of his enemy presses on the trigger? In a *foreign war*, I, too, could say, "country, right or wrong." But in a struggle *such as ours* where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart,) for God's sake, choose the right. When a country like this spurns *justice* from her side, she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him, untrammelled by any fealty so ever, to act as his conscience may approve.

People of the North, to late tyranny to love liberty and justice, to strike a wrong and oppression, was the teaching of our fathers. The study of our early history will not let *me* forget it, and may it never.

This country was formed for the white, not for the black man. And looking upon *African slavery* from the same stand point held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their elevation and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life, and have seen *less* harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld in the North from father to son.—Yet Heaven knows, *no one* would be willing to do *more* for the negro race than I could I but see a way to *still better their* condition.

But Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South *are not, nor have they been fighting* for the continuance of slavery. The first battle of Bull Run did away with that idea. Their causes *since* for war have been as *noble* and *greater far than those that urged our fathers on*. Even should we allow they were wrong at the beginning of this contest, *cruelty and injustice* have made the wrong become the *right*, and they stand now (before the wonder and admiration of the world) as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter, reading of *their deeds*, Thermopylæ will be forgotten.

When I aided in the capture and execution of John Brown (who was a murderer on our Western border, and who was fairly *tried* and *convicted* before an impartial judge and jury, of treason, and who, by the way, has since been made a god,) I was proud of my little share in the transaction, for I deemed it my duty, and that I was helping our common country to perform an act of justice. But what was a crime in poor John Brown is now considered (by themselves) as the greatest and only virtue of the whole Republican party. Strange transmigration! *Vice* to become a *virtue*, simply because *more* indulge in it.

I thought then, *as now*, that the Abolitionists *were the only traitors* in the land, and that the entire party deserved the same fate of poor old Brown, not because they wish to abolish slavery but on account of the means they have endeavored to use to effect that abolition. If Brown were living, I doubt whether he *himself* would set slavery against the Union.—Most or many in the North do, and openly curse the Union, if the South are to return and retain a *single right* guarantied to them by every tie which we once *revered as sacred*. The South can make no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for *themselves* (worse than death) to draw from. I know my choice.

I have also studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a State to secede has been denied, when our very name, United States, and the Declaration of Independence, *both* provide for Secession. But there is no time for words. I write in haste. I know how foolish I shall be deemed for undertaking such a step as this, where, on the one side, I have many friends and everything to make me happy, where my profession *alone* has gained me an income of *more than* twenty thousand dollars a year, and where my great personal ambition in my profession has such a great field for labor.

On the other hand, the South have never bestowed upon me one kind word; a place now where I have no friends, except beneath the sod; a place where I must either become a private soldier or a beggar. To give up all of the *former* for the *latter*, besides my mother and sisters whom I love so dearly (although they so widely differ with me in opinion), seems insane, but God is my judge. I love *justice* more than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame and wealth; more (Heaven pardon me if wrong) more than a happy home. I have never been upon a battle field; but O, my countrymen, could you all see the *reality* or effects of this horrid war, as I have seen them (in *every State* save Virginia), I know you would think like me and would pray the Almighty to create in the Northern mind a sense of *right* and *justice* (even should it possess no season of mercy), and that He would dry up this sea of blood between us, which is daily growing wider. Alas! poor country, is she to meet her threatened doom?

Four years ago I would have given a thousand lives to see her remain (as I have always known her) powerful and unbroken. And even now I would hoil my life as naught, to see her what she was. O my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been had been but a frightful dream from which we could now awake with what overflowing hearts could we, unless our God and pray for his continued favor. How I have loved the *old flag* can never be known. A few years since and the entire world could boast of *none so pure* and spotless. But I have been of late seeing and hearing of the *bloody deeds* of which she has *been made the orphan*, and would shudder to think how changed she had grown.

O how I have longed to see her break from the mist of blood and death that circles round her folds, spoiling her beauty and tarnishing her honor. But no, day by day has she been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now (in my eyes) her once bright red stripes look like *bloody gashes* on the face of Heaven. I look now upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love (as things stand to day,) is for the South alone. Nor do I deem it a dishonor in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much. If misery if success attends me, I go penniless to her side. They say she has found the "ditch" which the North have so long derided, and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting they are our brothers, and that it's impolitic to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach her in safety and find it true, I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that same "ditch" by her side.

A Confederate, doing duty upon his own responsibility. J. WILKES BOOTH.

BOOTH'S IDEA OF IMMORTAL FAME.

[From the Cleveland Leader, April 17.]

We learn on the best authority that when Wilkes Booth was in this city a year and a half ago, he remarked to a prominent citizen "that the man who killed Abraham Lincoln would occupy a higher niche of fame than George Washington." This demonstrates that his infamous deed was long premeditated.

[From the Chicago Journal.]

A theatrical gentleman of this city informs us that in the early part of 1863 during an engagement of J. Wilkes Booth at Ste. Cecile's theatre, he made the remark one day "What a glorious opportunity there is for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln."

"What good would that do?" he was asked.

He then quoted these lines—

The ambitious youth who fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool who reared it.

"Well, who was that ambitious youth—what was his name?" was then asked.

"That I don't know," Booth replied.

"Then where's the fame you speak of?"

This, our informant tells us, nonplussed him.

From this it would seem that the assassin has had the commission of this horrid crime on his mind for at least two or three