A NATION MOURNING.

OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

THE ASSASSINATION.

The Last Marks of Respect to Our Late President—Immense Throng to Visit the Remains—Preparations for the Funeral—Arrest of the Would-be Murderer of Mr. Seward.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, April 18—10 P. M.

There arrived here this evening two committees from New-York, to be present at the obsequies to-morrow. One committee represents the great meeting in Wall-street of last Saturday, and is composed of Messrs. James Brown, Charles H. Russell, Moses Taylor, Moses H. Grinnell, W. E. Dodge, Samuel Sloan, J. J. Astor, W. M. Evarts, Edwards Pierrepont, F. B. Cutting and R. M. Blatchford. They called on the President this evening at the Treasury Department, and were presented by Secretary McCulloch. A very pleasant hour was spent by the committee, who all seemed well pleased with President Johnson. Subsequently the Union League Committee proceeded to the department and were also presented to the President. This committee consists of John Jay, Jonathan Sturges, Col. Frank E. Howe, John A. Weeks, Theodore Roosevelt, George Cabot Ward, James W. Beekman, C. E. Detmold, Samuel Wetmore, Charles Butler, Parker Handy and Otis D. Swan. This committee will represent the League at the funeral to-morrow, and will remain long enough to formally present their respects to the President.

A committee of the Common Council of New-York are expected here to-morrow morning.

ARREST OF THE SURRATT FAMILY.

As you were informed early this morning, the wretch who attempted the lives of the Seward family is now in the hands of the officers of the law, with such a conclusive record of both positive and circumstantial evidence against him, that he cannot possibly escape the punishment he so richly deserves.

Col. Wells, Provost-Marshal-General of this department, was yesterday pursuing investigation into the recent assassinations. He had decided to arrest Mrs. Surratt, who resides in this city, at No. 541 H street, but subsequently decided to arrest the whole family, including her daughter Kate, two young ladies, whom she calls her nieces, and two colored servants. Col. H. S. Alcott, Special Commissioner of the War Department, was called upon for the requisite forces, and he detailed his deputy, R. C. Morgan, Esq., with Officers Sampson, Devoe, Mermerskirch and Rash of the New-York Detective force, who, with Major Smith, Assistant-Adjutant on Gen. Augur's staff, proceeded to the house at about 11 o'clock.

Major Smith proceeded up the steps alone, the house being a three-story brick, with high stoop, and rapped. A woman raised a window, and asked who is there? The reply was, "I'm an officer, let me in." The door was opened and the Major entered. Immediately afterward the rest of the party entered one by one, until all were in. The purpose of the visit was announced and the inmates seemed somewhat surprised; the daughter especially being frightened, but the mother took it as calmly as though she had been expecting it.

They were all assembled in the parlor, and not allowed to communicate with each other while the officers hunted up the bonnets, shawls and shoes of the ladies, preparatory to conveying them to Col. Ingraham's office. This took some little time, during which Miss Kate Surratt broke out into sobs, seeming deeply affected, while her mother chided her for such an exhibition of her feelings.

Just as the ladies were ready to proceed, Officer Devoe having brought up a carriage, a loud rap was heard at the door. Mr. Morgan stepped into the hall, followed by Maj. Smith and Officer Mermerskirch, who were each armed with a pistol. Morgan opened the door, a man stepped in and the door was at once locked by Morgan, who handed the key to Mermerskirch. The man seemed rather surprised, and said, "I guess I've made a mistake." When asked what he wanted, he said he was looking for Mrs. Surratt. He was assured that he had made no mistake, and told to sit down in the parlor.

The women being now ready to depart, they were at once put in the carriage, with Officer Devoe, who conducted them to the office of the Provost-Marshal, whence they were subsequently sent to the Old Capitol Prison.

The man who thus had entered the house bore evidence at once of having assumed a partial disguise. He had a heavy pickaxe on his shoulder, wore a cap made from the bottom part of the leg of a pair of drawers, which fitted closely to his head, and hung down behind, gray coat and vest, black or dark colored pants, a light pair of boots. Both boots and pants were completely covered with mud up to his knees. When he sat down he was asked by Morgan: "Who are you? What do you want here at this time of night?" He pulled out of his pocket a copy of the oath of allegiance, and said: "Stop, I will show you who I am," remarking that he got it in Baltimore last June. On examination it proved to be an oath of allegiance administered to Louis Paine, of Fauquier County, Va., dated Baltimore, March 14, 1865. He was further interrogated by Mr. Morgan as to his business at the house at that time of night with a pickaxe on his shoulder. He said he had come to dig a gutter for Mrs. Surratt, and wanted to know what time he should begin in the morning. He also stated that he was but 20 years old, that he had no money, that he obtained his living by working as a laborer with that pickaxe, to which he seemed to cling with peculiar tenacity. He stated he could neither read nor write, that he had been obliged to work on his father's farm in Fauquier County for a living for the last four years, and could not go to school; that he was down on the rebels, and much more of the sa[illegible] kind of stuff, which only convinced the officer[illegible] they were in the presence of a party connected with the murderous assault on Mr. Seward.

He was subsequently interrogated by Major Smith and Officers Sampson and Wermerskirch, to whom he made various replies, some of them conflicting with the stories he had told Morgan. When asked where he intended to sleep that night, he said he did not know, as he had no money, and the night before he had slept on the railroad track.

The man was then conducted to the carriage by Officer Sampson, who took him to Gen. Augur's office, where he underwent a search and another examination, when $25 in money was discovered on his person, also a pocket compass, with a comb and brush, and several minor articles. Here he told other stories as to his whereabouts for the last three days, and as to his means of support.

A close examination and scrutiny of his person revealed a man of good physique, about twenty-five years of age, six feet high, very good form, dark rich black hair, dyed, light complexion, and a refinement of person which gave the lie to his professions of hard labor. His dress was much soiled, from evident exposure, but was of very good material. Had he been really well dressed he would have presented the appearance of a stylish gentleman.

The colored servant, who admitted the murderer to Mr. Seward's on Friday night, was now sent for. The room was darkened when he came in, the gas was turned on, when the boy was told to pick out the man. As soon as his eyes fell on the prisoner, he threw up his hands and exclaimed, "There he is; I know him; I don't want to see him no more." The only impression produced upon the man by this development was an apparent nervousness, but otherwise he seemed to master his feelings completely.

Without further conversation, at about 4 o'clock A. M. he was heavily ironed and sent off to a safe spot, where he can never escape from his captor and where public violence cannot reach him.

While Mr. Morgan was interrogating Paine at the house, Major Smith and Officer Sampson were instituting a search of the dwelling, which was continued by Smith, Morgan and Mermevskirch after the departure of Officer Sampson with the prisoner. Much evidence was found, showing it to have been a regular treason-brewing nest. Letters were found containing expressions of diabolical hate toward the President, and in Miss Kate Surratt's portfolio Major Smith found an envelope addressed to J. Wilkes Booth, National Hotel. A card about half as large again as a playing card was found, which was certainly emblematical of the hate which Secessionists have fostered toward the President. On the top was this line: "*Thus will it ever be with tyrants.*" Their shield, in the colors of red, white and red, and the original thirteen States. This was surmounted with the small rebel flags, between which was the State coat of arms of Virginia, with the motto, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*" Beneath this, in large, red letters, "Virginia, the Mighty," and at the bottom of the card, in circular shape, another copy of Virginia's coat of arms and motto.

The house was found in a very disordered condition, the beds all unmade, the clothes piled on chairs, and everything in confusion, showing very plainly that the inmates had other business on hand than the usual business of housekeeping. Two colored servants, a man and a girl—the first of whom was found sleeping on the back parlor floor—were also apprehended and locked up.

Mrs. Surratt is a large-sized woman, about forty years of age, and of coarse expression. She was rather shabbily dressed. Her daughter was far more genteel in appearance and dress. Young Surratt, who has been in the city up to the assassination, has, it is believed, fled to Canada. He is being pursued.

THE EVIDENCE AGAINST PAINE CONCLUSIVE.

Later—10 P. M.—The evidence against Paine is now conclusive beyond a doubt. He was this afternoon confronted by Major Seward, Miss Fanny Seward, the nurse who was so severely wounded, and another colored servant, who saw him, and they all promptly recognize him as the assassin. His clothing has been taken off and is undergoing examination. It will be remembered that the villain left a slouch hat behind at Mr. Seward's on Friday night, which explains the precise cap he wore.

THE ARREST OF SAM. ARNOLD.

I informed you last night of the arrest of Sam., the writer of the letter found in Booth's trunk, at the National, but the telegraph failed to get my last dispatch through in time. This man turns out to be one Sam. Arnold, who lived at Hookstown, near Baltimore. He is said to be quite penitent, and to have repudiated the business some time ago. It is also said the President received a letter, not long ago, from this same Sam., warning him against this plot.

OTHER ARRESTS.

Numerous arrests were made to-day of suspected secession families.

Edward Spangler, the carpenter, and Maddox, the property-man of Ford's Theatre, have been arrested on suspicion of being accomplices. Harry C. Ford was also arrested yesterday afternoon, and is held, but on what charge I do not know. He is a son of the proprietor of the theatre, and both he and his father have been highly regarded in this community.

The elder Ford returned to-day from Richmond where he had been to arrange for the opening of a theatre, having obtained his pass from the late President.

THE BODY LYING IN STATE.

No more suggestive sight was ever seen than that around the White House to-day. It was publicly known that the doors would not be opened till 10 o'clock this morning, but the crowd began to gather at the gates by 8:30, and by 9:30 the line, four and six persons deep, was nearly a quarter of a mile long. The arrangements at the house for entrance and exit were the same as usual on New Year's reception days, viz., entrance at the main door, thence to the Green Room, thence to the East Room, and out at the window by the customary steps. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that 25,000 persons passed through the rooms, and that half as many more, seeing the immense throng, left without trying to get in.

The approaches were guarded by a battalion of veteran reserves. The east room, in which the remains were laid, was tastefully decorated in mourning, the work being done under the supervision of Mr. John Alexander. The windows at either end of the room were draped with black barege, the frames of the mirrors between the windows, as well as those over the marble mantels, being heavily draped with the same material. The heavy gildings of the frames were thus entirely enshrouded, while the plates of the mirrors were covered with white crape. The chandeliers at the northern and southern ends of the room were also draped with mourning—the central chandelier having been removed to make room for the catafalque. This was a very handsome affair—the dais or platform, on which the coffin rested, being raised some three feet from the floor, and being covered with evergreens and japonicas.

The corpse was in charge of several army and navy officers, among whom were Gen. Hitchcock and Gen. Eaton, and Lieut.-Commander Stone, of the monitor *Montauk*.

But a limited number of persons were admitted to the house at a time, and these were required to pass through as rapidly as was consistent with decency and propriety. The expressions and appearance of the people, as they looked for the last time on the face of the honored dead, were conclusive, if further proof were needed, that the great majority regard the President's death as a personal and individual loss, as well as a national calamity. Hundreds addressed words of farewell to the cold and inanimate body; and thousands passed from the platform with weeping eyes. Every class, race and condition of society was represented in the throng of mourners, and the sad tears and farewells of whites and blacks were mingled by the coffin of him to whom humanity was everywhere the same. The most touching exhibitions of sorrow were made by many whose dress marked them as of the poorer classes of society. "He was the poor man's friend," was a very common remark.

The vast throng outside, as well as inside, was quiet, orderly and reverent, all day, though two to three hours was the average period of waiting for admission, and many persons waited even five and six hours. The clerks of each of the public departments were marshaled at 11 o'clock, under their respective heads of bureaus, and marched in grand and solemn procession into the White House and past the body in the East Room.

Such intense anxiety was manifested to-day to see the loved face once more, and so many persons were unable to get an opportunity to do so, that it is proposed now to let the body lie in state during Thursday in the rotunda of the Capitol and not start westward with it before Friday. Preparations to this effect are making this evening, with the consent of Mrs. Lincoln and her frinds from Illinois.

The features of Mr. Lincoln retain their sweet, placid, natural expression, and the discoloration caused by the wound is so slight as not to amount to a disfigurement.

ORDER OF THE FUNERAL.

The order of the funeral ceremonies is as follows:

Reading a portion of the Scriptures, by Rev. Dr. Hall.
Opening prayer, by Bishop Simpson.
Funeral address, by Rev. Dr. Gurley.
Closing prayer, by Rev. Dr. Gray.
The corpse will be conveyed to the Capitol, where Dr. Gurley will repeat the service and pronounce the benediction.

SECRETARY M'CULLOCH TO HIS OFFICIALS.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, April 18, 1865.

The Secretary of the Treasury, with profound sorrow, announces to the revenue marine the death of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States. He died in this city on the morning of the 15th inst., at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock. The officers of the revenue marine will, as a manifestation of their respect for the exalted character and eminent public services of the illustrious dead, and of their sense of the calamity the country has sustained by this afflicting dispensation of Providence, wear crape on the left arm and upon the hilt of the sword for six months. It is further directed that funeral honors be paid on board all revenue vessels in commission, by firing thirty-six minute guns, commencing at meridian on the day after the receipt of this order, and by wearing their flags at half-mast.

HUGH McCULLOCH,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Secretary Seward is much better to-day, so is Frederick Seward, who is gradually gaining full consciousness. It is now confidently hoped and expected that the Secretary and Assistant Secretary will speedily recover.

Mourning in the State Department.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, April 17, 1865.

It is hereby ordered that in honor to the memory of our late illustrious Chief Magistrate, all officers and others subject to the orders of the Secretary of State, wear crape upon the left arm for the period of six months.

W. HUNTER,
Acting Secretary of State.

Particulars of the Attempted Assassination of Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, Monday, April 17.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

George F. Robinson, a soldier and nurse, who was in attendance on Secretary Seward on Friday night, has related circumstantially the proceedings in the chamber, from which it appears that it was through his brave and determined endeavors that the consummation of the murderous designs of the fiend were frustrated.

According to Robinson's narrative, Frederick W. Seward, Maj. Seward and Mr. Hanzell were all wounded on the stairway, as heretofore mentioned in this correspondence. As Robinson opened the door to learn the cause of the disturbance without, a man struck at his breast. In his hand he had a long knife, the blade of which appeared to be about twelve inches in length and one inch in width.

Robinson determined to oppose his progress and raised his arm to parry the blow. The consequence was that a wound was inflicted in the centre of his (Robinson's) forehead, close to the hair, which he wears turned back. The knife glanced and the clenched hand in which the man held the dagger came down upon Mr. Robinson's face and felled him to the floor.

Miss Seward at this juncture escaped from the room, and ran to the front window screaming murder. The assassin leaped to the bed where Mr. Seward lay, still apparently in a helpless condition, and gave a tremendous blow at his face. He missed his mark, however, and almost fell across Mr. Seward's body.

By this time Robinson had recovered, jumped on the bed, and caught hold of the assassin's arms. While he was thus attempting to hold the assassin, the latter struck Mr. Seward on the left side of the face, and then on the right side. The assassin then raised up, and he and Robinson came to the floor together. They both got on to their feet, Robinson still keeping a firm hold of him.

The assassin reached his left arm over Robinson's shoulder and endeavored to force him to the floor. Finding he could not handle Robinson in that position, he dropped his pistol which had been forced against Mr. Robinson's face in the hand which was around his neck, caught hold of Robinson's right arm with his left hand and struck behind Robinson with the knife. They still continued to struggle for a few moments, Robinson forcing him toward the door which was open, with the intention of throwing him over the balusters.

When they had nearly reached the door Major Augustus Seward entered the room. Robinson called upon him to take the knife out of the assassin's hand. Major Seward immediately clutched the assassin. The latter then struck Robinson in the stomach, knocking him down, broke away from Major Seward, and rushed down stairs.

During the scuffle when he cannot say, Mr. Robinson received a wound quite serious, some two inches in breadth, on the upper part of the right shoulder blade, another a little lower down on the same side, and also a slight one on the left shoulder.

While struggling with the man near the bedside, he had seized the wrist of his right hand, in which was the dagger, and did not release his hold until knocked down by the assassin near the door, and after Maj. Seward had come to his assistance.

He returned to the room after he found that the assassin had escaped, and found that the Secretary had got off the bed on to the floor, dragging with him the bed clothes, and was lying in a pool of blood. Upon going to the Secretary he found no pulse in his wrist, and stated to Miss Seward, who had reëntered the room and asked if her father was dead, that he believed he was. But upon a second examination, Robinson ascertained that his heart was still beating.

The Secretary then said: "I am not dead. Send for the police and a surgeon and close the house." He then placed the Secretary upon the bed, telling him he must not talk. Mr. Seward did not speak after that.

Mr. Hanzell subsequently told Mr. Robinson that having been alarmed by the noise, he had started for the Secretary's room, and was met on the stairway by the assassin, and was wounded and thrust to one side.

Mr. Robinson remained with Mr. Seward until 11 o'clock the next morning, when he was removed to the Douglas Hospital. Every attention is being paid to this brave man by the attendants of this institution, and his condition is very favorable.

The Supposed Assassin and the French Lady.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, April 18.

It was stated in a former dispatch that the person arrested this morning as the party who attempted to take the life of the Secretary of State was supposed to be Surrat. But there is reason to believe that the desperado is no other than Thomas, the so-called French lady, who, it will be remembered, captured the steamer *St. Nicholas* in 1861, and was subsequently apprehended, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary, from which by some means he was released. Nothing positive, however, is known on the subject.

Conspirators Endeavoring to Escape South.

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, April 18.

A gentleman who was at Point Lookout yesterday morning, was informed by an officer of one of our gunboats that Booth and the other conspirators, about thirty in number, were in St. Mary's County, heavily armed, and endeavoring to make their way across the Potomac, which was strongly picketed and no one allowed to pass.

He also stated that on Monday evening a small squad of our cavalry had a collision with them, and had been repulsed, but succeeded in capturing one of them.

In the meantime our cavalry were reinforced yesterday morning, and were understood to have them completely surrounded, and their escape was deemed impossible.

A Rumor About Booth.

READING, Penn., Wednesday, April 19.

Booth, the murderer, it is supposed was on the passenger train that left here at 6 o'clock for Pottsville. A gentleman noticed him on the train before it reached here, spoke to him and shook hands with him. During the conversation Booth colored up several times, and appeared annoyed and desirous of avoiding observation. The gentleman is positive it is Booth, having known him for several years. Why he did not give the alarm at once or before the train left here, I do not know, but just as the train left he notified several of the officers of the road. An extra train was immediately sent in pursuit of the train. Telegrams were sent to all points upon the line of the road. The result is as yet unknown.

Transportation of the President's Remains.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, April 18.

Gov. John Brough, of Ohio, and John W. Garrett, Esq., have, upon request of the War Department, consented to act as a committee to make arrangements for the transportation of the remains of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, from Washington to their final resting-place. They are authorized to arrange the time tables with the respective railroad companies, and to do and regulate all things for safe and appropriate transportation.

THE OBSEQUIES.

Funeral of Abraham Lincoln—Solemn and Imposing Ceremonies—A Day of Deep and Impressive Sadness—The Funeral Sermon—Just Tribute to the Virtues and National Services of the Late President.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Wednesday, April 19.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The solemn and imposing funeral ceremonies of the day are over, and in point of sad sublimity and moral grandeur, the spectacle has been the most impressive ever witnessed in the national capital. The unanimity and depth of feeling, the decorum, good order, and complete success of all the arrangements, and the solemn dignity which pervaded all classes, will mark the obsequies of Abraham Lincoln as the greatest pageant ever tendered to the honored dead on this continent. The day has been delightfully warm and pleasant, and thus contributed to swell the throng of spectators, which was by far the greatest that ever filled the streets of the city.

As early as 8 o'clock, people began to throng the avenue, and by 11 o'clock many thousands were assembled in the vicinity of the departments and the Executive mansion. The avenue, between Fifteenth and Seventeenth streets, was kept clear by a strong guard of cavalry, for the purpose of forming the procession, though many of the societies had to wait on the side streets for hours. The arrangements made by the committee were carried out with a far greater degree of accuracy and comfort than is usual on occasions of this magnitude. No one was allowed to enter the grounds of the Executive mansion save such as had been provided with tickets, which included enough, however, to fill the great east room, where the body laid in state. It was intended that the attendance upon the funeral services should be of a highly representative character, and the intention was carried out with great success.

At about 11 o'clock the various distinguished bodies and committees began to arrive, and to be ushered into their appropriate positions in the east room. This room has already been described in the Times, but since yesterday several tiers of low seats, or standing places, elevated one above another, just sufficient to give all a good view, had been erected on the east side and both ends of the room, and all covered with black muslin. On the west side of the room, against the door leading to the main corridor, were placed fifteen chairs, all draped, which were especially reserved by Secretary Harrington, of the Arrangement Committee, for the use of the press, a courtesy which was so completely arranged as to draw forth the commendation of every representative there. This grand east room presented a solemn appearance. It was hung with black every where. All glitter and gay color, save in the carpet beneath our feet, had been covered with the emblem of grief. The only relief from the mournful shade which met the eye everywhere was the white silk sashes of the marshals and committees, the rich silver ornamentation of the coffin, and the beautiful white japonicas, roses and green leaves which shed their perfume as incense over the dead.

The first to enter were the officiating clergymen, Rev. Dr. Hall, Rector of the Epiphany, Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. P. D. Gurley, of the New-York Avenue Presbyterian Church, the President's Pastor, and Rev. E. H. Gray, Chaplain of the Senate and Pastor of the E street Baptist Church. Soon after came the Merchants' Committee of New York, whose names I sent you yesterday, followed by the Committee of the Union League. They took position on the platform at the north end of the room.

At 11:25, the Mayor of Washington and the Common Council entered, escorting the Committee of the New-York Common Council, of which Alderman Brice is Chairman; also, Mayor Lincoln and a committee from Boston, and a like committee from Philadelphia. Then came the officers of the Senate and House of Representatives, who took appropriate stations; the officers and members of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, the Assistant Secretaries, the Delegations from Kentucky and Illinois, the States of the President's birth and residence, who were designated as mourners. Govs. Fenton of New-York, Andrew of Massachusetts, Parker of New-Jersey, Brough of Ohio, Oglesby of Illinois, Buckingham of Connecticut, and their staffs; the diplomatic corps in full court dress, the members of the Senate and House of Representatives. Admirals Gregory, Porter, Shubrick and Goldsborough, the Supreme Court in the persons of Chief Justice Chase, Nelson, Davis and Swayne, Ex-Vice-President Hamlin, the pall bearers, twenty-two in number, then Grant and Farragut, arm in arm, Burnside and Hunter, Gen. Dyer of the Ordnance Department, six lady mourners, the only ladies present, save one or two of the nurses of the household, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Nettie Chase, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Usher, Mrs. Welles and Mrs. Dennison.

At just 12 o'clock President Johnson, escorted by the venerable Preston King and the members of the Cabinet, entered and took their places on the right of the coffin. Private Secretaries Nicolay and Hay, and Capt. Robert Lincoln, the President's oldest son, and only member of the family present, then Gen. Todd, of Dakotah, and relative of the family, who were seated near the foot of the catafalque.

The room was now full, but no crowding, no disorder of any kind. The attendants upon the ceremonies had all arrived, and the scene in the room was of a very imposing character. A gentleman who had attended the funerals of three Presidents, assures me that this was the most imposing of all. The pall of black which met the eye everywhere, was suggestive of grandeur rather than gloom. The representative men from every part of the country impressed the beholder with the vastness of the power and influence of the form that lay cold in death, and the services which followed, the earnest prayer and eloquent sermon impressed upon all minds the virtues and great national services of Abraham Lincoln.

At ten minutes past 12, Rev. Mr. Hall opened the services by reading from the Episcopal burial service from the dead as follows:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. John 11th chap. 25th and 26th verses.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.—Job, chap. xix., 25th, 26th and 27th verses.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."—First Timothy, chap. vi., 7th verse, and Job, chap. i., 21st verse.

"Lord, let me know my end and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live. Behold Thou hast made my days as it were but a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee. And verily every man living is altogether vanity; for man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain. He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my Hope is ever in Thee; deliver me from all my offences, and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish. When Thou, with rebukes, doth chasten man for sin, Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment. Every man is, therefore, but vanity. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with Thine ears consider my calling. Hold not Thy peace at my tears, for I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more seen. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth or even the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting and world without end. Thou turnest man to destruction; again thou sayest, come again ye children of men, for a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, seeing that it is past as a watch in the night. As soon as thou scatterest them, they are even as sheep and fade away suddenly like the grass. In the morning it is green and groweth up, but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered. For we consume away in Thy displeasure, and are afraid at Thy wrathful indignation. Thou hast set our misdeeds before Thee, and our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance; for when Thou art angry all our days are gone. We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told. The days of our age are threescore years and ten, and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow, so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

Then was read the lesson from the 15th chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, beginning with the 20th verse.

Right Rev. Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then delivered a most eloquent and affecting prayer, after which Rev. Dr. Gurley, of the New-York-avenue Presbyterian Church, in which the deceased President had worshiped, delivered the following funeral sermon:

DR. GURLEY'S SERMON.

As we stand here to-day mourners around this coffin and around the lifeless remains of our beloved Chief Magistrate, we recognize and we adore the sovereignty of God. His throne is in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all. He hath done and He hath permitted to be done whatsoever he pleased. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne. His way is in sea and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known. Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as Heaven—what canst thou do? Deeper than Hell—what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea. If He cut off and shut up, or gather together, then who can hinder him—for He knoweth vain men. He seeth wickedness: also will he not then consider it? We bow before His Infinite Majesty—we bow, we weep, we worship. There reason fails with all her powers—there faith prevails and love adores. It was a cruel, cruel hand, that dark hand of the assassin, which smote our honored, wise and noble President, and filled the land with sorrow. But above and beyond that hand there is another, which we must see and acknowledge. It is the chastening hand of a wise and faithful Father. He gives us this bitter cup, and the cup that our Father has given us shall we not drink it?

God of the just, thou givest us the cup,
We yield to thy behest and drink it up.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Oh, how these blessed words have cheered and strengthened and sustained us through all these long and weary years of civil strife, while our friends and brothers on so many ensanguined fields were falling and dying for the cause of liberty and Union. Let them cheer and strengthen and sustain us to-day. True, this new sorrow and chastening has come in such an hour and in such a way as we thought not, and it bears the impress of a rod that is very heavy, of mystery that is very deep, that such a life should be sacrificed at such a time, by such a foul and diabolical agency; that the man at the head of the nation, whom the people had learned to trust with a confiding and loving confidence, and upon whom more than upon any other were centered under God our best hopes for the true and speedy pacification of the country, the restoration of the Union and the return of harmony and love—that he should be taken from among us, and taken just as the prospect of peace was brightly opening upon our torn and bleeding country, and just as he was beginning to be animated and gladdened with the hope of ere long enjoying with the people the blessed fruit and reward of his and their toils, care and patience and self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of liberty and the Union. Oh, it is a mysterious and a most afflicting visitation. But it is our Father in Heaven, the God of our fathers and our God, who permits us to be so suddenly and sorely smitten, and we know that his judgments are right, and that in faithfulness he has afflicted us in the midst of our rejoicings. We needed this stroke, this dealing, this discipline, and therefore he has sent it. Let us remember our affliction has not come forth of the dust, and our trouble has not sprung out of the ground. Through and beyond all second causes, let us see the sovereign permissive agency of the great First Cause. It is His prerogative to bring light out of darkness and good out of evil. Surely the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. In the light of a clearer day, we may yet see that the wrath which planned and perpetrated the death of the President was overruled by Him whose judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out, for the highest welfare of all those interests which are so dear to the Christian patriot and philanthropist, and for which a loyal people have made such an unexampled sacrifice of treasure and of blood. Let us not be faithless, but believing. "Blind unbelief is prone to err and scan His work in vain. God is His own interpreter, and he will make it plain." We will wait for His interpretation; and we will wait in faith, nothing doubting. He who has led us so well, and defended and prospered us so wonderfully during the last four years of toil and struggle and sorrow, will not forsake us now. He may chasten, but he will not destroy. He may purify more and more in the furnace of trial, but he will not consume us. No, no. He has chosen us, as He did his people of old, in the furnace of affliction, and he has said of us, as he said of them, this people have I formed. For myself they shall show forth my praise. Let our principal anxiety now be that this new sorrow may be a sanctified sorrow, that it may lead us to deeper repentance, to a more humbling sense of our dependence upon God, and to the more unreserved consecration of ourselves and all that we have to the cause of truth and justice, of law and order, of liberty and good government, of pure and undefiled religion. Then, though weeping may endure for a night, joy will come in the morning. Blessed be God. Despite of the great, and sudden, and temporary darkness, the morning has begun to dawn, the morning of a bright and glorious day, such as our country has never seen. That day will come, and not tarry and the death of a hundred Presidents and their Cabinets can never, never prevent it. While we are thus hopeful, however, let us also be humble. The occasion calls us to prayerful and tearful humiliation. It demands of us that we lie low, very low, before him who has smitten us for our sins. O! that all our rulers, and all our people, may bow in the dust to-day beneath the chastening hand of God, and may their voices go up to Him as one voice, and their hearts go up to Him as one heart, pleading with Him for mercy, for grace to sanctify our great and sore bereavement, and for wisdom to guide us in this our time of need. Such a united cry and pleading will not be in vain. It will enter into the ear and heart of Him who sits upon the throne, and He will say to us, as to His ancients, "In a little wrath, I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer." I have said that the people confided in the late lamented President with a full and a loving confidence. Probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply and firmly imbedded and enshrined in the very hearts of the people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it; deserved it well; deserved it all. He merited it by his character, by his acts, and by the tenor and tone and spirit of his life. He was simple and sincere, plain and honest, truthful and just, benevolent and kind. His perceptions were quick and clear, his judgments were 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 thorough, all-pervading, all controlling and incorruptible. It was the same in every place and relation, in the consideration and control of matters great or small, the same firm and steady principle of power and beauty, that shed a clear and crowning lustre upon all his other excellencies of mind and heart, and recommended him to his fellow-citizens as the man who, in a time of unexampled peril, when the very life of the nation was at stake, should be chosen to occupy in the country, and for the country, its highest post of power and responsibility. How wisely and well, how purely and faithfully, how firmly and steadily, how justly and successfully, he did occupy that post and meet its grave demands, in circumstances of surpassing trial and difficulty, is known to you all—known to the country and the world; he comprehended from the first the perils to which treason had exposed the freest and best government on the earth—the vast interests of liberty and humanity that were to be saved or lost forever in the urgent impending conflict. He rose to the dignity and momentousness of the occasion, saw his duty as the Chief Magistrate of a great and imperiled people, and he determined to do his duty, and his whole duty, seeking the guidance and leaning upon the arm of Him of whom it is written—He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth the strength. Yes, he leaned upon His arm. He recognized and received the truth that the kingdom is the Lord's, and He is the governor among the nations. He remembered that God is in history, and he felt that nowhere had His hand and His mercy been so marvelously conspicuous as in the history of this nation. He hoped and he prayed that that same hand would continue to guide us, and that same mercy continue to abound to us in the time of our greatest need. I speak what I know and testify what I have often heard him say, when I affirm that guidance and mercy were the props on which he humbly and habitually leaned. That they were the best hope he had for himself and for his country. Hence when he was leaving home in Illinois and coming to this city to take his seat in the Executive Chair of a disturbed and troubled nation, he said to the old and tried friends who gathered tearfully around him, and bade him farewell, I leave you with this request—pray for me. They did pray for him, and millions of others prayed for him. Nor did they pray in vain. Their prayers were heard, and the answer appears in all his subsequent history. It shines forth with a heavenly radiance in the whole course and tenor of his administration from its commencement to its 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 by strength of mind and honesty of heart and purity and pertinacity 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 righteousness through the power and the blessing of God. This confidence strengthened him in all his hours of anxiety and toil, 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 in this very room, to a company of clergymen and others who called to pay him their respects in the darkest day of our civil conflict: "Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on that immutable foundation, the justice 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, and it was an anchor to his soul both sure and steadfast. It made him firm and strong. It emboldened him in the pathway 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, patient 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 childlike 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 position, from the least to the greatest; his readiness to hear and consider the cause of the poor and humble, suffering and oppressed; his charity. His inflexible 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 fruits of which should be as wide-spreading as the earth, and as enduring as the sun. All these things commanded and fixed our admiration, and the admiration of the world, and stamped upon his character and life the unmistakable impress of greatness. But more sublime than any or all of these, more holy and 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 virtue, his grandest principle, the secret alike of his strength, his patience and his success. 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 speaketh. 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 and to the nation he loved and served so well. By this he speaks to 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 counciled so often and 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 tumultuous times, and he charges them all to have faith in God. By this he speaks to this great people as they sit in sackcloth to-day, and weep for him with a bitter wailing, and refuse to be comforted, and he charges them to have faith in God, and by this he will speak through the ages, and to all rulers and people in every land, and His message to them will be, Cling to liberty and right, battle for them, bleed for them, die for them if need be, and have confidence in God. O, that the voice of this testimony may sink down into our hearts to-day and every day, and into the heart of the nation, and exert appropriate influence upon 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 conspicuous defender, its truest and most fondly trusted friend. He is dead. But the God in whom he trusted lives, and He can guide and strengthen his successor as He guided and strengthened 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 as precious, and will be a power for good in the country quite down to the end of time. He is dead. But the cause he so ardently loved; so ably, patiently, toward those who questioned the correctness of his opinions and the wisdom of his policy; his wonderful skill in reconciling differences among the friends of the Union, leading them away from 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 regarded all men as brethren, and endowed alike by their creator with certain inalienable rights, amongst which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; faithfully represented and defended, not for himself only, not for us only, but for all people in all their coming generations till time shall be no more. That cause survives his fall and will survive it. The light of its brightening prospects flashes cheeringly to-day athwart the gloom occasioned by his death, and the language of God's united providences is telling us that though the friends of liberty die liberty itself is immortal. There is no assassin strong enough and no weapon deadly enough to quench its inexhaustible life or arrest its onward march to the conquest and empire of the world. This is our confidence and this is our consolation, as we weep and mourn to-day; though our beloved President is slain our beloved country is saved; and so we sing of mercy as well as of judgment. Tears of gratitude mingle with those of sorrow, while there is also the dawning of a brighter, 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 arise upon the nation. He saw it and was glad. Alas! alas! He only saw the dawn when the sun has risen full orbed and glorious, and a happy reunited people are rejoicing in its light. It will shine upon his grave, but that 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 gathering 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 to 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 was safe, it was happiness to die. We have lost a parent, and in our distress it is now an addition to our heartfelt sorrow that we had it not in our power to commune with you on the bed of languishing and receive your last embrace. Your dying words would have been ever dear to us. Your commands we should have treasured up, and graven them on our hearts. This sad comfort we have lost, and the wound, for that reason, pierces deeper. From the world of spirits behold your disconsolate family and people. Exalt our mind from fond regret and unavailing grief to the contemplation of your virtues. Those we must not lament. It were 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 our respect, the best tribute we can offer. Your wife will thus preserve the memory of the best of husbands; and thus your children will prove their filial piety; by dwelling constantly on your works and actions, they will have an illustrious character before their 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. Busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, and its inward form 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. All of 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 of others who figured in the stage of life and were the worthiest 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, delineated with truth and fairly consigned to posterity, will survive yourself and triumph over the injuries of time.

Rev. E. H. Gray, D. D. pastor of the E-street Baptist Church, closed the solemn services with prayer.

The corpse was then removed 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 roofs, porticos, windows and all elevated points were occupied by interested spectators. As the procession started minute guns were fired near St. John's Church, the City Hall and the Capitol. The bells of all the churches in the city and of the various engine-houses were tolled.

First in the order of procession was a detachment of colored troops, then followed white regiments of infantry and bodies of artillery and cavalry, navy, marine and army officers on foot; the pall-bearers in carriages next; the hearse, drawn by six white horses—the coffin prominent to every beholder. The floor on which it rested was strewn with evergreens, and the coffin covered with white flowers. Then followed Physicians of the late President, then the grand hearse and the guard of honor and the pall-bearers, Capt. Robert Lincoln and little Tad, the President's favorite son, in a carriage, and Tommy behind. Mrs. Lincoln was not present at either the ceremony or in the procession, she not having left her bed since Saturday last. The mourners, the delegations from Illinois and Kentucky, came next in order, and then President Johnson in a carriage, with Hon. Preston King and the Cabinet Ministers. The carriages on this part of the line were flanked by a strong cavalry guard, with drawn sabres. Then came more carriages, with the Diplomatic Corps, Judges, Senators, and others; then members of the House of Representatives, on foot; the officers of the House; the New-York delegations; the Massachusetts delegation, with Gen. Butler, in civilian's dress, prominently in the line, delegations from other States, Masons, Knight Templars, Perseverance Fire Company of Philadelphia, Catholic clergy, nine delegations, department clerks two thousand strong, Gen. Meigs and staff and the Quartermasters department brigade, a regiment of Fenians, the Treasury regiment, Gen. McCallum and staff, and a brigade of the employes of the United States military railroads, all wearing an appropriate badge. Next a large delegation from Alexandria, with a car on which was painted, "Alexandria mourns the national loss." Then came one of the saddest scenes in the entire column, a battalion of scarred and maimed veterans, with bandaged limbs and heads, with an arm or leg gone, but hobbling along on crutches, determined that their homage to their great chief should be as sincere as that of their companions. Then more firemen and Sons of Temperance, with a battalion of soldiers, in full regalia of these excellent Sons; then Colored Benevolent Associations, with their banners draped and their walk and mein the very impersonation of sorrow.

The procession finally ended, but was almost two hours in passing a given point, and the head of it had actually begun to disperse at the Capitol before the rear of the column had passed beyond the Treasury Department.

On the arrival at the eastern gate of the Capitol, the remains were conveyed into the rotunda, where a catafalque like that in the Executive Mansion had been erected to receive them. Here the attend-