THE NEW YORK HERALD.

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IN STATE.

THE DEAD BODY IN THE CAPITOL

THE GUARD OF HONOR.

An Immense Number of Citizens View the Remains.

THE METROPOLIS YESTERDAY

Services in Trinity and Other Churches.

BROADWAY ON FAST DAY.

The Preparations for the Funeral.

Arrangements for One of the Longest and Most Imposing Processions the World Ever Saw.

Celebration of the Funeral Rites Throughout the Country.

FEELING OF THE SOLDIERS.

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ROUTE OF THE REMAINS TO SPRINGFIELD.

Details of the Special Arrangements for Conveying the Dead President to His Last Resting Place.

Proposed Monument to Mr. Lincoln in New York, &c., &c., &c.

THE BODY IN THE CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1865.

THE GUARD OF HONOR OVER THE PRESIDENT'S REMAINS.

After the remains of Mr. Lincoln were placed upon the *catafalque* in the rotunda of the Capitol, Major General Meigs, Quartermaster General, remained until they were taken in charge by the guard of honor detailed for last night and to-day. This is composed of the following

ARMY OFFICERS.

Brig. Gen. John P. Slough.	Surgeon Hard.
Brevet Brig. Gen. William Gamble, commanding 1st separate brigade, 22d army corps, Fairfax Court House.	Capt. Wickersham, A. A. G.
	Capt. H. C. Lawrence, A. Q. M.
	Capt. Brown, A. A. G.
	Lieut. Gamble, A. D. C.
	Lieut. Pearson, A. D. C.
Capt. R. C. Gale, A. A. G.	Lieut. More, A. D. C.
Surgeon F. W. Mead.	

NAVAL OFFICERS.

Lieut. Com'g Edward E. Stone, Monitor Montauk.	Lieut. N. H. Farquhar.
	Lieut. A. R. McNair.
Lieut. Com'g A. Ward Weaver, Monitor Mahopac.	Lieut. B. F. Day.
	Lieut. E. M. Shepard.

A detachment of the Twenty-fourth regiment Veteran Reserves is doing general guard duty at the entrances of the rotunda and at the gates of the Capitol.

THE CROWDS TO VIEW THE BODY.

As soon as the doors were thrown open this morning, the throng of visitors began to press forward. All were required to enter at the main eastern entrance, and, passing in two lines on either side of the *catafalque*, to go out at the western door of the rotunda. None were permitted to linger. A strong guard was placed across the lower steps of the eastern entrance, and a line of guards in close order on either side marked the avenue left for the people who desired to pass in. About ten o'clock a heavy rain storm partially checked the crowd; but, notwithstanding the rain, the long and ceaseless procession of saddened faces came pressing forward at the rate of three thousand persons per hour.

THE CATAFALQUE

is better arranged to afford a view of the features of the honored dead than the one at the White House. The features are little changed, and by many are said to look more natural to-day than on Tuesday, when they lay in state at the White House.

The whole force of the Capitol Police, under the direction of Captain Newman, clad in mourning habiliments, were on duty preserving order, and politely, but in suppressed tones and almost noiseless steps, directing the movements of the crowd.

The rotunda, which was lighted only by a sort of twilight hue, was filled with solemn stillness, unbroken save by the rustling of the dresses of the female mourners, and occasionally a deep sigh from some of those passing the coffin.

CONDITION OF MRS. LINCOLN.

Mrs. Lincoln is still much prostrated to-day by her recent sad affliction and the trying scenes of the last few days. She is unable at present to leave her bed, and will not probably be able to travel to Illinois for several days.

INCIDENTS.

During the progress of the funeral procession yesterday, as the *cortege* was passing the corner of Fifteenth street, the horses of the carriage in which President Johnson and Senator King were seated became unmanageable, and the distinguished occupants were compelled to change carriages.

Among the incidents of yesterday worthy of record is the fact that the flags which draped the box at Ford's theatre occupied by Mr. Lincoln were borne in the funeral procession. They were the colors of the Treasury regiment, a military organization of the employes of the Treasury Department. They were borne yesterday by Adjutant Charles Callender and First Lieutenant Wm. A. Boardman, of Company E.

THE METROPOLIS.

FAST DAY SERVICES IN THE CITY.

In compliance with the recommendation of Governor Fenton, yesterday was observed as a solemn day of humiliation and prayer in this city and throughout the State. The streets again exhibited the appearance of one vast house of mourning, the houses being decked in the garbs of sadness even more heavily than on the day preceding. Business was not suspended so generally, it is true, but after about one o'clock in the afternoon very few transactions of a commercial, mercantile or trading character occurred. The public buildings were all closed, however, while the churches were thrown open and services of an appropriate character took place.

TRINITY CHURCH.

The South at the Bar of the World.

SERMON PREACHED YESTERDAY AT TRINITY CHURCH, BY THE REV. DR. DIX, BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE AND MAJOR GENERAL DIX.

At morning service at Trinity church yesterday there was again a very large congregation. Governor Fenton and General Dix occupied prominent seats in the nave. The first part of the service was intoned by the Rev. Dr. Ogilby. Dr. Weston read the first lesson; the Rev. Mr. Breese, of Hoboken, the second lesson. The Rev. Dr. Vinton intoned the prayers, and the Rev. Dr. Dix, rector of the parish, and a son of General Dix, intoned the litany. As is always the case at Trinity, the musical portion of the service, under the direction of Dr. Cutler, was most effectively rendered. The anthem, "Happy and blessed are they who have entered into their rest, for, though the body dies, the soul shall live forever," fell with peculiar impressiveness upon the ears of the congregation.

A powerful sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Dix. He took as follows:—

He that ruleth over man must be just, ruling in the fear of God.

And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.—Second Samuel xiii., 4.

These were the last words of David. He spake them as he saw the time drawing near when he must go the way of all the earth; they were the last song of the psalmist. Each man knows best the way of his own profession; and he, as a ruler, knew what a ruler ought to be, and delivered his judgment on that subject before he died. The sentence on his own performances he left his Lord to utter; but the general law by which he ought to have guided his course, he was moved so to state and express in the moment in which the rod of empire was about to be taken from his relaxing hand. Those words of David, the ancient king, may be most aptly used as proper to a description of the dead President. We assembled yesterday, and again, in response to the Governor's proclamation, to-day, on an occasion without a precedent in our past history. There has been, on this side of the world, no sorrow like our sorrow, so far as we can read back the history of the men who have dwelt here. Regarded in its cause and in its manner of manifestation, it stands beyond comparison in its awful grandeur. By that act, to which the sober judgment of mankind has awarded the crown in degree of atrocious crime; by that deed, of which language fails to paint the infamy; by that sin, against which Christian civilization cries out as involving the reversal of all progress towards good, and as throwing back mankind into the slough of barbarism, the act, the crime, the sin of murderous assassination, a man has been laid low, who held in his hands the destinies of twenty millions of his countrymen, and to whom they were at that moment looking with growing confidence in his honesty of purpose, his integrity of character and his ability to do his duty in that position unto which it had pleased God to call him. And we are gathered together to mourn and weep with all those millions over a bereavement which every lover of his country feels to be personal to himself. There is a great cry throughout the land; it seems as though there was not a house where there is not one dead. Some few words would I reverently speak at this hour, when, perhaps, a solemn silence might befit the occasion. And, first, of him who has been wrested from us by this murderous blow. That sanguinary fiend, that nocturnal demon of the darkness of this world, thought to have done him a harm when he lifted up the weapon against his life. How short-sighted are the calculations of the wicked one! That act has been, not the destruction, but the immortalizing of the venerated and beloved victim. When or where, at any time, in any age, has a man gone to his grave as this ruler of the land is going to his, this hour? Who ever saw or dreamed of a manifestation of sorrow, of anguish, of interest, of devotion to one human being like that which this hour is revealing? Unfaced, unmasked, the result of no national edict, of no proclamation by authority, the simple, unaffected, real demonstration of the heart of this great family of freemen. There is a grandeur in this scene, very in contrast with no occurrence hitherto can compare. Let the blood-stained felon, wherever he be now skulking, mark what he has done. He thought to spread dismay and confusion through the land. He has but lifted a veil which lay upon the great national heart, and shown the world its greatest strength and glory in its tenderness, its veneration for goodness, its magnificent collectedness and self-control. His infamous deed has made stronger than ever the people whom he hates; stronger, as they are stronger who have been knit together by the bond of a common affliction. The sound of the funeral hymn, now sternly ascending over the whole land, bespeaks a compactness, a concentration, a mutual devotion which, up to this hour, lacked the lever of development and the cause of expression; this funeral wail has in it the music of a coming era, through which the dead of to-day shall walk in spirit, canonized and glorified in the undying love and veneration of coming ages. Just as the French look back to the good Henry IV., and love him for the fate which brutal passion inflicted, so will the American people, to their remotest generations, speak tenderly and reverently of that good, that honest, that kindly-hearted man, their sixteenth President.

"He that ruleth over man must be just, ruling in the fear of God." How fairly do these words describe him. Who was just, if he was not? or, also, if we may read the man's inmost heart from his words, did ever rule more conscientiously in the fear of God? Honesty and his name were synonymous; and now that he is dead, what more could he ask, what nobler record than that he was proverbially the honest man? And then, how tender hearted; men thought at last almost too much so; but let us rather think of that grand, Christlike trait with thankfulness, that it beamed forth so brightly from his person at the last. When they struck him down he was meditating how to do them good; his last official acts were acts of kindness and leniency, so marked as to excite, in some quarters, alarm; in him, they murdered their best friend; his heart was full of plans of conciliation at the moment when they aimed at it their execrable blow. That is enough for every lover of peace to make him look, with moistened eyes, at that untimely grave. There lieth one who, so far as we can judge, bore no ill will to any creature that lives; who, as he said himself when we told him that he was re-elected, felt sorry to triumph over any one; who was seeking, in those his last few days, to find how he might soften to the enemies of his country the circumstances of their late disastrous defeats; how he could save them mortification and humiliation; how much he could safely give them back of that which they had forfeited; who would, I think, have pardoned, if it came to the last, even the chief man of the insurgents; who would have had the blood of no one on his hands; and also, if he knew in those last hours what had happened to him, and who had done it, would, I verily believe, have prayed for his murderer, and been ready to do what no one else can do—forgive him. O, if there was a crime more foul, more base, more abominable, than that which has been done on that unostentatious, wise, kind-hearted, friendly man, let it be named, that we may not seem in the scale of wickedness one degree below any yet known. The people knowgw nothing worse, and, therefore, is the lament for, as none was ever lamented for by them unto this day. Whither can the assassin fly? Whither, that the justice of Heaven shall not fell him? Whither, that the arm of the government cannot lay hold of him? This is a case in which there need be no impatience, no hurry. The retribution may be deferred; but it will come. The whole earth has not a place where he cannot be known and followed and found. The government does not exist which dare refuse to give him up, if he be within its limits. Only one part of the world is there to-day where he can breathe and walk abroad in safety—in those parts of this country still in an insurgent condition, and not yet reached by our armies. But around that lessening region the circle hourly contracts. He shall not long have shelter there; the years at last shall bring him into our hands, if the months and the days do not do it sooner. There is small consolation in the thought; the evil cannot be repaired. But that man owes a debt to the nation; and sooner or later the hour of its payment will come. Meanwhile we have but to be patient and follow. My brethren, amid the thoughts which come upon the mind at such a moment as this is one of which I will briefly and dispassionately speak. One consequence of this ghastly crime will be, and is already, that thereby an entire population is put on trial before the bar of the opinion of mankind. It has been urged by many—by most—that this act of assassination is but the natural result of a social condition to which such acts seem properly to be long. It is said that the moral and social tone, temper and spirit of the Southern people are such that acts of infamy like this might naturally be expected from them. But there are others who cannot consent to such a view of the case; who claim for Southern civilization a higher tone, a better spirit; who maintain that its principles are the principles of Christianity, and that the moral condition of the people is not below that of the rest of civilized mankind. To that opinion your preacher has adhered. He could not feel that a whole people could have been so brutalized, so degraded, as it has been represented that they are. But now the thing is to be determined—the truth is to be made plain—in the red and bloody light of this cruel and diabolical outrage. There can be no escape from this test nor any evasion of the issue. By the calm, concurrent and deliberate judgment of civilized and enlighted nations, assassination is held to be a crime—an indefensible act, which no circumstances can excuse. That was not the Pagan view. The change in opinion on this point has come with its acceptancy of the teachings of Jesus Christ, and with the spread of His religion through the world. To defend assassination is no more possible in this age than to defend suicide; no more possible on Christian principles; it is classed among those frightful enormities with which lower civilizations teem, and to which men are more or less prone in proportion to their higher or lower position in the scale of advancement. Hence we have heard, wherever this deed has been made known beyond our borders, a cry of horror, a cry of detestation from all official mouths—from all who could speak for constituencies. All have heard that cry, from those who have never been on our side, and who do not alter their feelings concerning us; but as men, and as Christians, they think it due to their manhood and their faith to express, in language not to be misunderstood, their horror at the sudden appearance of that barbarian shape, the political assassin, amid the lights of this age. For two hundred and fifty-five years such a dire shape has not emerged from the outer darkness to alarm and astound the world. Since A. D. 1610 no ruling sovereign of a mighty people has actually thus been hurried out of the world. Have we not, therefore, in this event, a test which no ingenuity can evade of the real temper, tone, and quality of that community with which we have been forced into contention? We wait to hear what they will say. They must speak, and the whole world will listen to every word they utter. He who invaded the family circle of the President and did him to death; he who, with a dastardly cowardice which must simply be pronounced immense, entered the chamber of that sick and helpless man, the Secretary of State, and stabbed him in his bed—these wretches knew not all that they did; for among the results of those ferocious actions was this; that they have arraigned the whole Southern people before the bar of the opinion of mankind, and put them on trial at that august tribunal. The judgment is set, and the books are opened; Christian civilization waits attentively to hear them speak. There is but one thing to do, if they would stand in this audit. To denounce the act, to join in the common cry against the outrage done to God, to man, to Christ, to the age; to disclaim any responsibility for it; to shrink back from the bloody act as in that murder; to say, we, too, are Christians, civilized beings, men. We abhor as much as you can a deed like this. Charge it not on us; it is the work of desperadoes for whom we are not accountable. Think not of us as though we would excuse or defend a crime fit only for a barbarous zone, and from which, with the enlightened world and as acceptors of the principles of Christianity, we equally with yourselves revolt in disgust and horror. Such must be their answer, if their claims be true. And would to God it might come back to us from the other side in unmistakable terms—a full, clear, hearty, manly voice—assuring us that the weapons of their warfare are and ever will be those of honorable, though mistaken, men, and not the poisoned chalice, the midnight torch, the secret dagger, the muffled pistol. Then might good come even of this awful catastrophe. We, loving the dead as we do; they, horror stricken at his murder, might yet join hands over his bloody grave, and ask forgiveness of God and of each other in whatsoever, all through these years, we have done amiss. Would to God it might be so; the blood of the martyr might indeed make fertile the ground of that country, all parts of which he loved. But I fear, I tremble lest it should be otherwise; lest we shall hear some quite different voice, perhaps a brutal cry of approval, perhaps a glorifying of the act even more monstrous than the deed itself; for he who could calmly and in cold blood justify it, must be at heart like those who did it; and if that sullen response should come, if those assassins should be received as heroes, their crime applauded, their persons admired, the judgment of mankind defied—if such should be the answer, then, of a truth, must the heart grow heavier than it is now, and a thoughtful man must ask himself, "What are those people? What is their normal state? What are their thoughts, their principles? What cause has been at work to keep them back behind the rest of the world, to depress them, to hold them at the old heathen positions, at the old standpoints of Paganism, to keep them blind while all the rest of the world sees? What is that civilization which appropriates and glories in deeds like this, which calls the midnight murderer a hero, the stealthy killer of the old, the sick, the defenceless, a demi-god? Is it a work of this age? or is it a thing of the past? Is it a system which rests on Gospel principles and Christian ideas? or is it a remnant of a hard old Roman Paganism and an ally and friend of the Thugs? And can there be peace while any vestige remains of those peculiarities, whatever they may be, which make that system what it is, and, under it, debase and distort those people from the very form of man? Brethren, it is with indescribable anxiety that many are now waiting for the response of the Southern people to these atrocious murders which have been committed in their name. We will not think the worst until all hope is gone; we will yet hope against hope. But if it must be so, then, indeed, will it seem as if all hope were at an end—as if all that has been said were just—as if the charges hitherto made had not been rash; and, so far as defence of that community is regarded, impartial lips must be silent henceforth. A few words in conclusion. I return to the subject, to him whose memory we honor to-day, for whom we make loud and bitter lamentation. But he is beyond the reach of our cry; he is not, however, beyond that of our praise. His name is with us—is in our households, on our national annals, on the roll of the world's prominent men, and in the heart of a great nation while that nation shall endure. I do not enumerate his amazing successes in guiding the ship of state through as heavy a storm as ever beat and blew; in leading us to conclusions of the most wonderful character, as official commander-in-chief in the power of the nation; in emancipating enfranchise the fetters of slavery an entire race of human beings. Let the historian write of all these things in his account of that remarkable man. Let me rather repeat the words of King David, spoken concerning the just ruler that ruleth in the fear of God:—For "he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." To him, with wonderful accuracy, as we trust, may these words be applied. The rebellion is nearly over; the sun of peace will soon, we trust, be bright over all the land, and a new and grand era is commencing for our country. But the good and honest President will ever stand there, in the memory of the people, surrounded with the light of that morning in which, just as it was rising upon us, he was called to his rest; and his name will be, in the hearts of the American people, as green, as fresh, and as pleasant as is to the eyes the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after the rain. Alas! that rain was the rain of his own blood—the blood of his active brain, of his generous heart; but there is already a great deal of dew in that morning upon the earth where that red shower fell; and, while the lights of martyrdom and sacrifice shall continue to shine, they will rest on that venerable place, and glow there, like sacred fires, from generation to generation. Let us pray in the words of the fifty-first Psalm:—"Have mercy upon me, oh! God."

The fifty-first Psalm was then chanted with solemn effect, and the service was closed with the benediction.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. Tyng on Our Treatment of the Conquered.

"And the King of Israel said unto Elisha, when he saw them, 'My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?' And he answered, 'Thou shalt not smite them: would'st thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and with thy bow? Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink and go.'"

The point of this story is very manifest. The principle which it establishes is also very clear. The simple question proposed to the prophet and answered by him was, what shall be our treatment of an enemy subdued? One class of sentiment demands, in the very language of man's nature, "Shall I smite them?" Another replies, in the spirit of the Divine teaching, "Set bread and water before them, and let them go." The combination of both would be in the analogy of the Divine administration. "Behold the goodness and the severity of God." There are those involved in every such crisis, the sparing of whom is false to the true operation of mercy. There are those, also, the punishing of whom would be an avenging undue to justice. Both mercy and justice derive their very nature and power from a proportionate discernment. The leaders in crime should never be excused from the just penalty of their offence. The subordinates, subjects of relation and influence, victims of determined power—often more sinned against than sinning—are never to be dealt with on the same plan of responsibility; for them mercy delights to rejoice against judgment, and the highest sovereignty may well display itself in the most complete forgiveness. I assume four propositions as absolutely and minutely illustrated by our national condition:—First, the warfare which this Southern rebellion has made on our government and nation has been really a warfare against God. Not Israel was more truly a nation divinely collected, divinely governed, divinely commissioned, divinely prospered, than have been the United States of America. It is no boastful nationalism to say that this nation, in its establishment and prosperity, was the last hope of a weary world that man could ever on earth enjoy a peaceful and protected liberty. The warfare through which we have passed was organized expressly to overthrow the government and integrity of the American nation, and for the establishment of local sectional sovereignties. It was avowed to be for the arrest and destruction of the dominion of universal liberty, for the maintenance and perpetuation of American slavery; it was to establish a perpetual degradation of honorable labor; to create and maintain a repulsive rivalship of distinct and contending peoples, in the place of one united and mutually sustaining nation. Its success would have been the success of savage, bloodthirsty hatred over all the arts of peace and the employments and habits of patient and civilized men; it would have been the overthrow of all the efforts of Christian benevolence in the mere hardihood of selfish gain and acrid hostility; it would have spread desolation, physical and moral, over this whole continent. The spirit, the mind, the heart of this rebellion have been displayed in the long continued sufferings of the negro, in the oppression and contempt of the poorer whites, in the native love of bloodshed. They have now displayed themselves far more distinctly in the unprecedented and incredible cruelties which have been inflicted on our captive soldiers. But it has required this last ripened fruit of a demoniacal hatred, in the shocking murder of the President of the republic, in the quietness of secure repose, and the cowardly assassination of his Cabinet minister in the helplessness of a bed of sickness and suffering—long planned, encouraged and urged in public papers as a deed of honor—to make perfectly manifest that the whole warfare has been an assault of the most violent of men upon all that was orderly, conservative and beneficent in the gift of God and in the enjoyment of mankind. Second—The power which has prevailed was the providence of God. The reverend doctor illustrated and enforced this, as well as that of his third position—that the victory attained was the gift of God—by a survey of the whole contest, in which every event was so overruled by the Almighty that it was but a review of Divine Providence. He dwelt specially upon the divine concealment of the real issue from the body of our people at the commencement of the struggle, when but few were willing to accept the thought that thus God would overthrow the giant wrong of human slavery. Most slowly did even that wisest man among us, who has been the last great sacrifice upon the altar of liberty, reach even a measure of willingness that the issue of liberty should be in the war at all. And yet how persistently did this great issue rise! How wonderfully and unexpectedly was the union of the North created by the very assault on Sumter which was to fire the Southern heart! What a providence for us was their sudden seizing of all forts and arsenals and public property, when a calm and pretentious scheme of counsel would probably have betrayed our giant power in its sleep! How mercifully God has trained us up to the national idea that we are a people! The new currency, founded on the aggregate of the property of the nation; the remarkable advent of the Monitor, when our navy was threatened with annihilation by the monster Merrimac; the crops of cotton laid up for Northern armies to seize; then the order to plant only for food, which prepared the way for the support of Northern troops in their glorious march through the whole length of rebel territory; their lying in constrained idleness around Richmond until the gathering hosts from abroad were too manifestly encircling them to permit a longer quiet—these were wonderful providences of God. And perhaps the last act of Providence was the most remarkable of all. They had combined for the murder of the President and his Cabinet, in the hope of creating an unexpected anarchy of a nation without a ruler, and involving us, in the sudden despair, in an inextricable and hopeless revolution. But how God has confounded the counsel of Ahithophel! Satan was not more deceived when he plunged the Jewish mob into the murder of their Lord than when, on this very commemoration day of his crucifixion, he has aimed a traitorous bullet against the exalted ruler of this people. It is a costly sacrifice indeed to us. But the blessings which it will purchase may well be worth the price. It has demonstrated the spirit and fruit of this rebellion. It has made it abhorrent and hateful in the eyes of the whole nation. It has introduced a ruler whose stern experience of Southern wickedness will cut off all pleas of leniency to the base destroyers of their country. It has cemented for ever the national union and spirit of this people by making the man whom they most loved and honored the last great sacrifice for the liberty and order of the people. Thus has Providence triumphed over our enemies and given us the victory. Speaking of the growth of divine teaching and guidance, as shown in the Sanitary Christian Commissions and other organizations to ameliorate the condition of sufferers by the war, and our generous treatment of prisoners, Dr. T. contrasted these with the recklessness of life and comfort and cruelty which marked the history of the agents of the rebellion. No cruelty to our prisoners in Southern hands could move our government to a bitter retaliation; nor would the general sentiment have consented to it as a principle of national rule. Fourth—The resulting treatment of the captives in the Lord's example:—"Thou shalt not smite them—set water and bread before them, that they may eat and drink, and let them go." The carrying out of this resuscitating plan seemed eminently adapted to the mind and heart of President Lincoln. The generosity, his spirit and wishes, his readiness to give the utmost possible latitude to mercy, in the arrangement of their return to national duty and penitent loyalty, were perfectly understood and known. That he should have been slain in a time like this can never be anything but a sorrow to every serious mind. That his death will change in some degree the character and measure of the settlement cannot be doubted. That a restriction shall come, as the consequence of his death, upon the freeness of the action of mercy to the conquered, is most natural and just. That those whose influence and example have nourished this spirit of assassination—whose words and avowals have often before encouraged and incited it, should be held responsible for it, is inevitable and just; and our government owes it to the majesty of the nation and to the authority of God, which they represent, not to allow such an abhorrent violation of human authority and safety to pass without a very clear and distinct retribution upon the guilty inditers and accessories in such a crime. Still, let not a spirit of individual vengeance be allowed to rear the monument of one fallen head. Let the widest possible door be opened to the exercise of kindness and the utterance of welcome to those who honestly desire to return to their loyalty and duty to the nation which they have outraged, and the government which they have insulted and despised. The intelligent leaders in this rebellion deserve no pity from our hearts. Let them go. Some other land must be their home. Their own attained relations and results will be punishment and sorrow enough in time to come. Their property is justly forfeited to the nation which they have attempted to destroy. If the just utterance of law condemns them personally to suffer as traitors, let no life be taken in the spirit of vengeance. We would see one instance of a government that is great enough to ask no revenge, and self-confident and self-sustaining enough to need no retributive violence to maintain the majesty of its authority. Let the Lord's own example be, to the almost extent of personal relations, our rule and purpose, determined, in the spirit of union and patience and kindness, to edify and to extend to the widest possible application of the spirit consistent with the nation's safety and the honor of the law, the multitudes who have been swept down the current of rebellion by the dominant influence and example of those whom they have been taught to regard as their leaders in the path of public duty. There may be great difficulties in the details of the reconstruction; but there can be no difficulties in none which such a spirit and purpose as were displayed in President Lincoln would not soon overcome. And upon nothing will memory more delight to dwell, than upon that high, forgiving temper, which lifts up a fallen foe, restores a wandering brother, and repays the cruelty of hatred by an overcoming benignity and love.

At the conclusion of the address a collection was taken up for the aid of the orphans of our soldiers and sailors.

THE SOLDIERS.

Sermon Delivered Before the Garrison on Governor's Island.

The following sermon was delivered at St. Cornelius' church, Governor's Island, yesterday, by Rev. James A. M. La Tourette, post chaplain:—

By His light I walked in darkness.—JOB, xxix., 3.

This is the saddest hour that our country has ever known. It is not an hour of despair. It is not an hour of discouragement. The telegraphic wires are trembling now with the burden of new victories. But in the dying throes and contortions of the great dragon of rebellion it has inflicted a final sting which, in the recoil of the nation's vengeance will only serve the more effectually to scatter its dismembered fragments to the four winds of heaven. It is an hour of sadness to us unlike any other hour in our history. It is not because a man has been murdered. Sixty thousand noble patriots have been starved to death in rebel prisons, and we felt not half so bitterly; for though that had been hitherto the darkest feature of this miserable rebellion, we looked upon it as one of the incidental experiences of war, either with an impoverished foe, or else with a brutalized enemy, who would go beyond bounds of honorable warfare to destroy an army—which of the two were true was yet to be ascertained. But it is because the President of the United States, our official representative of republican liberty before the world of nations, is stricken down by the hand of an assassin worse than those who crucified our Saviour; for they knew not what they did. It is a remarkable circumstance that this rebellion has been characterized at different times by acts of the wildest folly. No loyal heart received the news of this assassination with as great a shock as the hearts of those arch traitors who originated and have kept alive the flames of this rebellion. They are wise enough to know that when the soul of Abraham Lincoln left the body it carried with it into the abyss of eternity the key of this nation's door of mercy to them—a door which in the kindness of his heart he had half unlocked. There never were more magnanimous terms of surrender afforded to a prostrate foe than those lately rendered to the remnant of their two great armies, and a course of conciliation and forbearance had been inaugurated by the very brain which a fool's bullet pierced, and they doubtless know that a more unwise act for their interests could never, in such a juncture as the present, have been committed. What have they gained? A victorious nation's indignation. What have they exchanged? One President, whose policy they understood as favorable in the highest degree to themselves, for another, the decision of whose character, the determination of whose will, whose patriotic sacrifices, have been tested in the crucible of their own persecution. They have not stopped the wheels of our government or hindered the movements of its vast machinery, but the traitor spirit which, four years ago, fired its first shot at the heart of the nation and forced an unwilling and at first an unexpecting South into one of the bloodiest wars of history, has with the same parricidal hand asserted its demon nature. And this assassination was entirely uncalled for. Other rulers who have been murdered, have, in various instances, been tyrannical or false to their promises, or have sought by what one of our own poets calls the

Mounting devil, low ambition,

to rise even upon the ruins of their country. And the motto which was hurled back upon the audience from that stage was, "*Sic semper tyrannus*," the motto of the State of Virginia, who had boasted hitherto that she was the mother of Presidents, and can now add to that boast that she is the murderer of Presidents. But what part of the character of Abraham Lincoln can any honest, candid man, or even any uncandid or prejudiced man, show to have been tyrannical? Is there one in the long list of those who are high in authority in this land—in council or in camp—who can show a clearer record of genial open-hearted kindness, tender forbearance, conscientious adherence to the right, or plainer honesty of purpose than our late lamented President? Did he not bear the palm among rulers—in the midst of troublous times—for the evenness of his disposition? He was even cheerful when others less hopeful were depressed. It was a part of his self-discipline and study to be cheerful. It was his remark that if he did not study to be cheerful the enormous weight of responsibility which rested upon his shoulders would crush him; and in this cheerfulness he gave courage to others. And in the long list of acts in his dispensation of executive authority no finger can point to a single deed which bears upon its face even the shadow of tyranny. There never was a ruler more free from the nature of a tyrant, or more gentle and kind than Abraham Lincoln, and he was diffusing the spirit of kindness and forbearance throughout the land. No! the motto "*Sic semper tyrannus*" was shouted by the frantic fiend, doubtless in conformity to his instructions, that we might know from what source the cowardly blow came. The conspirators would otherwise have lost a large part of their demoniacal gratification; and now that they have done the deed, history will record the terrible vengeance of a nation roused to the highest pitch of indignation, upon which all our preaching of Christian forbearance, it may be, will have as little influence as a man's hand in staying the fall of an avalanche. I must honestly confess that, minister as I am of a gospel of peace, it requires a hard fight with the feelings of my own heart to say, in accordance with the instructions of a Divine Master, "Forbear." Could the voice of our martyred President reach us from that better land, (into which, thank God, he entered without pain), he would counsel us, as a nation, yet to forbear, to wreak not upon the heads of others who had no part in it the punishment of the crime, even though all men will say it has not in atrocity its counterpart in the annals of this world's history. His memory is now sacredly embalmed in the heart of our nation as her chief martyr. Let it be our part to follow the counsels which he prescribed; to pursue the path in which his wisdom had so successfully guided us, under the control of a Divine Providence, who holds the destiny of this nation in His hand, with the same power and wisdom with which He has held and guided the course of every star in the heavens above us, in which this earth is so small a star, and whose divine control our late President so frequently and beautifully acknowledged, sought and confided in, publicly and privately, as shown from his first address to his friends on leaving his home for the capital, to his last days. Said the psalmist, "My times are in Thy hand." He who guides the heaven of heavens and who has never erred, whose ways are full of mystery, are "past finding out," has ordained the life of nations and their limit, and the limit of the life of every man. Our way is sometimes dark but by his light we can walk securely. "In God we trust" is our motto of our nation. From the blood of righteous Abel, to the death of the proto-martyr St. Stephen, through the long line of ages to the present time, men have died in the mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, as martyrs in the cause of right and truth. The path of duty is often covered with thorns and unseen pitfalls. It never turns from its straight course, though black clouds confront, and mountains of difficulty obstruct, but there is a light which shines upon it, and a light which never fades. It tells us that what we know not now we shall know hereafter in another state of being; that the mysteries of this life will be fully unfolded to us in the unclouded light of God's presence. And while we mourn over the death of one whom we never knew we valued so much until we lost him, the pure minded patriot, the faithful guardian of our Union, upon whose shoulders we had placed the mantle of government for the second time because he had proved so faithful, let us take this mysterious event in accordance with the Divine intention, in a spirit of humble resignation to the will of the Almighty, thankful that Abraham Lincoln lived long enough to see the final great and glorious victory which crushed this foul rebellion. He sleeps the sleep of the just, and next to Washington his name will be loved and revered by all the great and good until the morning of the resurrection.

THE SYNAGOGUES.

Service Held at the Congregation "Bnai Israel."

REV. M. R. DELEEUW.

On Wednesday, April 19, after appropriate psalms sung by the congregation, the minister ascended the pulpit and commenced the following oration:—

O, how doth she sit solitary; the city that was full of people hath become a widow.—Jer. i., 1.

In every corner where I cast mine eyes mourning greets the gaze. The aged and the infant, men and women, palaces and huts, alike draped in the sable hue of desolation; and for whom? In the midst of the greatest rejoicing the administration deprived of its head, and the people of its father; Joachin and Boaz, the pillars of the edifice, felled by the hand of the assassin; Abraham Lincoln, of blessed memory, the victim of their bloodthirsty desperation. William H. Seward, the great statesman of the age, we trust in Thee, oh God, to restore him, that we may reap the benefit of his wisdom, and that he may be enabled to guide us through the death-throes of the rebellion. "In those days I, Daniel, was mourning three full weeks; I ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine in my mouth; neither did I aneint myself at all till three full weeks were fulfilled." (Daniel x., 2 and 3.) And who could, my friends, after the dire intelligence conveyed to us on the Sabbath abstain from mourning like unto Daniel. The great grief with which the whole country was stricken so unexpectedly, and which sent forth from the breast of millions a wail of lamentation, and bowed every head with a burden of a great sorrow, finds on this day its culmination when the precious dust of the great and good departed is laid in the grave to rest till the last "trump" sounds and time will roll into eternity. The thought that his remains were yet among us has pent up in our hearts a moiety of our grief, which will burst forth in a more overwhelming stream as the grave closes over the mortal remains of our murdered President. The fear of the land is the beginning of knowledge—Proverbs i, 7. A pious fervency and just appreciation of the Almighty pervaded the public actions of Abraham Lincoln; trusting in God he met unflinchingly and calmly the storm of rebellion that broke over him upon entering on his first term. For four long years, unmindful of jeers and taunts and derision, he moved calmly, and assured of the justice of the cause he had to defend, and trusting in God to judge the merits of his actions, the Lord blessed his works; and though his toil was arduous, but, in the words of Solomon, he gave no sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids.—(Proverbs vi., 4.) Ever watchful and unremitting in his endeavors, under the divine guidance, he triumphed. And when his eyes closed in death, although torn from the earth in a manner worthy the wild beast of the forest, his foes were scattered and silenced; and he had lifted a multitude of his fellow beings from the depth of degradation to manhood's estate. And the Lord said unto Moses, Thou shalt not go over this Jordan.—(Deuteronomy xxxi., 2.) Yet thou shalt see the land before thee, but thou shalt not go thither unto the land which I give the children of Israel.—(Deuteronomy xxxii., 52.) And thus, in the mysterious dispensation of the Lord, Abraham Lincoln was not destined to taste the sweets of the peace he had so zealously labored to establish. Like unto Moses, who had brought the children of Israel from the land of bondage within sight of the promised land, so he had brought this nation within reach of the great boon he sought to attain; and unto his successor, as unto Joshua, remains this task of finally occupying the promised land, as Moses said unto the children of Isreal, "The Lord thy God, he will go over before thee, and he will destroy these nations before thee, and thou shalt possess them"—Deut. xxxi., 3. And so we trust may the Lord do by this nation on this day. The character of our late Chief Magistrate, whose place in our hearts will ever be next to the Father of our Country, his character was marked by generous forbearance and magnanimity, to the grand development of which the glory of our arms had just given force when he was stricken down. Let us hope that his successor will carry out the course he had proposed to himself. The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot—Prov. x., 7. Abraham Lincoln! That name, with the many associations that cluster around it, the memory of his kindness and geniality, will ever couple its repetition with a blessing, words of sympathy and sweet remembrance in every household and to every individual of this great nation; to the world it will prove a watchword, a tower of strength for men to rally around, to move them to combat manfully for right.

As for his assasin, who, taking advantage of the confiding nature of his victim—which refused any guard but the honesty of purpose of his fellow citizens—to assassinate him, intending by his foul deed to erase his memory from the world's record, in his purpose he has signally failed, as its baseness merits, and his name shall rot and be forgotten, as his bones, in an unhallowed obscurity. While, in succeeding years, as our grief subsides and the victim's good work is surveyed, his memory will grow more green in our hearts, and freshen the cherished remembrance of our President martyr.

The ark was then opened by the President of the congregation. (*Al. Mola. Rachamin.*)

Prayer for the repose of our late President was said. Hymns were sung, and the congregation dispersed.

Services at the Synagogue of Bnai Israel.

This synagogue, situated at the corner of Stanton and Forsyth streets, was thrown open to the congregation on Wednesday for the purpose of holding services appropriate to the occasion. After the usual ceremonies a very eloquent and touching eulogy on the martyred President was pronounced by the Rev. M. R. De Leeuw, having a powerful effect upon all who heard it. The synagogue was very neatly decorated. The arc was covered with mourning. The two fine pillars supporting it were draped in black, while the top held a sable curtain dotted with rosettes and pendants. The reader's desk was covered with a white richly worked cloth, its single pillar being draped in black muslin.

Bikur Cholim U-Kadisha Synagouge, 63 Chrystie Street.

This neat little house of worship was, on Wednesday afternoon, the scene of very solemn ceremonies. The Ark, the galleries and in fact the whole house were most handsomely draped in mourning.