The Free Press.

GEO. W. & G. G. BENEDICT.
Editors and Proprietors.

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THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS

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Jeff. Davis' Last.

On the 2d of April, Sunday, Gen. Lee sent word to Jeff. Davis that Richmond could be no longer held. Forthwith Davis hurried himself out of the city that evening, and our troops took possession next morning. Having reached Danville 140 miles distant, Davis hauled up, took breath and set himself to the work of making a proclamation, which was issued on the 5th. He admits that "the General-in-chief, Lee, had found it necessary to make such a disposition of his troops as to uncover the capital"—and that it was of no use "to conceal the moral and material injury" which must result to their cause from such a step. But, on the whole, he intimates, that it will be for the best. "Their largest and finest army," he says, "under a leader in whom all have confidence," has been "trammelled" by having to guard the capital; but, adds he, "relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, *our army will be free to move from point to point* to strike the enemy in detail, far from his base."

For himself, he maintains his confidence:

"I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any one of the States of the Confederacy. Virginia, with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, *shall be held and defended*, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory.

"If by stress of numbers we should ever be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other border State, again and again will we return, until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free."

Little thought Davis when he put forth this boastful proclamation, that Lee with his broken army was then vainly struggling to extricate himself from the powerful toils with which the unremittable activity and bravery of the Union armies had thrown around him; and that, in less than a week, all that "largest and finest army" of which he boasted, would have no military existence whatever.

President Johnson.

Unanimously the thoughts of the people, after the first shock of horror at the death of President Lincoln by assassination has passed, rush to the inquiry, How will it be with the nation under his successor? It is not time now to recall the particular score of his indiscretion in the office of Vice President. We should rather look table general and well-known character. For thirty years past he has been almost continually in public life; for four years he was a member of Tennessee Legislature, for four years a member of the United States House of Representatives; for four years Governor of Tennessee; for four years a United States Senator; and for the last four years to last June Military Governor of Tennessee—in all showing himself an independent and fearless man, an earnest patriot and an unflinching friend of liberty. As a United States Senator from Tennessee he showed ability of no mean order, and integrity of the highest. When secession raised its treasonable head in the Senate in 1860—61, he was a Unionist of the boldest and most uncompromising cast; and in all the bloody scenes which Tennessee has had to pass through, since the rebellion broke out, Andrew Johnson has been one against whom the fury of the rebel leaders and emissaries in that State has beat with unabated fury, and one on whom the United States has relied for unwavering support. We believe that he will not fail the country now. We are glad to see in our larger cities, that resolutions from large assemblages of able and faithful men are put forth, pledging him that support which, as the Head of the Nation he ought to expect.

President Johnson has not yet in any formal way, announced what will be his policy; but in a conversation with Gov. Stone of Iowa, last Saturday, he is reported to have said that, while he would deal kindly and leniently with the mass of the people of the South, and the rank and file of their armies, regarding them as he did merely as the victims and sufferers of the rebellion, he nevertheless would be careful not to pursue any policy which would prevent the Government from visiting condign punishment on the guilty authors of the rebellion.

The following remarks by Gen. Burnside, addressed to an assembly in New York on Saturday will be read with interest. Gen. Burnside is a man whose words and opinions are worthy of all confidence.

I am too much overcome by my own feelings to do justice to the memory of our late good and talented President, and I will not attempt the task. It is our duty of the country now to support his success or, Andrew Jackson, (applause,) and I am glad to be able to say that he is worthy of the support of the people. I have had abundant opportunities to know his character; for I have been in consultation with him at all hours of the day and night, when I had charge of the Department of Ohio, and I have been enabled to discern his course minutely on all matters which required his judgment and attention. Having had these opportunities, I can say to you that he has acted at all times with ability, zeal, and discretion. I tell you, gentlemen, that I have never known him to take a drop of liquor, and I have never seen him under its influence. If it were otherwise I would have discovered it, for I have been continually with him. There were moments when I could have, if possible, read the thoughts of his soul, and I can truly say, after having enjoyed the most intimate relations with him, that he is worthy of our confidence. I believe the indiscretion with which he was charged on the 4th of March can be explained away. Let him who is without sin cast a stone at him. Let the nation then support him as their President. (Applaus.) That becomes the duty of all of us. Let us stand by him, and strengthen his hands and the hands of the government.

The course before us all in this hour is plain. Let us rally round our President—[cheers for Johnson]—let us support him and do our whole duty to the country by aiding the Government in the great work before it. We have been called on to mourn the death of our President. I think he had talent and patriotism above any man of the age. I know that he deserves the sincere regret of every man; and I can also say that in his untimely end the South have lost their best friend. [Cries of "That's so," and applause.] I do not say, though, that you or the Government should change your policy or mode of dealing with the South. We must all ask God to guide us in the hour of our tribulation. But our first duty is to support the Government and our new President, Andrew Johnson. [Applause.]

Previous to this address Gen. Burnside was accosted by a friend in William street, who, aware of his intimacy with Mr. Johnson, asked him about his character as a citizen and his fitness for the high position which has devolved on him; the General replied:

I know Mr. Johnson well. He was Military Governor of East Tennessee when I commanded the West. For some time he was in Louisville and Cincinnati, when I met him at all hours of the day and night, and in the most important consultations, and I can say I never saw him taste liquor of any kind, and never saw him when I thought he had tasted liquor. He was no drunkard then. In my opinion he is a firm, loyal and talented statesman.

"Besides, this [Lincoln]
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like Angels trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

"After Life's fitful fever he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further."

Macbeth.

The Nation mourns to-day as nation never mourned before. Assassinations of rulers have taken place before; but never, since the world was made, of one in whom so many people trusted with such entire and such loving confidence. Shocking crimes have agitated communities with wide and deep emotion; but never was a whole continent so struck with horror by a moment's work as ours has been, or been to wrapped in mourning as is our land to-day.

We happened to be in Washington when the awful crime and calamity which fills all thoughts took place and when the President breathed his last, and saw and shared the deep feeling which throbbed in the heart of the Nation, and radiated with the pulsations of the telegraph wires throughout the country. It took hours to fully comprehend the reality of the crime, or to realize in any adequate degree the public loss. Till Saturday noon, the people of the Capital were silent. No man seemed to have heart or thought to speak. Silently they hung their dwellings and places of business in black. They met each other and pressed hands in silence. They sat speechless and with bowed heads. Thousand of the fatal shot, the shrieks of the distracted wife, seemed still to echo in every ear. The blood which dripped upon the pavements over which the stricken President was borne, seemed to stain the whole city. An unspeakable horror of the murder, so foul, so atrocious, so terrible in its enormity, hung heavily on every heart and stifled utterance.

As the day—a day of black clouds and weeping skies—wore on, a revulsion of strong excitement succeeded. All business had ceased from the first announcement. The people were all in their doors or in the streets, and any sudden noise, an arrest of a suspected person, or the passage through the street of a guard with a rebel prisoner or two, would cause a rush and the collection of a crowd which was numbered by thousands. This continued through Sunday. The churches were filled with sobbing congregations; but the constant rumors of the capture of the assassins, or of mobbings and lamp post executions of abettors or applanders of the deed, kept the mass of the population, apparently, —in the streets and enamaned and intensified the excitement. The outward signs of mourning continued to increase as fast as black cloth could be procured from other markets—for the stores of Washington were at once cleared of all suitable draperies, and private houses were to be seen hung with costly black silks and crapes, in lack of cheaper material. The contrast between the scenes of three evenings before, when the Capitol, the public buildings, and Pennsylvania Avenue blazed with the most magnificent illumination ever seen on this continent, struck every one. But not Washington alone—the *whole Country* is hung in black. In New York city the display of public grief exceeds even that in the National Capital. Passing through Broadway Tuesday, we could see but one building from Trinity to Grace Church, that was not draped in mourning, many of them to an extent, and at a disregard of cost which would astonish even those who know best that New York is not wont to do things by halves. It is so every where. The people cannot do enough, and wholly lack words to express their emotions of sorrow for the nation's loss, horror for the crime, and solemn vengeance for its perpetrators and abettors. They do not wish to confound the innocent with the guilty; but they feel that this awful crime is but an outburst of the animating spirit of the rebellion; they know that thousands of traitors and rebels rejoice in the deed, and they consider that whoever is glad of it is stained with the guilt of the murderer. Nay more, they seem to see in this event an indication of the design of Providence that the guilty authors of the rebellion shall not go unpunished. When asked, or asking themselves, 'why was this terrible thing permitted?' they answer: 'Perhaps because Lincoln had finished his own work, and a sterner hand was needed to deal out *justice* in the day of reckoning.'

Mr. Lincoln *had* accomplished substantially, the great work of the restoration of National authority. He lived till the last formidable rebel army had been shattered and dissolved: till the last seaport, (though he knew it not) Mobile, had been occupied and possessed; till the old flag waved again over Sumter, though he heard not the "hail and well done" to the President by the orator, who from that "pulpit of broken stone," spoke to the world, as the old banner went up to its place, and declared it dedicated to Peace, Union and Liberty. In the very hour of victory and triumph, when his heart, so long oppressed by his country's peril, had first begun to throw off the load and find rest, when all his utterances were of forgiveness and lenient forbearance, Mr. Lincoln has been taken away; and in his place stands a just man indeed; but one who represents the strong and intense feeling of the border loyalists—one on whom and on whose family have passed the very fires of the rebellion—who knows from experience its hellish spirit, who realizes that mercy to the individual may be cruelty to the nation, and who will see to it that the guilty shall not go unpunished.

The Murder of President Lincoln.

FURTHER DETAILS.

THE FUNERAL ON WEDNESDAY.

The remains of Mr. Lincoln will be carried to Springfield Ill., for final interment. The funeral services at Washington will be held to-morrow.

The Acting Secretary of State has issued the following address:

Department of State,
Washington, April 17, 1865.

To the People of the United States:

The undersigned is directed to announce that the funeral ceremonies of the lamented Chief Magistrate will take place at the Executive Mansion in this city at twelve o'clock, noon, on Wednesday, the 19th instant. The various religious denominations throughout the country are invited to meet in their respective places of worship at that hour for the purpose of solemnizing the occasion with appropriate ceremonies.

W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary of State.

Postmaster Dennison has suspended all business in the post offices and closes them from eleven to three o'clock, Wednesday. Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois, has issued a proclamation calling on people of that State to meet in their churches, Wednesday.

It is understood the members of the Diplomatic body on Sunday held a meeting at the Russian Legation, and appointed a committee of three to represent the Diplomatic body and to convey, on the behalf of their colleagues, the expression of their deeply felt sympathy with the family of the late President and the people of the United States, in view of the recent sad events.

Every effort that ingenuity excited by fervor can make, is being put forth by all proper authorities to capture or trace the assassin of Mr. Lincoln and the would-be assassin of Mr. Seward.

The Common Council have offered a reward of $20,000 for the arrest and conviction of the assassins, and to this sum another of $10,000 is added by Col. L. E. Baker, agent of the War Department, making a total of $30,000. To this announcement are added the following descriptions of the individuals accused.

Description of J. Wilkes Booth, who assassinated the President on the evening of April 14th, 1865:

Height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 160 pounds; compact built; hair, jet black; inclined to curl, of medium length and parted behind; eyes, black, and heavy, dark eyebrows; wears a large seal ring on his little finger; when talking inclines his head forward and looks down.

At half-past 1 o'clock, Monday, Secretary Seward was represented to be in an improving condition, though he rested rather uncomfortably last night from mental excitement caused by conversation with friends in relation to recent events. His son Frederick has partially recovered consciousness, and his symptoms are otherwise somewhat favorable.

Mr. Hanrell, Messenger of the State Department, who was stabbed in the back at the same time, is a great sufferer, but is believed to be out of danger.

A dispatch to Col. Sanford, from C. A. Seward, Monday, says: "We think that the Secretary is gradually improving. His arm has been re-bandaged, and he appears to feel easier."

He was inscribed Sunday, for the first time, of the assassination of President Lincoln and of the attempted assassination of himself and the Assistant Secretary, and to some extent of the condition in which his father lay. Mr. Seward, though moved with the most intense sorrow and horror at the recital of the sad fact, nevertheless bore it with composedness and composure, his strength having so far returned as to enable him to endure the trying ordeal.

The following details of the assassination are related by Major Rathbun, who was in the President's box at the time. Deliberate preparations for the murder had been previously made, as an examination of the box shows that eye-holes had been cut through the outer and inner doors of the box, and the screws of the lock keepers on the door would force it off. The seats in the box were so arranged as to leave a clear passageway in the middle. Mr. Lincoln's chair being in one of the front corners of the box.

At a few minutes past eight in the evening the President and Mrs. Lincoln called at the residence of Senator Harris, corner of 7th street and H street, where they took Miss Clara Harris and Major Henry R. Rathbun, U.S.A., to their carriage, and proceeded to the theatre. Shortly after they entered the total box the President seated himself in the seat designed for him by the assassin. Mrs. Lincoln took the seat next him, Miss Harris the one at the opposite corner, fronting the audience, and Major Rathbun seated himself upon the sofa, a few feet behind Miss Harris. There were no other persons in the box, and no one entered or left it until about the time of the assassination.

Charles Forbes, the personal attendant of the President, had been told by Mrs. Lincoln to remain near the box, as he might be wanted. The President seemed well, though somewhat sad, and spoke very little. He arose once during the performance, went to the door of the box, put on his overcoat and then returned to his chair and sat down.

The deed was perpetrated during the second scene of the third act of the piece, by some man who must have approached stealthily and unseen through the dark passage at the back of the box. Major Rathbun was not aware of his presence till hearing the report of the pistol, and looking round, saw the flash, and dimly through the smoke, the form of a man in the box, not six feet from the President. As the Major sprang towards him he heard him shriek some word like "freedom." He then seized him. The assassin shook loose from the officer's grasp, and at the same time made a violent thrust at his left breast with the knife which held in his hand. Major Rathbun caught the blow on his left arm near the shoulder, and at once sprang for him again, but only succeeded in grasping his clothing, which he partly tore from him as he leaped from the box to the stage. The Major then cried out, "Stop that man," and, supposing it impossible for him to escape through the crowd below, rushed back to the President and to the aid of Mrs. Lincoln, who, for the first time realizing what had occurred was shrieking for help.

The President had not changed his position, except that his eyes were closed and his head slightly bent forward. Major Rathbun saw at a glance that he was mortally wounded. He went to the door of the box for the purpose of procuring medical aid, and to his astonishment found the outer door at the end of the dark hall from which the boxes are entered, firmly barred on the inside with a piece of wood wedged across about four feet from the floor, so that those outside who were knocking for admission could not get in. Tearing away the fastenings, and passing in one or two persons who represented themselves as surgeons, he requested Capt. Crawford to prevent all other persons from entering the box, and begged the audience to disperse.

When the surgeons had concluded their examinations, it was decided to remove the body from the theatre, and accordingly the whole party, including Major Rathbun, who had charge of Mrs. Lincoln, proceeded to a house opposite.—It was now found that the Major was seriously wounded, and becoming quite faint from loss of blood. He was sent home by his surgeon.

The whole time occupied from the firing of the pistol in the box to the leaping upon the stage, was not over thirty seconds. The President never spoke or unclosed his eyes from the time until his death. The clothing of Major Rathbun and the dress of Miss Harris were besprattered with blood from the wound of the Major. The wound of the President did not bleed at all.

The Great Tragedy.

The following despatches to Col. Sanford, from Washington Tuesday, give information of the condition of Secretary Seward:

Uncle is much better. He sat up for a quarter of an hour this morning, and was bright and cheerful to-day, which is a marked improvement upon yesterday. Frederick is slowly but surely regaining his consciousness. He has spoken twice this morning.—He sleeps much oftentimes, breathes regularly and easily. His pulse and appetite are good. I think every one feels encouraged with regard to both. The messenger and nurse are both doing well.

C. A. SEWARD.

Washington, April 18.

We think that both the Secretary and Frederick are better. They are sleeping quietly at this hour, 10 o'clock A. M.

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The President's body lay in State Tuesday in the East Room of the White House, which was hung in black, in a manner worthy the solemn occasion. In the immediate centre of this spacious room is erected the catafalque and the coffin is within the immediate view of the line of spectators. Choicest flowers adorn the coffin and cover the foundation on which it rests. Between half past nine and noon, at least three thousand persons visited the Executive Mansion, and thousands more were slowly following in turn.

The following order of arrangements was directed for the funeral Wednesday:

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Funeral escort in column of march. Navy and army in the order named. Mounted officers of the marine corps. Navy and army in the order named.

All military officers to be in uniform with side arms.

CIVIC PROCESSION.

Marshal. Clergy in attendance. Surgeon General of the United States, and physicians to the deceased.

Pall-bearers on the part of the Senate:

Mr. Foster, of Connecticut; Mr. Morgan, of New York; Mr. Johnson, of Maryland; Mr. Yates, of Illinois; Mr. Wade, of Ohio; Mr. Conness, of California.

THE HEARSE.

Pall-bearers on the part of the House of Representatives:

Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts; Mr. Coffroth of Pennsylvania; Mr. Smith of Kentucky; Mr. Collfax of Indiana; Mr. Worthington of Nevada; Mr. Washburn of Illinois.

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FAMILY RELATIVES.

The delegations of the States of Illinois and Kentucky as mourners.

The President. The Cabinet Ministers. The Diplomatic Corps. Ex-Presidents. The Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. The Senate of the United States, preceded by its officers. The House of Representatives of the United States preceded by its officers. Governors of the several States and territories. Legislatures of the several States and Territories. The federal judiciary and the judiciary of the several States and territories. The assistant secretaries of state, treasury, war, and navy, and the assistant postmasters general, and the assistant attorney general.

Officers of the Smithsonian Institution. The members and officers of the Sanitary and Christian commissions. Corporate authorities of Washington and other cities. Delegations of the several cities. The reverend the clergy of the various denominations. His clerks and employees of the several departments and bureaus, preceded by the heads of such bureaus, and their respective chief clerks. Such societies as may wish to join the procession. Citizens and strangers.

The procession will move promptly at 2 o'clock. At the conclusion of the religious services at the Executive Mansion, opportunity to commence at 10 M., when minute guns will be fired by detachments of artillery stationed near St. John's Church, the City Hall, and at the Capitol. At the same hour, the bells of the several churches in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria will be tolled.

At sunrise on Wednesday, the 19th inst., a federal salute will be fired from the military stations in the vicinity of Washington, minute guns between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, and a national salute at the setting of the sun.

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At a few minutes past eight in the evening the President and Mrs. Lincoln called at the residence of Senator Harris, corner of 7th street and H street, where they took Miss Clara Harris and Major Henry R. Rathbun, U.S.A., to their carriage, and proceeded to the theatre. Shortly after they entered the total box the President seated himself in the seat designed for him by the assassin. Mrs. Lincoln took the seat next him, Miss Harris the one at the opposite corner, fronting the audience, and Major Rathbun seated himself upon the sofa, a few feet behind Miss Harris. There were no other persons in the box, and no one entered or left it until about the time of the assassination.

Charles Forbes, the personal attendant of the President, had been told by Mrs. Lincoln to remain near the box, as he might be wanted. The President seemed well, though somewhat sad, and spoke very little. He arose once during the performance, went to the door of the box, put on his overcoat and then returned to his chair and sat down.

The deed was perpetrated during the second scene of the third act of the piece, by some man who must have approached stealthily and unseen through the dark passage at the back of the box. Major Rathbun was not aware of his presence till hearing the report of the pistol, and looking round, saw the flash, and dimly through the smoke, the form of a man in the box, not six feet from the President. As the Major sprang towards him he heard him shriek some word like "freedom." He then seized him. The assassin shook loose from the officer's grasp, and at the same time made a violent thrust at his left breast with the knife which held in his hand. Major Rathbun caught the blow on his left arm near the shoulder, and at once sprang for him again, but only succeeded in grasping his clothing, which he partly tore from him as he leaped from the box to the stage. The Major then cried out, "Stop that man," and, supposing it impossible for him to escape through the crowd below, rushed back to the President and to the aid of Mrs. Lincoln, who, for the first time realizing what had occurred was shrieking for help.

The President had not changed his position, except that his eyes were closed and his head slightly bent forward. Major Rathbun saw at a glance that he was mortally wounded. He went to the door of the box for the purpose of procuring medical aid, and to his astonishment found the outer door at the end of the dark hall from which the boxes are entered, firmly barred on the inside with a piece of wood wedged across about four feet from the floor, so that those outside who were knocking for admission could not get in. Tearing away the fastenings, and passing in one or two persons who represented themselves as surgeons, he requested Capt. Crawford to prevent all other persons from entering the box, and begged the audience to disperse.

When the surgeons had concluded their examinations, it was decided to remove the body from the theatre, and accordingly the whole party, including Major Rathbun, who had charge of Mrs. Lincoln, proceeded to a house opposite.—It was now found that the Major was seriously wounded, and becoming quite faint from loss of blood. He was sent home by his surgeon.

The whole time occupied from the firing of the pistol in the box to the leaping upon the stage, was not over thirty seconds. The President never spoke or unclosed his eyes from the time until his death. The clothing of Major Rathbun and the dress of Miss Harris were besprattered with blood from the wound of the Major. The wound of the President did not bleed at all.

The Funeral of President Lincoln.

The citizens of Burlington, in accordance with the proclamation from the State Department, Mayor Catlin's request and the universal sentiment of the community, joined generally in the funeral ceremonies which have taken place throughout the land. The stores and shops were all closed at ten o'clock Wednesday morning and the display of emblems of mourning is very general. The Post Office, Custom House and Collector Beaty's office are hung with black and white; most of the dry-goods stores exhibit in their show windows mourning draperies tastefully arranged; J. P. Clark & Co.'s store has its pillars vestired in black and a portrait of the President, with the National flag trimmed with black, in one of its doors; the Commercial College is hung with black, as are the stores in Union Block and on College street; while hundreds of the shops and private dwellings display draped door-handles, flags trimmed with black, and other smaller insignia of mourning. Religious services were held at twelve in the various churches.

The students of the Medical College marched down in a body to attend services at the First Universalist Congregational church, and a large body of officers and soldiers from the Hospital attended at the Episcopal church.

ST. PAUL'S (EPISCOPAL) CHURCH.

After the assembling of the congregation, the Rector, Rev. Mr. Bard, proceeded up the aisle reciting appropriate passages of scripture, and followed by the officers of the church and gentlemen wearing mourning badges.

After the preliminary services the Rector delivered an impressive discourse, eulogizing the late President, and expressing the nation's sense of the great loss.

The galleries of the church were festooned, and the pulpit, reading desk and organ, hung with black. A cross tastefully arranged with white flowers, stood in the centre between the pulpit and the lectern, while from the roof above, a large national flag, gracefully looped to the gallery on one side, hung trimmed with black.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. Prof. McK. Parry, after the usual opening exercises, delivered an address, setting forth the position and work of the nation, and the struggle, necessarily consequent, of oppression and wrong against Liberty and Right,—in which conflict a Prince and a great man has fallen. In speaking of the character of President Lincoln, he read passages from some of the President's speeches; and in conclusion, declared that his work was done, it was for others to do what remained.

The walls of the church were hung with black; a flag covered the desk, and behind and above the pulpit was a large national flag, looped up in the middle, where hung the likeness of President Lincoln, having underneath the motto—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

UNITARIAN CHURCH.

The Unitarian Church was heavily draped in mourning—the pulpit hung with black broadcloth with a beautiful cross of asters and camelias in front, and with the national colors, also draped in mourning, behind the pulpit—all the funeral decorations being exceedingly tasteful and appropriate.

Rev. Mr. Ware, in a short and extemporaneous discourse, eulogized the late President, alluded touchingly to the strong feeling of *personal* sorrow and loss which is so universal and striking a feature of this national affliction, and urged on his hearers, by their affectionate and reverent memory of their Chief Magistrate, so suddenly and mysteriously removed, renewed earnestness and fidelity to the great cause to which he died a martyr.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

At the Congregational Church in White St. a very large assembly crowded the church. The interior was tastefully and deeply draped in mourning. The American flag was festooned across the Eastern end, and the pulpit was hung with a black pall bearing in silver letters the words "The memory of the just is blessed." The exercises were the reading of very appropriate portions of Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Safford, an impressive prayer by Rev. James Buckham, a brief address, eloquent and discriminating, by Hon. G. F. Edmunds on the character of the late President's administration, his wonderful fidelity to the great principles of truth, justice and mercy in all that he did, whereby he drew to him the hearts and confidence of patriotic men of all parties; and his christian reliance on God for guidance. Our own solemn duties were spoken of, to uphold the Government, now in the hands of one who had been tried in the furnace and found faithful to the cause of his country, and to remember that justice on the guilty traitors and murderers whose conduct had occasioned this day of grief and mourning was to less a sacred duty than pardon to the repentant.—Rev. Mr. Mix briefly followed with a tribute to the christian character of Mr. Lincoln. The hymns read by Rev. Mr. Mix were most suitable to the occasion. The music by the choir was excellent, and all the exercises were deeply solemn and impressive.

Services were also held in St. Mary's (Catholic) Church, of which we have no report.

The Battle of Sailors' Creek.

The battle of Deatsville, or Sailors' Creek, on the 6th inst., was fought at a place eight or ten miles north of Burkesville Junction, which is about 52 miles from both Richmond and Petersburg and at the intersection of the two lines of railroad leading, one from Richmond to Danville, the other from Petersburg to Lynchburgh. The preludes to the action and the action itself, are thus described by "Carleton," writing to the *Boston Journal*.

Early in the morning of the 6th, Gen. Ord directed that the Petersburg and Lynchburg Railroad bridge across the Appomattox be seized and held if possible; if not able to hold it, the troops were to destroy it. The 24th Pennsylvania and 142d Ohio were sent to do the work. They moved toward the river, but suddenly found themselves on the right flank of Lee's army, which was in line of battle, between Sailors' Creek and the Appomattox.

The Appomattox at this point runs northeast. Sailor's Creek is a short stream—a rivulet wandering through a deep ravine. Its general course is northerly, and it falls into the Appomattox about ten miles below the railroad bridge. Lee's army faced just as it did at Petersburg, east and southeast.

Walking along the Union lines we find the 6th Corps not yet up from its long detour north toward Painesville, but the 24 Corps is approaching the creek four miles above its junction with the Appomattox. One division of cavalry is on its right flank, reaching down to the Appomattox. The 6th Corps is on the left of the 24, facing west. There is a break in the line as we go on toward the 26th, which is near Burkesville, facing northwest, with Sheridan's cavalry on both flanks.

The official dispatches which have been published from Major Gens. Humphreys, Wright and Sheridan, are sufficient to show how vigorous was the attack, and how glorious the victory.

The fight commenced on the left near the creek, on the Watson farm. The two regiments sent out found themselves surrounded—Col. Washburn, with his Massachusetts cavalry, accompanied the force. Universal praise is accorded to him and his command, who fought against superior numbers with great pertinacity and endurance. But the force was not able to reach the bridge, which the rebels held, and which they finally destroyed.

The forenoon passed with constant skirmishing on the part of the cavalry. The rebels—all the while—were throwing up intrenchments, working like beavers to hold the position till they could ship their trains past the point, so an army in retreat must keep its trains in the advance.

Lee was still holding on to the hope that he could reach Danville, and this was the point where the final trial was to be made. He had already been forced ten miles out of his direct line of march, and if he failed here, he must give up Danville and strike west toward Lynchburg. From early morning till past noon, he held his ground against the skirmishers, while the trains were hurrying on.

The attack by the 24 corps upon Lee's left flank, or rather upon the rear of the retreating army, was bold and vigorous. The rebel line was forced back, and a foothold gained across the creek. The attack of the 6th corps was at four o'clock in the afternoon. Gen. Wright was near Prince's church. Seymour's division, being in advance, began the attack.

To get an idea of Wright's movements, trace the line of march from Deatsville along the road leading to Burkesville, toward the south. Suddenly the enemy, in line of battle, is discovered on the west bank of the creek. Seymour's troops come to a halt, face west, move from the highway into the fields, while Wheaton's division, which has been second in the order of marching, moves down the road and takes position on the left of Seymour's. The remaining division, coming up later, was in reserve.

The charge which Seymour and Wheaton made was irresistible. The troops went down the steep bank into the ravine, across the creek, up the hillside beyond, dashed upon the intrenchments, leaped over them, capturing prisoners by thousands, and guns and flags, and forcing the rebel line back to a second position, a half mile from the first.

The part which the cavalry had in this engagement was most brilliant. They operated on both flanks. Ewell, with the troops which had been withdrawn from Richmond, received the full force of the attack. There has been no cavalry charge during the war which has surpassed that of Custer's in this attack, in energy and power. It was terrible to the foe. With sabres drawn, with horses upon the run, goaded by spur and quickened by shouts till they caught the wild enthusiasm of their riders; till horses and men became fiery centaurs, the line swept on. The earth trembled beneath the tread of thousands of hoofs; the air rang with bugle blasts and soul-thrilling cheers. There was the roar of the carbonade, the fiery streams of grape and canister, the flashes of thousands of muskets. Riders and horses went down, but on, still on, with louder shouts, wildly, madly, without fear of death, bent only upon breaking the enemy's line—of crushing it by one ponderous blow—they drove—leaped the intrenchments, shooting and sabring all who resisted—gathering up thousands of prisoners, who stood seeming