

## Bradford Reporter.

Towanda, Thursday, May 4, 1865.

## STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

—Upon the receipt of the news of the President's death at Green Valley, Solana County, Cal., a number of secessionists met to rejoice over the event. A body of troops was sent to break up the meeting, but as they approach the ring-leaders of the secessionists fortified themselves in a house, and fired at the soldiers, wounding two of them. The fire was returned by the soldiers, and several of the secessionists were wounded. The whole party then surrendered.

—On Tuesday morning the steamer Massachusetts, loaded with exchanged and paroled prisoners, came in collision with the barge propeller Black Diamond, one mile from Blackstone Island, in the Potomac river, striking her on the port side and sinking her almost instantly. The soldiers, becoming panic stricken, jumped overboard and many were drowned. The Massachusetts was so badly injured that she could with difficulty be kept afloat.

—The Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that no income tax can be assessed upon any person to whom such income accrued, where such person died before the first Monday of May, 1865; but this decision does not authorize the refunding of any income taxes heretofore assessed and paid.

—Silas Carrington of Bristol, Conn., was compelled by a crowd to haul down a secession flag and hoist the American ensign, and has instituted legal proceedings against some of those who then waited upon him.

—Mr. Seward has so far recovered that on Tuesday he came down from his room and went to work on some important State papers. The condition of his son Frederick is not materially changed.

—A mass meeting was held in one of the churches at Newbern, N. C., on the 22d, to give expression to the sentiments of the citizens on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

—The twenty-fifth monthly sale of Scranton coal at New York, Thursday, shows an average decline on the various kinds since January of from \$1 to \$3 per ton.

—All restriction passes to Richmond were removed Thursday, any person can now go there provided they do not travel on Government transports.

—Several delegations now in Washington have reconsidered their action, and declined to call upon President Johnson to make speeches.

—No vessels are permitted to land on the western shore of Maryland. This order is rigidly enforced to prevent the escape of Booth.

—Advices from Richmond state that Gov. Pickens will probably call a meeting of the loyal Legislature by the 1st of June.

—In answer to an address by a delegation of the Sons of Vermont who waited on him on Saturday, the President said: "He would say to the wealthy trader, you must pay the penalty of your treason; and, on the other side, to the misguided thousands who have been deluded and deceived, many of whom have paid the penalty with their lives and limbs, conciliation, forbearance, and clemency."

—A recent official report shows that 21,000 colored men have been enlisted in the army in Kentucky; 1,000 were drafted, 2,000 ran away and enlisted in Indiana, Tennessee, and Ohio. Eleven new regiments are being organized, which, when completed, will make the quota of 30,000 colored men for Kentucky. Over 100 negroes a day are enlisting.

—The female employees of the Treasury Department called on the President on Saturday, and some time was spent in hand shaking. Several beautiful bouquets were presented to him, one of which had a card accompanying it with the inscription "May the Angels of the Lord encamp around thee."

—Of the Chicago conspirators, Buckner, Morris and Vincent Marmaduke have been acquitted, and Charles Walsh and R. T. Semmes found guilty, the former being sentenced to five and the latter to three years' imprisonment and hard labor in the Ohio Penitentiary.

—Col. Baker's detectives, by the aid of "stool-pigeons," have made a large haul of counterfeit \$50 greenbacks, so well executed that none but experts can detect them. The parties dealing in them have been arrested, but the plate has not yet been secured.

—Commodore William W. McKean, United States Navy, died at his residence near Binghamton, N. Y., at 1 o'clock a. m., on Saturday. He was 54 years of age last September, and has been in the service since 1813.

—Mr. William Hunter, who is now the Acting Secretary of State, is a son of the late William Hunter of Newport, the former Minister to Brazil. He has for many years been Chief Clerk in the State Department.

—The Black Hawk, flag-ship of the Mississippi Squadron, was accidentally destroyed by fire on Saturday at Mount City.

—President Johnson has removed his quarters from his hotel to the residence of the Hon. Samuel Hooper, on H-st.

—There was a heavy snow storm in the western part of Minnesota on Friday, the weather being severely cold.

—J. W. Wharton, an extensive sutler at Fort Monroe, has been arrested and his goods seized.

—Our forces entered Mobile on the 14th ult., after its surrender by the Mayor. It was found that the Rebels had destroyed all the valuable material in the Navy-Yard, and sunk their two most powerful runs in Spanish River. Four hundred guns were captured by the army and navy, and large quantities of ammunition and stores.

—When the news of Lee's surrender reached Danville, a mob collected and made an onslaught upon the buildings containing commissary stores. In one of them was a large quantity of gunpowder and percussion caps, which, accidentally becoming ignited, exploded, blowing the building and over 50 persons to atoms.

—The news of Gen. Grant's movements in North Carolina gives great satisfaction in Washington. The precautions taken are believed to be sufficient to arrest any serious consequences arising from Sherman's negotiations.

—It is believed, from what is known of the disposition of our forces in North Carolina, that even if Johnston refuses terms of unconditional submission he cannot escape.

—The Rebel Col. Jesse and 28 of his guerrillas were captured near Eminence, Ky., on Monday morning by Col. Buckley's men. The loss was small on either side.

—Several Rebel officers at Washington rather than go South again, surrendered their paroles Friday, and took the oath of allegiance.

—Gen. Angur has issued an order directing all paroled prisoners of war in the District of Columbia to report to the Provost Marshal where the residence of each prisoner, with his name and rank, will be received, and none will be allowed to wear Rebel uniform. Each prisoner is directed to report in person, at the office where his name is registered, once in every ten days.

—It is reported that when Jeff Davis heard of Lee's surrender he was at Danville, and that at 9 o'clock the same evening he left for Greensboro, N. C. Before he departed he stated to friends that his destination was Texas, where he proposed to make the last stand.

## SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY.

The last remaining military organization of the rebellion of any consequence east of the Mississippi river has finally succumbed, and, like Lee's stubborn Northern Virginia Army, has ceased to have an existence. General Grant, in a dispatch dated Raleigh, N. C., at ten o'clock on Wednesday night, informs us that the rebel Gen. Johnston has "surrendered the forces in his command, embracing all from here to the Chattahoochee, to Gen. Sherman, on the basis agreed upon between Lee and myself for the Army of Northern Virginia."

The Chattahoochee river forms the boundary between Georgia and Alabama, along about half the western limits of the former and the eastern border of the latter, and, in passing thence to the Gulf of Mexico, bisects Florida, leaving over three-fourths of the named State on its eastern side. The surrender of Johnston, therefore, completes the dissolution not only of the army under his immediate direction in North Carolina, but of all the detached rebel commands in that State, Georgia and the greater part of Florida. Newbern advises state that Johnston attempted to haggle with General Grant for terms which would provide for the pardon of Jeff Davis and the other leading insurrectionary conspirators. But the Lieutenant-General would listen to nothing of the kind, and Johnston was compelled to be satisfied with the conditions granted to Lee.

The only remaining rebel armies now in the field (if, indeed, even they have any longer an existence), are those under Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor—the former in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and the latter a scattering command recently operating in Alabama and Mississippi. Both, even if they still survive at the present time, will no doubt soon be completely disbanded. A New Orleans report stated that Dick Taylor signified his willingness to surrender to General Canby some days ago.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The Africa, from Liverpool April 15, and Queenstown April 16, arrived Friday at Halifax, bringing three days' later news from Europe.

The news of the fall of Richmond reached England on April 14, and produced an intense excitement. It was universally admitted that the end of the Rebellion was near at hand. The Confederate Loan fell to 13, and Five-Twenties went up to 65. There had been serious political disturbances at Madrid. The military fired upon the people without giving them a previous warning.

By the arrival of the Columbia at New York we have dates from Havana to April 24. The intelligence of the death of President Lincoln caused feelings of the deepest sorrow in the hearts of all Americans, but many of the Rebels openly rejoiced.

We learn from Mexico, by way of Matamoros, that Gen. Cortinas has declared against the Empire, and was preparing to attack Mejia, who was cut off from all communication with the interior, and likely to be compelled to surrender.

President Carrera of Guatemala is hopelessly sick, and his death, it is presumed, will be the signal for a rising of the Liberal party in San Salvador and Nicaragua.

Edward Ingersoll, who made the secession speech at the Democratic meeting in New York city a short time since, was waited upon Thursday on reaching his home in Philadelphia by a deputation of citizens, and requested to apologize for the disloyal sentiments expressed. He refused to do so, and drew a pistol upon his assailants, whereupon the police interfered and arrested him. He was taken before a justice and, in default of bail, committed for an attempt to kill and carrying dangerous weapons. His brother, Charles Ingersoll, was also set upon by the crowd and rather roughly handled.

Astonishing revelations are said to be forthcoming respecting the conspiracy for the assassinations at Washington, exhibiting the perfidy and cowardly expedients resorted to by the leaders of the Rebellion. Our Consul-General in Canada has given notice to the authorities that all the criminals connected with the murder of President Lincoln must be surrendered to the United States authorities.

Richard Cobden, the great friend of our country in England, died on the 2d inst., in the 61st year of his age. He was a Republican in principle, and sympathized deeply with our efforts to uphold freedom on this continent. He was among the ablest of his countrymen.

## TERRIBLE STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

St. Louis, April 28, 1865. A telegram received by the military authorities from New Madrid says the steamer Sultana, with two thousand paroled prisoners, exploded. Fourteen hundred lives were lost.

St. Louis, April 28, 1865. The steamer Sultana, from New Orleans on the evening of the 21st, arrived at Vicksburg with boilers leaking badly. She remained thirty hours repairing, taking on one thousand nine hundred and ninety-six Union soldiers and thirty-five officers, lately released from Cahawba and Andersonville prisons. She arrived at Memphis last evening, and after coaling proceeded. About two o'clock A. M. when seven miles up, blew up, and immediately took fire, and burned to the waters edge. Of two thousand one hundred and six souls aboard not more than two hundred will be recovered. Five hundred were rescued, and are now in the hospital. Two or three hundred, uninjured, are at the soldiers' home. Captain Mason, of the Sultana, is supposed to be lost. At four o'clock this morning the river in front of Memphis was covered with soldiers struggling for life. Many are badly scalded. Boats immediately went to their rescue, and are still engaged picking them up. General Washburn immediately organized a board of officers to investigate the affair. They are now at work.

No further particulars are received. An important order has just been issued from the office of the Adjutant General at Washington, making arrangements for an immediate further extensive curtailment of the military expenses of the government.

## FROM HARRISBURG.

Surely a trip down the Susquehanna River on a raft, is not a new thing under the sun, and why should I attempt to describe our trip? I hear some of the readers ask, "If you write at all for the Reporter, why not tell us something that we did not know before. We know the river like a book." Well I did not know it like a newspaper even, till I went down it on a raft, with my goods and all my family on the raft too, and such things.

On the fourth of April, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, at precisely three minutes and two seconds past one we pulled out from Towanda harbor, below the schute, with our fleet consisting of two hemlock rafts, loaded with oak, beech, pine, birch, maple and cherry lumber, and our household stuff. Our crew was, first Capt. O. Greenaway, Pilot, and Lieut. F. B. Rier, Supercargo, J. Smith, W. Fox, J. Stearns, and C. Rockwell, Oarsmen, Messrs. BOWMAN and SHIMMER, were deck passengers. The cabin passengers were my wife, my son, our hired girl, and myself. I mention myself last on account of my extreme modesty, as all writers for country newspapers must be modest, and say we, when they mean I, and our, when they mean mine, this is allowed them as a poetic license. Our cabin was fourteen feet long and twelve wide and but one very short story high. In it we had sleeping accommodations for eleven, a cooking stove, all the provisions for the voyage, a table, four chairs, and conveniences for hanging up the outer garments of the male and the head gearings of the female members of the party, and such things.

Well, at precisely three minutes and two seconds past one o'clock, the Captain called out "all aboard." The friends that were on board to bid a long adieu to friends, left the raft, the hands sprang to their oars, and the noble craft swung out into the river. But alas for human hopes, it moved about half its length, and then refused to go further. Ours were pined, boards were brought in requisition to push with, all hands worked but the vessel refused to stir. "What now?" demanded my wife. "Stuck the first thing?" asked our hired girl. "Pry it off," said the owner of the lumber. "Spring on the oars," ordered the captain. "Sherrif it," commanded the supercargo. And "Sherrif it" they did, and thus swung it off from the roots of a stump that had sunk in the channel. This application of a Sherrif to get things loose, was a new idea to me. I had thought that the business of a Sherrif was to make things fast and keep them so, and when the order was given to "Sherrif it," I expected to see Van Flaser punning toward us with an execution in his hand, and such mean things.

The world moves, and so did our raft, and we proceeded gently, very gently, along down to Engle's eddy, where we "hung up" for the night, to use a river phrase. The captain, my wife, our hired girl and myself, waded some rods through the mud and then climbed a hill about a mile up and a half a mile down, to find a place to sleep, and were hospitably entertained by a Mr. Quick, who resides upon the brow of the hill. At daylight on the morning of the fifth we again started, and floated along as rapidly as the water would carry us, to Swartwout's eddy, where we stopped again for the night. Here again we sought a house in which to sleep. We started in a house where the man had the liver complaint, and his wife the heart disease, and my wife, our hired girl, and myself, concluded that two of the young ladies in the house were troubled with the affection of the heart, for they kept up a constant noise, and all that, and when we arose in the morning we found them still up, and enjoying the company of a couple of young gentlemen from the neighboring village, who made a gentle call, but found it so dark when they desired to return they were afraid to drive back till daylight.

On the sixth we ran about five miles and were driven on shore by the wind, where we remained till the seventh at ten o'clock. The day we started we heard of the surrender of Fort Fisher, and Richmond. Since that we had heard nothing from our armies, and we were just about mad for the want of news. We bided every one that passed, but could hear nothing reliable. Some said Lee had surrendered. Some that the evacuation of Richmond was one of Old Abe's jokes. Occasionally a man would tell us that he had heard that Lee had left Richmond, but he did not believe it, and would walk on with a mournful countenance. Others would hurrah for Grant, Sheridan and Lincoln. We could easily tell the politics of those of whom we made inquiry for war news. This lying under the bank when you are in a great hurry, is not so pleasant. We could look at the rocks, but I will not describe them. They look just as they did when the first raft of lumber descended the river. They are rough, jagged, precipitous, pointed, high, barren, black, solid, grand, sublime, and all that. Here we all slept in the cabin. Rather a small lodging apartment for nine large men and two women, but there was no alternative. There were no houses where my wife, our hired girl, and myself, could sleep.

On the seventh we moved gently along by Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, at which latter place, the supercargo sold the fleet, and we prepared to unload our goods, but the purchaser discovered before it was too late, that he had given too much for the boards, and so paid forty dollars and backed out.

My wife, our hired girl, my son and myself, were glad that the noble craft that had borne us so gently down the river, and which we had so much enjoyed, should be sold to a man so good as we. Still we were all sorry to see a man so small as we sell himself for two rafts of hemlock boards, besides the men were making a good bargain, but then all men don't think alike.

After dicking four hours, on we went as rapidly as water would carry us, and landed at the head of Nanticoke schute for the night. Not feeling disposed to sleep nine in one bed another night, the two deck passengers left at Wilkes-Barre, my wife and our hired girl, went to a house, and fast sailing fleet was safely anchored, and asked the proprietor for the privilege of sleeping in his house. The house in appearance and convenience and furniture and all of its surroundings was a palace. The aged gentleman called upon him the aged partner of his house, and they consulted upon the important question of after making inquiries as to the places from which we came, and whether they were going, and how they came to be on a raft, and why they did not go where else to stay, and all that, the two aged persons aided by a young lady, who was probably a grand-daughter, decided that they could not accommodate them, themselves so much as to accommodate them with one bed for the night, so they came back and we all slept again in the cabin.

The name of this hospitable gentleman is—well never mind, he is a coal operator at any rate, and resides a few rods above Nanticoke dam, and if I were to guess I would venture that he is a—there let it go, I do not wish to be personal, and say mean things.

Early on the morning of the 9th we weighed anchor, and we were whistled and hoisted sails to run through the schute. The gallant ship came out of the breakers unharmed, although she was tossed about by the foaming surging billows and all that still she was not broken nor even cracked. Through the whole day and night we dashed on over the mighty deep at the rate of about one mile in an hour and a half, and on Sunday morning at about day-light landed at Northumberland. Here we ascertained that vessels of the largest kind, like ours, could not run the schute when the water was as low as it was then. This was a new disaster to my wife, our hired girl, and myself, for we were now obliged to get our things on to the rail road, which we did on Monday and bid adieu to that splendid hemlock raft, with its superb cabin, and such things.

In one of my letters I referred to the fact that a man in this city made use of some vulgar expressions when speaking of Mr. Lincoln's death, besides saying that he was glad he was dead, and the people were disposed to hang him.

On the 26th, this man was by order Gen. Hanks required to bear aloft a board on which, was painted in large letters the following:

"William Young, a traitor, too cowardly to fight for the South, and his vulgar tendency to insult the remains of our dead President."

He was paraded through the principal streets accompanied with a squad of soldiers and martial music playing the rogues' march.

## THE ASSASSIN BOOTH SHOT

## HAROLD TAKEN!

Special Dispatch to the N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, April 27, 1865.

We have just received from the lips of Sergt. Boston Corbett, of Co. L, 16th New York Cavalry, the full particulars of his capture of Booth, and the circumstances which compelled him to shoot him.

Corbett resides in New York in Attorney street, next door to the Protestant M. E. church, of which he is a member. His regiment has been stationed at Vienna, and been more or less in the pursuit of Booth and different persons suspected of being connected with the gang of assassins.

The regiment were in the city, and did guard and escort duty on the occasion of the President's funeral.

A detachment of 26 men, under command of Lieut. Doherty, with two of Col. Baker's detectives, viz: Lieut. Col. Genger and Lieut. Baker, both late of Baker's District of Columbia Cavalry, proceeded to Port Royal in pursuit of Booth and Harold. They having received trustworthy information of their whereabouts from the negroes, and some confidential information from certain paroled Confederate soldiers.

They crossed the Rappahannock in a scow ferry-boat at Port Royal on Tuesday night, and had proceeded about three miles beyond that place when they ascertained that Booth was secreted upon the place of Henry Garrett. Mr. G. was called out, and stated he had been there, but had been notified by Rebel cavalry that our cavalry were crossing the river, and that he must leave and secure himself. Mr. G. seemed to give all the information he could, and his son, who accompanied the party here, was especially active in helping ferret him out.

He was supposed to have fled to the woods, but upon approaching the barn he was discovered secreted therein.

When challenged to come out and surrender, he, in a very wild and excited tone, demanded to know who they supposed him to be, and by what authority; desiring to know of what crime he was charged, and evincing the greatest excitement, and talking very incoherently.

The officers demanded that he should come forth and give himself up. He refused to do so, and threatened to shoot whoever should approach. He said he was there alone, but would never surrender.

Corbett was stationed at a corner of the barn, where there was a board off and where he was particularly exposed to Booth's fire; he expressed a desire to go in and try and secure him, saying he was willing to venture his life in the encounter, and had much rather go in and attack him, than to stand in his exposed position; but he was so excited that Booth meant to sell his life as dearly as possible, that Lieut. Doherty would not permit him to enter.

The officers then gave Booth five minutes to surrender, or else the barn would be fired. Nearly a half hour was consumed in the parley, however, when the fire was set to the barn. During the progress of the flames Booth was seen by Corbett aiming his Spencer carbine at one of the men. Corbett, who is a deeply religious man, says he prayed fervently for Booth, and that God would have mercy upon his soul, and feeling that he was justified in shooting him to prevent his escape, he fired, and the Rebel captain fell dead.

His shot, by a strange coincidence, entered his head in almost precisely the same spot that President Lincoln was shot; the ball, however, passed through and out of the upper part of his neck on the opposite side.

Booth instantly fell, and his carbine dropped heavily with him; he was standing at the time supported by a crutch; his body was instantly removed from the burning barn; his last gasp was at daybreak yesterday, and he lived till about 7 o'clock.

In his leather belt which he wore was a "Scimitar" dirk, he so tragically brandished upon the stage, with blood dried upon its blade. This knife, his carbine and two revolvers, which he also had upon his person, holding one in his left hand at the time of being shot, and while aiming his carbine, were all brought to the Tribune building here and exhibited at 2 o'clock, this a. m.

Booth's confederate and companion, Harold, came out of the barn at the first in an excited state of fright and professed contrition with his arms upraised. He audibly besought Booth to surrender, without avail however.

Booth, in his forced hauteur, shouted out just before Harold left him. "Here, Captain, is one man who wants to surrender mightily bad." He had but a moment previously insisted that no one was in the barn with him.

Harold is pronounced a mean, cowardly boy. He says he wishes Wilkes Booth had been dead before he had ever seen him, and then remarked with silly tone and action, "He always liked Mr. Lincoln, and was very fond of his jokes."

Harold has been brought to this city and confined as are the other prisoners.

Booth, before he died, was apparently rational, but talked at random and contradicted himself as he had done throughout, and he said: "Tell my mother I have died for my country. You gentlemen have spoiled my fun in Mexico." He seemed conscious of near approach of death, but died as frivolously and hardened as he had lived.

His body was fully identified by his initials on his hand in India ink, his memorandum books and other papers, and by his personal recognition before and after death of the detective officers who knew him.

He had his moustache shaved off, and had a unshorn beard of four or five days.

He wore a gray woolen shirt; had on dark cassimere pants; one cavalry, or the other, top boot, which drew up above the knees, but was turned down when captured. On the other foot he had an old shoe. His leg was bandaged where it was broken.

Harold says by his spur catching in the dog festooning the President's box, and tripping in his leap upon the stage. He suffered excruciating pain from this wound, the splintered end of the bone piercing the flesh.

Harold says Booth had a third revolver, which was burned up in the barn. Booth's general appearance was rough and untidy, striking in contrast with the bilious fop of other days. Corbett, who is a young man of Cromwellian faith, says he was very anxious to be permitted to go in and encounter him, although he supposes his life would have been the forfeit; yet he was of the opinion that at the moment Booth had engaged him, the others could have sprung upon him and secured him alive. He says he would willingly have given up his own

life if thereby the cause of justice could have been subserved. When he fired upon him, it was his hope to effectually disable him and not to kill him, but his ball struck higher than he intended. He knew, however, from his threats, that he would either kill himself or some one else if he were not totally disabled.

Booth wanted to know where they would take him if he would give up. He was informed by the detectives that he must make an unconditional surrender.

He is said to have showered imprecations upon his confederates, who he said had promised to stand by him, but had all deserted him.

He was brought to the house of Mr. Garrett by a Confederate captain, who told Mr. Garrett that he was a Marylander who was endeavoring to make his way to Johnston's army.

Several small squads of Rebel cavalry were seen hovering about, and were no doubt endeavoring to cover his escape.

To the loyal negroes are our officers indebted for the traces which led to Booth's capture. It is said conclusive evidence is adduced showing the whole plot to have originated in the order called "Knights of the Golden Circle."

Boston Corbett, the hero of the above narrative, was born in London, but was brought to New York by his father at eight years of age. He subsequently went to Boston, where he was converted, and was baptized a member of the Methodist Church.

He says, at that time, desiring to lead a new life, he changed his former given name, and was baptized "Boston." His subsequent residence has been New-York, where he enlisted into the 16th Cavalry.

He is as modest as he is devoted, and his Lieutenant pronounces him a most worthy soldier. He was offered one of Booth's pistols by the detective as a memento of the occasion, but he declined, saying he desired no reminder of the sad duty he had performed, and desired to have it banished from his mind as soon as possible.

He was today offered him \$100 for his own pistol, with which he had killed Booth, but he instantly replied, "That is not mine—it belongs to Government, and I would not sell it for any price."

Being spoken to about the large reward he offered he desired no reward for having done what God made manifest to him, in answer to prayer, was his duty to do. He remarked, however, that if the Government wished to reward him and would allow him to keep his little horse when his term of service was over, it would be all he could wish. "He isn't very valuable," he said, "but I've got so attached to him that I would like to take him home." He was assured by the gentlemen present that Secretary Stanton would cause an order to be issued for that horse to be turned over to him.

It is mentioned as a coincident circumstance, that Corbett attended McKendree chapel, in this city, last Sunday night, at which he related his interesting experience as a man, soldier and Christian, closing with a very fervent and appropriate prayer, in which the true public burden engrossed his mind. He prayed with especial fervor that the guilty, fleeing perpetrators of the foul crime against humanity and the nation might be speedily overtaken and brought to justice, little dreaming then that he was to be the instrument, under Providence, for the answer of his own prayer.

The popular mind, although intensely excited at last night and this morning over flying and contradictory rumors, has settled down to a resolute and dignified quiet. Lieut. Edward P. Doherty was formerly a member of the 1st N. Y. Infantry, and was at the first battle of Bull Run, and was in many other engagements; showing bravery and courage.

He has been on many perilous reconnaissance with the 16th N. Y. Cavalry, and received many encomiums from the press and his commanding officers for his bravery at last Fall near Culpeper, when his party were surrounded by Kershaw's division of Rebel soldiers, he cut his way through gallantly and saved most of his men.

This regiment (16th New York Cavalry) is now under command of Col. N. B. Sweetzer. They have been on the defense of Washington, scouting to the Rapidan, the Rappahannock, Bull Run Mountains, Thornton's Gap, and other places in the mountainous valleys and forests for guerrillas, bushwhackers, &c. The regiment has lost many valuable men by their dashing raids, and many pickets and patros have been captured and killed by the bushwhackers.

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 28, 1865. The excitement which prevailed in this city yesterday has considerably subsided. While all regret that the assassin, owing to the rashness among the soldiers engaged in the capture, was not taken alive, they at the same time felt gratified that the murderer had paid the penalty of his crime. Had he been brought to the Washington Navy-Yard alive, nothing could have withstood the fury of the excited congregated thousands.

What disposition was made of Booth's body after the autopsy upon it, is impossible to ascertain, but that a fitting disposal, in keeping with his ignominious career was made, is certain.

The public breathe more freely, as the great burden which has been on their minds for two weeks has been removed.

Harold, who has been exhibiting great stoicism since his capture, now appears to seem to realize the awful position in which he is placed, and through the day has given up to frequent fits of weeping. He is quite young, and his appearance would indicate him to be not over 20. Some time ago he was an applicant for the position of surgeon's steward on the Potomac flotilla, but was unsuccessful.

Very great curiosity prevails as to the disposition to be made of the remains of Booth; but it seems the authorities are not inclined to give the wretched carcass the honor of meeting the public gaze, and it will probably be deposited in whatever place promises the most utter obscurity for them. Yesterday a photographic view of the body was taken before it was removed from the monitor. It was then placed in an ordinary gray blanket, in which it was sewed up. A plain casket, shaped box, measuring six feet by two, had been previously made in the joiners shop for the remains, but it was not used.

WASHINGTON, Friday, April 28, 1865. Edwin Booth is here for the purpose, it is stated, of procuring the body of his brother. His desire cannot be granted, as the grave of the assassin will never be known.

The surgeons who must have the autopsy upon Booth assert that he must have endured untold anguish of body as well as of mind, from the nature of the fracture of his leg, the small bone having cut its way through the flesh, and protruded.

Mortification of the leg had also commenced, and it was the opinion of the Surgeon-General that he could not have lived many days more in any event. This may account in part for the horrid expression of countenance and the general repulsiveness of the corpse.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, April 27, 1865.

Col. Baker of the detective force furnishes the following additional particulars concerning the capture of Booth:

Learning that no traces of him could be found after his departure from the house of Dr. Mudge, near Port Tobacco, where he fractured his leg was set, he became satisfied that he must have crossed the Potomac and escaped into Virginia at or near Aquia Creek. He therefore procured an order for Gen. Hancock to furnish him 26 picked cavalrymen to act as escort to his brother, Lieut. Baker and Lieut. Col. Conger, who were to conduct them upon a route which a careful consultation of the map of Virginia had indicated as the one most likely to be taken by Booth. They proceeded down the river to Belle Plain in the steamer Ida, and thence disembarked, rode across to a point opposite Port Royal on the Rappahannock. Here was a scow ferry, and the ferryman was critically questioned as to the passage of any such party as Booth and Harold.

The Virginia ferryman could remember no such person. But while Lieut. Baker was exhibiting Booth's photograph with the view of refreshing his memory, a darker colored, but a more loyal Virginian, employed as an assistant on the ferry, happened to see the photograph over the detective's shoulder, and instantly replied, "Yes, master, I know that man, I set him across the river Friday day, with three other men, in two loss wagon."

The white proprietor could remember nothing whatever, yet the trail was deemed good. At Port Royal they took the Bowling Green road and passed the farm-house of the Garretts, which being about a quarter of a mile from the road, they passed and rode on several miles. This was about 3 o'clock a. m. They met another colored Virginian however, and from him learned the whereabouts of such as were inquired for, and were brought and left at Mr. Garrett's two days before, by two Rebel officers.

The party then wheeled and returned to Garrett's house. Lieut. Baker dismounted, and demanded admittance and the surrender of Booth. The senior Garrett denied the knowledge of Booth, but seeing Baker manipulate his revolver, although him of two Confederate soldiers who had been stopped at his house, one of whom was wounded.