SPECIAL NOTICES.

LAKE SUPERIOR Copper Mill and Smelting Works, PITTSBURGH. PARK, McCURDY & CO. Manufacturers of SHEATHING, BRAZIERS' & BOLT COPPER, PRESSED COPPER BOTTOMS, RAISED STILL BOTTOMS, SPALTER SOLDER. Also, importers and dealers in METALS, TIN PLATE, SHEET IRON, WIRE, &c. Constantly on hand, TINNERS' MACHINES and TOOLS. Warehouse, No. 149 FIRST and 120 SECOND STREETS, Pittsburgh. Special orders of Copper cut to any desired pattern. my23:lydawT

WM. BARNHILL & CO., Boiler Makers & Sheet Iron Workers, Nos. 30, 32, 34 and 36 PENN STREET. Having secured a large yard, and furnished with the most improved machinery, we are prepared to manufacture every description of BOILERS, in the best manner, and warranted equal to any made in the country. CHIMNEYS, BRICHEN, FIRE BEDS, STEAM PIPES, LOCOMOTIVE BOILERS, CONDENSERS, SALT PANS, TANKS, OIL STILLS, AGITATORS, SETTLING PANS, BOILER IRON, BRIDGES, SUGAR PANS, and sole manufacturers of BARNHILL'S PATENT BOILERS. Repairing done on the shortest notice. de16:ly

PITTSBURGH SAW WORKS. HUBBARD, BRO. & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF PATENT GROUND CIRCULARS, Warranted CAST STEEL SAWS, of every description. Mill, Mulay, Cross Cut, Gang, and all other varieties. All kinds of KNIVES and SPRINGS, made from Sheet Cast Steel; Extra Refined REAPER AND MOWING KNIVES, &c. Warehouse and Works, corner WATER and SHORT STREETS, Pittsburgh. Particular attention given to Retoothing, Gumming and Straightening Circular Saws; also, repairs of all kinds. Punching and Drilling done at reasonable rates. ap26:ly

GEORGE REITER....W. D. REELER....J. F. HOLLAND

LA BELLE STEEL WORKS. REITER & CO., (Successors to Reiter, Hartman & Co.) Manufacturers of CAST STEEL, SPRING, PLOW and BLISTER STEEL, SPRINGS, AXLES, CROWBARS, &c. Works, FIRST WARD, Allegheny. Post Office address, PITTSBURGH. ja12:ly

ROBINSON, REA & CO., (successors to Robinson, Minis & Miller.) Washington Works, FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS, Pittsburgh. Manufacturers of BOAT AND STATIONARY STEAM ENGINES, BLAST ENGINES, MILL MACHINERY, GEARING, SHAFTING, CASTINGS of all descriptions, OIL TANKS & STILLS, BOILER AND SHEET IRON WORK. Agents for GIFFARD'S PATENT INJECTOR, for feeding boilers.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.—A reverend gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after undergoing the usual routine and irregular expensive mode of treatment without success, considers it his sacred duty to communicate to his afflicted fellow-creatures the means of cure. Hence, on the receipt of an addressed envelope, he will send, free, a copy of the prescription used. Direct to Dr. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, N. Y. mh11:ydawT

JOHN COCHRAN & BRO., Manufacturers of IRON VAULTS AND VAULT DOORS, IRON RAILING, WINDOW SHUTTERS, WINDOW GUARDS, &c., Nos. 91 SECOND and 88 THIRD STREET, between Wood and Market, have on hand a variety of new patterns, fancy and plain, suitable for all purposes. Particular attention paid to enclosing Grave Lots. Jobbing done at short notice.

SENT FREE.—A PAMPHLET OF immense importance to the old and young, married and single of both sexes, will be sent free by addressing, with stamp enclosed, the agents, J. A. KENDRICK & CO., Box 73, Boston Post Office. my30:1tdawT

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER, AN ESSAY OF WARNING AND INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNG MEN. Also, new and reliable treatment of the Urinary and Sexual Systems. Address Dr. J. SKILLEN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa. ap1:ly

HENRY H. COLLINS, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, and wholesale dealer in CHEESE, BUTTER, SEEDS, FISH, and produce generally, No. 25 WOOD STREET, Pittsburgh. no1

CANDIDATES.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—JONATHAN NEELY, of Lower St. Clair Township, will be a candidate for re-election for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican Union Convention. my3:tedawT

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—JOSEPH COOUH, of Upper St. Clair Township, private of the 2d Regiment P. V., will be a candidate, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention.

DAVID SHAFFER WILL BE A candidate for ASSEMBLY, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention of June 1865. my12:tedawT

LIEUT. SAMUEL HARPER, OF the 139th Penna. Vols., from Lower St. Clair Township, will be a candidate for nomination to the State Legislature, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention. my17:tdawT

FOR MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.—BILLINGS G. CHILDS, Pittsburgh. Subject to nomination Union County Convention.

THE FRIENDS OF CAPT. JAC. F. SLAGLE, announce him as a candidate for DISTRICT ATTORNEY. my16:tcdawT MEMBERS OF THE BAR.

COUNTY TREASURER.—COL. J. B. KIDDOO will be a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Union Republican County Convention. my17:tdawT

DAVID AIKEN, Jr., WILL BE A candidate for re-nomination to the office of COUNTY TREASURER, before the Union County Convention, which meets June 6th, 1865. my18:tdawT

COL. L. B. DUFF WILL BE A candidate for the office of DISTRICT ATTORNEY, before the Union County Convention, which meets June 6th, 1865.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—THOMAS FERGUSON, of Temperanceville, will be a candidate, subject to the decision of the Union County Convention. ap29:te

I WILL BE A CANDIDATE FOR the office of DISTRICT ATTORNEY, subject to the nomination of the next Union County Convention. ap24:te ALEX. M. WATSON.

WANTS.

WANTED. GOOD PAINTERS Will find ready employment and steady work. Apply at 91 THIRD STREET. my24:wd MORROW & REED.

WANTED. BOARDING. A gentleman wishes ROOM and BOARD, in Pittsburgh or Allegheny. Address "F. M.," Office of The Gazette. my30:3td

WANTED, AT $150 PER MONTH, A RELIABLE CANVASSER, in every town and county, for THE NURSE AND SPY, the most thrilling book ever published, embracing the adventures of a woman in the Union army as Nurse, Scout and Spy, giving a most vivid insight picture of the war. We have Agents clearing $150 per month, which we will prove to any doubting applicant. Send for circulars. Address JONES BROS. & CO., No. 600 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. my1:3md

WANTED.—$125 PER MONTH.—Agents wanted everywhere to introduce the improved SHAW & CLARK $20 FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, the only low price machine in the country which is licensed by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Batchelder. All other machines are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to fine and imprisonment. Salary and expenses, or large commission allowed. Illustrated circulars sent free. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

WANTED.—$70 A MONTH.—I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell FIFTEEN ARTICLES, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars free. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine.

WANTED A GERMAN GARDENER A married man without children preferred) to work on a small place in the country. Must understand the culture of Grapes. Good references given and required. Apply at No. 301 LIBERTY STREET. (my31:2td) F. VAN GORDER.

AMUSEMENTS & LECTURES.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE. FIFTH STREET, NEAR WOOD. Lessee and Manager.....WM. HENDERSON. **OLD PRICES.** MR. WM. H. GALLAGHER, will appear as RICHMOND, WM. HENDERSON as RICHARD, on SATURDAY EVENING, June 3, in Shakespeare's five act tragedy of *Richard III.* The entire company will appear. To conclude with FORTY THIEVES. Music! Marches! Dances!

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES THEATRE, FIFTH STREET, NEAR ST. CLAIR. C. SMYTHE..........Lessee and Manager. [illegible] SATURDAY NIGHT, JOHNNY WARD, the Pittsburgh favorite. MESSRS. CHILDS & CARROL, champion clog dancers. FRED. MUELLER, the unequalled violinist. ANITA SANTERRITA, the tight rope. ATTIE STEWART, WEAVER, HARRIS, [illegible] LLY HOLMES and the mammoth double company in a [illegible] bill.

LEAF LARD.—Just received a few kegs [illegible] Steam Rendered Leaf Lard, put up expressly for family use, and warranted [illegible] at the Family Grocery Store of JOHN A. RENSHAW, corner Liberty and Hand streets.

The Pittsburgh Gazette.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865.

EULOGY

ON THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Delivered Thursday, June 1, 1865, In Christ M. E. Church, Penn st.,

BY HON. THOMAS WILLIAMS.

We meet in gloom. But yesterday our streets were jubilant, and the very Heavens ablaze with the bright pomp of a rejoicing multitude. But yesterday our temples were vocal with songs of rapturous thanksgiving for the great victories that had been vouchsafed to our arms. To-day no jubilee solicits us. No loud huzzas—no 'aves vehement'—no hurrying feet—no hymns of triumph salute our ears. It is the hour of darkness, as these sad emblems indicate. A nation mourns. A mighty people throngs its wide-spread sanctuaries, to lament its martyred Chief, but just returned from the overthrow of the armed array that menaced its own life, to die in the very hour of his triumph—in the fancied security of its own capital—under the blaze of a thousand lights, and a thousand admiring eyes—and in the midst of the brave hearts that belted him around, and would have spilled their life's best blood to shelter him from harm—and to die, oh God of Justice! by the stealthy and felonious blow of an assassin. In such a presence, and with such surroundings, the chosen Ruler of this great Republic—the kind, the generous, the parental magistrate, who knew no resentments, and had never done aught to deserve an enemy—has bowed his venerable head upon his bosom, and laid down the high commission with which he had been so lately re-invested by the popular acclaim. "Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope the temple of the Lord's anointed, and stolen out the life of the building." The pulse of the world has stood almost suspended by the earthquake jar that shook its continents and isles, as no event of modern times has done. A multitudinous people—"in number numberless"—almost as the stars of Heaven—thrilled with horror, and smitten dumb by the fearful atrocity which flashed upon them, unheralded by any note of warning, over the electric wires, have uncovered their heads and wept, as no people ever wept before, as the funeral cortege swept by with its precious but unconscious burthen, over mountain and plain, and along the rivers and the lakes, in its long and melancholy journey to the far Western home, which he was to see in the body no more. The earth has opened to receive all that the nation could give back to that now desolated home, and we are here to-day, by the appointment of his successor, to bow in reverential submission and acknowledgement before the hand that has smitten us, and to draw such consolations as are possible from the consideration that the chastisements of God are sometimes mercies in disguise, while we water with our tears the fresh grave of the heroic martyr, who has crowned his great work by the offering of his own life upon the same altar where the blood of so many victims had already smoked to Heaven.

Yes! Abraham Lincoln is no more. All that could die of him who has defended and rebuilt the tottering structure of our fathers, has passed from earthly view, by a transition as abrupt as his who laid the foundation of the Eternal City, and then, according to the legendary epic of the Roman State, was rapt from mortal vision in a chariot of fire. The shadow of the destroyer has mounted behind the trooper, and the grim spectre of the grisly king followed close upon the parent of the avenue. The wise and prudent ruler who was commissioned of God to lead this people through the fiery trials from which they have just emerged—the chief who had just been lifted on their bucklers for a second time to the supreme command—the idol of the popular heart, who had so recently been crowned anew at the Capitol with the symbols of a nation's power, the insignia of a nation's trust, and the rewards of a nation's gratitude, amidst the thundering salvos of artillery, and the responsive voices of an innumerable throng, has ceased to listen to the applauding shout, and passed from the regards of men, into the serener light of an abode beyond the stars, where the banner of war is furled, and the hoarse summons of the trumpet, and the roll of the stirring drum, no longer awaken either to the battle or the triumph.

On two occasions only in our brief but eventful history, the hand of death has fallen upon the head of the great Republic. On both, however, it descended in a period of tranquillity, by the quiet and gentle ministration of nature, without shock and without disturbance. The fruit fell when it was ripe, and the nation grieved, but not as those who are without hope. It seemed but for a moment to cast its tribute of affection on the tomb, and then hurried onward to its high and prosperous career. For the first time now, in the very hurricane of civil strife, a blood tragedy of fearful aspect, and more than mediæval horror, forestalling the dissolving processes that are interwoven with the law of life, has snatched away the man who, above all others, was most dear to us, almost in the twinkling of an eye, in high health, and in the very crisis of his great work, when the regards of the world were most intently fixed upon him, and the destinies of a nation were trembling in his hands. It is as though an apparition had stalked in the midst of our rejoicings, into the very presence of the festal board, and it is under the projecting shadow, with which that ghastly shape has darkened the whole land as with a general eclipse, that I am asked to discourse to you of the merits and services of the extraordinary man, who has thus disappeared from amongst us, after having enacted so large a part in the greatest and most important era of the world's history. It is a task which is never easy in the performance, and cannot be faithfully executed until the lapse of years shall withdraw the observer from a proximity that is always unfavorable to the clearest vision, and the work is consigned to the pen of impartial history. It is one, however, which I have not felt at liberty to decline.

Of Abraham Lincoln, there is little to be said, until the voice of the people called him from the comparative obscurity of a Provincial Town in the remote West, to preside over the destinies of this Republic. The story of his life antecedent to his appearance on that broader stage, where he was destined to command more of the observation of the world than any other man either of ancient or modern times, is soon told. Born in a frontier settlement in Kentucky, of humble parentage, and with no prospective inheritance, but that of the coarsest toil, it was not his hard fate to wear out his life in the hopeless struggle for success, to which that nativity would have consigned him. At the age of six years, his parents, warned by no vision, but by the stern necessities of life, removed from the house of bondage, taking the young child with them, to grow up in the freer air of that great Territory, whose fundamental ordinance had insured the respectability of labor, by forbidding any bondsmen from ever setting his foot upon its soil. There, in the vigorous young State of Indiana, without even the aid of a mother's care beyond his infant years, he shot up—we know not how—into the lofty stature, and robust manhood which has since become so familiar to us all, diversifying his labors, and indulging that spirit of adventure that is so common to the Pioneer, by embarking, at the age of nineteen years, as a working hand, at the scanty wages of ten dollars a month, on one of those primitive flat-boats, on which the Western Farmer of those times was wont to launch his produce on the bosom of the Ohio, to find its only market at New Orleans. At the age of twenty-one years, without any better prospects in life, and inheriting apparently the migratory instincts of his father, who had perhaps grown weary of his Indiana home, he plunged with him into the further West, and sought and found a new settlement on some reclaimed quarter section of the Public Lands in Central Illinois. That he must have shared the humble labors of that parent in winning his new acquisition from a state of nature into a habitable abode for man, is obvious from the fact that so small and limited an area, on the extremest frontier of civilization, could have afforded no great scope for employment, but with the axe or plow, and no means whatever for mental culture or development, except those powers of thought and observation, which the solitudes of nature, and the communion of the forest and the field, have sometimes awakened in those gifted spirits that seem to be immediately inspired of God. Within a year or two, however, the occurrence of what was called the "Black Hawk War," drew him from a seclusion which must have been extremely irksome to a youth of lively temperament, and overflowing health, by offering the temptation, which the pursuit of arms almost invariably presents to the young and ambitious spirits of the land. He enlisted in a company of volunteers, who forthwith selected him as their captain, but his aspirations for military renown were soon cut short by the unexpected termination of the war. His next appearance is as a candidate for the Legislature of the State, to which he was repeatedly elected, and about the same time he turned his attention to the study of the law, and was duly admitted to the Bar. What preparation he may have made for this transition to another and a higher field of labor is unknown to us. He has the credit of confessing, with that simplicity which drew from him the acknowledgment that he had never read the works of the great Master of the drama, that he had enjoyed the advantage of but six months' schooling in the whole course of his life. That he had read such books as were accessible to him, is not to be doubted. Report says that he had picked up in the same way a little knowledge of surveying, which may have served to train and discipline his reasoning faculty, and was, as will be remembered, the youthful employment of the great Washington himself. Beyond this, however, little was required in the infant condition of a frontier settlement, which would have few attractions for men of such acquirements, as only an old community could afford; although it is not to be [illegible] the [illegible] that some of the foremost intellects in the land have been nurtured in these primitive, un-republican schools, where no hot-bed culture was admissible, and every sickly plant was doomed to die. Whether he succeeded in attaining any great distinction in his new profession, where success is dependent generally on a peculiarity of taste or mental structure, and where industry is so often an over-match for talent, is by no means clear. We do know, however, that his abilities and worth were duly recognized at home by his triumphant election in 1846 to the Congress of the United States—where he served, however, but for a single term—as well as by the award to him, by common consent, of the championship of the free State party, on the occasion of the controversy which grew out of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. In 1856 he was presented by his State, and supported largely, as a candidate for the office of Vice President on the Republican ticket of that year, and in the canvass of 1858, as the accepted candidate for Senator, he discussed before the people of Illinois, the question of the extension of slavery into the territories, in a series of debates which riveted the attention of the nation, by the clearness of their statements and the immense logical power which they displayed. It was perhaps to the publicity of these efforts that he was mainly indebted for the great distinction conferred on him by the Convention of 1860, in singling him out, above all competitors, as the standard-bearer of the army of freedom, in that memorable campaign.

And this brief narrative—compiled from unauthentic sources, and making no pretention to the accuracy of biography, is a summary of his career until called by Providence to enact a part that has been assigned to few men in history. How he performed his duty is perhaps best evidenced by the difficulties he had to meet and the final result of the war, which pervaded his whole administration. He bargained only for a peaceful rule like that of his predecessors. If he could have foreseen the magnitude of the task that was before him, he might well have shrunk from the trial. He would have been a bold man who, with such fore-knowledge, would willingly have taken the helm in such a storm as howled around him on his advent, and strained the timbers of the ship of State for so many long and weary years. To him the place, however exalted and honorable, was one of anxious and unsleeping care. No man can tell how much agony it cost a heart like his. It is to that point of his career however, that our inquiries are to be directed, if we would know the man. The history of the great rebellion, comprehending all or nearly all of his public life, is emphatically his history. It began and ended with his administration of the Government. He succeeded to a divided sceptre. He lived just long enough to re-unite the broken fragments—to re-plant the starry banner of our fathers on the battlements from whence treason had expelled it—to see the arch-apostate, who had seduced a third part of the States from their allegiance, a wanderer and a fugitive—and to leave to his successor a once more undivided Union.

With this slender preparation however, and with no previous training in the mysteries of government, he was translated to the Federal Capitol in the most eventful crisis of our history, to take upon his shoulders such a burthen of responsibility as no President before him had ever been called upon to bear. The assassin lurked upon his path. Already the Southern horizon was red with the fires of incipient rebellion. Already State after State, encouraged either by the premeditated treason, or the helpless pusillanimity of the miserable imbecile who stood pale and trembling at the Capital, had shot madly from its orbit. The strongholds of the Union, constructed at great expense for the protection of the South, had been either seized by violence, or basely surrendered by their garrisons. The seat of our National Government was reeking with disloyalty. While treason wore the badge of respectability there, Republicanism was tabooed as something that was only vulgar and vile. The Bureaus of the several Departments were swarming with malignants who were looking anxiously in the direction of the South for an irruption of the rebel hordes, and ready to surrender the keys of their offices on the first summons of the public enemy. There was no direction in which the President could turn for support, in the contingency of any concerted movement to prevent his inauguration. The army, inconsiderable in itself, had been detached to distant cantonments where it could afford no aid, and was sure to become an easy prey. Its officers—the elves of our military school—the most of Southern birth, but some of Northern origin, debauched by their associations, or with naturally slavish instincts and unbounded admiration for Southern institutions and Southern men, were generally unaffected to the Union, whose bread they ate, and whose flag they were sworn to defend. Not a ship of war was to be found upon our coast; not a soldier at the Capital to defend the person of the Chief Magistrate of the country, except, perhaps, a slender escort, of more than doubtful loyalty, improvised for the occasion by the Lieutenant General, upon the urgent importunity of men who realized the danger of a *coup d'etat*, as the new President himself did not. There was nothing, in fact, but the mere prestige of the office, the habitual respect for the person of the Chief Magistrate, and the probable reaction that would ensue upon any demonstration of violence, and, above all, the well understood determination of the thousands of brave men who were assembled there from the free States, secretly armed and ready for such an emergency, to prevent or punish any attempt that might be made on the life of the President. And yet he did not shrink from the ordeal, but there, on the steps of the Capitol, under the blazing sunlight, in the presence of all that innumerable concourse, and in the hearing of a listening world, in terms of kindness, and not of menace, but with a seriousness and solemnity that were not to be mistaken, he proclaimed his firm and unalterable determination to employ all the powers vested in him by the Constitution, in maintaining the integrity and inviolability of the Union, from sea to sea, and from the lakes to the gulf, and restoring to its authority every State and fortress that had been wrested from it by the hands of treason. Rebellion, already organized and armed, and confident of its superior prowess, received the announcement with derisive laughter, as but an idle vaunt on the part of a President who was without a soldier or a ship to batter down the very feeblest of its strongholds. *He* knew that there was an army in the fields and workshops of the north, which only awaited his call to do his work. A million of stalwart men sprung to their arms upon his summons, and the pledge was redeemed. The boastful chivalry went down before the sturdy arms and strong valor of the men they had so foolishly despised; and where are they now who laughed to scorn the admonitions of that day, and arrogantly proclaimed to their deluded followers, that the capital of the nation, and the rich spoils of the opulent and crowded cities of the North should be given to their victorious arms? They have found only a grave, where they meditated an easy conquest. But Abraham Lincoln lived to see his pledge fulfilled. His work was done, and he too sleeps with his Fathers. It had cost many priceless lives to do that work. It was to be consummated by the sacrifice of his own—the most priceless perhaps of all. The demon which he exorcised was to collect all his remaining strength into one expiring blow at the head of his destroyer, as he fled howling, and in despair, from the seat of his long cherished, but now forever lost dominion upon earth. The final catastrophe was in precise keeping with the whole spirit of the bloody drama which it concluded. Beginning in treason, with perjury and robbery, and starvation and murder, as its handmaids, it could not have ended more fittingly than in the cruel, and cowardly, and revengeful assassination of the heroic leader, who had stricken down the sacrilegious hand that was lifted against the nation's life. Miserable and short sighted revenge! The blow which prostrated our honored chief, while it made no interregnum, and paralyzed no nerve of the Government, has been his apotheosis. The hand of the assassin is already cold. A swift retribution has overtaken the miscreant who was put upon this work, while the hands of justice are already laid upon the highest of its guilty authors, and the avenger of blood is tracking his accomplices to their last retreat. But they too will not altogether die. The obscurity that they might well pray for, is not for such as them. There can be no oblivion for such a parricide. The flash of that fatal pistol in the Theatre at Washington, which sent its leaden contents crashing through the brain of our honored magistrate, will blaze around them like the gleam of the assassin's dagger that sought the great hearts of Henry of Navarre, and the heroic Prince of Orange, and light their memories down, from age to age, through the long corridors of history.

It was a disadvantage, too, of no small moment to an untried man, to find himself surrounded by counsellors of fair repute, who had either nothing to propose, or doubted the power or rightfulness of coercion in a Government like this, or thought that even separation itself was better than war, or hoped to patch up an ignoble truce, by compromising the questions in dispute, and furnishing additional and perpetual guarantees to the insatiable interest which had come to despise even the privilege of ruling this nation, as it had done before. It will scarcely be believed in future times how many there were enjoying the reputations of Statesmen, who were committed to one or other of these opinions. But while the question hung suspended between these conflicting views, although every concession had been proposed, and every effort toward compromise had failed, and while the nation was sweating in mortal agony, with seven States defying its authority, and formidable batteries rising from day to day under the shadow of our own guns, around our Fortresses in Charleston harbor, the knot was happily untied by the impatient hands of the conspirators themselves. To secure the co-operation of the States that still stood hesitating, it was deemed necessary "to fire the Southern heart" by some stupendous act of violence, that should dig an impassable gulf between them and us; and their guns were accordingly trained amid the applause of revelry, and the exultant huzzas of an intoxicated populace, upon the old flag that was still floating over the feeble garrison of Sumpter. It was a gay tourney for fair ladies and gallant knights—an easy victory, but a short lived triumph. The walls of Sumpter crumbled under the terrific storm that burst upon them from the hundred iron throats that girdled them around as with a cincture of fire, and its garrison surrendered. But the echoes of those guns lighted up a flame in the colder North that melted down all party ties with more than furnace heat, and was only to be extinguished in the blood of the fools and madmen who had been taught by their Northern auxiliaries to look for no such answer to their defiant challenge. The President could hesitate no longer, menace and insult had developed into open war, and the time had now come to redeem the pledge that he had made, by summoning the freemen of America to defend their flag. He called, and such an answer was returned as no people had ever before given to the summons of its Chief. From town and country, from the lumbermen of the pine woods of the Madawaska to the trappers of the upper Missouri, and the gold hunters of the more distant Sierras, as the reverberations of that trumpet blast leaped from mountain to mountain, and pealed over the great plains and along the mighty rivers of the land, the old, the middle aged, and the young, with one common impulse, and without distinction of party or of creed, with but a hurried farewell to wife, children and home, were seen thronging the iron highways to their respective capitals, and begging for the privilege of enrolling themselves among the defenders of their country, and dying, if need be, under the shadow of its flag. It was no monarch's battle. It was their own honored and glorious banner, the symbol alike of their power and their privileges, that had been insulted and defied. Away with the ideas of caution and slow resolve, when such huge interests are at stake. That is for diplomatists and strategists. Men do not stop to calculate the odds, the chances, or the dangers, when it is a question of resenting contumely, or defending the object of their love. They did not wait to be schooled to a sense of their interests or duties, or the necessities of the times, any more than to the knowledge or the use of arms. To affirm, as has not been unusual in high places, that they require to be educated by their rulers up the level of such an occasion, is to ignore the whole experience of that memorable day, whose manifestations took the doubting by surprise, and so utterly confounded all the calculations of the few amongst ourselves who looked for, and had promised a divided North. The call itself was but a response to the popular desire, which had anticipated it. The answer was an assurance to the Government that it would be sustained in every measure of severity that the crisis might demand.

But it was a still greater disadvantage to the new Executive that the full import of this rebellion was not even comprehended by many of those to whom he was expected to look for advice, in a crisis where the ordinary responsibilities of the office were so much enlarged. Although its causes, its history, and its objects were obviously such as to render a compromise impossible—though the leaders of the revolt had voluntarily abdicated their places in the Government, and gone out from us, when they might have dictated their own terms—and although they had contemptuously spurned every overture for negotiation, and affected no concealment of their deep seated and implacable hatred not only of ourselves, but of our very form of government—there were still sanguine and credulous men in eminent positions, who believed that the rebellion could be suppressed in 90 days—not by war, but by diplomacy—not by striking at its causes, but by ignoring them—not by punishing its authors, but by indulging them—not by a change, of measures, but by a persistance in the very policy that had brought it on. In the view of men like these, every forward step was fraught with danger. Even the simple and obvious proposition to repeal the law that made the capital of a free nation the home and market of the slave, the fruitful nursery of the rebellion itself, was represented as so full of mischief, at such a time, that the President himself was almost staggered by the shadowy forms of terror that were evoked to stay his hand. If he had yielded to them, we should not have reached the great measure of the proclamation for at least another year, if ever. It met the same resistance as the other, but the practical good sense of the President, backed up and fortified by the high regard and unanswerable logic of at least one member of his Cabinet, at length overmastered all these influences, and the great charter of the black man was produced before them, as a measure upon which he had already privately determined, upon his own responsibility to the nation. It is due to the just fame of Abraham Lincoln that the world, instead of dividing the honor of the act with other possible claimants in future times, should know how little he was aided in the task—how much of opposition he was called upon to meet, and how much of moral heroism that act involved. It was nothing disadvantageous certainly to a new and unpracticed statesman, in a position of such unusual responsibility, to be surrounded with men of weak nerves, who had not the courage to face the exigency, which their own [illegible] counsels had precipitated. [illegible] occasion called for intrepid statesmen, as well as generals, who, with a just confidence in the people, instead of stopping to calculate the possible odds, and betraying a hesitation that at least resembled fear, and thereby throwing away all the advantages which the possession of the Government gave them, would have struck at once, and with lightning-like rapidity at the very heart of the rebellion. The sublime response which the people had already made, was an assurance that they could be trusted. It was a severe trial too for them to see their fiery legions condemned to stagnate in inglorious repose until, in some instances, their terms of service were about expiring, while their very capital was beleaguered by an insolent handful, whom they could have swept like chaff before them. No government in the world could have survived it but our own, and it is no marvel therefore that some of the most enlightened statesmen of Europe, educated in the traditional notion that the democratic idea was a delusion, and that a government like ours, though formidable in external war, was helpless for self-conservation, and must fall a prey to the first intestine convulsion, and reasoning from the abject condition and low intelligence of the people around them, should have hurried to recognize the rebels as belligerents, and staked their reputations on the opinion that the great American Republic, the wonder and terror of the world, and the standing reproach of all its monarchies, was rent irreparably in twain. I do not speak of this now as a thing to be regretted. It seems as though, in the providence of God, it had been intended not only to cleanse this land of its great sin, but to confound the unbelievers in the high capabilities and lofty destinies of our race, by passing us through the fiercest fire, and contriving every possible test even to the final catastrophe of the assassination of our Federal Head—to establish the great fact of the ability of man to govern himself, and to dispense, under all circumstances, with the machinery of hereditary rule. A different policy, by rendering the task an easier and a speedier one, would have left the world and ourselves, much to learn of our resources and capabilities, and much of the barbarism of that institution which it would have left substantially intact, to breed new rebellions, and exact new sacrifices from our posterity.

It was under these influences, strengthened as they were, by an apprehension, not apparently removed by the enthusiasm with which they responded to the call of the President, that the people were not yet up to the real level of the crisis, and not prepared for the adoption of such earnest measures of repression as a state of war demanded, that the armies of the Union were brought into the field. It was not for the Chief Magistrate of course to direct their operations in person. But his Generals were unfortunately either men of Southern birth, or men who had been educated in a feeling of profound respect for Southern institutions. With them it was almost profanation to invade the sacred soil of a sovereign State. With them the treason of their ancient comrades, if not a chivalrous virtue, was only the infirmity of a noble mind. Perjury and ingratitude, the blackest and most damning—rebellion and treachery, the most wanton and unprovoked—implied no stain upon the personal honor of their enemy. Longstreet and Jackson were models of christian virtue—Lee and Beauregard unblemished specimens of elegant and well-bred gentlemen—every ingrate especially, who had betrayed the Government that reared him, an *honorable* man. No "kind regard" was forfeited by their base defection; no hand refused in friendly greeting, though red with a brother's blood; no fervent "God bless you" left unuttered, because the recipient had blackened his soul with the foulest and basest crime that history records. To have opened their camps to a loyal negro would have been a violation of the constitutional rights of his rebel master. Knightly courtesy required his return. To have hearkened to the evidence he brought of the strength and position of the enemy, would have been a violation of the rule which disqualified him as a witness against his master. Rebel exaggerations for purposes of effect, were more acceptable than the simple unvarnished truth from the lips of a run-away contraband. What success was to be hoped for, with such instrumentalities? The President himself both saw and felt the difficulty. His patience was severely tried, but what was he to do? If he ordered a movement in advance, the weather was either too cold or too hot—the mud was axle-deep or the dust intolerable. If made, it was done reluctantly, or with a protest, and the responsibility of a failure was with him. If refused, and he threatened to displace the officer, it was perhaps suggested to him, that the army or the people would revolt, while they were actually chafing with impatience—the rebellion growing in strength—and the friends of the Government beginning to despair. In this dilemma, it became necessary for him to take up the question of an entire change of policy. The struggle was a long and painful one. If he had felt at liberty to consult the promptings of his own mind and heart, in a case where the life of a nation was depending on his decision, it would have ended as soon as it was begun. But his habitual caution, intensified by a just sense of his great responsibility as an officer, held his judgment in abeyance. His own good sense, however, triumphed at the last. Unaided but by the counsels of a faithful few, he took up the case, re-considered all the elements that entered into it, and arrived, by a strictly logical process, of which the steps are now obvious, at the conclusion that the rebellion could only be conquered by the emancipation of the slave. He put that result in the shape of a Proclamation, and then summoned his Cabinet together, not to *advise*, but to *hear* what he had determined. The picture of the *consultation* over this important document, is the merest fancy-piece. The point was decided by him before they met, and there was no further room for objection.

Nothing, however, is clearer than the fact that it was not the original purpose of Mr. Lincoln to interfere with slavery in the States. With all his strong convictions, that it was a crime—that, in his own terse language, "if slavery was not wrong, there was nothing wrong," his respect for the constitutional rights of the States was such as to over-ride his own private sympathies for the bondsman. With him, the leading, over-ruling thought—the idea nearest to his heart—was the preservation of our glorious Union, as God's chosen instrument on earth, and the one best fitted, with all its defects, to secure the peace and happiness of man. The other question was entirely subordinate to this. He was willing, to quote from him again—"to save the Union, *with* slavery if he could, or *without* it, if he could." His first idea encouraged, if not inspired by the men who had then his confidence, was, that it could only be saved by tenderness to that interest, whose extreme sensibility to danger—to say no worse of it—had brought all the troubles—these almost apocalyptic woes upon the land. Under these impressions the war was waged for eighteen months in such a way as to do as little harm as possible to that institution, in the hope that the rebels might be conciliated—as they had never been before—by the tenderness of the Government. It was only the current of events—the failure of this policy—the fuel furnished by the great expense, the tardy progress, and the inadequate results of the war to the growing discontent of the friends of the Government in the North—and the conviction that the policy of saving the Union *with* slavery, must give way to the opposite policy, if it was to be saved at all—that drifted him into the position assumed for the first time in the Proclamation, and maintained with unwavering constancy until the last hour of his life. That we should ever have been persuaded to believe it possible to conciliate the men who had voluntarily abdicated their places in the Government, only because it was obvious that they could no longer hope to rule it permanently, is to set down more to the account of his habitual caution, his strong conservative temperament, his deference to older heads, and his desire to give full scope to an experiment of an apparently innocuous character, enforced by the counsels of almost every man around him, than to the convictions of his own unbiased judgment. The case was one of conflicting systems and ideas, that might admit of a *truce*, but of no compromise. It would have been but an adjournment of the question until the antagonistic forces had taken breath for a fresh struggle, while the rebel element was strengthening itself in the meanwhile for new aggressions. The enforced connexion between Liberty and Slavery was worse than incestuous. God and nature had decreed an eternal divorce between them. Our fathers, it is true, had made the experiment of reconciling these hostile elements—not, however, under the modern hallucination that they would permanently combine, or coalesce, but only to keep the peace between them, until the weaker should disappear. The President had apprehended this, when he declared that this government could not be "half *free* and half *slave*." Mr. Seward himself had apprehended it, when he characterized the war between the two systems, as "an irrepressible conflict." As well attempt to blend darkness with light. The intermingled elements would produce only a disastrous twilight with perpetual jars, or as the one or other interest predominated, either deepen into the chaotic gloom where the spirits are supposed to dwell, or flush into the rosy light of liberty. The Union could not have been saved *with* slavery, any more than a man could be made immortal with the seeds of death in his constitution. The inherent vices of the system were sure to bring about a conflict at last, by engendering and fostering the spirit that inaugurated it here, as they were equally sure to give to the contest itself a character of fierceness and atrocity which has appertained to no modern war. It was but a new phase of the old quarrel—as old as government itself—which has shaken the kingdoms and the hierarchies of the world, and was destined to be fought out here, upon a wider arena than any that the old world could offer. If it was not comprehended, however, by ourselves, the governing classes in Europe, and the advocates of unlimited power everywhere, have not failed to understand it from the beginning.

The proclamation of freedom was the first decisive measure of the war. It inaugurated a new era, and proclaimed the purpose of the government to wrest from the rebels their most effective weapon, if not to turn it against their own ones. The menace of it was at first derided as a mere *brutum fulmen*, by those who knew what was to be its effect, and dreaded it accordingly. As soon as it became obvious that this mode of attack was not to fail, the policy of the auxiliary and allied powers of the north was changed. Dire were their denunciations then, of "a measure represented to be fraught with woes to helpless [illegible] infancy, and big with the unutterable horrors of a servile war. Its promulgation was soon after followed by the elections of 1862, whose unfavorable results—attributable only to the public weariness of the inaction of our armies—were adroitly placed to the credit of that threatened measure. By those who did not understand the temper of the President, or the process of reasoning by which he had reached that point, it was greatly feared that he would falter, when the hour of trial came. But alike regardless of the gloomy auguries of the timid, and the storm of obloquy and denunciation that burst upon him from the sympathizers with the rebellion here, he stood unmoved, and the bolt sped at the appointed hour, and shook the rebel capital to its foundations, as it exploded in the very heart of the Confederacy. Dismay sat on every face at Richmond. If a shell had exploded in that pandemonium, where the dark conspirators against the nation were assembled, a greater consternation could not have followed. In the midst of the universal hubbub wild, of stunning sounds, and voices all confused like that of [illegible] which assailed the ear with the loudest vehemence, the arch-members were on their feet at once, with retaliatory propositions of the wildest and most atrocious character. If there was gloom there, there was joy elsewhere. The great heart of humanity dilated at the tidings. The wearied soldier, stretched in his campfire, and joined till then, in unequal battle, was lifted up and comforted. Four millions of bond men raised their unfettered hands to Heaven to call down blessings on the head of the deliverer who had broken their chains. The patriot felt that the arm of the country was strengthened at home and abroad by the act that had at last vindicated the solemn truth of our immortal Declaration, and placed our Government once more in harmony with its own fundamental principles. Instead of any further necessity of humbling ourselves, by holding out to Foreign powers a menace of emancipation, as a signal for a servile war, in order to deter them from an intervention which they never would have ventured on, and never could without the risk of ruin to themselves, it was no longer possible for any Christian nation to take sides against us. It was the turning point of the great struggle and the death warrant of the rebellion itself. And it was just, because they felt and knew it, that it roused among its ruling spirits all the devilish passions that flamed out so fiercely during the latter period of the war. It forced onward the appearance of the black man himself, at no distant day, with the harness of the Union on his back, as a combatant in the arena on the side of liberty. From that day forward, with only the occasional vicissitudes to which all wars are subject, the banner of the Republic, with its new blazonry of Freedom, never drooped or went backward in battle. God gave the holiday generals; great on the parade; strategic imbeciles; the half hearted martinets who were more solicitous to protect the chattel than to punish the treason of the master, gave place to a race of earnest men—heroes of the Cromwellian type—who felt the inspiration of their work, and with a faith that no reverses could shake, and no disaster disturb, were ever ready to second or anticipate the fiery ardor of their legions, by giving a full rein to the spirit that had chafed and fretted under inglorious restraint, whether it was to plunge into the fastnesses of the Rapidan, to scale the Alpine passes of the Tennessee, or to sweep with resistless force across the sunny plains of Georgia. The rebellion was doomed, and the baleful star that had rushed up with the velocity of a meteor into the forehead of the sky, and shed its portentous glare for a moment upon the nation, plunged down again into eternal night, to be remembered hereafter only as one of those scourges of humanity, that are sometimes let loose upon the earth for high and inscrutable purposes.

But it is not for me to follow the history of this long and bloody struggle, through all its varying fortunes to the period of its final consummation. That is a task which belongs to the historian. It has some points of interest, however, that are not unworthy of commemoration, and not unsuited to the occasion that has brought us here.

The scene that has just passed before our vision, was such as has been presented to no other generation of men. Few of us have perhaps fully realized the importance of the past that had been assigned to us in history. The records of our race have nothing to offer so grand and imposing as this bloody conflict in its magnitude, its causes, its theatre, and its details. A peaceful nation, schooled only in the arts of quiet industry, entirely unfamiliar with the use of arms, holding itself aloof from the political complications of the old world, and but thinly diffused over half a continent—meditating no evil, and fearing none from others—is suddenly startled from its repose by the blare of the trumpet, and the roll of the martial drum, and summoned to the defense of its institutions, its liberties, its very life, against a wicked conspiracy, organized in its own bosom for the purpose of destroying it. It not only responds to the call, but astonishes the world by an exhibition of unanimity, and zeal, and high religious fervor, which have had no example since the era of the Crusades. In utter forgetfulness of self, of danger, and of the comforts and endearments of home, it covers the earth with its living tides, as it rushes to the rescue of the object of its love. Over a region almost as wide as the united Kingdoms of Europe, a million of brave hearts are marshalled in armed array, with implements of destruction, such as no age hath seen. Along the Atlantic coast, across the great rivers, and the boundless prairies of the mighty West, over the swamps and savannahs of the distant South, through forest, brake and wilderness, through bayou and morass, over rugged mountains, and along the cultivated plains that laugh with the abundance with which industry has covered them—the earth shakes with the tread of embattled hosts, while bay and gulf swarm with innumerable crowds, and the shores against which the tides of two oceans break, are belted around with those leviathans of the deep, which bear our thunders, and are destined hereafter to proclaim our power [illegible]. It is the battle of the Titans, with fitting accessories, with lists scarce less ample, with enginery as complete, and upon a theatre almost as stupendous, as that which the genius of Milton has assigned to the armies of angel and arch angel joined in battle for the supremacy of Heaven. The old world, till now ignorant of the power that had been sleeping here, stands amazed at an exhibition which its united Kingdoms would in vain essay to match. It comprehends at once the whole significance of the struggle. It is the world's battle—the same that has been fought so often with other watch-words, and on other fields—the old conflict between antagonistic social forms—between the people and the Kings—between the privileges of caste, and the Republican idea of equality. It feels that the history of all its ancient, and hoary and moss-grown establishments—its thrones and hierarchies alike—resting on the prescription of a thousand years, and buttressed by the still older traditional idea, that man is unfit to govern himself, are staked on the issue of this contest. It sees, or thinks it sees, in the martial array of the disciplined legions of the Confederacy, inflated with pride, and sneering at the base-born hinds and greasy mechanics of the Free States, the impersonation of the mailed chivalry who rode down the miserable Jacquerie of France five hundred years ago. Forgetful of its treaties of commerce and amity—oblivious even of its own apparent interests in the maintenance of due authority and subordination between government and subject—ignoring alike the usages and customs, and comity of nations—it does not find patience even to await the issue of a battle. The disruption of this great Republic—the standing reproach and menace of Royalty in all its forms—is assumed as a fact accomplished, upon this mistaken view, and the additional postulate of its statesmen, that a structure like our own, however prosperous or formidable against external violence, is without the power of self-preservation, and must inevitably perish on the first internal convulsion. It does not even stop to inquire into the special provocations, if any, for this wanton and wicked rebellion against authority and humanity. Professing to make war against the slave trade, denouncing it as piracy, and employing fleets for its suppression, it does not even revolt at the unexampled, and atrocious, and anti-christian idea of a government, boldly and shamelessly declaring its only purpose to be the perpetuation of human bondage, an organized piracy, and a systematic attack upon the rights of man. In its anxiety to aid the cause on which its own institutions are depending, it hurries with an indecent precipitancy into the recognition of a belligerency, that will enable it to serve the interest in which it dares not venture openly to draw its sword, by throwing wide its ports to the privateers of the enemy, and fitting out its own cruisers to prey upon our commerce on the seas. Its governmental press, aided by its hireling scribblers here, is prostituted to the base employment of showing the inevitable failure of our great experiment, by maligning our brave defenders, and libelling our sainted President. Its Ministers at our own Capital, prompted by the same instincts, and sympathizing openly with our enemies, and equally ignorant of the people to whom they are accredited, advise their sovereigns and are allowed to proclaim [illegible] openly without rebuke, that our career as a nation is at an end, and inwardly rejoice with them that a power declared by themselves to be too formidable for the world's peace, and too formidable to be safely met either upon the sea or upon the land, by their united strength, has perished miserably by intestine strife—the supposed inherent and unavoidable disease of the Republics of all times.

How great has been its error? How disappointed all its flattering prognostications? How utterly has all its boasted wisdom been confounded by events? How deeply does it now tremble in the presence of the great fact, which it is yet reluctant to acknowledge, that this nation, with all the sympathies of the government of the world against it, has proved its indestructibility, by a trial which no European State could have outlived? But how inexpressibly grand and sublime—what a spectacle to men and angels, has been the attitude of this people throughout the fiery trials of these four eventful years! What a theme for an epic such as Milton or Tasso might have written—the great Republic of the Western Hemisphere—the world's last champion—charged with the loftiest interests that ever were committed to the guardianship of man—belted around by enemies, open and secret, who were [illegible] its destruction—torn by intestine strife, and bleeding at every pore—without the sympathy of any one of the ruling powers of earth, and with no help, but the prayers of the faithful few, in all lands, who looked upon its star as the last hope of the oppressed—standing alone like a solitary rock in the ocean, with the tempests howling wildly around it, but flinging off the angry surges which dash and break against its sides, and bearing aloft with intrepid and unfaltering hand, amid the wild uproar of elemental war, the broad ensign of our Fathers—the pledge of freedom to universal man. If the citadels of liberty now tremble in our presence, it is not more from the dread of a resentment, which they feel to have been justly merited, than from an apprehension of the consequences of the sublime lesson of constancy, and faith, and self-sacrifice, and persevering courage, which we have given to the world, throughout a contest commenced under circumstances the most adverse, and prosecuted by the people themselves, with a more than royal munificence, as essentially *their* war, and the first in history that has been so recognized.

In no aspect of the whole case, were the eminent prudence and lofty patriotism of our great leader more strongly exemplified, than in the forbearance and moderation with which he ignored these transparent evidences of unfriendliness on the part of foreign governments, aggravated as they were by the most indecent personal attacks upon himself. Without personal resentments, and great enough to despise abuse, even if he had felt it, he knew that the success of our struggle was the best answer that could be made to those who wished us ill. He is already avenged in the only way in which his great heart would have desired it. The bloody catastrophe that hurried him from our sight, has flashed upon the European world with a suddenness that has swept down the barriers of prejudice, and extorted even from his enemies the confession, that in him a truly great man—of the pure American type—of far-reaching sagacity—of unexampled modesty and moderation—has fallen. The powers of language almost fail to convey their now exalted sense of the high-souled magnanimity with which he has forborne to respond in kind, to the many provocations that have been offered. He is pronounced by great authority in England "a king of men"—not in the Homeric sense, as used in reference to the Argive Chief—not because, like the wrathful Achilles, whose ire was fruitful of unnumbered woes, he was—

"impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,"

but because he was precisely the opposite of all these—peace-loving and placable, even to a fault. It stands admitted, that no word of his can now be found in all his foreign intercourse, to convey a menace or reproach. And thus his exalted benevolence of heart—his moderation in the hour of victory, the greatest—the entire absence of all natural exultation over a fallen foe—these, these, are confessed to be so rare, as to take him out of the roll of vulgar conquerors, and lift him high above the ordinary level of humanity. It cost him nothing, however, to forgive, or even to compassionate an enemy. He was indeed much better fitted for the office of a *mediator*, than the function of a *Judge*. It would have wrung his more than woman's heart to have been compelled even to do execution upon the guiltiest of the conspirators, as it did to put his name to the warrant that consigned the spy, or the deserter to eternity. In thus according to him the palm of magnanimity—which is only another word for *greatness of soul*, as its etymology implies—the highest eulogy has been pronounced on him that mortal lips could utter. His moderation in victory was but part and parcel of the same high attribute.

Nor is to be forgotten while making these admissions, that there were other circumstances connected with this rebellion that put this high quality to the severest proof, and rendered it impossible to indulge a sentiment so elevated and ennobling, without great peril to the general cause. Though war is, in all its aspects, even the most favorable, the direst scourge that Providence has ever permitted to afflict the earth, it has no form so hideous as the intestine strife that arrays brother against brother, and arms the father against the son in murderous conflict, and doubly intensifies by its very unnaturalness, all the brutal and atrocious passions of our fallen nature. The family quarrel is proverbial for its bitterness, while the *odium theologicum* is the stereotyped but feeble expression of the rancor which has sometimes crept into the controversies of even christian men. In the present case, however, there was a feature superadded on the one side, that lent ten-fold additional horror to the contest. The institution of human Slavery, the prolific source of all our woes, tracked into the palatial mansions of the lordly proprietors by a Nemesis which always follow upon the heels of a great wrong—as though Providence intended that Nature violated should always vindicate herself—had expelled from them every broad fraternal feeling—all that recognized the common brotherhood of humanity—and ended by unsexing the women, and making wolves and tigers of the men. All that was said of that institution, sometimes blasphemously mis-named divine, by the author of the great Declaration himself, had been already realized in the temper and condition of Southern society. To speak of these as barbarous, in the language of a learned and eloquent New England Senator, was, in the judgment of the more charitable and fastidious here, an offense against good taste and truth, that was thought by them to have deserved the felon blow that proved it to be true. The picture drawn by him was supposed by many to be greatly over charged. How inadequately he portrayed its hideous aspect, is now seen in the conduct of this devastating war, which it has forced upon the country, and under which it has buried, thank God so deep, that it can produce no future eruption, even by turning uneasily in its grave. Hell never engendered such a monster, though "woman to the waist and fair" as her who sat as Portress at its gates. There is no page of history so dark and damning as that which will record the fiendish atrocities of which it has been guilty in an age of light. The manufacture of the bones of Union soldiers, left to bleach unburied on the soil where they fell, into personal ornaments for the delicate fingers of high-toned Southern dames, or drinking cups for their chivalrous braves—the mutilation of the corpses of the sacrificed dead—the cold-blooded and systematic starvation and butchery of prisoners of war—the efforts to destroy, by wholesale, railroad trains filled with innocent women and children—the employment of hired incendiaries to swing the midnight torch over the principal cities—the invocation of the pestilential agencies of the miasma of the Southern swamps—and the diabolical, though unsuccessful attempt to infuriate our Northern towns with the deadly virus of the plague—all are but episodes in the bloody drama that culminated in the assassination of the President. The cannibal of the South Sea Islands, and the savage of the American forests, who dances around the blazing faggots, that encircle and consume his victim, have been over-matched in cold-blooded ingenuity of torture, by the refined barbarians—the Davis' and Lee's and other "honorable and christian" gentlemen, who have inspired and conducted the revolt. God will witness for the North, that with all these inhuman provocations, and with a necessity that seemed almost inevitable, of putting an end to horrors such as these, by a system of just and exemplary retaliation, it has dealt with these great criminals with a degree of forbearance that has no example, and has but too often been mistaken by them for want of spirit, and a wholesome fear of their great prowess. When they went out, they were but wayward children, and we entreated them kindly. To spare their blood, we permitted them to envelope our defenses at Sumter, without resistance, when we could have easily prevented it. To keep the peace with them, we hesitated even to victual its starving garrison. When we were smitten, we did not even smite them in return. It was only when they flung insult and defiance at our country's flag that we felt our pulses quicken, and our blood kindling into flame. But even then, we could not fully realize that they were indeed our enemies. Our camps were closed against their slaves. Their officers when captured were treated with a distinction that made them feel that they had done no wrong, and dismissed on their paroles of *honor*, although they had been guilty of a base desertion of our flag. Their men were fed and clothed, and afterwards exchanged as prisoners of war. And for much of this feeling they were indebted to the temper of the President, who held in check the impetuous ardor of the north, and incurred the risk of alienating his most steadfast friends, by a moderation so unusual in stormy times. There was no period indeed in which he would not have opened his arms to receive them back, without humiliation to themselves, and with the welcome that was accorded to the repentant and returning prodigal. His last expressions in regard to them were kind; his last measures intended to smooth the way for their return. And in recompense for all this, "with wicked hands they slew him"—their best friend—just when his heart was overflowing with mercy and forgiveness for themselves. He had not learned—because his was not a nature to believe—that no kindness could soften, or reclaim the leaders of this unholy rebellion. It was not a *crime* only, but a *blunder* the most serious on their part. Whether actuated by private malice, or stimulated by public ends, there was no time at which the blow that struck him down, could have been dealt with less advantage to their cause, and so little personal detriment to him. If he had survived, he could not, in the course of nature, have looked for many years of life, and might have lived to disappoint the expectations of his friends, in what would probably have proved the most difficult part of his task, by a policy of mercy that would have brought no peace. The suppression of the rebellion was but the first step in the process of restoration. With the odds so largely in our favor, there could not at any time have existed any rational doubt as to the result of the contest, under any rational direction. It was not so much the war, as the *peace*, which was to follow, that was dreaded by the wise. To suppress an armed rebellion was one thing: to reconstruct a government, resting not on force, but on co-operative wills, was another and a higher task. The one called only for material agents: the other demanded the ripest wisdom of the statesman. The sword was the instrument of the former; a keener, subtler, and mightier instrument was required for the latter. It is not impossible that President Lincoln, with all his great qualities, might have failed at this point. If stern rigor and exemplary justice—the confiscation of the property, or the exile or disfranchisement of the leaders of this wicked revolt, the dark assassins of our peace—if an absolute refusal to treat with those miscreants at all—were essential to the permanent restoration of peace and harmony in the land—as they are believed by many men to be—there was at least room for apprehension that the kind and gentle spirit, the broad, Catholic charity of our dead President would have unfitted him for the task. It was a remark of one of the Greeks, that no man was happy, or sure of posthumous renown, until the grave had closed upon him. Abraham Lincoln's work was done, and done successfully. He had disappointed nobody in the Free States, except the enemies who had hoped to rob *him* of the glory, and the country of the advantage of finishing up a task, which they had prematurely denounced as a failure. He is now beyond the reach of censure, or unfriendly criticism, with his record made up for history—honored and lamented as no man ever was before him; embalmed in the heart of a nation that has followed him to his tomb; doubly endeared to them by the cause in which he died—by his death as well as his life—and surrounded by a halo that has invested him with a world-wide fame. Grieve not then for him. The blow that took him from our arms was but his passport for immortality. The nation has lost a President, but Abraham Lincoln has won an imperishable crown.

The time is not now to subject the minutes to details of his administration to searching criticism. That men should differ in regard to this, or the other measure of his policy, is not unreasonable. It was his fortune, as might have been expected of a cautious man, in a revolutionary era, to find himself occasionally at variance with his friends, as well as with his enemies. If he was sometimes too conservative for the former, he was always to radical for the latter, and was sure therefore to secure the good will of neither; but he yielded slowly to the indications of public opinion, which he *followed* only, and did not *lead*, and was generally sure in the end to bring the extremes into harmony, by disappointing both, and to find the public mind prepared to approve his acts. He explored his ground with care, and having reached his conclusion at last by long and patient thought, he stood upon it with a firmness that nothing could shake. With him there was no step backward. Having once planted himself on the ground of emancipation, as a necessity of State, by a process of laborious induction, he never afterward lost sight of that object, and never faltered in the execution of his plans. Adopted only as a *means*, because the restoration of the Union was his only *end*, it became at last so far an end, that he refused even to treat for that restoration upon any other condition than the absolute extinction of slavery, to which he now stood pledged before the world. It was partly because he then occupied a stand-point that opened to him a wider and more comprehensive field of vision, and enabled him to see that the Union could really be saved upon no other terms, than those of absolute justice to the black man. The public mind had ripened with his own under the mild atmosphere of revolution. The acts of his administration are, however, to be estimated in the light of the exceeding novelty, and the great responsibilities of his position. It is no fault of his even, if a bolder policy might have resulted in earlier success. Men are always wise after the fact, but in his position, with the fate of a nation in his hands, there was no place for rash experiments, and he might well decline to take the risks, which others without responsibility themselves, might have insisted on, in opposition to the opinions of advisers, who were supposed to be better schooled in the affairs of nations than himself.

And yet few men have understood the people better than Abraham Lincoln. With no advantages of education whatever, his associations had been more with men than books. His thoughts and style of expression all bear the impress of that early school. His ideas flowed in the same channel as theirs. No man was more at home with them, or better understood the art of winning their confidence, just because they recognized the relationship, and felt that his heart pulsated in unison with their own. His mind and character were indeed the natural growth of our free institutions, and he was so eminently a representative of them, that no other country could have produced his counterpart. A higher culture would only have disguised the man by paring down the rough edges, and wearing away the individuality that so much distinguished him. Condemned to wrestle with poverty from the outset, he was indebted, no doubt, for a large share of the robust vigor of his genius to that healthy development, which results from a successful struggle with the accidents of fortune. Thus educated, he owed nothing of his success in life to the cultivated manner, or the bland and insinuating address, the ready coin of society, which the people are so often willing to accept as substitutes for learning and ability, and to which so many of our public men are indebted for their personal popularity, and their great success in the arena of politics. It would be difficult to find a man more unsymmetrically put together, or more essentially awkward and ungainly in his personal presence. It would be still more difficult to find a man so free from all pretension, so plain and simple and artless in his manner, and with so little apparent consciousness of the important part that he was enacting or the great power that he had been called upon to wield. The necessities of State ceremonial, the ordeal of a public reception, were obviously the things that he most dreaded and disliked. It was impossible for one who knew him well, to look upon him there, or in a scene like that which attended his last inauguration at the Capitol, surrounded as he was, by the Ambassadors of all the crowned heads of Christendom, glittering in the gay tinsel and the heraldic insignia of their several orders, with a thousand bright eyes directed from the galleries upon that unassuming man—himself the central figure of the group—without feeling that he was under a constraint of posture, that did violence to his nature, and was as painful as it was embarrassing. The expression of his countenance, on such occasions, was one of sadness and abstraction from the scene around him,—except when some familiar face was recognized and greeted in the throng that crowded to take him by the hand. It was only in the retirement of his own private audience-chamber that the whole man shone out, and that he could be said to be truly himself. And there, with a perfect abandon of manner, surrendering himself without constraint, to just such posture, however grotesque or inelegant, as was most agreeable to himself, feeling that the eye of the world was no longer on him, and forgetting that he was the ruler of a mighty nation, at a time of unexampled anxiety and peril, his eye and lip would light up with an expression of sweetness that was ineffable, while he interested and amused his auditor, by the ease and freedom of his conversation, and the inexhaustible fund of anecdote with which he enriched his discourse, and so aptly and strikingly illustrated the topics that he discussed. They err greatly, however, who suppose in him any undue levity of manner, or assign to him the credit of having been a habitual joker. If he told a story—and it was perhaps of his early life and experience—it either pointed a moral, or winged a thought to the mark at which it was aimed—and left it there. He was not long in divining the true characters of his visitors, and if he indulged in pleasantries, it was either to gratify their tastes, or to parry the impertinences to which he was so frequently subjected. Peculiarities so striking as those of Abraham Lincoln are always sighted out for broad caricature. A common face or character are altogether unfitted for the purpose. But like many men who have acquired a reputation for sprightliness and honor, the cast of his mind was deeply serious. With the grave and earnest who came to discourse with him on important matters of State, he was always up to the height of that great argument; and there are few men living, with his imperfect training, and so little acquaintance with books, who can express their thoughts with more clearness, or force, or propriety of speech, than himself. He talked as he wrote, and the world knows with what originality, and precision, and felicity of phrase—without a model or a master—he dealt with the many perplexing questions that were presented to him. His style was indeed *sui generis*. Everything he wrote has the marks of its paternity so strongly impressed upon it, that the authorship cannot possibly be mistaken. Nobody could imitate him: "nobody but himself could be his parallel." He had much of the genius of Swift, without any of his cynicism. Without polish or elegance, there was, however, an elevation of tone—a vein of deep faith, and of high religious trust, pervading some of his State papers, and especially, his last inaugural address, that has placed the latter, in the judgment of some of the best European scholars, far above the range of criticism.

But his crowning attribute—the one that won for him so large a place in the hearts of the people—so much more of true affection than has been ever inspired by the exploits of the successful warrior—was the large humanity that dwelt in that gentle bosom, which knew no resentments, and was ever open to the appeals of suffering. No feeling of vengeance ever found a lodgment there. No stormy passion ever stirred the quiet depths, or swept the even surface of his tranquil temperament. No wife or mother, who had begged her way to Washington to ask the pardon of an erring husband, or the discharge of a wounded or a dying son, was ever refused an audience, or ever retired from that presence without invoking Heaven's choicest blessings on the head of the good President, who could refuse nothing to a woman's tears. The wives and mothers of America have just paid back the tribute of their overflowing hearts in the floods of sorrow with which they have deluged his grave. If he had a weakness it was here, but it was such a weakness as angels might confess, and history will not care to extenuate. That his good nature was sometimes imposed upon is not improbable. For times and places such as his, a man of sterner mould is sometimes absolutely necessary. It is greatly to be doubted whether that gentle heart could ever have been persuaded to pronounce the deserved doom upon the guiltiest of the traitors. The crushing appeal of the wife and mother would have melted down his stoicism, like wax before the fire. His last Cabinet conversation, as officially reported to us was full of tenderness and charity even for the rebel General, who had abandoned our flag, and connived at the butchery of our prisoners. The word was scarcely uttered, before the gates of mercy were closed with impetuous recoil, and the gentle minister, who would have flung them wide, was removed forever, to give place to the inexorable judge. The awful form of justice now appears upon the scene, to deal with those whom mercy could not mollify, while a world does homage to the great heart that is forever at rest.

Yes! Abraham Lincoln rests. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." His work on earth is done. No couch of roses, no bed of luxurious down was that which pillowed his aching head, during the four eventful years of his public ministry. No [illegible] worn and jaded spirit panted for repose. [illegible] felt, as the clouds lifted around him, and the horizon of the future was all aglow with the splendors of the coming day, that he was about to enter on the full fruition of his long-cherished hopes of a ransomed and re-united land. He had already scaled a height from which the eye of faith might sweep the boundless panorama of a happy continent, kept in the repose of universal brotherhood—its brown forests and gold-bearing mountains bathed in the tranquil sunshine and sleeping in the quiet solitude of nature—its lakes and rivers alive with the glancing keels of an ardent and industrious commerce—its plains dimpling with golden harvests—and the tall spires of the multitudinous cities, the resorts of traffic and the homes of learning and the mechanic arts, pointing to the skies. But it was not his fate to enter into that rest which such a vision might have foreshadowed. Another and a more enduring was to receive him into its cold embrace. He dies unconscious, without warning, and without a struggle, in the very hour of his triumph—in no darkened chamber—tossed by no gondola on an uneasy couch—with no lamentations and no wail of woe—no harrowing heart-breaking farewells—to disturb his spirit in its heavenward flight—but by an unseen hand, in a moment, free from corroding cares and in the presence of the people whom he loved. With so little to fear, he could not have made a happier exodus. How marked the contrast between his own last hours, and the last of the [illegible] of the Rebel Chief, who wickedly counseled [illegible] either inspired the blow, or [illegible] the hand that reached his life—Abraham Lincoln, who never injured a human being, dying at the Capital, in the hour of his triumph, with no rancor in his heart, and nothing but charity and forgiveness for his enemies upon his lips—and Jefferson Davis, with the blood of half a million of people on his hands, flying like a thief in the night through the swamps of Georgia, and captured in the disguise of a woman, without even one manly effort at resistance. It had been better for his fame, if he had died too, even as he lived. The genius of Milton almost flags under the sublime story of the flight and fall of the apostate archangel when conquered but not dismayed, he plunged over the crystal battlements of heaven "with hideous ruin and combustion down," till confounded Chaos shook through his wild anarchy. It was reserved for the guilty leader of this most less infamous revolt, to find even a lower deep, where the dignity of the epic muse can never touch him.

Rest then, honored shade! spirit of the gentle Lincoln, rest! No stain of innocent blood is on thy hand. No widow's tear—no orphans wail shall ever trouble thy repose. No agonizing struggle between the conflicting claims of mercy and of justice, shall afflict thee more. Thou hast but gone to swell the long procession of that noble army of martyrs, who left their places vacant at the family board to perish for the faith in Southern dungeons, or to leave their bones unburied, or ridge with countless graves the soil that they have won and watered with their blood. Though lost to us, thou art not lost to memory. The benefactors of mankind live on beyond the grave. For thee death ushers in the life that will not die. Thy deeds will not die with thee, nor the cause or nation, which was aimed at in the mortal blow that laid thee low. What though no sculptured column shall arise to make thy sepulchre and proclaim to future times, the broad humanity, the true nobility of soul, the moderation in success, that, by the confession of his harshest critics, have crowned the untutored and unpretending child of the prairie, as the "King of men." What though the quiet woodland cemetery that shelters thy remains, and woos the pilgrim to the leafy shades, shall show no costly cenotaph—no offerings save those which the hand of affection plants, or that of nature sheds upon the hallowed mound that marks thy resting place. What though the muse of history, who registers thy acts, and inscribes thee high among the favored few to whom God has given the privilege of promoting the happiness of their kind, should fail to record the quiet and unobtrusive virtues that cluster round the hearth and heart, and shrink from the glare of day! There is a chronicler more faithful that will take thy story up where history may leave it. The pen of the Recording Angel will write it in the chancery of Heaven, while the lips of childhood will be taught to repeat the tragic tale, until memory shall melt into the golden light of tradition, and poesy shall claim thy story for its theme. But long ere this—even now in our own day and generation—the cotton fields and the rice swamps of the South, will be vocal with thy praise, while the voice of the emancipated white man shall swell the choral harmony that ascends from the lips of the dusky child of the tropics, as he lightens his daily toil—now sweet because no longer unrequited—by extemporizing his simple gratitude in unpremeditated lays in honor of the good President who died to make him free. The mightiest potentates of earth have labored vainly to secure a place in the memories and the regards of men, by dazzling exhibitions of their power to enslave. Both Memphian and Assyrian kings, whose very names had perished but for the researches of the learned, have sought to perpetuate their deeds and glory, in the rock tombs of the Nile, and the unburied bas-reliefs of Nineveh and Babylon, covered with long trains of sorrowing captives manacled, and bound, and dragged along to swell the victors' triumphs, or, perhaps, as votive offerings to the temples of their bestial god's. It was reserved for thee, to find a surer road to fame by no parade of conquest. No mournful train of miserable thralls either graces or degrades thy triumph—the subjugated are made free, and the hereditary bondman drops his galling chain, and feels that he is once more a man. If the genius of sculpture should seek to preserve thy name, it will present thee lifting from their abject posture, and leading by the hand, with gentle solicitation, the enfranchised millions of a subject race, and laying down their fetters as a free-will offering upon the altars of that God, who is the common Father of mankind.

SPECIAL LOCAL NOTICES.

THOMAS W. PARRY, practical Slate Roofer, and Dealer in American Slate, of various colors. Office at Alexander Laughlin's, near the Water Works, Pittsburgh, Pa. Residence, No. 73 Pike street. Orders promptly attended to. All work warranted water proof. Repairing done at the shortest notice. No charge for repairs, provided the roof is not abused after it is put on.

Reduction.—Our friend, Mr. John Weiler, No. 136 Federal street Allegheny, was in the east when the glorious news of the capture of Richmond and the surrender of the rebel General Lee was received, and taking advantage of the panic produced, and knowing the re-action that would follow, made very heavy purchases of the finest spring and summer goods at about one-half of the old prices. Some of the finest cloths, cassimeres and vestings are included in his stock, which he is prepared to make up to order, on short notice in the latest styles, and at correspondingly low rates. A choice assortment of furnishing goods and ready-made clothing will also be found at his elegant establishment. Our Allegheny friends should give him a ca[illegible]