selves, it was no longer possible for any Christian nation to take sides against us. It was the turning point of our 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 devlish passions that flamed out most fiercely during the latter period of the war. It foreshadowed 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 brooded or went backward in battle. God was on our side. The holiday generals, great on the parade—the 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 Cromweillian 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 chaffed 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 nations, 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 thro' 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 part that has 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 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—imagining no evil, and fearing none from others—is suddenly startled from its repose by the blast 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 itself, 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 [illegible] 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 prows, and the shores against which the tide of two oceans break, are belted around with those levithans of the deep, whic bear our thunders, and are destined hreafter to proclaim our power in the remotest seas. 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 archangel 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 interests of all its ancient, and hoary and moss-grown establishments—its thrones and hierarchies alike—resting on the proscription of a thousand years, and buttressed by the still older traditional idea, that man is unfit to govern himself, are stacked 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 Jacqueric 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 internal convulsion. It does not even stop to enquire into the special provocation, 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 belligerancy, that will enable it to serve the interest in which it dares not venture openly to draw its sword, by throwing wide its posts to the privateers of the enemy, and fitting out its own cruisers to prey upon our commerce on the sea. 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 sovereign, and are allowed to proclaim here 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 governments 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 for 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 men—bolted around by enemies, open and secret, who were thirsting for 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 freedo to universal man! If the enemies of liberty now tremble in our presence, it is not now tremble in our presence, it is not from the dread of resentment, more from the dread of been justly merited, than from an apprehension of the sublime lession of consequences of the and self-sacrifice, and constancy, and fait, which we have given persevering cour ughout a contest commenced unde circumstances the most adverse, and p ecuted by the people themselves, w a more than royal munificence, a sentially their war, and the story that has been so recognized.

No aspect of the whole case, were the eminent prudence and lofty patriotism of our great leader more strongly exemplified, than in the forbearance with moderation with which he ignored these transparent evidences of unfriendliness on 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 catrstrophe 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 confesssion, 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 admited, that no word of his can now be found in all his foreign intercourse, to convey a menace or reproach. And then 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 contessed 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 follows 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 telon 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 its conduct of this devastating war, which it has forced upon the country, and under which it has ourried itself, thank God! so deep, that it can produce no future eruption, ever by turning uneasily in its grave. Has never engendered such a monster, though "woman to the waist and fair" as her who sat as Portress at its gates, damning as that of history so dark and 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 of the delicate fingers of high-born Southern dames, or drinking cups for their chivalrous braves—the mutilation of the corpses of the uncoffined 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 spires of sleeping cities—the invocation of the pestilential agencies of the miasma of the Southern swamps—and the diabolical, though unsuccessful attempt to inoculate our seaboard 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 this 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 retalation, 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 forgivness for themselves. He had not learned—because his was not, a natnre 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 probaly 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 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 deamnded 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, if 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, tha 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 now beyond the reach of censure or unfriendly criticism, with his record made up for history—honored and lamented as no man was ever 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 by 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 now to subject the minute details of his administration to searching criticism. That men should differ in regard to this, or the other measures 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 too 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 that 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 torrid 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 thought 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 the 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 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 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 assuming man—himself the central figure of the groupe—without feeling that he was under a constraint of posture, that did violence to his nature, and was as painful as it was emberrassing. 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 so strikingly illustrated the topics that he discussed.—They err greatly, however, who suppose in him any undue laxity 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 singled out for broad caricature. A common face or character is altogether unfitted for the purpose. But like many men who have acquired a reputation for sprightliness and humor, the cost 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 his paternity so strong impressed upon it, that the authorship cannot be 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 have 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 the 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 revenge found a lodgment there. No stormy passion stirred the quiet depths, or swept the even surface of his tranquil temper. 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 audiance, or ever retired from that presence without invoking Heaven's choisest blessings on the head of the good President, who could refuse nothing to a women'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 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 butchary 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 molify, 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, or bed of luxurious down was that which pillowed his aching head, during the four eventful years of his public ministry. No doubt his worn and jaded spirit panted for repose. He must have 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, slept 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 abundant and industrious commerce—its plains dimpling with golden harvests—and the tall spires of its 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 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 agonies 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 of respite from corroding care—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 public life of the Rebel Chief, whose wicked counsels have either inspired the blow, or strengthened the hand that reached his life—Abraham Lincoln, who never injured a human being, dying at the capitol, 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," ill startled Chaos shook through his wild anarchy. It was reserved for the guilty leader of this not less infamous revolt, to find even a lower deep, where the dignity of the epic muse can never reach 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 unburried, or ridged 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 mark 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 prairies, as the "King of men?" What though the quiet woodland and cemetry that shelters thy remains, and woos the pilgrim to its leafy shades, shall show no costly cenetaph—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 these high among the favored few to whom God has given the privilages 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 thoy 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 mellow into the golden light of tradition; and poesy shall claim the 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 unrequitted—by extemporizing his simple grattitude 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 Asyrian 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 unburried bas-reliefs of Ninevah and Babylon, covered with long trains of sorrowing captives manacled, and bound, dragged along to swell the victors triumphs, or, perhaps, as votive offerings to the temples of their best al 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 triumpth. The subjugated are made free, and the hereditary bondsmen drops his galling chain, and feels that he is ocne more a man. If the genius or sculpture should seek to preserve thy name, it will present teeh lifting from the 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 NOTICES.

CONNOQUENESSING LODGE No. 278, I. O. of O. F. holds its stated meetings at the Hall, on Main Street, Butler Penna. every Monday evening, commencing at six o'clock. Brethren from sister Lodges are respectfully invited to attend. By order of the N. G.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the next Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, for the incorporation of the Harmony Savings Bank, with a capitel of Thirty Thousand Dollars. Said Bank to be located in the boro. of Harmony, Butler County, said State.

The Bridal Chamber.

A note of warning and advice to those suffering with Seminal Weakness, General Debility, or Premature Decay, from whatever cause produced. Read, ponder, and reflect! Be wise in time.

Sent FREE to any address, for the benefit of the afflicted. Sent by return mail. Address

JAS. S. BUTLER.
429 Broadway, New York.

Butler April 12 1865:3mo.

A GENTLEMAN cured of Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and the effects of youthful indiscretion, will be happy to furnish others with the means of cure, (*free of charge*). This remedy is simple, safe and certain.

For full particulars, by return mail, please address

JOHN B. OGDEN.
60 Nassau St., New York.

June ', 1865, 3m,

BUTLER MARKETS.

BUTLER, Pa. June 12 1865.

BUTTER—Fresh Roll, 12, cents per pound
BEANS—White, $2,00 per bushel.
BARLEY—Spring, $1,10; Fall, $1,25.
BEESWAX—35 cents ser pound.
EGGS—15 cents per dozen
FLOUR—Wheat, $5,00 to 6,00 per hund.; Rye 2,50; Buckwheat, 50 per hund.
FRUIT—Dried Apples, $2,00 to per bushel; Dried Peaches, $4,00 to 4,50.
FEATHERS—50 cents per pound.
GRAIN—Wheat, $1,50 per bushel; Rye, 70. Oats, 40c Corn $0; Buckwheat, 75c.
GROCERIES—Coffee, Rio, 40c per pound; Java, 50c Brown Sugar, 15cper pound; do. White, 25c N. O. Molasses $1,50 cents p er gallon; Syrup 1,50 and $1,75.
HIDES—7 cents per pound.
LARD—10 cents per pound.
NAILS—$9,00 per keg.
POTATOES—25 and per bushel.
PORK—14 to 15 cents per pound.
RAGS—5 cents per pound.
RICE—20 cents per pound.
SEEDS—Clover, $10,00, per bushel; Timothy $5,00 ax. $2,00.
SALT—$3,75 per barrel.
TALLOW—8 cents per pound.
WOOL—60c per pound.

DIED:

On Thursday last, J. R. H. DeWolf, son of E. G. DeWolf, five years and six months old.

Poor Jonny was spending the season at his "grand pa s" Mr. Thomas Flemming, of Concord Tp. His parents residing in Waverly, Pike Co. Ohio, were not wit their dear boy during his last illness, but although fond parents were absent Jonny was surrounded by affectionate friends who vied with each other in acts of kindness and affection. On Monday morning we received a Telegraphic dis patch from his father, inquiring whether his boy "was yet alive"—he had just learned of his severe illness. Our answer would of course envelop him in sorrow. We can only condole his parents in their great affliction. They can feel assured that what seems to be their loss is his gain.

On the first of April, 1865, Miss Matilda Layton, of Allegheny Tp., this county, aged 45 years, 9 months, and 24 days.

Her health had been delicate for years, but there was no indication that her death was at hand till a few days before it occurred. From the effects of a severe cold which she had caught, her lungs, which had been weak for a long time, gave way, and one short week brought her to the grave. She was a member of the Presbyterian church of Scrubgrass, and her trust in the hour of death, as during her life, was in the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ.

On July 3d, 1865, Mr. Mhomas J. Layton, brother of the above, aged 41 years, 8 months, and 12 days.

Mr. Layton was drafted last fall, and the hardships of army life were too much for him. He was before a diseased and broken down man, and had but few teeth, and no two of them could be made to touch each other and it was not long till he had a severe cough, and his unmasticated food brought on Dyspepsia, and he was obliged to go to the Hospital. He was a while at City Point and was removen thence to Philadelphia, and after remaining here a month or two, he thought it possible for him to stand the journey home. He obtained a discharge and reached home on the 7th of June. But, instead of his health improving when he got home, as was hoped, he grew weaker and weaker till death came to his relief. He has left a wife with the care of four small children. Doubtless the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless will provide for them. It was a great satisfaction that he got home to die. If he came home a dying man, in another sense he came home a living man, possessed of the highest kind of life, even that which is spiritual and eternal.

Whilst in the army he felt, as never before, his need of Christ, and became a soldier of the cross. After he got home he professed his faith in the Saviour, and was received as a member of the church and baptized in the name of the triune God He left us just one hour before the glorious 4th of July began. We thought of the many soldiers who have written to their friends that they would be home to spend the 4th with them; and we thought, truly our friend has gone home to spend his 4th, and there to celebrate the praises of the captain of his salvation, whose victories over the powers of darkness have been so glorious. Though he had but an hour for the journey, he would arrive before the day began. The journey of christians from this world to their final home, is no tedious or fatiguing one. There is no dark solitary way to be wearily traversed by them. Though their earthly home and their heavenly one "may be parted by a still breathless ocean, a fathomless abyss of cold, dead space, yet, swift as never light went, swift as never thought went, flies the just man's spirit across the abyss profound. One moment the sick room, the next the paradisal glory One moment the sob of parting anguish, the next the great deep swell of the angels' song." And what a glorious home is that to which we trust our friend has gone. He had longed for weary months to be at his earthly home, but here only sickness, pain and death awaited him. Now he has gone where these things never come. C.

In Cherry Tp on Saturday the 8th inst of Diptheres, Nancy Armina second daughter of Isaac and Hannah Hall, aged 14 years 2 months and 4 days.

At Nashville Tenn., on the morning of July 2 1865, John Basdin, of Co., F. 78 Regt. Penna. Vols.

MARRIED.

On June 29th, by Rev. W. A. Black, at his residence, Mr. Amos B. Jamison of Allezheny Tp., to Miss Lizzie J. daughter of Samuel Laughlin, of Marion township.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Claim Agent,

THE undersigned would respectfully notify the public that he has been regularly commissioned as

CLAIM AGENT,

for securing *Bounty Money, Arrears of Pay* and *Pensions*, for soldiers, or if they are dead, for their legal representatives. No charge will be made for prosecuting the claims of soldiers, or their representatives until the same are collected. C. E. ANDERSON.

Butler, June 27, 1865.

ESTRAYS.

CAME to the residence of the subscriber, living in Harrisville, Butler Co. Pa. on the 12th of June last, one Sorrel Mare, white strip on face, sprained in left hind leg, three white feet, and about twelve years old.

ALSO—A Bay Mare, sweneyed in both shoulders, and has had Rollers in both; and is five years old. The owner or owners are notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

WM. A. CUMMINS.

Harrisville July 12, 1865.

$5 REWARD.

STOLEN from the Drug Store of Dr. B. F. Hammilton, Butler Pa about the 28th of June, a Pocket Case of Surgical Instruments. The above reward will be given to any person returning them, with information that will lead to the detection of the thief.

Public Sale,

BY virtue of an order and decree of the Orphans Court in and for the county of Butler, the undersigned Administratrix, with the Will annexed, of Wm. Hays, late of Lancaster Tp., dec'd, will offer for sale on the premises, at one o'clock P. M., of Wednesday August 30 A. D., 1865, about twenty acres of land, more or less, situated in Lancaster Tp. county and State aforesaid, bounded and adjoining public road from Whitestown to Harmony, and by lands of Samuel Hays, widow Klinefelter and others, with the appertenances.

TERMS.—One third of the perchase money to be paid on the confirmation of sale by the Court, and the balance in two equal annual payments with interest thereon from said confirmation of sale. MRS. MARY HAYS,
July 12, 1865. Adm'x.