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THE LIBERATOR

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Brethren.

W. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

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BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1865.

WHOLE NO. 1786.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"They lay down as the law of nations. They that military authority taken, for the time, the place of all military institutions; and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that under the name of religion, so far from its being true that the States whose slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPIATION OF THE SLAVES."

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

Selections.

ADDRESS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER At the Restoration of the Stars and Stripes at Fort Sumter, April 14, 1865.

On this solemn and joyful day, we again lift to the breeze our fathers' flag, now again the banner of the United States, with the fervent prayer that the God who crowned it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children with all the blessings of civilization, liberty and religion.

port, inspire the arts of peace with genius second only to that of Athens, and we shall be glad in your gladness, and rich in your wealth. All that we ask is unswerving loyalty and universal liberty—(applause)—and that, in the name of this high sovereignty of the United States of America, we demand, and that, with the blessing of Almighty God, we will have. (Great applause.)

whose homes were unthreatened, and whose liberty was in no jeopardy. Those arrogant instigators of civil war have renewed the plagues of Egypt, not that the oppressed might go free, but that the oppressor might be oppressed. A day will come when God will reveal judgment, and arraign as his bar these mighty tyrants; and that every orphan that their bloody game has made, and every widow that sits sorrowing, and every maimed and wounded sufferer, and every bereaved heart in all the wide regions of this land will rise up, and come before the Lord to lay upon these chief culprits of modern history their awful witnessings.

generous admiration for each other's prowess. The war has bred respect and respect will breed affection. (Applause.)—No other event of the war can fill an intelligent Southern man of candid nature with more surprise than the revelation of the capacity, moral and military, of the black race. It is a revelation indeed. No people were ever less understood by those most familiar with them. They were said to be lazy, lying, impudent and cowardly wretches, driven by the whip along to the tasks needful for their own support and the functions of civilization. They were said to be dangerous, bloodthirsty, and liable to insurrection; but four years of tumultuous distress and war have rolled over the area inhabited by them, and I have yet to hear of one authentic instance of the misconduct of a colored man. They have been patient, and gentle, and docile, and full of faith and hope and piety; and when summoned to freedom they have emerged with all the signs and tokens that freedom will be to them what it was to us—the swaddling band that brings them to manhood.

have so faithfully, skillfully and gloriously upheld their country's authority by suffering, labor and sublime courage, we offer here a tribute beyond the compass of words. (Great applause.) Upon these true and faithful citizens, men and women, who have borne up with unflinching courage in the darkest hour, and covered the land with their labors of love and charity, we invoke the divinest blessing of Him whom they have so truly imitated. (Applause.) But chiefly to the God of our fathers we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous Providence that has brought forth from such a harvest of war the seed of so much liberty and peace. We invoke peace upon the North. Peace to the West. Peace be upon the South. In the name of God, we lift up our banner, and dedicate it to Peace, Renunciation and Liberty, now and forevermore, amen! (Great applause.)

issue, the right to carry slavery everywhere. But that was not all. We found that we were contending, under the system by which a Christian civilization has instigated warfare, against those who were proud to acknowledge that they knew no higher law than passion. We found, that is, that we were fighting against barbarians. The struggle is one of the struggles which must come as the world advances, now in an arena of blood, now in happier conflicts, between civilization and barbarism.

THE NATIONAL BEREAVEMENT. VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The rebellion, as it dies, wins its most signal victory. By the blow of the assassin, who profits by the unsuspicious courage of one of the most generous of men,—the rebellion takes the life of the only man in this country who could have saved the lives of its leaders.

One feature of this barbarism is slavery. But that is only one. Another feature is an oligarchy which oppresses all laboring men. But that is only one. One feature is the maintenance of ignorance. But that is only one. One feature is the setting religion outside of life,—as a piece of Sunday ornament. But that is only one. Duelling, the starvation of the poor, the oppression of minorities, the debasement of women, the imprisonment of strangers, virtual isolation from all mankind, are all separate parts of the system. But no one of them is to be spoken of as if it were the only characteristic of the system, or as if it gave to it its name. Its name is barbarism. Murder is simply one of its traits, but it is a necessary and essential trait. Through the whole rebellion, and long before the rebellion, it was seen as one of the natural features of the system. It has now found a more fittingly exalted to draw the attention of the world and of history. The census showed before the war that in Texas, in days of peace, a man's chance of being murdered was twenty-four times what it was in Massachusetts. But people do not care for statistics. It is some such tragedy as that of Friday which makes them rightly estimate the social system from which such crimes are born.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders! BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1865.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Thirty-Second Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of New York, on Tuesday, May 30th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Executive Committee urge upon all the members of the Society a prompt attendance at this meeting. The questions to come before it are of the greatest importance. Some members of the Committee propose, in view of the almost certain ratification of the Anti-Slavery Amendment of the United States Constitution, to dissolve the Society at this annual meeting; while others would postpone such dissolution until the ratification of that Amendment is officially proclaimed; and others still, advocate continuing the Society's existence until all the civil rights of the negro are secured.

Besides this, whichever of these views receives the sanction of the Society, there is the further question whether the Standard shall be continued.

On these and other accounts, our deliberations will be most interesting and important, and ought to assemble all the members and earnest friends of the Society.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President. WENDELL PHILLIPS, Secretary. C. C. BURLEIGH.

TO AND FROM CHARLESTON.

In the Liberator of April 7th, we announced to our readers that, having been invited by Hon. Edwin M. Stanton to be present at the ceremony of raising the American flag on Fort Sumter, by General Anderson, on the 14th inst., we had accepted the overture, and should accordingly be absent from our post for the next two or three weeks. The spirit which prompted that overture, and the tribute to uncompromising abolitionism which it implied, we very gratefully appreciated; and we take this occasion to express to the Honorable Secretary our heartfelt thanks for his considerate kindness, on an occasion of such historic interest and significance.

The noble steamer Arago, commanded by Capt. Gadsden, left New York for Charleston on Saturday noon, 8th inst., and arrived at Hilton Head early on Wednesday morning. It was the intention of Secretary Stanton to have taken passage in her at Fort Monroe; but the absence of President Lincoln at Richmond, and the severe injuries received by Secretary Seward in consequence of jumping from his carriage under perilous circumstances, made it necessary for him to remain at his post. The loss of his company was much regretted by the entire group of invited guests—among whom were Judge Swain, of the U. S. Supreme Court, Judge Advocate Holt, Hon. Henry Wilson, Hon. Joseph Hoize, Judge Kelley, Lieut. Gov. Anderson, (brother of the General), Ohio, Judge Kellogg, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Storrs, Theodore Tilton, Esq., and Hon. George Thompson. General Anderson, General Dix, General Townsend, General Doubleday, Commodore Rowan, and other prominent officers, were also on board.

Every thing conspired to render the trip as delightful as possible. The weather throughout was superb, the ocean in its quietest mood, (which, nevertheless, is ever a restless one), and the nights brilliant with moon and star-light. Whatever may have been the differences of view, on other subjects, among those on board thus promiscuously brought together, there were none respecting the detestable character of the rebellion, its origin and object, and the necessity and duty of exterminating slavery, root and branch. The expressions of gratification at our presence were hearty and frequent, and also that of our country's faithful friend, Mr. Thompson; and every courtesy and kindness were extended to us both. As scarcely any sea-sickness was felt, social intercourse was universal; conversation taking a wide range, but having special reference to the state of the country, and its future peace and security. Great apprehension was very generally expressed lest a mistaken leniency should be shown to the leading actors in this horrible rebellion, and concessions made in the reconstruction of the revolted States which would breed another explosion, and again endanger the stability of our government. Judge Holt was particularly strong and emphatic upon these points. There seemed to be but one feeling; and that was, that sound policy as well as abstract right demanded that the fullest justice should be meted out to the colored population of the South, whose terrible wrongs had brought this tempest of fire and blood upon the land, and upon whose loyalty and valor the chief reliance must be placed in holding the South hereafter to the performance of her constitutional duties.

On the morning of the memorable 14th, the Arago anchored off Charleston bar, and with considerable difficulty, in consequence of a heavy swell of the sea, transferred her passengers to a small steamer, which conveyed them to Fort Sumter. One hour later, and perhaps neither General Anderson nor the orator of the day, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, would have been able to reach the Fort in season to have had the programme carried out, as the wind and the waves were steadily increasing in power. Had they failed, what exultation would have been felt throughout rebeldom! The day proved to be very fine, and was ushered in by salvos of artillery. All the vessels in the harbor, including the naval fleet, put on their gayest attire, and the national ensign floated from all the principal fortifications, except Fort Sumter. The services at the Fort were in the highest degree impressive, a brief sketch of which was given in our last number. The speech of General Anderson, previous to hoisting the identical flag which, after an honorable and gallant defence in 1861, he was compelled to lower, was very brief, but uttered with deep feeling; and the address of Mr. Beecher was as happily conceived as it was eloquently expressed, and elicited the most rapturous applause from an immense assembly, thrilled by the sublimity of the scene.

To add to the joy and exultation of the occasion, the intelligence had most opportunely arrived that morning of the surrender of General Lee with his army to General Grant, thus giving assurance that the rebellion had gone down just as the "stars and stripes" were about to be unfurled on Sumter—henceforth the banner of universal emancipation! Previous to the raising of the flag, the steamer Planter, Capt. Robert Small, which it will be remembered, ran the rebel gunnle in 1862, came to the fort loaded down with between 2,000 and 3,000 of the emancipated race, of all ages and sexes. Their appearance was warmly welcomed, and their joy seemed to be unbounded. Capt. Small was subsequently introduced to many distinguished gentlemen, to whom he narrated his interesting adventure with lively satisfaction.

On the evening of that day, a handsome banquet was given at the Charleston Hotel, by General Gillmore, to the invited guests who came in the Arago; at the conclusion of which, eloquent and stirring speeches were made by Judge Holt, Judge Kelley, Hon. Joseph Hoize, Lieut. Gen. Anderson, George Thompson, Theodore Tilton, and others. The speech of the occasion was made by Judge Holt, which was one of the most forcible speeches to which we ever listened, and delivered with great energy. We shall be able to give it entire hereafter, as it has been printed in pamphlet form at Washington, and a copy of it is now before us.

The Arago sailed from Charleston harbor on the next evening, carrying home most of the number who came in her; but a few remained behind (notself

included) to join Mr. Beecher and family in an excursion to Beaufort, Savannah, St. Augustine, &c., by permission of the Secretary of War. It was at Beaufort that intelligence was received, by a telegram sent to Senator Wilson by General Gillmore from Hilton Head, respecting the awful and quite unparalleled tragedy at Washington. The sorrowful impression produced we need not attempt to portray. Suffice it to say, that all thought of going to Savannah and Florida was at once abandoned,—each one feeling that his appropriate place was to be at home, to meet whatever exigencies the hour might bring forth. Accordingly, with heavy hearts, we returned to Hilton Head, and sailed that evening in the swift and beautiful steamer Suva-Nada for New York, where we arrived on Friday morning last. In another paper we shall give further particulars.

MEETING IN TREMONT TEMPLE.

Addressed by Wendell Phillips, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D., Hon. George Thompson, and others.

The meeting in Tremont Temple, on Sunday evening, to consider the great question of our country and its perils, was attended by an immense audience, which filled the lecture-room to its utmost capacity. Soon after the doors were opened, the hall was filled, and hundreds were compelled to leave the Temple, unable to gain admittance. The meeting was called to order by Colonel Albert J. Wright, who, in the unavoidable absence of Judge Thomas Russell, was enabled to announce to the assembly that the chair had been offered by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D.

William Wells Brown was introduced as the first speaker. He interested the audience for about half an hour with a brief sketch of his eventful and really romantic life. His early life was like that of most slaves,—plantation life. He worked his way along in different positions as a slave until he was about seventeen years of age; then he attempted to escape, but did not succeed. His second attempt to escape was successful, and his relation of his preliminary arrangements for running away, and his manner of dealing with his treacherous fellow-slave "Sam," caused much merriment and applause among his listeners.

Wendell Phillips was the next speaker. He addressed the audience as follows: "These are sober days. The judgments of God have found us out. Years gone by chastised us with whips—these chastise us with scorpions. Thirty years ago, how strong our mountain stock, laughing prosperity on all its sides! None heeded the fire and gloom which slumbered below. It was nothing that a giant sin gagged our pulpits; that its mobs ruled our cities, burnt men at the stake for their opinions, and hunted them like wild beasts for humanity. It was nothing that, in the lonely quiet of the plantation, there fell on the unpledged person of the slave every torture which hellish ingenuity could devise. It was nothing that as husband and father, mother and child, the negro drained to its dregs all the bitterness which could be pressed into his cup; that, torn with whip and dogs, starved, hunted, tortured, racked, he cried: "How long! Oh Lord, how long!" In vain did a thousand witnesses crowd our highways, telling to the world the horrors of this prison-house. None stopped to consider, none believed. Trade turned away its deaf ear—the Church gazed on them with stony brow—letters passed by with mocking tongue. But what the world would not look at, God has set today in a light so ghastly bright, that it almost dazzles us blind. What the world refused to believe, God has written all over the face of the continent, with the sword's point, in the blood of our best and most beloved. We believe the agony of the slave's howl, the mother and the husband, when it takes its seat at our board. We realize the barbarism that crushed him in the sickening and brutal use of the relics of Bull Run, in the torture and starvation of Libby Prison, where idleness was mercy, and death God's best blessing; and now still more bitterly we realize it in the coward spite which strikes an unarmed man, unwarned, behind his back; in the assassin's fingers which dabble with bloody knife at the throats of old men on sick pillows. Oh, God! let this lesson be enough! Spare us any more such costly teaching!"

This deed is but the result and fair representative of the system in whose defence it was done. No matter whether it was previously approved at Richmond, or whether the assassin, if he reaches the confederates, be received with all honor, as the wretch Brooks was, and as this bloodier wretch will surely be, wherever rebels are not dumb with fear of our cannon. No matter for all this. God shows this terrible act to teach the nation, in unmistakable terms, the terrible foe with which it has to deal. But for this fiendish spirit, North and South, which holds up the rebellion, the assassin had never either wished or dared such a deed. This lurid flash only shows us how black and deep the cloud from which it sprang. And what of him in whose precious blood this momentous lesson is writ! He sleeps in the blessings of the poor, whose fetters God commissioned him to break. Give prayers and tears to the desolate widow and the fatherless, but count him blessed far above the crowd of his fellow-men (Fervent cries of "Amen!") He was permitted himself to deal the last staggering blow which sent rebellion reeling to its grave; and then, holding his darling boy by the hand, to walk the streets of its surrendered capital, while his ears drank in praise and thanksgiving which bore his name to the throne of God in every form petty and grateful could invent, and finally to seal the sure triumph of the cause he loved with his own blood. He caught the first notes of the coming jubilee, and heard his own name in every one. Who among living men may not envy him? Suppose that, when a boy, he floated on the slow current of the Mississippi, idly gazing at the slave upon his banks, some angel had lifted the curtain and shown him that in the prime of his manhood he should see this proud empire rocked to its foundation in the effort to break those chains, should himself marshal the hosts of the Almighty in the grandest and holiest war that Christendom ever knew, and deal, with half-reluctant hand, that thunderbolt of justice which would smite that foul system to the dust—then die, leaving a name immortal in the sturdy pride of one race and the undying gratitude of another—would any credulity, however sanguine, any enthusiasm, however fervid, have enabled him to believe it? Fortunate man! He has lived to do it! (Applause.) God has graciously withheld him from any fatal misstep in the great advance, and withdrawn him at the moment when his star touched its zenith, and the nation needed a sterner hand for the work God gives it to do.

No matter, now, that, unable to lead and form the nation, he was contented to be only its representative and mouthpiece; no matter that, with prejudices hanging about him, he groped his way very slowly and sometimes reluctantly forward; let us remember how patient he was of contradiction, how little obstinate in opinion, how willing, like Lord Bacon, "to light his torch at every man's candle." With the least possible personal hatred, with too little sectional bitterness, often forgetting justice in mercy, tender-hearted to any misery his own eyes saw, and in any deed which needed his actual sanction. If his sympathy had limits, recollect he was human, with his own convictions such as few politicians achieve. With all his shortcomings, we point proudly to him as the natural growth of democratic institutions. (Applause.) Coming time will put him in that galaxy of Americans which makes our history the day-star of the nations—Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Jefferson and Jay. History will add his name to the bright list, with a more loving claim on our gratitude than either of them. No one of those was called to die for his cause. For him, when the nation needed to be raised to its last grand duty, we were prepared for it by the baptism of his blood.

What shall we say as to the punishment of rebels? The air is thick with threats of vengeance. I admire

the motive which prompts these. But let us remember no cause, however infamous, was ever crushed by punishing its advocates and abettors. All history proves this. There is no class of men base and cowardly enough, no matter what their views and purpose, to make the policy of vengeance successful. In bad causes, as well as good, it is still true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." We cannot prevail against this principle of human nature. And again, with regard to the fallen rebel, it will never be a practical question whether we shall hang them. Those not now in Europe will soon be here. Indeed, after paroling the bloodiest and guiltiest of all, Robert Lee, [loud applause,] there would be little fitness in hanging any lesser wretch. The only punishment which ever crushes a cause is that which its leaders necessarily suffer in consequence of the new order of things made necessary to prevent the recurrence of their sin. It was not the blood of two peers and thirty commoners which England shed after the Rebellion of 1716, or that of five peers and twenty commoners after the rising of 1745, which crushed the House of Stuart. Though the fight had lasted only a few months, those blocks and gibbets gave Charles his only chance to recover. But the confiscated lands of his adherents, and the new political arrangement of the Highlands,—just and recognized as such, because necessary,—these quenched his star forever.

Our rebellion has lasted four years. Government has exchanged prisoners and acknowledged its belligerent rights. After that, gibbets are out of the question. A thousand men rule the rebellion,—are the rebellion. "A thousand men? We cannot hang them all. We cannot hang men in regiments. What cover the continent with gibbets! We cannot slake the 19th century with such a sight. It would sink our civilization to the level of Southern barbarism. It would forfeit our very right to supersede the Southern system, which right is based on ours being better than theirs. To make its corner-stone the gibbet would degrade us to the level of Davis and Lee. The structure of Government which bore the earthquake shock of 1861 with hardly a jar, and which now bears the assassination of its Chief Magistrate, in this crisis of civil war, with even less disturbance, needs, for its safety, no such policy of vengeance; and should use only so much severity as will fully guarantee security for the future.

Banish every one of these thousand rebel leaders—every one of them, on pain of death if they ever return! [Loud applause.] Consecrate every dollar and acre they own. [Applause.] These steps the world and their followers will see are necessary to kill the seeds of caste, dangerous State rights and secession. [Applause.] Banish Lee with the rest. [Applause.] No government should ask of the South which he has wasted or of the North, which he has murdered, such superabundant Christian patience as to tolerate in our streets the presence of a wretch whose hand upheld Libby Prison and Andersonville, and whose soul is black with sixty-four thousand deaths of prisoners by starvation and torture. What of our new President! His whole life is a pledge that he knows and hates thoroughly that caste which is the Gibraltar of secession. Caste, mailed in State rights, seized slavery as its weapon to smite down the Union. Said Jackson in 1833, "Slavery will be the next pretext for rebellion." PRETEXT! That pretext and weapon we wrench from the rebel hands the moment we pass the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution. Now kill Caste, the foe who wields it. Andy Johnson is our natural leader for this. His life has been pledged to it. He put on his spurs with this vow of knighthood. He sees that confiscation, land placed in the hands of the masses, is the means to kill this foe.

Land and the ballot are the true foundations of all governments. Trust them, wherever loyalty exists, to all those black and white, who have upheld the flag. [Applause.] Reconstruct no State without giving to every loyal man in it the ballot. I scout all limitations of knowledge, property or race. [Applause.] Universal suffrage for me. That was the Revolutionary model. Every freeman my vote is, any citizen liable to be hanged for crime is entitled to vote for rulers. The ballot insures the school.

Mr. Johnson has not yet uttered a word which shows that he sees the need of negro suffrage to guarantee the Union. The best thing he has said on this point, showing a mind open to light, is thus reported by one of the most intelligent men in the country—the Baltimore correspondent of the Boston Commonwealth:— "The Vice-President was holding forth very eloquently in front of Admiral Lee's dwelling, just in front of the War Office in Washington. He said he was willing to send every negro in the country to Africa to save the Union. Nay, he was willing to cut Africa loose from Asia, and sink the whole black race ten thousand fathoms deep to effect this object. A loud voice sang out in the crowd, 'Let the negro stay where he is, Governor, and give him the ballot, and the Union will be safe forever!' 'And I am ready to do that too!' [loud applause,] shouted the Governor with intense energy, 'whenever the noble times come for the noblest of sentiments.' I witnessed this scene, and was pleased to hear our Vice-President take this high ground; for up to this point most of the nation quickly advance, or there will be no peace, no rest, no prosperity, no blessing, for our suffering and distracted country."

The need of giving the negro a ballot is what we must press upon the President's attention. Beware the mistake which fastened McClellan upon us—running too fast to indorse a man wholly untried—determined to believe him hero and leader any rate. The President tells us that he waits to announce his policy till events call for it. A timely and statesmanlike course. Let us initiate it. Assure him in return that the government shall have our support like good citizens. But remind him that we will tell him what we think of his policy when we learn what it is. He says, "Wait—I shall punish; I shall confiscate; what more I shall do, you will know when I do it."

Let us reply: "Good! So far good! Banish the rebels. See to it also that, before you admit a single State to the Union, you oblige it to give every loyal man in it the ballot,—the ballot, which secures education,—the ballot, which begets character where it lodges responsibility,—the ballot, having which, no class need fear injustice or contempt,—the ballot, which puts the helm of the Union into the hands of those who live and have upheld it. Land—where every man's ties, based on confiscation, is the bond which ties his interest to the Union; ballot—the weapon which enables him to defend his property and the Union;—these are the motive for the white man—the negro needs no motive but his instinct and heart. Give him the ballot and the ballot—he needs them—and, while he holds them, the Union is safe."

To reconstruct now, without giving the negro the suffrage, would be a greater blunder, and, considering our better light, a greater sin than our fathers committed in 1789; and we should have no right to expect from such reconstruction any less disastrous results. This is the lesson God teaches us in the blood of Lincoln. Like Egypt, we are made to read our lesson in the blood of our first-born, and the seats of our princes left empty. We bury all false magnanimity in this fresh grave, writing over it the maxim of the coming four years—"Treason is the greatest of crimes, and not a mere difference of opinion." That is the motto of our leader to-day. That is the warning this atrocious crime sends throughout the land. Let us heed it, and send no more such costly teaching. [Loud applause.]

The chairman then introduced Rev. James Freeman Clarke, D. D. He spoke of the great calamity which had fallen upon the nation in the death of its head, and of the manner in which the sad intelligence was received by the people of America. During the last week, we had seen a greater sight than mortal eye ever looked upon before. We have seen an spontaneous outbreak of love, showing a spontaneous expression such as no despotic power on earth could

command. Had the Emperor of France or Russia ordered that the city of Paris or St. Petersburg should be draped in mourning, and authorized the police to see the order executed, nothing like what we have seen could be accomplished. Love is stronger than fear. There has not been an alley, a courtyard, a humble home of a day-laborer, a third room of a poor seamstress, which has not shown some touching proof of the great love for him whom God made the emancipator of a race and the savior of a nation. Honoring him, we have honored the virtues of the most. In him we had a man not by any means handsome—rough, uncouth; not highly cultivated, not given to much eloquence or long speeches; but he had anything to say, he said it, and it stirred seeking only to do what his heart and soul thought ought to be done. Standing by his corpse, the masses felt that to do highest honor to Abraham Lincoln will be to finish the great work he has so well begun.

In conclusion, Mr. Clarke said that he began to regret the old spirit of funkyness coming up again everywhere. The newspapers are beginning to tell us, in terms, as if that was good news to us; that General Lee has had his photograph taken in six different positions! These little things are straws, showing the tendency of things, which must be checked. Our great aim must be to make America strong and free enough to say that no man who has been in any way connected with this rebellion shall have anything to do with the reconstruction of the Union. They have committed treason, and are subject to the penalties of the laws.

Hon. George Thompson, of England, was the next speaker. He spoke in words of high eulogy of Abraham Lincoln, and said that the news of his death caused in him more genuine sorrow than that of any other public man. His language was severe in speaking of the leaders and participants in the rebellion, to whom he charged the foul murder committed on the fourth day of the present month in Washington. In the grave of Abraham Lincoln, said the speaker, are buried all the hopes for them of compromise or leniency. Mr. Thompson concluded his address with a graphic sketch of the hoisting of the American flag upon the flag staff on Fort Sumter, at which interesting ceremony he had the honor to be present.

ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

In his first public words, after taking the oath as President of the United States, Mr. Johnson referred to the past of his life as an indication of his course and policy in the future, rather than to make any formal declaration now; thereby manifesting an honorable willingness to be judged by his acts, and a consciousness that the record was one which he could not be ashamed to own. In both views of the subject, the people will honor him more, and confide in him more, than if he had undertaken, at this early day, to breach any special plan, or unfold any particular policy.

The public press has already begun to take Mr. Johnson at his word, and has reproduced several of his most notable speeches, making to the political leaders of the South first dared to bring to light their abhorred schemes of Secession, and conversion of the Republic into a great Slaveholding Empire. These speeches are such as to greatly encourage all friends of the Union, in this season of their personal affliction, and of the national distress and loss. They show that the mantle of Mr. Lincoln has fallen upon shoulders which will wear it worthily, and give the strongest ground for our belief that "the Republic will suffer no detriment" under the administration of the new President. It is consoling to remember the confidence and personal regard which, during all the dangers and difficulties of the last four years, ABRAHAM LINCOLN has steadily felt for ANDREW JOHNSON. Having made him, as comparatively early period of his administration, Military Governor of Tennessee, a place of the very greatest importance, and beset with dangers and trials, he retained him there until the election of last November transferred him to the office of Vice President; a sufficient testimony that the people also appreciated his services as of the highest order.

Foremost among the speeches of Mr. Johnson stands his address to the Tennessee Convention, which, in January last, by a nearly unanimous vote, declared Slavery in that State forever abolished. This speech was made on the 14th of January, and is very uncompromising and eloquent. "Yesterday," said he to the Convention, "you broke the tyrant's rod, and set the captive free. (Loud applause.) Yes, yesterday you sounded the death knell of negro aristocracy, and performed the fabled feat of that thing called slavery. . . . I feel that God should smile on you who have done. Oh, how it constrains me with the shrieks, and cries, and wallings which the institution of slavery has brought on the land!"

Our readers, especially, cannot have forgotten the speech which Mr. Johnson made to the colored people in Nashville in October last, as it appeared in the papers of the day. It was exceedingly touching, by reason of its tender, heartfelt compassion for all the degradation, insult and cruelty which had been heaped upon that poor and unoffending people so long. Its scorn and sarcasm were terrible as to be assigned the "master" class for their long career of lust, tyranny and crime. He hoped a Moses would arise to lead this persecuted people to their promised land of freedom. "You are our Moses," shouted first and then a great multitude of voices. "But one, and then a great multitude of voices, prepared another speaker went on: "God no doubt has designed you where an instrument for the great work he designs you to perform in behalf of this outraged people; and your due time your leader will come forth—your Moses will be revealed to you." "We no more have to say!" again shouted the crowd. "Well then," replied Mr. Johnson, "humble and unworthy as I am, if no better shall be found, I will indeed be your Moses, and lead you through the Red Sea of war and bondage to a fairer future of liberty and peace."

In connection with the extracts last given, the following remarks of President Johnson, addressed to some days since to John M. Langston and others of Ohio, a committee of the "National Equal Rights League," have a special significance and interest. Mr. Johnson said:

"Where the colored people know me best, they have confidence in me. No man can charge me with having proved false to the promises I have made to any class of people in my public life. I fear that many of the colored men do not understand and appreciate the fact that they have friends on the South side of the line; that they have, and are as faithful and staunch as any they have, and they are as full of love and sympathy for the North of the line. It may be a very easy thing to say, but it is no easy thing to do. It is to be such a class of people, but a very different thing to be such a class of people. South of it costs a man effort, property, and happiness. You may express these sentiments together with my thanks, to the people whom you represent."

And, with regard to the great and vital question of RE-CONSTRUCTION of the Union, we have strong reasons for anticipating the most favorable results from President Johnson's administration. He has not failed to express distinctly his views of the enormity of the crime of treason, and that the men who commit the crime must suffer the pains and penalties thereof. We trust that there is to be no pardon for the rebel leaders. Clemency to them is cruelty to the country, a mockery of the sufferings of our soldiers, and a breach of faith with the cause of Popular Liberty all the world over.—W.

MEMORIAL TO MRS. LINCOLN. A movement is on foot among the merchants of Boston to collect one hundred thousand dollars, to be presented to Mrs. Lincoln as a token of the respect and veneration felt by the people for the memory of their departed President.

NATIONAL FAST DAY. The President has issued a Proclamation, appointing the 25th of May next the day of Fasting and Prayer, in commemoration of the national affliction at the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln had earned the love of his countrymen to a greater degree, perhaps, than any other person who has filled the President's chair, scarcely excepting the "Father of his Country," George Washington. The universal love of his country was to be found in the grave and profound, but by the imperturbable dignity of his character, and the impressive majesty of his presence. No one could approach him, even with those deep and lively sentiments of admiration which the grandeur and uninterestedness of his career always awakened, without being impressed with a certain solemn veneration. Next to Washington, President Jackson had taken the firmest hold of the popular mind, by the magnanimity of his impulses, the justice of his sentiments, and the inflexible honesty of his purposes. But the impetuosity of Jackson, the violence with which he sometimes succumbed to his passions, made him as ardent a democrat as he was a friend. But Mr. Lincoln, who had none of Washington's elevation, and none of Jackson's energy, yet by his kindness, his integrity, his homely popular honor, and his rare native instinct of the popular will, has won as large a place in the private heart, while history will assign him no less a place in the public history of the nation.

The whole nation mourns the death of its President, but no part of it ought to mourn that death more keenly than our brothers of the South, who had more to expect from his clemency and sense of justice than from any other man who could succeed to his position. The insanity of the assassination, indeed, if it was instigated by the rebels, appears in stronger light when we reflect on the generosity and tenderness with which he was disposed to close up the war, to bury its feuds, to heal over its wounds, and to restore to all parts of the nation that good feeling which once prevailed, and which ought to prevail again. Let us pray God that those who come after him may imitate his virtues, and imitate the spirit of his goodness.—N. Y. Post.

SPEECH OF GENERAL BUTLER.

A meeting of citizens of Massachusetts in Washington was held at the rooms of the Massachusetts State Agency, on Tuesday evening last week. A series of appropriate resolutions were adopted. Gen. Butler made a speech, the following report of which we copy from the Journal:—

The partricial act of striking down the flag, the symbol of government, caused every true patriot man in the country on that day to come together, and joining hands to swear never to cease their efforts until the greatest sin, slavery, was extinguished, the authority of the Union restored, and the authors of the great wrong to the nation punished. We had gone forward through four years, spending millions of money and almost millions of lives, and had succeeded in fully eradicating the national sin, and by force of arms in sustaining the national authority, and destroying the armies of the rebellion. In our joy at our victories, and the successes of our arms, the nation had begun to be divided upon the question whether we should punish the authors of our calamity, or whether we should not receive back the authors of the rebellion, and extend to them the hand of friendship as brothers.

But the same madness of hate which impelled the rebels in 1861 to precipitate us unprepared into a war, and to unite as in its prosecution, on the 14th of April, 1865, by the murder of our beloved President, prevents us from making a too precipitate peace, and forgetting our vow that these national partricides should be punished. The shot at Sumter, and that from the assassin's pistol at Lincoln, were but the emanations of the rebellion, which were needed to unite the North and South, as one man in the full determination that slavery should be voted out—that slavery should be extinguished—and that perjury and treason should be punished. Another lesson to be drawn from the sad death of the President was that the people of the rebellious States were not yet fitted in spirit to be admitted as a portion of this Union, and that the soul of the rebellion had not been subdued, that it had not been extinguished. Yet we had begun to talk of receiving them back on equality with ourselves!

Two experiments had been made in taking back rebellious States—one in Louisiana, the other in Virginia. By the first we were warned that the people were not fit to become a part of the Government of the United States, by the attempted murder of a member of Congress for words spoken in debate by the representative of the returning State; and when President Lincoln attempted to call Virginia into her practical relations with other States, he was answered by the assassin's bullet—sped by his death under the war-cry of the motto of that State. We had begun to talk of the noble magnanimity of the rebel General. We had seen that, and his staff had been received with showers in the city of Richmond, and by a portion of the people he was set up as a soldier of honor, and a General whose example was worthy of emulation!

It was impossible to understand this—it was impossible to understand chivalric treason, magnanimous murder, and pure-minded perjury. Of all others, this was the worst. Educated at the public expense—advanced to dignity and honor in the army—marrying into the estate of Washington—his case was one of overt treason. Treason and perjury were united with ingratitude, and if such as he were pardoned and petted, then if such as he were forgiven and honored, indeed, it seemed to be the special providence of the death of the President to prevent this—to teach us that perjury, murder and treason were not the insignia of erring brothers or wayward sisters. (Applause.) We are not ready to receive such men back to take part with us, or to be of us. Another lesson this death has taught us, that if we had proceeded too soon and too fast to bring back these States, we should have perilled the passage of the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery.

This conspiracy of treason teaches us that there is a spirit in the nation that renders it necessary that we should hold these rebellious States until the rebellion is conquered, subdued and submissive to the laws, and until, by the act of the people of these States, it is made certain that by no political action can freedom to all ever be disturbed. Then, and not till then, is the country prepared to receive back the rebellious States. (Applause.) The hour calls our attention to another coincidence of time. On the 19th of April, 92 years ago, the first blood was shed of Massachusetts men in the Revolution. On the same day four years ago, the first blood of Massachusetts soldiers stained the soil of Maryland, and we marched to the defence of the Capital. On the 19th of April, the last victim of this accursed spirit of hate will be borne to his final resting-place; and as with the same promptness with which Massachusetts rallied to avenge the blood of her first martyrs, her martyrs of Lexington and Baltimore—so will her citizens go forward as one man to take just retribution upon the authors of the rebellion, and the aiders and abettors of the murder of Lincoln. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT IN RICHMOND.

The following particulars of President Lincoln's late visit to the rebel ex-Capital are by the correspondent of the Philadelphia Press:

The great event after the capture of the city was the arrival of President Lincoln in it. He came up to Rockett's wharf in one of Admiral Porter's vessels of war, and with a file of sailors for guard of honor, he walked up to Jeff. Davis's headquarters, where he was met by the President in person, as if upon the wings of an angel. "Old Abe," for it was treason in this city to give him a more respectful address, had come. Some of the negroes, feeling themselves free to act like men, shouted that the President had arrived. This name having always been applied to Jeff., the inhabitants, coupling it with the prevailing rumor that he had been captured, reported that the architect was being brought into the city. As the people pressed near, they cried, "Hang him!" "Hang him!" "Show him no quarter!" and other similar expressions, which indicated their sentiments as to what should be done with him. But when they learned that it was President Lincoln, their joy knew no bounds. By the time he reached General Weitzel's headquarters, thousands of persons had followed him to catch a sight of the Chief Magistrate of the United States. When he ascended the steps, he faced the crowd, and bowed his thanks for the prolonged exultation which was going up from that great concourse. The people seemed inspired by this acknowledgment, and with renewed vigor shouted louder and louder, until it seemed as if the echoes would reach the abode of those patriotic spirits who had died without sparing a thought for General Weitzel's safety, but only upon the pavement, and conducted him up the steps. Gen-

eral Shepley, after a good deal of trouble, got the crowd quiet, and introduced Admiral Porter, who bowed his acknowledgments for the cheering which his name was doing. The President and party entered the mansion, where they remained for half an hour, the crowd still accumulating around it, when a headquarters carriage was brought in front, drawn by four horses, and Mr. Lincoln with his youngest son, Admiral Porter, General Kautz and General Devans entered. The carriage drove through the principal streets, followed by General Weitzel and staff on horseback, and a cavalry guard. There is no describing the scene along the route. The colored population were wild with enthusiasm. Old men thanked God in a very bawdier manner, and old women shouted upon the pavement as high as they had ever done at a religious revival. But when the President passed through the Capitol yard, it was filled with people. Washington's monument and the Capitol steps were one mass of humanity, eager to catch a glimpse of him.

It should be recorded that the Malvern, Admiral Porter's flag-ship, upon which the President came; the Bat, Monticello, Frolic, and the Symbol, the three torpedo boats which led the advance, and exploded those infernal machines, were the first vessels to arrive in Richmond.

Every one declares that Richmond never before presented such a spectacle of jubilee. It must be confessed that those who participated in this informal reception of the President were mainly negroes. There were many whites in the crowd, but they were lost in the great concourse of American citizens of African descent. Those who lived in the finest houses either stood motionless upon their steps or merely peeped through the window blinds, with a very few exceptions. The secess inhabitants still have some hope for their trembling cause.

I visited yesterday (Tuesday) several of the slave jails, where men, women and children were confined, or herded, for the examination of purchasers. The jailors were in all cases slaves, and had been left in undisputed possession of the building. The owners, as soon as they were aware that we were coming, opened wide the doors, and told the inmates they were free. The poor souls could not realize it until they saw the Union Army. Even then they thought it must be a pleasant dream, but when they saw Abraham Lincoln, they were satisfied that their freedom was perpetual.—I know that I am free, for I have seen Father Abraham and felt him. When the President returned to the flag-ship of Admiral Porter, in the evening, he was taken from the wharf in a cutter. Just as he pushed off, amid the cheering of the crowd, another good old colored female shouted, "Don't drow Massa Abe, for God's sake!"

[Correspondence of the Boston Journal.]

I was standing upon the bank of the river, viewing the scene of desolation, when a boat, pulled by twelve sailors, came up stream. It contained President Lincoln and his son, Admiral Porter, Capt. Penrose of the army, Capt. A. H. Adams of the navy, Lieut. W. W. Clements of the signal corps. Somehow the negroes on the bank of the river ascertained that the tall man wearing the black hat was President Lincoln. There was a sudden shout. An officer who had just picked up fifty negroes to do work on the lock found himself alone. They left work, and crowded round the President. As he approached, I said to a colored woman: "There is the man who made you free." "What, massa?" "That is President Lincoln." "Dat President Linkum?" "Yes."

She gazed at him a moment, clapped her hands, and jumped straight up and down, shouting "Glory, glory, glory!" till her voice was lost in a universal cheer. There was no carriage near; so the President, leading his son, walked three quarters of a mile up to Gen. Weitzel's headquarters. Jeff. Davis's mansion. What a spectacle it was! Such a hurly-burly, such wild, indescribable, ecstatic joy I never witnessed. A colored man acted as guide. Six sailors, wearing their round blue caps and short jackets and baggy pants, with navy carbines, were the advance guard. Then came the President and Admiral Porter, flanked by the officers accompanying him, and the correspondent of the Journal, then six more sailors with carbines—twenty of us all—amid a surging mass of men, women and children, black, white and yellow, running, shouting, dancing, waving their caps, bonnets and handkerchiefs. The soldiers saw him and swelled the crowd, cheering in wild enthusiasm. All could see him, he was so tall—so conspicuous.

One colored woman standing in a doorway, as the President passed along the sidewalk, shouted: "Thank you, dear Jesus, for this! Thank you, Jesus!" Another standing by her side was clapping her hands, and shouting: "Bless de Lord!" A colored woman snatched her bonnet from her head, whirled it in the air, screaming with all her might, "God bless you, massa Linkum!" A few white women, looking out from the houses waved their handkerchiefs. One lady in a large and elegant building looked awhile, and turned away her head, as if it was a disgusting sight.

President Lincoln walked in silence, acknowledging the salutes of officers and soldiers, and of the citizens, black and white. It was the great deliverer among the people. It was the great deliverer, meeting the delivered. Yesterday morning, the majority of the thousands who crowded the streets and hindered our advance were slaves. Now they were free, and beholding him who had given them their liberty.

THE LATE JUDGE GALE OF MONTREAL.

The friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and of the cause it represents, have become acquainted during recent years with the name of this venerable gentleman, as one who took a very lively interest in all our efforts to suppress the Slaveholders' Rebellion...

The Hon. SAMUEL GALE died in Montreal, Canada, April 16th, 1865, in the 82d year of his age. His father was an English gentleman of the same name, who came to this country in 1770 in the service of the British Government...

In a note to us respecting the decease of Judge Gale, Mrs. Child says—

As a lawyer and judge, he was highly respected for his intellectual ability, legal learning, and perfect integrity. All who knew him honored him as a steady, true, straightforward and upright man.

When the famous Anderson case was before the upper courts in Canada, the infirmities of age did not prevent Judge Gale from exerting himself zealously in behalf of the fugitive slave. He was liberal, but not ostentatious in his charities, and many are the persons and institutions who have reason to bless his memory.

It appears that a Committee of the Common Council, in the City of New York, had voted to exclude colored people from the funeral procession accompanying the body of President Lincoln through the city on Tuesday last.

Mrs. EDMONIA LEWIS has just completed a translation of the works of President Lincoln. We have no doubt that she has met with a marked success.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK. NO. XXXII.

New York, April 20, 1865.

The Greek tragedians would have found, in the national event of last week, which precludes thought of any other, the amplest material for their most awful dramas. Neither the mighty among men, nor the immortal gods would have been wanting; for a ruler of rulers has been struck down amid the attestations of Divine Interposition.

Does any one inquire for the deus ex machina? Consider again the circumstances. Was the assassin's motive revenge? He had it not, for himself or for the South. Personally, he was without excuse for vindictiveness, having experienced no wrong from the President.

If the hand of Providence is not visible in all this—in the defeat of the aims of assassination, and in the unparalleled strengthening of the popular will to exterminate the cause and the contrivers of rebellion—then we may look in vain through history for the existence of a God.

I cannot refrain from concluding this letter with a fact of which I am cognizant, as it affords the most striking contrast I can imagine to the damnable malignity which the subjugated South has just displayed.

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fighting against him! I say let the world judge what slavery does for master and slave respectively, and let this picture of Christian forgiveness against that Devil's chief course of the 14th April.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S DAGGER HAS REACHED THE NATION'S HEART.

DEAR GARRISON—The assassination of President Lincoln is accomplished. Slaveholders and their allies have done the deed. Slavery, that instigated the rebellion, that began and for four years has carried on this civil war, has done it.

At length, the assassin that struck down Lincoln in Alton, Sumner in the Senate, and five hundred thousand other defenders and friends of freedom, has pierced the heart of President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and his son!

Why should we disband before the work to which we pledged ourselves is accomplished? The Declaration of Sentiments, the Declaration of Sentiments Convention which formed our Society and framed our Constitution, proclaims:

"We further believe and affirm—that all persons of color who possess the qualifications which are demanded of others, ought to be admitted forthwith to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and the exercise of the same prerogatives, as an equal part of our political rights, and of intelligence, should be opened as widely to them as to persons of a white complexion."

Now, to feel that he is immolated on the altar of that practical power that has cost their country so much blood and treasure, is more than they can bear. Lincoln would not think his life itself of more value than that of any of our sons and brothers that the dagger of the same assassin (slavery) has stricken down.

He was the people's President. No head of any nation ever got nearer to the hearts of the people. The very elements of his nature, which many in this and in foreign lands deemed so undignified in a President, and which all that is slaveholding, murderous and unprincipled in the nation has tried to turn against him, have only made him nearer and dearer to the great popular heart.

As for the Standard, I hope and trust it will be continued; and, freed from that blind partnership which has robbed it of its moral grandeur, it will be a greater blessing and, considering our better light, a greater sin than our fathers committed in 1789 in their compromise with slavery, and we should have no right to expect from it less disastrous results.

God save the people from the spirit of revenge! God save the loyal masses from retaliation! From "blood for blood!" from "evil for evil!" Alas, from

that new high sentimentalism, that most unwise, most thoughtless and hurtful sympathy with the conquered rebels and slaveholders which shall make earth's most colossal criminals feel that, in involving the nation in the horrors of war to enslave its laborers, they have done no wrong!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for May, offers the following variety—1. With the Birds. 2. Gold Egg—A Dream-Fantasy. 3. Out of the Sea. 4. My Student Life at Howly. 5. The Grave by the Lake. 6. Ice and Equinox—V. 7. Notes of a Pianist—III. 8. Diplomacy of the Revolution. 9. Our Battle-Laureate. 10. Doctor Johns—IV. 11. The Chimney Corner—V. 12. Needle and Garden—V. 13. Castles. 14. Fair Play the Best Policy. 15. Reviews and Literary Notices. 16. Recent American Publications.

Ticknor & Field, Publisher, Boston.

A CARD. To the Members of the American Anti-Slavery Society: I read with profound regret the leading editorial in the Anti-Slavery Standard of April 8th; an evident plea for the disbanding of our Society.

Our Constitution itself has the following article to elaborate the character and condition of the people of color, by encouraging their intellectual, moral, and religious improvement, and by removing public prejudices, that thus they may, according to their intelligence, and the laws of the North, and the rights of the whites of civil and religious privileges; but this Society will never, in any way, countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON IN CHARLESTON. The Charleston correspondence of the New York Tribune has the following paragraphs: On Saturday, the 15th inst., General Saxton called a large meeting of the colored and white people of Charleston.

As Mr. Garrison went upon the platform, he was accompanied by a brief address, which surprised and astonished every Northerner who heard it. For several minutes he addressed the audience, and he was excelled by any graduate of Harvard. Of such material have the chivalry made slaves—a man whom Judge Kelly of Philadelphia duly ranked in original ability as a compeer of Calhoun.

General Saxton then introduced Senator Wilson, who said this was the proudest day of his life. He accused the President of the United States of being a slaveholder, and declared that he would never again be a slave.

MR. PHILLIPS AND THE STANDARD. We print to-day a Letter from Mr. Phillips, occasioned by the leading article, on the approaching Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the Standard of the 8th inst.

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we think that the cause of the Negro has far transcended the limits and the functions of any voluntary association. It is the Nation's work, and the Nation acknowledges it to be so. It is the recognized business of the Cabinet, of Congress, of the general body of parties, of the Church, of the great body of the people.

Mr. Phillips says, "The Editors of the Standard suggest to the members that they may retire into the ranks of the Freedmen's Associations." It is not so much a suggestion. The only allusion made to those associations was in the statement that we should decline acting with the American Anti-Slavery Society, if it should decide to act as one, after Slavery had been abolished.

WAR DEPARTMENT. WASHINGTON, Monday April 24, 1865. This Department has information that the President's murder was organized in Canada, and approved at Richmond.

ANDREW ATZEROTH. The Philadelphia Inquirer gives a long account of the arrest and subsequent examination and identification of Atzeroth, the supposed assassin of Seward, from which the following, referring to the operations of the arresting officer, is an extract:

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Among the official documents found in the rebel capital on the entry of our troops into Richmond, was a bill offered in secret session of the House of Representatives, January 30, 1865, establishing a Bureau of Freedmen, for the employment of secret agents, "either in the Confederate States or within the enemy's lines, or in any foreign country."

Can it be possible that robbery, arson, assassination and murder were the "new means of warfare" which were then approved by the rebel Congress, and all of which have since been used in the rebel cause? It behoves the rebel readers to remember that the agents, as they would will believe that they were committed with their knowledge and approval.

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MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. Receipts into the Treasury for April 1, 1865. George W. Stacy, Milford, to redeem pledge, \$1 00. Mrs. M. M. Brewster, Groton, 1 50. Mrs. M. M. Brewster, Groton, 1 50. Rev. F. Frothingham, Braintree, 20 00. Bourne Spooner, Plymouth, 1 50. Mrs. Mary May, Boston, to redeem pledge, 50 00. Boston, April 2, 1865. E. D. DRAPER, Treasurer.

Poetry.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

With a slight alteration in the text, says the Tribune, Tennyson's great Ode gives grand expression to the event:

Bury the President
With a people's lamentation,
Let us bury the President
To the notes of the morning of a mighty Nation,

Selections.

REMEMBRANCES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM "THE FIELD, THE FOREST, AND THE SHORE," BY ALBERT B. RICHMOND.

On the day of Mr. Lincoln's first inauguration, I was travelling in a crowded railway car in Mississippi and Louisiana. While the train was stopping, and conversation could be heard through the carriage, some one alluded to the event. Another passenger replied: "I hope to God he will be killed before he has time to take the oath."

probably for the information of the military authorities, and his absorbing love of country.

Knox's letter had treated the generalship of the battle very tenderly, and after the proceeding immediately forwarded a second account which expressed his views on the subject in very plain English. Its return in print caused great excitement at headquarters. Knox was arrested, and tried before a military tribunal on these charges:

- I. Giving information to the enemy.
II. Being a spy.
III. Violating the 5th Article of War, which forbids the writing of letters for publication from the United States Army, without submitting them to the commanding General for approval.

The court martial sat for seven days. It acquitted Knox on the first and second charges. After some hesitation between sentencing him to receive a written censure or to leave Grant's department, the latter was decided upon, and he was banished from the army lines.

gentle eyes, his childlike ingenuousness, his utter integrity, and his absorbing love of country.

Ignorance of etiquette and conventionalities, without the grace of form or of manner, his great reluctance to give pain, his beautiful regard for the feelings of others, made him

"Worthy to bear without reproach
The grand old name of Gentleman."
Strong without symmetry, humorous without levity, religious without cant—tender, merciful, forgiving, a profound believer in Divine love, an earnest worker for human brotherhood—Abraham Lincoln was perhaps the best contribution which America has made to History.

AN OCTOGONARIAN ANNIVERSARY. THE BIRTHDAY OF JOHN PIERPONT.

(From the Washington Chronicle of April 7th.)

There are scenes and seasons in reprobital life to which few pens can do justice; and on such occasions we are prone to wish that all our readers might enjoy with us the experiences, recollections of which will lighten our most joyous hours, and all relieve the saddest moments of our life.

THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT, D.D.

DEAR SIR: On this day I may venture the guess that you will find yourself remembered by many, to congratulate you on the completion of your four-score years. You will receive their thanks for your contributions to American poetry, to practical science, and for your stout words and brave deeds in favor of freedom and of moral reforms.

RAYLAND, April 6, 1865.
DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND PIERPONT: Eighty years old to-day! And so large a portion of those many years spent in cheering and sustaining the souls of your fellow-men, and guiding them onward in the truth! God bless you!

THE BIRTHDAY OF JOHN PIERPONT.

There are scenes and seasons in reprobital life to which few pens can do justice; and on such occasions we are prone to wish that all our readers might enjoy with us the experiences, recollections of which will lighten our most joyous hours, and all relieve the saddest moments of our life.

Yet, be our Pierpont's voice and pen Long potent with the song of men; And late his summons to be more Where he shall meet his youth once more.

To John Pierpont: Health to thee, Pierpont, tried and honest, In Freedom's fight among the foremost, Who still as Freedom's minstrel crownest Her humble lays, And like some hoary harp-tuned Thy hymns of praise!

AMESBURY, 8d mo, 1865. JOHN G. WATTELL.
BOSTON, April 4, 1865.
DEAR AND VENERATED SIR: If I do not err in the date, you will complete eighty years of your earthly pilgrimage on Thursday next, 5th inst.

DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND PIERPONT: I cannot refrain from sending you my congratulations on your approaching birthday.

DEAR AND VENERATED SIR: If I do not err in the date, you will complete eighty years of your earthly pilgrimage on Thursday next, 5th inst. Allow me, therefore, the very great pleasure to congratulate you on the anniversary of your birth.

CHARLESTON AND FORT SUMTER.

ON APRIL 14, 1861, AND 1865.

O, raise a shout, a shout of exaltation!
Shout, loyal hearts, to shores to shore!
The Lord has tried, the Lord has purged this nation,
And Treason's stronghold is no more.

THE DOG AND THE COOPERHEAD.

BY DAVID MARKER.

One day last week, as the railroad train,
Just east of Elm-bog,
Was thundering along through the State of Maine,
It came to a jolting dog.

REMEMBRANCES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM "THE FIELD, THE FOREST, AND THE SHORE," BY ALBERT B. RICHMOND.

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