tremendous outburst of wrath?

The wing of the Death Angel broods over the Capite, and his shadow falls upon all the land. There is consternation in the public place, and the drab drab of the inquisitors is a shadow that is something more than sorrow. Our banners droop low and the cities are clothed in the habiliments of woe. Yet as we gaze upon the scene before us, we feel as though in sympathy with the Nation at bereavement.

For a nameless evil has been consigned to the flames, and the shriek has been stricken down in the person of their Chief Magistrate, and the Nation, humbled to the dust by an assassin hand, sits weeping in a sense of irreparable loss. It was as if a wind were mastered to shoot tears, wander about with heads bowed low and sorrowing like children away from home. A mighty wave of an electric shock, paralyzing the public mind with speechless horror—but for one moment only.

The lidl leaves are thrown aside and the full flood of treason stands forth, revealed in all its hideous depravity, its devilish propensities—seen to be a princi-

ple of unrighteousness toward its creators, who

is no man can forever be the absolved, for there is a spirit abroad that little broods restraint, vengeance. Instead, it is a spirit which cries out for retribution. Should it be sought in the form of a bloody revenge, a deluge of fire, and God have mercy on any stand in its course, for there must be none of hearts of men. God help them, if such vengeance is likely for revenge, the ini-

mate is to be feared for the sufferings of the guilty. We regard this as the most certain and absolute method of punishing. There was one such cause to make indelible, the public mind. The whole system of society, the whole perjury, and it will surely be a grand crowning triumph, if we can raise our-

ourselves out of the impasse. Alas! this feeling must have longer duration, until such time as we are enabled to comprehend the awful tragedy. It will fall with all who have been found guilty, and if we are to be vengeful, that is our fitness in the time of trial, for the fury of pub-

lic indignation will, as a matter of course, be able to be obviated. We fear the worst.

“See, aegyptiaca.”

Never were words more fittingly applied to this great Apostle of Freedom, than to Abraham Lincoln, who stood as the middle between them and death. Between treason an outraged nation, and the vengeance of the righteous anger—whom strike his hand in the pages of history, and say, “who is this man, and what is his story? He has been buckled with the bonds of history into the limbo!” Is it not clear that the sin is deep-seated?—or, that there was a sin of a kind, which may be this

The Mower of May, the poet who has written:

has it ever been discovered that it is very

and has taken the first step towards with quizzing hatred into the limbo?

As Charles died to make liberty, he has died to make them free.