

[From the New York Post.]

Elihu Burritt on Abraham Lincoln.

Elihu Burritt now in England, has just published a characteristic treatise on "The Mission of Great Sufferings," which is represented in English papers as a work of singular interest. One says: "It discourses of suffering, its mission and its power, with wonderful profundity, intelligence and pathos." In the last chapter, Mr. Burritt comes naturally to the tragic events of the present day, among which an appropriate place is given to

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LINCOLN.

"We now come to another event which moved powerfully the whole of Christendom, and produced an effect upon the foremost nations which no occurrence of that or other order has ever accomplished. It was an event that came in a moment with no premonition. It was the sudden extinction of one human life except its light. There was an honest hearted man who came up out of the commonest walks of the people, and was raised to the Presidential chair of the American republic to represent and execute its will. The lifting up of that man to fill this high place split the nation in sunder. The chasm was dark and wide. The struggle to close it on one side and widen it on the other was long and terrible. Half a million of precious lives were thrown into the breach, and it ran red and deep with the best blood of the severed nation. The tall, gaunt man of furrowed face and plaintive eyes, who stood in his place with steady faith and purpose, being in the stature of his elevation what Saul was to the Israelites "from his shoulders upwards," was from beginning to end the butt of satire and denunciation, much at home and more abroad. In a certain sense the people of the North might have said, He bore the iniquities of us all.— For all who hated the Union cause, hit him and bruised his spirit with their hard and cruel sayings.

"In addition to all this burden of reproach piled upon his shoulders, because they were higher than the people's whose he was and whom he served, his personal antecedents and associations were thrown in his face in all the epithets that ridicule could invent. Foreign satirists lampooned him with their witticisms and caricatured him with their pencils. Friends fell away and foes fell on him, as the sanguinary conflict went on from year to year. The furrows of his face deepened; the fallow ridges of his brow showed the mole walks of care were ploughing night and day his inner soul. But as those sad, deep and solemn eyes withdrew further inward, they beamed with the old steady light of faith and hope. And according to his faith was it given to see that for which his spirit prayed with longing most intense. He saw the long and bloody struggle concluded. He saw the wide rent in the nation closing. With a foot on either side, he stretched out his long, gaunt arms and essayed to press the two sections, like estranged sisters, to his broad and tender breast.

"His was a great life, but his death was greater still—the greatest, perhaps, that had moved the world for a thousand years. When he stood with his tender arms around the North and South, holding them to his heart that both might soften theirs at its spirit, his life's work was done. Then began the sublime mission of his death. While those sunken eyes were shining with the gladness of his soul at the glimpse given him, as to Moses on Pisgah's top, of the Canaan side of his country's future, in a moment their light was quenched for ever on earth. An assassin pierced his brain as with a bolt of lightning; and he fell, and great was the fall of that single man.— With him fell a million enemies of his cause and country at home and abroad. If the last act of his life was to close a rift in a continent, the first act of his death was to close the chasm between two hemispheres. Never before was England brought so near to his country. In the great overflow of her sympathy the mother country was flooded and tided towards her first born daughter weeping at the bier of the great departed; and she bent over the mourner with words of tender condolence. Blood is thicker than water and the latent instincts of nature came forth in generous speech and sentiment towards a sorrowing nation. In that overflow of fellow feeling, the sympathy with the South and its unrighteous cause was drowned, or burnt up by a spirit of indignation at the taking off, which seemed to consume at a breath the animus that had sided with secession. There was light as well as heat in that fire; and in the light thousands of southern sympathizers saw in a different aspect the cause they had supported."

In Elizabeth, N. J., the single men are assessed one dollar more poll tax than the married men. They pay it cheerfully. The tax on luxuries.