April 3.

When the news of the downfall of the rebel capital reached Mr. Lincoln on board the Malvern, he exclaimed fervently: "Thank God that I have lived to see this! It seems to me I have been dreaming a horrid dream for four years, and now the nightmare is gone. I want to see Richmond."

"There was a small house on this landing," continues Admiral Potter," and behind it were some twelve negros digging with spades. The leader of them was an old man sixty years of age. He raised himself in an upright position as we landed, and put his hands up to his eyes. Then he dropped his spade and sprang forward. 'Bress de Lord,' he said, "dere is de great Messiah! I knowed him as soon as I seed him. He's bin in my heart fo' long years, and he's cum at last to free his chillun from dar bondage! Glory, Hallelujah! and he fell upon his knees before the President and kissed his feet. The others followed his example, and in a minute Mr. Lincoln was surrounded by these people, who had treasured up the recollection of him caught from a photograph, and had looked up to him for four years as the one who was to lead them out of captivity. It was a touching sight- that aged negro kneeling at the feet of the tall, gaunt looking man who seemedin himself to be bearing all the grief of the nation, and whose sad face seemed to say, 'I suffer for you all, but will do all I can to help you.' Mr. Lincoln looked down on the poor creatures at his feet; he was much embarrassed at his position. 'Don't kneel to me,' he said; 'that is not right. You must kneel to God only, and thank him for the liberty you will hereafter enjoy I am but God's humble instrument; but you may rest assured that as long as I live no one shall put a shackle on your limbs, and you shall have all the rights which God has given to every other free citizen of this Republic. ' It was a minute or two before I could get the negros to rise and leave the President.

From "Works of Chas. Sumner. Vol.IX.page 407.

Only on the Sunday preceding, as he was coming from the front on board the steamer, with a beautiful quarto Shakespeare in his hands, he read aloud the well-remembered words of his favorite "Macbeth:-"

"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst;nor steel,nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy , nothing,
Can touch him further."

Impressed by their beauty or by some presentiment unuttered, he read them aloud a second time. As the friends about listened to his reading, they little thought how in a few days what was said of the murdered Duncan would be said of him. "Nothing can touch him further."

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Works of Chas.Sumner, VolIX.page 416.

He was never harsh, even in speaking of Jefferson Davis; and only a few days before his end, when one who was privileged to address him in that way said, "Do not allow him to escape the law; he must be hanged," the President replied calmly, in the words so beautifully adopted in his last Inaugural Address, "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" and when pressed again by the remark that the sight of Libby Prison made it impossible to pardon him, the President repeated twice over the same words.