

A Letter From Beverley Tucker.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: My attention has been called to the following paragraph in THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE of the 22d ultimo, taken from its Washington "Occasional Correspondent:"

"One of President Lincoln's last official acts, was a deed of mercy toward his enemies. He expressly stated that he meant to give the leading Confederates an opportunity to leave the country. This telegram from Portland, Me., came to Washington:

"Beverley Tucker and Jacob Thompson will be here to-morrow in disguise, to leave on the steamer for Europe. What shall we do?"

"Mr. Lincoln directed the authorities to let them go. A few hours later, he fell by the assassin's bullet, and beside his death-bed a member of his cabinet countermanded that order. Fortunately for their own lives, Thompson and Tucker did not come into the United States after the conspirators had murdered the only man who could have saved them from their doom."

Permit me to say, sir, in reply to this, that it has rarely been my fortune to see so much misrepresentation contained in so few lines.

In the first place, I have never had the slightest political or other connection with Mr. Thompson in Canada, though I am sure he is as free from this charge as I claim to be myself. My mission here from the Confederate States is one entirely free, even were it fully known, from any objectionable feature to either the United States or Colonial Governments. Its entire success would have involved no necessity for the slightest impingement of the neutrality laws of Her Majesty's Government on the one hand, nor even the concealment of its objects from the Government of the United States on the other. So far from it, the late President was himself advised of the nature of the business which brought me hither. Both he and his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, were satisfied that it had no connection with military raids or other hostile expeditions into the States.

I cannot, therefore, even as a "leading Confederate"—most graciously allowed the privilege of exile—permit myself to be held up before the world as a fit subject of President Lincoln's mercy or condemnation. Certain it is, I have neither sought the one nor feared the other. Educated in a political school, whose principles taught me that my first allegiance was due to my native State, I freely gave all that I had and loved to what I conscientiously believed to be her righteous cause—feeling, as I shall ever feel, that her people are my people, and her God my God. For this I claim no praise, and willingly submit to no censure.

Secondly: I would inform the wisacres of Portland, that I have had no intention of going to Europe; and if I had, I certainly never have dreamed of debarking at any port in that section of the United States known as New-England, where valor, for the most part, resides in mobs, and the patriotism of whose people oozes out without regard to color, in "substitutes." Oh, no; I never intended to go there. If I conclude to sail, look out for me in New-York, where the manly spirit of free-men rises above the meaner passions of our race. The fact is, the charge that I was to go to Portland in disguise is one of the many preposterous fabrications that are unceasingly emanating from the brain of that vulgar class of cowardly foreign detectives with which this gracious asylum of the oppressed, in obedience to the stern demands for an obsequious neutrality, is permitted to be infested. But let them pass, poor creatures, they are more "sinned against than sinning," and unhappily must eat, albeit at the expense of false inventions, and no matter whose character be stigmatized so it be a "Rebel's."

But if this gratuitous assault upon me had had only this extent, I should not have troubled you with this reply. But there is contained in the last paragraph a latent, but not the less offensive, innuendo, that I was either a party to, or cognizant of the terrible tragedy that has thrown your country into such grief and widespread lamentation. This charge I *repel with unaffected indignation and scorn, come from whatsoever source it may*; and I feel that I do not rely in vain upon you, when I ask a place in your columns for its refutation. I have not forgotten you, Sir, as the fearless and humane pioneer of Peace, not intended to be degrading to the South, and I will not believe you will withhold this privilege from me, public enemies as we yet are.

I shall not humiliate myself by a further denial than is conveyed by the resentment I have just expressed at the mere suggestion of my complicity in a deed from which every sentiment of my moral nature revolts, but will simply conclude with a statement of what I presume has given rise to the use of my name in this connection. On Thursday evening, the 13th ult., there appeared in the evening papers a telegraphic report of an order of Major-Gen. Weitzel, then in command at Richmond, consenting to the convocation of the General Assembly of Virginia at Richmond, and an invitation to prominent and other citizens of the State for the purpose of conferring as to the most eligible means of restoring peace, and generously proffering safe conduct to and from the city to all who desired to answer the call in person. Feeling, naturally, the deepest interest in a movement affecting the future of my fellow-citizens of Virginia, and wishing to contribute my humble influence to the promotion of so laudable an end, I at once telegraphed Mr. Secretary Seward substantially as follows:

"MONTREAL, April 13, 1865.

"To the Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, &c., &c., Washington, D. C.

"I perceive by the afternoon papers, a call for the assembling of the members of the Virginia Legislature, and other citizens in Richmond, and I have the honor to request permission to proceed thither for the purpose of uniting with my fellow-citizens in the general conference, under, and subject to the conditions set forth in General Weitzel's order. Please answer.

"BEVERLEY TUCKER."

The next day was Good Friday, and as this is strictly observed as a sacred holiday in all her Majesty's dominions, the telegraphic offices were closed, and I expected no reply until Saturday. Upon opening the morning journal, on that day, I found the telegraphic report of the assassination of the President, and the attempt upon the lives of Secretary Seward and his son. Surely no one in this community was more shocked or stunned by this announcement than myself. Of course, I received no answer to my dispatch. It is perhaps fortunate that I did not receive the consent of the Secretary of State to go on, for in this case I should have arrived in Washington the day succeeding the tragic occurrence, and I, as your correspondent rather coolly suggests, should most probably have paid the penalty with my life, by mob violence, for having entered the United States, even upon the permit of the authorities at Washington.

Such, sir, is my reply to the paragraph of your "Occasional Correspondent," which I am sure your characteristic sense of justice will impel you to insert even in behalf of a political and public enemy. I am very respectfully, &c., your obedient servant,

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

Montreal, Canada East, April 25, 1865.

THE GREAT PLOT.

Beverley Tucker Indignant—Saunders in Montreal.

MONTREAL, Thursday, April 4, 1865.

Beverley Tucker publishes a letter in which he says that whoever asserts that he had anything to do with the assassination, or any knowledge of the plot to capture President Lincoln or Mr. Seward, "blackened his soul with diabolical perjury." He had never heard of Booth, or any of the others arrested, before the assassination. He is informed that Booth left here on the 27th of October, after nine days' residence; that the officers of the Ontario Bank state that Booth purchased the bill on England for £61, and at the same time deposited \$355, which remains to Booth's credit. Booth stated that he was to run the blockade.

Tucker was not here when Booth was. He has sent for a copy of the evidence to disprove it. Saunders is still residing here.