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IN MEMORIAM.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Funeral Observances

AT

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT,

IN HONOR OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Sixteenth President of the United States,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865,

INCLUDING THE PUBLIC ADDRESSES OF

REV. G. B. WILLCOX,

AND

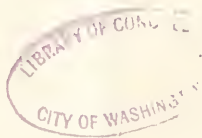
REV. THOMAS P. FIELD, D. D.

NEW LONDON:
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1865.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

BORN FEB. 12, 1809,

ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, Nov. 6, 1860,

RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT, Nov. 8, 1864,

ASSASSINATED APRIL 14, 1865.

PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR.

The Nation amidst rejoicings for the great and signal victories of its armies, has been called to mourn the death of its Chief Magistrate—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, a great and good man, a wise and merciful President, has fallen by the hands of a Traitor and assassin. The Nation weeps with a bitter and heart-felt sorrow.

Wednesday, April 19th, having been appointed for the funeral of the late President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in accordance with the vote of Court of Common Council, of this city, I do direct that the City Flag with drapery of mourning, be displayed at half mast during said day ; that the church bells be tolled from 11 to 12 o'clock (noon); and our citizens are requested to close their places of business upon the tolling of the bells, and assemble at their respective places of worship in accordance with the recommendation of the Secretary of State at Washington.

The members of the Court of Common Council and other city officers and officers of the Government of the United States, are requested to unite in a procession at 2 o'clock P. M., and to appear with suitable badges of mourning.

MIRAM WILLEY, MAYOR.

Dated at the city of New London, April 18th, 1865.

THE DAY OF MOURNING.

The 19th day of April, 1865, will long be remembered by the citizens of New London, as the day of mourning. At an early hour, the half hour guns commenced firing from Fort Trumbull, and the revenue cutter James Campbell. Thousands of flags were raised at half-mast or otherwise displayed, draped with the symbols of mourning. Before noon all the public buildings, nearly every store, and two thirds of the private residences were trimmed with black. All the mourning goods in the stores were disposed of, and thousands of black garments were tastefully arranged in windows.

At eleven o'clock the bells commenced tolling. Appropriate religious services were held in the Episcopal church at noon. At the same hour there was a united service of various denominations in the 2d Congregational church. The psalm commencing with "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place through all generations," was chanted by the choir. Rev. Mr. Wightman read a portion of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. Prayer was offered up by Rev. Mr. Lawrence. The choir sung the hymn "How blest the righteous when he dies." An address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Willcox, after which the hymn commencing "Servant of God, well done," was sung by the choir, and the Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Wightman. The procession was formed on State street, with the right resting at the Court House, and moved at two o'clock, under the direction of the following officers, who were selected Tuesday evening:

Col. F. B. LOOMIS, Chief Marshal.

Assistant Marshals.

Dr. W. W. SHEFFIELD, F. W. FITCH, Col. H. R. BOND,
Capt. W. H. BENTLEY, JOHN L. BACON, F. L. ALLEN.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

First Division.

Chief Marshal and Aids.

Police Force.

Third Artillery Band, U. S. A.

Detachment of United States Troops.

Masons.

Good Templars.

Fenian Brotherhood.

Committee of Arrangements.

Selectmen, Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen.

The Rev. Clergy.

Officers of Army, Navy, and Revenue.

Civil Officers of U. S. Government.

Bartlett Cadets.

Pall Bearers.

.....
 : Funeral Car :
 : drawn by :
 : Six White Horses. :
 :

Pall Bearers.

Pall Bearers.

Pall Bearers.

Second Division.

Assistant Marshal and Aids.

14th Infantry Band, U. S. A.

Detachment from Revenue Service.

Fire Companies in the order of their numbers.

Employees of Railroads and Manufactories.

Citizens and Strangers on foot.

Cavalcade of Horsemen.

Citizens in Carriages.

Committee of Arrangements.

F. B. Loomis,

Henry Potter,

F. L. Allen,

Geo. T. Marshall,

Alfred Coit,

W. H. Bentley,

Geo. Williams,

Chas. Middleton,

Wm. B. Lewis,

Leonard Hempstead, R. F. Tate.

The Procession countermarched through State street and then proceeded through the principal streets of the city in the following order, viz :—Bank, Truman, Coit, Huntington, Broad, William, Granite, Hempstead, Federal, Main, returning to State street.

When the procession moved through State street the second time, it was composed as follows : Mounted marshals, policemen and constables, 3d U. S. Artillery Band, playing a dirge, Masons on foot and in carriages, a detachment of Good Templars, bearing a beautiful U. S. flag draped in mourning, citizens bearing a splendid silk banner, decorated with portraits of Lincoln and Hamlin, which was presented by the Norwich Wide Awakes to the New London Wide Awakes, in 1860, clergymen, city officers in carriages, mounted marshals, band of 14th U. S. Infantry, a detachment from the navy, Niagara Engine Co. No. 1, Protector No. 2, Relief No. 3, Nameaug Engine Co., Reliance No. 5, mounted citizens, funeral car with pall bearers, Bartlett Cadets with musicians. The engines were most tastefully decorated and drawn by horses.

The funeral car was constructed as follows : A frame work six feet high and about fifteen feet long, trimmed with black and white cambric, having a rounding top, an urn on the top centre, and two shields on each side and one on the rear, was appropriately mounted and made a fine appearance. It was made by Messrs. Staynor & Hammond, and drawn by six white horses. Each horse had on a black velvet blanket trimmed with white lace. At about 4 P. M. the procession halted in front of the City Hall, and after introductory remarks by the Hon. Augustus Brandegee, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Grant, and an address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Field. The services were closed with the Benediction by Rev. Dr. Hallam.

ADDRESS BY REV. G. B. WILLCOX.

We assemble to-day not so much to listen to any words in the sanctuary, as to hear the occasion itself speaking in all the grand and mournful pathos of its silence. We have come to a funeral. The remains of him whom we have gathered to honor are just about to be borne forth robed for the sepulcher. And yet no bier stands here before us. No cold face asleep in death lies awaiting our sad farewells. Far away is the silent and majestic dead, whom we mourn with one consent to-day; who though distant is enshrined in the hearts of us all.

In hastily throwing together, during the few hours of preparation allowed me, some thoughts appropriate to the moment, I have been almost instinctively led to the scene of sacred story which rises at once to the view of any thoughtful mourner—the scene on the mount where Moses closed his long career. You find it recorded in the opening verses of the 34th chapter of Deuteronomy.

“And Moses went up from the plains of Moab, unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over

against Jericho ; and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea ; and the south and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, ‘This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, and unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed. I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.’ So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.”

Here came the aged prophet to the close of his eventful life. And at how many points of contact his history seems to blend in resemblance with that of our beloved and lamented Chief!

The Jewish leader had conducted his countrymen through a course of fortunes more amazing and momentous than any people had experienced before. His life had covered events that stand out in history as monumental ; events that opened a new act in the drama of the ages. A nation which indeed had existed before, but existed only in the womb of Egyptian bondage, had been born into a freer and larger life. Sinai had emerged from the insignificance of a desolate crag of the desert, to stand forever as the type of Divine law, thundering its wrath against transgression. A new economy of God had been instituted, and the progress of the world set forward in the grandest epoch that had yet

arrived. All this within the single life and experience of this one man of God. And have our modern ages seen a more eventful career than his whose remains we weep over to-day? A nation that if fairly born before, was yet in the swaddling cloths of an old relic of barbarism, is casting off its bonds for a growth to a nobler manhood. A purer type of Christianity than the world has known before, is here we hope henceforth to find not only "a name" but "a local habitation." Many a christian person had blessed the world with his beautiful life. A christian people, as we dare believe, is now to be molded under the plastic hand of God. All this accomplished or begun within the closing years of the life we have met to honor.

But the Jewish prophet had attended his countrymen through a great moral transformation. Starting impenitent toward God, like Saul of Tarsus, on their journey, like him they had come to the end of it humbled and reverent. They had learned in those years of bitter suffering, the lessons needed as a fit preparation for entering on their inheritance. But what lessons have we too learned, as a people, under the leadership of our Moses! We entered into the howling wilderness of confusion and war, a nation of oppressors. We oppressed the poor in the South with slavery. We oppressed them in the North with a heathenish prejudice of caste against a skin not colored like our own. God meant that we should not emerge from our desert till this iniquity had been well disposed of. The Jews had a

forty days' journey before them. The Lord turned it into a journey of forty years. We babbled about a three months war, and what have we seen instead! Our honored Secretary of State predicted a struggle of ninety days. And now, when four long years have hardly sufficed, and we, like the Jews, must leave our loved leader in his grave, as we enter the Canaan before us, the Secretary has found the war forcing its grim face and its murderous hand into his own quiet chamber. And this because we modern Jews were slow to learn God's lesson. But even into our dull, indocile souls, the Great Teacher has wrought the lesson at last. The Chief Magistrate with whom we started still wedded to our sin, has died on the summit of Pisgah, to leave us measurably cleansed of our shame and curse.

Yes, died on the summit of Pisgah. And here have we another of these sad, touching parallels between these two most remarkable lives. The old prophet shared the eagerness of his countrymen to enter the promised land. He, too, like them, was hoping to dwell in peace after his wanderings, under his own vine, in the land that flowed with milk and honey. But this could not be. The Lord leads him up the steep shoulders of Mount Nebo, till he stands pinnacled on its hoary head, just under the trailing curtains of the clouds. And there in thoughtful silence he is suffered to look on the splendid panorama of Canaan, stretching in fertile beauty far away in the South to the desert, in the West to the blue rolling Mediterranean, and off to the stately mountains

of the North. But farther he must not go. Sadly but submissively he turns him away from the grand and gorgeous vision, seeking the place where the finger of the Lord has pointed him to lie down and die.

Our honored President was spared the pain of disappointed hope. The leaden messenger of death eclipsed with a sudden unconsciousness his strong and buoyant spirit. But the fact remains as a sad theme for our thought, that, after his years of burdensome care and throbbing anxiety; after having, under God, brought his countrymen just to the verge of the realization of his and their fondest hopes; while he stood with eager eye and raised arm, pointing us forward to the glorious future, he fell bleeding and dying, leaving us to pass by to the promised possession. O, it is well that we weep to-day; for a more touching, mournful tragedy has hardly taken our planet for its theater, since the earth shuddered and the sun veiled his face at Calvary! Thanks be to God that, if that true and noble heart was not spared to beat with ours in the joy of returning peace and a country saved, he has passed before us to a better country, that is a heavenly!

The Nation has been invited to-day, by the appropriate officer, to attend this funeral. They would have attended it without an invitation. They could not have found heart for either cares or diversion, while the solemn dirge was sounding of such beloved dead.

A nation at a funeral! It is even so; and God from on high is looking down on the scene which Himself had

ordained for a great and worthy end. The dead march in the streets of the Capital is heard in every cottage across the land. It silences the loom and the hammer; it stills the rising shout over new victories just announced; and in the awful hush we wait while this endeared, revered sleeper is borne to the tomb. As if some vast cloud-shade, broad as the continent, had fallen upon us, the land is black to-day with the symbols of mourning. We are not a sentimental people. We are not, like some foreign nations, quick to show with outward demonstrations all the changing phases of our feeling. But an occasion has come to us impressive enough to move even the habitual calm and reserve of New England life. We are responding on a grander scale, with a deeper sincerity perhaps, than has ever been known in history, to one absorbing sorrow. The story is told in Scottish tradition of a laird who projected a gigantic Eolian harp. Stretching his chords from the summit of one neighboring hill to another, he listened at evening while the low, faint wail of the winds playing through them subdued the whole region to sadness. A grander harp is swept, my friends, with sadder strains to-day. As the electric wires quiver with the mournful announcement to the nation that the funeral pageant at Washington has taken its line of march, one broad deep murmur of lament for the dead, rising and falling with solemn cadence, is borne onward from mountain range to range across the bosom of the Continent!

For many reasons he whom we meet to honor was

dearer than public men are wont to be to the masses of his countrymen. He was a man of the people; a man, so to speak, of all the people. He represented all. There were elements entering into his make which answered to an immense range and variety of American character. He was, in many features, the truest type of the native born republican that has ever yet risen among us to so high a position. He carried the flavor of the soil in his qualities. You may see in any geological cabinet a fragment of rock in which different strata, such as reach away for leagues beneath the hills and valleys, happen to have met, and lie layer upon layer. It is the deep and wide-spread crust of the planet shown up in miniature. Such a miniature was Abraham Lincoln of American society. The different grades or tiers of our society were all represented in him. He had belonged to them all. Beginning his life among the humblest of the poor, he worked his way, as it is the glory of our institutions that only an American can work his way, to the loftiest position on this or any other continent. And on his way upward, he carried with him the respect and affection of the men of every grade of intelligence through which he passed. Every body knows that the plainest of the people delighted to do him honor. Every body knows that he could meet them cordially in their own homely way. But not quite every one is aware that he could bear himself, when occasion required, with the dignified courtesy of any gentleman of the Senate or the Cabinet. We have the testimony for this, if we

need it, of no less an authority than Edward Everett. The miserable scandal about the alleged boorishness of the President never estranged from him the respect of any man whose opinion was worth his notice. Had his manner been open to all the charges falsely brought against it, the goodness of his heart might have well been admitted to make all amends. A benignity like his would have lighted up the roughest exterior with a rare spiritual beauty. If you have learned that a certain stone is the Kohinoor diamond, you are little concerned whether or not the last polish has been given its surface !

There was much caviling at one period at the President, because he moved on with his measures no faster in advance of the people. But who now will not acknowledge his wisdom in that ? He chose to be an index of public sentiment, without attempting to lead it. It is easy to force up the thermometer by holding it over a fire. But that will not change the weather, or hasten the spring by an hour.

Mr. Lincoln preferred to be lifted from point to point, not by his own buoyant zeal, but by the rising swell of the national feeling, bearing him up on its own broad bosom. Take him first on the 4th of March, 1861, saying in his inaugural, "I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. * * * * Holding

such a provision now to be implied Constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable." Think of that! Offering to bind this young nation to stagger forever under that hideous curse! Ready to pledge that the slave should interminably wail in his black despair! But look four years later, to find this same man urging on Congress a very different amendment to the Constitution; an amendment to abolish American Slavery at once and forever! Why now the amazing change to exactly the opposite point of the compass? Is he fickle? No man less so. But he has changed with the American people, being one of the people. Always hating slavery, but bound by supposed Constitutional trammels, he rejoices with the nation in finding the trammels cut by the sword of the rebellion. The tide on the Ganges comes in with a surging crest, that bears the boatman high on its foaming summit far inland along the channel. And the boatman's safety is in not forcing his little craft forward over the crest, lest, instead of hastening his progress, he be only overwhelmed in the seething waters. The President moved with the tide, since he could not move faster without rashness and peril.

But the tenderness of his heart toward the poor and the bitterly wronged was no secret. The slaves were everywhere his admirers; everywhere, by the quick instinct of misery seeking for sympathy, turned toward his name as a symbol of hope. In childish ignorance seeing in him a deliverer, they touchingly blended the

name of "Massa Linkum" with that of the Redeemer of the world. No eulogy could carry a deeper meaning than that! And now, as it was yesterday announced, the poorest negroes in Washington are trying to show their love for his memory by hanging their wretched homes in black. They wander about, picking up the little clippings of muslin and crape thrown aside by their wealthier neighbors; and, sewing them into irregular strings, put them up tearfully over their doorways and windows. O my friends, what is the honor of pageants and monuments compared with this! It is the deep, pathetic voice of human nature herself, coming up from her inmost soul to announce her recognition of a thoroughly good man. These simple children of sorrow and want—the dead President will have no panegyric to-day in all this broad land, that will equal the dumb eloquence of their tears! And those outbreaks of violence among the rough, common people of the great cities, just now, threatening every traitor who dares rail at the President's memory—these are not mere explosions of lawlessness. They show the bitter grief of rude natures, inwardly sobbing with a vehemence too intense to be trifled with. Call them, if you will, a poor fashion of honoring the dead. They are at least sincere. . And a sincere grief, however disfigured, is an honor to any man borne to his grave.

The gentleness of the heart of Mr. Lincoln betrayed itself in the strangest of all places for such an exhibition—in the public documents issued in his adminis-

tration. State papers, in general such stiff models of frigid precision, became in his hands often warm appeals from a benignant soul. He travailed in spirit, he was ready to weep, over the madness of the South. Hear him in the first inaugural he addressed to the venomous traitors who had even then plotted against his life. "In your hands my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it. I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection." If the rebel General Ewell, the other day, on his way to confinement as a prisoner of war, shed tears as is reported, when told of the President's death, exclaiming, "We have lost the best friend we had!" he never said a truer thing in his life.

But every christian at least will turn gladly from these proofs of a mere amiable nature, to enjoy the evidences left by this noble man that his heart was right toward God. Religion has been so infamously travestied and burlesqued by the chief conspirator among the rebels, that one almost dreads to ascribe it to any man foremost in public life. To see this notorious ringleader of sedition starving and freezing our loyal soldiers beneath his own eye on Belle Isle and in Libby Prison; and mean-

while canting in Fast Day Proclamations about his faith in an overruling Providence—his religion is of all his meannesses the meanest. Contrasted with this miserable counterfeit, the honest, humble piety of Mr. Lincoln shone with the finer luster. His last words to his townsmen at Springfield—how deep their simple-hearted reverence for God! “I know not how soon I shall see you again. * * * * I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained Washington; and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive the Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain.” This, too, was at the lowest point of his religious life, if not even before it had begun. From this point it rose like a rising sun, with its mild, strong light increasing to the close of his noble life. There are some men of so fine a quality that honors and distinctions that inflate the pride of others, are to them only a means of grace. The higher they rise in their station, the lower they sink in their humility. And of these men was he whom we mourn to-day. He was far more oppressed by the responsibilities, than elated by the honor, of his position. He felt life to be good for nothing but to work in for God’s service and men’s welfare. And the Presidency was better than law practice at Springfield, only because it would help to a more effective work.

No one can have watched the piety of Mr. Lincoln without feeling that it differed from that of most other pub-

lic men There is a religion of State, the religion that figures in proclamations and inaugurals, with formal, decorous recognition of God. But you will look in vain among the chief men of the nation for one who has so carried his devout temper, as did the President, into his closet. He loved to come straight to the matter of personal experience of Christ. When a Methodist preacher, turning the conversation from national matters, inquired as to the state of his soul, he welcomed the question with tears. We have had many great men who were ready to acknowledge God as Grand Ruler of nations,—not many who were willing to say with this simple-hearted statesman, “I do love Jesus.” God grant us such Presidents in long succession from age to age!

But now that he is gone, and gone by the cruel hand of a rebel assassin, we have other duties as well as those of bemoaning his loss. We have the duty of sternly vindicating this nation against traitors who have murderously struck at its life. Our President, in the excess of his kindness of heart, suffered these venomous creatures to breathe the air of his capital. And now the viper that was warmed in his bosom, has shown its true nature. It is only a sample of what will happen to the nation, if the nation pursues the same course! These leading conspirators are the fangs of the serpent. In them is the venom. Extract the fangs and the body of the rebellion that remains will be easily tamed. Banish them, every man, with the penalty of death for returning! and the storm that heaves the continent would sink to a summer's calm.

There are men who would debauch the moral sense of the nation by talking of this as unchristian resentment. What can they mean by such language? Have we not a Government? Are not governments ordained of God for the punishment of evil doers, no less than for the praise of those who do well? And when a Government proposes to discharge this high duty, can no motive better than revenge be ascribed to it? Is this wretched assassin, Booth, to be executed, if we find him, and must the arch conspirators whose hands are red with the blood of half a million of murders, be left unmolested? We need the sentiment of justice toned up within us to some higher pitch than this. For if Government is nothing more than such morbid sentimentality concedes, it was never worth these years of sanguinary war. And mercy to the cancer is death to the patient. It will never be anything else than cancer while it remains in the body.

They would have us conciliate the Southern leaders by kindness, drawing them out of their conspiracy by affection. So the magnetic mountain, in the Eastern story, drew the nails from the passing vessel, leaving the ship to fall assunder and sink! And when the story comes true, not before, we too may succeed in this policy.

Many truths long familiar, are struck with a sudden illumination, by the event we deplore. How independent is God showing himself to be of all instruments and agents! We almost thought, some of us, that the very life of the nation was involved in the life of the man we so loved and revered. But as a great artist,

bringing out some grand figure from the marble, lays by one implement and takes up another, with his eye chiefly fixed on the work before him, so the Almighty in molding for all ages the lofty and peerless form of American liberty. No instrument yet wielded by His hand, has cut so many a blemish away, and brought to perfection so many a feature, as the one now laid aside. But still both the Lord and the nation survive, and the work is going on.

How touching also is the lesson of life's uncertainty. Many here present were impressively reminded by the Pastor of the 1st Congregational Church, on last Fast Day, of the virtues of the President. How little did either my brother, or we who sat listening, imagine that that very day was to rob the nation of such a treasure ! On what a thread our happy hopes were hanging ! A snap of a pistol, that hardly is noticed at first in the room in which it occurs, startles the nation like a thunder peal rolling from ocean to ocean ! Half a million of brave men armed can do nothing to guard the life of the man they delighted to honor. So death comes in, with what calm, stern, resistless step when the time appointed has arrived !

God is preparing the hearts of our countrymen for some rich blessing in time to come. We had lost our noble sons and brothers on the field of blood ; and the anguish had chiefly smitten those especially related and endeared to them. We have now a calamity that startles all with impartial shock. The Psalmist sings in

praise of the Great Husbandman, "Thou waterest the earth; Thou makest it soft with showers; Thou blestest the springing thereof." The same Lord has a field under culture in the hearts of our countrymen. He is making them soft with tearful sorrows. But these melting dews prepare us for a spring-time of beauty, a harvest of plenty and joy. And when the time of our chastening at length shall have passed, and the new era of peace shall have dawned with its splendid promise, no national blessing shall be felt to have exceeded the life—no national grief to have surpassed in the profit of its chastening the death—of the man whom the American people lament with one heart to-day.

ADDRESS BY REV. T. P. FIELD, D. D.

Fellow Citizens :

I have been requested by the Mayor and the City Council to say a few words to you at this time ; and while I diffidently accept their invitation, I dare not trust myself to any merely extemporaneous utterances on so solemn an occasion. Indeed, no words, my friends, can suitably express the feelings of deep grief that are within us now, or embody our sentiments of veneration and affection for the illustrious dead. The slow tolling of the bells—the solemn sound of the minute gun—the tender strains of music that fall pathetically upon our ears—these badges of mourning that hang in heavy folds around our churches and our homes, and darken our national flags—these all have a language more expressive far than that of any human lips. To-day a tide of sorrow such has never been known before, has rolled over the Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. To-day aged parents have mourned as for a stricken son, and sons and daughters as for a father,

and little children have poured forth their tears and lamentations, and thousands just out of the house of bondage have bowed as if over the bier of their great deliverer and friend.

There has been sorrow before in this nation on the death of Presidents and great men. We remember how the words "Harrison is dead" smote upon the hearts of the people; how the quick departure of Taylor from the high office to which he had been elected stirred the sensibilities of our countrymen; how when Webster died it was felt that a tower of civic strength on which the people leaned had fallen. But in neither of these cases, nor in any other in our history, with the exception, it may be, of the death of Washington, was there any such grief in the hearts of the people as there has been to-day. The time of the President's death, just as he was seeing the grand results of his cares and toils—the awful manner of his death—the lofty hopes for the future that were centering in him—the increasing confidence in his wisdom awakened by success—all these things have deepened the sorrow of the nation and made these funeral solemnities no empty pageantry, but the real manifestation of heart-felt grief.

Friends and fellow citizens, a *great man* has been slain in the high places of the nation. We have said so often that he was a *good* man, that he was an honest man—we have heard so many of his light and playful sayings that appeared like little bubbles on the deep current of his thoughts—that we have failed fully to see how great

a man he was. Future generations will do, I believe, more ample justice to his purely intellectual ability and power than has ever been done yet.

See him in youth the child of poverty, born and nurtured in a log cabin at the West, put to hardest toil as soon as he had strength to labor, cut off from those means of knowledge and intellectual discipline which every New England boy possesses, with only about a year's education in all his life in any school; see him as soon as he arrives to years of manhood reaching forth after knowledge, borrowing the books which he could not buy, esteem it the greatest treasure when he had made one his own by three day's hard work; then giving himself to the study of the theory and practice of surveying land; then turning his attention to the study of law, and taking his place speedily among the foremost lawyers of his State, and achieving fame as an advocate at the bar; then chosen to the Legislature of his own State—then to the Congress of the United States, and felt to be a man of sagacity, of clear and decided views of political affairs, a man of influence and power; and could any one doubt up to that time, who knew of those beginnings and that progress, that a rare power of intellect was pressing him upward.

Then see him passing through his native State as a candidate for the United States Senate, addressing public assemblies with a rival candidate, who was one of the most ready, most accomplished, most cogent debaters that has ever spoken in the Senate chamber. Read

his speeches there and see if they suffer in the comparison with those of him whom his friends regarded as a giant in intellect.

Then behold the people of these United States, when a President was to be chosen, fastening their eyes upon Abraham Lincoln, as if by instinct, as the representative man in most trying times. See how necessary it was that there should be large wisdom, comprehensive knowledge of affairs, a deep insight into what must be done, a steady purpose to do it; and does not what was accomplished put the consecrating seal of greatness upon the mind of him who was so wonderfully successful.

Let us admit that there are wanting in his intellectual efforts, some of the graces of a man of refined and finished culture; so much the more clearly do we see, perhaps, the solid strength of the mind itself. We see that the structure is of granite, though we fail to see the clippings and adornings of the chisel. There are thoughts, there are sentences, there are words in his messages and brief speeches and his letters which the world will not let die. There is an originality in his way of thinking, and a terse vigor of expression that sent home what he said to the hearts of the people. The most classical orator of America—Edward Everett—spoke at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg. The President followed in a few words of pathos and of power, which will live and be repeated as long, at least, as the great oration of the distinguished orator. Hear the concluding words of the President spoken there:

“It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us ; that from the honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause to which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

These were the words of a man who had great force of thought, power of eloquence, and whose words will arouse the hearts of his countrymen to purer patriotic purposes in generation to come.

When I consider what were the beginnings of the life of Abraham Lincoln—how limited his means of intellectual growth and culture—when I see how steadily he advanced upward till he reached the highest pinnacle of earthly glory—when I see how well and successfully he did his work in every successive stage of his advancement—when I consider what thought, what good judgment, what mature statesmanship were requisite to guide the ship of State through the perilous storms and tempests of the last four years, I say that the man who has been so successful was a great man, and the wise men and statesmen of future ages will think him greater than we have thought him to be.

But let men think of this as they may, hardly any one questions now, or will question the *purity of his patriotism*. Abraham Lincoln loved his country—his whole country. He loved the prairies of the West and

the hills of New England. He loved the rolling rivers and the broad lakes of the land, and the plains warmed by a Southern sun. He had no taint of sectionalism. Born in a slave State, he had sympathies with the South; dwelling in free States, he knew the value of society delivered from the curse of slavery. He swore, as President, to preserve, to protect and defend the Constitution, and whatever he did as President, he did for that purpose. He felt the wrong of slavery, yet he did not pretend it was in any spirit of philanthropy, or with any purpose to abolish slavery that he carried on this war. It was to protect the Constitution and preserve the national life. When he thought that it was necessary, for this end, to proclaim emancipation, then, and not till then, he sent forth his proclamation. He was slow in coming to the conclusion of its necessity; but when he felt it to be necessary, he did not waver in his decision, and he has never wavered. If that proclamation was withdrawn, he always said that some one must do it other than himself. He did not like slavery; but not as an anti-slavery man did he utter the decree that slavery should cease, but as one bent on saving the whole nation under the Constitution.

He hesitated to employ colored men in the army; but when he came to the conclusion that this, too, was necessary for the defence and maintenance of the Constitution and the laws, against those who had risen up for their destruction, he called in this strong element, and hurled the hosts of the oppressed against their oppres-

sors, because he was determined to preserve the nation's life, and to use every lawful weapon of warfare for its preservation. Some of us thought Mr. Lincoln was too slow ; some of us thought he was too fast in coming to his conclusion to proclaim emancipation and to make use of colored soldiers in the war. I am inclined to think that we shall all come to the opinion, in the end, that he was about right ; that amid the conflicting opinions of our country, and the necessity for public support, the best time was chosen for the best results. At all events, that he meant to do the best thing for the country, we cannot doubt. I do not see, I do not believe that he had one thought of self in the measures he adopted. I do not believe that the consideration whether he would be President again, as a consequence of what he did, ever entered his mind. I do not believe that the success of his party any farther than he thought its success to be identified with the welfare of his country, weighed a feather in the scale to determine his decision. There is nothing, it appears to me, in his words or deeds, that would indicate anything like selfishness or party spirit, but only a patriotism so pure as to make him one of the noblest examples. Fortunate are we that we have had such men ; fortunate that at the very beginning of our nation's history we had one like Washington, whom the world honors, and to whom all the lovers of freedom look up ; fortunate that in this new era in our country's history, we have had one like Lincoln, whose character the foul breath of aspersion can

never soil, and in the very thought of which character all words of detraction will soon be silenced forever.

Mr. Lincoln only proclaimed emancipation as a military necessity, for the life of the nation, and to preserve and defend the constitution. Yet he must be known in the future mainly as the Great Emancipator. The picture of Lincoln reading the Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet will be the chief historical picture of his administration. That administration cannot be thought of without suggesting the subject of slavery. It was this that turned traitorous guns toward Fort Sumter, that humbled our flag over our fortification, that raised armies against us and starved our men in the dark and cruel prison-houses. It was this that had been long the chief disturber of our affairs, that was stretching its iron hand into the free states, and fettering the press, and muzzling the pulpit, and making men tremble at the very name of Liberty. The very atmosphere of our free country was coming to be almost suffocating in its influence through the poison of slavery. But how clear is the air to-day—how pure, how bracing now! What a vast change have a few short years wrought! We seem almost to stand on a new earth and have a new heaven over us. The sunlight of freedom not only gilds the hill tops of our land, but has gone down into the darkest valleys; and the name of Lincoln will ever shine with unexampled lustre as the instrument of this most marvellous change.

My friends, in this last appalling tragedy that robbed

us of the President, we see a symbol of this conflict that has been going on so long. We see in Lincoln the representative of freedom. It was mainly because he was so that he was hunted by the destroyer. We see in the murderous assassin a representative of the slave spirit. Not that I can think that the leaders in the rebellion would have counselled so dastardly a deed, but it was the slave spirit that awakened the hate and nerved the arm for the guilty work. In this we see what the spirit of Slavery would gladly have done in our land. It would have destroyed freedom if it could, and made itself the one controlling power. But in taking the life of the good man, the friend of freedom, it, thanks be to God, did not destroy freedom itself. Is not one of the lessons of our holy religion—one of the lessons of the cross—this, that though wicked men slay the friend of truth and goodness, truth and goodness will not die, but live a more vigorous life by virtue of that death? We shall hear the name of Lincoln mentioned henceforth as the martyr of Liberty. It will be sung in the songs of freedom, and cause trembling in the palaces of the tyrant and oppressor. In the meantime let nothing of the malice and hate that was in the heart of the destroyer be in ours. We may properly have a keen sense of justice—retributive justice to the evil doer. That is a virtue. That sense of justice needed, it may be, to be deepened among us. This awful calamity was needed, it may be, to effect this object. That severe punishment ought to fall upon those who have brought such terrible evils

upon our land, who can doubt? But let not the sense of justice degenerate into malice or revenge. Let the spirit of the good man who has gone from us be, in its essential elements, our spirit still. Thankful are we that there was forgiveness in his heart for his enemies when he died. He may have been too lenient but he never could have been weakly indulgent to the violators of the laws of his country. Had he lived, necessity, and his own love of justice would have made him strong to execute the laws in the emergencies of the present and the future. The closing words of his last Inaugural Address are words as true and good now, as when they were delivered at the Capitol, and with these we conclude our remarks:

“With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in,—to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for those who shall have borne the battle,—and for their widows and orphans. And with all this let us strive for a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

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