

Box 84

M. J. No 700

"Clarum et Venerabile Nomen."

A DISCOURSE,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

—OF—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

—LATE—

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

DELIVERED APRIL 23, 1865.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
BY REV. T. E. BLISS, PASTOR OF THE UNION CHURCH OF MEMPHIS.
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MEMPHIS, TENN.

W. A. WHITMORE, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 13 MADISON STREET.

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MEMPHIS, TENN., MAY 1, 1865

REV. T. E. BLISS,

DEAR SIR:—

The undersigned Committee, appointed by your congregation to solicit for publication the sermon delivered by you, on the 22d ult., on the Life and Character of the late President of the United States, have the honor to request of you the manuscript of that discourse and your leave to publish the same.

Respectfully, Your Obedient Servants,

E. A. WHIPPLE,

P. E. BLAND,

JOS. TAGG.



MESSRS. WHIPPLE, BLAND AND TAGG,

DEAR SIRS:—

Your kind note of the 1st inst., has been received. The discourse referred to was prepared without any special reference to its publication; but the wishes of my people, at once, so reasonable and complimentary, I do not feel at liberty to disregard. I therefore accede to the request and place the manuscript at your disposal, with the sincere hope that much good to the cause of loyalty and truth may be the result.

Very truly, yours,

T. E. BLISS.

MEMPHIS, TENN., MAY 2, 1865.

DISCOURSE.

ZECH 12:12—*“And the land shall mourn—every family apart.”*

This language of the ancient prophet of God finds to-day a striking and impressive fulfillment. On every hand the emblems of mourning are seen, and the great heart of the nation seems to beat heavily as if burdened with its mighty sorrow. Our public thoroughfares and edifices are shrouded in gloom. The busy marts of trade are stilled with the silence of death, and all things betoken a nation's profoundest grief. Our flag—the loved symbol of our nationality—dearer far than ever before, because of the sacred affections of the thousands of faithful hearts that are entwined around it, and have bled and died to shield it from stain or dishonor—this too is draped in the habiliments of mourning, and is lowered to but half its wonted height in token of our universal woe. The booming cannon—the tolling bells—the funeral dirges—the slowly moving processions, with reversed arms and muffled drums—the sad and downcast expression, the tearful eye, as friend meets friend—all indicate that this is no empty pageant, but that patriot hearts are bowed down with a sense of some great public calamity.

But why is this, when so recently these hearts were bounding with joy and gladness in view of the many and splendid victories achieved, and the bright prospects of returning peace? Why this sudden change from the sunshine of meridian day to the

sombre gloom of darkest night? Have grave disasters attended our arms? Have whisperings of heart-sickening defeat and base dishonour been noised abroad? Have the fondly cherished hopes that war's dark cloud would soon pass away been blasted, and the dawning light of returning peace gone down in utter despair? Is it for this that the nation afflicts itself to-day, and mourneth as one mourneth for her first born? Do patriots despair of the Republic, and philanthropists surrender all hopes of the freedom and amelioration of the condition of man? No! it is not for these things that we now weep and mourn. It is not for these things that the nation to-day is bowed so low in the bitterness of its grief. But it is because our good and beloved chieftain has fallen—ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS DEAD. The hand of an assassin has wrought the infamous deed, and it is for this that our heads are bowed in deepest sorrow. This strange and appalling crime—a crime unknown to us before in our national history—may well humble our hearts alike in shame and tears. In shame—because we must now confess before the nations that in this boasted land of freedom and brave men, there are wretches, native-born, base enough to perpetrate an act so fiendish and atrocious that its parallel can scarcely be found in modern times. In sorrow and tears, because a great and good man has fallen, upon whose counsels we have leaned, and by whose guidance we have been safely lead, thus far, through the long, dark night of this gigantic and wicked rebellion. In the midst of his days and his usefulness; at the zenith of his fame and glory; while the cares and burdens of the nation are resting upon him in their full weight, he is suddenly stricken down in death, to the amazement of all, and to the untold grief of every man or woman who is fit evermore to be a citizen of this great and free Republic. Well may the land mourn to-day, for its noblest one lies cold and straightened for the grave. Well may we as a people put on sackcloth and mourn in the bitterness of our grief, for the strong rod on which we leaned in these stormy and troublous times is taken away. Well may a nation's tears flow when its second great and good Washington is no more. And to-day, in spirit, we will follow that procession as they slowly bear the mortal remains of Abraham Lincoln from capitol to capitol through millions of heart-stricken mourners to its final place of rest.

But who is this of whom we thus speak, and where was the

home of his childhood? Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His father was a native of Virginia, to which State his ancestors migrated from Pennsylvania. In 1816 the father of our lamented President removed with his family to Spencer County, Indiana. In doing this he was prompted by his strong aversion to the system of Slavery, and his desire to be rid forever of its manifold and pernicious influences. He early imbibed the sentiments of all the great fathers of this Republic on this subject, which were so freely promulgated at that day; and his own observation abundantly convinced him of the immense evils—social, moral, political and otherwise—of that fell and accursed institution. An institution, be it ever remembered, which, directly or indirectly, like man's first disobedience, has brought all this woe upon our nation.

In 1830 the family moved to Decatur, Illinois, and there laid the foundation for a permanent home. Having seen the family comfortably settled, the son, then 21 years of age, left the home circle, where he was ever dearly loved, and entered upon the career of life for himself. Up to this time, his biographers all agree, that he had been a faithful and obedient son, a kind and considerate brother, and an earnest and laborious young man. From his boyhood he had been noted for his truthfulness, his geniality, and his strict integrity. During this time his facilities for education had been very meagre, but he had made the most of them. He had mastered the rudiments of learning, and now, in the intervals of labor, was storing his mind, as best he could, with useful knowledge. His moral and religious instruction had not been neglected. His parents were plain and unpretending Christian people, and in their humble way deeply instilled the lessons of divine wisdom into the minds of their children. As has been so often confessed in other instances, so was it in this. Abraham Lincoln owed most, in all these things, to his mothers:—*first* to his own, and afterward his step-mother, who seems to have been a most exemplary woman, and between whom and this son there ever existed the most filial and happy relations. After leaving home he engaged in farm labor, then was a miller, a salesman, a boatman, in turn, but in every instance seems to have won the entire confidence of his employers, and thus early acquired the appellation which he has since carried through life, that of a *strictly honest man*. Socially, and in his business dealings, he was much beloved by young and old. "He was affable and gen-

erous, ever ready to assist the needy, or to sympathise with the distressed, and never was known to be guilty of a dishonorable act."

In the Black Hawk war, so called, he was the first to enlist, in the community where he resided, and was unanimously chosen captain of the company. At the expiration of their term of service, he again enlisted as a private, and continued with his regiment to the end of the war, thus showing that it was not for mere military honors that he entered the service of his country, and setting thereby a good example to the hundreds of thousands of brave men who have of late served under him.

From the commencement he seems to have been a special favorite, and one whom the people, who have known him best, have ever delighted to honor. He was early sent to the Legislature of his adopted State, and served with ability his constituents. His sympathies were always to be found on the side of right. He abhorred a base and corrupt thing, and never could be drawn into the meshes of any unscrupulous clique. In the practice of law he would not attempt a case which he knew to be morally wrong. Often he would urge a settlement when he was well aware that his own interests were averse to it. A disposition so naturally kind and benevolent had no sympathy with the dark plots of bad men, and he turned away from them with higher and nobler aspirations.

His record as a member of Congress is fair and honorable. True to the parental instructions of his childhood and youth, his sympathies, his voice and his vote were always on the side of freedom and a large and generous nationality.

While canvassing the State of Illinois for the U. S. Senate, his debates with Judge Douglas were of the most eloquent and masterly character. There has probably never been in the annals of political life a contest so ably and so kindly conducted, and no one, it may be added, more thoroughly respected the ability and candor of his rival than did the late Senator Douglas himself. It was during this canvass that Mr. Lincoln, on one occasion, paid that noble tribute to the Declaration of Independence—an appeal which ought to live in immortal beauty in the history of his country—"These communities (the thirteen colonies)," said he, "by their representatives in Old Independence Hall, said to the world of men—'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are born equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with

inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This," he continued, "was their majestic interpretation of the *economy* of the *universe*. This was their lofty, wise and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to his creatures. Yes, gentlemen, to all his creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on, and degraded, and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the race of men then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They created a beacon to guide their children and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these self-evident truths, that when, in the distant future, some man, some faction, some interest should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, or none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon men were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence, and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth, and justice, and mercy, and all the humane and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land, so that no man would hereafter dare to limit or circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built. Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take from its grandeur, and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back, return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me," he continues, "take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death! I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing—I am nothing—Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—The Declaration of Independence."

Oh! noble and god-like words—fit to be enshrined in the memory of every son and daughter of this free Republic!—and well worthy to be engraven upon the lintels and arches of our great temple of American Liberty. This is the language of a patriot statesman indeed—a large-hearted philanthropist—the friend and well wisher of the whole family of man, irrespective of condition, color or nationality. It is for such an one that we weep to-day, and for whom the whole land mourneth. For the fall of such an one, whose whole life and public deeds have been a veritable confirmation of these noble sentiments, we do well to bow ourselves in deep humiliation and sorrow.

On the occasion of his first elevation to the Presidency of the United States, he bore his honors with becoming gravity. The vanity of little minds in no wise was apparent. He was the same quiet, unpretending citizen still. Though a malignant hatred, which had its origin in treason and rebellion, from the first followed him from the quiet of his home at Springfield, Illinois, to the Capitol of the Nation, and sought in various ways to compass his assassination, and though various plots have been discovered, and attempts upon his life made since, yet strange to say, his spirit never appears to have been embittered in the least against his enemies. In all his speeches and proclamations, the records of his public orders, and the reports of his private conversations and correspondence, not the least shade of vindictiveness is discernable. Malice seems to have had no place in his nature. While the now fugitive head of the rebellion was known to be conspiring with assassins, and countenancing the most shocking cruelty to Federal prisoners, so that thousands and tens of thousands of our brothers and fathers died at their hands, while he offered, too, large rewards for the heads of some of our Federal officers, thus prompting to assassination, and resolutions were deliberately introduced into the rebel Congress offering bribes for the murder of Union men, whether soldiers or citizens;—while our Northern cities were filled with incendiaries, and the most shocking cruelties were being perpetrated in the name of treason, yet no provocation was sufficient to arouse the spirit of revenge in our great and good President. Of all men we have ever had in any prominent position in the country, he was the most free from every thing of this character. Indeed, his unwillingness to see the penalties of law enforced, and his readiness to pardon the most implacable criminals, have been regarded by many of his

best friends as serious defects. But his large, genial, and loving heart was ever ready to forget and overlook. All through the cruel and bloody drama of the rebellion, he was ever cautious and slow to commit the question of life and death to the hands of his chiefest subordinates and commanders. He knew the strength of passion, and how easy it is for a vindictive spirit to usurp the place and name of justice.

Early in his administration, immediately following the repeated attempts upon his life on the way to the Capitol of the Nation, and on the occasion of his inauguration, his proclamations breath only the spirit of entreaty and peace. While frankly avowing his duty and determination to maintain the Government and the Union in their full integrity, he yet disclaimed any wish to resort to bloodshed, and declared that the Government would not do so, unless compelled, in self-defence. After the attempt upon his own life in Baltimore, and the bloody and unprovoked assault upon the Massachusetts Sixth in that city on the ever-memorable 19th of April, he was yet anxious to avoid a rupture, and ordered the troops by another route to Washington, with this in view, saying, at the same time, in a communication to the Mayor of that city, "I shall do all in my power for peace, consistently with the maintenance of the Government." But time would fail me were I to dwell upon the many exhibitions of his forbearance and desire for peace. As we now reflect upon them, we wonder and are the more deeply and profoundly grieved that such a man could ever have had such cruel and implacable enemies, and that he should have fallen by the hands of those whom he was ever so ready to forgive. The absence of any such disposition on the part of him whom we mourn to-day, renders the crime of his assassination all the more atrocious and appalling in its guilt; and in view of its repeated attempts, is enough to consign to eternal infamy and execration the traitorous cause in whose name, and for whose benefit the foul deed was perpetrated.

From the commencement to the close of his administration his great object, to which he bent all his energies, was to maintain the Constitution and the Union in their full integrity and honor. For this he was ready, from the outset, to lay by every local consideration, to bury old party animosities, and to unite in good faith with every loyal heart to uphold the noble fabric of our Republic, whose foundations, as he well knew, had been laid and sealed in the patriot blood of the Revolution. Whenever good

and true men were found in the ranks of his political opponents, he cheerfully gave them the highest honors. The first prominent commissions issued were given to those who had long been arrayed against him. He would not allow any former differences to interfere with the interests of the Government. His views of the crisis were too clear, and his heart too noble and magnanimous to stoop to any petty personalities, or to suffer anything to come in between him and the great longing of his heart—the maintenance and perpetuation of our free institutions for millions yet unborn. He adopted, with his whole soul, the motto—hacked by traitor hands on that monument in yonder beautiful Square—“The Federal Union; it must be preserved.” * To this end, when inaugurated, he had taken his solemn oath before the nation, and nothing should hinder him from its strict fulfillment. No ties of kindred or of blood, of party or of interest. No threats or intimidations, no casuistries or catchwords, no treacheries or disasters, no counsels of the timid or portrayals of the immensity of the task, could baffle him or turn him aside from the steady, onward pursuit of the great, grand object before him—the *maintenance of the Union*. To this everything else must bend, and for this, everything else must give place.

Early in the contest he saw, as many others did, that *one great source* of corruption and wickedness was, in various forms and ways, the fruitful cause of all our troubles—that except for its benefit, its spread and perpetuity, there could never have been any sufficient motive for treason and rebellion. Thirty years previous, under another name, it had been tried, and failed utterly. But now, so distinctly had the issue been made up in the contests over Texas and California, and more recently in Kansas, that to deny that slavery was the real cause of this rebellion, would be puerile and ridiculous in the extreme. It was this institution which had been the chief cause of all the estrangement between the North and the South from the beginning. It was this which had caused heated discussions, wrangles, broils, duels, mobs and murders without end. It was this which made so much

* On the monument to General Jackson, in Court Square, in this city, are sculptured these memorable words:—“The Federal Union—it must be preserved.” During the days of rebel rule, certain traitors, to whom this sentiment was a constant rebuke, sought to have it erased. The work of destruction was commenced, but not completed. The scars thus left, will long continue a fitting memorial of those times, and of the vain and wicked folly of attempting to destroy the work of our patriot Fathers, which God has so long honored, and which, of late, has been sealed anew by so much of the best patriot blood of the land.

trouble in the formation of our Constitution in 1798. It was this which led to the prediction of disunion by Calhoun in 1812, and which was openly and boldly threatened in 1819 and 1820 on the Missouri question. It was this which was the real cause of the outbreak of Nullification in South Carolina in 1830, and which Gen. Jackson then predicted would again, sooner or later, appear. It was this which caused renewed threats of disunion unless Texas was admitted, and again when California was admitted with a free Constitution. It was this which threatened disunion again in 1850, unless that bill of abominations, so called, the Fugitive Slave Law, was passed. It was this, as everybody knows, which caused all the troubles in Kansas, where, in fact, the first blood of this wicked war was shed. It was this—*Slavery*—which inspired the counsels and combinations of treason, which was the catchword of the leaders to rouse the passions of the masses of the Southern people. It was this which has been the bond to bind the South together in Congress from the beginning, on any question affecting its interest. It was this which awakened such implacable hatred toward Northern people who would not adopt Southern principles, which inspired such fiendish cruelties toward Northern prisoners as Abolitionists, and towards colored troops and their officers. It was this which was seen to be the animating spirit of this unholy rebellion, in a thousand different ways and forms. So distinctly and clearly marked had all this been, that the eyes of thoughtful men were turned toward it, early in the war. They argued that to remove the cause of the the disease was the most effectual way of saving the patient. Take away the motive to rebellion, and the bond which bound it together, and sooner or later it would become disintegrated and fall to the ground. Mad passions and desperate means might sustain it for a time, but with the first great inspiring motion gone, the bloody arm of treason would be paralyzed. Acting on this principle, with the great desire to preserve the Union, and at the same time give freedom and the rights of manhood to millions of his fellow creatures, in accordance with his long-cherished convictions, President Lincoln penned and sent forth to the world on the 1st of January, 1863, that immortal document, the "Proclamation of Emancipation." Never before in the history of our Government had such a step been practicable or constitutional. But now the contingency, long before intimated by that sagacious statesman, John Quincy Adams, had arrived. It is a first principle

of constitutional law, that, to save the life of the nation, every thing which is adverse to it, or conspires against it, must fall. True, "Peace hath its victories, no less renowned than war;" but this splendid victory for humanity, all right-minded people admit, could never have been achieved in time of peace under our Constitution. Nothing short of such a crisis admitted of such a course. Nothing but treason could ever have given the arm of our general Government the power to tear up, root and branch, this deadly "upas," which has been poisoning the blood of the nation from generation to generation. This, our good President well understood, and he only waited until the people should see its necessity and utility with a sufficient clearness and force of conviction, that would sustain him in taking the important step. Then, with a blest commingling of motives, of patriot duty, and of philanthropic joy, the clarion of freedom was sounded—the proclamation was given, and millions of the human family were lifted up from the depths of chains and slavery to become a free people on God's free earth.

O holy and sublime transaction! Happy, thrice happy, he who lived, with all his sorrows, to see this hallowed deed performed, which proved the turning point of the nation's redemption. From that hour, it seems as though the frown of the Almighty in a great measure passed away. The mighty God of battles now went forth with our hosts to victory. The tide of treason was rolled back. The onward march of our armies ground *treason, chains and slavery* in the dust beneath their feet, and the glad shouts of victory on victory pealed and echoed and re-echoed all over the land! Of this great and good deed, so fruitful of blessings to the nation and to humanity, history will make a shining record. In all the eventful career of Abraham Lincoln, no one thing which he accomplished can compare in greatness and true glory with this. In after years it will live in story and in song. Orators will plume the wing of fancy as they dwell upon this sublime transaction. Poets will sing their sweetest lays, inspired by this immortal theme, and millions yet unborn, of every nation, color and clime shall rise up to call him blessed.

Step by step, our lamented chieftain was permitted to see the progress made towards the overthrow of the rebellion, and the final restoration of the Union. This consummation, which he so devoutly wished, and for which he so long had labored, was apparently about to be realized, when death overtook him at the

hands of an assassin. Manfully and nobly had he struggled on through sunshine and storm for more than four years.* His giant frame was becoming bowed under the weight of the immense burdens resting upon him. His locks were being whitened by the cares and responsibilities which he bore about with him. Like another, "he was weary in the good work, but not of the work." Raised up of God to lead this nation through a terrible crisis, like the great Law-giver of Israel, he was not permitted to enter the promised land of peace. From the Pisgah heights of the nation's Capitol he beheld the Star Spangled Banner floating in triumph from the battlements of Richmond and saw the conquered hosts of treason file, unarmed, before our war-worn heroes, in token of submission. He heard the booming cannon as they thundered around our Southern cities, and caught the martial strains of the armies of freedom and the Union as they went marching on, from Capitol to Capitol and from Victory to Victory. He heard, too, the shouts of the millions whom he had declared free, as they were borne to his ear on the balmy southern breezes and he saw that the land was well-watered and fair to look upon, and he longed to enter in and be at rest. But God, we believe, had prepared another and a better Rest for him. His work was done, and well done! And now, for wise and holy purposes which we know not yet, but which we shall know hereafter, the hand of an assassin is permitted to complete the long catalogue of the crimes of treason. Well has it been said, that "Rebellion against a just government comprehends and includes all crimes." We cannot forget the cruelties and enormities which have marked the course of treason from the beginning. We were horrified at the barbarities practiced upon the Federal dead at the first battle of Bull Run. Fort Pillow is still fresh in memory. The needless and deliberate starvations at Richmond and Andersonville; the recent atrocities of guerilla warfare taken in connection with the previous and repeated attempts upon the life of our President, all show that this last great crime, this final climax of wickedness is as natural a fruit of this Rebellion as any that have preceded it. Crimes, like men, are known by the company they keep. They all sprang from the same source; they were nourished by the same influences; they were prompted by the same motives, and were actuated by the same spirit. To ask us to shut our eyes to these things; to apologize for these enormities, and to treat with distinguished consideration those who for years have helped on this

rebellion, and are thus participators in these crimes, is to add insult to injury, to mock at a nation's agony, and to trifle with the best and profoundest emotions of patriot hearts. There are no principles of government, *human or divine*, which countenances any such course. Justice and truth, and all the blood of our martyred hosts, from Ellsworth onward, cry aloud against it. Its whole effect would be to turn dear-bought victory into disastrous defeat, to make rebels feel that loyal men had been guilty of a crime in conquering treason, and to foster in them the desire to make them suffer accordingly. It would be putting the rod of domination and authority again into the hands of those who have been the chief authors and abettors of all this appalling wickedness. It would be, in fine, to overthrow the very foundations of government, to confound all distinctions between right and wrong, vice and virtue, loyalty and treason. But this will not be done unless God has given us over to an astonishing blindness and infatuation which will prove our utter ruin. Thanks be to his name, we have a man, *from this Commonwealth*, at the head of the government, who will prove himself equal to the occasion. It is with no spirit of vindictiveness, but with a sense of safety and relief, we read such recent utterances of his as the following:—"The American people must be taught, if they do not already feel, that treason is crime, and must be punished." His doctrine is—and it is sound and right—a considerate clemency for the masses, but the penalties of the law for the leaders. And here, with the blessing of God, is our safety and our hope. A people cannot disregard these principles without destroying themselves. No government can stand when its very foundations are upheaved, or are suffered to crumble away. Actuated by these sound and true principles and spirit, and by none others, we bespeak for the present Executive head of the Nation, by prayer and corresponding effort, the cordial support of all loyal and true men. We trust that the fair fabric of this Republic shall stand through many coming generations. We feel that God has a great work for this nation yet to do. While we deeply mourn to-day, it is not as those without hope. A nation with such a father as Washington and such a preserver as Lincoln, cannot yet have fulfilled its destiny; a mighty future is before it, far more grand and glorious than the past.

In gathering up the prominent features in the character of our lamented President, we find many in common with those of the

great and good Washington. In their youth, when the foundations of character for all after life are usually laid, they were alike noted for their truthfulness, fidelity and filial piety. In early manhood, they were alike industrious and untiring, according to their opportunities, in the pursuit of knowledge. They were devoted in common to the great principles of freedom and free government. They were early promoted to positions of trust and confidence by their friends and constituents, and proved themselves in after years to be sagacious statesmen, wise in council, deliberate in action, steady and sure in the accomplishment of great and desired results. They were alike tall and masculine in body, broad and comprehensive in understanding, calm and penetrating in intellect, sound and reliable in judgment, upright and conscientious in all their transactions, thoughtful students of the bible, devout worshipers of Almighty God, lovers of good men and all good measures. In purity of character, in a patriotism which was incorruptible, in lofty and noble purposes, and in the grand results of life, they stand side by side, and their names shall be handed down to posterity, the one as the Father, and the other the Savior of his country. In such goodly company they shall live on in history, so long as this Republic shall be known among the nations, or gratitude shall be enkindled in the bosoms of statesmen and philanthropists. Their examples shall be handed down for the imitation of those who shall come after them, and coming generations shall revere their memory, shall ponder their principles, and shall rise up with united voices to call them blessed.

But poor indeed is the wreath of fame and affection with which to-day we may adorn our fallen leader's brow. In that better land, where there are no wars nor fighting, no sorrow, no tears, we trust that he has already received a far brighter crown, all radiant with eternal light and glory. He who but a few months ago told the story of his love for Jesus, in tears, and with all the simplicity of a child; whose custom it has been to devote the first hour of the day in seeking Divine wisdom and guidance in the study of the Scriptures and in prayer; whose heart was ever open to the cry of the poor and the oppressed; who, under God, hath wrought such great deliverance for his people, and who, in all his character and conduct, was so pure and stainless; an exchange of worlds to such an one, though to our great loss, yet to him, we feel it must be great gain.

"Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How *blest the righteous* when he dies!"

Abraham Lincoln was a good man. He has filled the measure of his fame and usefulness, and Providence permitted to be added to the spotless character of the patriot, the crowning glory of the martyr. In the midst of our sorrows most profoundly grateful should we be that God gave us such a President. In coming years the descendants of the patriot hosts who have sustained him in all this gigantic conflict with treason, shall lovingly lay their votive offerings upon his tomb, and a long line of Afric's sable sons, with tearful eyes and grateful hearts, shall tell the story of their chains, wrenched and snapped asunder by his strong right hand. The children of those whose arms have been raised against the Government in this unholy conflict, will be bowed in deep contrition and sorrow, and all shall unite in paying to the memory of him whom the whole land mourns to-day, in the profoundest reverence and affection of their hearts, the tribute that Abraham Lincoln was a pure-minded statesman, an ardent lover of liberty, and a thoroughly honest and good man.



