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E U L O G Y

ON THE

OCCASION OF THE BURIAL

OF

Abraham Lincoln,

DELIVERED IN THE

CITY HALL, PROVIDENCE.

APRIL 19, 1865,

BY REV. SIDNEY DEAN.

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PROVIDENCE:

H. H. THOMAS & CO., PRINTERS, EVENING PRESS OFFICE.
1865.

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PRONOUNCED IN THE

CITY HALL, PROVIDENCE, APRIL 19, 1865,

ON THE

Occasion of the Funeral Solemnities

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

BEFORE HIS EXCELLENCY, JAMES Y. SMITH, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE
OF RHODE ISLAND; MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY; CITY
AUTHORITIES; THE MILITARY; CIVIC SOCIETIES, AND OTHERS.

BY REV. SIDNEY DEAN.

PROVIDENCE:

H. H. THOMAS & CO., OFFICE OF THE DAILY PRESS.
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EULOGY.

THE awful events of the past few days ; the place and circumstances of our assembling ; the mourning drapery by which we are surrounded ; the sadness which fills all of our hearts, would make silence itself eloquent. I feel that it would be more becoming in me to weep with you, oh, my poor, smitten countrymen. Words, always weak to express the passions when stirred to their profoundest depths, are doubly weak to-day.

A common sorrow rests upon all of our hearts. None can look his sorrowing brother in the face and say : " I am exempt from the heaviness of your burden ; I am released from the tasting of your bitter cup." An agony of grief cements us, nay, melts us into one. The crucible is the country ; the lurid fire is lit by treason and fed by the hand of assassination and murder most foul. With a veil over our eyes we have trusted perfidy itself, and the dead body of the hope and love of the nation is our reward. We have looked for the sceptre of honor to be held in bloody hands, and our answer is the bullet from the black throat of the pistol of the parricide, and the dagger's thrust from the red hand

of the murderer. Both have struck the nation's heart.

Sorrow has overwhelmed the great soul of our people. Doubt, distress, forebodings, the deepest anxiety, have in an hour taken possession of the public mind. We have been hurled from the high meridian of hope into the even tide of darkness and distress. The springs of our joy have suddenly rolled backward upon themselves, or have been drowned in the depths of this our great woe. We looked out upon the golden sheen which tinged the clouds, and saw their dark banks breaking and scattering before the rising of the sun of our nation's peace, and in a moment, the gloaming of the morning was quenched in the pitchy darkness of the new night of woe into which the nation was plunged. May God forgive us, if in our hour of trial and despondency, or in our dawning of gladness at the prospects of peace, we made an arm of flesh our hope.

God gave ABRAHAM LINCOLN to the nation, and he won our love and kept it. Through all the awful hours, the bloody sweat of our nation's Gethsemane, we have turned our eyes to him. He has not faltered. Calm in the midst of the hurricane, he has stood as the pilot accustomed to the storm, and when brave hearts have been appalled at the nearness of the breakers, whose mad fury was with hoarse voice chanting the dirge of a nation's death, the cool, brave heart was always shining through the honest face of our true pilot ever at his post. We were brought by him past point after point of our danger. The

last dangerous headland seemed to be passed; the storm was subsiding; the welcome haven of peace was just before us, when—how shall I speak it?—an assassin shot the pilot at the wheel! May God forgive the utterance, if wrong, when we curse the moment which suffered this fiend to be born of the loins of woman, and made him a kinsman of our race and nationality.

Judas covenanted with high officials, himself a hireling, for his Master's life. This second Judas, worse than his namesake, went out from the presence of the chief priests and counsellors of treason and himself committed the murder. The first Judas, under the keen pangs of remorse, cast the price of blood,—of which he was only the accessory before the act,—at the feet of his employers and hanged himself. The second Judas we trust will be hanged in the sight of the world whose air he poisons in inhaling, by the hands of a pure justice, and we trust that all his blood-stained employers will be hanged with him.

Do not accuse me of forgetting the great doctrine of charity and forgiveness, inculcated by the Master whom I profess to serve. Neither outrage the government of God by demanding charity and forgiveness for murderers so base as these. There are some crimes, to condone which, under the plea of Christian charity, is to make ourselves criminals. And if this foul murder, the culmination of a hell-born treason is not of them, then the instincts of nature and the educational effects of our Christianity have grievously misled us.

Grant you, that the feeling of revenge should never possess a Christian heart. But the claims of *justice* should always have weight before the tribunal of a Christian mind. I ask for justice, in the name of my country ; I ask for justice, in the name of humanity ; I ask for justice upon these murderers in the name of order, good government, faith in man, honor, and everything which distinguishes man from a brute, a devil from a man, and a Christian civilization from barbarism. And that justice would hang these infamous outlaws, employers and assassins, as high as the fifty cubits of Haman's gallows.

To worldly vision, the nation's earthly Saviour has left us in an important hour. We are not gifted with the prescience of the Great Ruler. We must reason from human and imperfect vision and data. He had guided us so safely ; the nation's honor and safety had been so unreservedly placed in his hand by the nation's confidence and love, that a loyal people "trusted that it had been he who should have redeemed our Israel." Like the sorrowing disciples, who, journeying towards Emmaus from Jerusalem, after the tragedy of Calvary, talked of the crucified Saviour of the world, extolled his virtues and discussed his character while he was supposed to lie sleeping in the rocky sarcophagus in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, so we, so the nation, will talk of the virtues, of the pure and noble character of him whom they trusted had been given of God for the utter redemption and restoration of the Republic.

He was a man like us. He came to us stamped with the imperfections of humanity. He should not have been enthroned in the popular heart as its idol, but we fear that he was. Men die, the nation passes on if God, the great and good Governor, wills it. He was evidently born, educated, called, fitted and annointed for the hour and the position. The great Governor of nations makes no mistakes. If He gave us a WASHINGTON for the hour of our birth into national life; for the bloody pangs of a seven years' parturition into governmental existence, so He gave us this second WASHINGTON; this man-child of the turning point of our destiny. Death and life struggled at the very gates of our manhood. God gave us ABRAHAM LINCOLN, as the defender of our nation's life, our guide through the awful wilderness of civil war. He had prepared and educated him as a second WASHINGTON,—better than that, and of a more ancient type, a second Moses to the Lord's people. But

“The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.”

Other tongues than mine must delineate his character, other pens will transcribe his deeds. He is interwoven into our nation's history, as no man living or dead can be, with the exception of GEORGE WASHINGTON. *He* was the first Saviour of his country; ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the second and his equal. When this awful scourge shall have passed away, and impartial history shall have perfected the record of the first and second revolutions, these two great

struggles for life or death to personal liberty, to the rights of man, to the equality of heavenly endowment, then the names of GEORGE WASHINGTON, of Virginia, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois, will be written side by side. God made and called both of them. He fitted them for the task assigned to each. The first died peacefully in his bed, and his noble heart had already tasted the fruition of his earthly labors. His dying eye rested upon a country, a nation happy in its young life, and giving great hopes of its early and strong manhood.

The second died by the hand of an assassin ere the work to which he had set himself was accomplished. True, the great points of his mission had been evolved from the clouds which have hovered around his administration. For four years he had guided the State, while bloody treason was striking its insane blows at the nation's life. The beginning of the end had come. He had been vigilant, untiring, zealous only for his country and the rights and liberties of his countrymen and their children and children's children to latest generations. He had stood in the front and by his presence and councils had stirred the bravery of our soldiers to heroic deeds. His telegrams to the people were full of words of cheer. He entered the rebel capital with our brave legions, to smile upon and receive the blessings of the loyal, both bond and free, before the bugles of retreat for Lee's army had hardly ceased their sounding. His great, kind, forgiving, generous, loving heart manifests itself in the conditions of the surrender of Lee's army, dictated

by the heroic Grant, with whom the lamented patriot had been in council.

He returned to his home in the national capital to enter upon the work of retrenchment in our expenditures, and to gather up the broken and fragmentary States, to bring them out from the chaos of rebellion and set them as stars in their proper orbit in the great American constellation. His first, his last, his only thought was for the welfare and glory of his country. In the first hours of his joy at the prospect of peace, having escaped the perils of death in the domain where treason held its court, he returned to die a martyr's death for the country which he had so faithfully served.

In brief, this is the personal record of the country's second Saviour. He was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12th, 1809, and removed with his father to Indiana in 1816. He spent two years at school in Stafford county, Virginia; taught school and studied law for a time in Culpepper county, of that State; removed to Illinois in 1830, and turned his attention to agricultural pursuits.

He served as a Captain of Volunteers in the celebrated Black Hawk war, and was at one time a humble Postmaster in a village. He served four years in the legislature of the State of his adoption, during which time he again turned his attention to the study of law, finally settling at Springfield in that State to practice his profession.

He was a member of the National Convention which nominated General Taylor for the Presidency

in 1848. He was a representative in Congress from Illinois from 1847 to 1849, serving upon important committees. He became better known to the American public, acquiring distinction, by his series of debates with the honorable and lamented Stephen A. Douglas, when a seat in the United States Senate was contingent upon the result.

He was nominated and elected to the Presidency of the Republic for the term commencing the 4th of March, 1861; and having faithfully served the country for four years, he was again most triumphantly re-elected for another term, carrying with him, not the ballots only, but the hearts of the people. He was inaugurated the second time on the 4th of March, 1865, and was assassinated at the instigation of the treason which he had so successfully frustrated in its purposes, on the 14th of April, 1865, his great life going out at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock on the following morning. The treacherous and cowardly murderer was too sure in his aim. The blotting out of his intelligence was instantaneous. The noble brain, torn and mangled its entire length, refused to act, even to indicate the intelligence or the love which filled his noble soul. On the altar of his country he lies to-day, the last and noblest martyr to liberty. The gaping wound through which his life went out to its pilgrimage in the great future, is an attestation of his devotion to his country. Had he have been less firm, less honest, less noble, he would have been alive to-day.

He is dead. A nation buries him with sorrowful hearts and tearful eyes. From the bustling city, whose industry and commerce are hushed and silent to-day; from the quiet town; from the distant farm house home; from the palace of wealth, and moving with heavy hearts across the threshold of honest poverty's door, the mourners come. A nation of reverent pall-bearers wait around his bier, and every man is a kinsman, a friend and a lover. The solemn bell; the minute gun; the low dirge of the martial band; the solemn prayer of the minister; the deep, sad chant of the choir; the bowed, uncovered heads of twenty millions of people, all conspire to make his burial such as America seldom, if ever, grants to one of her sons.

How shall I epitomize his character? He was so perfectly transparent in his nature that the merest lad, in the most retired hamlet of our free North and West, could give you the details of honest ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S character. He was a kind and indulgent husband and father; a genial companion and noble friend; a clear headed and comprehensive statesman; an unbiased and firm judge; firm also in what he conscientiously believed to be right, and fearless of soul because he was utterly honest. He was a true believer in the divinity of the rights of man as man, the great democratic touchstone of the age, and the civil, as well as religious hope of the race. He was as a consequence, a profound hater of oppression, tyranny and tyrants. In that great and wonderful combination,—a massive heart containing a living

fountain of pure love and tenderest sympathy, a child's soul in its simplicity and purity, joined to a clear, discriminating, strong mind and inflexible will when following the right, God shows to the world how He creates and develops men, rocking them in the cradle, and moulding their manhood under the sunshine of American, democratic institutions.

It was the hand of tyranny which put out the light of such a noble life! In the words of another, I ask, in view of this murder :

“ Is there a crime
Beneath the roof of Heaven, that stains the soul
Of man with more infernal hue than damned
Assassination ?”

Who assassinated him? Who called the whole nation to sit in the sack-cloth and ashes of woe, and to surround his martyr bier with tears of unfeigned sorrow?—**SLAVERY!** What serpent crept into our American Eden, to hiss its foul lie into credulous ears and proclaim that the nation should not die if it ate the forbidden fruit of despotism? **THE SERPENT OF SLAVERY!** Who partook of this fruit, and showed the nakedness of their professions of liberty and democracy to God and the whole universe? A Southern aristocracy, founded upon the chattelization of humanity. Who quarrelled at their altar side, and because their brother's free gift was accepted, arose to the commission of murder, and drenched our Eden with the blood of tens of thousands of our young and noble American Abels? **SLAVERY,** the second Cain in principle and practice. And, as God lives, who

fastened the brand of infamy and curse upon Cain's brow, and drove him from His presence, so shall SLAVERY, this sum of all human villanies, branded, despised, accursed by heaven and earth, a loathsome leper from the tomb of a dead barbarism, be exiled from the soil of our American Eden, and be driven back into the darkness of that barbarism, depravity and lust from whence it emanated.

It has lived too long already. It has lived to thoroughly debauch nearly one-half of the States of the Union. It has lived to traffic in the bodies and souls of men as a drover speculates in his stock. It has lived to outrage and violate every command of Jehovah's decalogue, given for man's government, and to abrogate them in the name of law. It has lived to make virtue in woman a thing of public traffic; to sunder all ties of consanguinity, to wring toil out of the muscles of youth and age, with bloody welts. It has lived to drive its coffled gangs of humanity to an early grave, and has made the Stars and Stripes,—the symbols of democratic liberty,—to cover their foul crimes, from the theft at birth to the finished murder at the grave's mouth. It has lived to control a government of nearly thirty millions of people; dictate its policy; shape its legislation; mould its judiciary and laws; control its Executive; form its foreign policy; demand its entire domain, and annihilate that bulwark of freedom, the freedom of speech and the press.

It has inaugurated mob rule as law; its instruments were canes, bowie knives, and derringer pistols.

It has sunk its advocates and defenders to the level of the low assassins and lazzaroni of Italy ; filled them with haughtiness and contempt of honest toil and the hard-handed laborer. Finally, upon the body of its hate it begat perjury, theft and treason. It has for four years rolled the garments of the nation in blood, bringing sorrow and woe to a million of household altars, and uncounted millions of hearts. It has gnawed at the crust of poverty, rather than to acknowledge liberty and equality in man as of heavenly origin. It has beggared its friends, murdered its own children, and filled the long unmarked trenches with their dead forms. It has outraged all rules of civilized warfare—if war can be civilized. It has starved innocent prisoners to death, after abusing them so that they courted it as a welcome release from cruelty.

They were our own fresh, young brothers and sons, citizens! We saw them when, with firm tread and martial bearing, they turned their brave hearts and noble faces towards their country's foe. Falling into the hands of this insatiate demon, SLAVERY, its agents starved them into skeletons, jeered at their sufferings, penned and fed them like beasts, and with a maliciousness of cruelty which a savage can hardly imitate for want of an education suitable, murdered them slowly, that the noble lads might die a thousand deaths before their feet touched the cold waters whose full baptism they so much coveted as a release. SLAVERY, the mad fiend, baptized with that

name, the embodiment of all the foul refuse of sin, has done all this.

It has gone one step farther, and because of it we are here to-day surrounded by these emblems of our woe. Beaten on the field ; dying by the blows which a stalwart democracy of the people was administering to it ; it now seeks the role of the assassin, stealthily creeps in the darkness and shadows, and when the defenceless victim is utterly unconscious, strikes its death blow and hies away. With the seductive lie upon its lips, it presses itself into the chamber of suffering, and under the plea of carrying relief, it leaps upon the bed and plies the dagger with the vindictiveness of a fiend and the rapidity of a maniac's hand.

In the name of the lowest virtue which distinguishes a man from a brute, I ask if it is not time that this fiend was dead ? Has it a single advocate here to-day ?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the President, has made himself immortal by one single act which stands out pre-eminent in his Executive career. Not that all of his official acts have not been consistent and true. But this one links his name to an immortality of fame. Wherever, in coming ages, liberty is known and honored, the Emancipation Proclamation of President LINCOLN will be cited in proof of his heroic devotion to the rights of man. If the murderer had given him the crown and seal of his martyrdom while the ink of the official signature upon that immortal instrument of liberty to down-trodden millions, was yet

undried, he could not have robbed the illustrious dead of the green laurel of fame which would have kept his memory fresh and fragrant among all coming generations.

At a stroke of his pen, humanity, bound and crouching in its long, dusky lines, rose up, stood erect, freemen. The fetters breaking, fell from millions of limbs. Dusky faces smiled their first great joy as freemen. The accoucher of SLAVERY, who had so long stood at the portals of life to rob Jehovah of his homage and man of his rights, fell dead at his bloody work, and from henceforth God's free children were born free.

The slave pen yawned wide to let the sunlight of liberty in, and it dispersed the darkness of that foul pit forever. The auction block with its stalwart man; its tearful mother; its dusky virgin and its prattling child;—the auction block where virtue, stolen by theft, sold by avarice, and bought by lust, was placed in front of a gibbering fiend, with his eternal cry of "going," a man; "going," a woman; "gone," a soul; fell at that pen stroke which wrote ABRAHAM LINCOLN, as falls a tyrant's head when the people will it. Then tyranny fell down foaming in its death, and freedom, liberty, democracy, arose to assert its rights over the last American born soul. The Declaration of Independence and the Proclamation of Emancipation are henceforth blended in our national history.

But there are some useful lessons to be inculcated and derived from the mournful events of the hour.

We may notice one or two. We should learn the necessity of unity among ourselves. Brothers, we must come closer to each other. That cruel blow teaches us that no man is safe while the pistol and knife in the assassin's hand, and the flaming torch of the incendiary, are to be the weapons through which this child of SLAVERY, called TREASON, hopes to maintain its existence. Let us unite hearts; let us strike hands. Perish all party animosities, all party ties, in one fraternal brotherhood which looks to the eradication of TREASON, and the spirit of despotism which has begotten it. We are Americans! We are Unionists! We are loyal to the Constitution and country! Do not let us in this, our awful hour of distress, drift away from each other's sympathies upon any subordinate question of governmental policy. Let us vindicate our loyalty by the strongest and most heartfelt unity.

But again. The exercise of justice is taught us in this event as we have never been taught it before. It is no time to talk of leniency and kindness to these inhuman fiends. The quality of mercy has been stretched to its utmost by the illustrious martyr whose mutilated body is now receiving its burial in the nation's capital. He was the best friend these rebels ever had, outside or inside their infernal lines, because his great heart was full of mercy and forgiveness. Basely have they repaid that mercy; foully have they requited that forbearance. Give us *justice*, simple and unadorned—except with a hempen halter—now! Omnipotence can deal with such dark

spirits better in the prison house of the other life, than we can here. The peace of the world requires their exit.

We do not countenance revenge ; far be it from us to possess it. May the good God keep our bosoms free from its presence. But we do, soberly, calmly, earnestly, for the good of our country, for the sake of humanity, for the rights and interests of men, demand justice. A halter for all these leading conspirators, from Jeff Davis to his chief executioner, Lee, and downward to his hireling assassin, Booth. The mourners in all their cases would be few.

We demand in the name of an outraged people, in the name of justice, that public sentiment shall call for the trial for TREASON of these leading conspirators, as fast as the fortunes of war shall place them in our hands, and that upon their conviction they shall suffer the death they deserve. We demand for the assassins and incendiaries a speedy trial for murder, and as speedy an execution as is consistent with allowing them to seek a pardon for their guilty souls at the hands of Him whose laws they have so foully trampled under their feet.

The nation would unite in a free pardon to the blinded, the conscripted, the men who have been led, or forced, into striking a blow against the life of the nation ; but for their leaders—ignominious death.

God's justice stands out clear and distinct in the retributions of Providence, as they mark the ages of the past. It would be a fruitful theme could we

spend an hour in its examination. The lamented President LINCOLN is not the first illustrious example of martyrdom in high places. I remember that the great Cæsar was assassinated in the very Senate chamber of republican Rome. Brutus caused his death by the knives of assassins, himself the foulest murderer of them all. For that act, the Roman people through their representatives, ordered the Senate house in which Cæsar was slain to be kept shut; and a decree was made that the "Ides of March" should be called "the Parricide," and the Senate should never more assemble on that day. Thus stood public opinion in the Roman Empire at that age. Should we be less just than they?

Now for the retributive judgments of God connected with the act and actors as developed in history. Scarcely any of those who were accessory to his (Cæsar's) murder, survived him more than three years or died a natural death. They were all condemned by the Senate. Some were taken off by one accident, some by another. Part of them perished at sea, others fell in battle; and some slew themselves with the same poinard with which they had stabbed Cæsar. Brutus himself was taken prisoner through the defection and treachery of his own troops, by Antony; being betrayed in his attempted flight by a Gaulish Chief upon whom he had formerly conferred favors, and was put to death one year subsequent to Cæsar's assassination.

In our own country, and fresh within our memories, SLAVERY, in the person of Preston S. Brooks, of South

Carolina, came near bringing an illustrious Senator from New England, Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, to his death. You know the speedy and terrible end to which he came by the apparent act of God.

But why multiply cases? We are not infidels. God deals in justice with criminals, and in mercy with penitents. Let the nation put away its sympathy for such criminals as now blot our history with their dark deeds. The mangled body of our dead President calls for the exercise of this attribute of our nation.

But again. Reliance upon God and His merciful overrulings, is taught us in this sad event. Have we drifted away from our old moorings of trust in God? Have we become skeptics upon the subject of empire belonging to the Infinite and Eternal Ruler? In the birth of our nation, a Christian statesman arose in his place in its first councils, and proposing an invocation to the Universal Ruler, said: "If, as we are taught in the Bible, a sparrow fall not without His notice, how can an empire rise without His aid?" His hand of overruling will be in this event for good, if a Christian people seek His presence. Our hero martyr may have finished all his effective work for the nation's safety. We know not. Whether it requires a longer expiation for our sins, or whether we are by a still firmer policy, directed by a more inflexible and iron hand, to be led to the inauguration of peace founded upon justice, Omniscience alone knows. We are only safe when we humble ourselves before Him, trust His care and obey His commands.

Moses, the deliverer of his countrymen, did not enter the land of his rest to possess it with his brothers, after all the perils of the wilderness. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, leading our people through the four years' wilderness of war, at the very banks of the Jordan beyond which was peace, like Moses, died without the possession of that which his heart so greatly coveted for his countrymen.

Four years' of fratricidal war! Begun at Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston! On the anniversary of that memorable 14th of April, when our gallant Anderson lowered the flag of our country at the bidding of traitors, amid the broken walls and burning barracks, the red hot shells, the suffocating smoke, and the sufferings of his heroic, patriot band,—on that anniversary, just after the same brave Anderson had stood upon the crumbling ramparts and reverently looking up to God, had thrown again the same sacred emblem to the breeze; when the iron throats of our cannon on every fort and deck had given it the royal salute of honor and mastery of all the territory which had witnessed its humiliation; when the eloquent orator of Brooklyn had pronounced an address worthy of so important and auspicious an event, then, at the nightfall of that anniversary day, the assassin prepared his instruments, and death held high carnival in the nation's capital.

“ O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I and you and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody TREASON flourished over us.”

Mark you, brothers! Officials, citizens, soldiers of our gallant State, which has its dead heroes on every battle-field which has been ploughed and trenched by this war, behold to-day the deep damnation of this TREASON! Statesmen, judges, legislators, citizens, soldiers of Rhode Island, come to the last vision of your loved President, and then reverently bury him.

“Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.”

That noble form is mutilated, that shining light is quenched. He sleeps with the soldiers he loved; he perishes a martyr to liberty and the rights of man.

Weave the cypress wreath, crown the nation, for all should be mourners! Lay upon his heart the sprig of acassia, the emblem which most fittingly speaks his immortality. Gather to the burial of your best and truest friend, and come in the vast procession of States! Living we loved him, in death, honor and reverence mingle with our love. Bear away the mortal with reverent hands.

Soft be your repose, sweet your sleep, O patriot, hero and friend! The seal of your martyrdom was your crown of earthly glory! Millions of pilgrims will weep over your grave. A long dusky line of emancipated brothers and sisters will pause to kiss the sod which covers your form from their tearful gaze.

“Servant of God! Well done!
Thy glorious warfare’s past,
The battle’s fought; the victory won,
And thou art crowned at last.”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the honest, the noble, the man-child,—nay, the pure child-man of the age; the statesman; the kind judge; the second WASHINGTON; illustrious martyr to the liberty of man, farewell! “Hail and farewell!” A nation utters it.





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