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A DAY OF MOURNING.

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THE NATION

WEEPING FOR ITS DEAD.

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W. H. Hall



The Nation Weeping for its Dead.

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OBSERVANCES

AT

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,

ON

President Lincoln's Funeral Day,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865,

INCLUDING

DR. HOLLAND'S EULOGY.

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FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN'S REPORT.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.:  
SAMUEL BOWLES & CO.: L. J. POWERS.  
1865.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

WAS

ASSASSINATED APRIL 14,

AND

DIED APRIL 15, 1865.

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# The National Mourning.

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THE observance of Wednesday was in most complete harmony with the spirit which fills every loyal American heart. The day was devoted to the expression of grief for the loss of him who was to us all a friend, a guide, a father. Proclamations enjoining the suspension of business were hardly necessary, for the great heart of the republic throbbed in pain and anguish, and with such a heart-ache none could work with head or hands. With one accord the whole busy work of the nation stood still, and the closed shops and warehouses, and the symbols of mourning that marked almost every building, public and private, throughout the land, expressed truly, yet feebly, the sorrow that weighed upon all. There was no restriction as to rank or nationality. The humblest laborer and the highest ruler, and adopted as well as native citizens, shared the same grief and wept from the same cause. In every city and town of prominence, services in sympathy with the immediate funeral services at Washington were held, and no secular day since the foundation of our government, not even when Washington, the hero of our first revolution, was carried to the tomb, has been marked with such general tenderness, such depth of patriotism, such fervent Christian feeling. Men worshiped and mourned, Wednesday, who never worshiped or mourned before. All partisan feeling was forgotten and ignored, and there were few Americans, none indeed, worthy of the name, who had other than the kindest thoughts or most appreciative words for our dead President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The spirit which, since Saturday last, has united the nation in the expression of its burdening sorrow, will become historic, and will show the world that our government is not to be destroyed by armed traitors or cowardly assassins.

The 19th of April was historic before; it is doubly historic now. On that day was shed the first blood in the two great war struggles which our republic has passed through, and now we have buried on that day the costliest sacrifice our country has ever made to secure the perpetuity of its government.

# Proclamation.

TO THE CITIZENS OF SPRINGFIELD.

IN OBEDIENCE TO A COMMON FEELING, AND TO THE WISH OF THE NATIONAL AUTHORITIES AT WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY WILL BE OBSERVED HERE, AS ELSEWHERE, DOUBTLESS THROUGHOUT THE NATION, AS THE FUNERAL DAY OF THE LATE PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

I INVITE THE CITIZENS OF SPRINGFIELD TO CLOSE THEIR PLACES OF BUSINESS DURING THAT DAY; TO DISPLAY ALL NATIONAL FLAGS AT HALF MAST; AND TO CLOTHE THEIR HOUSES, SHOPS AND STORES WITH THE SYMBOLS OF MOURNING.

THE BELLS OF THE CITY WILL BE TOLLED AT SUNRISE, AND FROM HALF PAST ELEVEN TO TWELVE, NOON.

THE CHURCHES WILL BE OPEN AT TWELVE FOR SUCH EXERCISES AS THE PASTORS AND SOCIETIES MAY REGARD AS FITTING; AND THE PEOPLE ARE REQUESTED TO ASSEMBLE AT THEIR USUAL PLACES OF WORSHIP AND TAKE PART THEREIN.

AT THREE O'CLOCK THERE WILL BE A GENERAL PUBLIC SERVICE AT THE CITY HALL, TO WHICH ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY ARE INVITED. PRAYERS WILL BE OFFERED BY ONE OR MORE CLERGYMEN; A BAND AND CHOIR WILL PERFORM APPROPRIATE MUSIC, AND A EULOGY UPON PRESIDENT LINCOLN WILL BE DELIVERED BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

NO APPEAL CAN BE NECESSARY TO SECURE GENERAL PARTICIPATION AND SYMPATHY WITH THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE DAY. THE NATIONAL BITTERNESS IS FELT AS A PERSONAL WOE; AND EACH CITIZEN HATH LOST A FRIEND AND GUIDE AND FATHER.

A. D. BRIGGS, MAYOR.

SPRINGFIELD, Tuesday, April 18, 1865.

# President Lincoln's

## FUNERAL DAY IN SPRINGFIELD.

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S funeral day was a solemn day in Springfield, as well as elsewhere throughout the country. The people's love for their lamented president made its observance universal, and the soberness on the faces of the thousands who thronged the streets or visited every place where the popular grief found utterance, told beyond doubt how sincerely the "savior of his country" was mourned. The demonstration was altogether remarkable and unique in its universality, all classes and especially foreign-born residents, joining in it with great unanimity. It was also noticeable for the quietness and order which characterized every portion of it.

Besides the many and beautiful decorations, alluded to below, badges of crape were very generally worn by both sexes. The program previously announced was carried out minutely. On the armory grounds a salute of thirteen guns was fired at sunrise and one of thirty-six at sunset, with half-hour guns during the day. The bells were tolled in the morning and for half an hour before noon; and during the latter period a salute of thirty guns was fired by the Union battery, Capt. Wells.

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### THE DECORATIONS.

If anything were needed to testify the love the people bore for the deceased president, and their inconsolable grief at his death, the beautiful decorations which were exhibited upon almost every build-

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ing in the city, would do so most abundantly. There was scarcely an edifice on which some symbol of mourning was not placed, while many would have been dressed much more elaborately if the material could have been obtained. A volume might be filled with a description of all the tasteful drapings and arrangements of colors which were made, but we can notice only some of the more important. The Western Railroad and Telegraph Office building was profusely festooned with white and black cloth, while upon the corner was placed a large flag with streamers, the whole being the work of Charles O. Russell, assistant superintendent of the Western Railroad, with the aid of F. Rouviere, the ladies and others connected with the Western Railroad Office. A portion of the interior of the Depot was hung in black, and over Mr. Wells' ticket office there was a Goddess of Liberty, appropriately draped. At other places in that vicinity—the Connecticut River Railroad Office, Hopkins, King & Co.'s, the Massasoit House, Cooley's Hotel, and the stores in Massasoit and Goodrich Blocks,—tasteful exhibitions of black were made. Over the entrance to Fort Block was one of the most beautiful arrangements of festoons and drapery which was shown in the city. Cummings' and Wilkinson's Block was also gracefully draped, and in front of Wason's Car Factory was a flag with the motto, "Washington, the father, and Abraham Lincoln, the savior of our country."

Further down, the stores in Barnes' Block made exceedingly appropriate displays. In Rockwood's windows festoons of black were contrasted with those of white, and the whole was relieved by a tasteful display of the American flag. A portrait of Lincoln draped in crape was shown in one of the windows, and this was one of the commonest as well as pleasantest features of the decorations throughout the city. The display at Hallock's was much admired. There was very heavy drapery over the door, which was entirely hid from view by other drapings, while in the windows were black and white folds. Shedd & McKnight also made a beautiful display. Red, white, blue and black were happily contrasted in both door and windows. Norton & McKnight, with the same general features, had in one window a portrait of Lincoln, and in another portraits of Lin-



coln and Washington. Flowers were gracefully arranged and this motto exhibited :—

1776  
F A T H E R  
and  
S A V I O R  
1865

D. H. Brigham & Co. had black goods in their windows, flowers in an urn, and portraits with the motto "The nation mourns him." Goldthwait's store was heavily draped, as was also S. W. Avery's. In Hamilton & Co.'s, besides the usual drapery, there were two small alabaster figures holding American flags and an urn containing sprigs of willow. One window contained black festoons and a portrait of Lincoln. Bartlett and Wilcox made a tasteful display in their windows, and the latter had also drapery over his door. The Republican Block was festooned with white and black and a profusion of small flags were displayed. A. G. Lord's store was draped heavily, A. E. Foth's was made noticeable by a large flag and a graceful arrangement of black material, and all of the upper windows in the yellow block just north of his store were heavily bordered with black.

But the display which attracted most attention and admiration was the one made by Tinkham & Co. In one window was a tall monument, on which appeared, in black letters, "A. Lincoln, 16th President." Its base was lavishly decorated with flowers, and red, white and blue were displayed on either side and somewhat in the background, though the prevailing color of the latter was black. The other window contained black drapery almost entirely, but with the letters "A. L." in white. The whole arrangement was very tasteful and beautiful. Currier & Hodskins' windows were also attractive, having among other features a portrait enshrouded in crape, and the motto "The nation mourns the savior of her liberty." The entrance was handsomely draped in black with an American flag gracefully looped up behind. The Court street entrance to the Hampden House was decorated with white and black in pleasing contrast, and a large American flag, deeply bordered with black, was displayed. The decorations at the Express Office were very profuse

and tasteful, and this motto was over the door: "The Lord Jehovah reigns; the nation still lives." On Elm street, George Dwight's store was beautifully festooned.

Among other noticeable displays were those made by Pynchon & Lee, a dismasted ship, with a profusion of black drapery; N. Swetland, a marble monument with "weeping willow" drooping over it, and the motto, "We mourn our departed chief;" C. M. Lee, whose windows contained, besides the drapery, the names "Washington," and "Lincoln;" Cowles & Bliss and William M. Collins, heavily draped; John Hooker, handsome inside display; Pynchon Bank Block, simply and tastefully draped; Bridgman & Whitney, white stars on a black background in both windows; Springfield Savings Bank and Homer Foot, an elaborate decoration in which red, white, blue and black were happily mingled; the tenants of Burt's Block, handsome festoons of black and white; and J. D. Brewer, in whose windows were broad stripes, alternate black and white. The exterior of Masonic Hall was festooned and the motto exhibited with masonic emblems, "The memory of his virtues will outlive all time." Upon the Hill there were several very creditable displays, prominent among which was Cate & Chapman's. Many private residences, among which were F. A. Brewer's on Chestnut street, and James Parker's on North Main street, were also draped very handsomely.

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### THE CHURCH SERVICES AT NOON.

All of the churches were open at noon and the attendance was uniformly large. In most cases the drapery was the same which was put up for the previous Sunday, but at the Episcopal and one or two other churches, a much more elaborate and elegant display was made. The services were more funereal than on the Sabbath, (when the national calamity was alluded to, or made the topic of discourse in every pulpit,) although the addresses of the clergy partook of the same general character, the principal points being eulogy of the late president, the great loss the country has sustained in his death, the atrocity of the crime, and the lessons to be drawn from the calamity. As Rev. Dr. Ide was absent from his pulpit on

Sunday, his address to the united First and Second Baptist Societies was lengthier than those made by most of the other clergymen. He could find no parallel in history for such a crime as that which has thrown the nation into mourning, except the assassination of William the Silent, king of the Netherlands. He could offer no consolation, no comfort; there is none. God meant that the people should mourn. But the grandeur of goodness, which has made the character of Lincoln conspicuous for all future time, is in the highest degree worthy of emulation. The loss of the president is a judgment upon the nation for its self-gratulation, its self-confidence. Humiliation is the great lesson to be learned from it.

At St. Michael's church, too, where the president's death was only alluded to on Sunday, Father Galligher declaring that it was too soon after the event for him to conquer his emotions, the services were of more than usual interest. The church was filled, the Fenians and other societies proceeding to the church in a procession. Rev. Father Galligher conducted the brief but impressive ceremonies. He commenced by reading the prayer appointed to be read for our rulers, and the 14th chapter of Esther, and then followed with a brief address, which for lofty patriotism, genuine faith in and love for our institutions, we venture to say was not surpassed in any pulpit in any place, during the day. He characterized the occasion as the most lamentable that ever brought the American people together, and declared that if a man living in the United States, of whatever nationality, did not lament over President Lincoln's death, he was not worthy to tread the American soil. He gave a brief history of President Lincoln's life, with a touching eulogium on his character and services, and closed with some excellent advice to his people, all of whom were invited to be present at the City Hall in the afternoon. As we listened, we could not help remembering how many men of foreign birth, and of the Catholic faith, have gone forth to battle and to death in the cause we are engaged in, and it is no longer a wonder whence came their inspiration and their devotion, if all or many of their spiritual teachers are like Father Galligher. St. Michael's church was decked with appropriate symbols of mourning, and good music added to the interest of the services.

### THE EXERCISES AT THE CITY HALL.

Soon after noon people began to gather upon the City Hall steps, and the crowd was rapidly augmented, so that by two o'clock, not only the steps but the streets around Court Square and most of the square itself, were densely covered by human beings. Notwithstanding the weariness of waiting the crowd was perfectly orderly—how could it be otherwise in the shadow of the great grief which fell on every heart? It was not intended to open the hall till half-past two, but the pressure became so great, that this time was anticipated, and the hall was quickly filled in every available part. Yet the outside crowd, continually growing, seemed no smaller than before, and the announcement that addresses would be made from the City Hall steps kept it quietly waiting.

The hall was not draped very freely, as the preparations were not made until there was a scarcity of material, but the windows in the rear of the platform were decorated very handsomely. The middle one was entirely concealed by the black drapery, which was relieved by a partial bordering of white. In the center, on a white bracket, was a figure of an angel presenting a triumphal wreath. The windows on either side were concealed by flags, which were draped in black. The exercises in the hall were begun by the Armory Cornet Band performing the beautiful dirge of Rooke—"Rest, Spirit, Rest." Mayor Briggs, who presided, then made the following appropriate speech.

## Mayor's Address.

WE have met this afternoon, fellow citizens, to pay our last tribute of affection and respect to the memory of our late president, Abraham Lincoln. In the midst of general rejoicing, a great calamity has fallen upon us, and the dearest life in all the land is blotted out forever. One week ago, thanksgiving, joy and gladness pervaded the whole land. The months of doubt and uncertainty had passed away, and the days of victory, bringing the long wished for, hoped for, prayed for peace had dawned upon us. Four years of cruel, bloody war were ended. We had achieved that for which more than one million of brave men had left their homes and firesides, their every occupation,—the plow, the loom, the anvil, the counting-room and the pulpit,—and taken up the sword and the bayonet. We had maintained, perpetuated, and would transmit to posterity, a glorious Union of States, a country rejoicing in universal liberty.

Notwithstanding our great bereavement, we do not meet here to-day as unthankful people. Truly we have great reason to be thankful to our Heavenly Father, who has given us the series of victories by which the greatest and wickedest rebellion the world has ever seen has been crushed; for the means by which those victories have been won; for the list of heroes who have led our armies and fleets; for

Grant and Sherman, for Sheridan and Thomas, for Farragut and Porter and Foote ; for the dead Wadsworth and Sumner and Lyon, and others who fell in the thick of the fight their faces towards the foe ; for the brave men who were always ready to follow wherever their great heroes led the way ; but above all these are we thankful for the bright example and pure life of unselfish devotion of the last great martyr to liberty—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

He was our chosen leader in whom we trusted. Whenever we have had our reverses—and we have had many in the alternate days of success and defeat—so soon as the smoke of the conflict had passed away, so that we could see clearly, we could always discern his tall form at the helm of State, with a strain upon his head and a crushing weight upon his heart such as few men could bear—firm for God and freedom, for justice and right, never for a moment cast down or despondent. When he was urged to withdraw or modify his proclamation regarding the protection of colored soldiers on one of the darkest days the country has ever seen—at a moment when it seemed almost impossible to carry the ship of state over the breakers—his clear voice rang out with that memorable sentence, “The promise having been made, shall be kept,” and we all knew then, if we did not know it before, that our leader could be relied upon in storm as well as in sunshine. By the emancipation proclamation, the most important act of his life—one by which the fetters were struck from the limbs of four millions of human beings—all honest men in this country became free before the law, and slavery, the prime cause of

this giant rebellion, is among the things of the past. The poet Campbell once wrote this couplet:—

United States, your banner wears  
Two emblems—one of fame ;  
Alas ! the other that it bears  
Reminds me of your shame.

The white man's liberty in types  
Stands blazoned by your stars.  
But what's the meaning of these stripes ?  
They mean your negroes' scars !

However true this might have been when it was written, it is true no longer, for our nation's flag of stars and stripes which we love to look upon now more than ever, is the symbol of liberty and freedom wherever it waves. If there was ever a stain of blood upon it, the drop of ink in the pen of Abraham Lincoln when he signed the great edict of freedom, like the tear of the recording angel which fell upon the registered oath, has blotted it out forever. To use Mr. Lincoln's own words, "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget" what he did "that the nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom, and that governments of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

After Mayor Briggs' remarks, Rev. S. G. Buckingham offered prayer, a portion of the 90th psalm was chanted by a choir of male voices, an appropriate selection of scripture was read by Rev. Josiah Marvin, the band played the "Dying Christian," and Dr. J. G. Holland pronounced the following eulogy upon the late and lamented president.





## Dr. Holland's Eulogy.

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WE have assembled to honor the memory of the first citizen of the republic. We have come together to say and to hear something which shall express our love for him, our respect for his character, our high estimation of his services, and our grief at his untimely removal from the exalted office to which the voice of a nation had called him. Yet the deepest of our thoughts and emotions are always dumb. The ocean's floor has no voice, but on it and under it lie the ocean's treasures. The waves that roll and roar above tell no story but their own. Only the surface of the soul, like the surface of the sea, is vocal. Deep down within every one of our hearts there are thoughts we cannot speak—emotions that find no language—groanings that cannot be uttered. The surprise, the shock, the pity, the sense of outrage and of loss, the indignation, the grief, which bring us here—which have transformed a nation jubilant with hope and triumph into a nation of mourners—will find no full expression here. It is all a vain show—

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these tolling bells, these insignia of sorrow, these dirges, this suspension of business, these gatherings of the people, these faltering words. The drowning man throws up his arms and utters a cry to show that he lives, and is conscious of the element which whelms him ; and this is all that we can do.

Therefore, without trying to tell how much we loved him, how much we honored him, and how deeply and tenderly we mourn his loss, let us briefly trace the reasons why his death has made so deep an impression upon us. It is not five years since the nation knew but little of Abraham Lincoln. We had heard of him as a man much honored by the members of a single party—not then dominant—in his own state. We had seen something of his work. We knew that he was held to be a man of notable and peculiar power, and of pure character and life. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the nation knew enough of him to justify the selection made by the convention which presented him to the country as a candidate for its highest office. To this office, however, he was triumphantly elected, and since that time his life has run like a thread of gold through the history of the most remarkable period of the nation's existence.

From the first moment of his introduction to national notice, he assumed nothing but duty, pretended to nothing but integrity, boasted of nothing but the deeds of those

who served him. On his journey to Washington he freely and unaffectedly confessed to those who insisted on hearing him speak that he did not understand their interests, but hoped to make himself acquainted with them. We had never witnessed such frankness, and it must be confessed that we were somewhat shocked by it. So simple and artless a nature, in so high a place, was so unusual, so unprecedented, indeed, that it seemed unadapted to it—incongruous with it. In the society which surrounded him at the national capital, embracing in its materials some of the most polished persons of our own and other lands, he remained the same unaffected, simple-hearted man. He was not polished, and did not pretend to be. He aped no foreign airs, assumed no new manners, never presumed anything upon his position, was accessible to all, and preserved throughout his official career the transparent, almost boyish simplicity that characterized his entrance upon it.

I do not think that it ever occurred to Mr. Lincoln that he was a ruler. More emphatically than any of his predecessors did he regard himself as the servant of the people—the instrument selected by the people for the execution of their will. He regarded himself as a public servant no less when he issued that immortal paper, the proclamation of emancipation, than when he sat at City Point, sending telegraphic despatches to the country, announcing the progress of Gen. Grant's army. In all places, in all circum-

stances, he was still the same unpretending, faithful, loyal public servant.

Unattractive in person, awkward in deportment, unrestrained in conversation, a story-lover and a story-teller, much of the society around him held him in ill-disguised contempt. It was not to be expected that fashion and courtly usage and conventional dignities and proprieties would find themselves at home with him; but even these at last made room for him—for nature's nobleman, with nature's manners, springing directly from a kind and gentle heart. Indeed, it took us all a long time to learn to love this homely simplicity, this artlessness, this direct out-speaking of his simple nature. But we did learn to love them at last, and to feel that anything else would be out of character with him. We learned that he did everything in his own way, and we learned to love the way. It was Abraham Lincoln's way, and Abraham Lincoln was our friend. We had taken him into our hearts, and we would think of criticising his words and ways no more than those of our bosom companions. Nay, we had learned to love him for these eccentricities, because they proved to us that he was not controlled by convention and precedent, but was a law unto himself.

Another reason why we loved him was that he first loved us. I do not believe a ruler ever lived who loved his people more sincerely than he. Nay, I do not believe the

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ruler ever lived who loved his enemies so well as he. All the insults heaped upon him by the foes of the government and the haters of his principles, purposes and person, never seemed to generate in him a feeling of revenge, or stir him to thoughts and deeds of bitterness. Throughout the terrible war over which he presided with such calmness and such power he never lost sight of a golden day, far in the indefinite future, when peace and the restoration of fraternal harmony should come as the result and reward of all his labors. His heart embraced in its catholic sympathies the misguided men who were plotting his destruction, and I have no doubt that he could, and did, offer the prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" We felt—we knew—that he suffered a thousand deaths in the destruction of the brave lives he had summoned to the country's defense, that he sympathized with every mourner in this mourning land, that he called us to no sacrifice which he would not gladly have made himself, that his heart was with the humble and the oppressed, and that he had no higher wish than to see his people peaceful, prosperous and happy. He was one of us—one with us. Circumscribed in his affectionate regard by no creed, or party, or caste, or color, he received everybody, talked with everybody, respected everybody, loved everybody, and loved to serve everybody.

We loved and honored him, too, for his honesty and in-

tegrity. He seemed incapable of deceit, and unsusceptible of corruption. With almost unlimited power in his hands, possessing the highest confidence of the nation and the enthusiastic devotion of the most remarkable army the world ever saw, with a wealth of treasure and patronage at his disposal without precedent, and surrounded by temptations such as few men have the power to resist, he lived and died a man with clean hands and a name unsullied even by suspicion. Nothing but treasonable malignity accuses him of anything more culpable than errors of judgment and mistakes of policy. Never, even to save himself from blame, did he seek to disguise or conceal the truth. Never to serve himself did he sacrifice the interests of his country. Faithful among the faithless, true among the false, unselfish among the grasping, he walked in his integrity. When he spoke we believed him. Unskilled in the arts of diplomacy, unpracticed in the ingenuities of indirection and intrigue, unlearned in the formalities and processes of official intercourse, he took the plain, honest truth in his hands, and used it as an honest man. He was guilty of no tricks, no double-meaning, no double-dealing. On all occasions, in all places, he was "honest Abraham Lincoln," with no foolish pride that forbade the acknowledgment and correction of mistakes, and no jealousy that denied to his advisers and helpers their meed of praise. The power which this patent honesty of character and life exercised upon this na-

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tion has been one of the most remarkable features of the history of the time. The complete, earnest, immovable faith with which we have trusted his motives, has been without a precedent. Men have believed in Abraham Lincoln who believed in nothing higher. Men have believed in him who had lost faith in all around him ; and when he died, after demonstrating the value of this personal honesty in the administration of the greatest earthly affairs, he had become the nation's idol.

Again, we loved and honored Mr. Lincoln because he was a Christian. I can never think of that toil-worn man, rising long before his household, and spending an hour with his Maker and his Bible, without tears. In that silent hour of communion, he has drawn from the fountain which has fed all these qualities that have so won upon our faith and love. Ah ! what tears, what prayers, what aspirations, what lamentations, what struggles, have been witnessed by the four walls of that quiet room ! Aye, what food have the angels brought him there ! There day after day, while we have been sleeping, has he knelt and prayed for us—prayed for the country, prayed for victory, prayed for wisdom and guidance, prayed for strength for his great mission, prayed for the accomplishment of his great purposes. There has he found consolation in trial, comfort in defeat and disaster, patience in reverses, courage for labor, wisdom in perplexity, and peace in the consciousness of God's approval. The

man who was so humble and so brotherly among men, was bowed with filial humility before God. It was while standing among those who had laid down their lives for us, that he gave his heart to the One who had laid down his life for him. A praying president? A praying statesman? A praying politician? A praying commander-in-chief of armies and navies? Our foremost man, our highest man, our august ruler, our noblest dignitary, kneeling a simple-hearted child before his Heavenly Father? Oh! when shall we see the like of this again? Why should we not mourn the loss of such a man as this? Why should we not love him as we have loved no other chief magistrate? He was a consecrated man—consecrated to his country and his God.

Of Mr. Lincoln's intellect, I have said nothing because there was nothing in his intellect that eminently distinguished him. An acute and strong common sense, sharply individualized by native organization and the peculiar training to which circumstances had subjected it, was his prominent characteristic. He had a perfect comprehension of the leading principles of constitutional government, a thorough belief in the right of every innocent man to freedom, a homely, straightforward mode of reasoning, considerable aptness without elegance of expression, marked readiness of illustration, and quick intuitions that gave him the element of shrewdness. How many men there are, in power and out of power, of whom much more than this



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might with truthfulness be said! No, Mr. Lincoln was not a remarkable man, intellectually, or, if remarkable, not eminently so. Strong without greatness, acute without brilliancy, penetrating but not profound, he was in intellect an average American in the walk of life in which the nation found him. He was loved for the qualities of heart and character which I have attributed to him, and not for those powers and that culture which distinguish the majority of our eminent men.

In the light of these facts, let us look for a moment at what this simple-hearted, loving, honest, Christian man has done. Without an extraordinary intellect, without the training of the schools, without a wide and generous culture, without experience, without the love of two-thirds of the nation, without an army or a navy at the beginning, he has presided over, and guided to a successful issue, the most gigantic national struggle that the history of the world records. He has called to his aid the best men of the time, without a jealous thought that they might overshadow him; he has managed to control their jealousies of each other, and compelled them to work harmoniously; he has sifted out from weak and infected material men worthy to command our armies and lead them to victory; he has harmonized conflicting claims, interests and policies, and, in four years, has absolutely annihilated the military power of a rebellion thirty years in preparation, and having in its armies

the whole military population of a third of the republic, and at its back the entire resources of the men in arms, and the producing power of four million slaves. Before he died, he saw the rebellion in the last throes of dissolution, and knew that his great work was accomplished. Could any one of the great men who surrounded him have done this work as well? If you were doomed to go through it again, would you choose for your leader any one of these before Mr. Lincoln? We had a chance to do this, but we did not do it. Mr. Lincoln's election to his second term of office, though occurring at a time when doubt and distrust brooded over the nation, was carried by overwhelming majorities. Heart and head were in the market, but we wisely chose the heart.

The destruction of the military power of the rebellion was Mr. Lincoln's special work. This he did so thoroughly that no chief magistrate will be called upon for centuries to repeat the process. He found the nation weak and tottering to destruction. He left it strong—feared and respected by the nations of the world. He found it full of personal enemies; he leaves it with such multitudes of friends that no one, except at personal peril, dares to insult his memory. Through this long night of peril and of sorrow, of faithlessness and fear, he has led us into a certain peace—the peace for which we have labored and prayed and bled for these long, long years.

Another work for which Mr. Lincoln will be remembered

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throughout all the coming generations is the practical emancipation of four million African slaves. His proclamation of emancipation was issued at the right time, and has produced, is producing, will produce, the results he sought to accomplish by it. It weakened the military power of the rebellion, and has destroyed all motive to future rebellion. Besides this, it accomplished that which was quite as grateful to his benevolent, freedom-loving heart, the abolition of a gigantic wrong—the emancipation of all the bondmen in the land. If he had done no more than this, he would have secured for himself the fairest fame it has ever been the fortune of a good man to win. To be regarded and remembered, through all coming time, as the liberator of a race,—to have one's name embalmed in the memory of an enfranchised people, and associated with every blessing they enjoy and every good they may achieve, is a better fame than the proudest conquerors can boast. We who are white know little of the emotions which thrill the black man's heart to-day. There are no such mourners here as those simple souls among the freedmen who regarded Mr. Lincoln as the noblest personage, next to Jesus Christ, that ever lived. Their love is deeper than ours; their power of expression less. The tears that stream down those dark faces are charged with a pathos beyond the power of words.

Yet I know not why we may not join hands with them in perfect sympathy, for, under Providence, he has saved us

from as many woes as he has them. He has enfranchised the white man as well as the black man. He freed the black man from the bondage of slavery, and he freed the white man from responsibility for it. He has removed from our national politics a power that constantly debauched them. He has destroyed an institution that was a standing disgrace to our nation, a living menace to our form of government, a loud-mouthed witness to our national hypocrisy, a dishonor to Christian civilization.

The destruction of the rebellion and the destruction of slavery are the two great achievements on which the fame of Mr. Lincoln will rest in history; but no man will write the history of these achievements justly, who shall not reveal the nature of the power by which they were wrought out. The history which shall fail to show the superiority of the wisdom of an honest, humble, Christian heart over commanding and cultured intellect, will be a graceless libel on Mr. Lincoln's fame. I do not know where in the history of mankind I can find so marked an instance of the power of genuine character and the wisdom of a truthful, earnest heart, as I see in the immeasurably great results of Mr. Lincoln's administration. I should be false to you, false to the occasion, false to the memory of him we mourn, and false to the God he worshiped and obeyed, if I should fail to adjure you to remember that all our national triumphs of law and humanity over rebellion and barbarism have been

won through the wisdom and the power of a simple, honest, Christian heart. Here is the grand lesson we are to learn from the life of Mr. Lincoln. You, Christian men who have voted, and voted, and voted again, for impure men, for selfish men, for drunkards, for unprincipled men, for unchristian men, because they were men of talent, or genius, or accomplishments, or capacity for government, and because you thought that a good head was more important than a good heart, have learned a lesson from the life and achievements of Mr. Lincoln which you cannot forget without sin against God and crime against your country. We have begun to be a Christian nation. We have recognized the controlling power of Providence in our affairs. We have witnessed in the highest seat the power of Christian wisdom and the might of a humble, praying man. Let us see that we remain a Christian nation—that our votes are given to no man who cannot bring to his work the power which has made the name of Abraham Lincoln one of the brightest which illustrates the annals of the nation.

It was the presentiment and prophecy of Mr. Lincoln that his own life and that of the rebellion would end together, but little did he imagine—little did we imagine—that the end of each would be violent. But both parties in the closing scene were in the direct exhibition of their characteristic qualities. Mr. Lincoln went to the theater not to please himself, but to gratify others. He went with weariness

ness into the crowd, that the promise under which that crowd had assembled might be fulfilled. The assassin who approached his back, and inflicted upon him his fatal wound, was in the direct exhibition of the spirit of the rebellion. Men who can perjure themselves, and betray a government confided by a trusting and unsuspecting people to their hands, and hunt and hang every man who does not sympathize with their treason, and starve our helpless prisoners by thousands, and massacre troops after they have surrendered, and can glory in these deeds, are not too good for the commission of any dastardly crime which the imagination can conceive. I can understand their shock at the enormous crime. "It will put the war back to Sumter," says one. "It is worse than the surrender of Lee's army," says another. Ah! There's the point. It severs the rebellion from the respect and sympathy of the world. The deed is so utterly atrocious—it exhibits a spirit so fiendish and desperate—that none can defend it, and all turn from it with horror and disgust.

Oh friends! Oh countrymen! I dare not speak the thoughts of vengeance that burn within me when I recall this shameless deed. I dare not breathe those imprecations that rise to my lips when I think of this wanton extinction of a great and beneficent life. I can hardly pray for justice, fully measured out to the mad murderer of his truest friend, for, somehow, I feel the presence of that

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kindly spirit, the magnetism of those kindly eyes, appealing to me to forbear. I have come into such communion with his personality that I cannot escape the power of his charity and his Christian forbearance; and the curse, rising like a bubble from the turbid waters within me, breaks into nothingness in the rarer atmosphere which he throws around me. If he could speak to me from that other shore, he would say, what all his actions and all his words said of others not less guilty than his assassin: "My murderer was mad and mistaken, as well as malignant. He thought he was doing a great and glorious deed, on behalf of a great and glorious cause. My death was necessary to the perfection of my mission, and was only one sacrifice among hundreds of thousands of others made for the same end."

Ah, that other shore! The commander-in-chief is with his army now. More are they that are with him in victory and peace than they whose names are still upon our muster-rolls. The largest body of the soldiers of the republic pitch their white tents, and unfold their golden banners, and sing their songs of triumph around him. Not his the hosts of worn and wearied bodies; not with him the riddled colors and war-stained uniforms; upon his ears breaks nevermore the dissonance of booming cannon, and clashing saber, and dying groan; but youth and life troop around him with a love purer than ours, and a joy which more than balances our grief.

Our President is dead. He has served us faithfully and well. He has kept the faith; he has finished his course. Henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him in that day. And He who gave him to us, and who so abundantly blessed his labors, and helped him to accomplish so much for his country and his race, will not permit the country which he saved to perish. I believe in the over-ruling providence of God, and that, in permitting the life of our chief magistrate to be extinguished, He only closed one volume of the history of His dealings with this nation, to open another whose pages shall be illustrated with fresh developments of His love and sweeter signs of His mercy. What Mr. Lincoln achieved he achieved for us; but he left as choice a legacy in his Christian example, in his incorruptible integrity, and in his unaffected simplicity, if we will appropriate it, as in his public deeds. So we take this excellent life and its results, and, thanking God for them, cease all complaining, and press forward under new leaders to new achievements, and the completion of the great work which he who has gone left as a sacred trust upon our hands.

Dr. Holland's address was listened to with earnest—often tearful—attention, and at its conclusion, an impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Ide. An appropriate hymn, read by Rev. H. M. Parsons, was then sung, and the exercises of the meeting concluded with the benediction by Rev. William R. Clark, and the performance of Handel's "Dead March in Saul" by the band.



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## A GREAT OUT-DOOR MEETING.

The crowd in the City Hall was surpassed in size by the immense multitude outside, which covered almost every inch of ground within view of the steps. The meeting was presided over by Hon. Stephen C. Bemis, who in a few pertinent remarks introduced Rev. M. P. Galligher, by whom the Catholic prayer for those in authority, written by the first Catholic bishop of this country, was read. Rev. L. Clark Seelye made the first address. He said he could only give expression to the common grief of which the Sabbath stillness of the streets, the hush of business and the vast assemblage before him, were tokens. All honor to the president we loved so well; and may condign punishment rest upon the fiends that took him from us! Who are the authors of this horrible crime? Not simply Booth and his fellow conspirators, but the rebellion which has vainly struggled with the nation's life. Treason has thus shown its hideous face unmasked, and whatever we may have thought heretofore, to-day we are united in the determination to hang every traitor who deserves it. (Loud applause.) Never since the fall of Sumter have the people been so firm in their devotion to country as they are to-day. When men in the South who had been rebels heard the dreadful news, they saw what treason really was, and were rebels no longer. And some day, perhaps, the men of the South and the men of the North will journey to Lincoln's grave as to a common Mecca, there to pledge anew their devotion to a common country.

Rev. Mr. Seelye's address was received with much approbation by the audience. After two stanzas of "America" had been sung, Rev. A. K. Potter was introduced, who began his remarks by an allusion to Washington as the father and Lincoln as the savior of his country. We all feel as if we had lost a friend. Lincoln was the friend of the lowest, and of the lowest black man. His judgment surpassed ours. We thought him slow, but he was wiser than we. His sublime common sense wrought a powerful part in the redemp-

tion of the nation. Mr. Potter declared, in closing, his firm belief in the doctrine of predestination, and especially that Jeff Davis was predestined to be hung. He then offered prayer, and Mr. Bemis dismissed the meeting with an injunction to trust in God and unflinchingly sustain the old flag.

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### STILL ANOTHER LARGE MEETING.

The Fenian Brotherhood, St. Jean de Baptiste, Young Catholic Friends', and St Michael's Societies, headed by the Germania Band, marched together to the City Hall to attend the afternoon meeting, but finding that they could not get even a standing place in the hall, went, at the invitation of the St. Jean de Baptiste Society, to its hall in Goodrich Block, where a large and very interesting meeting was held. This society being composed of Frenchmen, the management of the meeting was turned over to the other societies. Thomas W. Hines, president of the Young Catholic Friends' Society, presided, and speeches were made by P. J. Ryan, president of the St. Michael's Society, David Powers, center of the Springfield Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood, William J. Hines, and the president of the meeting. All of the speakers denounced the assassination of the President in the strongest terms and avowed the most earnest devotion for the Union. In conclusion the St. Jean de Baptiste Society was thanked for its courtesy to the other societies, John B. Vincent speaking in response for that society, and the meeting broke up with the best of good feeling.

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