

# Order of Services

AT

INDIANA-PLACE CHAPEL,

On Easter Sunday, April 16, 1865;

BEING THE SUNDAY AFTER THE ASSASSINATION

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

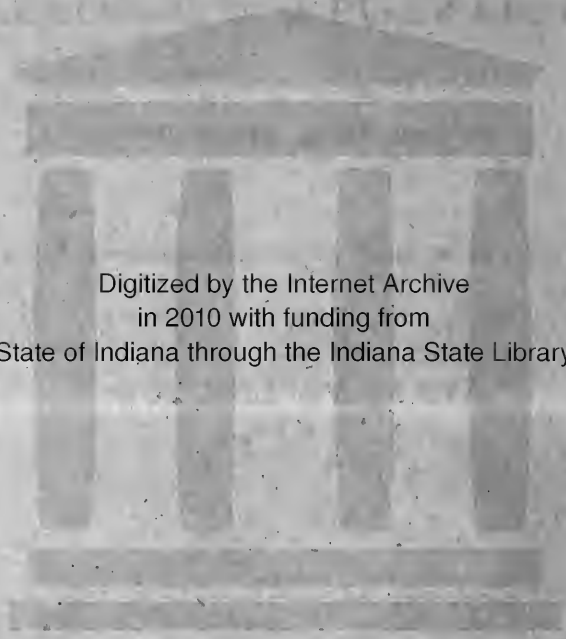
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BOSTON:

WALKER, FULLER, AND COMPANY,

245, WASHINGTON STREET

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## I. INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES.

**M**Y son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. — HEBREWS, xii. 5, 6.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. — PSALM xc. 1, 2.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. — JOB, xiv. 1, 2.

For what is your life? It is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. — JAMES, iv. 14.

Fret not thyself because of evil-doers; neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

For evil-doers shall be cut off: yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be.

The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth on him with his teeth. He has drawn out his sword, and bent his bow, to slay such as be of an upright conversation.

His sword shall enter his own heart, and the arms of the wicked shall be broken.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him; but the Lord will not leave him in his hand.

Mark the perfect man, and consider the upright: for the end of that man is peace. — PSALM xxxvii. 1, 2, &c.

Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men. — PSALM xii. 1.

The wicked in his pride boasteth of his heart's desire. His mouth is full of cursing. He hath despised the poor.

He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages: in the secret places doth he murder the innocent. He lieth in wait, as a lion in his den. — PSALM x. 1, 7, 8, &c.

Deliver us from our enemies, O Lord; from the workers of iniquity, and the bloody men.

Break their teeth, O Lord, in their mouth: let them melt away like the waters.

They shoot in secret at the righteous: suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not. — PSALMS lviii., lix., lxiv.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. — PSALM xlvi. 1, 2, 7.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die. — JOHN, xi. 25, 26.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. — REVELATION, xiv. 13.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

Thanks be to God, who hath given us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. — 1 CORINTHIANS, xv. 53, 54, 57.

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## II. HYMN.

In the sun and moon and stars  
 Signs and wonders there shall be;  
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
 Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
 Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;  
 Darker storms the mountain sweep,  
 Redder lightning rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,  
 Racking doubt and restless fear;  
 And amid the thunder-cloud  
 Shall the Judge of men appear.

But though from that awful face  
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,  
 Fear not ye, his chosen race :  
 Your redemption draweth nigh.

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### III. READING THE SCRIPTURES.

LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them, through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies ;

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions, —

All these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

Their bodies are buried in peace ; but their name liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

Enoch pleased the Lord, and was translated, being an example of repentance to all generations.

Abraham was a great father of many people : in glory was there none like unto him ;



Who kept the law of the Most High, and was in covenant with him : he established the covenant in his flesh ; and, when he was proved, he was found faithful. — ECCLESIASTICUS, xlv. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 10, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20.

And he brought out of him a merciful man, which found favor in the sight of all flesh, even Moses, beloved of God and men whose memorial is blessed.

He made him like to the glorious saints, and magnified him, so that his enemies stood in fear of him.

By his words he caused the wonders to cease, and he made him glorious in the sight of kings, and gave him a commandment for his people, and showed him part of his glory.

He sanctified him in his faithfulness and meekness, and chose him out of all men. — ECCLESIASTICUS, xlv. 1, 2, 3, 4.

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#### IV. PRAYER.

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#### V. HYMN.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,  
 In full activity of zeal and power :  
 A Christian cannot die before his time ;  
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;  
 Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done ;  
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,  
 Soldier, go home : with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave ; for there thy Saviour lay  
 In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;  
 And all the ransomed by that narrow way  
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave : — no, take thy seat above ;  
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,  
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,  
 And open vision for the written word.

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## VI. SERMON.

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## VII. SILENT PRAYER.

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## VIII. LORD'S PRAYER.

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## IX. BENEDICTION.

MAY the Lord God of our Fathers, and our God, the God of Freedom, Justice, and Humanity ; the Ruler of Nations, and Perfect Providence ; bless, preserve, and keep us, our rulers, our people, our armies, our homes, our institutions ; and, in his own time, give us peace based on justice, never more to be removed. Amen.

## 2 TIM. I : 10.

### WHO HATH ABOLISHED DEATH.

[Indiana-Place Chapel was decorated on Easter with appropriate and symbolic ornaments. The entire chancel was covered with a rich purple fabric looped to the wall at different points with wreaths of white flowers. Over the chancel, fixed to the wall, was a large cross surmounted by a crown, and at the side appeared the words "He is Risen," each worked in foliage and flowers. There were also numerous bouquets and single specimens of choice flowers and plants placed at different points in the chapel, which, with the national colors draped in mourning drooping from the gallery, heightened the general effect.]

WHEN JESUS died, it seemed as if the last hope of the world had perished. It seemed as if God had left the earth alone, — it seemed as if there was no Providence left. It was the blackest hour in the history of the human race. The power of darkness was at its height. Satan had conquered God. One man had at last appeared capable of redeeming mankind; he had given himself to that work, — one man teaching and believing a religion spiritual, humane, free; above ceremony, above dogmas, above all fanaticism, enthusiasm, formality.

*He* was here ; the one being who knew God wholly and human nature exactly ; who could say, “ I and my Father are one,” “ I and my brother are one.” No sin terrified him, for he was able to cure the foulest diseases of the human heart and soul. From him flowed a *life*, a vital power, which strangely overcame diseases of the body and the soul. He was young : he had just begun his work. A world dying of weariness, an exhausted civilization, a worn-out faith, longed to be regenerated. The great auroral light of Greek intelligence had died away. The stern virtue of Rome had ended in effeminacy and slavery. The world, prematurely old, asked to be made young again ; and here was the being who could do it. And then men took him and murdered him. They assassinated their best friend. BLACK TREASON, in the form of Judas ; COWARDLY DESERTION, in his disciples ; SHAMEFUL DENIAL and FALSEHOOD, in the person of Peter ; TIME-SERVING SELFISHNESS, in Pilate ; CRUEL POLICY, in the priests ; BLIND RAGE, in the people ; COLD-BLOODED BARBARISM, in the Roman soldiers, — all these united in one black, concentrated storm of evil, to destroy the being so true, so tender, so gentle, so brave, so firm, so generous, so loving. It was the blackest day in the history of man.

And yet we do not call it Black Friday or Bad Friday ; we call it GOOD FRIDAY. We call it so, because the death of Christ has abolished death ; because evil that day destroyed itself ; sin, seeming to conquer, was conquered. And so we see, in the death and resurrection of Jesus, the great law revealed, that we pass through death to life, through sorrow to joy, through sin to holi-

ness, through evil and pain to ultimate and perfect good.

We dress our church in flowers to-day in token of this triumph. Nature, every spring, renews her miracle of life coming out of death. The little, tender buds push out through the hard bark. The delicate stalks break their way up through the tough ground. The limbs of the trees, which yesterday clattered in the wind, mere skeletons, are now covered with a soft veil of foliage. Earth clothes itself with verdure, and these spring flowers come, the most tender of the year. They come, like spirits, out of their graves, to say that Nature is not dead but risen. Look at these flowers,—living preachers! “each cup a pulpit and each bell a book,” and hear from every one of them the word of comfort: “Be not anxious, be not fearful, be not cast down; for if God so clothe us, and so brings our life out of decay, will He not care for you and yours evermore?”

On this day of the resurrection we commemorate the subjugation of the last enemy,—Death. “He has abolished death,” says our text. Abolished it; or, as the same word is elsewhere translated, “made it void”; that is, emptied it of reality and substance; left it only a form; “*made it of no effect; destroyed it; brought it to nothing; caused it to vanish away.*” Death to the Christian ought not to be anything. If we are living in terror of death, if we are afraid to die, if we sorrow for our friends who die as those who have no hope, then we are not looking at it as Christians ought. We ought to be, and we can be, in that state of mind in which death is *nothing* to us.

For what makes death terrible? First, it is terrible because it ends this life, and all the enjoyment and interest of this life. We are made with a love of life, and God means we should love it.

We are made to be happy in the sight of nature ; in this great panorama of sky and land, hill and plain, sea and shore, forest, mountain, rivers, clouds, day and night, moon and stars, work and play, study and recreation, labor and sleep. We are made to enjoy the society of friends, the love of the near and dear, the quiet of home, the march of events, the changes of the seasons, the vicissitudes of human and national life. Death seems to be the end of all this ; and so we shrink from death. But that is because we do not see that all these things are the COMING OF GOD to us ; that these are God's words and God's actions ; that when surrounded by nature we are in the arms of God, and that all these things are from him, and through him, and to him. And as when we die we do not go away from God, so we shall not go away from all this beautiful variety and harmony, this majestic order and transcendent beauty of creation. We shall doubtless have more of it, know it better, enjoy it more entirely. And so, since Christ makes us realize the presence of God in nature, history, life, he abolishes thereby that death which seems to come to take us from them.

Another thing which makes death a terror is our own consciousness of sin. The sting of death is sin. But Christ removes this sense of sin, by bringing to us the pardon of sin. The conditions are simple and practicable : repentance and faith. If we turn from our sin

and renounce it, and then trust in the pardoning grace of God, we are forgiven our sin. Then not only the mercy, but the truth and justice of God are pledged to forgive us. "If we confess our sin, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sin." No one need to remain with a sense of unforgiven sin in his heart. In his dying hour, as in his life, Jesus sought to lead mankind out of the feeling of sin into that of reconciliation. When he said to the sinful woman, "Go, and sin no more; neither do I condemn thee"; when he said of the other sinful woman, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much"; when he told the story of the prodigal son, to show how God sees us when a great way off, and receives us back at once into the fulness of his love; when, at his death, he said, "This is my blood, which is shed for you, and for many, for the forgiveness of sin," he sent into the soul of men the conviction that they could be at one with God notwithstanding their evil.

And the resurrection of Christ has abolished death, because it shows us that death, instead of being a step down, is a step up. It shows us Christ passing on and up, through death, to a larger life. It shows that when he died he did not close his work for man, but began to do it more efficiently. The resurrection of Jesus was the resurrection of Christianity; the rising up of human faith and hope. Jesus rose into a higher life, and his disciples then rose into a higher faith. They became strong, brave, generous, true. Their weaknesses and follies fell away from them. Christianity broke the narrow bands of Jewish ceremony, and became the reli-

gion of humanity and of all time. The world seemed to have lost everything when Christ died ; but it really gained everything. His followers, "risen with him," "sitting in heavenly places" with him, sought and found deeper, higher, larger views of Christianity. And so his word was fulfilled : "I, if I be raised up, shall draw all men unto me."

When the awful news came yesterday morning of the assassination of our President and of Mr. Seward, and the other murders which accompanied those acts, it seemed impossible to dress this church with flowers, impossible to keep Easter Sunday with joy to-day. As on Thursday we changed a Fast into a Thanksgiving, so it seemed to be necessary to-day to change this feast of joy into a day of fasting and sorrow. Yet, after all, the feelings and convictions appropriate to Easter are what we need to-day. When we say "Christ is arisen," we are lifted into that higher faith which is our only support and comfort in calamities like these.

Perhaps the crime committed last Friday night, in Washington, is the worst ever committed on any Good Friday since the crucifixion of Christ. It was not only assassination, — for despots and tyrants have been assassinated, — but it was parricide ; for Abraham Lincoln was as a father to the whole nation. The nation felt orphaned yesterday morning, when the black tidings came ; for during these four years we had come to depend on the cautious wisdom, the faithful conscience, the shrewdness, the firmness, the patriotism of our good President. We have all quarrelled with him at times ; we wished he would go faster ; we wished



he had more imagination, more enthusiasm : but we forget all our complaints to-day, in the sense of a great and irreparable calamity. Had he been a tyrant and despot, there would have been the excuse for the act which we make for Brutus and Cassius ; but the chief fault of Abraham Lincoln was that he was too forgiving to his enemies, too much disposed to yield to those from whom he differed, and to follow public opinion instead of controlling it. He could not bear to punish those who deserved it ; and the man who will suffer the most from his death is his murderer, for had Lincoln lived, he would have forgiven him. Simple in his manners, unostentatious, and without pretence ; saying his plain word in the most direct way, and then leaving off ; he yet commanded respect by the omnipresence of an honest purpose, and the evident absence of all personal vanity and all private ends. Since Henry IV. fell by the dagger of Ravallac, no such woe has been wrought on a nation by the hand of an assassin. Good Friday was well chosen as the day, — a day dedicated to the murder of benefactors and Saviours. We shall miss him often in the years to come, for when shall we find among politicians one so guileless ; among strong men one with so little wilfulness ; among wise men one with so much heart ; among conservative men one so progressive ; among reformers one so prudent ? Hated by the South from that instinct which makes bad men hate the goodness which stands between them and their purpose, he never hated back ; reviled by the most shameless abuse, he never reviled again. Constant amid defeat and disaster, he was without exultation in success. After

the surrender of Lee, he caused to be written on the Capitol the words, "*Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory.*"

And so we find him mourned equally by the conservative and the progressive wing of the loyal people, because he was in reality a thoroughly conservative and a thoroughly progressive man. Both could depend on him as truly their own leader. For his moderation was not the negative moderation of a compromise which balances between two extremes, but the positive moderation of the large sincerity which accepts the truth on both sides. The Conservatives knew that he was sincerely cautious, and were sure he would never act rashly. The Progressives knew that he was sincerely ready to reform evils; and though he might move slowly, certain to move forward.

Fortunate man! who thus exhausted the experience of life, beginning as a splitter of rails and ending in a chair higher than a monarch's throne; studying his grammar by the fire-light of a log-cabin when a boy; when a man, addressing the senate and people from the capitol of a great nation; tried by hard-ship, hardened by labor, toughened by poverty, developed by opportunity, trained by well-fulfilled duties, chosen by God to be the emancipator of a race, and the saviour of a nation's life; and then, having finished his work and seen the end near, crowned with the martyr's halo, to be made immortal through all history and all time as the chief actor in the greatest drama of modern days. Happy in life; happy also in the opportunity of death, for when could death come more welcome than on that day, when, having

emancipated the slave, having conquered the rebellion, having walked into Richmond and written a letter at Mr. Jefferson Davis' desk, and having directed the flag to be restored on Fort Sumter, he commanded recruiting to cease throughout the land, and declared to Europe that the blockade was at an end, and the war over as far as foreign nations were concerned? Macaulay says of Hampden : " Others could conquer, he alone could reconcile. It was when, to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflicts of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy, and burning for revenge ; it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated endangered the new freedom, that England missed that sobriety, that self-command, that perfect soundness of judgment, that perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel,—or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone."

" The history of revolutions has furnished another parallel in Abraham Lincoln." So says a late London journal ; for even London journals have learned to look through the rough shell to the rich kernel. Abraham Lincoln is essentially of the same type as Washington. Washington was born and bred a patrician,—the lord of slaves and of broad acres. Lincoln was born and bred a plebeian,—a man of the people. But subtract these surface-differences and they were radically the same ; each built up of CONSCIENCE and of COMMON SENSE. Neither of them had imagination ; but that was a blessing : it saved their lives. For if, in addition to the heavy weight of real responsibilities, there had been

added the sleepless anxiety of a mind which constantly pictures to itself all possible contingencies, they would both have died, worn out by exhaustion. In the gallery of the world's great men our good Abraham Lincoln will stand hereafter by the great shape of Washington, having as great a work to do as he, and having done it as well.

But what shall *we* do without him? What shall become of us, in this doubtful Present around us, this dark Future approaching us? We thought our trials over; they seem about to begin anew. But we have learned in these years to see the hand of God in all things, and how He makes the wrath of the wicked to praise Him. Still let us believe that He knows what we need, and that this black event will also turn to good. Let the day on which he fell teach us a lesson — saddest day in the history of men. The death of Jesus, at the beginning of his work, seemed the direst calamity that could befall mankind. It was the loss of the one being whom the world could not afford to lose, — the one perfect soul the race had produced; cut off, with his word apparently half uttered, his work seemingly half done, his life half lived, leaving only a few half-taught disciples behind him.

But as out of that evil came so much good, so out of this God will educe the blessings and discipline we want. We thought our trials over; but perhaps we need more. The people of the North, always hopeful and good-natured, needed perhaps another example of the spirit of barbarism which has grown up in slavery, in order not to trust again with power any of this existing race of rebels. Always audacious, they were just about to

come together to tell us how the Union was to be reconstructed. Having been beaten in the field, they were quietly stepping forward to claim the results of victory. But this murder has probably defeated their expectations. As Abraham Lincoln saved us, while living, from the open hostility and deadly blows of the slaveholders and secessionists, so, in dying, he may have saved us from their audacious craft, and their poisonous policy. We are reminded again what sort of people they are.

It is idle to say that it was the work only of one or two. When the whole South applauded Brooks in his attempt to assassinate Charles Sumner; when, during these four years, they have been constantly offering rewards for the heads of Lincoln and of Butler; and when no eminent Southern man has ever protested against these barbarisms, they made themselves accessories before the fact to this assassination. Throughout the South, to-day, there is, probably, very general exultation. FOOLS AND BLIND! Throughout the North, this murder will arouse a stern purpose, not of revenge, we trust, or only such a revenge as will consist with the memory of Lincoln. The revenge we shall take for the murder of Lincoln will be, to raise the loyal black population of the South not only to the position of freemen, but of voters; to shut out from power forever the leaders of the rebellion; to re-admit no Southern State into the Union until it has adopted a free-state constitution, and passed that anti-slavery amendment so dear to Abraham Lincoln's heart.\* We might not have insisted on these

\* See, at the end of this discourse, an extract from the sermon preached by the writer on Fast Day, the day before this assassination, in regard to these points.

conditions, — perhaps it was necessary for Lincoln to die, to bring the nation to the point of demanding them.

I suppose that since the beginning of the world, there never was an hour in which a whole nation experienced at the same moment such a pang as was felt from Maine to San Francisco yesterday morning. The telegraphic wires sent a thrill of horror into every city and every large town on the Atlantic and Pacific, on the Kennebec and the Missouri, at the same time. It was like the blow of a hammer descending on the heart of the nation. But such a hammer and fire welds together the soul of a people into a strong, righteous purpose. As the attempt of Guy Fawkes to destroy the British Parliament united all England for two centuries against the Papacy; as the attempt of Brooks to murder Sumner united the free States against slavery, so this crime will unite the whole North to make thorough work with the rebellion, and put it down where it can never stir itself again.

The word “assassin,” it is said, was introduced into Europe by the crusaders, and took its name from that mountain chief whose followers devoted themselves to murder any of his foes. He was named Ha-shish-in: so named from hashish, the intoxicating herb, which they took to give themselves the energy of madness. Assassins are always madmen, — they destroy the cause they mean to help.

To-day, then, amid our grief and tears, let us not lose that trust in Providence which the past four years have been teaching to this nation, — and which every Good Friday and Easter Sunday, during eighteen centuries, have been teaching to mankind.

“Bear him, brothers, to his grave ;  
 Over one more true and brave  
     Ne’er shall prairie grasses weep  
 In the ages yet to come,  
 When the millions in our room,  
     What we sow in tears, shall reap.

“One more look of that dead face,  
 Of his murder’s ghastly trace !  
     One more kiss, O widowed one !  
 Lay your left hands on his brow,  
 Lift your right hands up, and vow  
     That *his* work shall yet be done.

“Patience, friends ! The eye of God  
 Every path by murder trod  
     Watches, lidless, day and night ;  
 And the dead man in his shroud,  
 And his children weeping loud,  
     And our hearts, are in his sight.

“We, in suffering, — they, in crime,  
 Wait the just award of time,  
     Wait the vengeance that is due ;  
 Not in vain a heart shall break,  
 Not a tear for Freedom’s sake  
     Fall unheeded : God is true.

“Lay the earth upon his breast,  
 Lay our slain one down to rest,  
     Lay him down in hope and faith.  
 And above the broken sod,  
 Once again to Freedom’s God  
     Pledge ourselves for life or death.”

## NOTE.

The following extract from a sermon preached by the writer, two days before, gives a further explanation of the points touched on our page:—

No doubt much remains to be done. The gravest questions rise before us. There loom up now the questions, “what shall be done with the rebels? Shall the leaders of the rebellion be punished, and how? What shall be done with the conquered States? How shall they be governed; by military or civil power?”

In answering these questions it is evident, that, first of all, we need guarantees that the substantial results of the war shall not be lost—that the cure of the South shall be radical—that there shall be no more treasons, no more rebellions. Any leniency that overlooks this necessity is not moderation, is not generosity—it is folly, cruelty, and crime. We may forgive; but we have no right so to forgive as to leave the old conspirators with power to conspire again.

What guarantees, then, do we need? Plainly, the first is the utter abolition and destruction of slavery in the South. We must not have it in any form or shape. We must not allow it to remain as apprenticeship, or as serfdom, or as pupilage. But can this be done if we give back the power over the Southern States into the hands of the old disloyal leaders, now made ten times as bitter as before their defeat? I see by the prints that distinguished citizens of Virginia are on their way to Washington to arrange terms for the reconstruction and re-admission of Virginia into the Union. What do we want of distinguished citizens of Virginia? We want them all to keep out of the way. We are to deal now with the real people of the South, colored and white, not with the old slaveholding aristocracy. We do not want any Hon. Mr. Hunters or Breckinridges; no Governor Wise, no Governor Foote, to arrange terms with.

It seems to me that the question of punishment may be entirely set aside. We do not wish to punish any one. “Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.” They will be



punished enough, no doubt of that. If defeat, disgrace, and utter ruin are punishments, if contempt at home and neglect abroad are punishments, if to have shown a want of statesmanship and ignorance of history, to have destroyed the peace and prosperity of these States is punishment, they have it. We have, no doubt, a right to punish them to any extent. The crimes of rebellion, treason, and waging civil war without a cause, are the blackest which can be committed by man. To lose life, property, and all, is not too severe a punishment. But what we wish is not to punish them, but to protect ourselves. And the most moderate punishment which is adequate is the best, because it is the most certain to be inflicted. And therefore I say, that, in my opinion, what we want is to keep all the old rebel leaders, and old slaveholding aristocracy out of the way, until the States of the South can be re-organized on the basis of freedom. We want to keep them from having anything to do with the government or control of the South until every Southern State is as loyal as Massachusetts. Now, every eminent Southern man is liable to be tried, convicted, and put to death for treason under the law of 1790. It is true that he can only be tried within the State where the act of treason was committed. But when Lee invaded Pennsylvania, he committed treason there, and so did the whole rebel government, for in treason all are principals — and the purpose of overthrowing the government of the United States by arms is a treasonable purpose — and every one who deliberately aids in any way that purpose, even by furnishing supplies, is held by the Courts to be a principal.

The punishment of death for treason is therefore hanging to-day over the head of every man concerned in the rebellion. They may be very grateful if allowed to escape by exile, confiscation, and disqualification. But looking, not at vengeance or punishment, but simply at self protection, it is my opinion that we might agree to waive the trial for treason, and substitute for it these penalties: 1st. In the case of Jefferson Davis, and his government, and all the chief conspirators, we might substitute

for death, exile for a term of years, — say ten years. This would be so moderate a punishment that it would pretty certainly be carried out. 2d. Then for those who have left the service of the United States to fight against it, and for the civil officers of the rebel States let the punishment be disqualification for any office, and inability to vote during ten years. So fast do things move in this country, that in ten years, when the exiles return, they will find no opening left for them, all their influence gone, others in their places, the whole machinery of state re-organized, and they all sent into obscurity and oblivion. 3d. Let all those who have committed specific crimes, such as murdering citizens, starving to death our prisoners, and killing colored persons in cold blood, be tried and punished for those crimes under the laws. 4th. Let all the common people who have been forced and cheated into rebellion be pardoned on taking the oath of allegiance and keeping it. 5th. Let no rebel State be re-admitted into the Union till its Legislature has passed the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery in the United States.

This is my plan for reconstruction. Let the military government of the U. S. be continued over the States, and let garrisons of colored troops be kept in all the large towns. Let no State be re-admitted till a convention of the people has met, revising its Constitution and abolishing slavery, and till its Legislature has passed the Constitutional amendment. Let the Federal Courts for the District of Pennsylvania find indictments for treason against every member of the rebel government, rebel Congress, and every head officer in the rebel army. Let the Federal Courts in Ohio, Maryland, and Missouri, do the same. Then let Congress be called together, and modify the law, substituting exile for a term of years, and disqualification for office, under certain conditions. So that by accepting and submitting to the lesser punishment, they may escape the greater.