# SERMON

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VIRTUES OF

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

DELIVERED IN

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

MEADVILLE, PA., JUNE 1, 1865,

BY REV. J. V. REYNOLDS, D. D.

MEADVILLE, PA.:
R. LYLE WHITE, PRINTER,
1865.

Meadville, June 25th, 1866.

Chas. H. Hart, Esq.

Dear Sir.

I send, as you request, a copy of sermon on occasion of the death of Pres. Lincoln. Also, a newspaper copy of a Thanksgiving sermon, delivered during the war. I suppose for the latter you will not care, for I presume you desire only such sermons & addresses as were published in pamphlet form. However I send it, & you can throw it aside if you do not want it.

Please let me know if you receive or if you do not. The sermons,

Rev J. Reynolds

rec'd Jan 26/00

Meadville. July 2nd 1866.

My dear Sir.

In reply to yours of the 28th ult. I would say that I am not certain as to the exact number of copies of my sermon on occasion of the death of Pres. Lincoln that were printed. I think there were seven hundred - I know there were not a less number - nor more than one thousand. The former, according to the best of my recollection, was the number.

Yours very truly
John G. Reynolds.

Charles H. Hart, Esq.
Phila.

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# CORRESPONDENCE.

MEADVILLE, June 5, 1865.

REV. DR. REYNOLDS:

*Dear Sir:*—Will you be kind enough to furnish a copy of your discourse, delivered on the 1st inst., illustrative of the character and virtues of the late President LINCOLN? It was so appropriate to the man, and the occasion of its delivery, as to make it desirable it should pass into print for public perusal and future reference.

When the stormy events through which this country has been passing for the last four years, come to be re-written by some future historian, the character of those who were most prominent in their control and direction, will be exhibited more or less approvingly, according as the opinions of those who were co-temporaries with them and alike interested in the results, shall have been formed and left of record, concerning them; and, perhaps, no truer source of correct information can or will be found by the honest historian than that which will emanate from the christian ministry. To aid in this respect it is believed your discourse, the delivery of which was listened to with the deepest interest, will materially contribute; and it is for this purpose that a copy is requested.

Yours very truly,

DAVID DERICKSON,
H. T. RICHMOND,
D. V. DERICKSON,
G. B. DELAMATER,
WM. DAVIS, JR.
WM. THORP.

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MEADVILLE, June 14th, 1865.

TO THE HON. D. DERICKSON, H. S. RICHMOND, G. B. DELAMATER, ESQRS., AND OTHERS:

*Gentlemen,*—I will be thankful if I may, in the least measure, aid in the important object of which you speak in yours of the 5th inst., requesting that I will submit for publication the discourse delivered by me, on the 1st inst., on the character and virtues of our late beloved and revered President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Yielding to your judgment that the publication of said discourse may be of some service, in the way named, it is herewith placed at your disposal.

Very truly yours,

JOHN V. REYNOLDS.

# SERMON.

"Be still, and know that I am God! I will be exalted among the heathen, (nations,) I will be exalted in the earth."—PSALM XLVI: 10.

"That men may know that thou, whose name alone is Jehovah, art the Most High over all the earth."—PSALM LXXXIII: 18.

A little more than four years ago, or on the 11th day of February, 1861, a man of plain, unassuming manners, comparatively little known outside a limited circle of acquaintances, left his home in the capital city of a Western State to go to Washington, our National Capitol, to take the oath, and assume the duties of President of the United States—to which office he had been elected on the 2nd Tuesday of the previous November, in conformity with the terms of the National Constitution. To many of his own countrymen even, it is probable the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN was unknown until he who bare it was presented to the American people as a candidate for the high office to which he was subsequently elected. Circumstances, however, had brought him into the favorable notice of not a few men of good judgment and discernment. His nomination was, without doubt, a surprise to most persons even of the political party to which he belonged, and of dissatisfaction to a large number.

The early history of ABRAHAM LINCOLN is too well known to make it necessary we should narrate it here. All know he was born to poverty, spent his youth in laboring with his own hands, by honest industry procuring means of support and of acquiring an education which he himself said was "defective." He was emphatically what we call a "self made man." By persevering diligence, spotless integrity, combined with strong

native common sense, almost intuitive insight into human nature, remarkable kindness, generosity, and tenderness of heart, and unvarying good humor, he arose, or was raised up by Providence, to the places in the notice and esteem of his acquaintances, and of trust and public responsibility, which he successively occupied, unto the last he held—the highest attainable by an American citizen—than which there is none higher or more honorable in this world.

But he started forth on that 11th day of February as yet untried in any very exalted or difficult position, to take that highest of all, by circumstances made far more difficult than any one of his predecessors in it had found it. That much was already clear. It was yet, by reason of events soon to come to pass, to become so fearfully, appallingly difficult and perilous, that had a revelation of them been made beforehand, there is no man who would not have shrunk from it. As it was, he started forth deeply impressed with a sense of the vast weight of responsibility he was about to assume. He saw that dangers threatened the country which he loved with all the devotion of his patriotic heart, and for the preservation of which in all its integrity, he was ready to sacrifice life itself, if need be, and was fully prepared, when regularly invested with the authority, to exert all the powers and resources the constitution, and laws of the National Congress should put in his hands. Heavy, dark, angry clouds had already arisen on the southern horizon, and were spreading abroad, and rolling their dense masses upward, with frightful velocity, and the red lightnings were seen flashing wrathfully forth from them, and the distant muttered sound of the thunder was heard: the earth was felt to tremble and shake thereat. Already treason was making its scornful boasts and arrogant threats, speaking derisively of Northern strength and courage, casting contempt on Northern civilization, education, industries, and society, and insulting the national flag, by reproaches, though not yet by actual violence. State after State had declared itself independent of the Union, and others were preparing to do likewise. In the

national Congress perjured traitors were pouring forth their insane ravings against the national government, and seeking to terrify the loyal States and people with their loud and pompous denunciations of vengeance; while throughout the South everywhere preparations were making for war. Stations for recruiting companies and regiments were numerously established; camps of instruction and discipline formed; all other business, and thoughts of all else, put away, and the one topic become all-absorbing. Arms of every description were being collected, ammunition prepared, U. S. forts and vessels seized. Nor were the hints, and more or less open threats, of the assassination of the President elect, before he should, by inauguration, become President in fact, few nor moderate.

Such is a feebly stated outline of the condition of the country when Abraham Lincoln quietly stepped from the door of his home—into which he was never more to enter—to start forth on his journey to Washington. In his simple parting address appear that serious earnestness, that freedom from the least semblance of boasting, that recognition of his dependence on God, that absence of expression of ill will or malice towards his personal enemies, and the enemies of his country, that show how largely he appreciated the solemnity of his situation. His closing remarks were an appeal—not lightly nor unmeaningly made—that his friends and neighbors, to whom he was bidding good bye, would remember him in their prayers. Abraham Lincoln believed in God, and believed in the power of prayer to God, and earnestly desired the prayers of all good men in his behalf to the God who giveth wisdom to them who ask. And he was not ashamed to say to them, "Pray for me." Nor ever afterward was he ashamed to ask the prayers of christian people in his behalf. And it is probable—we might perhaps say with truth, it is certain—that never before were prayers so many, so constant, so fervent, offered for any President of the United States as were offered for President Lincoln. And we have no right either to assume that the least earnest, acceptable, and effectual, were those

offered continually, and in simple faith, by that long oppressed people—the slaves in the Southern States—who had some way learned to look on and to him as their deliverer, raised up of God to be so.

So he went forth with malice towards none, with charity for all, and God his trust. As he said at a later period, "I shall do nothing in malice; what I deal with is too vast for malicious dealings." The eyes of the nation were upon him during his progress to the Capitol, a progress as unostentatious, so far as depended on him, as circumstances would admit. Yet it could not be otherwise than that large numbers of persons would assemble to see and greet him at the stations at which he temporarily rested—and not only to see and greet, but also to hear his voice. As a matter of course he frequently addressed his fellow citizens on such occasions. His addresses always brief, manifested the same simple, unostentatious, humble and kind spirit. One will search them in vain to discover a particle of boasting, or a word of uncharitableness or bitterness. They are utterly free from what is usual on like occasions—attempts at oratorical display and extravagant professions. By many they were ridiculed, and he sneered at, on this account. Perhaps not a few of his friends were at the time dissatisfied and rather mortified. But the more discerning and reflecting were gratified and encouraged. Those brief addresses will be read and admired for their spirit of self forgetfulness, of kindness, of patriotism, and for the words, simple, plain, but intelligible and forcible, of wisdom and good sense, when elaborate, eloquent, ostentatious, boastful orations, made in like circumstances will be quite forgotten. They contained the characteristics that rendered all his subsequent addresses, messages, and letters on matters of public interest, remarkable.

It cannot be denied that many of his political friends thought a grevious mistake had been made when Abraham Lincoln was nominated. Events that rapidly transpired subsequently to his nomination deepened that fear into painful foreboding and apprehension and alarm. Many more, however, and they

were those who best knew him, never faltered in their confidence in his ability to do what man could do to save the country from ruin. There were others, not only in the South, who ridiculed him unsparingly, and refused to admit that he possessed even an average measure of qualification for any position of responsiblity. He was to be tried, and the result must show who were right. With such diverse judgments, hopes, and fears regarding him, he drew on himself attention during his progress, and every word he spake was considered and weighed.

The latter part of his journey—that from our own State Capitol—was made in haste, and with a measure of concealment; for it had transpired that already treason, in the interest of the barbarous slave power, had plotted his assassination before he should reach the seat of government, with a view itself to seize the reins of Government by violent usurpation, and administer it exclusively for its own ends. The alternative, in case this should fail, was permanent dissolution. The danger to his person was for the time escaped, and Abraham Lincoln arrived in Washington. His journey to that city was safely made, for God had a great work for him to do, and until that work should be done nobody could harm him. God had him in his own keeping. Only so can we account for it that he passed unharmed through all perils while his life was valuable and necessary for the preservation of the country, and when his death could be of advantage to the enemies of his country, to fall when his fall could not help, but might seriously harm those enemies, and could no longer imperil the cause of the nation. In the rage of their disappointment at his escape, his enemies—we call them so, though the enmity at that time was not so much against him, personally, as against the cause he represented—gnashed their teeth. They affected to ridicule his fears, taunting him with cowardice, in which they were joined by many beside, who no doubt really believed, as many yet do, or till very lately at any rate, professed to believe, there was no conspiracy against his life

Those who knew there was, and who had the best reason to know—complicity in it—found it to their own interest to deny that any such existed. But Mr. LINCOLN and his friends acted on certain information, and by his reluctant consent to adopt the prudent advice of his friends, the strong human probability is that his life was saved for the time, and for years. We shudder to think, or try to imagine, what would now be the condition of the country had the plot then formed met with success.

A little more than four years after that progress of ABRAHAM LINCOLN from his Western home to Washington, where he was twice inaugurated President of the United States, he having been elected to a second term of that high office, the first who had been since Andrew Jackson—his mortal remains were started forth to be returned to the city of his former residence, by the same route, substantially, he had taken to go to Washington. This starting forth, and the return progress, were made amid the tears of the bereaved nation. During those four years the nation had learned to know, and admire, and respect, and love him. His great worth and merits had become manifested and appreciated. Never before had man, whether private or titled, king or emperor, such a funeral pageant—cities, towns, and country poured forth their populations to do honor to the illustrious martyred dead. The Capitols of five States, besides a number of cities, in turn received, and paid magnificent and munificent funeral rites to his remains. The highways along which the mournful procession passed were lined all the way with sorrowing people. Thousands of soldiers—many of whom had been disabled in the service of their country—were among, and foremost among those who sought to look on the placid face of the sleeper, for whom, while he yet lived, they had tender affection, and the sight of that face drew from their eyes the big drops which their own many griefs and sufferings had never been sufficient to cause to flow. High and low, rich and poor, obscure and great, alike, with one accord, hastened to pay their tribute of sorrow-

ing respect. Women and little children laid on his coffin their offerings of wreathed fresh flowers—touching and beautiful testimonials to the virtues of the departed, whose gentleness and amiability of heart always attracted the weak, the innocent and the helpless. Then among the mourners, and none more sincere, nor with greater cause than they, are a vast multitude from whose bodies and souls the fetters of a long, hard, patiently borne bondage have been broken—the oppressed Africans. Some would forbid them to come—but such prohibition —a deep shame to those making it—was indignantly and properly removed. It was appropriate that these, above all, should appear in the great funeral train, for he was, under God, their deliverer. The more immediately acting officials on the great, imposing, melancholy occasion—the watchers, pall-bearers, etc., were Governor's of States, Generals and Admirals. Across a wide belt of country from North to South, and stretching westward from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bells tolled, vallies to mountain-tops lifting up the solemn peal, and mountain-tops sending it onward, in muffled sound to vallies beyond. The grand procession marched to the deep toned music of minute-guns from hundreds of forts, and from cities and villages, from Maine to Oregon, the accompaniment of dirges by bands and choirs from every district. Truly never before did man receive such funeral honors, nor ever before was man followed to the grave by so many sincere mourners, nor ever before over any tomb were so many tears of real sorrow shed.

Nor was all this a mere formal ceremony. No mere device of man could have procured such a demonstration for frivolous effect, for empty parade, or for illegitimate, selfish, or political ends. It was the honest, spontaneous out-pouring of a nation's grief, which nothing but a sense of great loss, accompanied with hearty admiration, respect and love for the deceased, could have procured. Nor had it any element of idolatry, as vaguely hinted by a few who stand aloof and look coldly, or angrily, upon such an overwhelmingly astounding

tribute of reverence and affection to one they had for years labored to bring to contempt, and even to the grave where he lies, by caricature, abuse and falsehood. It was not idolatry. The honors paid were to a man, to *human* worth and *human* greatness—to a man who had filled the loftiest human station in a time of unprecedented peril and difficulty and temptation, with complete success, and without contracting a blot upon his character of pure integrity, and simple honesty and unaffected charity. He fell, wrapped in a robe of unsullied virtue, on which no stain had fastened during four years of such provocations as few, if any, had ever been called to endure. And the extraordinary honors paid his memory were to the *man* of extraordinary private and public worth. Amid all these was a most remarkable general acknowledgement of the one only Lord God omnipotent who reigneth, and whatever Divine worship was paid, was paid to Him who had given Abraham Lincoln to this nation, and to the world, and who had again taken him away. His gift was acknowledged with thanks, and His taking it away with submission to His wise, though mysterious will. The honors paid were due, and could not have been withheld consistently with a just appreciation of the great merits and services of the departed, nor without leaving a brand of injustice and dishonor upon the nation. To the nation itself, for its own credit, they were due, no less than to Mr. Lincoln, while their withholding would not have done him harm, but would have done itself disgrace, and his memory a cruel wrong.

The return progress of Abraham Lincoln, or rather of his mortal remains, ended near the spot whence he started forth, at his tomb, near his former home while living. How widely different the public estimate of him now, and then! well set forth by the difference of honors paid on the two occasions. Then, his best and most appreciating friends perhaps felt some misgivings, though little did they, or he, know, or imagine, the thousandth part of the difficulties that would arise. Now, all true men, all loyal men, all patriots, thank God for His gift of

Abraham Lincoln, and see and confess that He it was who having kept him from his infancy and prepared him in comparative obscurity, brought him forward at the proper, the appointed time, put others aside who were better known, and seemed to have superior claims, and gave him to be, instrumentally, the Saviour of the nation, and the emancipator of four millions of people from bondage, and the preserver of peace with other nations.

Scarcely had the remains of Abraham Lincoln been in the tomb, and the vast procession of mourners separated and gone to their homes, before wehear the cry of sorrow and of mourning from beyond the Atlantic. Our nearer neighbors had mingled their sympathies with our affliction while we were in its first bitter experience; and very gratifying they were, and a powerful healing balm to painful wounds which some of them had inflicted, and which they long continued to irritate. But soon we are astonished, and gratified in proportion, at the unexpected and wonderfully unanimous out-pouring of lamentation throughout Europe. The Parliment of England, her prime minister and noblemen, vie with the untitled, the merchants and landlords and manufacturers, and they with customers and tenants and laborers, to declare and make known to us their sorrow at what they regard, indeed, a common calamity. France—Emperor and people, hasten likewise to express themselves. The Italian chambers drape their hall in mourning at the news. The German States, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden and Denmark, join in the general tribute of sad respect. And Russia—always our steadfast friend—is not behind the other nations in uttering words that tell of genuine grief of heart.

There was never anything like it before. Never before for any man of whatsoever station was there such great lamentation,such wide-spread and profound regret,extending through all classes of society,from kings and emperors down through the several strata in monarchical countries, to the lower orders. Never before did any man have bestowed on his memory such marks

of profound respect, as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the simple hearted, the unassuming, the plain, untitled, man of the people. It is evident he belonged to the world—we cannot claim him as ours alone. Four years ago—or nearly five now—when his name was presented before the American people as a candidate for the Presidential chair, all in Europe inquired—some in surprise, some in derision, some from curiosity, echoing the inquiries made by many of our own people—who is ABRAHAM LINCOLN? Now they send over to us the assurance that their tears mingle with ours in common sorrow for the loss of one of the few truly great men whom the ages produce; and they tell us that in this common sorrow they have found that he was theirs as well as ours; too great to belong to one people, he belongs to all the world.* His best friends cannot but feel a gratified surprise at this general tribute of high admiration, while those who devoted their energies to calumniate, caricature, and ridicule him, denying him ordinary intellect, and charging him with want of humanity, and could see nothing but deformity, physical, mental and moral, must stand overwhelmed with confusion and shame at what is to them a withering rebuke.

It has been becoming more and more evident that in the judgment of history a place will be assigned ABRAHAM LINCOLN by the side of GEORGE WASHINGTON. He will, apparently, grow in greatness as he recedes farther and deeper into the past from those who look upon him—only the happiness of the truly great. We did not know how valuable a gift of God to us he was, till God took him, nor yet do we know, nor can it

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*Since that sentence was written we have had the gratification of hearing the sentiment in it expressed by a gentleman—a French Protestant clergyman—who was in France when the news of the assassination reached that country. He said the lamentation and feeling of loss—as if each one had met a personal calamity—was universal, so that he was astonished to see how strongly Mr. Lincoln had laid hold of the affections of even a people who spake a different language. He said a lady remarked to him, "It seems to me as though Mr. Lincoln belonged to us, to me, to everybody!" A most noble tribute which only the truly great can secure.

be known to this generation, nor until there shall have been time for the things of the present to reveal their fruits in ages to come. It has always been the fate of the really great of the world not to be known to their own age. We have heard it stated on what we regard as good authority that two or three years ago, a foreign gentleman connected with a foreign embassy to this country, was in Washington, standing, and in conversation, with several Americans. While so engaged, President LINCOLN approached in a carriage. The foreign gentleman took off his hat and remained with it off in respectful attitude, until the President had passed—he alone having shown that mark of respect. On reference being made to it, he expressed himself in terms of warm admiration of the character and ability of Mr. LINCOLN, and said, "Gentlemen, President LINCOLN is a great man, and you Americans do not know it, nor what a prize you have in him—you do not appreciate your President." It was more than a year since we first heard this anecdote, therefore it was not made up after the death of the President. Whether literally true or not it contains a truth.

We have spoken of two events seperated from each other by an interval of a little more than four years, viz: The progress of ABRAHAM LINCOLN from Springfield, Illinois; and the return of his mortal remains from Washington to Springfield. Of the stupendous events of those four years it is not our purpose to speak, unless in a very general way. You all know them—have carefully noted them as they occurred, and your emotional nature has been stirred to its lowest depths as they passed before your eyes. But no man can yet adequately comprehend them, much less their ultimate results. We are too near them, to judge of their magnitude. Our nearness does not put us in danger of overestimating, but of under-estimating their importance. As one standing at the immediate foot of a vast mountain pile can form no just conception of its height, or circumferance, or proportions, or size relative to other mountains, but must move from it to a distance, farther and farther until the just distance is reached, and as at every stage of the

increase of the distance, some new feature of beauty, or grandeur, or sublimity, or magnificence of proportions, is revealed, until the whole bulk stands forth in awful majesty—its broad base resting on everlasting rock, its towering ice-clad height piercing the clouds in which it is lost from human view, but beyond which he knows it rises into eternal sunshine—so with the events of those four years Their history cannot be written in this, nor, perhaps, the next generation—which will be occupied with collecting the material.

But it may be remarked that the necessity of removing to a distance from the mountain to gain a correct impression of its magnitude and proportions as a whole, involves a sacrifice, a loss, in regard to a multitude of details, of points of interest and beauty, which can be seen only by one standing more or less near to them, according to their several dimensions, or the disposition of light and shade. Deep seams, romantic caverns, dark ravines through which living streams from numerous springs make their way by smooth currents broken by waterfalls, castellated rocks, etc., disappear as separate things, as distance increases, all mingling to make up one grand effect. So of the events of the four years. We have intimate, deeply impressive knowledge of many things, painful, unspeakably sad, as well as many of a different character, which cannot be transmitted to the future. The future cannot know of the rapid alternation of hopes and fears, of despondency succeeding exhilaration as defeats followed victories; of the domestic sorrows and agonies all over the land; and cannot know, or will not be made to believe—for which they will hardly be worthy to be blamed, for we ourselves admitted belief very slowly and some yet stoutly withhold it—the vindictive, fiendish, cruelties practiced under the direction of the fierce passions begotten of the unhumanizing system of slavery; the starvation of prisoners, and their exposure to every species of contempt and violence and torture; the cold-blooded massacre of surrendered garrisons; the chase and hunt by blood hounds of escaped prisoners, Union Southern refugees; the lives of pri-

vation led in caves, and swamps, and mountains, by loyal men in the South; and deaths by murder of thousands of them; the violence done even to the bodies of the slain—showing a depth of hating power and malignity, below that to which the savage has descended. On the other hand the future can never know the sacrifices, the generous devotion, the wondrous liberality, which have been made and practiced under the influence of christian patriotism; the bountiful offerings poured forth in streams never-failing; the personal labors, in evey conceivable way and direction, of the women of the country; the inventions of the best genius, the appliances of the highest skill of the land; the organized hosts of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions—all to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers in hospitals and on battle-fields, and to their destitute families. Nor will it be ready to credit the fierce anger with which the loyal pulpit, and loyal ministers, were assailed, and attempted to be terrified into silence, by many who did not call themselves traitors, because they denounced treason as a sin, and declared it a christian duty to stand by the Government, and prayed for its rulers, and for its success, when the interests of humanity and justice in all the world, were at stake, and only to be saved from defeat by its triumph.

During the four years which separated the two events of which we spake, the country passed through a most fearful crisis, brought on it by a rebellion of unparalelled magnitude —the rebellion itself the offspring of slavery, begun and prosecuted in its behalf, and for the purpose of forever establishing it the dominant political power on this continent, and the test of social superiority. It would listen to no reason, would stop for no consequences to liberty and our American institutions, all which it was madly ready to cast down and trample under foot on its way to conquest, and would shudder at no crime nor suffering, however appalling. The country was rocked to its foundations during those four years, by the earthquake march of vast armies; was desolated by the fiery tempests of fierce battle between hosts of unrivalled courage, determination

and numbers; was swept by whirlwinds of cavalry forces. The storm passed over mountain tops, roared through the valleys, rushed across wide plains, leaving ruin in its path. The world looked on amazed, astounded, with growing wonder and increased alarm at beholding such gigantic armies, such tremendous power, such marvelous creations of genius and industry, and energy, and firm purpose, spring up as it were out of the earth. That which has in all former experience required a score, or a century, of years to bring to full growth, they saw grown in a day; or like Minerva full armed from the brain of Jupiter, so our armies and navies, fully equipped, sprung from the brain of America. The nations looked on, they saw our agony, they beheld what was at stake; but they had no word of sympathy nor encouragement. They said—Let the United States perish, and let slavery live! They predicted our defeat and ruin, helped the rebel enemy with needed supplies, and so protracted the war through years. But through all that stupendous horror, that time of fearful peril, one heart remained strong in hope. In all the hours of deepest darkness that heart did not despond, and around that strongly hoping and trusting heart the people rallied, and it sustained them, inspiring with its own strength and confidence, and hope.

We are now speaking of the human instrumentalities and agencies. Not for a moment would we intimate that the people, or their President, put their trust ultimately in any but in Him who alone is mighty. In Him Abraham Lincoln put his trust, and therefore his heart was strong in hope. For as we have said, he believed in God, and he believed in the power of prayer, and he had said to the christian people "pray for me," and he knew the christians in the land were praying for him and for the country; and he believed our cause was just and for liberty and human rights, and according to the will of God, and that such a cause, sustained by prayer, would triumph. This, we verily believe, was the secret of that wonderful abiding confidence which never wavered, no matter how apparently gloomy and desperate the state of things, that remained

steadfast, and because of which he himself acted and moved onward as one who never doubted the final issue, though that might be long delayed.

There was something almost marvellous in his unfaltering hopefulness. Think of the many incidents that tended to cause despair. At the outset, and during the earlier stages of the war, traitors and sympathizers with the rebellion, and enemies of the administration, were everywhere; in the army, in the navy, in all the departments and bureaux, as clerks, &c. Some of them from time to time deserted to the enemy, carrying with them important information. Others betrayed the secrets committed necessarily to them; and still others witheld their sympathy from the government and gave it to the enemy; had not a word of praise or good will for the administration, for which they freely expressed contempt, while for the traitors they were ever ready to declare their admiration. The army and navy were scattered or surrendered; battles were lost through the treachery or incompetency of commanders. It was hard to know whom to trust. The friends of the government were often discouraged, often complained, and weakened, by their want of trust, the hands of the President. High expectations were often suddenly overthrown, and plans that promised brilliant success thwarted, and instead of success were reverses that menaced our cause with utter destruction. These, and a great number of other adverse circumstances, such as divisions of counsels in Cabinet, and among the loyal people on questions of policy, on retaliation and martial law, treatment of disloyal persons, &c., warmly, even angrily discussed, might well have driven any man to despair. But still President Lincoln hoped on, and kept on pursuing his honest convictions. If thwarted, he began again as calmly as if he had not been. Never ardent as to speedy victory, he never doubted the ultimate issue. If God saw fit to postpone peace by victory, and for our sins to lead us through other and deeper trials, he was submissive, believing it would be for our good and the future health of the nation. This sentiment he bean-

tifully and grandly made prominent in his last inaugural. How did he so marvellously endure? It was because of prayer—his own prayer and the prayers of the christian people, that went up for him without ceasing.

In all that four years' war how remarkably the providence of God was maifested, making it evident continually that it was His war, and could not stop nor be arrested until His great ends of judgment and mercy, of righteousness and truth were secured; until pride and prejudice were brought low, and slavery abolished. Was there ever a more impressive illustration of the Scripture—"The wrath of man shall praise Thee!" Was there ever a more striking exhibition of the fanaticism of madness than in the inauguration of the greatly wicked rebellion, avowedly to establish and extend an institution which could not fail to be overthrown by the very means adopted to secure its perpetuity! The question had been long and anxiously agitated, How shall we get rid of slavery? Nothing is more certain nor more capable of conclusive historical proof, than that at the time of the organization of our Governmant, and for a number of years subsequently, there were none of note who defended slavery, none who did not admit it to be a great evil, and none who did not look forward to a period when it would be abolished by peaceable legislation. But there were thought to be serious difficulties in the way, and the idea of immediate or sudden emancipation was rejected with almost entire unanimity by even the best men and most thorough haters of slavery, as fraught with great dangers to the Whites and ruin to the Blacks. If that universal, or nearly so, condemnation of slavery had continued, it is probable slavery itself would have yet remained for generations to come, and the question remain asked and unanswered, How shall we get rid of it? In the providence of God the first step toward a solution was in permitting the theory to be started, advocated, and extensively circulated and vehemently maintained, that slavery is a divinely ordered institution, and therefore ought to be made perpetual; that Africans were intended

of God to be the slaves of the whites, especially of the whites in the Southern States, in cotton, cane, rice, and tobacco growing regions. Here was the germ of treason, at length culminating in secession, rebellion and civil war, and these in emancipation, immediate, sudden, unconditional. And lo! whereas for generations it had been by common consent agreed that such an act must be attended and followed by innumerable horrors, there is no disturbance and not the slighest apprehension of trouble, except on the part and by reason of the bad conduct—not of the degraded, ignorant blacks—but of the enlightened, educated, chivalric, aristocratic whites. Among and on account of these, if at all, armies will be required to keep the peace; nobody has the slightest expectation that they will be needed to keep the blacks quiet. Nobody fears from them. Nobody sleeps less tranquilly because of knowing they are free. So much the war which has abolished slavery has taught us.

Those who were exposed to the influences of slavery, were by it educated to extravagant and fanatical notions of their own superiority in everything manly, and to a ridiculous and arrogant idea that they had a divine right to govern the country, and to an absurd contempt for Northern men and everything Northern—in all which they were too much encouraged by many in the North, for selfish or political ends. Governed by this weak infatuation and impelled by fierce passions which would not allow reason to be heard, or truth to speak, or prudence to open her mouth, but imprisoning, scourging, shooting, scalding, hanging them as traitors, they madly plunged into war which reason, truth, prudence would have told them could not but end in their utter discomfiture and in the loss of everything they hoped to secure by it, and in bringing on themselves, their families, their cities, their cultivated lands the very desolation with which they threatened the North, not doubting an instant they had the superiority they had boasted and proclaimed in noisy, pompous, bombastic declamation, until they fully believed it. Providence suffered them to go

mad with this insanity that slavery, and with it the bad, false condition of society that grew up in connection with it, might be destroyed and the country saved and purified, and freed from its elements of corruption and weakness which, while they remained, were a source of perpetual irritation, and were constantly threatning its existence.

We see the providence of God in the prolongation of the war. At its beginning, and for two years or more afterward, the large majority of the people in the North would willingly have accepted peace with the recognition of slavery wherever it then existed, and with additional guarantees that it should not be disturbed. If peace had come within two or three years, slavery would in great measure have remained unharmed. We wished peace, but war was forced upon us by the wickedness of the rebel foe. We had no choice left us except to take up arms, or by refusing to do so proving unfaithful to our country and to the trust God had committed to us, and to the rights of humanity. We labored to avoid the trial of force, and perhaps would have sacrificed much to have done so. But now when we review the results of the fearful conflict, we cannot but be glad it occurred. We condemn, as enormously criminal, those who brought it upon us, and deplore the suffering it has caused. But we rejoice for what God, who bringeth good out of evil, has in his providence done for us, for what has been gained for us and for the world, though purchased at so vast a cost. We remember the sacrifices, the thousands who have laid down their lives in battle, in prisons—put to horrible deaths by starvation and other cruelties—the multitudes who have as really died for their country in hospitals by diseases, the tens of thousands of maimed, the countless hosts of bereaved. These things are the necessary accompaniment of war. If, on the ground of these sufferings, we must condemn the war we waged against the rebellion, or rather accepted as the price of our liberties, or must be censured because we say we heartily upheld our government in accepting it, and are glad it did occur, it can only be either because those

who do thus condemn or censure us, believe all wars—and so that of our revolution—are wicked, or that in this war of rebellion the rebels had right on their side. Against the cost let us put the gain. The cost is transient: the gain is for all time. This generation bears the cost: all generations to come will reap the gain. Freedom has been secured to four millions now living, and to their descendants forever. Thousands of millions will refer to it the freedom in which they will exult, and the emancipation of their race from the slavery and degradation to which pride and avarice and prejudice would have permanently consigned them. Moreover against the cost we put the destruction of that false, arrogant, corrupt, social structure, founded on the baneful institution of slavery; the emancipation of millions of poor, debased whites from a state, in some respects, worse than that of slavery. And this war has opened up for the church immense and inviting fields for missionary and benevolent enterprise. It has done away vast corruptions of the Gospel, and gives opportunity of access of a pure gospel to multitudes from whom it was witheld.

The war was God's own, in one sense, and could not cease until his ends were secured. Hence the inefficiency during its earlier periods of the leadership of our armies, the partial sympathy on the part of many of our officers with the cause and institutions of the so called, Confederacy, and the frequent disasters to our arms. The war could not cease until the malignity and hatred of the rebels towards the North should become evident; a state of feeling that the Northern people were very slowly brought to believe existed, knowing their own freedom from it, and knowing that no ground for it existed, in any treatment the South had received at their hands, which had always been yielding, conciliatory, to the prejudice and damage of the North, and until the connexion of those bitter animosities with, and their dependence upon, slavery should be seen, together with its tendency to barbarize and dehumanize those who clung with attachment to it as a good institution. The war must go on until that institution should

be overthrown, and until the slave arristocracy with its dangerous grasp of power, its asserted superiority of civilization, its arrogant claims of a sort of Divine right to govern the whole country, its contempt for honest labor, and its hostility to republican institutions, should be thoroughly overthrown. It must go on too, until the pride of the whole nation should be humbled, its sins confessed, its dependence on God acknowledged, and His right to reign admitted; until the people should prostrate themselves before Him in humility, penitence and adoration.

Chief of all, or as the central fact in considering the wonderful Providence of God, we behold it in the elevation of Abraham Lincoln to the Chief Magistracy; a man of prudence and moderation; of wisdom and discernment; of firmness mixed with kindness—the heart of the lion joined to that of the lamb; of honesty above suspicion, and a spirit without guild; of an equanimity and gentleness and charity which nothing could ruffle, or annoy, or disturb; of freedom from ambition of power, from selfishness, and ostentation; of simplicity of tastes and habits; of purity of moral character never questioned; of a wonderful faculty of correctly apprehending the state and changes, and progress, of the popular sentiment and will; above all, of a firm undeviating, calm trust in God, rendering him always confident of the success, sooner or later, of the cause of the Government. Almost unknown on first entering upon his magisterial duties, in a time of unparalleled confusion and peril, in a great measure untried, his friends fearful and trembling, he gained and grew in the confidence, respect, admiration, and affections of the people, with a rapidity, and to a degree, perhaps, without another example. This was especially remarkable during the last year or two of his life, more emphatically so during the last few months, when there had been time to see in their fruits, the wisdom which had devised, and the sound judgment that had executed, his principal measures. There was a time, indeed, when his best friends doubted, and were dissatisfied. But he was self-reliant

—not as self-sufficient, or as obstinate and heedless of advice. He was not self-sufficient—not wedded to his views further than he was convinced they were right. He sought and valued advice and counsel, then asked of God, and asked the people to pray for him; then made up his mind, and having so done he could not be moved. And the nation this day thanks God that he could not, either by threats, or entreaties, or motives of self-interest. In that sense, the sense of abiding by his conscientious convictions in the fear of, and putting his trust in God, he was self-reliant. The result is that while his best friend would not claim for him, what he would far less likely have claimed for himself, that he made no mistakes, the time came when all unprejudiced persons admitted that his errors were few indeed, and that they had not long to wait to find that the chief that they once thought such, were wisely judged and sagaciously timed actions, and to admit that they were wrong and he was right. As to the time of adopting his most important measures, some charged him with too great tardiness, others with too great haste. The consequences have vindicated the soundness of his judgment and his thorough knowledge of the state of the popular mind. So it came to pass at length he attained a place in the confidence and love of the vast majority of the people—not alone for his kindness, good intentions, purity of his patriotism, and uprightness of his motives, but also for his safe judgment and great practical wisdom.

Nor was this confidence and admiration confined to his own countrymen. The expressions of grief at his death, of respect for his memory, of admiring encomium on his character as a man and statesman, of their more than satisfaction with the fairness and justice and friendliness of his conduct of foreign affairs, preserving peace abroad, while never sacrificing the honor and interests of his country, but raising it in the estimation of all men—such expressions made in evident sincerity, strongly put, and accompanied with marks of sorrow at his loss, show us that he had won a place as high, with a

rapidity as great, among other nations. It is little short of marvelous.

There must have been in his character and talents a cause for this, a reason for a man's springing at once, as it were, out of obscurity to take rank with the foremost of the honored of the world. Some of the traits of character that distinguished President LINCOLN we have already had occasion to notice. But a few are deserving of a more particular mention, or of being mentioned by themselves.

He was a kind man. His kindness, tenderness, gentleness —kindred affections—were very marked. No person ever approached him without being at once impressed that he possessed them in very large measure. Never was mistake greater, or slander more wanton, than that which charged him with cruelty, insensibility of heart to suffering, and blood-thirstiness. Indeed, it was considered by the men of best judgment in the loyal States that his chief error consisted in yielding too readily, and too often, to his kind emotions. The loyal men in the border loyal States complained that from this disposition of his, owing to which disloyal, dangerous men, at heart traitors, plotting mischief, were left to indulge, generally, with impunity in their criminal conduct, the real friends of the Government suffered much, and their danger was increased. But said one of them, Dr. R. J. Breckenridge, "While we must find fault with his too great leniency, and suffer from it too, we will love him for it all the more."

He was an unambitious man—his only ambition being to serve his country. The contrary has been charged, but never was charge made, more utterly destitute of a single particle of proof. Says the London *Times*,—a journal always bitterly hostile to our cause, and while he lived, a reviler of MR. LINCOLN, and, therefore we quote it, as its testimony must be regarded as certainly not likely to be prejudiced in his favour—quote it in preference to that from friendly sources. "ABRAHAM LINCOLN was as little of a tyrant as any man that ever lived. He could have been a tyrant had he pleased, but he never uttered

so much as an ill-natured speech." Yes, he could have been a tyrant, if his own patriotic nature and his conscience would have permitted. For the necessity of the times, the state of the country, required he should have and control, and exercise a tremendous power. Yet such was the confidence in his honesty and singleness of purposes, that no one feared for a moment he would abuse it. Not even his enemies, who affected to believe he was designing and unprincipled, and proclaimed that he purposed to overthrow our liberties, and make himself an absolute King. They did not believe so for a single instant. Their course of conduct against their language, showed that they did not. And the great majority, including the whole truly loyal portion of the people, had come,—to quote from the London *Spectator*,—to have "such thorough belief in his honesty and capacity, that, had he five hours after the fall of Richmond, dismissed General Grant from the service without a reason, the people would, while still sore and wondering, have believed that the reason must be adequate."

The *St. Petersburgh News* says (and says truly,) paying Mr. Lincoln the very highest style of complimentary justice, in striking contrast with bitter denunciations by not a few of his own countrymen, who falsely accused him of the directly opposite, and who ought to hang their heads at this noble and eloquent tribute from a foreign journal. "The observance by the late President, of the strictest legality in a time of fierce and passionate conflict, will serve as his most appropriate monument, his greatest claim to historical eminence, and to the grateful remembrance of posterity. By nothing has the New World so served the cause of civilization, as by placing at its head, in the midst of a difficult crisis, the citizen Lincoln, and showing to mankind that the Aphorism handed down to posterity by Rome, *inter arma silent leges*, by no means forms an absolute rule for the political life of nations. Over the tomb of the murdered President, his mourning fellow citizens might inscribe the following epitaph :—"Amid the terrors and tempests of war, he hurled the lightning and thunder against

the enemies of his country; and although wielding unbounded military power, he, as President of a Republic, remained a peaceful citizen; and in an epoch pregnant with dangers, he laid no violent hand on laws established in a time of peace."

We would like to quote a similarly eloquent eulogy from the *St. Petersburgh Journal*, but must content ourselves with a couple of sentences. "The immovable firmness of his (Mr. Lincoln's) convictions, and the constancy of his faith in the cause of the American Union, made him always equal to every trial, and brought about the final success which he has just sealed with his blood." "It was neither political passion, nor party spirit, nor hatred, nor vengeance, which had armed the hand of this patriot with an inflexible energy, but a conviction of duty, a desire to re-establish upon broad, solid and durable bases, union in the bosom of the Great Republic."

Mr. Lincoln was charitable, without malice, incapable of being provoked to a harsh or vindictive expression, much less action. No man was ever more harshly reviled, ridiculed, misrepresented. He was pursued with a relentless malignity, perhaps without parallel. His words were perverted, his motives impugned, even his person caricatured and made the subject of coarse and vulgar jokes. He was represented as an ape, an idiot, a clown. His natural good humour, accompanied with a lively sense of the ludicrous, and a habit he had of illustrating by anecdote, was brought against him, and he was called a buffoon. Regardless of consistency, the same who at one time denounced him as little better than an idiot, at another, would charge that he was a dangerous intriguer, a cunning, deep designer, a manager at will, for the basest and wickedest purposes, of Counsellers, Statesmen and Generals, and of armies, of thinkers and patriots, to be and do all which demand the very highest intellect the world ever produces.—His speeches, messages, State papers were laughed at, and affectedly mourned over as a disgrace to the country. Yet under this load of obloquy, notwithstanding this pitiless storm of bitter railing and denunciation, this persecuting, cruel, malignity,

Abraham Lincoln was never provoked to utter an unkind word, nor to take vengeance, having full power to do so, nor to show resentment, nor to turn aside from the even tenor of his way, nor to lose his perfect equanimity. That was something to which only true greatness ever attained. He could truly say at the close of his life,—"With charity for all, with malice towards none." He often stood between his defamers and the deserved punishment he was urged to inflict. He could not stoop nor turn from the great duties and heavy responsibilities of his office, to even cherish in his heart, much less indulge indeed, in private animosities. In all his public papers there is not an allusion in anger to any one.

Yet he was unalterably firm. As he himself said, and said truly, "In the end the decision must rest with me." So when once he made up his mind, which he did carefully, after considering the matter in all its bearings, conscientiously, and prayerfully, and after arriving at the conviction that he was right, nothing could move him, neither any appeal of friendship nor display of hostility. And the most intelligent men have expressed utter astonishment at the thoroughness of his acquaintance with the matter in regard to which he had to decide and act,—manifesting a marvellous industry and extent of study.

He was a deeply serious man. This assertion would surprise shallow observers, or such as have been misled by having seen and known him only through misrepresenting Media, and who have been accustomed to hear him called "old joker," "clown," "buffoon," &c. But no honest, thinking, discerning person could fail to see that he was serious even to sadness. No one could sit and quietly, and at ease and unrestrained, converse with him familiarly, and look into his mild, gentle eye, without being impressed with the conviction, even though anecdotes had fallen from him, and his countenance had lighted up at times with playful humor—that his soul was a great deep of seriousness. Through his gentle eyes, one would look and see that behind them, was a vast spirit accustomed to pro-

found self-communings, and communings with truth. In fact, his humor, which so offended the very nice sensibilities of some, was as the merest ripple, or as the light froth that rests on the surface of the ocean. And we have often thought it was most kindly Providential that he had it. For it was the preservative of both his physical and mental energies from being crushed to death by the tremendously oppressive weight of cares he was compelled to bear.

One whose tastes and occupation has made him a close observer of countenances, said that Mr. LINCOLN "had the saddest countenance he ever saw."

We have spoken of his unfailing hopefulness, and of his belief in God. We believe he was a true Christian. Pious men, Ministers of Christ, who had good opportunities to judge, among them his own pastor in Washington, were convinced of this. He was a constant and devout student of the scriptures. It is said that on one occasion he was, with a number of other officers, civil and military, on a steamboat going to Fortress Monroe. He was missed from the company, who were mirthfully enjoying themselves, and was discovered sitting by himself, in a quiet, retired place, which he had sought out, reading the well-worn pocket bible, his constant companion. What a light that beautiful incident sheds on his character. And who would not feel glad that the man, to whom the interests of the country were committed, was such a man? No one who was not a student of the sacred scriptures, could have issued such a paper as was his last inaugural message. We saw that paper ridiculed, sneered at, after its delivery, as a disgrace to the nation, and his friends appealed to, to say they were ashamed. A mere time-serving person, one of shallow and unoriginal mind, one in the unreflecting habit of making up his opinion—prejudiced too—from the ambitious harangues usual on such occasions, might fall into that blunder. For it was such a paper as one does not often see in these days from high places—nor has seen since the days of Cromwell. Its voice is like that of one of the old prophets. There is no self in it, no

boasting, no effort at declamation, no appeal to passions. It is full of God, of calm trust in Him, of looking to Him, of submission to His will, expressed in scriptural language. The fear that it would disgrace us in the eyes of other nations need not have been felt, and had far better for the reputation, for good judgment of those having it, not have been uttered. The *British Standard* speaks of it as "the most remarkable thing of the sort ever pronounced by any President of the United States, from the first day until now. Its Alpha and its Omega is Almighty God, the God of justice and the Father of mercies, who is working out the purposes of his love. It is invested with a dignity and pathos which lift it high above every thing of the kind, whether in the Old World or the New. The whole thing puts us in mind of the best men of the English Commonwealth; there is in fact much of the old prophet about it." Says the *London Economist* "He drew up his final inaugural in a style which extorted from critics so hostile as the Saturday Reviewers a burst of involuntary admiration." His other papers, though in less measure, were like it.

We cannot dwell longer on this part of our subject. The future will be more ready than the present, to put it on record that ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a great man, worthy of the country which gave GEORGE WASHINGTON to the world, to whom even now foreign writers are fond of comparing him.

President LINCOLN fell by the hand of the assassin. Who was the assassin? J. Wilkes Booth. Yes, in a little higher sense than the pistol with which he committed the deed. The real assassin was that same foul, ferocious spirit which sought the assassination of the country, the demon spirit begotten of slavery. The assassination of President LINCOLN, and the Providentially defeated design to add thereto the assassination of Vice President JOHNSON, Secretaries SEWARD and STANTON, General GRANT, Chief Justice CHASE, and perhaps others, was but the logical culmination of the acts of treason, rebellion, savage barbarity to prisoners, vindictive massacres, and murders, violation of oaths, robberies, arsons, and attempts to de-

stroy the lives of non-combatants, of women and children, by precipitating cars from rail road tracks, and by introducing the plagne of yellow fever, by means of infected clothing into populous cities, &c., to which that spirit prompted. Whether instigated by rebel chiefs or not—and that it was—there is evidence enough to satisfy all unprejudiced persons—yet the rebellion is guilty of the murder. It quite consists with such ferocious proclamations as that outlawing General Butler, and officers serving under him, and with numerous orders put out by official authority, which all will remember. Yet are not those throughout the North free from guilt who joined in furious denunciations and stirred up hatred against President LINCOLN, until it was not uncommon to hear persons influenced by such defamation, express the wish, that he was, as they declared he deserved to be, put to death.

It was the highest crime against man. Besides simple murder—the chief criminality of which is in that man is "the image of God." It was the murder of one who as the ruler is the image of God. And it was treason against the government over which he ruled by the will of the people, expressed in the constitutional manner. It was a not less atrocious murder than any of which profane history makes record. It was a murder which carries us back to the dark, very dark, ages, when secret, cowardly assassination was called heroism. It shows that slavery is of darkness, and would plunge us back into those midnight ages—if it could! It was unjustified by any gain that could accrue to the cause in the interests of which it was professedly done. The rebellion could not be served by it—it was substantially, hopelessly crushed. And in ABRAHAM LINCOLN, its promoters lost their best friend, who on the very day preceding his murder, had, in Cabinet Council, pleaded for leniency towards them. Says the *London Times*, "In all America there was perhaps not one man who less deserved to be the victim of this revolution than he who has fallen," and says this in allusion to his moderation and kindness of intentions towards the rebels.

For his own best historical fame, he could not, perhaps, have fallen at a more fit moment. He had lived to see the country, under his administration, carried through the mighty struggle, and saved from its long peril. He had lived to see the hopes and phrophecies of his country's foes brought to naught.—Though he did not live to hear of it, yet he did live until, by his order, our flag was again raised to float over Fort Sumter, on the anniversary of the day on which it was compelled, by the rebel foe, to be lowered—on the anniversary of which he, too, by a strange Providence, was stricken down by the same foe. The flag went down before that foe when he was in the fresh pride of his vaunted strength; the President fell the victim of his revenge in his expiring frenzy. He died having such almost unbounded confidence and affection of all lovers of liberty throughout the world, as few have been so happy as to enjoy. And he died in all his integrity and simplicity unstained. Had he lived, he might have made many enemies—almost certainly would, in view of the wide diversity of sentiments on reconstruction, &c., and might have failed. His work was done, and God, who gave him to the nation, took him away. While the crime of his murder will abide an indelible foul stain upon the immediately guilty parties, and also to stir up fresh execration against slavary, and new determination that it shall utterly perish, yet Providence permitted it. Though he permitted it, He suffered not the assasin to escape. He Himself disabled him, gave him his death wound within an instant after he had permitted him to inflict the fatal hurt. And He, too, prevented the carrying out the several measures intended to conceal the criminals, and also hindered the execution of the further intentions of the conspirators, having reference to such a disorganization of the Government as might result in a revolution favorable to the retrieving of the dying cause of the rebellion.

It was a singularly mysterious but, we are sure, a wise Providence. We will not murmur. Even out of this good will come—has already come. 1st, God by it says, "Be still, and

know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth." He will have us put our trust in Him alone, and not in an arm of flesh. He will have us ascribe to Him the wisdom, and the power, and the glory. 2nd. Possibly there was danger, and God saw it, and interfered to prevent it by permitting his assassination, that owing to the remarkable gentleness and kindness of President LINCOLN, and his pleadings for leniency, the claims of justice would be sacrificed to those of mercy. Indeed the whole Northern people were in danger of falling into that error. It was necessary treason should be made detestable; and that furthermore the undying, implacable, unappeasable hate of the spirit of slavery, which no kindness can touch, no gentleness soften, no generosity affect, should be manifested by a crime even so appalling as that of the martyrdom of such a good and great—great because good—man as ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The punishment of traitors is not vengeance in the evil sense. It is as truly a necessity of justice as the capital punishment of the murderer. It is a higher crime than murder.

Is treason a crime worthy of death? Then by what right can any denounce it as wicked revenge to inflict the penalty? If it is wrong to punish the traitor, then abolish the law on treason. If the law is right, then it is wicked, factious, disloyal to the Government, to cry out against its execution, and to denounce the Government for doing its duty, as if it was malicious, revengeful, and bloodthirsty. And if ever treason may be justly punished surely it may be in the case of those who have conspired causelessly against this Government; have covered the land with blood, and filled it with sorrow. Their crime is peculiarly heinous. We do not say the Government, or its constitutional authorities, *must* punish the traitors with death, if convicted, that they should not pardon. We say, let them do as in their judgement they shall deem best for the country and for all concerned. And it must be conceded that they have the best means to make up a just judgment. And let them exercise their sense of duty in the matter, untram-

melled by threats or complaints. Good citizens will thus let them. None will rejoice more heartily than we, to see mercy shown to the full extent, that those in authority—in whose integrity and judgment we have great confidence—may decide, can be shown, without prejudice to righteousness and truth.

Finally, we have already seen some good, and mention only, That it would seem as if it alone remained that this deed should be done, to fully justify, not merely the righteousness of our cause in our struggle with the rebellion, but our form of government itself, before all nations, and for the encouragement of the friends of liberty everywhere. It was confidently said by the enemies of this form of government, "It cannot endure, will fall to pieces." Therefore when the war broke out, they said the time of our end had come—that we could not put down the rebellion except by putting down liberty, and our boasted free institutions too. But seeing they were likely to be disappointed in their first expectations, they took new courage in the hope they boldly declared, that the government could not but go to pieces when the time for another Presidential election should come, and asserted that either it must go to pieces, or Mr. Lincoln must, and probably would, usurp dictatorial authority, prevent an election, and proclaim himself permanent ruler. The election caused not a jar. Then came the great peril—as friends of other forms of government would consider it, and the like to which would plunge most others at any time,—perhaps any other at such a time—into fresh revolution or anarchy, or let it fall into the hands of a military chieftain, who would make himself an emperor. But while the nation was suddenly plunged down from joy and exultation, a great depth into sorrow and mourning, the machinery of government moved on without a break or a jolt, and no one thought of danger. We come forth from the war, and all its vast and numberless perils, safe; our government tried and justified, and become the wonder, the fear, and the admiration of the world. For the first, we know our own strength and

resources, and power of endurance. But all will be in vain unless we have learned the great truth, and continue in it,—"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" and "In God is our trust."