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PURINTON

**Lincoln**



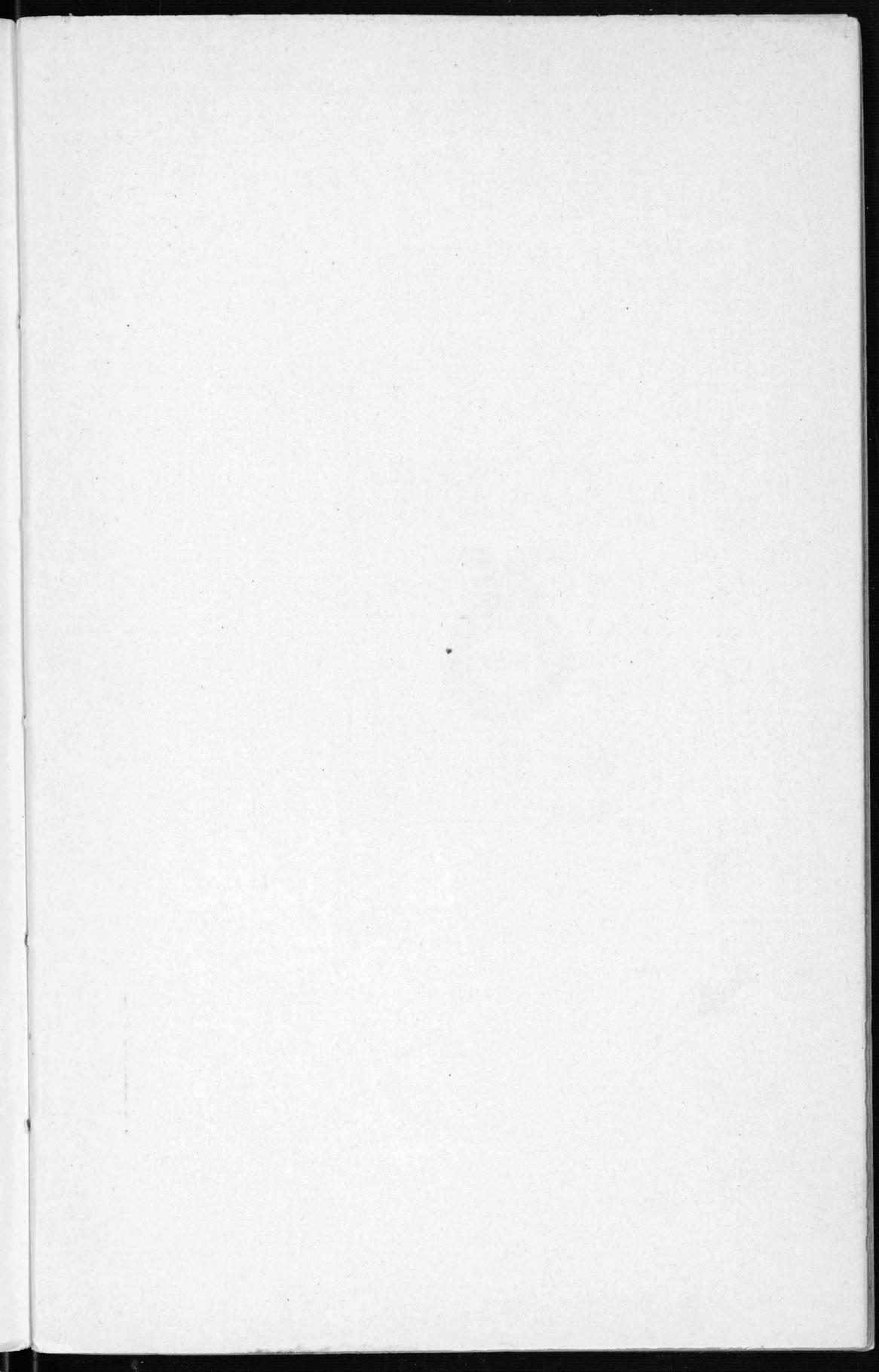
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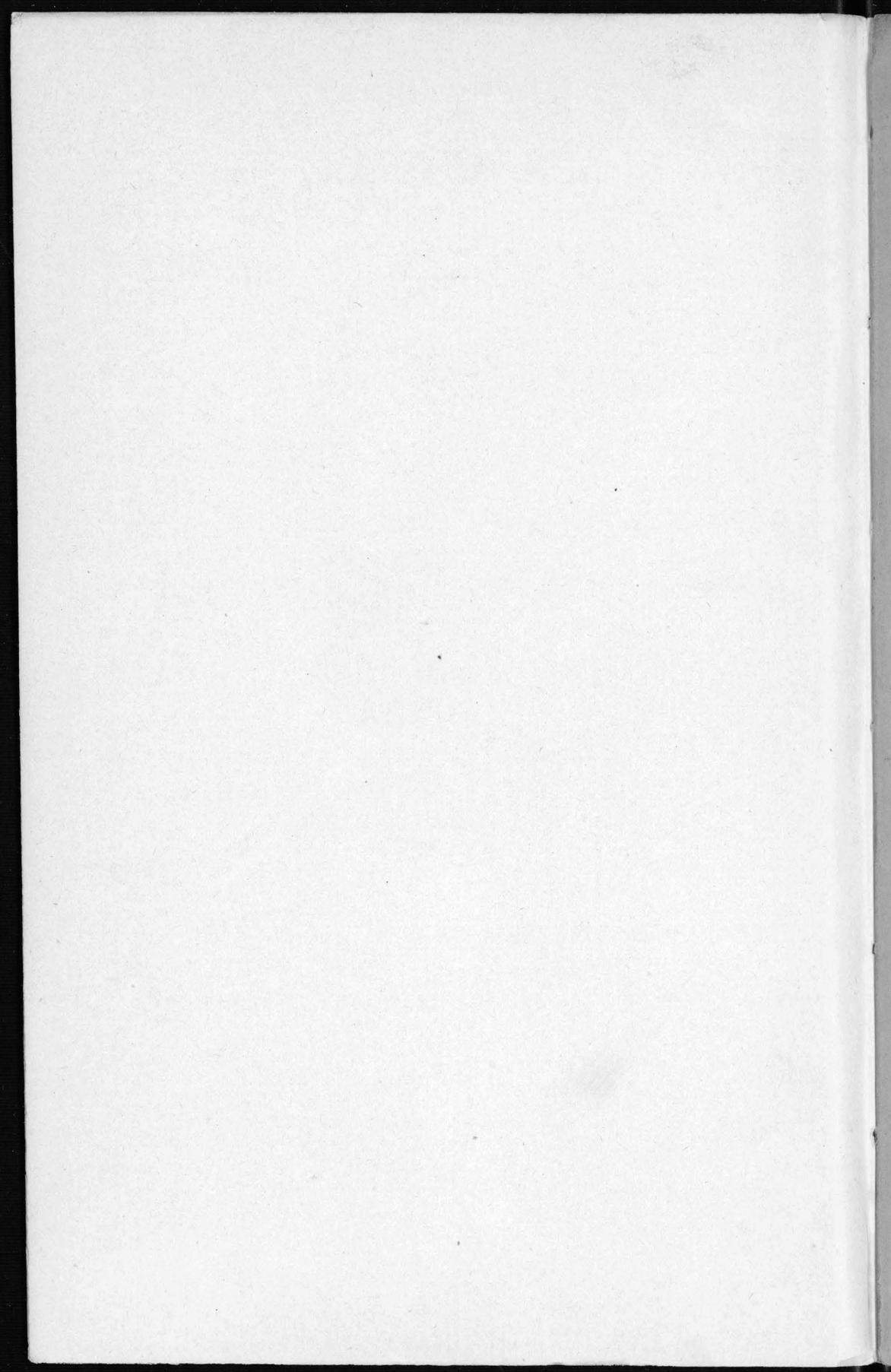


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*On the Death of President Abraham Lincoln.*

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A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN

THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN SMITHFIELD,  
Fayette County, Penna.,

June 1st, 1865.

BY

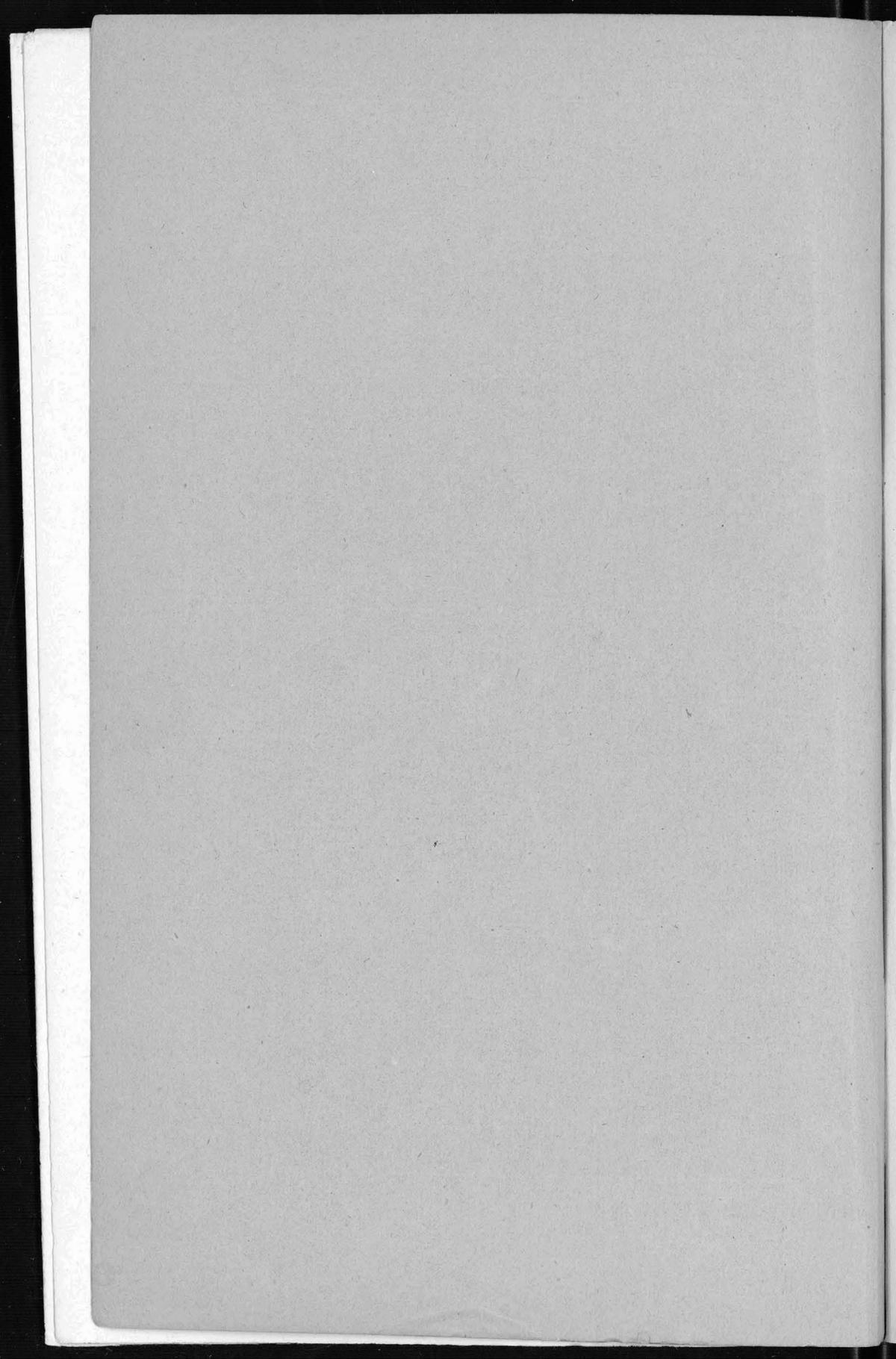
REV. J. M. PURINTON, D. D.

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PHILADELPHIA:

J. A. WAGENSELLER, PRINTER, 23 NORTH SIXTH ST.  
1865.

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# A DISCOURSE

ON THE

## Death of President Abraham Lincoln,

DELIVERED IN THE

BAPTIST CHURCH IN SMITHFIELD, FAYETTE COUNTY, PA.,

June 1st, 1865.



BY

REV. J. M. PURINTON, D. D.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

SMITHFIELD, JUNE 12, 1865.

REV. J. M. PURINTON,—

*Dear Sir :*

WE, the undersigned, would respectfully request you to furnish us a copy of the sermon preached by you on the 1st of June instant, in the Baptist Church in this place, on the occasion of the death of President Lincoln, our object being to have it published in pamphlet form. We believe this to be the desire of a large majority of those who composed your congregation on the occasion.

- |                          |                  |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| Major I. M. ABRAHAM,     | A. J. ABRAHAM,   |
| H. B. MATHIOTT, M. D.,   | W. R. GRIFFIN,   |
| G. G. CLEMMER,           | W. F. CORE,      |
| Rev. P. G. STURGIS,      | T. F. FARMER.    |
| Lieut. JAMES ABRAHAM,    | ROBERT BROWN,    |
| WM. STURGIS,             | L. W. BURCHINAL, |
| JAMES HESS,              | A. W. ROSS,      |
| ENOS STURGIS,            | B. F. REPPERT,   |
| Capt. JAMES A. HAYDEN,   | L. W. CLEMMER,   |
| J. L. PATTON,            | WILLIAM CONN,    |
| E. A. STURGIS,           | REUBEN HAGUE,    |
| JEREMIAH BURCHINAL, Sr., | W. P. GRIEFIN,   |
| JAMES S. BROWNFIELD,     | SAMUEL ANDERSON, |
| JOHN DOWNEY,             | JOHN A. PATTON,  |
| THOS. BURCHINAL,         | WM. BURCHINAL,   |
| JOHN SUMMERS.            |                  |

TO MAJOR I. M. ABRAHAM, H. B. MATHIOTT, M. D.,  
G. G. CLEMMER, REV. P. G. STURIS, AND OTHERS.

*Gentlemen :*

Your note of yesterday, requesting for publication the sermon preached June 1st, in the Baptist Church of this town, is received. A becoming regard to the many and esteemed individuals who have united in this request, demands compliance with its solicitation.

Very respectfully,

J. M. PURINTON.

SMITHFIELD, JUNE 13, 1865.

2.18.12

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F

## DISCOURSE.

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Psalm xcvi: 2, "CLOUDS AND DARKNESS ARE ROUND ABOUT HIM, RIGHEOUSNESS AND JUDGMENT ARE THE HABITATION OF HIS THRONE."

No object of human vision is so brilliant as the sun. Its light is intense and its glory dazzling to the natural eye. But intervening clouds sometimes dim its lustre and enshroud its glory. So God, when he would clothe his providences with obscurity, robes himself with clouds and darkness. "He flies upon the wings of the wind, and maketh his pavillion round about him, dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." The mysterious clouds within whose veil divine providences are evolved, though impenetrable to reason's eye, are pierced by the eye of Christian faith and their office discovered, which is to soften the brilliancy of the Everlasting Throne.

The tidings of the President's martyrdom, as it flew with lightning speed over telegraphic wires, fell like a shock upon the public ear. An unsuspecting people were amazed and stunned by the suddenness of the blow and the awfulness of its crime. With a partial recovery from the shock the nation awoke to mingled grief and indignation. The grief was general and heartfelt. The sorrow of a trusting people for the loss of its excellent and honored head. Mr. Lincoln was the chosen representative of the people, invested with the highest authority and power of the nation, to guard its interests by the support of its Constitution and the execution of its laws. He entered upon the duties of his office in the most difficult and responsible period in the nation's history. Thirty years of secret plotting for the overthrow of the government was culminating in open and defiant acts of treason and rebellion. States were rapidly disintegrating by a sacrilegious severance of the bonds that had united them. Government officials with heartless perjury were violating the oaths of office, with impious and polluted feet were trampling the sacred Constitution, were ungratefully dis-

honoring the dear old flag, and were shamelessly vaunting the ensigns of rebellion. The great conspiracy against the government was organized, public property had been seized, and the war of rebellion actually inaugurated by firing upon a government vessel.

Party zeal and prejudice were at their utmost height, absorbing every interest, and sweeping over every barrier like a descending avalanche. Many leading spirits of the country, swaying multitudes, as fragile reeds are swayed by the winds, were ready, with all their power and influence, to sacrifice their country upon the altar of ambition, caring only for their party, and for that only because it ministered to their selfishness. Indeed, the man devoid of patriotism, who will sacrifice his country to his party, can be safely trusted nowhere. When the occasion offers, he will as readily sacrifice that party itself upon the altar of his personal aspirations, and the simple minded men who have been controlled by his influence and have labored for his elevation, when they can no longer serve his selfish purpose, will be thanklessly cast aside as worn-out tools which have ceased to be useful. By the enemies of the government, who planned its overthrow, every possible preparation had been made for the execution of their design. It was thoroughly matured, the Southern heart was fired to desperation, accomplices were strung all through the North, an undue proportion of the national arms was secured, and forts, arsenals and monied treasures were seized; while the government, with its limited army reduced by treachery, and a portion of its small navy cruising in distant seas, was but illy prepared for the terrible encounter.

The bonds of society were loosened, time-honored principles were discarded, business was deranged, the laws were put at defiance, the binding nature of the most solemn obligations was ignored, and the force of current events was pushing the nation into scenes of anarchy and blood. The treasury was exhausted, the public credit was rapidly waning, and some believed the government already in the convulsive throes of dissolution. Among wise and patriotic men conflicting opinions prevailed in regard to the measures which were demanded for public security. It was an era marked by general distrust and alarm. "Men's hearts were failing them with fear of the things which were coming upon the earth." With this dark and portentous cloud overspreading our political horizon, and each day becoming darker and more portentous, Abraham Lincoln

left his western home to assume the functions of government. Could any wonder, that in a parting address to his neighbors he should intimate that he was about to assume responsibilities greater than had been sustained since the days of Washington, and that he should have desired their prayers for the wisdom which cometh from above.

While ambitious traitors gloated and chuckled over the personal aggrandizement which their deceived imaginations had reared upon the ruins of their country, Christian patriots, in prayer, sought help from God. From millions of pious hearts, and from unnumbered closets and family altars and Christian pulpits, the earnest prayer ascended, "God save our country." Enemies derided and opposed, but good men continued to pray. While some mournfully sung :

" A storm is gathering o'er our land,  
The gloom grows dark before us ;"

they hopefully added,

" But we have faith in God's right hand,  
And this free banner o'er us."

The result has justified the hopes of the patriotic and the good. Earnest and importunate prayer has prevailed. The arm of the Almighty has been interposed to save the nation and confound its enemies. This work is of God, to whom be glory now and forever. In its accomplishment he has been pleased to employ Abraham Lincoln as the leading instrumentality. This chosen servant of the people and of God encountered the most implicable hostility and the most determined opposition. The Holy Scriptures forbid men to speak evil of dignitaries (2 Pet. ii : 10,) but our Chief Magistrate was maliciously slandered and calumniated through the land. First he was branded as a coward, for refusing to accommodate a plot for his assassination as he went to Washington. Then he was despised as an *imbecile*, a *baboon*. Anon he is "a perjured villain." Presently we hear of him as a crafty politician, riding into power by over-mastering strategy. Then he is a bold usurper and a detestable tyrant, trampling the Constitution and the liberties of the people. And finally, he is a hideous and blood-thirsty monster, unfit to live. Incautious women, and sometimes imprudent men, *significantly* predict that "he will never serve out his time."

All this contumely and vituperation and threatening the good man endured meekly and forgivingly, and pursued the even tenor of his

way. But how much it had to do with forming the sentiment, firing the heart and nerving the hand of that execrable miscreant, J. Wilkes Booth, is an inquiry which furnishes food for thought.

It is not obvious that Booth cherished personal animosity toward the President. He murdered him not on his own account, but because of the principles he represented, and the great work he was accomplishing. Among his last words were, "Tell my mother I died for my country, I thought I was acting for the best." These words express the sentiment, that removing Abraham Lincoln from the world conferred a great blessing upon his country, and as he died in consequence, he died for his country. How many abettors of this horrid delusion there were, whose influence aided to form and develope its purpose, God only knows.

Against the government, with Mr. Lincoln at its head, was arrayed the ambitious intrigue and military force of a giant conspiracy, which could number its armed insurgents by hundreds of thousands. Added to this, and far more dangerous, was the treason which tainted the whole land and transfused itself into the governmental organism, poisoning its heart, paralyzing its efforts and preying upon its life. It was like the poet's description of sin :

" On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within."

As a latent disease, secretly lurking in the human body, will sometimes manifest itself in cutaneous eruptions and external ulcers, so this foul leprosy, assuming form and gaining strength by secret organizations and midnight cabals, at length appeared on the surface of the body politic, in the form of popular out-breaks, hatred of the government and unmeasured denunciation of its acts, and in all possible efforts to weaken its force and strengthen its enemies. But for these men the rebellion would not have lived out half its days. For the last two years they have constituted its chief hope. In equity they are responsible for a large portion of the nation's wasted treasures and for the blood of thousands of her slaughtered sons.

One of the perplexities of our government has arisen from the feigned *neutrality* of European monarchs and the swarms of their obsequious parasites. Ambitious of power, and wedded to other political creeds, they have long observed, with a jealous eye, the rapid development and increasing power of this young republic.

In the incipency of her progress she has gained rank with the great powers of earth, and is prospectively eclipsing and overshadowing the mightiest nations of the globe. They see the tendency of her example to excite in the masses of other countries a thirst for the freedom which she enjoys—a yearning for liberty which cannot fail to endanger the interest of autocrats and oligarchies. They have pronounced the republican government impracticable, and predicted its failure in North America. Therefore they hailed the rebellion as a fulfillment of their predictions, the harbinger of our national ruin, and the fruition of their hopes. Hence their sympathy with it.

From their pompous and hypocritical neutrality was hatched a scorpion to sting the vitality of our nation. The bogus confederacy was speedily acknowledged as a belligerent power. Aid and comfort were given to the rebels. Under the connivance of these *neutral* governments, vessels were sent forth for blockade running, and conveying to the rebels arms and the munitions of war. Privateers were fitted, manned and floated upon the high seas for the destruction of our commerce. Numerous unprincipled and vendible presses, of which the *London Times* occupied a disgraceful pre-eminence, like the craters of so many destructive volcanoes, were continually belching forth fiery streams of detraction and wrath and false fabrications against the United States for the venal purpose of educating the common mind of their respective countries into hatred of our government and sympathy with its enemies. To the general conduct of monarchists in relation to the American conflict, which can scarcely be reprobated in terms too strong, there are honorable exceptions. Some have manifested a lively sympathy with our nation in the midst of her perils. This remark is applicable to Russia, and multitudes of common people, and a few nobles in England and France.

Another source of embarrassment to the government was a difference and conflict of opinion among the ardent friends of itself and its valued President. The variable phases of our troubles often required the greatest wisdom to determine what was best. Yet many a common man, without experience in affairs, civil or military, in a patriotic zeal for his country, merged into a self-appointed censor to criticise governmental acts and policy. One distinguished general has erred here; an army corps has been badly handled there. At slavery, the common enemy, the President has made a death-

thrust too soon, or too late. Lines of future policy, for the civil and military authorities, numerous and divergent, were gratuitously drawn; and political quacks all over the land tendered to the executive their professional skill for healing the national maladies.

Some agents of government, and a number too large, with loud expressions of loyalty and strong denunciations of treason, while they cared for neither, followed only after loaves and fishes. These were sincere devotees of Mammon, ever worshipping at his shrine, and willing to propitiate him by sacrificing upon his insatiate altar the interests of their bleeding country.

How numerous the enemies of our nation! How complicated her net work of difficulties! How fiercely sweep the winds of adversity over her placid waters! Upon the heaving bosom of those waters, now agitated and tempest-wrought, floats the old ship of State. She is freighted with a cargo of precious interests. She carries the Constitution, the palladium of liberty, civil and religious, and the laws, a rampart of defence. She bears our only security of property, life and character, and the guardianship of our homes, families and sacred altars. She holds a protecting ægis for our religion, science, arts and commerce. She is invested with historic prestige and glory, and all the brilliant hopes of the country's future. In her are deposited the wealth and honor of American citizenship. From her lofty mast streams the Star Spangled Banner. Upon its head perches the proud eagle. What shall be the destiny of this gallant ship? Was she strongly built? Is she seaworthy? Can she weather the storm, or must she flounder and sink? At her helm sits her chosen pilot, in the calm dignity of faith and the sweet assurance of hope. His eye at once watches the ship and peers into the tempest. Can he succeed? Has he nautical skill equal to a storm at sea? Will he steer the old ship safely amid the surges of rebellion, the rocks of opposition, and the whirlpools of treachery? Look! The storm rages with increased fury! Thunders bellow with deafening roar! Lightnings play among the rigging! The winds blow a hurricane! The ship alternately mounts and sinks into deep troughs of the sea! At every plunge she careens and creaks in all her joints! It seems that each must be the last! The yawning abyss threatens to engulf her! On every countenance is a death-like paleness! From each lip the cry goes up, "Lord save me!" Look again! The tempest

is fast spending its violence! The ship lives! She proudly floats into the harbor of safety, and casts anchor; proving, at once, her own strength and the skill of her pilot.

A shepherd of an hundred sheep, when one of them strayed, left the ninety and nine in the wilderness and sought the absent one until he found it, when he rejoiced over it more than over the ninety and nine which went not astray. So the danger of *losing* intensifies the joy of *possessing*. Our preserved government, with its countless blessings, is now dearer to the American people than ever. The precious boon is received with the warmest gratitude. The Nation rejoices in the success of her arms, the vindication of right and the return of peace. While God bestows the gift, the wise administration of President Lincoln is the hand which conveys it,—the agent of Divine Providence in the salvation of our imperiled country and the disenthralment of an enslaved race. The people admire and love the late President for the good which he accomplished, as well as for the excellence of his character. A brief delineation of that character, as it has been photographed upon the speaker's mind, will be given.

A strong element is *Forecast*. A perception of the relation of causes and effects. A sort of prescience which imparts great administrative ability, and displays successful strategy in the seizure of good and the avoidance of evil. It is the parent of cautiousness, for which he was distinguished.

*Calmness*. Undisturbed self-possession. Tranquility in danger. Quietude amid storms and convulsions.

*Integrity*. Honesty of purpose and life. A missionary among the Indians was named, "The man that tells the truth." The plain cognomen, "Honest Abe," rises in moral grandeur when contemplated as a truthful index of his character.

*Benevolence*. A disposition to do good. Kindness. It lived in his acts, and breathed in all his messages. His last inaugural address has been pronounced by an English writer the "ablest and best State paper on record." It closes with the memorable words, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans;

to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

*Adaptation.* With a nice discrimination, ever suiting actions to the circumstances which evoke them. Like a good and skilful physician, who determines to heal his patient, then carefully watches the disease and suits his prescriptions to its varying symptoms. Mr. Lincoln, having formed the purpose of saving his country, "with malice toward none, with charity for all, and with firmness in the right," carried out these great principles of his administration, with a ready adaptation to the changing circumstances of a progressive struggle, and with a sagacity equaled only by its success.

*Firmness.* Slow and deliberate in arriving at conclusions, and cautious in settling principles of action. To conclusions reached and principles adopted, he steadfastly adhered, with what he called "firmness in the right." Those who inferred from his geniality and pliant accommodation to varying circumstances, that he could be deflected from his course or diverted from his objects, entirely mistook his character.

*Modesty.* Never pretentious or arrogant. Not ostentatious or boastful.

*Piety.* This was the crowning excellence of his character. Rev. J. E. Casey, of Freeport, Ill., states that a gentleman having visited Washington on business with the President, was, on leaving home, requested by a friend to ask Mr. Lincoln whether he loved Jesus. The President buried his face in his handkerchief, turned away and wept. He then turned and said, "When I left home to take the chair of State, I requested my countrymen to pray for me; I was not then a Christian. When my son died, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian; but when I went to Gettysburg, and looked upon the graves of our dead heroes who had fallen in defence of their country, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. I do love Jesus." This testimony to his piety is corroborated by other and satisfactory evidence.

The excellent character of President Lincoln was developed by a successful and triumphant administration in the face of difficulties the most intricate and appalling. Its development has increased the admiration of his friends and won the respect and confidence of enemies. The civilized world has come to appreciate his good qualities and offer to his talents and virtues the merited tribute of praise.

\* Schurz this was Rev. J. E. Casey

MS.

As a sample of what eminent men of other nations say of him, I quote the *London Star*:—"To us Abraham Lincoln has always seemed the finest character produced by the American war. He was great, not merely by the force of genius, but by the simple natural strength and grandeur of his character. He divined his way through the perilous, exhausting and unprecedented difficulties which might well have broken the strength and blinded the prescience of the best trained professional statesman. He seemed to arrive, by the instinct of a noble, unselfish and manly nature, at the ends which the highest of political experience could have done no more than reach. He bore himself fearlessly in danger, calmly in difficulty, modestly in success. The world was at last beginning to know how good and, in the best sense, how great a man he was. It had long indeed learned that he was as devoid of vanity as of fear, but it only just came to know what magnanimity and mercy the hour of triumph would prove that he possessed. Reluctant enemies were just beginning to break into eulogy over his wise and noble clemency, when the dastard hand of a vile murderer destroyed his noble and valuable life."

With an increasing sense of the greatness and goodness of his character and the value of his wise and efficient administration in the crisis of the country's greatest peril, the American people had learned to trust and love him as none of his predecessors were ever trusted or loved. The November election showed clearly how he had increased in the public confidence during the preceding four years. A still more rapid growth in popular favor marked the subsequent months of his life. He could sway the opinions and policy of the nation as no other man ever swayed them. He lived in the hearts of his countrymen. At the time of his death he enjoyed a measure of popularity entirely unprecedented. The esteem in which he was held was not confined to his own nation, but was felt throughout the civilized world. In the language quoted, "the world at last was beginning to know how good and, in the best sense, how great a man he was." In the development of his greatness, in the hour of his triumph, and amid national rejoicings he was suddenly hurled from the sublimest and sunniest heights of glory into the deep shades of death.

Entirely overwhelming was the grief of a bereaved nation. The unutterable sorrow of the people was equaled only by the love of

him whom they had lost. The great heart of the nation throbbed with an intensity of anguish which shook the entire body. From California to Maine, and from Ocean to Ocean, were manifested the signs of woe. Business was suspended, flags of the navy and army were mournfully waved at half mast, minute guns were fired, residences, business houses, seats of learning, halls of justice, churches, the Presidential mansion, and the national Capitol were draped in mourning. Above all, the hearts of the people were draped, and their eyes were streaming with the tears of unaffected grief. Sad indeed, was the spectacle of a bereaved nation weeping for the loss of its loved chieftain. On the day of the obsequies appeared every possible demonstration of public sorrow. In the streets of San Francisco, that far-off city on the Pacific coast, was seen a procession three miles in length, and numbering fifteen thousand persons, which moved in honor of the President and in grief for his death. Throughout the country, in all the principal cities and towns, solemn processions, tolling bells and funeral dirges told of the sorrow which filled the land.

In their sanctuaries the people gathered in unwonted numbers, to weep and pray. In the funeral arrangements there was a blending of grandeur and of grief. To see the funereal cortege and mingle with it, in its passage through different States and towns, tens and hundreds of thousands anxiously pressed; many coming from adjoining States, cities and towns. It is estimated that in the various places of their temporary sojourn, the funeral car and coffin were seen by five millions of people, and that eight hundred thousand persons (many of them in tears) looked upon the calm pale features of the illustrious dead. "The occasion called forth the deepest feelings of emotion everywhere, and afforded indisputable evidence of the highest esteem of the people for the late Chief Magistrate." The voice of lamentation arising from the different sections of the country, mingled in one general wail so loud as to swell across the Atlantic. It struck the ear and awoke the sympathies of European nations, which echoed back, through numerous expressions of condolence, the commingled tones of a wide-spread grief. Even the *London Times* says, "The death of Mr. Lincoln has stirred the feelings of the public to their utmost depths." And *Punch* takes back the vile things he has said, and inserts a handsome picture, which represents Britannia standing and weeping be-

side tearful America, and laying wreathes upon the body of the departed President.

The greatest horror and indignation have been excited by the unmitigated crime which deprived the nation of its chief functionary. Has it indeed come to this? Is there, in this Christian land, such a profligacy of life, such a rampancy of sin as will send forth murder, boldly stalking into the high places of the nation, and smiting its President in the midst of a public assembly? Were Cicero here, he would exclaim "O! tempora! O Mores!" O the times! the customs!

The world execrates the foul deed. The prevailing sentiment at home and abroad is expressed by the *London Daily Telegraph*, which says "No fouler crime stands chronicled in all history, than the murder of Abraham Lincoln. The act is one that outrages humanity and shocks the common conscience of the world."

It was a crime committed with malice afore thought,—the culmination of a secret and extensive conspiracy. The number in the South, and in the North, in Richmond, Washington, Montreal and elsewhere, who were directly concerned as accomplices, and therefore amenable to law, is at present unknown. For these guilty men, one and all, the good will earnestly pray that, with mercy from a forgiving God, they may honor the violated law of their country by the endurance of its penalty. A far greater number were indirectly concerned with them, and to some extent, are morally responsible.

The *London Daily Star* affirms: "It can never be forgotten while history is read, that the hands of Southern partizans have been reddened by the foulest assassin plot the world has ever known; that they have been treacherously dipped in the blood of one of the best citizens and purest patriots to whom the land of Washington gave birth."

The *London Globe* says: "The lawlessness which prompted men to fire New York, with the hope of burning it down, which led the confederate refugees in Canada to commit felonies in Vermont, has now struck at the head of the State, and has taken his life." If this be true, and what rational man can doubt it, then are the prompters and promoters of this lawlessness free from the guilt of its crimes? Have State Conventions which passed fraudulent secession ordinances no responsibility? Are the formers, rulers and supporters of the Southern Confederacy; those who have given aid and comfort to the

rebellion, and have been accustomed to speak of the President and United States government in language of slander and villification—are these persons entirely pure from the blood with which lawlessness has drenched the land? Who will envy such men? Who would not endure hatred, and persecution, and even death, sooner than his soul should be stained with the sin which pollutes theirs?”

By the *London Daily News*, the late President has been spoken of as “the foremost man in the great Christian revolution of our age.” Why should a man of such extensive usefulness be stricken down? Why should a light so brilliant, be suddenly extinguished? Why should the unexampled rejoicings of a great nation be instantly converted into the deepest mourning? Why should the darkest crime in the world’s history (the crucifixion excepted) be perpetrated in *our* country, and *her* annals be disgraced with the blackest page in the history of depravity? Why has God so dealt with us? The answer is, “Clouds and darkness are round about him.”

He cloths himself with inscrutable mystery. “He holdeth back the face of his throne and spreadeth his cloud upon it.” But though he plants his footsteps in the deep, and veils his paths with darkness, we know that “Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” “Just and right is he.”

God’s providence in this sad event was permissive. They falsely construe it, who suppose him the author of the sin by which we have been afflicted. Iniquity in any form he neither requires nor approves. To its committal he does not force or tempt men. But with his disapproval, his authority and threatened punishment, does he dissuade from its perpetration. He is able to overrule all for good and cause even the wickedness of man to promote the objects of his beneficence. The future will doubtless unfold to an approving world, the wisdom of the providence which permitted the powers of darkness to prevail in destroying the first man in the nation. Of its utility we can, at present, comprehend but little. A few things, however, are too apparent to escape notice.

1. *Crime Brings Punishment.* “Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.” It was probably not more than thirty seconds from the moment when Booth stretched his murderous hand upon the life of that good man, until the wrath of God fell upon him. In leaping from the President’s box upon the stage, his spur caught a festoon of the national flag, which threw him, and broke one bone

of a leg. This fractured bone pierced the flesh and grated upon the saddle, during a rapid horseback ride of twenty miles. Through the subsequent ten days of his miserable life, his injury, his extraordinary efforts at concealment and flight, his want of rest, his fear of apprehension and his horror of conscience must have produced the most intense sufferings. From a genteel appearing young man he was changed into one of the wildest, dirtiest and most haggard objects ever seen by mortal eyes. His death wound was of a nature to disable him at once and allow him to linger several hours in extreme agony. His guilty spirit, stained with the richest and purest blood of the nation, passed into the awful presence of Him, who will by no means "Clear the guilty," and who has said "No murderer hath eternal life."

2. *Our Government Possesses Vitality.* How strikingly is this truth revealed. A blow is aimed at the life of the nation. As an organism the government is beheaded. Still it breaths as before, and its heart beats on as though nothing had happened. Its sinews have strength, and all its functions are performed as usual. The President dies at twenty minutes past seven, and Mr. Johnson is inaugurated at twelve of the same day.

The self-adjusting machinery continues to work with scarcely a jar. Henceforth traitors may know that the assassination of a man, or a few men, is by no means fatal to the government. Its overthrow can be accomplished only by the destruction of its constitution and laws, and an uprootal in the popular heart of the principles on which they are based.

3. *The Nature of the Rebellion is more Fully Developed.* This climax of atrocities which was enacted in its interest, manifests its spirit and reveals its character. All its principles of perfidy, its positions, acts, and influences have tended to this result. It was its own spirit animating the heart and nerving the arm of one of its devoted friends. No one can believe the foul deed would have been done, if the rebellion had never existed.

There may have been in the country many good people who have defiled their hands in the unclean work of disloyalty, while their hearts have not been in it. To this course they may have been drawn by evil influences which surrounded them. Such people with the knowledge of rebellion, which recent events have unfolded, will

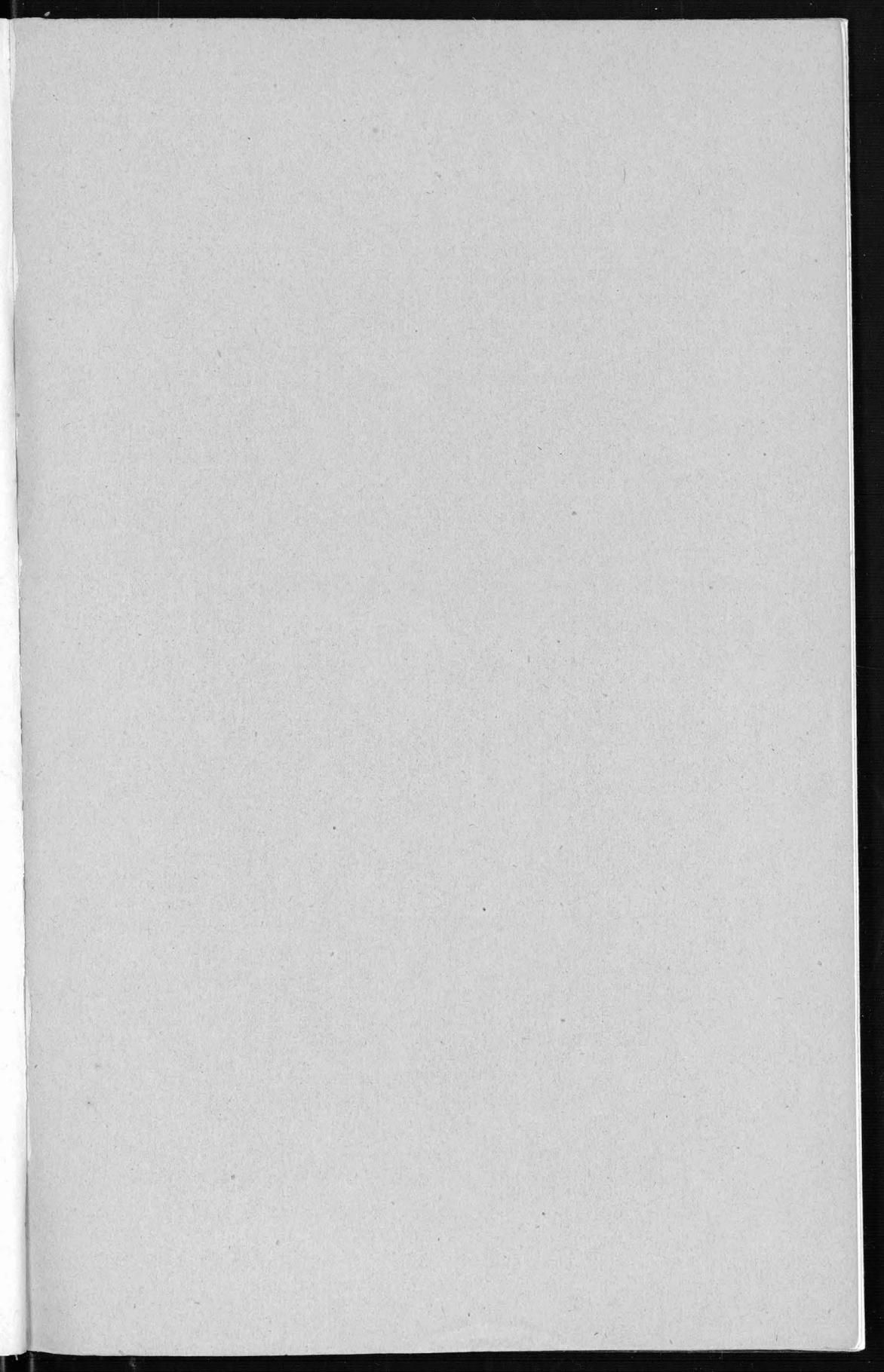
naturally shrink from her polluting embrace, and turn again to their country with penitence and true loyalty.

The personal character of heart rebels, who persistently adhere to the dead and putrid carcase, is likely to be so unmasked that their countrymen will know *who* they are and *how* to regard them. The light and lens of these mysterious and tragic scenes, will photograph upon the historic page, a full length portraiture of treason, and to coming ages transmit it as a warning, upon which ambitious men of those ages will look, and stand aghast.

That old serpent, the devil, sometimes transforms himself into an angel of light, and is it mysterious that the dragon of rebellion in the closing scene of his great drama, should seek to personify a fair lady? But, the Southern Confederacy is *not* a lady. Its first significant symbol was a rattlesnake, and its character is snakish still. Thank God, the loathesome reptile, with a crushed head and bleeding body, lies powerless under the strong heel of a preserved government, and will henceforth exhibit no further signs of life than a little *squirming of its tail*. Slavery produced secession and the Southern Confederacy. To the ugly brute and her stifled progeny we now breathe a final adieu.

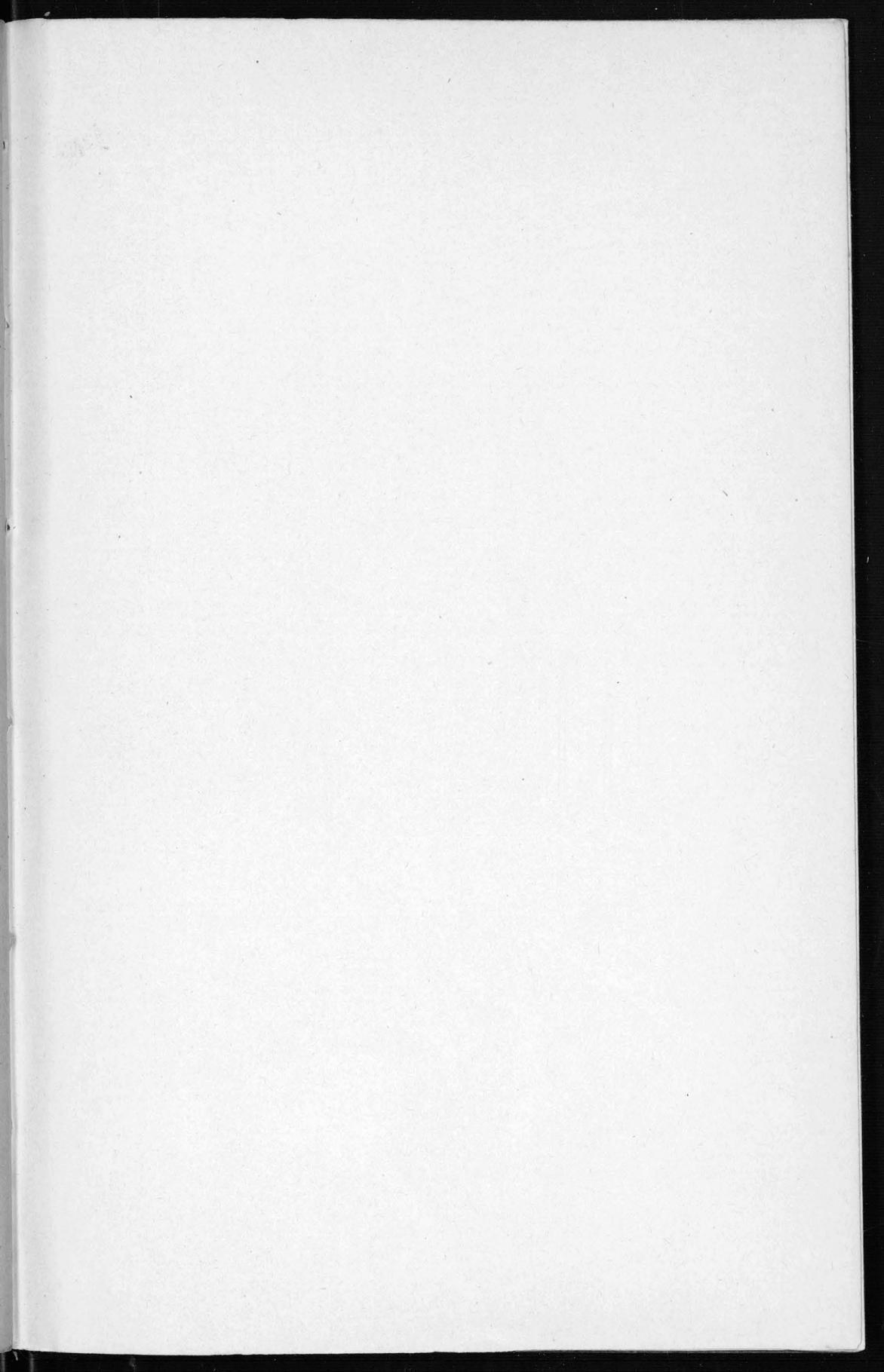
Mount Vernon, on the banks of the Potomac, twenty miles below Washington, is a sacred spot, because it enshrines the ashes of the Father of this Republic. It is the constant resort of visitors from all parts of the civilized world. The steamers which ply upon that noble stream, as often as they pass it, toll their bell in honor of the departed hero and statesman.

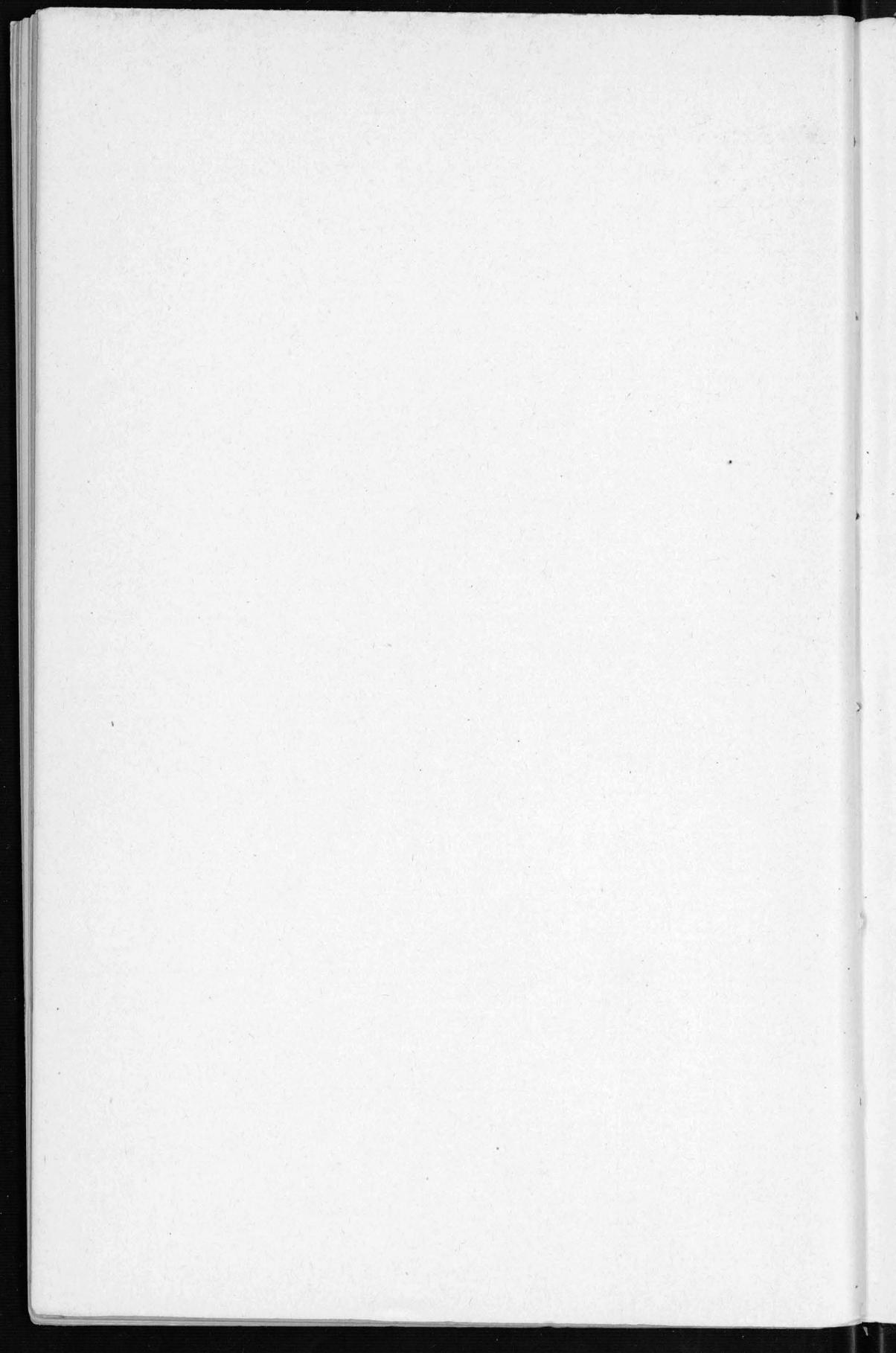
In the bosom of a cemetery amid western prairies, now repose the mortal remains of one, who was a civilian and patriot—a statesman and philanthropist. In coming years, thither will be drawn the footsteps of countless thousands, who will approach to muse in pensive sadness, and drop a tear at the grave of a second Washington—the Preserver of the Republic.

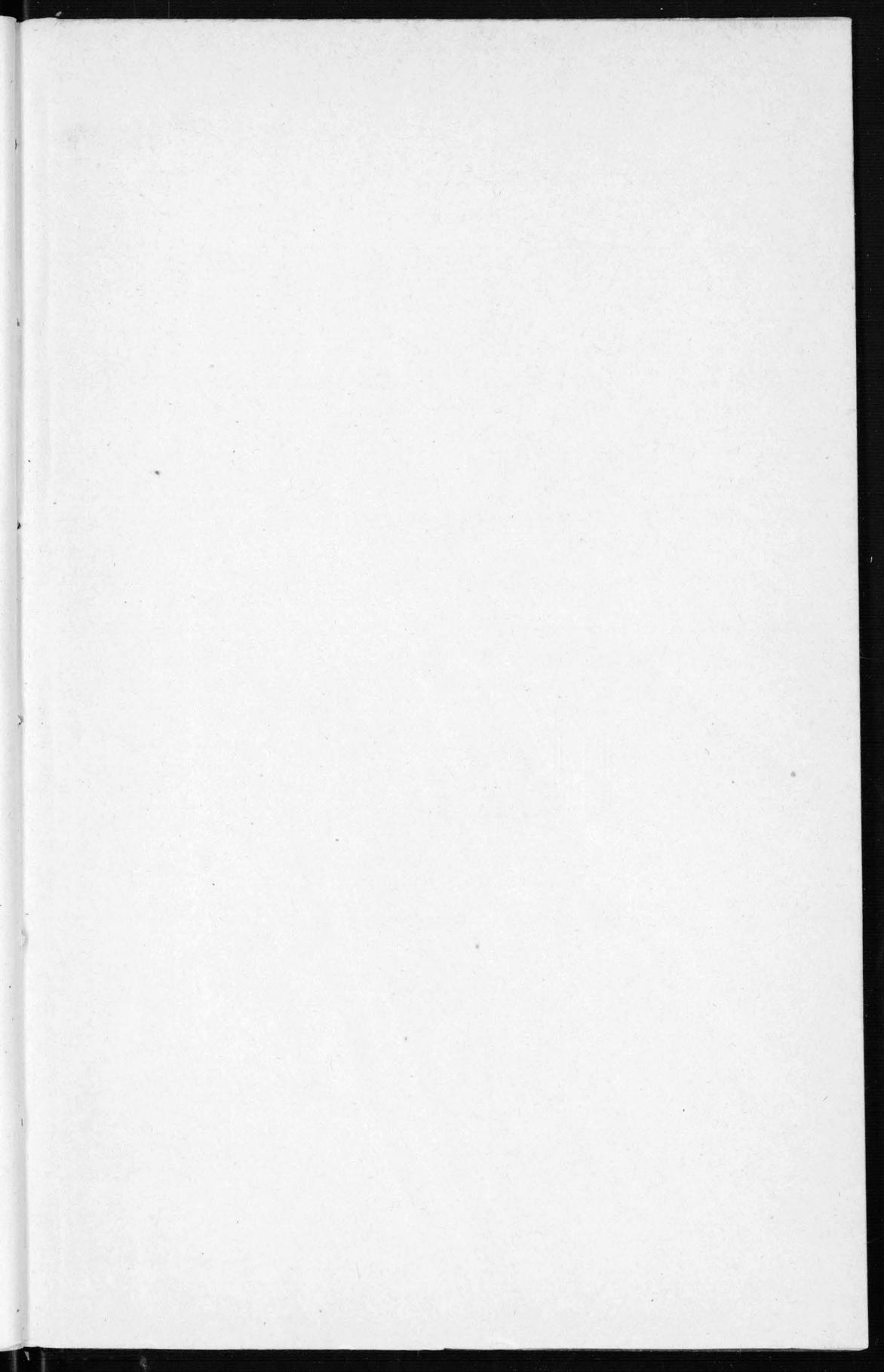


W. H. H. H.

Dec. 1870







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