

MAPLE LEAVES

FROM CANADA:

—FOR THE—

Grave of Abraham Lincoln:

BEING A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY

REV. ROBERT NORTON,

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church,

AND ADDRESS BY

REV. ROBERT F. BURNS,

Pastor of the Canada Presbyterian Church,

AT ST. CATHARINES, CANADA WEST,

April 23rd, 1865,

Together with Proceedings of Public Meetings, &c.

ST. CATHARINES:

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PREFATORY NOTE.

For many reasons it has been thought proper that St. Catharines should weave its Maple Chaplet, to lay upon the grave of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The Rev. Mr. NORTON'S Sermon is published in compliance with the terms of the Requisition on the other side. The Address of the Rev. R. F. BURNS, (which is part of a Discourse,) is also published in accordance with the urgent wishes of many friends. As an Appendix, the Proceedings of the ever memorable Funeral Day are given, abridged from the admirable Report of the St. Catharines "Post."

It may be well to insert here, in a sentence or two, the more prominent facts in the life of the illustrious deceased.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in Kentucky, on the 12th February, 1809. When he was about 7, his father removed to Southern Indiana; and when he reached the age of 20, to Central Illinois, where he lived as a farmer. In 1831, he was clerk in a mill and store. In 1832, he served in the Black Hawk War. In 1834 he was elected to the Legislature of his adopted State, and served eight years, having been re-elected three times. In 1836 he commenced the practice of law. In 1837 he took up his residence at Springfield. In 1842 he was married to Miss Todd, daughter of the Hon. R. S. Todd, of Lexington, Ky. In 1846 he was elected to Congress, serving for between two and three years, and being counted one of the foremost of the Whig party. In consequence of his opposition to the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War, he retired into private life. In 1860 he was elected President of the United States, having received all the votes of the free States except New Jersey—180 Electoral votes against 72 for Breckenridge, 39 for Bell, and 12 for Douglas. On the 4th March, 1865, he entered on his second Presidential term—having received the almost unanimous Electoral vote. On the night of the 14th April, 1865, he was assassinated.

REV. ROBERT NORTON,

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Catharines, C. W.

REVEREND AND BELOVED SIR:

The Undersigned listened with intense interest to your Sermon of last Lord's Day Morning, upon the tragic death of the late lamented Abraham Lincoln, Chief Magistrate of the United States of North America.

Believing the views and sentiments therein expressed, to be truthful, forcible and Scriptural, and that their dissemination in print will promote a just apprehension of the great American crisis—a truer Christian sympathy and international good will—we respectfully and earnestly solicit from you a copy of the same for publication.

Truly yours,

OLIVER S. PHELPS,
THOS. SHAW,
DANIEL P. HAYNES,
M. E. KELLOG,
ALPHEUS S. ST. JOHN,
C. P. SIMPSON,
HENRY BROWNLEE,
A. M. MILLS,

ST. CATHARINES, April 24, 1865.

ALEX. BOLES,
N. M. SAMSON,
H. F. LEAVENWORTH.
C. W. HELLEMS,
JOHN COPELAND,
R. MCKINLEY,
W. A. RAWLINGS,
CHAUNCEY YALE,
WM. W. HUFF,

MESSES: OLIVER S. PHELPS, THOS. SHAW, D. P. HAYNES, & OTHERS:

DEAR FRIENDS—The Sermon, a copy of which you ask for publication, was prepared in unusual haste; but since it was received with so much favor, and may promote sympathy between the two great Christian nations of Britain and America, I place it at your disposal.

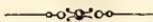
Permit me to suggest the propriety of publishing with this Sermon, a suitable notice of the great and spontaneous gathering of our citizens at Fowler's Hall, upon receiving the tidings of President Lincoln's death.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT NORTON.

ST. CATHARINES, April 25, 1865.

MR. NORTON'S SERMON.



“And the Lord spake unto Moses that self-same day, saying: Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto Mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, over against Jerico: and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession; and die in the mountain whither thou goest up.”—DEUT. XXXII: 48-50.

The Lord *rules* over all *nations*. The prosperity and wo, the life and death of individuals, we are wont to regard as under his providential supervision. He, who cares for a single person, more surely cares for the masses of people that make up a nation. The Most High has also definite *plans* as to nations. As of old, he now ordains the overthrow of some nations. When the cup of their iniquity was full, Egypt and Tyre, and Babylon, and Persia, and Greece, and Rome fell—God had ordained it. When Power was perverted to foster oppression, the decree of extermination went forth. God is terrible when he condemns a nation. On the other hand there are nations that are under his special care, as was Israel of old, and Persia during the reign of the virtuous Cyrus. All nations as well as persons are guilty; and therefore it is not from any special merit, that they are singled out for progress and a glorious destiny. The Israelites surely did not deserve to be especially favored. All that we can say of their merit, is, “they were *less wicked* than other nations of the earth.” We cannot discover *all* the reasons that determine the special favor of God toward a nation. In the utterances of the prophets we know full well what it is that provokes his judgments; but the reasons for his loving care we can find only as we search the fatherly heart of God.

God rules by *disciplining* a favored people, rather than by lavishing unmixed blessings. The more he loves a people, the

sterner is his discipline. Nations are blest or chastened in the leaders God suffers to be exalted over them. His care extends to the giving and taking away of rulers. When a people are mercifully ordained for a safe passage through some fearful crisis, God gives them leaders adapted for the crisis. "The powers that be are ordained of God;" but this is specially the case when mighty trials threaten the virtue and very life of a people.

Moses was chosen by a direct and miraculous call of God. But the divine appointment is just as real, when announced in other ways. Moses, and Joshua, and David, and Samuel, and Cyrus, and Alfred, and Queen Elizabeth, and Washington, and Lincoln, were all raised up of God, to carry out his great plans of national mercy, to be wrought out amid national wo.

But the history of Israel under the administration of Moses, is the most clear and instructive exhibition of God's ways of dealing with a favored people, that can be found on the pages of any history. The materials that composed the chosen people of God, at the time of their exit from Egypt, were most turbulent and unpromising. Moses, the great, yet meek—energetic, yet God-fearing—had the most difficult task ever assigned to a leader. His people were fickle and vicious; by turns bold and timorous. The national tie was weak, and the people over which Moses ruled, can be regarded as little better than a nation of rebels. Six hundred thousand stalwart men bore sword and spear as they came out of Egypt; and six hundred thousand traitors and rebels against Moses and God, laid their bones beneath the sands of Arabia.

God's justice against rebellion was most sublime and terrible. A nation was exterminated even in the process of that discipline which made their children a loyal and God-fearing generation. Many a plot was laid against Moses, but rebels could not smite nor overthrow him till his God-appointed work was done. Judges, and Sovereigns, and Presidents are armored with steel that no weapon can penetrate till their assigned task is done. They are not better men than others. They are not to be honored as possessed of merit of their own; but for their office's sake they deserve all honor. They hold the sword of peace, and carry God's commission for holding it; for this let all eyes centre on them, and all hearts give them honor.

The closing scenes of Moses' career are most instructive and tender. Marching over the graves of their rebellious fathers, the loyal, noble, devout hosts of Israel stood on the borders of Canaan. The beautiful valleys and vine-clad hills of that fair land lay before them, and every eye was fixed upon the care-worn, reverend form of Moses, as he who should go on with them to possess the good land, wash away the defilement of its institutions, and re-construct its government on a divinely-ordained basis.

But all this might not be—God had ordained it otherwise. Moses had done the work for which he had been raised up, and now he must die.

That same voice which had thundered forth from the storm-girt peak of Sinai, spoke unto Moses from the mountains of Abarim, and ordered him to climb the summit of Nebo, and cast his eyes over the promised land, and “*die* in the mount whither he went up.” Without one complaining word, Moses received the order. He knew his work was done, and he poured out a farewell blessing on his people, and then climbed the steeps of Nebo, and, mounting to the peak of Pisgah, face to face with God and death, he was bidden to look over the fertile hills and plains, and rejoice in the goodly land which was soon to be the peaceful possession of his beloved Israel. Then, said the Lord, “I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither.” Moses beheld the broad vision till he was satisfied, and then the sleep of God came upon his eyelids, and the angels buried him.

Blessed is he who dies in the love of a mighty people, in the midst of great hopes and great promises, assured that his life-work is done. Thus died Moses, the servant of Israel. Thus died Stephen amid the dawning glories of the Christian church. Thus died Wolfe on the heights of Abraham. And thus died Abraham Lincoln, the late President of the United States.

I stand not here to lavish words of eulogy, but I may honor a man whom God has honored by placing him at the head of a great people, to lead them through the most terrible crisis of modern history.

It is not for a Minister of the Gospel to lift up his voice in the din of politics, or discuss party men or party measures in

the pulpit; but it is for him to recognize God's Almighty hand, in national strifes and woes. The Bible deals with the affairs of nations, as well as individuals; and if he preach scripturally, he will hold up the sins of nations, and discuss the judgments of God, as they thunder through the land.

God has a special care of modern as well as ancient nations. His judgments and his discipline are as apparent on the pages of European and American history, as upon the pages of Jewish history.

Some nations are being overthrown. Turkey wanes, "the waters of the Euphrates are drying up," in accordance with the prediction of divine prophecy. Spain, once the largest empire the world has ever seen—great in power and wealth; great in the horrid reign of her Inquisition, as the destroyer of Protestant martyrs; great, as the mother of that most hideous institution of modern society, African Slavery—is shorn of her power. Her crimes have brought down her ruin. And Rome, the tyrant of both body and soul, drunk with the blood of saints, is staggering over the precipice of destruction. God is *against* these powers, and the decree of their ruin is almost accomplished.

Other nations are the objects of God's special care and favor; He is working for them a glorious destiny. The signs of the times tell us this as surely as dawning rays tell us of a rising sun.

God cared for Germany when she cradled the Reformation on her bosom; and he cares for her and prospers her now. God cared for England, when he tore her from the clutches of Romanism. He cared for her when he laid bloody Mary low, and raised up Queen Elizabeth. He cared for her when he overthrew the despotism of the Stuarts, and disciplined her through years of civil strife and suffering, that she might become a truly free and Christian people. He cared for her when he converted the most gifted of her orators to a simple faith in Christ, and sent her Wilberforce into Parliament for thirty long years, to plead the cause of the slave. He cared for England when Wilberforce and his associates were enabled to secure the abolition of slavery, before that hideous institution had grown to such monstrous proportions, that its abolition

might have caused a civil war, in which its dying struggle might have thrust a dagger into the bosom of our Christian Queen, even as it has signalled its extinction in the United States, by the foul murder of a merciful President. O, God is great in History! By his care an infant people were fostered and multiplied on the shores of America. Says Scripture, "He increaseth the nations and destroyeth them: he enlargeth the nations and straiteneth them again." While thus bestowing sovereign mercies on our continent, he planted the true religion here, and caused it to grow with the nation's growth. Fifty thousand churches and fifty thousand preachers now herald the commands of God, in this once howling wilderness. But, like the children of Israel, the people of America have been a guilty people, and drawn down the wrath and discipline of the Most High. And yet he loves them, and has a mission for them to perform, so soon as he has purged the national heart of its sins. The Lord has heard the cry of twenty millions who have worn the chains of bondage; the complaint of their untold sufferings and unrequited labor has entered into his ears, and aroused his wrath. Those millions have been forbidden to read the Bible by legal enactment. The ties of marriage and family have, by law, been declared null and void; and when the crisis of 1861 came, four millions of immortal beings were then regarded and taught to regard themselves as brutes. North and South, the land has fattened from their unpaid toil; and American boasts of freedom have received the stamp of hypocrisy, from the black and damning institution of African slavery.

And yet God loves America, and thousands and tens of thousands of his saints have dwelt, and sighed, and prayed, among that people, whose national crimes they knew not how to remove. What they had not wisdom or power to do, God has done. He has led them by a way that they knew not. He has led them through a sea of blood more deep and fearful than the billows of that sea through which Israel passed. He has been Almighty to discipline as well as to bless. He loved them even while he "took vengeance of their inventions."

The wrath of man is but the instrument by which God achieves the discipline of nations. Never, perhaps, in human history, has such a tide of wrath been allowed to swell up in

the bosom of an infatuated people. Other nations look on in cool philosophy, and inquire after the *motive* that has driven to such appalling acts of war and assassination. Avaunt! ye speculative dreamers! Stand back before the tornado of wrath and desperation that surges in a million bosoms, made *mad* by *slavery*. And this very madness is God's great instrument with which he scourges, and bleeds, and renovates a mighty people. And now the great drama of discipline draws to a close. The star of peace and hope rises in the brow of a cloud-canopied firmament. The last act of this drama comes on; and as the curtain rises, we see the madness of slavery, in her dying fury, clutch the weapon of the assassin, and smite down the head of a great and victorious people. The curtain falls, and a wail of horror thrills across the American continent. Slavery and Abraham Lincoln have died together. The one shall be hurled into the pit of everlasting execration—the name of the other shall ring in the songs and thanksgivings of a redeemed people for evermore.

Who was this Abraham Lincoln, whose title is henceforth to be "the martyred President?" The Lord called him from the humblest origin and occupation, even as he did David of old, to stand at the head of a chosen people. He gave him force and determination to educate himself. He gave him a large and noble soul. He was not a brilliant man, but he was better than brilliant—he was honest and wise. He became, while yet a young man, the object of unbounded confidence among his fellow citizens; and he rose steadily from one public office to another, not through any art or intrigue of his own, but because the people would lift him up. His benevolent heart, from the very first, abhorred slavery, even while bowing submissively to the majesty of the law and constitution that tolerated it. He was among the first in the councils of the nation to bring in a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, where the collective power of the nation held undisputed control. He opposed every aggressive scheme with reference to the territory of adjoining nations. He dared to be right, when ambitious politicians aspired to be great. He wished his country to be honest, even as he himself was honest. This conscientiousness led him firmly to oppose the annexation of Texas,

and all those needless provocations that resulted in the subsequent war with Mexico.

In his private life, as I learn from one who knew him well in his Illinois home, he was plain, frank and affable, and the law of kindness was on his lips. From intemperance and every kindred vice he was entirely free. His family were connected with the Presbyterian Church. Though himself thoughtful and serious, he made no personal profession of piety. But God's hand was leading him, and we may believe the great change to spiritual life was made in his soul while burdened with the solemn responsibilities of his office, nearly two years ago. In manly simplicity he avowed his consecration to Jesus, in private conversation, and he led a life of habitual prayer. God's grace fitted him to bear with unvarying meekness his honors, and calmly to act under the most harrowing difficulties.

It was a most critical period when he was named for the highest office in the gift of the people. The great issue, Freedom or Slavery, forced itself into every national problem. The slave-holding South was becoming more intensely bitter and exacting; and, not content with being let alone, demanded the extension of the hateful institution into the territories, while they were becoming settled and prepared to assume the position of States. The twenty millions at the North were becoming every year more intensely and conscientiously opposed to human bondage. They would invade no reserved right of any State, but they demanded the privilege of freely expressing their opinions as to Slavery, and the prohibition of it in the new Territories. It was evident that a conflict was approaching. The elements were gathering blackness; and yielding, compromising souls did their utmost to evade the crisis, and cry "peace, peace;" but there was no peace! God had decreed war; and Satan, in the bosom of slaveholders, had decreed it too.

Abraham Lincoln was placed before the people, to represent one great principle—"opposition to the extension of Slavery." He was duly elected by the voice of the people. The exasperation of the slave party knew no bounds. They vowed they never would be ruled by an opponent of slavery. With mad enthusiasm they tore away from the Government, raised armies, organized plots, and attempted to seize the capital and

overturn a just and wise Government. Many assassin spirits openly declared the new President never should be inaugurated! From the first, the virtuous Lincoln was a doomed man. The threats grew more wild and loud. He was compelled to travel to his capital in secrecy and disguise. He was to be a martyr to his country, but not till his life-work was done. A thousand raging advocates of slavery would have leaped with fiendish joy, and even braved death, to plunge the dagger to his heart. The spirit of murder was abroad, and there was scarce a voice at the South that dared remonstrate. But the Heaven-called President was safe. The Lord was his shield, and the weapons of assassins were held back.

The spirit that slaveholding engenders is essentially barbarous and barbarizing; it delights in cruelty and blood. When the South Carolina Representative smote with deadly blows Senator Sumner, in the Senate Chamber of the United States, for words he had uttered against Slavery, so depraved was moral sensibility in the South, that every newspaper approved of the deed, with two or three insignificant exceptions. The Slaveholding Power has always justified assassination. While the Rebellion has been at its height, the Richmond papers have publicly advocated the murder of President Lincoln, and promised the plaudits of the Southern people to the man who was brave enough to do the deed; and, so far as we know, no officer or public print of the South ever rebuked or even disapproved the fiendish proposition.

Lincoln was marked for death, and God alone preserved him through those four terrible years. He was averse to war, and would not make even the slightest preparation for it. Frank, amiable and trusting, he threw himself upon the generosity of the whole people. Not till the slaveholders deliberately, and on a large scale, commenced the war, did he enlist a soldier, or purchase a rifle. But his clemency could not avert what God had allowed the South to bring upon the nation. War came. Two millions of soldiers have confronted each other in deadly conflict. Half a million, it is computed, have been swept to an untimely grave, or disabled for life. During this long carnival of blood, God has wrought on the national conscience. Before, tolerated and caressed, now, slavery has come to be abhorred

by all who truly love the Republic. The wealth that slavery had earned for planters, and merchants, and manufacturers, has all been squandered, and nearly every household is clothed in mourning. Lincoln had sworn to support the Constitution, as supreme Magistrate, and he could not obey the impulse of his heart to abolish slavery. But when the great military exigency came, that allowed him as Commander-in-Chief, to set aside all law for the preservation of the nation, he boldly stepped upon the platform of Emancipation, and proclaimed the abolition of slavery throughout the revolted States. This was his great work. For this God had raised him up, and for this God had prepared the bloody crisis. But it is one thing to lay out the work on paper, and quite another to carry the giant purpose into execution. But the Lord spared him to execute the great plan. More and more fiercely the war raged, and unheard-of cruelties were resorted to by the Rebel leaders. The prisoners of Fort Pillow were massacred in cold blood. The starving of prisoners was ordered. My heart sickens at the bare thought of what followed. I cannot paint the horrors of those stockades, whence over fifty thousand noble Northern youth, gaunt and idiotic, went through the pangs of most miserable death, up to the bar of a just God, there to appear as witnesses against those who ordered their starvation. The Sepoys have done deeds at which humanity shudders, but none to compare with the *wholesale* cruelty of the leaders of the Southern Rebellion. God has made record of it all, and his wrath has not yet been fully poured out upon the authors of these crimes.

The tender heart of Abraham Lincoln was touched with all these horrors, and he said with repeated and mournful emphasis to a lady of my acquaintance, "I never shall be glad any more! no, I never shall be glad any more! this war is eating out my life!"

But victory came after victory. The strongholds of rebellion, one after another, fell, with their 2,000 cannon. Richmond capitulated; army after army laid down their arms. The nation was wild with joy. Peace lit up the vision of the future. Thanksgiving guns boomed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The nation roused itself from the long agony of suspense, and shouted and sang its praises to God.

The worn President stood apart, without one feeling of elation. He was pondering schemes of mercy and pardon to the misguided abettors of treason. Meekly he stood upon the Pisgah to which the Lord had invited him to climb. He saw the broad, bright future. He saw America redeemed, renovated, regenerated, marching on to glory with the foul blot of slavery washed from her escutcheon. His thoughts were of peace and millennial blessings. There were voices singing to him out of the sky of the future, "Glory to God in the highest, and, on earth, peace and good will to men!" But he might not go in to possess the land. The decree had gone forth: "Thy work is done! this is thine hour to die!" The assassins arm, held back by Divine power for four long years, leveled the fatal weapon at his head, and he fell. The blood of a martyred President, along with the blood of thrice an hundred thousand patriots, has baptized the soil of a free country. Henceforth this broad continent is consecrated to freedom, and let all powers in heaven and earth, say, "Amen, and Amen!"

"Slaves cannot breathe in England!" and never, never more shall they breathe in America!

Weep not for Lincoln! He was ready to die. He had settled the question of his citizenship in the spiritual nation of the redeemed. His great desire to do his duty has been fulfilled. He had no ambition for a high place. Meek and quiet, he is more at home now among the lowliest of the redeemed about the throne of Christ, than if he were still seated on the pinnacle of earthly power.

He had *something worth dying for*. And, had he foreseen his fate, it is not likely he would have shrunk from any duty, nor held back his life from its needful sacrifice. To secure the welfare of a great and growing country—to give liberty and an open Bible to the millions of a race whose inheritance was slavery, is something worth *living* and worth *dying for*. This was God's allotted work to Abraham Lincoln. He has done it. Great is his reward in Heaven; and posterity will strew flowers upon his grave, and bless God for him, as often as returns the sad yet glorious 14th day of April.

In closing, I remark, that it becomes us to rejoice that the life of Abraham Lincoln was spared so long. In the midst of

funeral grief, in which more than one race and one nation shares; let us bless the Lord that he was protected in life, until that life ceased to be a necessity. Most mysteriously was this assassin, John Wilkes Booth, held back from a long premeditated scheme to either abduct or murder the nation's Chief. That this *was* a premeditated scheme, we have the written testimony of the assassin himself. What held him back so long from its execution, we cannot imagine, unless it was the direct interposition of Providence. In this shines most brightly the mercy of God, and his care of a favored nation.

One admonition the grief and indignation of the present hour, most emphatically urges upon us. Let us hold no fellowship with the doomed institution of Slavery, and with the traitors and assassins that uphold it. Our own Province, for the countenance and support that so many of its people have given to those who have made war in the interest of slavery, may yet suffer the displeasure and visitation of a holy God. It is no light thing to express sympathy with those who plunge a nation into war, with no shadow of an excuse, save that the accursed institution of slavery was in danger. We are not to condemn every political revolution. But our condemnation of revolutionists and traitors should be made to turn upon the *motive* that prompted their violent acts. When we examine the *motive* that impelled to the slaveholders' Rebellion, it is wrong, *wholly* wrong, inhuman, and condemned alike by reason and God's Word. To sympathize, then, with such a giant crime, is, to say the least, to share in it. To acknowledge that the combatants have shown great energy, bravery, and many noble qualities, is neither wrong nor untrue. Such qualities were also displayed by Nero and Robespierre; but this did not wash off one stain of their guilt, nor affect their temporal and eternal doom. This murder of a good President was but the climax of this ungodly rebellion; and this is just as true if the details of the plot were known to few or many of the rebels. Of the *motives* that led to the assassination, we are not left in doubt. We have the clear written statement of Booth himself. He makes no pretence that he or his family had suffered from any act of the President. He avows his devotion to the institutions and Government of the rebellious States; and extols slavery as just,

and the best form of society. It was his mad zeal for *this* that prompted his conspiracy.

O, who will risk his soul, by sympathizing with such men in such a diabolical cause? Their punishment, ordained of God, is rapidly falling upon their own heads. While we execrate their crimes, let us mourn the infatuation, and pity the delusion of the bulk of the Southern people. In regard to most of them, let us urge the most merciful treatment. They are self-punished, and punished of God; let us not add one feather to the weight of their woes. To the penitent God shows mercy; so should those ordained by Him to administer earthly government. Let mercy, mercy! be the watch-word toward the vanquished. 'Tis noble, 'tis God-like to forgive, and heap upon them the retribution of peace and love.

But this is not all. God is *just* as well as merciful. If his servants in the seats of earthly power would be like him, *they* would be *just*, as well as merciful. The broken law of the Almighty could not be honored without the death of a victim. Who will tell us that human law is such a farce, and human justice such a mockery, that the impenitent authors of all this crime and woe should be let go unharmed?

Look over a thousand miles of battle-field, drenched with human gore! Look at the regiments of colored troops, butchered in cold blood, after their surrender! Look at the 50,000 prisoners, deliberately ordered to be starved, as they lie shelterless and almost naked, in filth and mire, escaping from their tortures by the merciful release of death! Look at the martyred President, smitten down while in the act of offering free pardon!

"O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth! O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, shew thyself! lift up thyself, thou Judge of the earth!"

And ye, O Rulers! commissioned by Him to wield the sword of justice, and yourselves soon to be summoned to His dread tribunal! O say, shall the chief author of this woe and slaughter—the head and front of these Satanic crimes, be left unpunished? In the stockade of the Andersonville prison, whence 10,800 corpses of noble youth, whom he had starved to death, were, in sixty short days, carried to the grave—in

that foul Golgotha over which humanity weeps, let there be erected for the prince of this rebellion, the gallows of Haman; there let his grave be made; let the black marble be his tombstone, and his epitaph, "Horror! horror! horror!—God is just!"

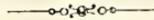
May the grace of the Most High help Andrew Johnson to be *just*, as well as *merciful*! May he not imitate the cruelty of those whom he punishes; but let his hand be firm to wield the sword of justice and of God. May he be the Joshua, leading a chosen and favored people into the land of promise and rest, whither Moses might not enter!

For the future of this Western Continent, let us steadfastly hope. God is working out stupendous designs; it is for us to work with Him in their accomplishment. That though *rulers die*, yet *nations live*. Divine predictions are marching on to a glorious fulfilment. It is no time for gloom or indolence. Up! up! work in the clouded present, for the future is rolling on with noontide effulgence!

Amid this distress of nations, the world is travailing, and the Millennial day will speedily be borne. If the students of Prophecy for the last three centuries have not been wholly deceived in fixing all their dates, the year 1866 is to witness the greatest events that have transpired since the death of our Saviour. What these events will be, we know not; but it is probable that they refer to spiritual quite as much as national transformations. The kingdom of the ever-living Jesus shall speedily fill the whole earth. Who, unless it be Protestant England, and Protestant America, will be the standard-bearers of that kingdom! Bless God that you were born in this age, and a citizen of those wondrous nations!

And again, I say,—Up! shake off this funeral grief, and gird yourself to serve well your country and your God!

MR. BURNS' ADDRESS.



He whose prerogative it is to bring order out of confusion, and light out of darkness, from all this seeming evil will evolve good. It is calculated, assuredly, to supply us with a solemn and suggestive commentary on the vanity of human dependence. We are too apt to rest in the outward instruments. Perhaps our neighbors were beginning to think too much of their great Chief, and deemed his presence essential to the completion of the work in which they are engaged. But God is not dependent on an arm of flesh. He can carry on His own work in His own way. By this sad calamity they are taught (and we also) to cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils—to put not our trust in princes, but in the living God. This mysterious dispensation seems likely, also, to be overruled by all-wise Providence, to draw their country and ours more closely together, not in any political bonds, but in those of friendship and good neighborhood. Interested journalists have tried, on both sides, to produce estrangement. Mercenary hirelings, dipping their pens in vinegar, and writing bitter things, have much to answer for. Events have occurred during this terrible struggle calculated to create asperity of feeling. But as the alienated brothers in the days of old, met beside the grave of their father Abraham, so, over the honored remains of Abraham Lincoln will these two peoples shake hands, and in his grave bury for ever every ground of variance. Is not this the lesson—will not this be the result of this universal lamentation? Every flag half-mast high; every building draped in the emblems of mourning; every meeting held; every resolution of condolence passed; every prayer that rises to Heaven commending that bereaved family and nation to the God of all consolation, will be guaran-

tees more effectual than volunteers, national defences and skillful diplomacy for the perpetuation of a firm and lasting peace. And, if at any future time, (which may God avert!) causes of difference should arise, and these brother nations seem disposed to fall out by the way, his calm, kindly face will *look them into love* again; and he, being dead, will yet speak, "Let there be no strife between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we are brethren." Yes, we be brethren—having the same origin and destiny. One in laws, one in language, one in faith, one in the great fundamental elements of national character—we can echo back the words and reciprocate the sentiments of one of their own poets, when he sung—

"Tho' Ages long have passed
 Since our Fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravell'd seas to roam;
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins.
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame,
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains!
 While the manners, while the arts,
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,
 Between let oceans roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
 Yet still from either beach
 The voice of blood will reach,
 More audible than speech,
 We are one! we are one!"

This sad calamity will help more than anything else to reveal the true character of that accursed system which originated the tremendous struggle that for the past four years has raged so near us. Although, for a time, other issues were raised and persistently urged as the moving spring of the war, even the obtusest intellects and the most obstinate wills are now ready to acknowledge that slavery was at the bottom of it. The demon which possessed the man among the tombs—whom none could tame, or bind with chains—tearing him asunder, throwing him down, stripping him of his raiment, making him foam and rave, and leaving him half dead—vividly portrays this evil spirit which has so long possessed the body

politic in the neighboring Republic, torn and rent it—exhausted so much of its blood and treasure, and threatened its extinction. This is the evil spirit which fired the heart, and nerved the arm, and directed the deadly aim of the dastardly assassin. It has been undeniably proved that he had no personal wrongs to avenge. He was smiled upon by his amiable victim. He received favors at his hands. Could ingratitude reach a lower depth! Did cowardice ever put on such an air of despicable meanness! To steal up behind the chair of an unarmed, unprotected, unoffending, unsuspecting man, and that man a benefactor! Would that the hand had been paralyzed which so ruthlessly stopped the pulsations of such a wide, warm heart, and the workings of such a clear, comprehensive mind!

We know full well that many Southerners sincerely disown the fiendish crime—that Ould spake truth when he said that it was the greatest blow the South had sustained; and the chivalric Lee no less so, when he declared that he surrendered as much to the goodness of Lincoln as to the prowess of Grant, and that the deceased President was the most magnanimous and kind-hearted man that ever breathed.

We know, too, that many will profess to hoot and hound the murderer as a villain, who secretly elevate him in their hearts and homes to the dignity of a hero.

It has not produced the anarchy they expected. Even the stocks were not in the least deranged by it. Wall-street was thrown into no panic—it was only covered with crape. Though more successful than the Gunpowder and Thistlewood Plots, still it came far short of its full proportions. The Cabinet was spared, though its distinguished Chief was stricken down. All that the infatuated conspirators have accomplished has been to “weld the people into an inflexible band, swayed in a single direction, and likely to fall with concentrated force on their own heads. They smote a breast which never shut its gates of mercy on them; they have erected another which may be doubly locked against them.” It is the infatuation of Haman over again. It may seem uncharitable to lay this enormous sin at the door of the Southern chivalry; but impartial History will yet write it down as topping the climax in the lengthened catalogue of crimes chargeable on the head of that peculiar

institution which Wesley aptly styled, "the sum of all villainies." The murderer was Southern in his birth, breeding and surroundings. His antecedents, and associations, and antipathies, were pro-slavery of the rankest kind. Baltimore, his home, breathed out threatenings and slaughter against his illustrious victim, when on his way to the Presidential chair. It is the very tendency of the system, so strangely at variance with the genius of the nineteenth century, whose death-throes we are privileged to witness, to form and to foster a blood-thirsty spirit. Blood, whether drawn by leaden lash, or loaded revolver, is thought little of. The life of a human being becomes of no more consequence than that of a brute. Slavery revels amid scenes which would make civilized humanity stand aghast. Slavery sears the moral sense, deadens all the finer sensibilities, brutifies the affections, and feeds and fires the basest of human passions. Not to recount the "many infallible proofs" which Southern slave-pens and auctioneers' blocks, and whipping-posts supply—the rending of the most sacred ties—the utter ignoring of the matrimonial relation—the unblushing profligacy—the nameless horrors, which the Inquisition alone can rival—it is enough to say that the very spirit which has extinguished this burning and shining light, was the same that will have to answer for the cold-blooded massacre of Fort Pillow, and the starvation of the prisoners at Andersonville—the very spirit, too, which crept stealthily up to the great anti-slavery champion, Sumner, and smote him down when quietly sitting at his desk, in the Senate House.

It has been too common, in Canada, to talk smooth things with reference to this system, and to fawn on its advocates and abettors. Abraham Lincoln will not have died in vain if that death serve to revive the healthy horror of slavery which should never have slumbered in Canadian hearts—if thereby, slavery is perched upon a more conspicuous pillory for universal execration—and the veil which prejudice, and passion, and interest, and sophistry have woven to conceal its deformity, be so effectually torn away, that, in the eye of indignant humanity, it shall henceforth appear

"A monster of such hideous mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

The martyred President knew the monster he had to grapple with. Before ever he had reached the Presidential chair, the emotions that worked and welled up within him, found vent in words which have a strange significance when read in the lurid light of that memorable Good Friday.

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

Thus, on the 22nd February, 1861, when on the threshold of his first Presidency, as he raised the flag of his country over Independence Hall, Philadelphia, he spoke of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty not only to “this country, but I hope,” he said, “to the world, for all future time.” Then, with a solemnity which the menacing future justified, he added grandly: “But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would *rather be assassinated* on this spot, than surrender it.” The country has been saved by cleaving to that principle, and he has been assassinated for not surrendering it.

Brave man! he was willing to close with the giant monster, even though in the struggle he would receive his death-wound. The “witness nobler still,” describes this as the acme of human devotedness—“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

His death is the noblest vindication of his life. That death will not be in vain, if it do no more than bring out into vivid contrast, his own loving, self-forgetting, disinterested, self-sacrificing nature, with the malice, and the rancor which would rather let loose the “dogs of war,” and turn a Continent into an Aceldama—than submit to its genial, kindly rule.

Nor were these words hastily written. Even in 1858, when he had no thought of the Presidency, with almost prophetic eye he saw the “irrepressible conflict” approaching. With characteristic keenness of perception, he revealed the worm at the root of his country’s prosperity, and sought to make his countrymen aware of the volcano, on the edge of whose crater they recklessly slumbered—

“We are now far on into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. “A house divided against itself cannot stand.” I be-

lieve this government cannot endure permanently HALF SLAVE and HALF FREE. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States—old as well as new—North as well as South.

The year after, (October, 1859,) the rumbling of the volcano began to be heard when John Brown, with eighteen at his back, threw himself on the Malakoff of Slavery; and John Wilkes Booth left the theatrical boards at Richmond, to aid the chivalry of Virginia in the murder of that stern old Puritan. There the assassin served his apprenticeship, and thence he drew those inspirations which ten days ago reached so fearful a culminating point.

Nor when referring to the Harper's Ferry insurrection, as revealing the spirit of the slave power, can I omit intimating my belief that John Brown, not less than Abraham Lincoln, was a martyr of liberty. He acted the John the Baptist's part. He prepared the way. He saw the South unequally yoked to Slavery—Herod-like, in sinful dalliance with this "Mother of Abominations. He went boldly into its inner chamber and said, "It is not lawful for thee to have her;" and paid for his fidelity with his head. Yet, as the headless Baptist never faded from his royal murderer's view, so has the proto-martyr, whose "soul is marching on," been a skeleton in each Southern closet—a Banquo's ghost in their festive halls. He too, like this second martyr, to whom, in the stern honesty and rugged grandeur of his character, he bore some resemblance, had "understanding of the times." The night before his execution, he thus wrote—

"I am waiting the hour of my public murder with great composure of mind, and cheerfulness, feeling the strong assurance that, in no other way could I be used for so much advantage to the cause of God and humanity; and that nothing that either I, or all my family, have suffered or sacrificed, will be lost. The reflection that a wise and merciful as well as just and holy God, rules not merely the affairs of this world, but of all worlds, is a rock to set our feet on, under all circumstances.

"I am quite cheerful in view of my approaching end, being fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to HANG, than for any other purpose.

"I bless God I never felt stronger confidence in the certain and near approach of a bright morning and a glorious day, than I have felt, and do feel since

my confinement here. I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day, or a storm so furious and dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky."

Our neighbors have had, indeed, a "dark night—a furious and dreadful storm." Their ship of state, laboring in the trough of the sea, seemed "like to be broken;" and some, thinking the great Captain asleep, their hearts failing them for fear, have cried, "Carest thou not that we perish." But the martyr of 1865, to whom Mr. Pitt's title (himself too prematurely cut off,) of "the pilot that weather the storm," might be applied, like the martyr of 1859, was cheered amid all the gloom, by the thought—"the morning cometh;"—and now the "bright morning and glorious day," whose first faint streaks quivered tremblingly through the bars of John Brown's jail, seems approaching; and although just as the hurricane was being hushed, and the heavens were breaking, a dark cloud has portentously loomed up, it has rifts through which gleams of sunlight are being darted, giving assurance to the most desponding, that "though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning."

Thro' the dark and stormy night,
 Faith beholds a feeble light
 Up the darkness streaking.
 "Knowing God's own time is best,
 In a patient hope we rest,"
 For the full day breaking.

It is cause for thankfulness that Abraham Lincoln lived to see his great work virtually done, and that he has left behind him so stainless a name.

A character like his remains a blessing to humanity, and a study for the coming ages. Had he lived longer, perhaps its lustre might have been dimmed. Perhaps in the difficult work of re-construction, through the very benignity of his nature, he might have erred, and the glory of his second might not have proved equal to that of his first administration. "Merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

He was indeed a "merciful man," kind and tender to a fault—of the most genial nature—of the most generous impulses. It pained him to the quick to hurt the feelings of any one; and

one of his last acts was to apologise to a friend for words hurriedly spoken, which he misunderstood, and which were recalled almost, as soon as uttered. The severest provocation would not throw him into a passion. He possessed his soul in patience. He would disarm opposition by a little innocent pleasantry. Yet, with all his harmless levity, and seeming lack of dignity, were blended a sobriety of judgment, a settled, sustained persistency of purpose, a solemn, at times even sombre saddened air, which imparted dignity to his ungainly figure, and weight to his singularly fresh and forceful utterances. His sparkling wit and sprightly humor, which appeared to make the heaviest troubles sit lightly on him, and whose corruscations lit up the darkest times, were, after all, but "tender lights playing around the rugged heights of his strong and noble nature." With tremendous force he seized on plain, stubborn facts, and with passionless energy, pressed them till his point was gained. To some he might seem to move too slow; to others, too fast; but when he felt he was right, with him it was a very small thing to be judged of man's judgment. When hot-headed, visionary enthusiasts would be for taking the reins out of his hands, and driving the car of State to destruction, he would firmly put on the drag, and hold back to a degree that would make them curse his dilatoriness.

During those dark days when victory perched on the banners of rebellion, and the Southern hordes were almost thundering at the Capital, and when some of these very parties, seized with alarm, counselled compromise, he stood firm as a rock. With all his seeming disposition to yield, nothing would move him where principle was involved. A rock was he, rising amid the whirling eddies of tortuous diplomacy, the surging sea of contending factions, and the ebb and flow of popular feeling.

"Among innumerable, false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal,
Nor number, nor example with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single —"

Hence, in the earlier period of his political history, his stern opposition to the admission of Texas, and the war with Mexico, which cost him the temporary loss of popularity, and retirement

into private life. But he lived to see the best part of the people come round to his way of thinking, especially on the Mexican question. It has been the same with the great question with whose solution his name and fame will be ever associated.

When he cancelled Fremont's premature abolition edict, many of the friends of the slave shook their heads, and boded evil. But his time was not yet come. A proclamation of freedom then would have cloven the North asunder, and secured the establishment of the Confederacy.

When public opinion had reached the point which rendered such a measure safe, it was at once promulgated. Even then, it encountered opposition, was laughed at as a *brutum fulmen*—a useless, harmless thunderbolt. But it gradually proved the sheet-anchor of the Union, and the death-blow of the Confederacy; and its bitterest opponents are coming round to this view.

Yet, in this extremest step, he was ever true to the kindly instincts of his nature. He gave due warning before issuing it at all, and allowed one hundred days of grace prior to its coming into force. He pled with the erring States like a father with his rebellious children. From his first published utterance after entering the Presidential chair, down to the last on the Louisiana reconstruction, he was forbearing to a degree.

The echo of the closing words of his last inaugural still lingers amongst us—like the swan's last notes, the sweetest—

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in 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 a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

Surely these are not the words of a tyrant. Is it a tyrant's way to kill with kindness—to heap coals of fire on the head—not to be overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good? Does it look like a tyrant to counsel clemency to wholesale murderers—to let doubly-dyed traitors go free? Would that it were “*sic semper tyrannis*”—thus always with tyrants!

At whose door the charge of tyranny most legitimately lies, it may suffice to put on the one side, Davis, allowing 50,000 Northern veterans to be starved to death in Southern prisons;

and on the other hand, Lincoln, permitting as many Southern soldiers, on their simple word of honor, to return to their homes. Was this the tyranny for which he was murdered ?

In an age of shams, it is profitable to have such an example of transparent truthfulness and sterling honesty. In an age of gold, (alas! not the golden age!) it is well to be able to point to one who, amid swarms of speculators and peculators, preserved his integrity unimpeached, and whose personal honor is undimmed by the breath of slander. It is helpful to us all to know that amid all the temptations connected with such a gigantic war, and in a city reeking with impurities, he kept his garments undefiled, and held fast the profession of his faith without wavering. To all his other excellencies he added this crowning one—he was a *Christian*—the highest style of man. And, as if to show that there are no circumstances, however outwardly unfavorable, in which we may not become Christians, and live as Christians, it was not in his quiet Western home which he left impenitent, but it was amid the excitement of war—the toil and turmoil of office—amid all the harrowing and harrassing cares that came upon him daily, that he acquainted himself with God, and was at peace.

History will give to this remarkable man a higher niche than will be assigned to him now. We are too near him to judge righteous judgment. A century hence his name will be more fragrant. The difficulties of his position will be more fully appreciated. The asperities awakened by the present war will be forgotten. Then yet more luminously will Abraham Lincoln shine forth a bright and beautiful illustration of whatsoever things are true, honest, lovely and of good report—a stimulus and a study to the rising generations—a model for our coming men. The Moses of the great modern Exodus, he has not been permitted to enter the promised land of liberty; but with eye not dim, nor natural force abated, he got a Pisgah glimpse.

“ Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman . . . moderate, resolute,
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence.

Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve, to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
 Such was he whom we deplore.
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 His voice is silent in your council hall
 Forever ; and whatever tempests lower,
 Forever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the man who spoke :
 Who never sold the truth, to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
 Who never spoke against a foe.
 Such was he : his work is done :
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory.
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame,
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game ;
 And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name.

—[TENNYSON, on the Duke of Wellington.]

PUBLIC MEETINGS,

AND DEMONSTRATIONS OF GRIEF,

AT ST. CATHARINES, C. W.

Upon the receipt of tidings of the President's assassination, the most intense excitement prevailed. The flags upon the public buildings, shipping and private dwellings, were at half-mast, and nearly every countenance wore the expression of profound grief.

An impromptu meeting was held, preliminary to a mass meeting of the citizens, and the Mayor of the city issued the following

PROCLAMATION.



A REQUEST of a large number of the inhabitants of this Town, having been made to me with a view of adopting some measures by which we may express our sympathy and respect for the late ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, during the time of his Funeral,—I, William Eccles, do therefore, in obedience to such request, respectfully request that all places of business within the Town be closed (to-day, Wednesday, April 19th,) for the space of one hour: from 12 o'clock, noon, until 1 o'clock P. M.

Given under my hand and Corporate Seal, this 18th day of April, 1865.

W. ECCLES, Mayor.

ST. CATHARINES, April 18, 1865.

At the hour of twelve, on Wednesday the 18th, the stillness of Sabbath prevailed, interrupted only by the tolling in concert of all the bells, and a Union devotional service was held at the First Presbyterian Church. A notice of the same from the pen of Mr. William Grant, editor, we clip from the *St. Catharines Evening Journal*:

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL.

The religious services at the First Presbyterian Church to-day were attended by a much larger number of people than could have been anticipated from the limited notice given, and the services were of the most impressive and solemn kind. The Rev. Dr. Cooney was called to the Chair, and after opening the meeting in an appropriate manner, called upon the Rev. R. F. Burns and James R. Benson, Esq., to unite in prayer. Singing then followed, when the Rev. Robert Norton and Richard Collier, Esq., offered up short prayers, followed by singing by the choir and congregation. The Rev. J. B. Howard then engaged in a most earnest and effective prayer, when an appropriate piece was sung, and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Norton. So effective were the prayers, and so much did the occasion impress itself on the minds of the congregation, that we noticed many weeping who were not wont to indulge in such exhibitions. The church was draped in mourning, the pulpit being surmounted by the British, American, and Fifth Battalion flags—kindly lent by Col. R. Macdonald and Mr. Haynes; while outside were two Union Jacks, draped in mourning, and at half-mast, the latter being supplied by Capt. Norris.

PUBLIC MEETING IN FOWLER'S HALL.

REPORT OF THE SPEECHES, RESOLUTIONS, &c.

Condensed from the St. Catharines Weekly Post, from a full Report prepared by Mr. J. D. Murray, Editor.

On the evening succeeding the funeral of the President, by previous appointment, our citizens assembled in Fowler's new and spacious Hall. The tasteful arrangement of flags and mourning drapery, the sad interest which marked every countenance, made the scene and the occasion peculiar and long to be remembered. It was one of the largest and

most influential meetings ever held in this town. The Hall was overcrowded, and the audience manifested in a subdued, but yet demonstrative manner, their approbation of the friendly spirit and sympathetic feeling towards our American neighbors, and toward the family and relatives of the late President, which pervaded the several addresses delivered on the occasion.

On motion of D. P. HAYNES, Esq., seconded by R. LAWRIE, Esq., the Mayor, WM. ECCLES, Esq., was called to the chair.

It was then moved by D. P. HAYNES, Esq., seconded by W. R. MCKINLEY, Esq., that C. P. CAMP, Esq., Town Clerk, act as Secretary.

The CHAIRMAN rose and said it was with feelings of pleasure, mingled with feelings of the deepest sorrow, he occupied that chair, met as they were to sympathise with the citizens of a great nation in their great calamity—the loss of their President,—a good, worthy, and honest man. I see around me, not Americans only, but English, Irish, Scotch, and Canadians, and I know that a sense pervades the minds of all present that the death of Mr. Lincoln is a great loss, not only to the American people, but to us also. No man sought more than he to maintain the relations of peace existing between these two countries. I am sure, had he lived, he would continue to raise his voice and hand to avert the calamity of war. He was cut down by the hand of a cowardly assassin when the United States were on the eve of realizing the success of his policy; and though there may be Southern sympathizers in this community, I am convinced that all will feel that a good and great man has fallen. Not long ago we became alarmed in this country by the appearance of a speck on the horizon which might have expanded into the dreadful gloom of a calamitous war, but through the honest efforts and pacific policy of this noble man the cloud was dispelled, and his policy towards all other countries was peace. I do not intend to take up any more of your time by reference to his private and public virtues; but allow me, before I sit down, to express my sincere desire that those banners mournfully draped and blended on our walls, may always float over a mercantile marine engaged in peaceful commerce, and never, never be hoisted on either side in a spirit of defiance.

T. MACK, Esq., M. D., rose then to move the first resolution. He remarked that such an irreparable loss as was sustained by the American people in the death of President Lincoln is often alleviated by the kind sympathy of neighbors and friends. In this matter it was with nations as with families. We are to the American people their nearest neighbors. We have lived with them for about half a century on friendly terms, and this event which clothed them with sadness came

home to us in many ways. He had always entertained great respect for Mr. Lincoln personally, and it gave him pleasure to see so much genuine sympathy exhibited by the Canadian people. It implied that he (the late President) was held in great esteem, and that the atrocious crime by which the neighboring nation was deprived of him as their head, was held in just abhorrence. He alluded approvingly to Lincoln's own intentions and integrity, and to his pacific policy towards Great Britain; and said he hoped that, whatever expressions of irritation might be indulged in, we should never be deterred thereby from performing every duty that devolved upon us as friends and neighbors. He therefore moved that it be—

RESOLVED—That we feel it to be our duty to express our heartfelt sympathy with our neighbors of the American Union in the great loss they have sustained by the untimely death of their beloved President, the late Abraham Lincoln.

Rev. Dr. COONEY, D. D., seconded the resolution. He said he little thought when on the preceding Friday evening he addressed an audience in that Hall, that he would so soon re-appear on that platform thus overhung by the draped symbols of the patriotism and nationality of these two great kindred nations. In his mind's eye, he thought he saw before them the coffin of the illustrious President, and upon it laid the affectionate tributes of sorrowing nations in emblems of their respective nationalities; and, representing the Canadian people on that platform, in the name of those principles and virtues which adorn and exalt a nation, he would take the Maple Leaf—the representative of our own native forests—and lay it upon the coffin, and he would exclaim—“*Sit tibi terra levis Abraham Lincolnensis,*” (Light be the earth on the grave of Abraham Lincoln.) This was not a time, however, to indulge in rhetorical flourishes. The subject was too great and solemn for that. On such an occasion it was our duty to go to the Bible alone for those suggestions which gave suitable direction to our thoughts and meditations. There we were taught that “man who is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble,”—a suitable epitaph for the tomb of the deceased President, for the tombs of Kings and Queens, and of all classes and conditions of men. When such passages as these are lithographed upon the tombs and cenotaphs which cover our cemeteries—conveying a warning which we would do well to bear constantly in mind—then, the churchyard, instead of being a place of graves, would become a place of instruction and wisdom. That warning this moment speaks to us louder than the wail of a mourning nation, which falls on our ears like a funeral dirge, filling our hearts with sadness—louder than the roar of cannon and the noise of drums—louder than the measured tread of

armies—than the funeral toll of bells; more impressive than the solemn pomp which this day attended the funeral obsequies of the deceased President; and while it speaks to us through weeping, mourning, and a heartfelt sympathy, which exhibits itself in a variety of phases, it shows how important it is for a nation like the United States,—in the midst of the cloud which even rests upon Mount Zion—which has put our churches in the drapery of mourning, and caused our drooping national flag to express a sympathy which otherwise could not adequately be declared—to look to Almighty God alone for guidance, and cease from man whose preath is in his nostrils. We feel it to be a duty incumbent upon us to sincerely sympathise with the people of the United States in their great national affliction, and we owe it to our Father in Heaven to extend that sympathy to the family of the deceased President and to the family of the Secretary of State. After alluding to the assassination of Mr. Percival, and to the conspiracy which contemplated the wholesale murder of the Marquis of Harrowby's Cabinet, the learned Dr. spoke emphatically of the assassination of President Lincoln,—the greatest crime of the age,—*criminis celebris*—as giving historic fame to Abraham Lincoln. We regret we are unable to give a more extended report of the venerable Doctor's speech.

The following Resolution was moved by Rev. ROBERT F. BURNS, Pastor of the Canada Presbyterian Church; and seconded by Rev. ROBERT NORTON, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Want of space compels us to omit their lengthy addresses, as reported in the *Post*.

RESOLVED—That we recognise with religious awe and humble submission the will of the Almighty in permitting such a man at such a time, to fall by the hand of an assassin.

DELOS W. BEADLE, Esq., rose to move the next resolution. He said he regretted the absence of the gentlemen to whom it was assigned, W. McGiverin, Esq., M. P. P., and the more so, as he was conscious of his own inability to pourtray the private and public virtues which adorned the life of that great man whose loss the whole brotherhood of nations have cause to deplore. Nations were not now as in ages past, isolated. Steam and electric telegraphs have brought the remotest countries almost within speaking distance of one another. The Arts, Science and Commerce were knitting separate commonwealths and communities together. And so true is this of our own position in relation to the United States, that we find it difficult to transact the most ordinary business without being reminded of how closely identified our interests are. There is no people that could be equally with us affected by a foreign policy on the part of the United States different from that pur-

sued by the late President. The loss of such a man, at such a time, is to us a source of grief. Knit together as we and the American people are by ties of blood and commercial intercourse, we have reason to lament and be sad, for we know not what changes may result from the sad event that has clothed the neighboring Republic in mourning. So long as Abraham Lincoln lived we felt safe. We had confidence in his integrity and wisdom. After some further remarks, he moved that it be

RESOLVED—That his virtues as a private citizen, and his ability, benevolence and sterling integrity as the head of a great people, make his loss a calamity, not to the United States alone, but to the whole brotherhood of civilized nations.

Rev. G. M. W. CAREY, of the Queen street Baptist Church, in seconding the Resolution, said—I am pleased with this meeting to-night. I rejoice to see this manifestation of genuine feeling. It is fit and proper that we should sympathize with our neighbors of the adjoining Republic in their deep sorrow at the foul murder of Abraham Lincoln, their faithful and esteemed Chief Magistrate. The American people have not been slow in expressing their sympathy with us in our national bereavements. They manifested their regard for our model and beloved Sovereign, not only in their eagerness to do the Prince of Wales honor when he visited this continent, but also in their appreciation of the worth and true nobility of the Royal Consort, when tidings came of his sudden and lamentable death. Great Britain, with her colonies, and the United States together mourned the departure of Albert the Good. And we do well, sir, to weep with our neighbors in their present great calamity. The late President needs no poor eulogy of mine; his life speaks for itself. "He, being dead, yet speaketh." He was *simple* in his tastes and habits; honest, candid, reverential and God-fearing, firm, humane and merciful; and an uncompromising lover, advocate and guardian of freedom. We deplore the loss of "such a man at such a time," while using and counselling clemency to a fallen and prostrate foe. I may use the language of England's greatest dramatist—

"He hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

His name will go down to posterity coupled with that of George Washington, "the Father of his country." He gave liberty to the oppressed and freedom to the slave. This will make the name of Lincoln memorable. His life, written by some of the scholarly historians of the Republic, will find its fitting place among the American classics, such as the writings of Irving, and Motley, and Everett, and Bancroft. Now, and in time to come, when young America inquires for the best model

of honesty, industry, integrity and success, he will be pointed by his parents, teachers and guardians to the life of Abraham Lincoln.

The Hon. J. G. CURRIE, M. L. C., in moving the next Resolution remarked, that at the preliminary meeting of American citizens and a few others; held on Monday evening, he knew when he suggested that this meeting should be called to give general expression to the sympathy felt by our people with their neighbors in their national affliction, that the suggestion would be heartily and warmly responded to; and in giving utterance thus to our sympathy, he believed we only anticipated a similar expression of condolence from our beloved Queen. He had no doubt that of all the addresses of condolence which the widow of the late President would receive, none will be kinder or more affectionate than the autograph letter of our gracious Sovereign. They met that evening to perform a solemn duty, not simply because they mourned the loss of the chief ruler of that great nation, but also because they esteemed him as a good man and a Christian statesman. There are times when we feel too strongly to speak or to act, and he fancied he saw in the mournful expression of their countenances a depth of feeling to which no adequate utterance could be given. No wonder! He (Mr. C.) could challenge any man to point out a single word that was ever uttered or penned by the late noble President disrespectful to our nation or to our institutions. He (Mr. C.) vainly hoped that in this respect his example would be followed by his successor, and reciprocated by our own statesmen, so that peace and friendly intercourse between these two great and enlightened nations might be forever perpetuated and that those national flags which in the drapery of mourning hung on the walls of that hall, would forever continue side by side in peace. It was not his object to pronounce an eulogy of Mr. Lincoln. That duty was assigned to better hands; but he would just in a few words remark that a good man could place no biography in the hands of a dear child better to assist him in the formation of character than the life of Abraham Lincoln; and America would cease to exist ere his memory was effaced from the minds of the American people. He begged leave to submit that it be—

RESOLVED—That, united as we are with the American people by the ties of kindred, and by social and commercial intercourse, it is our earnest desire and our fervent prayer that “He by whom Kings reign and rulers decree justice,” may direct the counsels of the Governments of the United States and of our own Empire, so that the pacific policy propounded by the late President may be pursued; and peace and amity between these two great Christian nations may be perpetuated.

Rev. J. B. HOWARD, Minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, in seconding this Resolution, delivered a lengthy and most interesting

address. We have room only for a few choice passages. He remarked, Abraham Lincoln was no ordinary man. I have studied his character and his policy, from the time when with tearful eye and earnest utterance he said to his friends in Springfield, "pray for me," down to the termination of his glorious career, and I have learned to respect, admire, and love him. But the history of the past four years remains to be written, and when faithfully written, the name of Abraham Lincoln will stand on the page of American history only second, if second, to that of the world-renowned Washington, the illustrious Father of his country. But my resolution leads me to speak of the unity which exists between our own nation and the neighboring Republic, and calls upon us to pray that those bonds of union may be perpetuated and strengthened. These sentiments, sir, are in accordance with my deepest feelings and my strongest convictions. I have never believed that there was any real danger of war between these two nations; there is nothing for us to go to war about; and there are a thousand ties of consanguinity, and language, and literature, and commerce to bind us together. We may safely say, that the heads and the hearts of these nations are right. Look at the rulers of our own land. Has our honored and beloved Queen any enmity towards the American people, or any desire to go to war with them? Has that venerable and venerated statesman, Lord Palmerston, lost confidence in the honor and integrity of the American Government? or does Lord John Russell, or Mr. Cardwell, or other leading British statesmen desire or expect a rupture between the two countries? And on the other hand, did the great, frank, honest, kindly heart of the lamented Abraham Lincoln cherish one feeling of enmity, or did his lips ever utter one ungracious word towards our Queen, or our country? And what American statesman wants to go to war with Britain. We speak of Wm. H. Seward, and there has been a feeling amongst us that he was not quite so friendly towards us as he might be. He is an ardent Republican, jealous of his country's interests, and sensitive regarding her honor. He has an iron will, and a facile pen, but he has a clear head, and I believe an honest heart. Our leading statesmen respect and trust him; and let us earnestly pray that God, who has so graciously preserved his life from the fell thrust of the infamous assassin, may speedily raise him up from his bed of suffering, and that he may long be spared to devote his splendid talents to secure the prosperity and happiness of his own great country, and promote the peace of the world. And, sir, not only are the heads of these nations sound, but their hearts are right, and their involuntary pulsations are in sympathetic unity, and when occasion calls for a demonstration of it,

we see with what spontaneity it bursts forth. A few years ago our beloved Queen sent out her illustrious son to represent her in these distant realms. What was his reception in the United States? How did our brethren there feel and express themselves? The deep, strong impulses of the national heart were touched and awakened by the presence of the son of Britain's noble Queen; and that instinctive, spontaneous, unanimous feeling burst forth in one continuous ovation during his whole journey through the Northern States. The hearts of the American nation, the intelligent Christian sentiment of the American people, is for peace, and not for war. But is this kindly feeling reciprocated by us? Were we to be judged by the utterance of some amongst us, our neighbors might conclude that our strongest feelings towards them, were those of enmity, and that our most ardent wishes were for their disintegration and humiliation. But are these really the sentiments and feelings of the Canadian people? I think I know something of the people of this country, and maugre the assertion to the contrary, I answer, no! Do you ask for proof? Is it not here to-night? is it not coming to us from every part of our land? is it not felt in every household, and in every honest British heart? Why does our whole land put on the habiliments of mourning? why does every city, town, and village in in our Province show signs of sadness? Why these simultaneous gatherings of the people, with sad countenances and tearful eyes? A neighboring nation mourns! a kindred people are afflicted! a Prince and a great man has fallen amongst them; they are our brethren, their loss is our loss, and their sorrow is our sorrow. Have we not proof that those strong ties of kindred which make us one people, are still unbroken, and can we not confidently believe, while we pray, that the God of our fathers will in His infinite mercy, continue His blessing to the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, that there may be no strife between us, but a noble emulation to push forward the victories of the cross, and to subjugate the world to Christ.

Rev. HENRY HOLLAND, Rector of St. George's Episcopal Church spoke in an impressive tone, of the horrible criminality of assassination; and urged the recognition of God's Providence in the great catastrophe. He expressed condolence and sympathy with the bereaved family of the President, and moved that it be—

RESOLVED—That we deeply sympathize with the family and relatives of the deceased President in their sad and unexpected bereavement, and that the following gentlemen be a committee to forward the address of condolence to Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by a copy of the resolutions adopted by this meeting, viz :—Hon. Jas. G. Currie, J. R. Benson, Esq., and the Mayor.

JAMES R. BENSON, Esq., in rising to second the Resolution, remarked

that it was impossible for him to give expression to his heart's emotions on this occasion. He was pleased to find that the sympathy manifested by this meeting extended throughout our Province; and that the crime which deprived the American people of their illustrious Chief Magistrate was regarded with just abhorrence. One can defend himself from the attacks of an open enemy, but who can always be on his guard against the deadly blow of the secret assassin? Mr. Lincoln received that blow, not because of any fault or wrong-doing in his private relations in life, for in his private life he was a most inoffensive man; but because the calls of public duty placed him at the head of the Government at a critical period. It were strange if different feelings were not engendered by the conflict. It were strange if in the discharge of his most difficult duties he did not do some things which created harsh thoughts and provoked harsh criticism; but it was impossible for him to pursue any other course than he did and remain faithful to his country. Take him all in all, and we shall not soon see the like of him again. He indeed proved to be one of God's noblest works—an honest man. A previous speaker remarked that he did not mean to discuss Mr. Lincoln's policy. He (Mr. B.) had no fear to speak on that subject. He had yet to learn that amongst a people who felt proud that the blot of slavery has been removed from the escutcheon of our own country, one need hesitate to declare his approval of Mr. Lincoln's policy. Slavery was the sole cause of the trouble which culminated in the rebellion, and to perpetuate and extend it the weapons of rebellion were raised. The name of Mr. Lincoln will go down to posterity side by side with that of Washington, for upon him devolved the duty of untying the knot which proved to be the difficulty between North and South. He, as the instrument in God's hand, has done for his country what justly entitles him to stand pre-eminently at the head of the nation for all time to come. After some more remarks the speaker resumed his seat.

The last Resolution was moved by C. P. SIMPSON, Esq. and seconded by ROBERT LAWRIE, Esq. The mover remarked:—The Resolution I am called upon to move is not one expressive of our esteem for the departed President, or of our great sorrow for his untimely death; nor does it refer to our sympathy for the American people, on account of the great calamity that has so suddenly and cruelly befallen them. All these have been fittingly expressed by the former speakers. Yet the Resolution placed in my hands is nevertheless of great importance. We have, my friends, heard the thunder of the cannon, speaking forth in solemn and perchance wrathful tones, their sorrow for the fall of their Chief; and that a great calamity has befallen the world. From post to

post the muffled drum has also called the stern warriors from their labors, and bid them drop a tear for their fallen Commander; and hearts long unused to beat with sympathetic sorrow were found to be like children's, so great was their love for their President, and so overwhelming the news of his assassination. But the roar of the cannon has died away, the rolls of the drum closed, and Freedom's legions are looking home. But my Resolution proposes that we should speak in louder tone than that of artillery, and be heard farther than the rolling drum; that our voice should not only be heard once, but alway; and that we should tell the people of the great Republic our sorrow and our sympathy for the loss of a man so great, so noble and so good as Abraham Lincoln. It is fitting that we thus speak. It is fitting that the world, and especially our brethren of the great Republic, should know, and remember, that we have wept together in this great wo; that we of Canada—that we of St. Catharines, have wept from the heart over the grave of Abraham Lincoln. I move, therefore—

That the Proceedings of this meeting be published in the local papers, and be forwarded for publication in the Toronto Globe, and Leader, and New York Tribune, Times, and Herald.—Carried.

A vote of thanks having been tendered to the Chairman, the Rev. Mr. Holland pronounced the benediction.

Amid all of our *Municipal* demonstrations of sorrow, sympathy and respect for the tragic death of the late Abraham Lincoln, at the hands of a theatrical assassin, none were greater or more sincere than that of the Colored People of this town, on Wednesday, April 19, 1865; for they evidently considered him their chosen Moses. And had there been found one dead in each of their houses, on that memorable day, as amongst the Egyptians of old, their grief could not have been more apparent or more expressive. Their church on Geneva street was neatly draped in mourning on that funeral occasion; and their excellent pastor, the Rev. L. C. CHAMBERS, preached a most impressive and feeling sermon to his people—one and all of whom spoke, acted and felt as if they had lost one of their best friends. Their choir sang with unusual pathos and fervor many hearse-like airs; and lastly, "John Brown's soul is marching on."

During the continuance of the civil strife and rebellion in the United States, from the firing of the first gun in April, 1861, at the city of Charleston, South Carolina, down to the surrender of Gen. Robert E.

Lee, in April 1865, none were more loyal and brave, or performed greater or more hazardous services to their Government than did these dusky sons and daughters of the sunny South. They acted as soldiers, guides, scouts, bearers of despatches, spies, &c., to Gens. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and to all the other Northern leaders, and thereby helped on the good cause of crushing out this cuseless slaveholders' rebellion, and of bringing about, for their oppressed people, for all time to come, *Freedom, Liberty and Emancipation.*

