

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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Funeral Address Delivered by Bishop Simpson at Springfield.

Fellow-citizens of Illinois, and of our entire Union: Near the capital of this large and growing State of Illinois, in the midst of this beautiful grove, and at the open mouth of the vault which has just received the remains of our fallen Chief, we gather to pay a tribute of respect and drop the tears of sorrow around the ashes of the mighty dead. A little more than four years ago, from his plain and quiet home in yonder city, he started, receiving the parting words of the concourse of friends who gathered around him, and in the midst of the dropping of the gentle shower he told of the pains of parting from the place where his children had been born and his home had been made so pleasant by early recollections. And as he left he made an earnest request in the hearing of some who are present that, as he was about to enter upon responsibilities which he believed to be greater than any which had fallen upon any man since the days of Washington, the people would offer up their prayers that God would aid and sustain him in the work they had given him to do. His company left you quiet city; but, as it went, snared were waiting for the Chief Magistrate. Scarcely did he escape the dangers of the way, or the hands of the assassin, as he neared Washington, and I believe he escaped only through the vigilance of the officers and prayers of the people; so that the blow was suspended for more than four years which was at last permitted through the providence of God to fall. How different the occasion which witnessed his return! Doubtless, you expected to take him by the hands, to feel the warm grasp which you felt in other days, and to see the tall form walking among you, which you had delighted to honor in years past. But he was never permitted to return until he came with lips mute and silent, his frame encoined, and a weeping nation following as his mourners. Such a scene as his return to you was never witnessed among the events of history. There have been great processions of mourners. There was one for the patriarch Jacob, which came up from Egypt, and the Egyptians wondered at the evidences of reverence and filial affection which came from the hearts of the Israelites. There was mourning when Moses fell upon the heights of Pisgah and was hid from human view. There have been mournings in the kingdoms of the earth when kings and warriors have fallen; but never was there, in the history of man, such mourning as that which has accompanied the funeral procession and has gathered around the mortal remains of him who was our loved one and who now sleeps among us. If we glance at the procession which followed him we see how the nation stood aghast. Tears filled the eyes of many suburnt faces. Strong men, as they clasped the hands of their friends were unable to find vent for their grief in words. Women and little children caught up the tidings as they ran through the land, and were melted into tears. The nation stood still. Men left their plows in the fields and asked what the end would be. The hum of manufactories ceased, and the sound of the hammer was not heard. Busy merchants closed their doors, and in the Exchange gold passed no more from hand. Three weeks have passed. The nation has scarcely breathed easily yet. A mournful silence is abroad upon the land. Nor is this mourning confined to any class or to any district of the country. Men of all political parties and of all religious creeds seem united in paying this mournful tribute. The Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church in New York and a Protestant minister walked side by side in the said procession, and a Jewish Rabbi performed a part of the solemn service. There are gathered around his tomb, representatives of the Army and Navy, Senators, Judges, Governors, and officers of all the branches of the Government and members of all the civic associations, with men and women, from the humblest as well as the highest occupations. Here and there, too, are tears of sincere and warm as any that drop, which come from the eyes of those whose kindred and whose race have been freed from their chains by him whom they mourn as their deliverer. Far more have gazed on the face of the departed than ever looked upon the face of any other departed man. More eyes have looked upon the procession for 1,600 miles, or more by night and by day, by sunlight, dawn, twilight and by torchlight, than ever before watched the progress of a procession. We ask why this wonderful mourning; this great procession. I answer: First, a part of the interest has arisen from the times in which we live, and in which he had fallen was a principal actor. It is a principle of our nature that feelings once ex-

cited from the object by which they are excited, turn readily to some other object which may, for the time being, take possession of the mind. Another principle is that the deepest affections of our hearts gather around some human form in which are incarnated the loving thoughts and ideas of the passing age. If we look then at the times, we see an age of excitement. For four years the popular heart has been stirred to its utmost depths. War had come upon us, dividing families; separating nearest and dearest friends—a war the extent and magnitude of which no one could estimate—a war in which the blood of brethren was shed by a brother's hand. A call for soldiers was made by this voice, now hushed, and all over this land, from hill to mountain, from plain to valley, they sprang up, hundreds of thousands of bold hearts, ready to go forth and save our National Union. This feeling of excitement was transformed next into a feeling of deep grief because of the dangers in which our country was placed. Many said: Is it possible to save our nation? Some in our country, and nearly all the leading men in other countries, declared it to be impossible to maintain the Union; and many an honest heart was deeply pained with apprehensions of common ruin, and many in grief and almost in despair anxiously inquired: What shall the end of these things be? In addition, the wives had given their husbands, mothers their sons. In the pride and joy of their hearts they saw them put on the uniform, they saw them take their martial step, and they tried to hide their deep feelings of sadness. Many dear ones slept on the battle field, never, never to return again, and there was mourning in every mansion and in every cabin in our broad land. Then came a feeling to deepen sadness as the story came of prisoners tortured to death or starved through the mandates of those who are called the representatives of the chivalry, or who claim to be the honorable ones of the earth; and as we read the stories of frames attenuated, our grief turned partly into horror and partly into a cry for vengeance. Then the feeling was changed to one of joy. There came signs of the end of this Rebellion. We followed the career of our glorious generals. We saw our army under the command of the brave officer who is guiding this procession, climbed up the heights of Lookout Mountain and drove the Rebels from their strongholds. Another brave General swept through Georgia, South and North Carolina and drove the combined armies of the Rebels before him, while the honored Lieutenant General held Lee and his hosts in a death grasp. Then the tidings came that Richmond was evacuated and that Lee had surrendered. The bells rang merrily all over the land. The booming of cannon was heard. Illuminations and torch-light processions manifested the general joy, and families were looking for the speedy return of their loved ones from the field of battle. Just in the midst of the wildest joy, in one hour—nay, in one moment—the tidings rang throughout the land that Abraham Lincoln, the best of Presidents, had perished by the hands of an assassin. And then all that feeling which had been gathering for our years in forms of excitement, grief, honor and joy, turned into one wail of woe—a sadness inexpressible, anguish unutterable. But it is not the time, merely, which caused this mourning; the mode of his death must be taken into account. Had he died on a bed of illness with kind friends around him; had the sweat of death been wiped from his brow by gentle hands while he was yet conscious; could he have had the power to speak words of affection to his stricken widow, words of counsel to us like those which we heard in his parting for Washington in his Inaugural, which shall now be immortal; how it would have softened or assuaged something of the grief! There might at least have been preparation for the event. But no moment of warning was given to him or us. He was stricken down when his hopes for the end of the Rebellion were bright and the prospects of a joyous life were before him. There was a Cabinet meeting that day, said to have been the most cheerful and happy of any held since the beginning of the Rebellion. After this meeting he talked with his friends, and spoke of the four years of tempest, of the storm being over, and of the four years of pleasure and joy awaiting him; as the weight of care and anguish would be taken from his mind, and he could have happy days with his family again. In the midst of these anticipations, he left his house never to return alive. The evening was Good Friday, the saddest day in the whole calendar for the Christian Church—henceforth in this country to be made sadder, if possible, by the memory of our nation's loss. And so filled with grief was every

Christian's heart that even all the joyous thought of Easter Sunday failed to remove the crushing sorrow under which the true worshipper bowed in the House of God. But the great cause of this mourning is to be found in the man himself. Mr. Lincoln was no ordinary man and I believe the conviction has been growing on the nation's mind, as it certainly has been on my own, especially in the last years of his administration. By the hand of God, he was especially singled out to guide our Government in these troublous times, and it seems to me that the hand of God may be traced in many of the events connected with his history. First, then, I recognize this in the physical education which he received, and which prepared him for enduring herculean labors in the trials of his boyhood and the labors of his manhood. God was giving him an iron form. Next to this was his identification with the heart of the great people—understanding their feelings because he was one of them and connected with them in their movements and life. His education was simple; a few months spent in the school-house gave him the elements of education. He read few books, but mastered all he read—"Bunyan's Progress" and the "Life of Washington" were his favorites. In these we recognize the works which gave the bias to his character, and which partly molded his style. His early life, with its varied struggles, joined him indissolubly to the weeping masses, and no elevation in society diminished his respect for the sons of toil. He knew what it was to stem the tall trees of the forest, and to feel the current of the hard Mississippi. His home was in the growing West, the heart of the Republic, and, invigorated by the wind which swept over its groves he learned the lesson of self-reliance which sustained him in seasons of adversity. His genius was soon recognized as true genius always will be. He was placed in the legislature of a State. Already acquainted with the principles of law, he devoted his thought to matters of public interest, and began to be looked on as the coming statesman. As early as 1849 he presented resolutions in the Legislature asking for emancipation in the District of Columbia, although, with rare exceptions, the whole popular mind of his State was opposed to the measure. From that hour he was a steady and uniform friend of humanity, and was preparing for the conflict of latter years. If you ask on what mental characteristic his greatness rested, I answer on a quick and ready perception of facts, and a memory unusually tenacious and retentive, and on a logical turn of mind which followed forth that military men said could not be taken, and a brave Admiral, for the first time in the world's history, lashes himself to the mast, there to remain as long as he had a particle of skill or strength to watch over his ship while it engaged in the perilous contest of taking the strong forts of the enemy. I turn to the Treasury Department. Where should the money come from? Wise men predicted ruin, but our national credit has been maintained, and our currency is safer to-day than it ever was before. Not only is this so, but through our national bonds, if properly used, we shall have a permanent basis for our currency, and they are also an investment so desirable for capitalists of other nations, that under the laws of trade, I believe, the center of exchange will be transferred from England to the United States. But the great act of the mighty chief-tan on which his fame shall rest long after his frame shall moulder away, is that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred character of Moses, of his power and the prominence he gave to the moral law, how it lasts, and how his name towers among the names in Heaven, and how he delivered three millions of his kindred out of bondage, and yet we may assert that Abraham Lincoln, liberated more enslaved people than ever Moses set free, and those not of his kindred or of his race. Such a power or such an opportunity, God has seldom given to man. When other events shall have been forgotten, when this world shall have become a net-work of Republics, when every throne shall be swept from the face of the earth, when literature shall enlighten all minds, when the claims of humanity shall be recognized everywhere, this act shall still be conspicuous on the pages of history; and we are thankful that God gave to Abraham Lincoln the decision, wisdom and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men. [Applause.] Abraham Lincoln was a good man. He was known as an honest, temperate, forgiving man, a just man, a man of noble heart in every

must perish, for the Union must be preserved," became the rallying word. Men felt that the struggle was for the Union, and all other questions must be subsidiary. But after all the acts of a man shall his fall be perpetuated? What are his acts? Much praise is due to the men who aided him. He called able counselors around him and brave generals into the field—men who have borne the sword as bravely as ever any human arm has borne it. He had the aid of prayerful and thoughtful men everywhere. But under his own guiding hands the movements of our armies have been conducted. Turn toward the different departments. We had an unorganized militia—a mere skeleton army; yet under his care that army has been enlarged into a force which for skill, intelligence, efficiency and bravery, surpasses any which the world has ever seen. Before its veterans the renowned veterans of Napoleon shall pale [applause], and the mothers and sister on these hillsides and all over the land shall take to their arms again braver men than ever fought in European wars. The reason is obvious: money on a desire for fame collected their armies, or they were rallied to sustain favorite theories or dynasties; but the armies he called into being fought for Liberty, for the Union, and for the right of self-government; and many of them felt that the battles they won were for humanity everywhere, and for all time, for I believe that God has not suffered this terrible rebellion to come upon our land merely for a chastisement to us or a lesson to our age. There are moments which involve in themselves eternities. There are instants which seem to contain germs which shall develop and bloom forever. Such a moment comes in the tide of time to our land when a question must be settled. The powers of affliction, all the earth, the contest, was for human freedom—not for the Republic merely, not for the Union simply, but to decide whether the people, as a people, in their entire majesty were destined to be the Government, or whether they were to be subject to tyrants or autocrats, or to class-rule of any kind. This is the great question for which we have been fighting, and its decision is at hand, and the result of the contest will affect the ages to come. If successful, Republics will spread, in spite of monarchism, all over this earth. [Exclamations of "Amen!" "Thank God!" "I turn from the Army to the Navy. What was it when the war commenced? Now we have our ships of war at home and abroad, to guard privateers in foreign sympathizing ports as well as to take care of every part of our own coast. They have taken forts that military men said could not be taken, and a brave Admiral, for the first time in the world's history, lashes himself to the mast, there to remain as long as he had a particle of skill or strength to watch over his ship while it engaged in the perilous contest of taking the strong forts of the enemy. I turn to the Treasury Department. Where should the money come from? Wise men predicted ruin, but our national credit has been maintained, and our currency is safer to-day than it ever was before. Not only is this so, but through our national bonds, if properly used, we shall have a permanent basis for our currency, and they are also an investment so desirable for capitalists of other nations, that under the laws of trade, I believe, the center of exchange will be transferred from England to the United States. But the great act of the mighty chief-tan on which his fame shall rest long after his frame shall moulder away, is that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred character of Moses, of his power and the prominence he gave to the moral law, how it lasts, and how his name towers among the names in Heaven, and how he delivered three millions of his kindred out of bondage, and yet we may assert that Abraham Lincoln, liberated more enslaved people than ever Moses set free, and those not of his kindred or of his race. Such a power or such an opportunity, God has seldom given to man. When other events shall have been forgotten, when this world shall have become a net-work of Republics, when every throne shall be swept from the face of the earth, when literature shall enlighten all minds, when the claims of humanity shall be recognized everywhere, this act shall still be conspicuous on the pages of history; and we are thankful that God gave to Abraham Lincoln the decision, wisdom and grace to issue that proclamation, which stands high above all other papers which have been penned by uninspired men. [Applause.] Abraham Lincoln was a good man. He was known as an honest, temperate, forgiving man, a just man, a man of noble heart in every

may: as to his religious experience I cannot speak definitely, because I was not privileged to know much of his private sentiments. My acquaintance with him did not give me the opportunity to hear him speak on this topic. I know, however, he read the Bible frequently; loved it for its great truths and for its profound teachings; and he tried to be guided by its precepts. He believed in Christ, the Saviour of Sinners, and I think he was sincerely trying to bring his life into the principles of pure religion. Certainly, if there ever was a man who illustrated some of the principles of pure religion, that man was our departed President. Look over all his speeches. Listen to his utterances. He never spoke unkindly of any man; even the Rebels received no words of anger from him, and the last day illustrated, in a remarkable manner, his forgiving disposition. A dispatch was received that afternoon that Thompson and Tucker were trying to make their escape through Maine, and it was proposed to arrest them. Mr. Lincoln, however, preferred rather to let them quietly escape than have the very men who had been plotting his destruction arrested; and this morning we read the proclamation offering \$25,000 for the arrest of these men as aiders and abettors of his assassination. So, that in his expiring acts he was saying: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." As a rule I doubt if any president has ever shown such trust in God or in public documents so frequently referred to Divine aid. Often did he remark to friends and to delegations, that his hope for our success rested in his conviction that God would bless our efforts because we were trying to do right. To the address of a large religious body he replied: "Thanks be unto God, who, in our national trials, giveth us the churches." To a minister who said he hoped the Lord was on our side, he replied that it gave him no concern whether the Lord was on our side or not, for he added, "I know the Lord is always on the side of the right," and, with deep feeling, added: "But God is my witness that it is my constant anxiety and prayer that both myself and this nation should be on the Lord's side." In his domestic life he was exceedingly kind and affectionate. He was a devoted husband and father—During his Presidential term he lost his second son, Willie. To an officer of the army he said, not long since: "Do you ever find yourself talking with the dead?" and added, "Since Willie's death I catch myself every day involuntarily talking with him, as if he were with me." On his widow, who is unable to be here, I need only invoke the blessing of Almighty God that she may be comforted and sustained. For his son, who has witnessed the exercises of this hour, all that I can desire is that the mantle of his father may fall upon him. [Exclamations of "Amen."] Let us pause a moment in the lesson of the hour before we part. This man, though he fell by the hand of an assassin, still he fell under the permissive hand of God. He had some wise purpose in allowing him so to fall. What more could he have desired of life for himself? Were not his honors full? There was no office to which he could aspire. The popular heart clung around him as around no other man. The nations of the world have learned to honor him. If rumors of a desired alliance with England be true, Napoleon trembled when he had heard of the fall of Richmond, and asked what nation would join him to protect him against our Government. Besides the goodness of such a man, his fame was full, his work was done, and he sealed his glory by becoming the nation's great martyr for liberty. He appears to have had a strange presentiment early in political life, that some day he would be President. You see it, indeed, in 1839. Of the slave power he said, "Broken by it? I too may be asked to bow to it. I never will. The probability that we may fail in the struggle, ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which I deem to be just. It shall not deter me, if I ever feel the soul within me elevate and expand to these dimensions, not wholly unworthy of its Almighty architect. It is when I contemplate the cause of my country deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here without contemplating consequences, before high Heaven and the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love." But yet, secretly, he said to more than one: "I never shall live out the four years of my term. When the Rebellion is crushed my work is done." So it was! He lived to see the last battle fought and

to dictate a dispatch from the home of Jefferson Davis—lived till the power of the Rebellion was broken, and then, having done the work for which God had sent him, angels, I trust, were sent to shield him from one moment of pain or suffering, and to bear him from this world to that high and glorious realm where the patriot and the good shall live forever. His example teaches young men that every position of eminence is open before the diligent and the worthy, to the active men of the country. His example urges the country to trust in God and to do right. Standing as we do to-day by his coffin and his sepulcher, let us resolve to carry forward the policy which so nobly and wholly began. Let us do right to all men. Let us vow, in the sight of Heaven, to eradicate every vestige of human slavery, to give every human being his true position before God and man, to crush every form of rebellion, and to stand by the flag which God has given us. How joyful we ought to be that it floated over parts of every state before Mr. Lincoln's career was ended! How singular is the fact that the assassin's foot was caught in the folds of the flag, and that for this we are indebted for his capture! The flag and the traitor must ever be enemies. The traitors will probably suffer by the change of rulers, for one of stern mold, who himself has deeply suffered from the Rebellion, now yields the sword of justice. Our country, too, is stronger for the trial thro' which it has passed. A Republic was declared by monarchies too weak to endure a civil war; yet we have crushed the most gigantic rebellion in history, and have grown in strength and population every year of the struggle. We have passed through the ordeal of a popular election, while swords and bayonets were in the field, and have come out unchanged; now, in an hour of excitement, with a large minority having preferred another man for President, the bullet of the assassin has laid our President prostrate; has there been a mutiny? has any rival proposed his claims? Out of an army of nearly a million of men, no officer or soldier has uttered one word of dissent, and in an hour or two after Mr. Lincoln's death, another leader, with constitutional powers, occupied his chair, and the Government moved forward without one single jar. The world will learn that republics are the strongest governments on earth. And now, my friends, in the words of the departed, "with malice towards none, free from all feeling of personal vengeance, yet believing the sword must not be drawn in vain, let us go forward in our painful duty. Let every man who was a Senator or Representative in Congress, and who aided in beginning this Rebellion, and thus led to the slaughter of our sons and daughters, be brought to speedy and certain punishment. Let every officer educated at public expense and who, having been advanced to position, has perjured himself and turned his sword against the vitals of his country, be doomed to this. I believe in the will of the American people. Men may attempt to compromise and to restore these traitors and murderers to society again, but the American people will arise in their majesty and sweep all such compromises and compromises away, and will declare that there shall be no peace to Rebels; but to the deluded masses we shall extend arms of forgiveness. We will take them to our hearts and walk with them side by side as we go forward to work out a glorious destiny. The time will come when, in the beautiful words of him whose lips are now forever closed: "The mystic cords of memory, which stretch from every battlefield and from every patriot's grave, shall yield a sweeter music when touched by the angels of our better nature." To the ambitious there is a fearful lesson of the four candidates for Presidential honors of 1860. Two of them Douglas and Lincoln, once competitors, but now sleeping patriots, rest from their labors. Bell perished in poverty and misery as a traitor or might perish. And Breckinridge is a frightened fugitive with the brand of traitor on his brow. That will be vouchered by the angels of our better nature. [Cries of "good, good."] Men of wealth and influence in Richmond manifest considerable willingness to renew their allegiance by taking the prescribed oath, and it is said there is much apparent sincerity in doing it. Among those who have renewed their citizenship, are many well known names of professional and business men. It is somewhat remarkable that the clergy there, as well as elsewhere, are among those most backward in giving up the cause of Davis, the traitor, thief, and assassin. —Gen. Sherman's headquarters are to be at Alexandria, Va.

COMMUNICATIONS.
For the American Citizen.
Chatechism on the Democratic Party.
BY W. R. THOMPSON, JR.
Who rejoices in the death of Abraham Lincoln?
The Rebels in the South and Democrats in the North.
Who elected Jeff. Davis to the U. S. Senate?
The Democratic party.
Who took the rebel John C. Breckinridge up for Vice President in 1860?
The Democratic party.
Where are all the friends of the rebellion, the peace men, the copperheads, the spies, the conspirators of the rebels to be found in the North?
In the Democratic party.
Who denounced Andrew G. Curtin as a drunkard, a liar, a scoundrel and a thief?
Democratic editors.
Who was the first traitor in our land?
John C. Calhoun, a leader of the Democratic party.
Who are all the advocates of a degrading and ignoble peace at any cost of national honor, and at any sacrifice of our dear liberties?
The Democratic party.
Who first seceded from the Union in the Southern States?
The Democratic party.
Where is the Northern Ex-President who signed and approved the Kansas Nebraska bill?
In the Democratic party.
Who would first rejoice in the downfall of our Government?
The Democratic party.
Where are all the persons to be found who, in all party contests, have been rated as Northern men with Southern principles?
In the Democratic party.
Who have they kicked out of their shanties for being loyal men?
Gen. Grant, Gen. Meade, Joe Hooker and Andrew Johnson.
Who mourns the death of little Mac, because the platform broke his back?
The men that gave the Union o'er.
The copperheads of sixty-four.
GLADE MILLS, April 28, 1864.
Legal Intelligence.
A countryman walked into the office of Lawyer Barnes one day and began his application:
"Barnes I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble."
"Well, what is the matter?"
"Suppose now," said the client, "that a man had a spring of water on his land, and his neighbor living below should build a dam across the creek through both their farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?"
"Sue him sir, sue him by all means." He always became excited in proportion to the aggravations of his clients. "You can recover heavy damages, sir, and the law will make him pay well for it. Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him; and if he hasn't a great deal of property, it will break him up, sir."
"Bet stop, Barnes," cried the terrified applicant for legal advice, "it's a neighbor Jones that owns the spring and he threatens to sue me."
The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tackled his ship and kept on.
"Ah! well, you say that you built a dam across that creek. What sort of a dam was that sir?"
"It was a mill dam."
"A mill dam for grinding grain, was it?"
"Yes, it was just that."
"And it is a good neighborhood mill, is it?"
"So it is sir, and you may well say so."
"And all the neighbors bring their grain to be ground, do they?"
"Yes sir, all but Jones."
"Then it is a great public convenience, is it not?"
"T' be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It is far superior to any other mill, sir."
"And now," said the lawyer, you tell me that that man Jones is complaining just because the water from the dam happens to put back into his little spring, and he is threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is to let him sue, and he'll rue the day, as sure as my name is Barnes."
—The Tennessee Legislature has elected Hon. H. J. Patterson and Hon. S. J. Fowler, U. S. Senators, the former for four years and the latter for six. It now only remains for Tennessee to elect Congressmen to entitle her to full recognition as a State in the Union.