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Poetry.

Abraham Lincoln.

MR. STODDARD'S ODE.

Bunce & Huntingdon, 540 Broadway, have just published a noble poem, by R. H. Stoddard, entitled "Abraham Lincoln, an Horatian Ode;" a poem which no one can read unmoved, and which combines a just and beautiful analysis of our dead President's character, with a magnificent picture of the nation's tribute of mourning for its dead chief:

"One of the people! Born to be
Their curious epitome;
To share, yet rise above
Their shifting hate and love."

The following extract, in which is described the funeral procession through the States, will give our readers a taste of the merits of this work, and lead them to the perusal of the whole of this fine poem:

Peace! Let the long procession come,
For hark!—the mournful, muffled drum—
The trumpet's wail afar—
And see! the awful Car!

Peace! Let the sad procession go,
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow:
And go, thou sacred Car,
Bearing our Woe afar!

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,
Whose loyal, sorrowing Cities wait
To honor all they can
The dust of that Good Man!

Go, grandly borne, with such a train
As greatest kings might die to gain;
The Just, the Wise, the Brave
Attend thee to the grave!

And you, the soldiers of our wars,
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,
Salute him once again,
Your late Commander—slain!

Yes, let your tears, indignant, fall,
And leave your muskets on the wall;
Your country needs you now
Beside the forge, the plow!

(When Justice shall unsheathe her brand—
If Mercy may not stay her hand,
Nor would we have it so—
She must direct the blow!)

* * * * *

So, sweetly, sadly, sternly goes
The Fallen to his last repose;
Beneath no mighty dome,
But in his modest Home!

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best;
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid!

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb,
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year!

For many a year, and many an age,
While History on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that Paternal Soul!

—*Evening Post.*

Obsequies of Abraham Lincoln, Sixteenth President of the United States.

A GENERAL REVIEW.

Yesterday a vast population, all but a moiety of whom had been disposed to criticise the policy and acts of the Administration of the Government, were brought together in one sentiment of accord, to do honor to the memory of the martyr President. In the morning, as indeed had been the case through the night, lines of people, anxious to take a last look of all that was mortal of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, stretched for many blocks, from the eastern and from the western entrance to the City Hall.

The lines lengthened as the day were on, until about half an hour before noon, when the coffin was closed. Meanwhile extensive preparations were everywhere in progress to participate in the procession. But the people, the people—never were seen such mighty crowds before. If there were tens and hundreds of thousands the day before, now there were swarming myriads. Not only did all New York turn out to do honor to one whose loss seemed to each like that of a personal friend, and that friend the head of the family, but the adjacent cities of Brooklyn, Jersey City, and others in the vicinity, poured their population into the metropolis: and not only this, but the sympathetic chord of the nation's heart is quivering from the recent event with vibrations so strong and deep that from afar—from the remotest towns of this State, Pennsylvania, and New England, and the prairies of the West—have come vast tides of pilgrims to gather round the sacred form, which though inanimate still speaketh. The immensity of the crowds, which filled the thoroughfares as rivers in flood their banks, was the theme of every tongue. Every street-roof, fretwork, lamp-post, steps of houses, no matter what the station of advantage, was crowded like a day of judgment as we see it in pictures, with men, with women, with children, all bending the light of their sorrowing eyes upon that coffin which contained

their murdered President. This it was that not only these mighty crowds, but the hearts of the American people far and wide, were weaving themselves about as a centre.

Such solemnity and depth of feeling, so quiet, so grave, was never witnessed before in the metropolis. There were all nationalities—the American, with habitual thoughtfulness in his expression; the Celt, of a more ardent and imaginative temperament; the Teuton, always loyal and liberty-loving; the native of France, whose watchword is honor, or, if a Democrat, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;" the countrymen of Garibaldi, and of Kosciusko, and those of Kossuth; the long-suffering African, whose hand is never turned to smite the smiter, and than whom the Emancipator of their race has no more sincere mourner; and so on through the list.

This great grief, this common, universal woe, has taken down all barriers of sect and party. Archbishop McClosky, the chiefest dignitary of the Catholic Church in this country, and the Rev. J. P. Thompson, D. D., a bright and shining light among the Protestants, walked side by side in the procession, and the Archbishop was to pronounce a benediction upon that assembly which with uncovered heads had reverently joined with the Rev. Dr. Tyng in prayer to the Father of All Mercies. And we might go on with no less striking illustrations to the same effect.

We need not draw the moral of the event. It will be apparent to every one. Aside from the quickening it gives to that chiefest Christian grace and virtue—charity, of which the subject of our sorrow was so illustrious an exemplar—the young will remember it, and it will intensify their loyalty and their respect for supreme authority. Have any who marched in that august procession been untrue to their country in speech or deed? Nowhere, not even in the bosom of their own family, should their manhood allow them to relapse into any feeling or utterance tainted with disloyalty.

THE DAY.

The day was of surpassing beauty throughout—one of the loveliest of this vernal season. In the parks the grass is green, and flowers are bursting into bloom, the trees are adorning themselves in their gayest livery, and birds are singing in the branches. Nature smiles in her joyous new lease of life, thus deepening the contrast with the sadness possessing all hearts,

and the trappings and suits of woe by which it is symbolled.

THE SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

All-pervading grief filled every heart, and was the predominant feeling, although from the nature of the case it could hardly fail to be accompanied by other sentiments. That emotion which was felt when the sharp, quick report of an assassin's pistol was sped on lightning wing to the ears of the nation may have lost its edge of passion, but it is no whit less stern and inexorable in its demands. Before that time, Justice had pleaded that while we defranchise a man in this State for stealing twenty-five dollars, the nation should not admit to rights of citizenship those guilty of every crime in the Decalogue, added to a crime including all others—that of treason. Now, they demand that the conspirators against the nation's life shall be accorded no such mild terms as mere disfranchisement. The varying shades of sentiments may be seen in the mottoes on facades, of which some very forcibly express a sentiment. In this place we append two or three :

.....
 : "How great is his Legacy ! Our Country redeemed :
 : from the sin of Slavery." :

and again :

.....
 : "A glorious career of Service and Devotion is crowned :
 : with a Martyr's Death." :

Another :

.....
 : "Justice to Traitors is Mercy to the People." :

A quotation from Charles Sumner is displayed :

.....
 : "Can Barbarism Further Go?" :

One that attracts much attention on Broadway reads :

"Sleep ! martyred hero ! sleep !
 Thy going to thy just and great reward
 Among the faithful and the good, whose lives
 Were stainless lives, hath left a grief and gloom
 Upon a nation's and a people's joy,
 The silent city from its homes and towers
 With universal tears flings out its signs
 Of woe.

"Great husbandman, though lost to us,
 Thou yet hadst time to scatter far the seed
 Whose future fruit shall yet redeem the land ;
 And of thy tillage shall our annals speak
 And make a record of thy name and deeds
 Eternal as our principles."

There is manifest, however, the highest degree of hopefulness for the future—always a prominent trait in American character. It is felt that

" Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
 Through showers the sunbeams fall."

And now, even as the clouds of incense of affectionate regret encompass the shroud of the martyred President, are seen ascending the blest visions of Peace. A united people—one nation—cemented by the blood of our Chief—as we look into the vista of the future we breathe more freely, our eyes are gladdened by the sight of those messengers "beautiful upon the mountains," and with a land redeemed, disenthralled—a race emancipated—we go forth "without fear and with a manly heart ;" for now we are assured that

" Danger's troubled night is o'er,
 And the star of Peace returns."

FEATURES OF THE PROCESSION.

The great characteristics of the procession and of the demonstration throughout, were its immensity and its quiet solemnity. The long lines of military, stretching for miles, and countless banners furled and draped—the societies of all kinds—the Irish, with their endless iteration of green sashes and broad ensigns all deeply shrouded in crape—the German Turners, whose movement in marching elicited much commendation—the perfect army of Freemasons, with each a sprig of evergreen—the Union League, the Chamber of Commerce, Insurance Companies, Underwriters, the Reverend Clergy—and other grave and dignified bodies—in short the military, civic, industrial, political, and religious organizations were all handsomely represented.

COLORED MEN IN THE PROCESSION.

To Thomas C. Acton, President of the Board of Police, is due the fact that the city was not disgraced by an exclusion of colored men from a participation in this mourning pageant. It will be remembered that, not many months since, when a colored lady, the wife of a soldier who had died for his country, complained to the Board of Police that a policeman, on the call of a conductor, had helped eject her from a street car, for no other crime than because her complexion was dark, Mr. Acton rebuked the officer, and told him the next time he saw a conductor committing an assault upon a colored person, by ejection from the car, when behaving properly, to arrest such conductor, and lock him up in the Station-house. The next day all the shameful inscriptions in some of the cars of "Colored people allowed in this car," were wiped out, and the companies have since carried all decently-behaved people, without discrimination as to color. Now that Mr. Acton has established the right of colored people to ride in pub-

lic vehicles, it is not unnatural that he should follow it up by assuring them their right to walk in the public streets.

THE ORATION,

by the Hon. Geo. Bancroft, will, both from its subject-matter and the author's fame, commend itself to universal attention.—*Tribune*.

Oration by the Hon. Geo. Bancroft, and Other Exercises.

We take from the *Tribune* the following :

Immediately the procession had passed Union Square, which was precisely at five o'clock, a vast concourse assembled round the large stand erected in front of the Maison Dorée. The stand was handsomely draped with black and the national colors, and in the centre was a monumental design, by Mr. John McClane, representing a broken column, with the figures of Hope and Justice on either side. The arrangements here were under the supervision of the Hon. Prosper M. Wetmore, and soon after the hour named that gentleman, with characteristic promptness, accompanied by members of the Union League and several of our most eminent citizens, proceeded from the Committee Rooms to open the meeting.

Ex-Gov. King presided, and first in the order of exercises, introduced the Rev. Dr. Tyng, who offered up an earnest prayer appropriate to the occasion, prefaced by the beautiful words of the burial service—the large assembly standing with reverend and uncovered heads.

The Chairman then introduced the Hon. George Bancroft, who delivered the funeral oration. He was listened to with great attention, and passages of his address relating to the salient points of Mr. Lincoln's character, and the extinction of slavery, were loudly applauded.

THE ORATION.

Our grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office with which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindness of nature, could save him from the mendacious passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their

final resting place in the valley of the Mississippi. The echoes of his funeral knell vibrate through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every climate are his mourners. Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty, expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world. Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the Government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the Republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a Republic between Slave States and Free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri, and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a

rebellion was rising into indefinable proportions ; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away ; the country is cast into another mold, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope, forever. And as to himself personally : he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now against the usage of later years, and in spite of numerous competitors he was the unbiased and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of treason he retained the sweetness of a most placable disposition ; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle-field and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty. How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death ? How shall it best honor his memory ? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and in strict conformity with duty was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a sacrifice. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again, higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above every thing else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the parts of the country in rebellion the freedom of all persons who have been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained. Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the Rebel Government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave, and yet but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because every one born on their soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travelers and transient residents, owes them a primary allegiance. Every one so born, has been counted among those represented in Congress ; every slave has ever been represented in Congress—imperfectly and wrongly it may—but still has been counted and represented.

The slave born on our soil owed allegiance to the General Government. It may in time past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian or of an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance, the slave stood face to face with his country, and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he stood at once in the presence of the nation, bound like the rest of us to its public defense. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did but take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience ; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that State. This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents.

In the time of feudalism the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs ; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the Middle Ages ; but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case ; for treason the master then, for treason the master now loses his slaves. In the Middle Ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the land which they cultivated ; in our day the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves. It has been said that we are at war and that emancipation is not a belligerent right. The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free, and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure with gifts or freedom ; but when at peace he withdraws from the invaded country he must take his aiders and comforters with him ; or if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty. In a civil war it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed, the old Government is restored, and its courts resume their jurisdiction. So it is with us ; the United States have courts of their own, that must punish the guilt of treason and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free. Nor may it be said that, because slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it can not rightfully be interfered with now. A change has taken place,

such as Madison foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The Constitutions of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the Federal Constitution was formed, general emancipation was thought to be near; and everywhere the respective Legislatures had authority, in the exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with slavery; since that time the attempt has been made in what are called Slave States to make the condition of slavery perpetual; and events have proved with the clearness of demonstration, that a constitution which seeks to continue a caste of hereditary bondmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of Republican institutions. So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freemen shall stand as a reality. And, moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the Constitution shall be so amended as utterly to prohibit slavery on any part of our soil for evermore. Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure; its refusal was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle; and delays the only hopeful method of pacification. The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconciliation, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition. Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day. And let no lover of his country say that this warning is uncalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nerving itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last winds from the South waft to us the sad intelligence that a man, who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was named with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest generals of all time, has usurped more than the whole power of the Executive, and under the name of peace has revived Slavery and given security and political power to traitors from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington, never to draw the sword but for self-defense or the rights of

his country, and when drawn, never to sheathe it till its work should be accomplished? And yet from this bad act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own fame. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the resistless movements in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence. No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead, we owe it to the cause of popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs. This great city, in the midst of unexampled emblems of deeply-seated grief, has sustained itself with composure and magnanimity. It has nobly done its part in guarding against the derangement of business or the slightest shock to public credit. The enemies of the republic put it to the severest trial; but the voice of faction has not been heard; doubt and despondency have been unknown. In serene majesty the country rises in the beauty and strength and hope of youth, and proves to the world the quiet energy and the durability of institutions growing out of the reason and affections of the people. Heaven has willed it that the United States shall live. The nations of the earth can not spare them. All the worn-out aristocracies of Europe saw in the spurious feudalism of slaveholding their strongest outpost, and banded themselves together with the deadly enemies of our national life. If the Old World will discuss the respective advantages of oligarchy or equality; of the union of Church and State, or the rightful freedom of religion; of land accessible to the many, or of land monopolized by an ever-decreasing number of the few, the United States must live to control the decision by their quiet and unobtrusive example. It has often and truly been observed that the trust and affection of the masses gather naturally around an individual. If the inquiry is made whether the man so trusted and beloved shall elicit from the reason of the people enduring institutions of their own, or shall sequester political power for the superintending dynasty, the United States must live to solve the problem. If a question is raised on the respective merits of Timoleon or Julius Cæsar, or Washington or Napoleon, the United States must be there to call to mind that there were twelve

Cæsars, most of them the opprobrium of the human race, and to contrast with them the line of American Presidents. The duty of the hour is incomplete, our mourning is insincere if, while we express unwavering trust in the great principles that underlie our Government, we do not also give our support to the man to whom the people have intrusted its administration. Andrew Johnson is now, by the Constitution, the President of the United States, and he stands before the world as the most conspicuous representative of the industrial classes. Left an orphan at four years old, poverty and toil were his steps to honor. His youth was not passed in the halls of colleges; nevertheless, he has received a thorough political education in statesmanship in the school of the people and by long experience of public life. A village functionary; member successively of each branch of the Tennessee Legislature, hearing with a thrill of joy, the words, "the Union, it must be preserved;" a representative in Congress for successive years; Governor of the great State of Tennessee, approved as its Governor by re-election; he was at the opening of the Rebellion a Senator from that State in Congress. Then at the Capitol, when Senators, unrebuked by the Government, sent word by telegram to seize forts and arsenals, he alone from that Southern region told them what the Government did not dare to tell them, that they were traitors, and deserved the punishment of treason. Undismayed by a perpetual purpose of public enemies to take his life, bearing up against the still greater trial of the persecution of his wife and children, in due time he went back to his State, determined to restore it to the Union, or die with the American flag for his winding sheet. And now, at the call of the United States, he has returned to Washington as a conqueror, with Tennessee as a Free State for his trophy. It remains for him to consummate the vindication of the Union. To that Union Abraham Lincoln has fallen a martyr. His death, which was meant to sever it beyond repair, binds it more closely and more firmly than ever. The blow aimed at him, was aimed not at the native of Kentucky, not at the citizens of Illinois, but at the man who, as President, in the executive branch of the government, stood as the representative of every man in the United States. The object of the crime was the life of the whole people; and it wounds the affections of the whole people. From Maine to the southwest

boundary of the Pacific, it makes us one. The country may have needed an imperishable grief to touch its inmost feeling. The grave that receives the remains of Lincoln, receives the martyr to the Union; the monument which will rise over his body will bear witness to the Union; his enduring memory will assist during the countless ages to bind the States together, and to incite to the love of our one undivided, indivisible country. Peace to the ashes of our departed friend, the friend of his country and his race. Happy was his life, for he was the restorer of the republic; he was happy in his death, for the manner of his end will plead forever for the Union of the States and the freedom of man.

Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson read the last Inaugural Address of President Lincoln.

Rev. Wm. H. Boole read the 94th Psalm, written by David against the enemies of his country.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Rogers, and Rabbi Isaacs of the Broadway Synagogue, followed by reading a portion of the Holy Scriptures, and closing with a touching prayer.

Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D., then read an unpublished Hymn, written by Wm. Cullen Bryant, entitled "Thou hast put all things under thy feet," and the following words, which he said were written by Mr. Bryant before leaving his bed this morning:

ODE FOR THE BURIAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare
Gentle, and merciful, and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

Archbishop McClosky, who was to have pronounced the benediction, being unable to be present by reason of fatigue in attending the procession, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock dismissed the assembly with a benediction.

