

**IN MEMORIAM. ABRAHAM
LINCOLN ASSASSINATED AT
WASHINGTON,
APRIL 14, 1865: ASSASSINATED
AT WASHINGTON, APRIL 14, 1865**

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In Memoriam. Abraham Lincoln Assassinated at Washington, April 14, 1865: Assassinated at Washington, April 14, 1865 by Henry W. Box

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HENRY W. BOX

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WASHINGTON,
APRIL 14, 1865: ASSASSINATED
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*Compliments of
Josiah Jewett.*

In Memoriam.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ASSASSINATED

At Washington, April 14, 1865:

BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE

*PROCEEDINGS OF MEETINGS, ACTION OF AUTHORITIES AND SOCIETIES,
SPEECHES, SERMONS, ADDRESSES AND OTHER EXPRESSIONS OF
PUBLIC FEELING ON RECEPTION OF THE NEWS, AND AT
THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF THE PRESIDENT,*

AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

BUFFALO:
PRINTING HOUSE OF MATTHEWS & WARREN,
Office of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

1865.

In Memoriam.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Assassinated Good Friday, 1865.

"Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

He said, and so went shriven to his fate—
Unknowing went, that generous heart and true.
Even while he spake the slayer lay in wait,
And when the morning opened Heaven's gate
There passed the whitest soul a nation knew.

Henceforth all thoughts of pardon are too late;
They, in whose cause that arm its weapon drew,
Have murdered Mercy. Now alone shall stand
Blind Justice, with the sword unsheathed she wore.

Hark, from the eastern to the western strand
The swelling thunder of the people's roar:

What words they murmur—FETTER NOT HER HAND!
SO LET IT SMITE, SUCH DEEDS SHALL BE NO MORE!

—Edmund C. Steinsman.

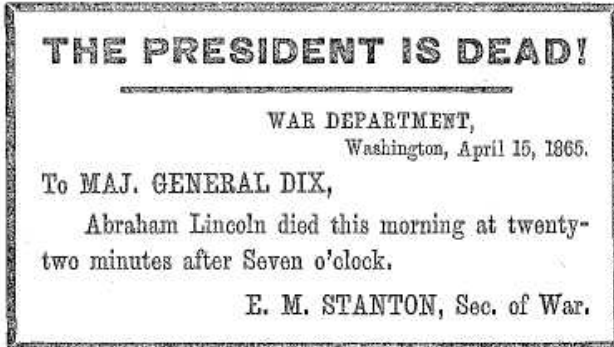
In Memoriam.

Saturday, April 15th, 1865, was a day of mourning in Buffalo. The direful news of the assassination of the President, and the attempted murder of Secretary Seward, passed from mouth to mouth, until within a space of time almost incredibly short, it was diffused over the entire city. Workmen on their early way to the forges and shops spoke of the awful calamity with blanched faces; friends met and shook hands in silence or conversed with quivering lips and choked utterance; bells tolled; the usual sounds peculiar to a busy city on the busiest day of the week were hushed, and it seemed that a pall had been spread over all.

With one accord, as it were, the stores were closed, all traffic was suspended, and the sable emblems of woe appeared on every hand. From the dwelling of the humblest colored family to the mansion of the most opulent citizen, fluttered the half-mast flag, and there were few

localities where some manifestations of sorrow were not apparent. All business was suspended. The streets were crowded, and the telegraph offices were besieged by those eager to obtain the latest tidings; men stood in knots and conversed upon the sad event, and told their hopes and fears for the future; and the usual avocations and pastimes were forgotten in the contemplation of the overwhelming calamity.

On receiving the despatch which announced that the President had breathed his last, a large placard, of which the following is a copy, was printed at the office of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and distributed gratuitously:



These were placed in the windows of very many houses and stores.

The citizens, the Board of Trade, the Masonic order, the Churches, all took proper action on the occasion.

The following was the leading editorial in the *Commercial Advertiser*, on the afternoon of Saturday:

WE stand in the presence of a sudden and terrible national calamity. Like thunder from a clear sky, the intelligence of the assassination of the President of the United States has fallen upon the unprepared ears, and has sunk deep into the hearts of the people. From the summit of our great joy over the near presence of peace through victory, we have been suddenly cast down into mourning. For the third time within less than a quarter of a century, death has smitten the representative head of the nation; but this time he has come in a shape which will create a sensation all over Christendom, infinitely more profound than attended the death of Harrison or Taylor.

The shock of the terrible event is still so fresh upon all, and the results so full of apprehension and conjecture, that we stand appalled. It has come upon us at a time so ripe with the consummations of a great struggle, and so deeply freighted with the destinies of our nation, that words are but vanity, and thoughts are too tumultuous for deliberate expression. It comes "in the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men bow themselves." Truly, "the mourners go about the streets." We mourn the loss of one who was a stalwart reaper in the harvest field of the world's progress; one who had "borne his faculties so meek, and had been so clear in his great office, that his virtues will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off." Although his mortal remains now lie inanimate in the White House, yet Abraham Lincoln is not dead! He still lives, and will live "to the last syllable of recorded time" in the mighty accomplishments which he achieved, as God's chosen instrument. His death was his apotheosis. He has been promoted to the sublime rank of The American Martyr. He has but gone forward to take command of the silent soldiers of the Republic, whose invisible hands shall hereafter reach out from the Eternal, and sustain and protect our government.

We mourn for him as a man, as a father, as a husband; we mourn for him as the political architect, who was called to the second building of our temple, the completed glories of which it was forbidden that he should witness. We mourn for the unachieved possibilities of his fame; but we mourn not without hope. Wherefore?

Because every drop of Abraham Lincoln's blood has been sanctified to the perfect work of our regeneration; and will be the talis-