

PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
COMMON COUNCIL.

ADJOURNED SESSION.

CHAMBER OF THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE }  
CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS, }  
MONDAY, MAY 22D, 1865, 8 O'CLOCK, P. M. }

The Common Council met in adjourned session.

Present—His Honor, the Mayor, John Caven, in the Chair; and the following members :

Councilmen Allen, Boaz, Brown, Coburn, Emerson, Glazier, Grosvenor, Jameson, Kappes, Lefever, Loomis, Schmidt, and Seidensticker—13.

Absent—Councilman Colley, Fletcher, MacArthur, Staub, and Thompson—5.

His Honor, the Mayor, presented the following communication :

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, }  
Toronto, April 19, 1865. }

SIR:—At a meeting of the City Council of Toronto, the following resolution was adopted :

Moved by Alderman J. J. Vance, seconded by Councilman Boxall,

*Resolved*, That this Council, on behalf of the citizens of Toronto, deplore the impious act that has convulsed society in the death, by violence, of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, late President of the United States of America. Esteeming the same a national calamity, they mournfully sympathize with his countrymen, and recognizing in them a great co-operating, christian power, feel deeply sensible of the melancholy gloom it must create. And further, that in honor of the dead, the business of the city be suspended for two hours from noon on Wednesday.

A copy of which has been officially transmitted to Sir FREDERICK BRUCE, British Embassy at Washington, for presentation to the Government of the United States.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN CARR, *Clerk*.

To His Honor, the Mayor of Indianapolis.

REPORTED REMARKS—INTRODUCING THE FOREGOING  
RESOLUTION.

ALDERMAN VANCE said—Mr. Mayor, I find that this resolution is objected to by *one* member, and for the purpose of allaying, if possible, his objection, I will add some observations to a motion that should pass without a word. It may, by that gentleman, be considered an extraordinary motion, but this is an extraordinary occasion. A melancholy death has occurred amongst us. We are but a part of the one great universe, and he to whom it refers was of that order of mortals that belongs not to any country or nationality, but to the *world*. In our chapels, churches, and cathedrals, the theme is to be dealt with. But here, sir, I consider in this, the civic council chamber of the first city in Upper Canada, first in morals, arts, and education, may we, the representatives of the citizens, claim the privilege for them of recording their sympathy with the nation, and the friends, not of the President alone, but of the man—the late Abraham Lincoln. On him “Treason has done its worst.” Civil strife and hostile hate must bend submissive to Heaven-born sympathy, and the world’s big heart responsive beat in melancholy slow pulsations. One of earth’s strange vicissitudes swept by, and he who yesterday stood, midst the foremost of earth’s powers, lives only as a spiritual influence amongst his kind. Not “all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ” could backward roll the past of yesterday, or place that nation in its then condition. Of course I do not here intend a eulogy on his character, or ought but passing reference to his labor-fraught career. There are those who do not sympathise with all his acts, but even they must mourn the loss of one of their own countrymen so high above his fellows. So great in council, so capacious in mind, so tenacious of the right, so benevolent of purpose, and so singularly fitted for the crisis of events. One act alone of his, the liberation of a race, endears him to humanity, and humanity must mourn his premature and violent removal. There are those, the interested few, who question and dispute his policy in this. And some are found who preach God’s word against his right. But out upon such christianity! All Christendom, by a large majority, repudiates the faith that tramples on and traffics in our fellow man, or would gainsay his right to liberty and freedom. Humanity approves the emancipation fiat of the President, and looks fondly forward to its speedy consummation. Sir, did the melancholy of the occasion permit us to speculate upon its results toward ourselves, there might be found much cause for mercenary grief. But, ourselves aside! Looking, as a great Christian people, to the effect upon the nation that he ruled—its torn, dismembered, shattered state—the hope late rising of its reconstruction—his kind, benevolent disposition—viewing with happy admixture of beneficence and austerity the divided family over which he stood as father—tempering his acts of justice with that mercy which, if earthly power could reconcile the feud, and out of discord tune a harmony, bade fair for its accomplishment. Looking, I say, to this, the world must feel and must deplore the rash, the impious act against his life. No one, sir, can deny his greatness as a man; destiny pointed to him.

There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them then how we will.

And a nation, that great nation, “Saxon-blooded,” rich in means, in intellect, in men, with heaven-lent prescience for the occasion, sought him out and called him from his western home, albeit from low position! But no matter what his origin, his name ranks now amongst the hallowed galaxy of earth. History has written with a pen of light his name upon the nineteenth century, and must turn far back upon the scroll ere she can point a peer. Yes, sir, when many shall have faded from that scroll, and sombre shadows of the past have draped the fancied immortality of others, America—happy, proud America—from tongues of millions yet to be, will solemnly articulate in praise the name of Abraham Lincoln. Slavery, wherever it may find a temporary lodgment, will tremble at the talismanic syllables, and slaves and bondmen cheer their souls with hope that his example may inspire some future liberator of another land. A nation weeps, sir, and we all deplore the melancholy cause. One of the world’s few noblemen has passed away, his labor not quite ended. But his spirit walks amongst his people *now*, and will move down the ages of *hereafter* another light in their bright firmament to arrest the attention of the outside world. Following in his steps his people must succeed to what he would have led them, and in the happier future they may

—“tell thy doom without a sigh,  
For thou art Freedom’s now and Fame’s;  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.”

Which, on motion of Mr. Brown, was received and ordered to be spread upon the minutes; and the Mayor directed to acknowledge the receipt of the same.

The ordinance supplementary of the ordinance regulating the running of licensed vehicles, having been made the special order of business for this evening, was taken up, and sundry amendments offered.

Which, on motion, was referred to the Committee on Revision of Ordinances.

By Mr. Brown—Motion:

That the City Marshal is directed to take down the three arches on Washington street, and turn over the materials and decorations to the Select Committee heretofore appointed on that subject.

Which motion was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Brown, the City Marshal was authorized and directed to sell all cloth and other material bought by the city and used in decorating and draping the city in mourning, and pay the proceeds thereof into the City Treasury.

By Mr. Loomis:

INDIANAPOLIS, May 22, 1865.

*To the Mayor and Common Council of the City of Indianapolis:*

I hereby tender my resignation as Policeman in the eighth Ward, for the reason that I am not a resident of the ward.

J. ANDY WALLACE.

Which, on motion, was accepted.

On motion of Mr. Loomis, the Council went into an election to fill vacancy in the police force in the 8th Ward.

FREDERICK FELLOWS, having received all the votes cast, was declared duly elected.

Mr. Emerson presented a communication from one Cassell McCoy, in relation to illegal arrest made by Arthur Sullivan and Dennis Redmond.

Which, on motion, was referred to the Committee on Police.

On motion of Mr. Seidensticker, the Council adjourned to meet on Monday, the 29th, at 8 o'clock P. M.

JOHN CAVEN, *Mayor*.

ATTEST:

C. S. BUTTERFIELD, *City Clerk*.