



LINCOLN
CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION
ADDRESSES
AND
MEMORIAL EXERCISES

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ADDRESSES

*Delivered
At The
Celebration of*

THE ONE HUNDRED
AND SEVENTH
ANNIVERSARY

of the birth of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
Lincoln Centennial Association

At The
State Armoury, in Springfield,
Illinois, on the *twelfth day*
of February, nineteen hundred
and sixteen.

SPRINGFIELD
Printed for the Association

The Lincoln Centennial Association

Incorporated under the Laws of Illinois

OBJECT: *“To properly observe the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln; to preserve to posterity the memory of his words and works, and to stimulate the patriotism of the youth of the land by appropriate annual exercises.”*

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Opening Remarks

By JUDGE HUMPHREY

President of the Association



FEW weeks ago in Chicago, I listened to a war correspondent, who had just returned from the campaign against Serbia; and I thought it must have been a wonderful experience to be present and witness the death of a nation. We are come upon a time when that is a frequent occurrence; when half the world is mad and the other half impotent. Vast armies march daily to destruction and other armies blindly follow to the same end.

Countless women and children go down to death or to a fate worse than death. Continents are devoted to battle-fields and thousands of miles away other continents catch fire with spirit of destruction. Debts are piled on debts under which the nations of the earth will stagger for centuries to come and the cheapest thing in all the mad waste is human life.

I have read in Scottish annals how that in a great battle when the fortunes of war were wavering, some one in an agony of a need of generalship exclaimed:

“Oh, for an hour of Dundee now! Oh, for one flash of his lightning invincible; oh, for one peal of his thunder inimitable!” So I make no doubt you share with me in the desire: Oh, that the world might have an hour of Lincoln now; his power of statement; his unanswerable premises; his firmness for the

right; his even and exact justice; his toleration; his loving kindness; his devotion to the rights of man born of his knowledge of the average man.

Oh, that the rulers of the earth might sit at his feet and drink inspiration from his noble soul. Would not their hearts burn within them as he reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come?

Lincoln, the sweetest spirit in human history. Immortal as the stars. He stands unique among the sons of earth and by that mystic power, which no man can describe, he is more and more drawing the hearts of men unto himself.

Judge Humphrey *Introducing* Senator Lewis



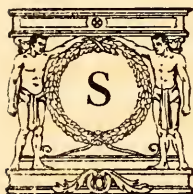
WO of our guests come to us tonight, not as strangers, but in the nature of a home-coming. They fill the highest offices which Illinois has power to give in the National Council.

Senator Lewis had won distinction for himself on the Pacific slope before coming to Illinois, and immediately upon his arrival took his place in the front rank of our citizenship.

He is an author, scholar, orator and one of the accepted leaders of the great party now charged with the administration of the National Government. He will speak to us upon the subject, "Lincoln the Fulfillment of Prophecy."

Lincoln: The Fulfillment of Prophecy

Senator JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS



OPHOCLES, standing upon that rock which crowns Mars Hill in Rome—contemplating the events of time and the mysterious origin of the world's achievements—apostrophized the gods who had directed that from obscurity should spring renown; from humility be born greatness, and that from unheralded places should come forth the prophets of the future and the director of the destiny of mankind. Musing upon these revelations, the great stoic said:

“Ye that are such gods I know ye not by name, nor know I by what name ye wish to be called by, but for that which ye have done in raising up to the praise of men those hopeless of condition, and making the miserable know that out of their own tribes would come their deliverers—for this, ye gods, by whatever name ye shall be known by, I worship ye.”

Tonight I speak not of what Lincoln was as a citizen and neighbor. Of all this our countrymen have been told in story beautiful and oratory sublime. If there be else of this called up by this occasion, then to those around me who have been privileged to live in a sphere Lincoln-hallowed, I leave the pursuit of that delight.

I speak of the destiny of man and the direction of worlds, born of the influence impressed upon earth by the things for which Lincoln lived and died. To me he was but one man

of his kind. His kind, all of one ordained order;—sent forth to serve by which others could rise and be blessed.

I accept God's work as no accident. I take it as a purposeful and directed course, working in exact likeness through the ages. Whenever time and events make necessary the bringing forth of master instrumentalities to work the uplifting of man, the redemption of worlds—a man comes forth—the ambassador for God.

Following the centuries we approach the era forerunning the establishment of America. We behold England in her mistaken standard of liberty as propounded by Cromwell, and sustained by a doctrine that reconciled itself to taking human life as expiation for differences in religious thought. We dwell to deplore the issue of the advocates of Charles I, asserting kingly prerogative of divine birth and this sacrilege tendered to the world as the

English charter of constitutional liberty. We see France writhing under the flames kindled by Rousseau's torch, and the thing called Equality and Fraternity is maintained by the blade and pike—while Liberty was a license for the destruction of organized society and to decree that property be confiscated as crime. In France was freedom in flames, rushing to the winds for outlet. Government and justice were the mere experiments of each succeeding outbreak of revenge or insurrection. Thomas Paine preaching No God, No Christ, No Heaven for sin-stricken man. In that Europe, monarchs and kings everywhere holding as against all, the throne of power to proscribe the rights of man and prescribe the bounds of freedom.

Then flashed upon America the star of Thomas Jefferson, the Virginia farmer, who announced the doctrine that shocked kings,

proclaiming that all men are created equal, and all government derived its just powers from the consent of the governed. Here was the creation of the American model of equality of men. Monarchs scoffed at it, thrones rang with contempt for the heresy of this new American republican democracy. Kings defied it. One monarch, by force, opposed it to the death of England's rule in America. Then, to the consternation of despots, the victory over this opposition of George III founded the first real republic of the known world. Then America was hurled in the struggle to maintain the success of the governments of man without the direction of kings. Time circles around the swaying, surging combat between protesting man and his oppressive ruler.

From such epoch a half century adds itself to the multiplication of events. The year 1819

clicks upon the calendar of years. At this period America offered up the heart of her body to the Union to be dedicated as a state. The sacrifice was accepted and christened Illinois. As her sponsor at the altar of patriotism, Abraham Lincoln, stands before his fellow-mankind. Abraham Lincoln, a man of thought, yet a man consumed in the philosophy of his convictions. We pause to reflect upon the surroundings which were calculated to discourage any soul in any undertaking of liberty, in any enterprise of universal justice.

Fronting Lincoln in Europe were the surrenders of man to monarch, and the retreat of liberty, driven by royal prerogative from the advanced posts she had gained in a century's struggle.

Spain and Portugal crushed in their effort to establish republics, while their heroes were made captives to the king. The aspiring re-

publics of Florence and Venice crushed by the combined powers of royalty, and the gallant Duke of Tuscany a prisoner to the caprice of exile or death.

Hungary, just blooming before the world in flower of freedom, was seized by the kings of Austria and Prussia and forced to subjugation and surrender; her patriots condemned, and the noble Kossuth, the sublime leader of his forlorn cause, forced to steal by the way of darkness to refuge from death and dishonor to England and the United States.

The German spirit of Liberty to Man, Freedom of Country, that had been but of late the inspiration of seven of its kingdoms, fostered by such spirits as the great genius, Wagner, and our own Carl Schurz, was crushed between armies and withered under the flail of swords.

Louis Napoleon, through method of combination with the crown and sceptre of Europe, pressed the republican soul of France in irons, and over the cowering forms of the populace drove his helmeted and iron-shod dragoons—this was when Dumas and Guizot were sent to exile for inveighing against despotism and crying forth from the wilderness of blood for Liberty and Republic.

In South America, the land of Bolivar, who had patterned his ideals after Washington, was again seen the repulse of liberty and the fall of republics. Their despairing hour echoed through our land in the wail of Argentina, Brazil, Chile and sad Colombia. All seemed to have given a dying moan and surrendered for the hour the ghost of human aspiration—freedom of man and liberty of government.

WEDGE OF DISUNION AIMED.

In America was slavery and a spirit of national decay. At the heart of the Republic was aimed the wedge of disunion; the union threatened with a stroke of secession that would slay the constitution. About Lincoln was the spectacle of Clay, the leader of the Whigs, compromising with slavery, and Webster compromising the spirit of New England for the presidency. Then Douglas, the democrat, for peace as he saw it, compromising with the compromisers, hoping to save his Union by taking the question out of the national zone and remitting it solely to the provinces of local government. All men of all worlds fleeing from stricken liberty, and all people of all governments in despair of freedom; government of man by justice a vanished dream, and rule by the order of kings re-established with cannon strength to possess

freedom's once sacred stronghold. Blackness all about—a world standing helpless in hopeless desolation.

Then it seems as if the veil was rent—the night parted—a new day broke. Then it is that we behold this Lincoln, coming out of the shadowed distance, emerging from the gloom, moving on earth as comes the light from afar through darkness. His voice breaks the still stupor of the times. As Moses came to his children—Christ to His people, Jefferson to his country, Lincoln came to his fellow mankind.

Hear him crying out:

“Give, great God, to Freedom's wave to ride
Sublime over conquest, avarice and pride;
To sweep where corruption decks her guilty
bowers,
And dark oppression builds her thick-
ribbed towers.”

Abraham Lincoln, citizen of the Republic, had beheld with a soul's clear sight all the things of this recounted past. He reflected upon the omissions in the systems advanced. To him was disclosed the one thing absent, but necessary, if man was to survive. To him a new thought was born. In him a new apostle was ordered forth. By this teacher a new theory of free government—yet unknown and untried—was proclaimed. Lincoln had seen and understood that Moses had led the cause of God to the deliverance of His children from a bondage of souls. Christ had marched His sad people to Calvary to leave the world a heritage of deliverance of the body through love.

In temporal government in America, Jefferson, beholding the eruptions and distractions in all the European world, struggling for an ideal, fixed his as the right of man to speak

through his representatives in all government of kings and rulers. But Lincoln, he proclaimed that though Jefferson be right in announcing the privilege of men to be represented in all government created by kings or armies, he, Lincoln, asserted that the true right of man was something higher. It was not only to be represented as equals in government created for him by government-makers, but that it was the right of man to create his own government, and in the place of governments by kings or powers of chosen representatives, Lincoln substituted the theory of government by the people for themselves, as a people to create, uncreate and recreate, and by their own voice to design their own government, without dependence on representation and misrepresentation of chosen agents. Lincoln saw that the true future of man in free republics was the right of establishing himself in gov-

ernment through himself, in any form of establishment his welfare dictated. Any other form of free government, to Lincoln, was indirection and could be oppression. Therefore, to wholly secure the liberty of government, Lincoln proclaimed that the liberty of every man must be established in himself, speaking his freedom through himself. In Lincoln's own soul was born this conception. It was by him first announced, first proclaimed, and by him, before the startled world, justified. For this doctrine he summoned to the sacrifice of honorable death, his kindred and countrymen. On the fields of bloody glory his fellow mankind of every section of his beloved country bled and fell, and from the dust of their sacred bodies sprung eternal union and deathless liberty of America. From thenceforward there were created for mankind new standards for men to live by, new faith for men to die by, and new hope for worlds to

survive for. All had been inspired to new existence by the one man—Lincoln.

Tonight we revive to memory the restoration of lost nations as they leaped again to freedom and justice under the inspiration of this new-born guide.

South America, in her broadening domain of a great tomorrow's promise, has neither emperor nor king between all her seas to free her people by the threat of crown or to oppress a nation by power of sceptre.

In Europe, Portugal steps out into the arena of republics, taking her place after the pattern of America, adopting as her moto the text of Lincoln's great inaugural, "With charity toward all and malice toward none."

France, securely established in the form of an American republic, emulates in her charter the spirit of the Lincoln fourteenth and

fifteenth constitutional amendments as a standard of guidance, while she endows her colonies with the Lincoln Emancipation Proclamation as the manumission to her once oppressed.

Russia cleaves her way through darkness, creating parliaments of men, and writes above the portals of her council halls the declaration of "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," as reassured in the immortal consecration of Lincoln at Gettysburg.

Here in America truth forces the admission that every advance of liberty in the last generation, every extension of the ballot, every widening of the privilege of man in the government of himself, must be credited to teachings of Lincoln—all ever justifying their onward march against every opposition by crying forth in the words of Isaiah: "Listen, ye heathen, and submit, for with us is God."

Across the storm-lashed seas is Europe of today; Europe, the disciple of Lincoln's teachings; Europe, the aroused under Lincoln's call. Truth compels us to declare that if there had not been Abraham Lincoln in America, there would today have been no world war in Europe.

Abraham Lincoln, crying out in the wilderness of world wrongs, protesting against earth's injustice, and to Heaven declaring that no government of earth had the right to deny to man his equality with every other man, and that all men had the Heaven-born right of freedom, and that to appease the injustice of rulers and defy oppression of country every just means at their command, was obedience to God. This man, Lincoln, awakened the sleeping consciences of men and aroused the spirit of revolt against tyranny through the world. This teaching of this great son of

America fired the souls of those in Europe to battle against kings and emperors for liberty of man, and against armies and death for justice to country.

If, we, shuddering, view the devastation of spheres—cities wasted in slaughter and fields withered in flames—if in it we behold civilization pleading in the name of God that the century now reeling in a death grapple of Christianity with barbarism, shall halt its crumbling of kingdoms and crushing of empires, we, in the Republic of America, are not without consolation in the reflections upon this world's catastrophe. In this cataclysm we behold the coming transformation. It is to be the republic ideal of government—the realized dream of the democracy of man.

We know that when the blood-drenched events have come to their close and there shall arise the patriots of the new era, seeking for

prophets of inspiration and guidance for the new day, those who would take increased devotion will turn to America and dedicate their people to those holy standards burning in the sky of the redeemed earth—Lincoln and Illinois!



Judge Humphrey *Introducing* Senator Sherman



HERE should be a peculiar interest tonight in listening to one, the lines of whose life have fallen in paths which were so familiar to Mr. Lincoln. Probably no one of our generation has a more sympathetic knowledge of the historic Lincoln or of those obstacles which made him great.

Senator Sherman has been a deep student of the Lincoln character, a devoted follower of the Lincoln doctrines of government and he has a right to feel a pleasurable pride in knowing that he was sent to the United States Senate by the men, and the sons of the men and the grandsons of the men who loved Lincoln prior to the time when all men came to love him. He will speak to you upon the subject, "Lincoln and the Commonplace."



Lincoln and the Commonplace

Senator LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN



OVERTY and obscurity are a better birthright to a noble mind than a scepter and a crown. The mortal dust of a thousand kings is mingled with the earth. The shouts of the applauding multitudes are silent forever. The diadem and the throne are vanished. No responsive voices answer the roll call of their forgotten names.

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Avarice with the fabled touch of Midas can neither grasp nor understand the imperishable rights of humanity and justice. The comradeship of toil is the threshold of sympathetic understanding. Few patricians enter there. It is denied to the idler and the sluggard. It comes only to those who have struggled with adverse fate, with disappointment and discouragement, with hardship and neglect, who have known sorrow and felt the chill when fortune turned her face away.

How common the steps by which the lowly rise, who toil with human hands in field or mill, in soil or shop. How trivial the first crude efforts that mark the beating wing of the chainless mind before it takes flight to the realm of thought and action. The humble task well done is then the certain step to other things.

Nothing but the elemental survives. Every atom and fiber of the elements are common-

place. There is no short and sunny road to ability and high achievement. The nettles and stones and dust of drudgery beset the way where genius travels to its lofty goal. The easy road leads to the mediocre and decay.

Genius is the miracle of translated toil. In that dim region where thought is born the joyful drudgery of human labor plants its impressions. It stores memories' vast warehouse with the spoils of the ages and experience. It measures, weighs, appraises and reasons. It tills the field where the mind's eternal mystery asserts its changeless sway and where immortality dawns on human faith and understanding. Genius is not mere intellect, neither is it knowledge. It is both combined with understanding and ceaseless labor lighted with love and faith. The mere logician lacks the statesman's faith and hope and sympathetic perception of the years to come. Genius is akin to

religion in which our mother's hope and undying faith is better than the wise man's knowledge.

Small wonder it is that Lincoln seemed to some a mystic. He had come a long journey from his lowly cabin to the martyr's grave. Nothing escaped his attention on the way. He saw and understood the relation of the commonplace things and acts of life to greater deeds. His hands first earned his daily bread. His mind and character irresistibly marked him for other things. He saw and applied the eternal operation of moral truths in the affairs of men. He knew such truth linked his generation with the unrevealed future and reached into the realms of immortality. Because of this some times politicians could not understand his politics, nor statesmen his statesmanship. He wrought his craft on a higher level than the average man. His achievements

challenged the attention of the historian, the statesman and philosopher.

Every day some one says the age of miracles is past. No one knows if this is so for how few would be convinced if one were wrought. Those who saw it would not believe. Those who were told of it would say it never happened. The few who believed and avowed their faith would be stigmatized as dupes or liars. As age and experience come upon us we become prosaic. World wearied mankind is wedded to the commonplace. The level of the average man and the average things stretches out in a seemingly boundless plain before the routine of daily life. There sometimes seems to be novelty only for the young, the inexperienced. They alone turn the pages of life and read each one as something new. The stoic who says there is nothing new under the sun however is in grievous error. Novelty relates

alone to human life. Life had its morning, noon and night. To each who live through mankind's seven successive stages each experience and revelation are new. No one but a cynic ever loses his love of the commonplace and its relation to the larger accomplishments of a completed life. It is only near its close each learns there is little new except human love and human sorrow. Then we know that each has traveled with us as an inseparable companion whose shadow follows us from the beginning to the end.

Across the even plain of commonplace life there walk some in their generation who see beneath the common things and beyond the average man. So many of the uncommon ones have risen from the ranks of humble circumstances. How little we know after all of those common things of earth and air and light and darkness, of heat and cold and fire and water

and life and death. They are all matters of fact. When we strive to go back of them, how we stumble. The scientist penetrates a little way and loses himself in definitions. The philosopher meditates and after weary thought returns to the faith of his childhood. Literature explores its realms and at last stops at the same limitations that bar unlettered life. The chemist in his laboratory gropes among his combinations and symbols only to stop at the barrier. Here and there patient research grasps some vital truth and when it is known the multitude marvel at its simplicity. The inventor charts an unknown method to use nature's forces to build for human good. Millions travel then the way that has been blazed and use inventions as the alphabet of a new industrial life. The mystic and the dreamer dwell in a world that others think a region of miracle or superstition or the supernatural.

Upon every one of us nature makes as large a demand on our belief as miracles do on our faith. The first blade of grass or the first leaf that bent to the breath of spring is as great a miracle as the resurrection of our human dead. What does mere reason know of either? Nature practices an alchemy we do not understand. From inert earth and sun and rain and soil she brings forth plant life in its multitudinous forms of use and beauty. From the dead and lifeless substances human life builds its mortal habitation in which it dwells to live and act during its allotted span. Through it all some subtle chemistry defies the wit of man. We only see what nature does. How or from what source it comes we know no more than the first one to ponder over the inscrutable mystery.

In the routine deeds of life when does the

alchemy of human affairs translate the commonplace to the heroic and the sublime! Greatness is an accumulation to which many contribute and one crowns it all. History and fame write high the name who executes the will and directs the purpose of many but Lincoln never forgot the many from whose ranks he sprang.

Lincoln once despondently said that if he were to die he had joined his name with no enduring question that would make him remembered by his generation. Within seven years he had been elected President a second time, a great civil war had been carried to a successful conclusion, slavery had been stricken from all the states, the republic finally dedicated to the principle that all men are free, the Union preserved, the government had emerged from the supreme test in strength, stability and honor and Lincoln, dead by an assassin's hand,

had passed into the ages as one of the colossal figures in the world's history.

The world learned of him and his abilities in seven years. The United States first heard of him in 1858. Few outside of Illinois knew of him before that time. Major John A. Wakefield served in the Black Hawk War of 1832 and 1833. Lincoln was a captain in that war and later a private by reenlistment. Wakefield's history of the Black Hawk War does not mention Lincoln's name.

Henry Brown wrote Illinois history in a book of some hundreds of pages. It ended in 1844. Lincoln was then thirty-five years old. His name is not found in this history.

Governor John Reynolds wrote Illinois history to July 4, 1855. His name does not appear in his pages. He was in his forty-seventh year when that historian ended his labors.

Frederick Gerhart wrote Illinois history to 1856. Lincoln was then in his forty-eighth year. His name does not appear.

Thomas Ford was Governor of Illinois and widely acquainted in the state. In the preface to his history of Illinois which chronicles men and events to 1847 he says:

“I wrote about small events and little men for two reasons. First, there was nothing else to write about; and second, those small matters seemed best calculated to illustrate what I wanted to promulgate among the people.”

In the body of the history he says:

Sangamon County, Illinois, was then represented by two senators and seven representatives called the “long nine,” all whigs but one. Among them were some dexterous jugglers in politics whose whole object was to obtain the seat of government in Springfield.”

Lincoln’s first appearance between the lids of a book found in the libraries is therefore as “a dexterous political juggler.” At the time

Ford closed his history Lincoln was thirty-eight years old. The last edition of the *Western Annals* wrote history to 1856. He was then past forty-seven years old. His name does not appear in its many hundreds of pages. It might be said that those local historians looked backward rather than to the present. It cannot be denied that they wrote of many living men. It is apparent that Lincoln did not fall within their horizon at the several dates named as a commanding figure within the ken of the historian. Let me add that another of the "small men" of whom Ford wrote was Stephen A. Douglas. In the few years that followed the last words that fell from the local historian's pen both Lincoln and Douglas became candidates for the presidency. One rent asunder by the violence of divergent opinion on disunion and slavery the ancient democratic party.

Douglas received 62 per cent of the popular vote of that party and Breckenridge 38 per cent. Lincoln received the entire vote of his particular party. Reduced to percentages the two "little men" of whom Ford wrote in 1847, and other historians ignored, divided 70 per cent of the voting population of the United States. Lincoln received 40 per cent and Douglas 30 per cent. Lincoln went to the presidency to face a great rebellion and successfully to administer the government through the greatest peril which it has encountered since its formation. Douglas went, it is true, to defeat, and in a few months to his death, but let it be recorded, ever remembered and gratefully acknowledged tonight, that he was infinitely greater in death than he was in life. With his last words he cast his mighty influence for the preservation of the Union and the suppression of armed rebellion.

Lincoln dwelt with the commonplace, with the ordinary man, with the average litigation, with the average juror. He walked on mother earth amidst common things living the greater part of his life in hardship and wearying trials. Obscurity and poverty were his early companions. He studied the same few books and learned the same simple truths that others learned or might have learned in his time. He is a great example that it is not a glut of many books that gives understanding. It is the digestion and assimilation of a few good ones that help form human character. Not a book, not a commonplace thing, not an advantage that Lincoln had is not open to every American boy in the republic today. How common it all seems.

But few men are living today who remember the abuse that Lincoln endured. We are prone to think that modern politics has degen-

erated. It has only perpetuated its evils. He said on one occasion that he who was forgiving and friendly by nature seemed to be fated always to be in struggles that roused great personal bitterness. How strange it sounds today to repeat what was said of him while he carried the burdens of the last sad years of his life. Said one vehement critic:

“Notwithstanding the emptiness of Mr. Lincoln’s mind I think we shall yet succeed in making this a decent land to live in. With chronic whig distrust and ignorance of the people, Lincoln halts and fears. He is a first rate second rate man.”

Once more the critic spoke:

“I want somebody to occupy the presidential chair who believes in God and the people, in justice and the masses.”

This was said in May 1863. Again in 1863 these unkind words were spoken:

“Cease to lean on the government at Washington. It is a broken reed, if not worse. We will lose unless the people are able to ride out the storm without the captain or the pilot. We must remember the very prejudices and moral callousness which made Lincoln in 1860 an available candidate when anger and half educated parties were struggling for victory, necessarily make him a poor leader rather no leader at all, in a crisis like this.”

These depressing sentiments fell from the lips of the greatest platform orator and superb agitator of his generation Wendell Phillips.

History and the impartial tribunal before which posterity has rendered its verdict acclaim how much greater Lincoln was than all his critics. How from their acrid words and their bitterness, their contemptuous dislike, and the vast clamor of the many tongued free press, he came unscathed. Even from those instruments which aimed to destroy he forged the weapons of righteousness in great emergencies. Above the injustice and the bitter-

ness he rose serene and triumphant and wrote the closing scenes of the bloody drama until the curtain fell on mortal gaze. He translated the commonplace of his early life by the strange alchemy of his nature to the high level of great creative statesmanship and the sublimity of enduring moral truths embodied in administration. We will not try to analyze, we will only stop to note, to revere and admire, to pay our respects and our sincere homage to the simple, powerful character that built out of the routine of prosaic life a mighty structure of noble deeds. Let it sink deep into our convictions tonight the great war in which Lincoln was the central figure would have ended in half the time, saved half a million lives and countless treasure if the Union had been prepared to fight when Sumter fell in April 1861.

Judge Humphrey *Introducing* Bishop Quayle



WHEN Caleb Smith of Indiana, one of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries, departed this life, the late Senator Cullom, who was then representing this district in Congress, went with others, to urge Mr. Lincoln to appoint to the place, a distinguished gentleman of this city, and an old friend of Mr. Lincoln. The President listened to them and said:


"I would like to do it, but I do not see how I can. I think I ought to give that place to the Methodist Church. The Methodist church has been loyal all the time and Bishop Simpson wants me to appoint Harlan of Iowa."

We have, as our guest tonight, one of the most distinguished representatives of that loyal church and he will speak to us upon the subject "Lincoln and Tomorrow."



Lincoln and Tomorrow

Bishop WILLIAM A. QUAYLE

“TOMORROW” is the place where most of us will not arrive. The tomorrow of history is that point of the journey where, in the nature of the case, very few people can ever get. And it is not necessary to arrive in tomorrow at all. It were a great deal better to use our day to bloom like quiet flowers along the path where we dwell, and quietly live, and gently live, and wholesomely

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live, than to live ungraciously and unkindly and so invade tomorrow. In a legitimate way, men must fall in line with the currents that run tomorrowward. And such men as will invade tomorrow must find the currents that are flowing from today to tomorrow to be the sort of currents with which their lives will naturally blend.

I believe Lincoln will live with great safety in any tomorrow there is, because he represented in an undramatic and very gracious way the great spirit of manhood. We have talked a great deal about brotherliness but we have not practiced it very much, and when a man comes along who does not talk it very much but practices it a great deal, it is a very beautiful and wholesome incident. The matter of brotherliness is very easy to talk about; but the practice of brotherliness; the belief that men actually are brethren; the belief that

anybody—wherever he is born—has as authentic a right to all that liberty may bring, as any other body wherever he may be born, is quite a different matter.

It is a great, beautiful and witching doctrine. It is the doctrine that is bound to own tomorrow.

I have noticed in the main, that the more talk about brotherliness there is, the less brotherliness there is, because if a man talks it all out he can't work it out, can he? and he can't love it out, can he? and he can't sing it out, can he? he can't voice it out in the religion of his hand and heart, can he? We get rid of our brotherliness by our speech when we ought to keep it in our character, so that anybody that meets us shall know he is a brother. That is how Lincoln believed—and that only is brotherliness.

While I believe that in America the actual operation of brotherliness has proceeded farther and done greater things than in any section of the world that history ever knew, yet we have much to learn. This man here—whose face stands colossal above us—that heroic figure, the word he said, and the word he always said, and the word he had by heart was this—"toil." Could you have leaned to hear the last whisper of those lips, the last whisper of Abraham Lincoln's lips—what you would have heard would have been "brother." Tomorrow has got to be more brotherly than today. Tomorrow, men have got to consider men as they do not today, and tomorrow women have got to consider women as they do not today. Abraham Lincoln genuinely and honestly loved folks.

What we have to consider is what brotherliness and brotherhood mean. It makes no dif-

ference whence you came. We are all journeying here by the grace of God. This brotherhood, Abraham Lincoln knew and practiced.

The only people that are worth while are the people that do work; and the only people that are most worth while are the people that do the most work. O you Lincoln with the great brawny hands. O the wonder of your toil! O Lincoln—tomorrow, that is the work day of history. Lincoln will be there, and all the people that want to work tomorrow, and want to glorify work and glory in work. There with them will stand this heroic figure, and he will be showing his hands, and he will say it is noble to work. In other words, the world grows farther and farther away, from morn to morn, from the notion that indulgence is aristocracy, and doing nothing is doing much. We are hurrying faster than the lightnings play, and faster than the light can

run to the day when every human being on the earth when he makes a coat of arms will make it with hands on it, and the motto "we work."

Tomorrow—I think Lincoln will get on well toward tomorrow because he had a sort of infinite pity. What a thing it is to have pity. His face had so much pity written on it. Whatever it was when it left you and you saw it go yonder—this naked face, those sturdy lips, those seeing eyes, those masterful, gentle, winsome hands—whatever that face was when it turned from Springfield, when it came back here dead as marble, then it was the most pitiful face we had ever seen.

There is a beautiful page in Oliver Wendell Holmes closing part of the "Professor at the Breakfast Table;" and the story of it is, as you will remember, of a little weazened man with a crooked back and with child's legs where man's legs should have been. He lived and

lived and nobody had ever cared for him. People looked at him and children laughed. Big people looked at him and turned their faces away. And so all his life there had been nobody around to be sorry for him. When he was dying, and after the theological student had prayed with him, what the man said with his faltering and failing breath was this: "Nobody has ever kissed me except my mother." Then the sweet girl that was in the boarding house and had been sitting by his bed—sat during the weary days and never left him—she with that sweet womanhood which sees the dream and follows it—that knows better what to do when she doesn't think what to do than when she does—leaned over and gave him a kiss, the second kiss he had ever had. She was so sorry for him! And today, there are millions that need somebody to pity them. It is true that the great, quiet God pities all of

us. It is true that the great, quiet God is the dearest, sweetest friend that any of us possesses. But if anybody wants to be of help, if anybody wants to put comfort into peoples hearth; if anybody wants to make warmth and light with the same kindly, gracious deed, there is room for him. This man on whose lips there had been but one kiss, got his kiss just as he was going to die.

Do you know men and women, how many folks there are that need pity and a touch of the hand in the dark; a patting of the hand, sweaty with tears out of a broken heart. There will be a tomorrow where then as now they shall need pity, and where there shall be orphans as now, and children crying for fathers and cannot find them, and widows crying for their husbands and husbands cannot hear their cry, and husbands calling for wives and they make no response. In that tomorrow Abra-

ham Lincoln shall be and the people shall come to him and find a brother. The people that have been thinking in idle dreams of labor shall come and see his hard working hands and shall seize them and catch from them a sense of dignity of what a man's hands are and what they are for. In that tomorrow people shall need pity, and that gentle, pitiful man, Abraham Lincoln—buried in Springfield town—will be there. On hard hands, on stooped shoulders and on afraid hearts, his hand shall touch with a caress, and the people shall look up and say, "Thanks be to the good God that thou hast come this way."





Ceremony Marking *the* Locality
of Lincoln's Farewell Address
in Springfield



ON the National Flag Day, June 14, 1915, at Springfield, Illinois, in front of the old Great Western Railroad passenger depot, at the corner of Tenth and Monroe Streets, there were unveiled two tablets marking the locality where Abraham Lincoln on February 11th, 1861, made his farewell address to his friends and neighbors as he was leaving for Washington to be inaug-

urated as President. The exercises were in charge of the Springfield Chapter of the Illinois Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Cornelius J. Doyle, Regent, presiding.

One tablet contains Newton Bateman's version of the farewell address, the other the words "Erected by the Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, June 14, 1915." These tablets are set in opposite sides of a granite pillar surrounded by an iron fence and located on the south side of Monroe Street in front of the depot. The farewell address was spoken by Mr. Lincoln from the rear platform of the south end of the train upon which he was to leave and which was then standing on the west siding and a few feet north of the north line of Monroe Street. The citizens stood in the street south of the train.

On the occasion of the unveiling of these tablets, Governor Edward F. Dunne made the opening address. A letter from Honorable Robert T. Lincoln was read, after which

EX-GOVERNOR RICHARD YATES spoke, saying:

The nearest to reproducing the circumstances surrounding and immediately preceding that day of leave-taking is to call your attention to certain things appearing in the columns of the press of that day.

I submit the following items which I have found in the City Library of the City of Chicago—in the columns of the Chicago Tribune.

“THE PRESIDENTIAL JOURNEY.

“Program of Mr. Lincoln's Route.

“Highly interesting details

“(Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.)

“Springfield, Feb. 9, 1861.

“Mr. Lincoln and his suite leave this city for Washington on Monday at 8 a. m. The following is the program :

“Monday 11th

“Leave Springfield 8 A. M.; arrive Indianapolis 5 P. M.

“Tuesday 12th

“Leave Indianapolis 11 A. M.; arrive at Cincinnati 3 P. M.

“Wednesday 13th

“Leave Cincinnati 9 A. M.; arrive at Columbus 12 M.

“Thursday 14th

“Leave Columbus 8 A. M.; arrive at Steubenville 2 P. M.

Leave Steubenville 2:30 P. M.; arrive at Pittsburg 5 P. M.

“Friday 15th

“Leave Pittsburg 10 A. M.; arrive at Cleveland 4 P. M.

“Saturday 16th

“Leave Cleveland 9 A. M.; arrive at Buffalo 4:30 P. M.

“Sunday 17th

“Remain at Buffalo Monday 18; leave Buffalo 6 A. M.

Arrive at Albany 3. P. M.

“Tuesday 19th

“Leave Albany 10 A. M.; arrive at New York at 3 P. M.

“The train on the Great Western Railroad will be made up of a baggage car and a first passenger car drawn by a splendid Rogers locomotive, the Wiley, named, by the way, after a leading Southern plantation owner and secessionist.”

“(Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune)

“Indianapolis, Jan. 11, 1861.

“Mr. Lincoln's Departure from Springfield.

“The hour for leaving Springfield was fixed at 8 A. M. A little earlier Mr. Lincoln and his suite proceeded from the Chenery House to the Great Western Railroad depot where a large crowd was in waiting. By Mr. Lincoln's special request, there was no approach to a public demonstration yet the parting was characterized by a feeling more expressive and befitting the occasion. As Mr. Lincoln mounted the platform of the car he turned to bid adieu amid an imposed silence, many persons seeming deeply affected, and he himself scarcely able to check the emotions of the hour. In taking leave of his long time friends and neighbors he said: My friends, etc. There were many moist eyes as the train rolled away

from the depot and the journey of the President-elect to the Capitol of the Nation was begun.

“The train was made up of a single passenger and baggage car. It had been decided since Saturday that Mrs. Lincoln and the family should accompany Mr. Lincoln throughout the entire trip. But it was necessary from the lateness of the change of plan that she should join him at Indianapolis on Tuesday morning.

“WHO ACCOMPANYS MR. LINCOLN.

“Mr. Lincoln is accompanied by his son, Robert and two children, and his brother-in-law and family physician, Dr. W. S. Wallace. His suite proper is composed of his two secretaries (John G. Nicolay and John M. Hay), Hon. N. B. Judd, Hon. Orville H. Browning, Hon. David Davis, Col. E. V. Sumner and Major D. Hunter of the United States Army,

Col. E. E. Ellsworth, Col. Ward H. Lamon, J. M. Burgess, Esq., of Wisconsin, and George C. Latham, companion of Robert Lincoln, all of whom, with several representatives of the Press, are to be of the party throughout.

“Besides these there were on board the train the following: Hon. J. K. Dubois, Robert Irwin, E. L. Baker, J. J. S. Wilson, Hall Wilson, E. F. Leonard, W. Jamison, E. Peck, J. Grimshaw, W. M. Morrison, L. W. Ross, W. H. Carlin, M. H. Cassell, J. A. Hough, E. V. Sumner, Jr., D. H. Gilmer and Col. G. W. Giplen of Missouri—these last named to accompany Mr. Lincoln to Indianapolis only.

“ON THE WING.

“President Tilton and Superintendent Bowen of the Great Western Railroad, were in charge of the train, the time table of which to the State Line, 120 miles, was the fastest of any portion of the route to New York, and was strictly complied with, averaging not less than 28 miles an hour, running time.

“Obviously few stops could be made, yet at every station and crossing and cabin near the road, the people gathered, some of whom came many miles over heavy roads, to see the train and strive to catch a glimpse of one who bears the hopes of so many. At some of the larger stations, where no stops were made, Mr. Lincoln came to the rear of the car and showed himself, where the loyal thousands of the Northwest desired him to be, on the platform; and the noise of the flying train could not drown the cheers and “God speed you” that were the spontaneous farewell of the people of his State.

“AT INDIANAPOLIS.

“The military and other companies were on the ground and the steam fire engines of the city elegantly decorated in national colors, formed an attraction. At the depot from a barouche drawn by four white horses his Ex-

cellency, Governor Morton, made a very happy and patriotic address of reception.

“The route of the procession was then begun through the principal streets to the Bates House, the entire route being lined with thousands of spectators thronging the sidewalks, balconies, windows and every available point of lookout. The city has never seen a greater demonstration.”

“(Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.)

“Cincinnati, February 12, 1861.

“The streets of Indianapolis were crowded through the morning by eager thousands waiting to catch a parting glimpse of the President-elect. After an informal visit to the legislature in session, where he remained a few minutes, Mr. Lincoln returned to Bates House and a little before the hour of departure came out upon the balcony, overlooking a crowd of from ten to twelve thousand persons.

He was again and again cheered with the greatest enthusiasm. At 11 A. M. he was escorted to the Union Depot. Governor Morton occupied a seat beside him in a barouche drawn by four white horses. The large area of the depot 600 ft. long was entirely filled with a vast turnout who gave cheer after cheer. The train left for Cincinnati at 11 A. M., Mr. Lincoln remaining on the platform until the city limits were reached, where, only the crowd that lined the track ended."

“AT CINCINNATI.

“At the Cincinnati depot, Mayor Bishep received Mr. Lincoln in a brief and appropriate speech to which the President-elect briefly responded. There were also present several committees and a delegation from the Trades' Union. Amid vociferous applause Mr. Lincoln took his place beside Mayor Bishep, in an open carriage, drawn by six white horses, and

the long procession, civic and military, being speedily made up, took the appointed lines of march through the principal streets, in an ovation *the like of which has never been seen in the northwest.* Throughout the entire route the scene was most brilliant and imposing. Every available point of view was densely packed with spectators and there were abundant and elaborate decorations of national and union loving significance. The stars and stripes, mottoes, emblems and transparencies ready for illumination for the evening were on every side. This evening a torch light procession of Germans, 200 or more, and irrespective of party or organization, paraded the streets and saluted Mr. Lincoln at the Burnet House. The city is ablaze with enthusiasm."

Inasmuch as we cannot call him back, let us at least try to recall the scene.

Even as we, of today, are standing, today, and at this hour, here, full of love of country, full of loyalty to our President, and full of anxiety about our national duty—even as we are looking at (but not through) the veil hanging between us and our future—so stood a couple of hundred of Springfield's citizens in that other and former day and hour.

Any hour, holding within it sixty minutes, a speech by Abraham Lincoln, would be and is, regarded by the civilized world today as an hour notable and worthy to be immortalized in song and story.

Were that particular hour to occur again—not to come now, in the twentieth century, but to be lived again, on the eleventh day of February, 1861—unquestionably the entire population of Springfield would be here; and not 200 people merely; and, of course, if it could be that Lincoln himself could appear here now

in 1915, his audience would be simply millions and tens of millions—and not you and I, but all the great after the flesh would be conducting these exercises; and therefore we cannot escape the conviction that those, among your number, who were there then, had a great and signal privilege, as honorable as decoration for valor or for invention. For by your presence then you surpassed your fellows in understanding of the significance of the moment. To put it into plain English, you, who had sense enough in that day to know what a great soul was going out from among you, distinguished yourselves and are entitled to honorable mention for it.

We, the onlookers of today, can only envy you.

We cannot put ourselves in your places.

We cannot recall as you can recall.

And therefore we cannot recreate.

But we can imagine.

There is the train; a special train of the Great Western railroad, the forerunner of the Wabash; this train is to go to Indianapolis, whence the President-elect is to go to Cincinnati, Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, New York City, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and finally Washington.

And here are 200 people, interested but quiet, full of affectionate feeling, but also full of a kind of awe, because witnessing the departure of a man who is to be henceforth closely watched by thirty millions of Americans, and whose mission it is to show that

“In spite of rock and tempest’s roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore”

America is still the beacon light of liberty, the hope of humanity.

It is the dreariest and darkest of days.

It is all shadow and no sunshine.

It is depressing and distressing, altogether.
A cold rain has added its discomforts.

Will a farewell be spoken?

Mr. Lincoln comes out upon the platform of a car. And then he says:

“My friends. No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting.

To this place and the kindness of this people I owe everything.

Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man.

Here my children have been born, and one is buried.

I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington.

Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed.

With that assistance I cannot fail.

Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well.

To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

It is not my purpose to give quotations from newspapers containing comment upon farewell remarks of Mr. Lincoln, but I cannot refrain from calling your attention to the editorial which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of Tuesday, February 12, 1861, at the head of the first column of the first page. It reads as follows:

“REVERENTLY DONE.

“The reverent mood in which Mr. Lincoln sets out for the accomplishment of the mighty task before him is worthy of all praise. His predecessor went into office defying heaven by an endorsement of the Dred Scott Decision

—the most atrocious chapter in the history of civilized jurisprudence. He leaves his high place shedding penitential tears over the ruin which his treason and atheism have wrought. Mr. Lincoln makes a different beginning. The first step in his journey is preceded by an invocation of the blessings of the Almighty. May we not hope that the end of his term will be as triumphant and glorious as Buchanan's is abject and humiliating. God bless honest old Abe."

I will make no effort to quote from the newspaper dispatches in which are cited and described Mr. Lincoln's visits to the other cities between Springfield and Washington except to quote what I have always thought was the most magnificent expression, to which he ever gave utterance, of his sublime faith in God and his serene confidence in the American people. This expression occurred in certain

remarks which he made in the State Capitol at Columbus, Ohio, on the 13th of February. He was replying to an exceedingly eloquent speech which had been delivered by Lieutenant-Governor Kirk in the presence of both branches of the General Assembly of Ohio. The words are these :

“There has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country ; and so feeling, I cannot but turn and look for the support without which it will be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn then and look to the American people and to that *God* who has never forsaken them.”

The Wabash Railroad, successor to the old Great Western Railroad, and through whose assistance the placing of the marker was made possible, was represented by

CHARLES E. BROWN, Superintendent, who spoke a few words.

SENATOR LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN then said:

Too little have Americans marked the sacred places of our history. Our nation is young. Its genesis is not yet obscured by the blaze of departed centuries. It was born in revolution. It grew to independence in war. Along the Atlantic states history has marked where Warren died, where Washington suffered with his men. From the stain of Arnold's treason to the devotion of all he betrayed, each spot is known, its memory hallowed by lettered tablet and memorial stone.

Ten columns were raised on the lofty mound where rests the dust of the Athenians who fell at Marathon. On the monumental shaft of each of the ten tribes were graven the names of the men who fell in the great struggle against the Persian hosts. The Antiquarians read their names six hundred years after they

were graven. The earthen mound remains twenty-four hundred years after Athens wrote her imperishable triumph in the annals of the world.

From Faneuil Hall to Appomattox this republic has its consecrated places sacred to some event or men. Again we recur to the threshold of civil war. The nation of Washington and Hamilton, of Jefferson and Madison was challenged by disunion. The day of sacrifice and expiation drew swiftly near. From this place went the stalwart form and courageous soul to chart the darkening way. He held the nation on its course. From Sumter's doubt and peril to the day of cloudless peace he was faithful to the republic and its founders.

This place is consecrated by the memory of eventful days.

From out the tide of departed time we note a fleeting moment to mark it with a visible token for the coming years.

Here the saddened words of Lincoln stirred the winter air in a last farewell to Springfield. From those lips fell, in other days, the majesty and strength of his two inaugurals. At the nation's Golgotha the same voice uttered in matchless speech the immortal Gettysburg eulogy on the soldiers who died that the Union might live.

Here his personal relations with this community ended. Here across his path seemed first to fall on him the shadow of predestined martyrdom. From here he went forth to his colossal task, here to return in the solemnity of death to his grave.

Is it not fit that the nation's flag should be imperishably joined in his name! It is the symbol of freedom. It rises above an un-

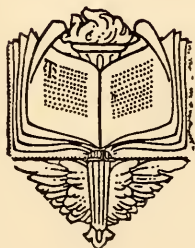
broken Union. It typifies the supremacy of law. It represents civil liberty, the golden mean between the extremes of mob and king. For them all he lived and toiled and died by an assassin's hand. He kept our flag above a united country. It saw no dismembered territory, no broken law, no revolted state blotted for its sins from the family of local sovereignties with their reserved powers, no slave and no long list of proscriptions, exile and slaughter of the vanquished that has stained the chronicles of history.

So let this bronze and granite speak to those who live after us of our flag and our men. Time swiftly passes away. The law of life imposes on all the contingent and transitory state of every human thing. Soon the youngest here will have lived the longest span of years, and sleep with all the waiting dead. May these lasting memorials from the living join

with other sacred memories from Concord to the Pacific shore to transmit to future generations the lesson of a hallowed past and the duty of the years to come.

On behalf of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Arthur Huntington presented the tablets to the City of Springfield. E. L. Chapin, on behalf of Mayor Charles F. Baumann, representing the city, accepted the gift.

The marker was then unveiled.



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