LINCOLN
CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION
ADDRESSES

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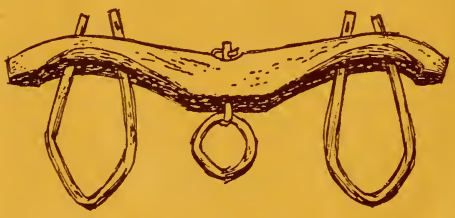

MEMORIAL

the Class of 1901

founded by
HARLAN HOYT HORNER
and
HENRIETTA CALHOUN HORNER

ADDRESSES

Delivered
At The
Celebration of

THE ONE HUNDRED
AND NINTH
ANNIVERSARY

of the birth of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Lincoln Centennial Association
AND
Illinois Centennial Commission

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

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."*

INCORPORATORS

The Honorable MELVILLE W. FULLER*
The Honorable SHELBY M. CULLOM*
The Honorable ALBERT J. HOPKINS
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*Deceased.

OFFICERS

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Secretary, PHILIP BARTON WARREN

Illinois Centennial Commission

Created by Act of the General Assembly of the State of Illinois, Approved January 21, 1916.

OBJECT: *"To arrange for and conduct a celebration in honor of the centennial of the admission of the State of Illinois to the Federal Union."*

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Speakers *at* Former Celebrations

THE Right Honorable James Bryce, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Great Britain; the Honorable J. J. Jusserand, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the French Republic; the late Jonathan P. Dolliver, former United States Senator for Iowa; the Honorable William Jennings Bryan, former Secretary of State; the Honorable Charles S. Deneen, former Governor of Illinois; Dr. Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute; the Honorable William Howard Taft, former President of the United States; the Honorable Martin W. Littleton, former member of Con-

gress from New York; the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senator from Massachusetts; the Honorable Frank B. Willis, member of Congress from Ohio; Count J. Von Bernstorff, former German Ambassador to the United States; the Honorable Joseph M. Bailey, former United States Senator from Texas; Honorable Edward F. Dunne, former Governor of Illinois; The Most Reverend Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis; Mr. Gutzon Borglum of New York; The Right Reverend Samuel Fallows of Chicago; the Honorable James Hamilton Lewis and the Honorable Lawrence Y. Sherman, the United States Senators from Illinois; Bishop William A. Quayle, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Dr. John Grier Hibben, President Princeton University; Honorable Thomas Sterling, United States Senator from South Dakota.

Foreword

HE Illinois Centennial Commission having been created by the Legislature of the State of Illinois, for the purpose of celebrating, in the year nineteen hundred and eighteen, the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Admission of the State of Illinois into the Union of the United States, and this country having entered the World War, it was deemed proper that the Celebration of the One Hundred and Ninth Anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln be made the occasion for manifestation of patriotism under the joint auspices of the Illinois Centennial Commission and the Lincoln Centennial Association. Accordingly, meetings were held in the after-

noon and evening at the State Armoury in Springfield, Illinois.

In the afternoon, Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, Chairman of the Illinois Centennial Commission, presided; patriotic music was rendered by a chorus of twelve hundred students from the public schools and the Springfield High School Orchestra; addresses were made by Hon. Hugh S. Magill, Jr., Director of the Illinois Centennial Celebration, and by Hon. Addison G. Proctor, the youngest delegate to the Republican National Convention of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty, at which Lincoln was nominated a Candidate for President of the United States.

In the evening Hon. J Otis Humphrey, President of the Lincoln Centennial Association, presided; and addresses were made by Hon. William Renwick Riddell, Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario, and Hon.

Thomas Power O'Connor, Member of the British Parliament for Ireland.

Mr. Justice Riddell brought to the meeting and exhibited a letter written to Lincoln by the Governor of Kansas, May 13th, 1864, and Lincoln's reply thereto endorsed in Lincoln's own hand. This was loaned for the occasion to Mr. Justice Riddell by Mr. John Gribbel, of Philadelphia; it has been seen by very few persons and is very characteristic of both statesmen. The letter and reply are as follows:

"Washington, D. C.
May 13th, 1864.

To the President of the United States.

SIR:—

Kansas has furnished more men according to her population to crush this rebellion, than any other State in the Union. Her sons today are scattered over the country defending the old flag while many of her peaceable citizens at home are being murdered by lawless guerillas. Such is the intelligence I received today.

The Major-General commanding that Department informed me that he needed more

troops to secure protection to the State. I have tendered you two thousand troops for one hundred days, such as you have accepted from other States, to be used as you might direct through the Commander of that Department, without other cost to the Government than the pay of Volunteers without bounty. You referred the matter to the Secretary of War, for his consideration. I found that Officer overburdened with business of such magnitude to the Country, that he could not be seen, either upon my request or yours.

I have to ask that you either accept or reject the proposition I made in my communication of the 12th instant.

I hope, however, you will not allow the lives and homes of the Citizens of Kansas to be jeopardized by the objections you suggested in our conversation, 'that Senator Lane would probably oppose the raising of the troops, or if raised, would oppose an appropriation for their pay in consequence of the patronage thus conferred upon the Governor of the State.'

You will do me the favor to reply at your earliest convenience.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) THOS. CARNEY,

Governor of Kansas."

LINCOLN'S REPLY

"The within letter is, to my mind, so obviously intended as a page for a political record, as to be difficult to answer in a straightforward, business-like way. The merits of the Kansas people need not be argued to me. They are just as good as any other loyal and patriotic peoples; and, as such, to the best of my ability, I have always treated them, and intend to treat them. It is not my recollection that I said to you Senator Lane would probably oppose raising troops in Kansas, because it would confer patronage upon you. What I did say was that he would probably oppose it because he and you were in a mood of each opposing whatever the other should propose. I did argue generally, too, that, in my opinion, there is not a more foolish or demoralizing way of conducting a political rivalry, than these fierce and bitter struggles for patronage.

As to your demand that I will accept or reject your proposition to furnish troops, made to me yesterday, I have to say I took the proposition under advisement, in good faith, as I believe you know, that you can withdraw it if you wish, but that while it remains before me I shall

neither accept it or reject it until with reference to the public interest, I shall feel that I am ready.

Yours truly,

(Signed) A. LINCOLN."

May 14th, 1864.

The addresses made on this occasion are now published for the Members of the Lincoln Centennial Association.

PHILIP BARTON WARREN,

Secretary.

March, 1918.

Abraham Lincoln

An Address delivered before the Lincoln Centennial Association at Springfield, Illinois, on February 12, 1918,

By the Honorable

WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL, L.L.D., F.R.S. Can., Etc.

Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario

At first sight there might seem an incongruity in a Canadian addressing this gathering, met to honor the memory of a President of the United States. But that would be a narrow view; the first words spoken after the martyr President's death are as true now as

when on that fateful April morn fifty-three years ago they were uttered by Stanton, "He belongs to the Ages."

The Great President who led his people amid terrible difficulties, cheerful in the face of apparently irreparable disaster, calmly saying before truculent foe as before doubting friend "Whatever shall appear to be God's will I will do," the President who in the very hour of victory achieved was stricken down by the hand of the assassin, has become the treasured possession of the world; and my Canada claims her share in him.

A lad of thirteen years when he died I well remember the horror and detestation with which the deed of blood was regarded by Canadians, for we had learned to look upon him as our own and we venerated him less only than our beloved Queen Victoria.

Canadian to the last drop of my blood,

British to my finger tips, I too was born on this our Continent of North America, have from infancy breathed her free air, drunk in almost with mother's milk the splendid principles of democracy which are her glory and her pride—in common with my brother Canadians, in all things I am "sprung of earth's first blood," in the highest and best sense I am American.

And I cannot but feel that your invitation to me to speak to you shows that you agree with me in the thought which caused me to accept your invitation that notwithstanding our difference of allegiance, our status in international law of alien and foreigner, notwithstanding all outward appearance of separation, there is between American and Canadian an essential and fundamental unity, for we be brethren, nay in all that is worth while, American and Canadian are one.

The great bond, the eternal principle, which makes us one is democracy; and Abraham Lincoln is the finest type and the greatest example of democracy the world has ever seen.

What do we mean by democracy? Not a form of government the republics of ancient and medieval times, many republics, so-called, of modern times are as far from democracy as the nadir from the zenith. Monarchies, too, are different ranging from absolute monarchy where the arrogant monarch can say "There is but one will in my country and it is mine" to the monarchy under which it is my pride to live in which the King is content to reign leaving it to his people to whom it belongs, to rule.

A republic in form may be an oligarchy or a tyranny in fact; a monarchy in form may be in reality a true democracy.

Every people has the government it deserves, every free people the government it desires; and that free people which has chosen that there shall be government of the people by the people for the people, is a democracy.

Yet he who adopts that principle simply because it recommends itself to his fellow citizens, or simply as a matter of policy, is not a true democrat; the true democrat must love the people, the common people.

Washington, *praeclarum nomen,* loved the common people, but he was not of them, one would almost say he was an English gentleman; he would not have a commission given to any but gentlemen; Lincoln was of the common people himself, he knew them and loved them as his own, not as a superior and from above but as one of themselves and on a level.

And this was the cause of utter bewilderment, honest perplexity, to many in the east,

to no few in the west, who could not understand that high station was not inconsistent with simplicity of manner; they thought the joke, the amusing story, undignified, unworthy of the occupant of the highest office in the Union.

Had this been mere frivolity, such strictures would have been pardonable, but the light manner covered deep feeling, the joke had its immediate practical application, and the story was often full of significance, like the parables of the Gospel, in which the Master taught profound moral truths in the guise of tales almost child-like in their simplicity.

This very want of affectation was symptomatic of the deep regard he felt for his fellow men and of his reverence for the people at large; democratic in his views of government, he was democratic in his manner toward others.

Wholly believing in the power of public opinion, with a perfect respect for the popular will, he did not seek applause or to amuse the people, except with the end of convincing them. Was not this the real reason why he relied so much upon "the stump," upon the open oral debate, when face to face the champions of rival policies might give a reason for the faith that was in them? Loving the people as he did, his greatest ambition was to be esteemed by rendering himself worthy of that esteem.

He was not unconscious of the tremendous importance of the issues involved, for coming as he did from a small frontier town, lacking what the world calls education, with little grace of diction and none of manner, he knew that his seven meetings with Douglas were the successive acts of a drama enacted in the face of the nation and to no small extent in the face

of the world. But during his whole life, even when he had become the people's attorney by being placed in the presidential chair he was not self-willed, he sought the advice and counsel of others, he listened to all the myriad counsellors bidden or otherwise, ever trusting that those who should know would help him in his perplexities.

From early life he pondered over and struggled with every proposition till he understood it and mastered it; he read every book he could to help him to understand, and in the end he made up his own mind as to the right. Public opinion more than once was against him, more than once would have destroyed his plan, but with all his respect for public opinion he recognized his own responsibility before God, and man, and made—not adopted—a decision.

That marks the distinction between the democrat and the demagogue.

So at all times he repudiated any arbitrary personal prerogative; as he was not a demagogue he would not be an autocrat—no royalty could be smelt on his train.

At all times and under all circumstances he felt the majesty of law. It may be that Seward lost the nomination in 1860 because he had boldly asserted that there is a higher law than the Constitution; but that assuredly was not the reason for Lincoln's devotion to it. He did not imagine that the Constitution was perfect, but he revered it because it was a contract, and his conception of right did not allow him to look upon a contract as a scrap of paper.

This reverence for compact explains his attitude towards slavery.

Convinced that where the white man governs himself that is self-government but when he governs himself and also governs another that is more than self-government, that is des-

potism—convinced that slavery is a violation of eternal right and that that black foul lie can never be consecrated into God's hallowed truth; wishing that all men everywhere could be free, nay convinced that the Republic could not endure half slave and half free, he nevertheless fought the radical abolitionists as he fought those favouring the extension of slavery, while he swore that the Constitution should not shelter a slave holder, he would not permit it to shelter the slave stealer; he declared in his first inaugural address that he did not intend to interfere with slavery; even in the midst of war he repudiated the proclamation of Fremont, and at length he freed the slave only as a war measure. *Inter arma silent leges.*

Devoted to principle, he fought all his battles on principle; and while the most kindly

and placable of men, he gave way no jot on matters of principle, he made no compromise with wrongdoing. The attempts at compromise with the seceding States, which we now know were foolish, he would have nothing to do with—he stood firm—Blair, Dawson, Greeley, who not? Men of consequence in their day but now as stars lost before the sun coquetted with rebellion. Lincoln listened, smiled and moved not. Rebellion he knew was not the work of a day, it was deep-seated and required heroic measures; one could not fight it with elder-stalk squirts filled with rose-water; and he pressed on the war more earnestly than his professional soldiers and with no shadow of turning.

Lincoln had utter faith that Right makes Might, the true democratic doctrine, as opposed to the autocratic creed Might makes Right; and in that faith dared till the end to do

his duty as he understood it. In that belief he dared to defy almost the whole of the Northern States by releasing the Southern envoys taken from the Trent contrary to international law. Firm in asserting right he recognized correlative duties, national as well as individual.

Lincoln had (it would seem) no well defined religious views in early life, but as soon as his thought became clear he recognized that there is a God who governs the world and that if God be with us we cannot fail in the end; he revered the justice and goodness of the Creator and humbly acknowledged that "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." He walked humbly knowing God as the Father of all and that very knowledge made him the better democrat. As it seems to me no man can be a true democrat who looks upon the world as without a Divine Author and Governor, the children of men

but an accident here with a future of utter nothingness. The true democrat is he who knows that all men are like himself the children of God and therefore his brethren.

Does not the love of his fellow men shine out in every line of that sad but kindly face? Compare it with the scowling face of the Kaiser, the outstanding example of the autocrat—a face indicating arrogance, contempt, brutal disregard of the rights and feelings of others.

Your President has said that the present war is waged that the world may be safe for democracy.

Truly the world is now in the crucible; the furnace is seven times heated, the tension well-nigh intolerable; in the welter of blood, the cry of agony, the horror of death, the world's destiny is now being wrought out—the white

hot metal must soon issue and take permanent form—all this is terrible but it was inevitable.

The autocrat and the democrat must needs meet in deadly conflict, and determine what the future of the world should be—there is not room enough on earth for both.

This is no dynastic war to establish a sovereign or a reigning house, no religious conflict to render dominant, Catholic or Protestant, all but a very few peoples are wholly indifferent who is and who is not king; Protestant Prussia and Protestant England, Catholic Austria and Catholic France and Italy are not divided on religious lines, the Catholic American or Canadian stands shoulder to shoulder with his Protestant fellow-countryman with the same high resolve toward the same lofty ends. A people whose whole principle of government is autocratic, whose Kaiser is never photographed without a frown, his avowed models

a people whose princesses glory in military uniform, whose whole national atmosphere is enmity, hate and malevolence had been preparing for more than a generation for world dominion — not a world dominion where others would be treated with kindness and justice but where they would be ruled with a rod of iron having no rights which a German was bound to respect.

The rest of the world was strangely blind to its danger—the few who understood and spoke out, were treated as alarmists; one I know in Canada was laughed at and ridiculed, and more than one in England had the same experience. No one in a civilized country could believe that any people had reached the depth of infamy required to make the disregard all justice and right in order to aggrandize themselves and their ruling house. Yet so it was; and the world had a terrible awakening.

To the amazement of the civilized world, the solemn contract to respect and maintain the neutrality of Belgium was ruthlessly broken; the nation which prided itself on its blunt honesty became a perjured nation—true, at first the Chancellor expressed some kind of regret but soon the real spirit became all too manifest, the brutal aggressor was contemptible enough actually to attempt to justify the wrong by lying charges against crucified Belgium, enmity, hate, malevolence did their perfect work. France must necessarily resist for she was attacked—but the land across the Channel was safe, her navy ruled the Narrow Seas, and there was little chance of a successful invasion of her peaceful shores.

But she had made a bargain with Belgium, she wished well to Belgium, her heart went out to Belgium; and she threw her small army in the way of the aggressor.

The world did not know the Prussian, did not understand to what depth of brutality he could descend. Rules of decency were supposed still to hold even in war; but every vile thought that could be conceived by the vilest of men was carried into execution by the invading Hun—not sporadically as may happen in any army who see red and are in the agony of battle, but of design, with fixed purpose and by command of cool, collected officers. Murder, rape, arson by wholesale; women and children massacred or tortured with a torture worse than death—the Indian on this continent never gave such a spectacle, the world stood aghast and the German smiled a smile of self-satisfaction.

For long the conflict raged, Canadians fought and bled and died, many gallant young Americans joined our army, many joined the

forces in France—but the United States was neutral.

Murder on land was followed by murder on the sea; American lives went out in the waters as Belgian lives went out on the plain, and yet America held her hand.

But when the promise solemnly made was contemptuously broken, when it became manifest that a wild beast, a tiger was abroad to which a promise was but something to be broken, when it became manifest that the Germany which was at war was the enemy of the human race, there was no longer hesitation.

War was declared by America against the enemy of America because the enemy of every nation governed by humane and moral principle, an enemy determined to set at naught all principles of right, of mercy, of justice to attain his object.

And America is united—the un-American, disloyal, hyphenated, I disregard; they are annoying but ridiculous and will vanish from sight once the United States seriously turns its attention to them. Some day when Uncle Sam is not too busy, he will take a bath and have his clothes baked; and we shall then hear no more of the vermin.

Is this not in a large measure the work of Abraham Lincoln? Abraham Lincoln thought that in giving freedom to the slave freedom was assured to the free; in waging war against slavery he said "We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth." Britain grimly hanging on, France bleeding at every pore, Italy angrily and helplessly watching the Hun devastate her beautiful land look eagerly across the sea for the coming American host who are nobly to save, not, please God, meanly to lose the last best

hope on earth—and he who set free the slave for a United America half a century ago made it possible for a United America to keep free and democratic the weary nations fighting for life against the autocrat.

It is a favorite thought of mine that the democrat and the autocrat are typified in the leading characters in that war for freedom and in this the man, the kindly Abraham Lincoln, the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen, the repellant, scowling Kaiser, the superman, one of the worst failures, the one fearing God and expressing ignorance of His will, the other patronizing the good old German God, congratulating Him on being a faithful ally and admitting Him almost to an equal partnership: Lincoln willing to hold McClellan's horses if he would but bring victory: William, arrogance personified, filled with overweening pride and insolence. Lin-

coln took as his models the Fathers of the Revolution and the good of all nations. The Kaiser, Alexander, Cæsar, Theodoric II, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Alexander, who, after deluging the world with blood, wept because there were no other worlds to conquer, Cæsar, whose cold blooded slaughter of the unfortunate Gauls horrifies even the school boys, who have to pick out their meaning with the aid of grammar and lexicon; Theodoric, who murdered his guest at the banquet and slew his great Chancellor because he dared to insist on the innocence of one whom Theodoric had determined to destroy. Frederick the Great, the perjured thief whom all the rhetoric of Thomas Carlyle cannot make into even a decent barbarian. Napoleon, who also sought world power and cared little how he got it, who sprinkled Kings of his own fam-

ily over Europe like grains of pepper out of a pepper pot, who cared no more for the blood of the common man than for the life of a fly—such are the Kaiser's chosen models and he strives hard to better their example. If the President had a reverence for contract the Kaiser treats it as a scrap of paper; Lincoln gave up Mason and Slidell though he thereby angered the North because the rules of international law forbade their retention, the Kaiser boldly says there is no longer any international law and murders at sea as on land. The American instructed Francis Lieber—a Brandenburger be it said, one who never forgot that he was a Brandenburger, a Prussian, a German—to draw up rules for the conduct of his troops, a war code the best, the most humane known to its time and never improved upon; the Prussian! The cities, villages and plains of France and Flanders cry aloud

his infamy, slaughtered non-combatant, outraged woman, starved child, ruined fane, poisoned well, the hideous story is all too well known, the world will not for generations forget the nightmare horror of Belgium, and so long as devotion to duty, sincere patriotism and unaffected piety and self-sacrifice command the admiration of the world, so long will be held in memory the name of that illustrious martyr to the German rules of war, Edith Cavell.

America is at war. Why? What is the real reason? It is the same as why Britain and her fairest daughter Canada are at war.

It is that the principles which were dear to Lincoln may prevail, that malevolence and overweening pride may have a fall, that the awful doctrine of the superman may be destroyed, that humanity may be vindicated, that the free shall remain free and the enslaved

made free, that the people of every land shall say how and by whom they will be governed, that militarism may be shown to be not only a curse but also a failure; that it may clearly appear that contract breaking, lying, cruelty, do not pay.

Until that lesson is learned and thoroughly learned, the Prussian must remain without the pale of friendly converse with other nations unlike him; but the lesson when learned will be abundantly worth the pain experienced in learning it. Let but the arrogant superman lay aside his intolerable assumption of superiority, let him lay aside the brutality symbolized by the scowl of his Kaiser, let him feel the moving spirit of democracy and benevolence toward others, let him in a word become human—and he may be met as an equal, esteemed and loved as a friend.

But until that time comes, we must fight on—if the Germans conquer then nothing else is worth while. All the silly attempts at a German peace must be received with the contempt which they deserve, the contempt with which Lincoln looked upon the efforts of many to compromise. He could not compromise with slavery, we cannot compromise with autocratic pretensions. We cannot lay down the sword till democracy and our civilization are safe. We will never accept the Kultur of Prussia.

We must expect reverses, bitter disappointments, loss of hard-earned ground, luke warm friends, incessant spying, incessant attempts to weaken our resolve—but these must not discourage us, the goal is clear ahead and there is no discharge in this war.

Thirty-five thousand Canadian lads, three thousand from my own city, of high courage

and high promise lie under the sod, having given their all for us, having made the supreme sacrifice for civilization—a hundred thousand are crippled or wounded in the various hospitals—tens of thousands of Canadian mothers are broken-hearted—yet we must carry on.

So too, America must now take her share of the burden; hating war as she does she must fight as never before, for there never was a war like this before—every nerve strained, all her resources called out, man and woman and child each in his own way doing his very best, even so the road will be long and hard, and ever and anon the heart will be sick from hope deferred.

There cannot be any doubt of the final result—right must triumph and wrong be put down, but there can be no slackening of the efforts put forth for victory.

One Canadian soldier bard has sung with a *curiosa felicitas* not excelled, I think, since the times of Horace:

"In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amidst the guns below—
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

(The poet, my friend, Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae himself now lies in Flanders fields, having made the last, the supreme sacrifice for God, for King and for the right.)

So your dead are calling you—few they are

now but many they will be—your hearts will ache like ours but thank God your courage is as high, your faith as serene.

As Lincoln before the dead at Gettysburg, so you before your dead in France and we before ours in Mesopotamia and Syria, at Gallipoli and Saloniki and wherever on the western front the battle has been waged most fiercely —at St. Julien, Vimy Ridge, Paschendaele, Courcelette — must offer up the vow "It is * * * for us to be * * * dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we * * * highly resolve that they shall not have died in vain, that the world under God shall have a re-birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." May we be

strengthened to carry out the like resolve to his, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God has given us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in * * * to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace."

For those who mourn the dead will come the consolation:

"To yearning hearts that pray in the night
For solace to ease them of their pain
For those who will ne'er return again
There shines in the darkness a radiant light—
A vision of service at God's right hand
For the noble, chivalrous, youthful band
Who gave up their all for God and the Right.

"God will repay what we owe to Youth,
Youth that sprang at their Country's call,
Youth ready to give up their all
For God and Country, Freedom and Truth,
For love of home and a scathless hearth,
For all that ennobles this transient earth
Imperilled, o'ershadowed by 'woeful ruth'."

For God and the right? Yes we fight not for Britain, for France, for America alone, not even for the democratic nations alone. Just as Lincoln when pouring his hosts against the South knew that he was fighting for the South and the future of the South, so we straining every muscle against Germany and her allies are fighting for them and their future. We do not arrogate the right to dictate to them how they are to be governed. Our arms may persuade them by the only argument they can fully understand that there is no need of loss of liberty to hold the Fatherland secure that democracy can wage a war and defend a land in the long run more effectually than autocracy; but if they resist our persuasion, that is their affair—every nation has the Government it deserves. But they must learn that people of our race are not to be bullied. that we are

not subdued by threat or by brutality and Schrecklichkeit has no terrors over us. Having learned that democracy has the will and the power to live they may choose their own form of government; but they must keep "hands off" ours.

Free America, America who more than a century ago fought that her sons might be free, who fought half a century ago that the helpless black might be free, we welcome you to the great Armageddon wherein you will fight that the world may be free. Germany must share the benefits of your victory. Once she has seen the light, has learned the truth of the apostle's words "God has made all nations of men of one blood," when her people have learned that men of other nations are their brethren not destined to be their slaves, that "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness there-

of" then may be seen on earth what the poet saw in his vision of the heavens:

"I dreamt that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way.
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That one could scarcely guess
Such men in war had been.

"No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue or pain;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

"A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one rede, one rod
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

"No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls;
Beyond these tangled Spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky,
The Army of the Dead
Goes by and still goes by.

"Look upward, standing mute;
Salute!"

(NOTE:—I have read this beautiful poem of Barry Pain's on many occasions. I make no excuses for reading it again. W. R. R.)

Address

By the Honorable

THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR

Member of the British Parliament for Ireland

I can scarcely remember the time when the name of Abraham Lincoln was not familiar to me. I still remember the strange thrill with which I listened to my professor reading out in the class the forecast in a newspaper as to what the different states of the Union were expected to do in case there came a war. I still remember the historic description of his interview with Abraham Lincoln by Goldwin Smith, one of the prominent Englishmen of his time, who was on the side of the North.

The first speech I ever made was on the Civil War. Finally there comes back to me,

with something of the poignancy of the hour the day when Dennis, the good old porter of my college, said with sadness on his face, that there was a rumor that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated; it was in the days before the Atlantic cable and I suppose then news did not reach the small and remote Irish town in which I then lived till some weeks after the tragic event.

But it was not until many years afterwards that I got some knowledge of Lincoln. One morning I found myself introduced to a man who was seated in a bath chair taking, like myself, the cure at Carlsbad. He looked the splendid ruin of a great western man, the shoulders were unusually broad; the chest massive, the head massive and the massive features, and his expression gave a similar impression of a powerful temperament; powerful and yet genial and amiable. It was Ward

Lamon, once a partner of Lincoln in this very town, afterwards his Marshal in Washington; for many years his intimate friend; always his devoted admirer.

Let me tell you the spirit in which I approach the study of Lincoln. In his case, as in the case of all public men, and indeed of all men who have influenced the world, I start from the principle of giving the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There is a tendency to make of Lincoln what is called plaster of paris saint; he is a saint in my secret calendar of saints; but you make less a saint of him trying to make him a plaster of paris saint. It was a great saying of Oliver Cromwell, "Paint me as I am, wart and all," and Lincoln would probably have said the same thing.

It is only snobbishness or prudery, or the vulgarity that sometimes calls itself elegance,

that seeks to portray Lincoln in inhuman perfection.

A great deal has been written on the very trivial question whether Lincoln's language was always that of the Sunday school. It wasn't; and some people have found it necessary to prove that he never used a big D.

What ignorance such criticism displays of human nature and of the masters that understand and control human nature! Wisdom is not effective which does not get to the simplest as well as to the erudite,—to the plain people as well as the scholars. A gospel has failed which is not in the language of the people.

The sayings of Lincoln are better known than those of any other president that ever lived in the white house. Many of these sayings summed up a whole world of wisdom and of policy in a single phrase which at once caught the imagination and reached the mind

of his people, as for instance, when he warned the nation during his second election not to "swap horses when crossing the stream." If anybody object that his stories had sometimes phrases that are not used in the drawing room, again remembering my principle that we are dealing with a saintly man, but not a plaster of paris man. I am not concerned to prove that the language was not always that of the drawing room.

Surely it is the merest prudery to contend that Lincoln's utterances so often in the somber philosophy of Solomon's vanity of vanities should also be combined with the healthy and wise laughter of "Don Quixote" or the Pickwick Papers. In this view of life, half ironical and yet pronouncedly serious, Lincoln was the embodiment of the point of view of the American people then and since.

If you scrutinize his utterances through the different epochs of his career you find at once great variety and yet underlying unity. His first appeal to the people is that of a somewhat rough man. Then you pass on to the period when his style has something of the pretentiousness of the self-educated man, until at last you reach the period when his utterances have the noble simplicity of the great masterpieces of literature.

There has been a strange theory that there were two Lincolns, and that it is impossible to account for the Lincoln of the white house and the Lincoln of Springfield. Coupled with this there has been much said about the defects of his education, as that he was only a little less than a year altogether at school, that he never attended university, that he never was outside America. I hold very strongly to the opinion that a university education is a

very useful part of the life of any man, for everybody ought to inherit the wisdom of all the ages. And yet in a way I would not have had the education of Lincoln other than it was.

The greatest of all educators, the greatest of all universities, is the education and the university of life, always on the condition that you live. Lincoln lived to the utmost. There wasn't a part of the life around him, there was scarcely a part of the life of the whole nation, except of the idle rich, of which he did not have personal experience.

Like so many millions of other Americans, before and since, he had to work with his hands. He had to try storekeeping. He had to travel with baggage contained within the narrow frontier of his shabby tall hat from village to village and to occupy with his fellow lawyer the same room and even the same bed.

Men born with silver spoons have occasionally in human history been the leaders in the revolt and in the liberation of the plain people, but it remains the general truth that most men can realize the lives, the difficulties, the joys, the sorrows of the plain people only if they have been plain people themselves.

Imagine a president at the White House who had to ask millions of his countrymen to fight their fellow countrymen, to die the death, to pass through this awful struggle of four years of sanguinary war, frequent defeat, frequent disaster; imagine a president who came from the rich family of the crowded city, and I think you will realize the greater and the supreme fitness of Lincoln's training for Lincoln's task. It was because he understood the plain people that he was able to get the plain people to go through so tremendous and awful a strain.

I have heard it said that if you want to get the real opinion of the real American, by which is meant that vast population that lives outside the great cities, on lonely farms or in small towns, you have to go to the popular forum that gathers around the stove of the rustic hotel. This was the forum in which Lincoln at once sharpened his mind and studied and realized his people. Thus, graduating from the small stove to the big stove, from New Salem to Springfield, he was learning all the time. He was graduating in his university.

When he burst upon the east of America, and then on all America, as some strange unknown portent neither the east nor America had a real conception of the man. To them he was a rough, untutored, unsuccessful, provincial lawyer, trained in no arts but those of small and squalid politics.

"Who is this huckster in politics," asked Wendell Phillips; "who is this country bred advocate?" But he learned to know Lincoln better. In addition the ungainliness of his person much exaggerated had passed through the country, and especially through the south until he appeared, as Mr. Morse says, in his biography, "a Caliban in education, manners and aspect; the ape from Illinois, the green hand." There is a story of a proud South Carolina lady with fire in her eye, contempt in her manner, getting an interview with him. And when before the gentle face and the calm and passionless conversation she was subdued, she expressed her amazement.

As a matter of fact, always every hour even of Lincoln's hard youth, was a preparation and a forecast of the presidency. He himself thought of this culmination of his career from his earliest years and even in his earliest years

he began his training. It is recorded that while still a child he was in the habit of addressing his boy and girl companions and could command their tears and laughter as easily as afterwards he commanded the whole nation.

It is even still more remarkable that those brought into immediate contact with him even in his most squalid hours but impressed one with his greatness. Offut, who lured him into the disastrous partnership in the store at New Salem, used to declare that he not only had the best storekeeper in the world, but a man who one day would be president of the United States.

There are several other early prophecies of his future greatness. I am very much struck by the fact, too, that in spite of the ungainliness of appearance set forth, of course, by ill-fitting clothes, he had an immense power of

immediately impressing large bodies of people. All his biographers relate how before he addressed an audience he gave them a long look from those wonderful gray-blue eyes of his, and that this look nearly always produced an immediate and immense effect. It was at once a manifestation of conscious mastery on his part and realization in the audiences of being faced by a master.

Those who didn't know him to be great were either those who were ignorant of him altogether or who, as is said to have been the case, were themselves too small to realize his greatness. His greatness at the white house was but the flowering of the seed that had been germinating in the days of his sad childhood and squalid youth.

Lincoln lived, moved and had his being in the city partly southern in its geographical situation, intensely southern in the sympathy

of many of its people. Lincoln had almost every hour of the terrible four years of the Civil War to face division of opinion in almost every section of the country. Consequently even after he had apparently reached safe ground he found the ground trembling and sinking under his feet. Among old political foes he found so grotesque a creature as Vallandigham of Ohio rise to a formidable enemy. Horace Greeley, one of the pioneers of the policy of emancipation, was weeping or appealing or denouncing at every critical hour.

This was the atmosphere of vituperation and disparagement, of disunion and false sentiment in which he lived from the first hour when a disgusted and supercilious Washington gave a scant welcome to this western man of the people. My friend, Ward Lamon, from among his very valuable records of the

period showed me some of the attacks of papers, the brutality of which give me a shudder that recurs whenever I recall it. In times of war passionate and malignant rumor is busier and more fertile than in times of peace. There wasn't a step or a word of Lincoln's that wasn't scrutinized, misinterpreted, misrepresented by tens of thousands of malignant eyes.

Don't suppose because you laugh at these things today that Lincoln could laugh at them. He had the courage to go steadily on his way in spite of them all, but he went with bleeding heart and bleeding feet through that road of Golgotha. He was, as I have said, an intensely impressionable man, looking for the love in others that he gave to others, and we everywhere find upon him this hideous array of ignorant, rancorous and unscrupulous attack.

Have you ever, in thinking of the day of

Appomattox, thought of the days that preceded them, the days after Bull Run and Fredericksburg? I own that as I read the descriptions of his contemporaries of that face, drawn, aged, gray as the gray walls of the chambers of the white house, with sleepless nights and days overhung with the hereditary gloom aggravated by all the anxiety and bloodshed and horrors, Abraham Lincoln appears to me as pre-eminently the greatest man of sorrows since He to whom that title was first given.

There never was a moment in the history of this country since the death of the illustrious man, by whose ashes we stand today, when the inspiration and lessons of his life are more needed by his people and his country. As a man, he stands as much alive as though he were still among us. He is a flaming torch which leads on the inner soul of every Ameri-

can, whether he is standing by the honor of his country in his work at home or marching over barbed wire trenches against shell and cannon, to wounds or death. What American can be cowardly when his courage inspires? What American be selfish when his utter unselfishness is recorded in every page of his history? What American can prefer the claims of ambition or party in face of his forgetfulness of all personal and partisan feeling before an imperilled nation? What American can entertain or tolerate the very thought of a divided allegiance in face of his passionate patriotism and of the inflexible resolution with which he fought for a united nation?

Some men live by their writings, some by their glory on battle fields, some by their statesmanship, but there are rare men who, in addition to these great title deeds to immortality, live in the memory and gratitude of men as an

undying inspiration by their own personal character and life. Such a man was Lincoln. Consider him in any of the many changes in his checkered life, in private or in public; he never fails in your expectation of the highest. He was free from personal animosity or vindictiveness. He could smash the subtle logic of Stephen A. Douglas and meet him the same evening with a cordial outstretched hand—a splendid private friendship amid political differences that illumine the life and character of Douglas as well as Lincoln.

In forming his Cabinet, Lincoln did not choose little men that might on the one hand be subservient, and on the other, by their obscurity concentrate attention on his central glory. He chose great minds to share with him the awful task of saving the Union—Chase and Seward and Stanton; men that had been his rivals and that divided with him in

equal, sometimes in even larger degree, the affection and support of the great masses of the country. In the friction and dissent that are inevitable in even the best ordered and the most honorable assemblage of able men, he always said the right thing, always did the right thing, could be inflexible in his own opinions and respectful of the opinions and still more of the feelings of others. Thus he was the greatest chief of a Cabinet that ever lived in the white house. The sweetness of temper that kept from his lips a word of impatience, the absence of even one word of self-esteem, the generous sharing with others of all the glory of victory, these things make him the greatest gentleman that ever lived in the white house. In his choice of policy when so many things were to be said in favor of one course or another, he opposed with tenacity and patience the opposition of political foes, the in-

discretions of friends, the mistaken haste and narrowness of political zealots. Biding his time, choosing his own path to the great end, he always proved to be right. Through all the black night of defeat, amid divided counsel, factious and inept opposition, he led the people to the full sunshine of victory, the nation united forever, the slaves emancipated forever. Thus he was the greatest statesman that ever lived in the white house. Try to figure this man as he really was in his inner heart and soul. He was not of joyous nature. From hereditary or other causes he was a man who lived under the overshadowing gloom of melancholy. There was nothing in him of that robust love of battle (as in General Jackson) which transformed the battle field into the romance and chivalry of the personal jousts of the knights of old. Still less was he one of the great adventurers of history that

find in even sanguinary deeds the laurels that transform them into a Cæsar or a Napoleon. A burden though it was to him, that inner sadness has always appeared to me as suiting him for his task. It made him kin with all suffering men; like to the Man of Sorrows to whom in his humanity he bears so striking a resemblance, his message is often but a variation of the Sermon on the Mount in its plea for the poor, the righteous, the merciful. It was this sadness and sympathy with all men, this ever present inner outlook on the transience, the griefs, the trials of human life that lifted him above personal vanity and personal feeling. Yet, was it not a strange destiny that in a world out of joint, gave to this man the awful and tragic task of waging war amid changing and often black fortunes, through an unexpected length of time, amid a multitude of horrors. And again, does it not raise him

still higher in our estimate that yet he went on to the end, equal and resolute, without ever listening to the shouting and reproachful world outside or to the somber forebodings in his own breast.

In thus overcoming others and in overcoming himself in this most terrible of all times, he was the strongest man that ever lived in the white house.

If you give full credit to all the brilliant men that helped him in the Council Chamber, to the generals whose skill won the victories in the field, Grant and Meade, Thomas and Sherman, Sheridan and Logan; yet the supreme fact of the war is that Lincoln was the man of men, the real leader, the one who towered above all the others. And here again, it is the personality of Lincoln that is the heart of the mystery. It may be true, as some of his intimates like your respected and venerable citi-

zen, Mr. Bunn, insist, that nobody in this, his town, nor in any circle of friends, dared to offend his natural and commanding dignity by any address more familiar than "Mr. Lincoln," yet it was not as "Mr. Lincoln" that he was known to the plain people and to the soldiers. To them he was "honest Abe" or "Uncle Abe" or "Father Abraham." That meant that though hooted at, insulted, disparaged, despised, a huckstering politician, in the words of a great and good man who did not realise him, the plain people and the fighting soldier always understood him. They saw through all the poison gas in which enemies sought to cloud the glory of his character; realized his simplicity, his human nature, his tenderness, his honesty, his single-minded patriotism, and in defiance of the intrigues of politics and the misrepresentation of personal enemies they re-elected him as the good, the

true, the wise and the merciful man that could best lead them out of the wilderness into the light.

Lowell is right in attributing this hold of Lincoln on the popular heart largely to the fact that he was in the truest sense of the word the first American that ever ruled in the white house. His predecessors were, of course, as good Americans as he, but, perhaps with the exception of General Jackson, they were courtly gentlemen who had been born in easy circumstances and refined homes. He was a man who had led the life of the frontier pioneer, who had fought the primeval fight of man with nature, who had helped to gather in a portion of the wild and untilled heritage that nature had given to America. He was a man who had worked for small daily wage, with literally horny hands and been forced to all sorts and conditions of life to make a scanty

living. He had dwelt among the real fathers of America—the fathers who, though they have not written constitutions or Declarations of Independence, have in wild and remote settlements in the solitude of forest and virgin soil brought into being the great America of today.

Lincoln was in the best sense of the word the self-made man, and the self-made man is the typical American. Of the energy, the self-reliance, the simplicity and the stern straightforwardness which are still the spiritual foundations of American character, Lincoln was the embodiment. He was the embodiment of the other characteristics of the genuine American. Lowly, almost squalid in his birth and upbringing, poor all his life, child of the lonely cabin in the prairie, who wielded with his own hand the axe and the plow; how in the

small rural store of the village, then in the ill-paid Post Office, the country lawyer, traveling with a small equipment of baggage, and willing to share a bedroom with a friend, yet Lincoln became the gentleman in manner and appearance, in speech and demeanor as well as in the higher spiritual gifts of the soul. What nation could produce its greatest citizen out of such modest material but a Republic, which teaches to all its children, from their earliest hours, the equality, the pride, the self-reliance, the dignity that are the birthright of every child of a Republic? Thus the American people recognized in Lincoln not only the embodiment but the vindication of their institutions. Thus Lincoln was the greatest and most genuine American that ever lived in the white house.

Again, Lincoln is the most marvelous example of the easy and instinctive self-develop-

ment of the child of the American Republic. Scanty in schooling, poor in the learning of the ages and the books, he produced speeches and writings that in their simplicity, their choice of the right word, their directness, their measured eloquence, are as much masterpieces of literature as the dialogues of Plato or the orations of Demosthenes. And so Lincoln was the greatest man of letters that ever lived in the white house.

Finally, in the midst of all the storms of his day, while others raged, he did not rage, while others hated, he did not hate, while others cried for vengeance, he preached forgiveness. He was thus the greatest Christian that ever lived in the white house.

Such, then, was the man. What of his gospel, and especially what of his gospel as applied to the position of Lincoln's country today? Can any man doubt where he would

stand if in the crisis through which his country is now passing he was still its ruler?

His attitude with regard to the problems of his country today can be ascertained almost as clearly as if he were still alive—still at the white house; indeed so clear is this that you can pick a text in absolutely his own words that meets every problem—that answers every question—that rouses every hope, and dissipates every apprehension of the hour.

Do you think that America could remain free while Europe was enslaved? Then the voice of Lincoln comes to you with the words "This Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

Have you any doubt as to the justice of President Wilson's demand that nations shall have the right of choosing their government and shaping their own destinies? Listen to Lincoln. Lincoln's words: "What I do say

is—that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent," or listen again to the passage which though applied to the extinct slavery of the New World is still applicable to the existing slavery which Germany imposes and seeks to extend on the world today: "When the white man governs himself that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man that is despotism."

When President Wilson addressed his appeal to the masses of Germany he might have quoted from Lincoln the words, "Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves and under a just God cannot long retain it."

If you want the summing up of the issue between your nation and the Hohenzollerns here it is again in the precise words of Lincoln: "Two principles have stood face to face

from the beginning of time and will ever continue to struggle—the one is the common right of humanity and the other is the divine right of the kings."

Could your task be better expressed than in these words: "It has been said of the world's history hitherto that might makes right. It is for us and for our times to reverse the maxim and to show that right makes might."

And finally if throughout a struggle which may be prolonged and must be checkered there be any faint hearted enough to think that you should end the struggle in an indecisive peace, let them go back to Lincoln and study his attitude in the hour of America's greatest tribulation. Here was a man distinguished above other men by his tenderness, pity and love; tenderness, pity and love not bounded by even human beings but extended to animals; so hateful of even necessary punishment

that over and over again we have the phrase of bursting relief, "Give me that pen," as he rushes to sign a pardon. So considerate even in a time of frenzied passion, violent hate and boundless and cruel abuse as to be able to say "I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom."

Assailed, denounced wildly, importuned incessantly by the Horace Greeleys and other humane but unwise adherents of the unfinished work, think of all this in Lincoln's life and then see the inflexible tenacity with which he went through all the bloody horrors and often the unmitigated gloom of the Civil War to the end. "War," he said, "has been made and continues to be an indispensable means to the end." Or take the words, "I hope peace will come soon, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time."

Or finally, take these words, which are almost like the thunder from Mount Sinai:

"The fight must go on. The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats."

The spirit then of Lincoln is the spirit of Wilson. Higher indeed than the spirit of Lincoln or Wilson or Washington is the spirit of the American people—that people with all the vast changes brought about by all the flowing tides of immigration from all the races of the world remains one in purpose, in fundamental conviction; in essential ideals; in temperament. This nation founded by men who abandoned home and property and safety and sought over tempestuous seas new and unknown homes to flee from tyranny remain the unconquerable enemies of tyranny. The spirit of the signatories of the Declaration of Independence is still the spirit of America. It

is the children of their loins and of their ideals that are the governing spiritual and political forces of the nation.

Today the problem is different and yet essentially the same as brought the men and women to Plymouth Rock. They sought liberty instead of slavery of the Old World—today they are giving back to the Old World the liberty which they established in the New.

Like the Man of Sorrows, he drank the chalice in his garden of Gethsemane to its dregs, though often he wished that it might pass away. Like the Man of Sorrows, no cruelty would make him cruel. No undeserved suffering could make him hard. To his last hour and last words he remained the Abraham Lincoln known in his childhood—tender, understanding, compassionate. Ever throughout all his messages the grim and inflexible resolution to fight on to the end is in-

terspersed with appeals to reason and to mercy. Throughout it all there is the refrain, "with malice toward none, with charity to all."

It was mete that the day of such a man's taking off should be Good Friday. Tragic, horrible as was his assassination at such an hour, would it have been better for the world if it had been otherwise? Would he be today that powerful inspiration to all of us, to patriotism, towards firmness in the right, towards the noble life and the noble death if he had not so died? Today his country and we are face to face again with an imperiled nation, with the old, old struggle between liberty and slavery, between might and right. Though dead, he speaketh. Laid low, he yet towers above your armies and your fleets. He is your invisible and your unconquerable leader.

The Nomination of Lincoln

By the Honorable
ADDISON G. PROCTOR
Youngest delegate to the Convention of 1860 *that nominated Lincoln.*

The year 1860 introduced into our National life Abraham Lincoln, one of the most remarkable and certainly the most interesting characters that had graced our history since the days of Washington.

Now this man, born to poverty and obscurity, whose life from its earliest days to middle age was one continued struggle for a bare existence,—who came to the State of Illinois at

the age of 21 a raw backwoodsman, clothed in the homespun that he had earned by the splitting of rails,—how this man could have so impressed himself on the people of this great State, and of this Nation, as to become the chosen and accepted leader of a great National party at the most critical time in the affairs of this country, must always remain one of the interesting chapters of our political history.

There met that year in the City of Chicago, in the month of May, a Convention composed of 466 delegates from the Northern and Border States of the South. They were men of strong convictions, who had met for a very decided purpose. Slavery, as a political power, had been growing more and more aggressive and dictatorial. It had trampled upon all of the compromises, had outraged the

moral sensibilities of the North by its enforcement of its fugitive slave law, and now under cover of a recent Supreme Court decision it was attempting to force its way into the free territories of the Northwest, and so the temper of that convention was that of exasperation.

To the West, stretching from the valley of the Missouri River to the far off Pacific Ocean, lay one great undeveloped empire, promising, as we all realized, tremendous possibilities. To that great empire of the West, this Convention invited the people of the world to come and help in its development and to share in its prosperity, and it pledged the faith of that great party that it represented to the dedicating for all time of this great empire to the upbuilding and maintaining of free homes for free men, and so like an intrepid gladiator this Convention strode into the National arena, threw its gauntlet of defiance into the

face of Slavery, and proclaimed—thus far may thou go and no farther.

This determination of the Convention, unanimously adopted and made a part of the platform on which they stood, the next and most vital question was—to whom, in view of this emergency we are creating, can we dare to entrust the leadership? This was the question that gave us pause.

There had come to that Convention, largely from the East, a well organized body of delegates demanding the nomination for the Presidency of Senator William H. Seward of New York. Mr. Seward had been prominent in National affairs for many years. As Governor of the great State of New York, and as United States Senator, he had attracted unusual attention by his ability and clear statesmanship. He was by all odds the most prominent man of his party at that time.

He was represented in that delegation by many of the most noted political manipulators of his party under the leadership of Thurlow Weed, the most adroit politician of his day. Seward had come to that Convention backed by this great element, full of confidence, lacking less than sixty votes of enough to control that entire convention, pledged to him on that first ballot. The advent spectacular event of the pre-convention days.

Outside this great movement for Seward all seemed confusion and disintegration.

Vermont was there asking for the nomination of her able and popular Senator Jacob Collimer, who had filled many places of honor, including a cabinet membership and Supreme Judgeship and Senator.

New Jersey was there asking for the nomination of her Judge and Senator, William L. Dayton, who had stood with Fremont four

years before and gone down to defeat on a ticket that many suggested "had the head where the tail ought to be."

Pennsylvania was there asking for the nomination of her able, aggressive Senator Simon Cameron with the whole Pennsylvania delegation at his call.

Ohio was there urging the nomination of her splendid specimen of Senator and Statesman, Salmon P. Chase, afterward our Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Missouri, with a splendid delegation made up of a new element that everyone wanted to encourage, was there asking for the naming of her eminent Jurist, Judge Edward Bates.

And Illinois was there with a united and very active delegation asking for the nomination of a man—who was neither Governor, Judge nor Senator, just a plain citizen—*Abraham Lincoln.*

And this was the condition confronting us as we faced the responsibility of that nomination for leadership.

We had come to that Convention from far away Kansas from "out on the border." We had been making a very determined fight against the aggressions of the Slave power, a conflict that had attracted the attention of the entire country and had been of such value to the party that they, through their National Committee, had invited us to a full participation in the councils of the Convention. For this reason our little delegation of six were the recipients of many marked attentions.

The morning of our arrival we were invited to an interview with Thurlow Weed at his parlor at the Richmond House.

We had a touch of trepidation as we contemplated being ushered into the presence of this noted political Mogul, but we braced up

our courage and went. He met us at the door of his parlor. We were introduced as we passed in by our Chairman and seated about his big round table in the centre of the parlor.

Mr. Weed was most gracious in his manner, and dispelled all terror from the start.

He stood by the table while we were seated about him and addressed each one of us personally, calling each of us by name, which appealed to us as something remarkable, seeing that our introduction was so informal. That ability was probably one of the secrets of his wonderful influence, the ability to associate the name and the face, an adroit quality, essential to the successful politician. He was an attractive man and very interesting. After complimenting us on the good work accomplished out on the border and thanking us most graciously for the service rendered to the

country and to the party, he turned to the question of the impending nomination.

He said: "Four years ago we went to Philadelphia to name our candidate and we made one of the most inexcusable blunders any political party has ever made in this country. We nominated a man who had no qualification for the position of Chief Magistrate of this Republic." "Why," he said, "that boy Fremont had not one single quality to commend him for the Presidency. The country realized this and we were defeated as we probably deserved to be. We have that lesson of defeat before us today." He went on to say: "We are facing a crisis; there are troublous times ahead of us. We all recognize that. What this country will demand as its Chief Executive for the next four years is a man of the highest order of executive ability, a man of real statesmanlike qualities, well known to

the country, and of large experience in national affairs. No other class of man ought to be considered at this time. We think we have in Mr. Seward just the qualities the country will need. He is known by us all as a statesman. As Governor of New York he has shown splendid executive ability. As Senator he has shown himself to be a statesman and a political philosopher. He is peculiarly equipped in a knowledge of our foreign relations, and will make a candidate to whom our people can look with a feeling of security. We expect to nominate him on the first ballot, and to go before the country full of courage and confidence." He thanked us for the call and gave each of us a friendly handshake at parting.

As he stood at the table, so gracious, so genial, with all our previous estimate of him dispelled, I was reminded of Byron's picture

of his "Corsair" as "The mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," politically, of course.

We had hardly gotten back to our rooms at the Briggs House when in came Horace Greeley, dressed in his light drab suit with soft felt hat thrown carelessly on our table; with his clean red and white complexion, blue eyes and flaxen hair, he looked, as he stood there, for all the world like a well-to-do dairy farmer fresh from his clover field. He was certainly an interesting figure, and he seemed to find a place in our hearts at a bound. As a journalist he was full of compliments for the good news we had furnished to his Tribune and we were all drawn to him by his irresistible smile.

"I suppose they are telling you," said Greeley in a drawly tone, "that Seward is the 'be all' and the 'end all' of our existence as a party; our great statesman, our profound phil-

osopher, our pillar of cloud by day, our pillar of fire by night,—but I want to tell you, boys, that in spite of all this you couldn't elect Seward if you could nominate him. You must remember as things stand today we are a sectional party. We have no strength outside the North, practically we must have the entire North with us if we hope to win."

"Now there are States of the North that cannot be induced to support Seward, and without these States we cannot secure electoral votes enough to elect. So to name Seward is to invite defeat. He cannot carry New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana or Iowa, and I will bring to you representative men from each of these States who will confirm what I say." And sure enough he did; bringing to us Governor Andy Curtain of Pennsylvania, Governor Henry S. Lane of Indiana, Governor Kirkwood of Iowa, each of whom confirmed

what Greeley had said and gave reasons for the belief.

Governor Curtain was particularly emphatic. He said: "I am the Republican candidate for Governor. At the last national election Mr. Buchanan carried Pennsylvania by 50,000 majority. I expect to be elected on the Republican ticket by as large a majority as Mr. Buchanan had on the Democratic ticket, making a change of 100,000 votes; but I can only do this if you give me a man as presidential candidate acceptable to my people. I could not win with Mr. Seward as our candidate." He was a bright looking, enthusiastic young fellow and had every indication of making what he later proved to be, one of the most valuable of our war Governors. Governor Lane and Governor Kirkwood both gave the same evidence touching Indiana and Iowa. It was the work of Horace Greeley to

satisfy the Convention that the nomination of Seward would mean defeat and he certainly did effective work. He was the most untiring of workers. I doubt if Horace Greeley slept three consecutive hours during the entire session of that Convention.

We had calls from strong men, all in a wide-awake determination to meet the demands of the emergency; among them Governor John A. Andrews of Massachusetts with quite a group of New England delegates, and Carl Schurz of Wisconsin.

The afternoon of the day before we were likely to reach the balloting, Greeley came in to see us. He was very much discouraged. He could see no way to effect a consolidation of the elements opposed to Seward and he feared that Seward would win on the first ballot. He seemed tired and depressed. "Mr. Greeley," said one of our delegates, "who do

you really prefer to see nominated, tell us?" Greeley hesitated a moment and sort of bracing up he said: "I think well of Edward Bates of Missouri as a safe nominee. He is a very able man and he comes from a section that we ought to have with us. He is not well known in the East, and for that reason I am hesitating in urging him strongly, but he would make a good candidate and an able President if elected, but I am hesitating."

"Mr. Greely," said one of our group, "what do you think of Abraham Lincoln as a candidate? Why not urge him?" "Lincoln," said Mr. Greely, speaking very slowly as if weighing each word, "is a very adroit politician. He has a host of friends out here in Illinois who seem to see something in him that the rest of us haven't seen yet. He has a very interesting history, that would make good campaign literature; but the trouble with Lincoln is that

he has had no experience in national affairs, and facing a crisis as we all believe, I doubt if such a nomination would be acceptable. It is too risky an undertaking." And that was the judgment of Horace Greely, the leader of the opposition, only a few hours before we should reach the actual balloting.

Soon after Greely had gone we received a message on a card saying: "A company of Unionists from the Border States would like to meet you at your rooms." They were of that sharp eyed, broad jawed Scotch Irish type; the typical mountaineers of the South—intense and volcanic, standing for a something and standing resolutely. We realized instantly that the intense moment had come. We hurriedly arranged our room to seat as many as we could, the others stood against the four walls, filling the room so that we felt that we

were in close touch with some full charged electric batteries.

These men of the southern border had chosen as their spokesman Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky. As Clay stepped forward and stood at the head of our table at which we were all seated, there was a deep intense silence for a moment. As he stood posed before us he was the ideal Kentucky Colonel with all the mannerisms of that element so well pictured in our literature. A fascinating man, handsome to look upon, faultlessly dressed, keen, bright and emotional. We could not keep our eyes off as he stood like a waiting orator charged with a volcanic mission. As he stepped closer to the table, leaning forward with a sort of confidential gesture, speaking right to our very faces, he said: "Gentlemen, we are on the brink of a great Civil War." He paused as if to note the effect. He seemed to

have caught a look of incredulity creeping over our faces that he chose to interpret in his own way. Straightening himself, looking every inch the orator, he said: "You undoubtedly have heard that remark before, but I want you to know that that fact will soon be flashed to you in a way you will more readily comprehend. Gentlemen, we are from the South, and we want you to know that the South is preparing for war. If the man that you will nominate at this Convention should be elected on the platform you have already adopted the South will attempt the destruction of this Union. On your Southern border stretching from the east coast of Maryland to the Ozarks of Missouri there stands today a body of resolute men (of whom these are the representatives) who are determined that this Union shall not be dissolved except at the end of a terrible struggle in resistance.

It makes a wonderful difference who you name for this leadership at this time; a wonderful difference to you but a vital difference to us. Our homes and all we possess are in peril. We realize just what is before us. You must give us a leader at this time who will inspire our confidence and our courage. We must have such a leader or we are lost. We have such a man—a man whom we will follow to the end. We want your help and," leaning forward, in a half suppressed whisper, he said: "We want you to name Abraham Lincoln. He was born among us and we believe he understands us.

"You give us Lincoln and we will push back your battle lines from the Ohio (right at your doors) back across the Tennessee into the regions where it belongs. You give us Lincoln and we will join this Union strength full of enthusiasm with your Union Army and drive

secession to its lair. Do this for us and let us go home and prepare for the conflict."

Here was a new issue just at a psychological moment when everyone realized that something unusual had to happen. Up to this time it had been, "How shall we keep Slavery out of the Territories?" Now it was the question, "How shall we make sure to preserve this Union?" On this new line of formation the Army was drawn up for its new drive.

This impassioned appeal of Clay, first given to us reached the many hesitating delegates and aroused a new vitalization all along the line.

Probably the more conservative presentation of the issue as made by Governor Lane of Indiana did much to supplement the more volcanic work of Clay. Lane said to us: "I am Governor of Indiana. I know my people well. In the South half of my state a good

proportion of my people have come from the slave states of the South. They were poor people forced to work for a living and they did not want to bring up their families in competition with slave labor, so they moved to Indiana to get away from that influence. They will not tolerate Slavery in Indiana or in our free territories but they will not oppose it where it is if it will only stay there. These people want a man of the Lincoln type as their President. They are afraid Seward would be influenced by that abolition element of the East and make war on Slavery where it is. This they do not want, so they believe Lincoln, understanding this as one of their kind, would be acceptable and would get the support of this entire element. If at any time the South should undertake in the interest of slavery to destroy this Union we can depend on every one of this class to shoulder his musket and go to the front

in defense of a united nation even at the cost of Slavery itself."

This new issue fostered by the strong Illinois delegation under the adroit leadership of David Davis, pressed by the impetuous oratory of Clay and strengthened by the sincere and convincing arguments of Governor Lane of Indiana was the real prevailing influence that brought cohesion out of disintegration and centered the full strength of the opposition on the one man. It was an adroit piece of work as effective as it was adroit.

As the spectre of Civil War loomed before us becoming more and more convincing and menacing, we came to realize the need of conserving that element. It grew on us that this element might be a controlling factor in the great struggle before us. It might be decisive and the thought gave us deep concern.

Later, when the conflict was upon us and

we saw 200,000 of these fighting men from our slave states of the border enlisted in our Union Army we more fully realized the vital influence and superb wisdom of that final decision.

But the battle was not over. Strong appeals were being made by both elements. The Seward forces pressed the great fact of known ability, of great experience, of large acquaintance, its ability to control an element to finance a hard campaign; an element that might help to overcome any factional opposition in the doubtful States.

The opposition delegates centered around their man were pleading for a more complete recognition of the West as the coming factor in the growth and strengthening of the party, and while conceding the value of the ability that comes from experience, claimed for their man an abundance of common sense on which they could appeal to the people with safety.

This, with the great fact of the demands of that border element for consideration that it was not safe to ignore gave strength to the appeal of the opposition.

The issue was sharp, keen and decisive. The call to the battle of the ballot brought us face to face with the demand for a duty we could not shirk or would not if we could. We felt the full weight of the responsibility. A responsibility that by our act might involve the very existence of the Republic. We knew that our man, whoever he might be, must be depended on to carry the Nation through the most critical experience of its history. The coming events were casting their dread shadows before us. It was an ordeal. All I can say is—we simply put our trust in God and He who makes no mistakes gave us *Abraham Lincoln.*"

men are created equal," must be preserved for the welfare of our own people, and as an inspiration and example to all the world.

Through four long years of sacrifice and suffering he "carried on," until freedom triumphed, and democracy was saved. It is in support of the same principles of free government that millions today are dedicating their lives and all that they have. We would be untrue to him, and unworthy of the liberty for which he gave his life if we faltered in this hour of trial. Who would dare put a price on these ideals and principles? For the sake of ourselves and the people of all nations, and of generations yet to be, these principles must be maintained, though it cost billions of our treasure and millions of our best and bravest men.

When, war-weary, we would consider for a moment a compromise peace, let us remember

that Lincoln was tempted in like manner. During the dark days near the close of the Civil War, just before the dawn of victory, men who were reputed as statesmen went to Mr. Lincoln and urged him to offer a compromise in order to end the war. He replied, "We accepted this war for a worthy object, and the war will end when that object is attained. Under God, I hope it will not end until that time!" This should be the sentiment of every staunch patriot today. The last vestage of that military autocracy, which deliberately brought on this terrible war, must be put down forever, that it may never again destroy the peace of the world.

Abraham Lincoln, above any mortal man, has given to the world its finest example of lofty spirit and purpose in the hour of severest trial. The military autocracies of Europe have poured out on a suffering, bleeding world

all the vials of wrath, and hatred, and cruelty. But in this dark hour it will sweeten our souls to contemplate his words uttered near the close of four years of awful war: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

And so with him, "Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."