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Egyptian and
American Slavery,

A COMPARISON,

MOSES AND LINCOLN.

**A parallel drawn between Israel's Leader
and America's President.**

Judge McDougal's Eloquent Tribute to
Lincoln's Memory,

REPRINT FROM WESTERN VETERAN.



A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN'S MEMORY,

JUDGE H. C. DcDOUGAL delivered an address of exceptional interest at the celebration of the eighty-eighth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, held in Strobe's Hall, corner of Ninth and Wyandotte streets, Kansas City, Mo., Friday night, February 12, 1897. Judge McDougal treated Lincoln from a new standpoint in many ways. He compared Egyptian and American slavery, and was particularly interesting as considering Moses the prototype of the great emancipator. The address is given in full below:

“Mr. Chairman, Comrades and Friends:— I am glad to see present to-night, honoring the day we celebrate, so many ladies. Every soldier recalls the fact that the love of mother, sister, wife or sweetheart was the highest incentive to duty to country and flag, in field and on the march, and that their memory was such an inspiration as caused the weary, flagging step to quicken and the pulse to beat faster, and so it seems good to have them with us again to-night.

“I am glad, too, to see so many representative colored men here, for if there be one day in the year when the colored people of America should cease from their labor and devote the entire day to actual thanksgiving

and actual prayer, that day is the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

“It is pleasant also to see among the audience a goodly number of old Confederate soldiers. This is an object lesson in patriotism. It shows to the world what soldiers have known for a generation, namely, that with soldiers the war closed at Appomatox and that since that day there has been peace between the blue and gray. Politicians alone have kept up sectional strife. Soldiers of both armies have echoed and re-echoed the immortal sentiment, ‘Let us have peace.’ I want to say to you ex-Confederates that if the king of terrors and his hosts should take form and shape so that soldiers might meet him in open field and strive for the mastery, then that the old Union soldiers of Missouri would join the old Confederates, touch elbows and keep step with them and march down south of this city and do battle with the hosts of death, rescue from the valley of the shadow of death, where he is now making his last fight, and restore to family, friends and country that gallant, chivalric, courageous and courteous gentleman and soldier of the old school—glorious old Jo Shelby. Our prayers go up with yours and we earnestly hope, as you do, that your old commander may yet be rescued from the jaws of death. *

“I am not here, however, to discuss either

*The gallant Shelby died at 4:30 A. M. the following morning.

of these three interesting subjects, but to direct your thought to a comparison between Egypt and American Slavery and point out the parallel in the lives of Moses and Lincoln. The scene which relates to Egyptian slavery opens nearly two-thousand years before Christ."

PHARAOH had made Joseph ruler over all the land of Egypt; they had there passed through their seven years of plenty and were in their seven years of famine "and the famine was all over the face of the earth"; Jacob's other sons had been down into Egypt and bought corn of Joseph—when at the invitation of Pharaoh, conveyed through Joseph, Jacob and his family went down to the land of Goshen in Egypt, "and all the souls of the house of Jacob, which came into Egypt, were three score and ten."

All went well until after the death of Jacob and of Joseph; "the children of Israel were fruitful and increased abundantly and multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them. Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." This "new king" at once commenced and vigorously prosecuted systematic efforts to oppress and decrease the numbers and powers of the Israelites and their condition soon became nothing

short of adject slavery. "And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their service, wherein they were made to serve, was with rigor." This oppression continued up to the time of Moses.

"Now the sojourning of the children of Israel, who dwelt in Egypt, was four hundred and thirty years." The exact date of their exodus is uncertain, but it is probable that it began about fifteen hundred years before Christ. Notwithstanding Egyptian oppression, the Israelites became "as the stars of heaven for multitude" for the seventy who originally went there had increased to "about six hundred thousand on foot that were men, besides children" at the time Moses led them over into the wilderness. The first census taken in the wilderness shows that "from twenty years old and upwards, all that were able to go forth to war in Israel * * were six hundred thousand and three thousand and five hundred and fifty." This did not include the Levites, who had charge of the tabernacle, and whose numbers aggregated over twenty-two thousand males above one year old, nor did it include the women. With all included there must have been over two millions of the children of Israel that followed their great leader out of Egypt and into the wilderness. There "they did eat manna forty years * * * until they came to the borders of the land of Canaan." Yet Moses says to them: "Thy raiment waxed

not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell these forty years.

But after centuries of slavery, and after their long sojourn of forty years in the wilderness, the children of Israel finally dwelt in safety in the promised land—the land flowing with milk and honey. Not so with their great leader: meek, humble, “slow of speech and of a slow tongue” he was, yet to me, “take him for all in all,” Moses stands out as the most richly endowed intellectual giant in all history, sacred and profane. The characters of Julius Caesar and of Napoleon Bonaparte and of Ulysses S. Grant challenge ones highest admiration; my own admiration, veneration and love for the characters of Washington and Lincoln are boundless, yet to me it seems that there has not been so many-sided a man as Moses:—A law giver, a poet, a physician, a magician, a statesman; a man of rare wisdom, sublime imagination, vast learning, splendid courage and sagacity; a leader of men, who knew how to control and play upon the hearts of his people and who was marvelously successful in his management of his two million of unruly, ignorant, vicious and superstitious ex-slaves—the world has never seen his like. Faithful in all things, the crowning glory of success was his. Yet he was not permitted to enter into the promised land, nor see nor feel nor taste the sweet fruit of his magnificent leadership of more than forty years. In the hour of his triumph,

he went up into the "mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah;" there the Lord shewed him all the land of Canaan—valley and plain, mountain and palm tree, even unto the utmost sea—and there, alone with God and the mountain, and pointing out all the promised land, the Lord whom he had always obeyed, thus said unto Moses: "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

"And had he not high honor?
 The hillside for his pall,
 To lie in state while angels wait,
 With stars for tapers tall;
 And the dark rock-pines, like tossing
 plumes,
 Over his bier to wave;
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
 To lay him in the grave,"

"And Moses was a hundred and twenty years old when he died; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. * * * And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face."

I know not in all history a death and burial so pathetic as this, and to me there has been the death of but one great and

heroic leader that equals in pathos the death of Moses.

EGYPTIAN AND AMERICAN SLAVERY COMPARED.

In 1619 a Dutch ship landed at Jamestown, in Virginia, twenty negro slaves. This was the beginning of Negro slavery on American soil. Other importations followed and the slave trade soon become more profitable than any other. This trade was prohibited by law as early as 1808 and in 1820 congress enacted a law declaring it piracy, but so enormous were the profits that the importation of negro slaves did not cease until the outbreak of our civil war, and under this act of congress there was never but a single conviction and execution—that of Gordon in November, 1861.

The American slave owner did not demand that his slaves make "bricks without straw;" nor yet that among them the man-child be killed at his birth, as did his predecessor, the Egyptian taskmaster; but on the contrary, self interest, if not sentiment, led in the main, to the fair and humane treatment of American slaves, so that their condition was infinitely above and far better, and their tasks and burdens less galling than those of the slaves of Egypt. Still, America held her bondmen as had Egypt, and her slaves longed for freedom as did the Israelites of old.

Like their predecessors of that far away period, American slaves, by importation and by natural increase, "multiplied and waxed very

mighty" in numbers; for in the two hundred and thirty-six years which intervened between 1619 and 1865, their numbers had increased from the twenty landed at Jamestown to more than four millions.

But at last, in the fullness of time and Providence of God, the hour was at hand when the bondmen in that rich land watered by the Nile should be free, as afterwards it came when the bondmen in that richer land watered by the Mississippi should be free. For the deliverance of the one, the Lord God—the beginning and the end of human justice—raised up Moses. For the deliverance of the other, the same God, three thousand years later, raised up Abraham Lincoln.

It is true that in liberating America's bondmen, our southland was sorely scourged. Hundreds of thousands of her bravest and best sons gave up their lives for a cause which from infancy they had been taught to believe, and did believe, was right. Thousands of her homes went to ashes in the red fires of war; yet the scourges of the south were as nothing in comparison with those of old Egypt. For there, before Pharaoh would consent that the bond should go free, the Lord turned into blood all the waters of Egypt; was compelled to, and did send the plagues of frogs, of lice, of flies and of murrian of beasts, and of boils and blains, of hail, locusts, and darkness; and finally caused to be slain, throughout all the land, the first born of both man and beast, so that

“there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not a dead.” More than this, when the bondmen of Egypt were on their way to the promised land, they were pursued by Pharaoh and his hosts; Moses parted the waters, he and his followers passed over dry shod; but when the the Egyptians got well into the sea, “the waters returned, and covered their chariots and their horsemen and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; and there remained not so much as one of them * * * and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore.”

Our southland, thank heaven, neither saw nor felt any of these scourges, nor was the remnant of that gallant band of American soldiers that forever grounded arms and furled flag at Appomattox, swallowed up and lost in a waste of waters. Nor were American slaves, after their liberation, forced to wander in a wilderness for forty long, dreary years; nor had they cause to murmur and weep and say, as did the bondmen of Egypt, “Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely: the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions and the garlic; but now our soul is dried away.”

On the contrary, the southland soldier returned in peace to his home, taking his horses—“they will need them for the spring plowing,” said our great-hearted Grant. The American slave, too, remained in the

rich Egypt in which he was born—the soft, sensuous, flower-laden, melon producing land of Dixie—where, at first, in the service of his old master, and later for himself, he continued to hoe the cotton, the corn and the cane, until raised to the full dignity of American citizenship in the land of his birth. There most of them remain out, even unto this day. Loyal to old master and old missus in the chains of slavery and in freedom, in war and in peace,—for be it remembered to their everlasting honor, that no negro slave of America ever betrayed the trust or offered personal violence to master or mistress—to me, born and reared among them as I was, they will ever be remembered as the kindest and the most faithful of the creatures of God. In peace and harmony they dwell to-day among those who but a third of a century ago owned their bodies—held them as mere chattels.

LINCOLN THE LIBERATOR.

To whom are the American slaves of a generation ago indebted for their freedom? First, to that tenderest, ablest and best of American statesman,—Abraham Lincoln; next, to the great commanders: Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Logan and Blair and a host of other officers; but most of all to the boys who wore the Blue—who went down into their land of Egypt to save the Union; who for four long years, through summer's heat and winter's snow, over

mountain and plain, through cotton field and cane brake, followed the flag and fought for the right. The bones of a majority of these boys of a third of a century ago, are now mouldering back to dust again in the land they saved—"theirs the cross, ours the crown." Remember that under Lincoln these boys had their "wilderness;" that when they returned to "God's country" they not only brought back America's Ark of the Covenant, the constitution, with every line and word in its old place and in full force and effect; from that "abomination of desolation," the chaos of secession, rescued and brought back with them every one of the eleven stars that had fallen from the field of blue in their country's flag and restored each star to its old place, where, firm as a fixed star in heaven, each again glittered to the name of a redeemed and restored state in the American Union; but brought back with them and proudly threw upon the altar of their beloved country the shackles of four millions of human beings.

When that grand old army that had saved the Union and liberated America's bondmen, "like a grand, majestic sea," swept up from the southland and through the nation's capital on that memorable review of May, 1865, beneath each blouse of blue beat a heart filled with conflicting emotions of joy and sorrow: Joy because the Union was saved; the flow of American blood had ceased, the slaves were free and "home,

sweet home" was near at hand. Sorrow because of comrades who slept the sleep that knows no waking in that soft clime beneath southern skies, and sorrow that the hour of parting with companions in arms had come. Within every heart, too, was a feeling of profound respect for the courage and valor of those who had fought so long and so well for "The Lost Cause." On an hundred battle fields the Boys in Gray had demonstrated the highest qualities of American soldiers, to meet and defeat whom had been both honorable and glorious. Four years before, to the sound of bugle, fife and drum, in uniforms bright, with plumes and banners flying and hearts beating with hope and courage high, the Boys in Gray had proudly marched away from homes, filled with music and song and perfume of flowers; now in the unutterable sadness, sorrow and humiliation of defeat, they were tramping their weary way back to those homes in the land of pine and palm tree, cotton and cane, where the plantation song of the darky and the tumming of the old banjo now were hushed and the mournful note of the whip-poor-will and the sad, sweet tones of the mocking bird made the only music, and even this to them sounded like the dead march in Saul. What now to them were the voices of singing men and of singing women and of singing birds, for the ringing voices of Jeb Stuart, Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson were hushed in death; nevermore would they hear

the grave, dignified command of their great chieftain, Robert E. Lee; the cause for which they had endured so much was lost. For them the days went by "like a shadow o'er the heart" and what lay before them under the new order of things no man dared to guess. The boys who in that grand review still kept step to the majestic music of the Union, thought of all this—the generous Blue forgave the errors of, and felt pity for the vanquished Gray—he was a foe no longer, but an American citizen and in the land of his fathers.

But above all, in that grand review every eye was filled with unshed tears, every heart bowed down, because of the untimely death of him to whose call they had responded: "We're coming Father Abraham' three hundred thousand more." Lincoln was not there to receive and welcome and review the conquering heroes whose every movement by day and by night, with a father's loving tenderness, he had so anxiously watched, for four long years.

As the bondmen of Egypt after their liberation often needed the wise head and generous heart of Moses, so the bondmen of America sorely needed the wise head and great heart of their emancipator; the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray, for their protection against the wiles of scheming politicians north and south, also needed Lincoln; yet this boon was denied them; for the one man who could and no doubt would have

proven a blessing and a benediction to Bondmen, Blue and Gray alike, had been called to his reward. And as in the olden time "the children of Israel wept for Moses in the land of Moab," so the newly made freedmen, as well as the soldiers of both armies, mourned and wept for Lincoln.

MOSES AND LINCOLN—THE PARALLEL.

Some of those who should have been most loyal, earnest and zealous in their support of Moses, often murmured, complained and even revolted against the great lawgiver. So with Lincoln. "In that fierce light which beats upon a throne," the central figure of the war—the strongest and the noblest man whose shadow the sweet sunshine of heaven ever cast upon Mother Earth—stood amid a shower of envious shafts, heard the cruel criticism and the curses of enemies north and south, at home and abroad, yet through it all remained he, like a god of old, calm, unmoved and immovable.

"I saw a pine in Italy
That cast its shadow athwart a cataract.
The pine stood firm,
The cataract shook the shadow."

Our war was a mighty cataract poured out of heaven in answer to the human cry for justice and freedom, its waters crimsoned with a nation's blood of atonement; the colossal shadow of Lincoln was cast athwart its every part; in public opinion he sometimes seemed to waver, yet now we know

that however vacillating others, through all its four years of appalling seethe and roar and crash, Lincoln himself swerved neither to the right nor the left, but like the poet's pine, always stood firm. He knew what he was doing and why. His enemies did not know, could not understand. The only American who, upon the instant, comprehended every proposition relating to war and freedom, he was long reviled for his silence and inaction; yet when at the right moment, through his immortal emancipation proclamation, he did speak, the world heard; and no words spoken in all history have proven so potential for good, or have so calmed the waters of discontent, since upon the troubled sea of Galilee the Master stood forth and said: "Peace, be still." Peace, the redeemed and restored Union and the freedom of American bondmen were from that moment assured. Then, and not till then, did the world fully realize that at the helm of our ship of state, rocked and tossed as it was upon the crimson sea of civil war, there stood an earnest, sad-faced man, in leadership the peer of Moses and in goodness and mercy and justice almost the equal of Jesus of Nazareth.

Like Moses, Lincoln was permitted to view the promised land. Lee had surrendered, the war was nearing its close; with his prophetic eye he saw in the near future the old flag floating free from sea to sea; saw the Union saved and restored; saw the

shackles of every American slave lying broken at his feet; but the splendid army of Johnston and the army of the southwest were still in the field; "the bonny blue flag" was still borne aloft, and still in defiance, kissed soft, balmy breezes under southern skies. Hence, like Moses, Lincoln was not permitted to set foot in that land of perfect freedom for which his sad soul yearned. For each it was only a little way off—just across the river—the Jordan for Moses and the Potomac for Lincoln—yet the hand of God touched the one, the hand of a madman the other, and the two great emancipators stood face to face in the presence of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—the same God that looked down with pity upon bondmen of the Nile and Mississippi and said: "They shall be free."

As under that high resolve, with Moses for leader and the "pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night" for guide, the bondmen of Egypt at last emerged from their darkness into the light of freedom; so with Lincoln for leader and the starry banner of the Union for guide, the long night of slavery at last gave way to freedom's light, and, bewildered with joyous wonder, the bondmen of America, in the land where they had been but things, stood upon their feet as men.

Moses was born of obscure parentage and in poverty; so was Lincoln. Yet in his own country and among his own people, each at-

tained the highest station, stood alone upon the very dome of dread Fame's temple, a most unselfish, unconscious and unambitious giant, without a rival and without a peer.

When Moses died, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," and the same was true of Lincoln. From the standpoint of the human, each seems to have been called when most needed—when on the very threshold of new, useful and even more glorious careers. Yet who knows?

Another strikingly suggestive parallel, true alike in the land of Canaan and in America, in Holy writ finds expression in these words: "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel, like unto Moses."

The death of Moses was pathetic; that of Lincoln tragic; and yet there was an indescribable pathos in the death of Lincoln that is closely associated with that of the death of his great prototype: In sight of the promised land, yet not permitted to enter.

How different their burials! With his own hands and all alone, God himself buried Moses "in a valley in the land Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Not so with Lincoln: A grateful nation of freemen, all in tears, tenderly bore his body from the Capital to his old home on the broad prairies of Illinois and with loving hands there laid away the tall form of that plain, sad, unassuming patriot, who in saving the Union

brought freedom to America's bondmen,
There he rests in the majesty of eternal re-
pose. His works and his example live. And
while time lasts, lovers of liberty and free-
dom and justice from every land and clime,
aye, even nations and peoples yet unborn,
will make pilgrimages to that tomb and
standing there with uncovered heads, with
thoughts too deep for either words or tears,
will silently and reverently return thanks to
the God of bond and free for His gift of
Abraham Lincoln.

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