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Book 1

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GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

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SOLEMN DISCOURSE

BY A

LOCAL PREACHER.

DEDICATED TO THE FAITHFUL.

—♦—
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A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

It having been my privilege to listen to the Discourse, "God Bless Abraham Lincoln." and thinking it might interest the public, I requested a copy for publication, which the Preacher kindly granted. Limited means confined me to printing but a small edition: but if the Faithful, to whom it is dedicated, discover merit in it, they can, at club or individual expense, have re-printed as many copies as they may deem sufficient for the supply of their own or other Districts: and if Editors would publish it in their columns, it would tend greatly to its publicity.

THE PUBLISHER.

GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

A SOLEMN DISCOURSE,

BY A

LOCAL PREACHER.

Brethren :—In those days of piping peace when Filmore, Pierce, and Buchanan successively presided at the citadel called Washington, and over all the regions round about, the people became rich, wanton and luxurious; and like Ephraim, waxed fat and kicked; Churches were erected to rival the Temples of the Heathens. Synagogues of Satan, called Theatres and Academies of Music, rose like magic, rivaling in splendor every thing short of the gorgeous creations of Aladdin's Lamp. The Money and Merchant Princes dwelt in Marble Halls or Brown Stone Palaces, that threw in the shade the Dwellings of European Princes and Nobles; such at least was the opinion, it is said, of the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, on his visit to this country; and which was cut short by his Mentor, the Duke of Newcastle, lest the Prince should be enervated by Republican Luxury, or so dazzled by its glitter and glory as to make him forget, or hold in contempt, the kingdom he was destined to reign over. To enumerate the splendid Turnouts, at that time, that set down our females at the fashionable shopping marts by day, or at Fancy Balls, Theatres, and Parties by night, would be difficult. Accursed GOLD, the root of all evil, was then so abundant that every Mechanic, Drayman and Laborer had it in such plenty, and in such small coin, that it frequently slipped through their fingers unconsciously; while their wives could buy four pounds of Coffee, five pounds of Sugar and three yards of Calico for a One Dollar Piece. The contaminating influences of Peace and Gold, culminated in the dreadful vice of Intemperance; a whole gallon of Whisky could have been bought for a quarter of a dollar, and Champagne, that Devil's fascinating compound, with other ills of France, became so common, that widow, wife and maid, quaffed them daily as common beverages, turning their brain and maddening their blood into all forgetfulness of female propriety; thus throwing upon the Pious Managers of Magdalene and Rosine Associations an unprecedented load of care; and burdening our Courts and Legislative Halls unduly with cases of Divorce and Crim. Con. In this connection I might advert to Female Refectories, fitted up in bewitching style for the special resort of Ladies; where Champagne, Schnapps,

Hock and Soda Water, Ice Cream, &c., were in daily requisition. To recount the abominations of Club Rooms, and Gambling Hells, would be an endless task.

When things were at their worst, a few Wise Men from the East, undertook their reform.—Blessed Philanthropists, who volunteered to do battle against the Hydra, Intemperance! Prominent among these was the valiant Neal Dow, of the State of Maine, through whose efforts the first Maine Law was enacted. Neal sojourned to the City of Brotherly Love, and lectured the Saints of that City into perfect shame of their apathy and indifference to the Satanic Saturnalia raging in their midst. His mission was considered a perfect God send, and the Brethren to make suitable return, gratefully presented to Neal a Service of Plate, valued it is said at Three Thousand Dollars. Verily Godliness is profitable unto all things! Brother Neal is now reaping, it may be presumed, a richer reward, in a still better and nobler service down South, doing battle against the Philistines in that region; for, in addition to Pay and Rations, as a Field Officer, the Contrabands, it is to be hoped, will help him to sundry Bales of Cotton, and Molasses, *Quantum Suff.*, for sauce to his Pork. Another Son of Blessed New England, Rev. Albert Barnes, who had never slumbered on his post, but in season, and out of season, rebuked boozing and tippling in all its phazes, went so far as to hold forth on the Sabbath Day, in the Presbyterian Church at Harrisburg, in an elaborate discourse, in place of sermon, that Neal Dow's Maine Law was unquestionably constitutional, and that no time should be lost in placing it on the Statute Book of Pennsylvania. The seed thus sown in the heart of the old Commonwealth took good root, and brought forth the famous "Jug Law," enacted in the Session of 1856. The Bill was drawn by the astute Jurist, Judge Watts, of Carlisle, who, imbued with the spirit of Neal Dow, and assured of the Constitutional Soundness of the Maine Law, through the legal acumen of Rev. Mr. Barnes, drafted the Jug Law, working it into a perfect clincher; stopping forever, as he thought, every bung and spiggot hole, and cutting off all supplies to the lips and throats of Imbibers. This Statesman-like production was committed to the Pious Alexander Cummings, then a leader in the Legislature, who with the aid of a three-mile Petition, wheeled on a barrow into the House of Representatives, engineered it through under the crack of the whip, and our worthy Brother Pollock of righteous Know-Nothing memory, being then Governor, signed the Bill in a twinkling. These three Philanthropists, Watts, Cummings and Pollock, were not to the New England Manor Born, but were imbued with all the humility and disinterestedness of the Sons of the Pilgrim Fathers. In merit they may be considered the Faith, Hope and Charity of the Keystone State—Pollock in degree representing Charity the greatest of the three, who for his labors of love, (one in particular, the training of the Patriotic Governor Curtin, of whom it may be said he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel.) was transferred to the Philadelphia Mint, where indoors and outdoors he abounds in all good teachings—religious, moral and political; an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile; one who maintains the inside of the platter as clean and pure as the outside is bright and shining. Brother Pollock is as Gold seven times tried in the fire!

I should not, my Hearers, have troubled you with even this brief account of the Jug Law, but to exemplify the Mutability of Human Affairs; and to show that whether Paul plants or Apollos waters, we must look to a higher source for the increase. When this well digested Bill, the Jug Law, that had rejoiced the hearts of so many Preachers, Lecturers and Petitioners, who for years had labored for its enactment, and to favor its passage had sent so many Members to the Legislature, who never before dreamed of having seats in so august an assemblage; when, I say, the Jug Law had no sooner graced the Statute Book than the Devil, who you know is fruitful in expedients, suggested that every man might without License, Let or Hindrance turn his own Dwelling into a Tavern, wherein he and his cronies might swill among wife and children till boozy or dead drunk; likewise that every Passenger on Railroad or Steamer might carry his Jug, and suck it with impunity on the journey; and hence this Pious and Philanthropic Law became so unpopular and infamous and such a reproach upon its authors, that the next Legislature was constrained to repeal it, and enact that anybody and everybody might be licensed to sell intoxicating Liquors *ad libitum*. And now the old serpent is laughing in his sleeve at the reaction that has taken place through Political Temperance, seeing that nearly all in favor of Maine or Jug Law now swig incontinently—the Dog having turned to his vomit, and the Sow that was washed to wallow in the mire. How it is with Neal Dow the valiant is not known, but should he handle the canteen adroitly, there will no doubt be found a good excuse for him, in the necessity of defending his stomach against the malaria that rises from the savannahs down south.

The Mutability of Human Affairs has been exceedingly manifest for years past in the North, as it is now called, with the exception of Lancaster County, in Pennsylvania, where the Inhabitants thereof were inducted into the doctrine of Antimasonry, by that genuine Abolitionist, Thaddeus Stevens, and the erudite Theophilus Fenn, both worthy Sons of the Land of Steady Habits, and who to this day are sound in the Antimasonic faith; but what is still more remarkable in these degenerate days, the people of that enlightened District, in gratitude for their enlightenment, and for other services such as provoking the Burning of Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia, and the treating an election as though it never had been held, do still uphold and support Thaddeus Stevens, now the respected Chairman of Ways and Means in Congress; an instance of constancy and gratitude that no other people could emulate. All Glory to Lancaster County! Brothers Stevens and Fenn put Masonry under the ban, in the reign of Gov. Ritner. The anathemas, Pains and Penalties fulminated against it, closed its Lodges for a time; but the Devil, who is said to be in league with the Masons, instigated the Buck-shot war, which overthrew Brother Stevens for a season, and set the Lodges to work again, and ever since they have been manufacturing the Sons of Light, as they call themselves, to an incredible amount. Besides, the Old Fellows, another Heathenish Secret Society, have abounded till they are as numerous as the sands of the sea. To these may be added, I am ashamed to say, Know-Nothings, Sons of Temperance and other ridiculous associations; till it seems that Secret Societies increased and prospered by the

philanthropic efforts made to restrain them. When we contemplate these sudden and remarkable changes, can we, my hearers, forbear to exclaim, Oh! the Mutability of Human Affairs.

But, Brethren, let us not despond though disappointments have hitherto attended the plans devised by the faithful for regenerating this wicked and perverse generation. We must take courage and look to the Higher Law—a Law superior to those codified by defunct political sages and statesmen. And now my Beloved Brethren, I shall reveal to you a scheme worthy the approbation of Angels, and which I must say is almost so stupendous as to be beyond the comprehension of finite beings, who on account of the hardness of their hearts are incapable of the exercise of that faith that through the Higher Law not only enables them to see through mountains, but remove them. The undertaking presents to the natural eye a mountain of difficulties, but looked at by the eye of faith, every difficulty disappears, for as I have just said Faith can remove mountains, but it is written, faith without works is dead; of this we have a striking illustration in the memorable command of the sainted Regicide and Lawgiver, Oliver Cromwell, who told his soldiers, “To trust in God but keep their powder dry,” so you perceive the faithful Oliver did not trust the keeping the powder dry to any one but the Soldiers themselves, therefore we must rely on ourselves, buckle on our armor, keep our powder dry, and enter the field where the great Patriots and Apostles of human liberty have already achieved undying fame, and in honor of whom the Pulpit, Forum and Senate pour out in matchless eloquence, unmeasured thanks and praise—yea, and we have a Ruler so incomparable, that but few of the Rulers of Israel or of modern times, in all the attributes of wisdom, firmness, justice or humanity, can vie with him. I allude, of course, to Abraham Lincoln, our High Priest and Ruler, under whose benign sway, through the Inspiration of the Higher Law has undertaken to solve the great Problem we find in the Scriptures, the solution of which, in all ages, has defied the power of Men and Angels to solve, namely, CAN THE ETHIOPIAN CHANGE HIS SKIN OR THE LEOPARD HIS SPOTS? Let not unbelief, my Hearers, stagger your faith in the feasibility of accomplishing this momentous and seemingly impossible change, that when accomplished will astonish the Nations of the Earth, and all the Dwellers therein! Let me tell you that this great work of changing the Black Moor, African, or Negro, vulgarly called, into white men, is already begun, and you know what is once begun is half ended. Laws to that effect have recently been ordained. Laws unlike the ephemeral enactments made on the score of Antimasonry and Teetotalism, but Laws like those of the Medes and Persians that cannot be revoked.

In treating further on this interesting subject, I mean to confine myself to the Ethiopian skin exclusively, as one of our Brethren, the most accomplished and inventive Genius that ever Massa-usetts has produced since the days of Cotton Mather, (I mean Senator Charles Sumner,) has taken out a patent for reconstructing the skin of the other animal, called Leopard, and therefore bars me from meddling with that question. By way of encouraging you into hopefulness of the practicability of turning the Blacks into Whites, and *vice versa* Whites into Blacks, let me advert to what has been done

already towards making these grand changes. First, there was the Under-ground Railroad by which a sample of the Blacks was run into Canada, to try the effect the snows of that region would have in bleaching them, but this process was found too slow; it had the effect, however, to show our worthy allies—the British Anti-Slavery Society, that we had begun to put their subsidies to their proper use. The next experiment was, when the Border Ruffians had the audacity to deny that every inch of Kansas did not belong to New England, the Universal Nation. To convince them of their grand mistake, volunteers, called Emigrants, were raised at high bounties with liberal pay, and marched into the disputed Territory, armed with Sharp's Rifles, Sabres, and Bowie Knives, with other ingenious instruments in the Blood-Letting line. These patriotic volunteers were led by the venerated John Brown, of Harper's Ferry memory, whose achievements and Martyrdom will descend to all posterity to show the stuff whereof the Puritan Blood is made. The Gallant John, having overrun Kansas, was ordered to invade Virginia, the Old Dominion, impiously called the sacred soil, to feel the pulse of the Ethiopians, and to give them freedom, if they would in the readiest way imaginable put themselves at once in the place of their Masters. To facilitate this the Hero, John, seized the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, in order to arm the Slaves to carry out the work expected of them; but they not comprehending the object of John's mission, or thinking themselves inadequate to the undertaking, refused to follow up John's programme, consequently, the Noble John Brown fell into the hands of the Philistines, was tried and executed according to their Bloody Code. But mark what followed, and it should encourage all to offer themselves a living or dying sacrifice! or to wade through rivers of blood, if need be, to gain immortality in the cause of changing the Ethiopian's skin. John Brown, whom the Philistines called Horse-thief, Cut-throat, Bloody Murderer and Incendiary, has since, in defiance of all these calumnies, been canonized, and the anniversary of his martyrdom religiously observed in the Puritan Churches of Boston, Brooklyn, &c., and his obsequies rendered into sacred verse by the Pilgrim Bards, and sung by Statesmen, Orators and Divines, in the beautiful anthem "John Brown, his soul is marching on," and which anthem, as in duty bound, I mean to close the exercises of this evening with. These, my hearers, were but the preludes to the Bloody and Glorious Battles, from Bull's Run to that of Fredericksburg; and even these, though Thousands and Tens of Thousands were slaughtered, and Thousands upon Thousands left bleeding and mutilated upon the encrimsoned field, must be regarded as mere trifles, the beginning of the end, to the Millions of White Men that must yet bleed to make a river of Blood, as it were, wherein the Ethiopian's skin must be washed White; and this shall be accomplished though the Heavens should fall! There is a virtue in this anthem "John Brown his soul is marching on," that none but the wonder working genius of the Puritan mind could foresee or appreciate; even now the Churches and Political Club Rooms resound with its inspiring notes; and it is to be hoped that every Church north of Mason and Dixon's Line, will adopt this orthodox anthem, and exhort their congregations to march forward to its soul-stirring strain. Look at the encouragement

afforded in this respect by the proceedings of the late Episcopal Convention at New York, and let me ask, when this proud, dogmatic Hierarchy deigned to handle the Ethiopian skin, what may be expected of the more disposable denominations? Verily if Bishop McIlvain, with the Divine Alonzo, and his coadjutors Tyng, Vinton and the Very Rev'd WHEREAS, would at the next Convention, resort to the same ways and means so righteously practised in the production of the Pastoral Letter, the anthem, "John Brown, his soul is marching on," might be introduced among the Select Hymns in the Book of Common Prayer, or substituted for one of the Psalms, the Old Hundred for instance, it being long metre, and so is John Brown, his soul is marching on—not a bad excuse for the substitution. When this shall be effected, shall we not shout Hallelula in rapturous Ethiopian style!

This retrospective digression has delayed me in bringing before you the greatest Prophet and Reformer of modern days, the consideration of whose marvellous works is essentially necessary to the further elucidation of my subject, and to whose supernatural powers we are mainly indebted for the progress already made in the great work, and through whose Teachings we look to the final triumphs of our labors. I am, no doubt, anticipated ere I announce this Prophet to be Horace, the Greeley, who from infancy was dedicated to the work of smoothing the Woolly-headed Ethiopian and making his face to shine with surpassing loveliness among the fairest of the sons of men. Horace, though bearing a Heathen Name, not found in either the Old or New Testament, was born in the early part of the present Christian century, in the Land of the Pilgrims, and is of the lineage of Miles Standish; a land that has produced more Prophets and Soothsayers than all the States and Territories put together can boast of or show. His Baptism was in this wise: He was taken to the sacred Rock at Plymouth, and pitched into the Bay at low water tide when the crustacea were disporting in the muddy brine. When the immersion was complete, he was fished out with a pair of can-hooks. This was an improvement upon the plan the Mother of Achilles adopted, who, to render him invulnerable, dipped him in the River Styx, but, being ignorant in the use of can-hooks, had to hold on to her Bantling by the heel, which part not being immersed, was left unconsecrated, and through that unguarded spot the Redoubtable Achilles was slain by an arrow. When the Infant, Horace, like another Moses, was dragged from among the Bull-rushes it was found that the impalpable mud and minute scales and shells of the crustacea, which at the period were shedding their coats, had so blended with the half-formed skin of Horace, that on coming into the sun and air hardened, forming a cuticle as impene-trable as the hide of a Hippopotamus, and which ever since has been proof against the innumerable shafts hurled at him. Moreover, it was also found that, while he was rocking in the muddy waves, like Hercules of old, who strangled a serpent in his cradle, he clutched a naked crab and bore it triumphantly in his grasp to the rock, whereon it was set up and dedicated to the genius of Horace, so that he might hold on like grim death when profitable; crawl sideways, backwards or forwards when expedient; change coat to suit the times, and nip, bite or scratch in wrath or for amusement. Thus

fortified and endowed for redeeming and regenerating the people from iniquity and gross prejudice, he early devoted himself to the solution of the great problem, Can the Ethiopian change his skin?

I can but show in part only how our Great Prophet worked and labored to effect this mighty event. To set before you in detail the whole of the plans he laid and prosecuted to consummate the undertaking, would consume more time than at present is at command. Like most of the prophets of old, he was abstemious to an unparalleled degree, eschewing wine and strong drink; tasting neither fish, flesh nor fowl—but subsisting wholly on a mere crust of Graham bread and vegetarian diet of the simplest kind. It was said that, until of late, when it became expedient to assume a more common garb, the better to mix with the world unsuspected, he was found clothed in sackcloth and ashes, in accord with his exceeding humility. But some scoffingly denied this self-mortifying abasement—alleging that his garment was only the hue of sackcloth, and that the color of his hair gave rise to the story of ashes being on his head. Be this as it may, no mortal of the present age took more pains to fit himself for the sacred work of changing the Ethiopian Skin. His first efforts were made in favor of Owen of Lanark's Agrarian Philosophy and Fanny Wright's Marital Teachings, which greatly promoted the rise and progress of Mormonism and Free Loveism. These were the entering wedges of his reformatory plans, which, with Spirit-rapping and Millerism, opened wide the door for Abolitionism. Nothing now remained but to combine all these isms into one political ism, called Black Republicanism, which was easily done. With Whigism and Know Nothingism he found more difficulty—these proving obstinate and unwilling to part with their cherished names; but his shrewdness overcame all their prejudices, by inventing a name for them under which they might rally and fight for the honors—political spoils—which they were made sure to share in when Black Republicanism would be in the ascendant. Our Prophet knew a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and, therefore, suggested the name of People's Party, which was readily adopted; and to do this party justice, they out-Heroded Herod in the Black Republican cause. To have seen their Wide-awakes on chosen dark nights, with torches and flambeaux, it might have been thought that Beelzebub had opened his den and let out his imps to lighten our darkness or to make night hideous. Nevertheless, these scenes were unmistakable signs of the rapid progress Black Republicanism was making towards getting control of all authority—executive, legislative and judicial—to be exclusively directed to the great end of changing the Ethiopian Skin. To our Prophet Horace, should be ascribed every advance thus far made—and it would be criminally ungrateful to overlook the means he skilfully employed to school the masses into voting to promote the great object he had at heart. With the merchants, bankers and brokers, who are ever in favor of a paper currency, he had only to promise them a superabundance of that staple. With the manufacturers he had even less trouble—for what, with imposts and high tariffs, and the reading of his epistles in the Tribune—they were already, from Lowell, in Massachusetts, to Glen Echo, in Pennsylvania, as black as the bottoms of their dye kettles. With the Farmers residing in the fertile plains, apart from sterile

New England, he found it no easy task to convert them into the belief of the Higher Law. But no obstacle in nature, or the prejudice of caste, could check the unceasing perseverance of the Prophet, whose inventive genius was never at a loss for expedients, and had never proved more successful than in winning over the farmers. He assumed the character of an Eminent Promoter of Agriculture, published Agricultural Periodicals, engaged the services of the incomprehensible Henry C. Carey, whose lucid essays on the "Harmony of Interests," in the Magazine called the Plow, Loom and Anvil, convinced the Farmers of the folly of their prejudices against High Tariffs, and showed them clearly that their interests lay exclusively in a Home Market. The Prophet sent numerous Lecturers and Professors of Rural Economy into the farming districts, who so astonished the tillers of the soil with their ologies and isms, that it never occurred to them to surmise whether these savans had ever in their lives turned a sod or planted a hill of corn; so overwhelmed were they at the profound knowledge displayed by the Lecturers and Professors of Scientific Agriculture. State and County Agricultural Societies were formed, and the Prophet became an indispensable card in making addresses at their Exhibitions. When these Local Institutions were in full blast he suggested the expediency of organizing a United States Agricultural Society to override the State and Local Associations. To effect this he summoned to his aid the renowned Phineas P. Barnum and the eminent Marshall P. Wilder, both genuine sons of New England, who, though neither of them ever held or worked a farm or raised a colt, calf, lamb or pig, were intuitively endowed with more of the theory and practice of Husbandry than was ever ascribed to Virgil or Cincinnatus of old. I should, my Hearers, correct a mistake which has just flashed into my mind in regard to Brother Barnum never having raised a colt, as I now recollect the celebrated Woolly Horse raised by him, it is said, on the Mariposa farm belonging to our most faithful Hero, General Fremont. Marshall P. Wilder was placed at the head of the Centralizing National Society, whose monster exhibitions were the theme of every newspaper in the land. Brother Barnum showed the farmers how to plow with Elephants, and introduced premiums for the best display of female Equestrianism, or Woman Horsemanship, to be competed for by farmers' wives and daughters. President Wilder inaugurated at these exhibitions Horse-racing, called Trials of Speed, for high stakes, called premiums, to be contended for under the rules of the Jockey Club. These races were attractive, and drew immensely, filling the coffers to overflowing. All were in favor of the Track or Race Course; Agriculture seemed never so popular. These Trials of Speed were called by the Boston Divines Orthodox Horse-racing, who, with other Saints, patronized them immensely, including the highest Dignitaries of the Church; and for the uprightness by which the stakes or premiums were won and adjusted Marshall P. Wilder is known to this day by the name of the Pious Horse-racer. The National Exhibitions were held in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky, and attracted multitudes from every quarter. The practical virtue of these shows lay in leading the farmers into contempt or forgetfulness of State Institutions; thus preparing their minds for the utter extinction of political State Rights; the suppression of an element,

Beloved Brethren, indispensable to give potency to the Higher Law, and facility in changing the Ethiopian Skin. It was held by some of the Right Reverend Doctors, and other Doctors, that the Trials of Speed should be encouraged with the view of improving the Breed of Horses for the Army; and this was not only wise, but prophetic; for the improvement at the present is so manifest in the spirit and mettle of our cavalry chargers that their rearing and throwing their riders have become so dangerous as to cause our Ruler, Abraham, to engage the services of the famous Rarey to tame them.

Let us now, my Hearers, pause to contemplate the wonder-working genius of the Pilgrim race—view our Prophet Horace, Barnum and Wilder, reared on a rocky and barren land, whose only staples are codfish and granite—teaching agriculture to the farmers of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky, wherein abound fertility of soil, field products, horses, cattle, sheep and swine to out-rival all that has ever been claimed by the most fabulous votaries of Ceres. 'Tis but two or three years, just after Abraham was chosen, that the closing lessons were given in Virginia and Kentucky, and which are now being practically demonstrated in those States. And no doubt the same abundant harvests that are now being reaped in Virginia and Kentucky will ere long be gathered in Pennsylvania and Ohio; it is said they are almost ready for the sickle, and I am constrained to say that, until their Harvest is past, and summer ended, we will not be able to rejoice in the complete change of the Ethiopian Skin.

But the crowning act of our Prophet's efforts was the creating an Agricultural Department at Washington, with a salary attached of five thousand dollars per annum, and the placing that great luminary of Agricultural Science, Brother Isaac Newton, at its head. Isaac's appointment gave general satisfaction to the farmers, and was received by them in full for the votes they gave in the glorious election of memorable 1860. They were delighted to think they had got a Department and a Cabinet officer at Washington, and that Abraham had taken to his bosom the intelligent and scientific Isaac—knowing that a more truthful, honorable or magnanimous heart never beat in that bosom.

I take occasion here, my Brethren, to relate an anecdote I had from a reliable source in regard to Abraham and his Pet Lamb Isaac. You know Father Abraham is sometimes playful and facetious. It appears that the marked attention bestowed upon the new Cabinet officer, Isaac, in consequence of his profound learning and courtier-like, statesmanship ability, aroused the jealousy of Secretary Stanton, fearing that he who held the Portfolio of Agriculture might supplant him in the affections of Abraham. This state of affairs between the two Heads of Departments gave rise to much gossip and tattle among the Diplomats at Washington, and caused a friend of the Secretary at War to wait on Abraham and inform him if some measures were not adopted soon to allay the jealousy of Stanton, his services might be lost to the country, and his withdrawal lead to the breaking up of the whole Cabinet—a calamity too awful to be contemplated. To this, the amiable Abraham replied, saying that no Member of his Cabinet dare aspire to the regard in which he held the distinguished Secretary Stanton, for during this bloody war,

no man of his Cabinet was so staunch when carnage was rife—why, Robespierre was a barking, chicken-hearted cur to the cool, blood-hound qualities of my Secretary at War. Further, said Abraham, this Isaac is a mere milksop, of the sneaking, cowardly Quaker Tribe, whom I took mainly to oblige Hickman, Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, who pressed him on me in consideration solely, perhaps (here Abraham threw one of his meaning winks over his left shoulder at the friend), solely, perhaps, he repeated, on account of Isaac's ingenuity in getting Broadbrim votes for him in his district. Furthermore, continued Abraham, Isaac's name was another reason with me for appointing him. You know every Abraham should have an Isaac, and, when the command comes, I will put the knife to my Isaac as readily as ever he butchered an old ram and sold it for Wether Mutton in the Philadelphia market. This simple anecdote is encouragingly suggestive that Abraham will carry on this righteous war till the Ethiopian is made to stand on the same level with white men or above them.

My beloved brethren, don't think that I have descended too far below the line of the Higher Law in describing things and using words familiar to the unenlightened, for you should know that of old all knowledge was communicated by fable or parable so as to make it plain to the understanding. It is meet that at such times as the present I should speak plainly and strongly; and I mean so to do till the end of this discourse, and may the hearing ear and understanding heart be given to you while I continue to unfold the important truths revealed to me.

Horace, the Prophet, with other Inspired Men of the East, having carried their Delegates to make choice of a Ruler, Chicago, in the Land of Illinois, being the chosen place of meeting, there the Delegates assembled. It was plain that the Prophet controlled the greatest part of them; yet there was one Simon, called the Pure, from the Land of Penn, who assumed equal influence with the Prophet, which grieved him not a little.

To understand the faith that was in Simon, the Prophet held a class meeting—politically, a caucus—and led it. He opened by exhorting all who valued regeneration and the changing of the Ethiopian Skin, to cast their lots for no one save a steadfast, true and unflinching Emancipationist, in whom there could be no guile, and then called on each to speak his experience and show the hope that was in him. All was satisfactory until he came to the last Bench, whereon Simon had placed his people, so that they might be the last to respond; when, to the Prophet's surprise, Simon arose and said he should speak for those he had brought from the Land of Penn, as he held their consciences in his own hand, to be moulded as suited neither higher nor lower law, but the law of Barter. The strong hand held by Simon showed the Prophet that he had fallen in with no ordinary customer, and led him at once to ascertain Simon's position, by asking, How is it with Brother Simon? Whereupon Simon said, "A certain soothsayer, whose lineage he knew not, nor cared nothing for, called at his abode, and revealed to him many comfortable things that would come to pass if he would lend a hand in making him Ruler over the People; to which he consented, because he believed, and continued to believe, he could do

that thing; and the name of the soothsayer was WILLIAM H. SEWARD. The Prophet, on hearing this, became wroth, and rent his clothes—the first time he betrayed the infirmity of anger. But, my Hearers, you should recollect that many priests and prophets, from Moses, who broke the ten commandments at one smash, to Paul, who bitterly cursed Alexander the coppersmith, had given way to anger, but, like our Prophet, sinned not. The anger of the Prophet having subsided, he addressed Simon in the language of true inspiration, saying:—Simon! Simon! The Tempter has had you up on high, to show you the carnal things wherewith he would invest you. This Tempter was in the shape of Seward; and you know the Tempter was a Liar from the beginning; therefore, place no confidence in Seward, for, if you could or did elect him Ruler, so soon as you had crowned him, he would turn from such as you, and leave you to waddle, like a lame duck, for life in the mud holes of Middletown. Hearken unto me, continued the Prophet, you could not make Seward Ruler, because I stand in the way; and, rather than he should sit upon the Throne, and I left to the tender mercies of Bennett's Little Villain, Raymond, and the Albany Cormorant, Thurlow Weed, I would set up the Little Giant, or the Philistine, Breckenridge. Seward! indeed! Preposterous! Iniquitous! If I wanted a Fox, with a firebrand to its tail, to let loose among the standing corn of the Philistines, Seward would be the Fox. But now, first of all things, I want a Sampson, who could slay the Philistines with even the Jaw bone of an Ass, carry the Gates of the citadel of the Union upon his back and set them on Bunker Hill; or, if need be, go it blind, and pull down the Pillars of Constitutional Liberty. Such is the man I want, and lo! I have found him! And his name is Abraham, surnamed Lincoln! A very Saul among the Prophets, a head and shoulders above Seward and all others, a Sampson in strength, a Solomon in wisdom, and a Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in fortitude and fidelity!

The Prophet ended this inspired speech by pledging himself to set Simon on a high and lucrative place near the Throne, if in casting lots on the morrow he would follow his lead. To this Simon assented, as did all present. Before the class was dismissed, the Prophet examined Simon's hand, (I must now, my Hearers, speak after the manner of the men of chance, called Blacklegs, to show how the Lots were cast that fell most in number upon Abraham, surnamed Lincoln, the mode and character being "High, Low, Jack and the Game,") and found it composed of the Knave of Spades and Queen, with numerous black spots of the same suit. At this discovery the Prophet rejoiced with exceeding great joy, knowing that he held the Ace and King, and knowing also that the Sewardites held but a motley hand of Blacks and Reds. Behold! said the Prophet, to which Simon gave heed, I shall on the morrow lead my Ace, upon which you will place your Jack; the trick will be mine. Then I will lead my ten, upon which you will throw your Queen; taking that trick gives you the lead with one of your Spades, of course, which I shall take with the King, giving me that trick, and, beyond peradventure, the Game. When this was shown the class was dismissed, after singing John Brown, his soul is marching on. They accordingly cast Anchor and wished for the day. The day came, and, as the

Prophet had foretold, Abraham, surnamed Lincoln, was chosen to be Ruler, which in due time was confirmed by all the Faithful in the Land of the Puritans, and by those who had gone out into the Wilderness, but who did not go astray.

And it came to pass, when the customary days of preparation given to the Ruler elect had ended, the chosen Abraham sojourned to the Capital, called Washington, where the men formerly called Presidents were inaugurated. The journey was long and devious; wherever he came among the Faithful, their greeting was as if the shout of a King was among them. But as he approached the Borders of the Philistines, a change came over the spirit of his dream; and he feared greatly to pass an ancient City of the Moabites, called Baltimore, which needs be passed before he could reach the Capital. In this dilemma, the Prophet, knowing Simon to be a skilful costumer, employed him to so disguise Abraham that the Moabites should not know him from one of themselves. Simon, to do the thing economically, wrapped him in his old cloak, and furnished Abraham's lofty head with a Highland Bonnet, which so metamorphosed Abraham, the chosen, that he actually forgot what manner of person he was, to the great amusement of Simon, who irreverently chaunted the Scotch Ballad :

“Come under my pladie, the night's gaun to fa'.”

The song, however, had an exhilarating effect upon the spirit of Abraham, and gave birth to a gratitude towards Simon as unlimited as the Charity that covereth a multitude of sins. The Chosen Abraham passed unknown through the Moabish City to the place of Instalment, where the Prophet Horace received him with prayer and thanksgiving, and had him saddled with all the RELICS OF SOVEREIGNTY. And when the multitude saw he was saddled, they lifted their voices and with one accord cried, Great is our Ruler Abraham! From this auspicious day, my Hearers, a day worthy of being held in remembrance by the chroniclers of future generations, the great problem of changing the Ethiopian Skin remained no longer an open or mysterious question, but simply a question of time only. Owing to the fatigue of Abraham's journey and the pressure of the Burden wherewithal he was saddled, the Prophet wisely allowed him time to breathe and recuperate, the better to come up to the work destined for him to perform.

When the days of rest and training were fulfilled, the Prophet pranced out Abraham, so changed that all were astonished to behold in him a WAR CHARGER, caparisoned for the field, and so defiantly proud and mettlesome that never Commander, Knight or Squire in the Crusade for the Holy Sepulchre bestrode his like. I speak figuratively, my Brethren, that you may catch the idea. Indeed, the best illustration I could give would fall short of the spirit, style and action of the Bucephalus the Prophet had well in hand. The only thing approachable to the reality would be West's picture of Death on the Pale Horse. Every track of Abraham was marked with Blood and Devastation! On he flew, conquering and to conquer, from Bull's Run to the borders of the mighty Mississippi; thence back to the place of beginning, where he crossed that second Jordan, called Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg, in sight of the Promised Land, where he rests for the winter to refresh and recruit for another

bloody onslaught. From Bull's Run to the Rappahannock the streams were made to run blood, and were filled with the carcasses of the Philistines, whose White men, with those of our Hosts, slain are numbered at Four Hundred and Fifty Thousand Souls! Seeing this, my Brethren, who will doubt the ability of our Ruler and the Prophet, when the days lengthen, and they take the Field to subdue the Moabites and Edomites, who dwell on the borders of the Susquehanna, Ohio, Delaware and Hudson, and who lately have raised the standard of rebellion against their righteous sway, but that similar results will be shown in thinning the whites to make room for the chosen Ethiopian race.

The achievements in the Field, great as they have been, would prove inoperative towards promoting the great end in view, but for the wisdom of Abraham, our Ruler, who from the Throne, in the spirit of the Higher Law, made an Edict, and had it proclaimed to all Lands, Kindred and Tongues, that on the First Day of the First Month, called January, (in honor of the *two-faced* Heathen Deity Janus,) the Black Race should no longer dwell in servitude, but take rank, have honors, and high places with, or without, White men for ever! When this transcendently glorious Proclamation was made, there came up threatenings and cursings from the Philistines, and the Moabites and Edomites on their borders, as had like through fear, to have set even the Faithful to cursing Abraham, our Ruler; and there was a great stir among the People, in so much that it was feared the Prophet might be constrained to curse also; but he, like Balaam and his Ass, *blessed and cursed not*, (understand I do not mean the Ass took part in blessing, for it could but complain, or not go on; no Ass, or fool, or madman can *Bless*;) I mean that our Prophet Horace, opened his mouth, and like Balaam, who was required by Balaak, son of Zippor, King of the Moabites, to curse the Israelites, blessed them. In like manner our Prophet, instead of cursing, opened his mouth, and cried with a loud voice, God Bless Abraham Lincoln, our Ruler! and all the elect, those in high places and in low places; and the Faithful in general said Amen! And I repeat, Amen! and Amen!!

My Beloved Hearers, I had intended, for your instruction this evening, to have spoken on a clause of the second verse of the second chapter of the Prophet Malachi, which reads, "I WILL CURSE YOUR BLESSINGS, YEA, I HAVE CURSED THEM ALREADY," but meditating as I came hither on these portentous times, it came into my mind that a desultory discourse might, in the range it would allow, be made more profitable than if I confined myself to the strictness I should be compelled to observe in handling a single text. The text alluded to in Malachi was pressed upon me in consideration of hearing the ungodly mock, and ascribe what they wrongfully called defeats of our Armies at Bull's Run and elsewhere to Rev. Doctor Ducachet's making the sign of the cross upon our flag in the streets, and blessing it, with other holy things said and did by him on the occasion, believing that neither the blessing nor cursing of the Jolly Doctor had ought to do with the defeats or victories of our Army. I chose the words of Malachi, "*I will curse your blessings, yea, I have cursed them already.*" to show that the malediction bestowed on Priests having Bloody Hands did not apply to Ministers of the Nineteenth Century of the

Christian era, but those under the Jewish Dispensation; and sure I am that Malachi never dreamed of such a Priest as Doctor Ducachet. And if the Rev. Doctor, after having taken a bird's-eye view of the glories of the battle-field, did feel a little elated, and did cut a few capers before the Star-spangled Banner, I was prepared to show that the Doctor had Scripture authority for his gyrations, for we read, my Hearers, that David danced before the Ark.

I fear I have trifled too long with your anxiety and the curiosity of my sisters, in not explaining the mode and manner by which the regeneration or new birth—the changing the Ethiopian Skin—is to be finally perfected, but I shall now reveal the operation, as far as the Higher Law will give me utterance. I have shown how Abraham and the Prophet dealt with the White Skins, whether of the circumcision or uncircumcision. All capable of bearing arms or matrimony are either to be slain by the edge of the sword or rendered unfit for service. This being the case, the White skin females marriageable or widowed will be innumerable. The Male Blacks or Ethiopians, having passed through the war unscathed, and well fed, must have allotted to each as many white females as Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE and the Strong-minded Women of the East, sitting in Faneuil Hall, as a Disposing Congress, of which Mrs. Stowe will be Speaker, may judge him competent to manage. Those of the white females who prove fastidious and who will not take to the Ethiopian Skins, are to be flung out, in BUTLER FASHION, for the use of the unbridled and unbroken-in Black Ourang-Outangs, to deal with them according to their natural instincts. At the same time, the Ethiopian females must be restrained, under penalty of death, from all intercourse with those of their own color. The question then may be asked, What is to be done with those Ethiopian females? Well, they are to be assorted and classified; those found of proper age and health are to be reserved for white men. Those under and over age are to be shipped from Boston, via Canada, consigned to the British Anti-Slavery Society; in return for the moneys they so generously remitted to enable us to work out the great problem, especially for the gold sovereigns so liberally bestowed by the Patriarch Lord Brougham and the angelic Duchess of Sutherland on Mrs. Beecher Stowe, for her Divine Revelation in “Uncle Tom's Cabin”—a priceless work, for which she is entitled to a more *enduring reward* than the British Philanthropists and the players in Europe or America could bestow. Another question, What is to be done with the class of young and competent Black Females? Why, as, at the close of the war, there will be found but few adult Native Americans, they must be reinforced by importations from Ireland, Germany and England, to make up a supply for these Black females. The Scotch cannot be recommended, for, from their having been employed time out of mind as the *Whips* to drive the Ethiopians, and having taken more out of their skins and laid more on them than all others, they cannot be trusted; to say nothing of their being so given to filthy lucre as to tempt them, during the early stages of changing the skin to sell it into bondage, to any buyer from the Tropics, to put money in the purse. Time will not permit my going further into the details of this regenerating process; enough has been shown to enlighten you as to the *modus operandi* now happily in rapid progress towards full

and complete consummation. But, Beloved Brethren, I cannot forbear to remind you of the Blessings you should ever be ready, in all gratefulness, to call down upon the head of our Ruler Abraham, and to exhort you to put your trust in the Higher Law, which is sufficient to bear you through all the trials to which you may be exposed, whether of shame or evil report; in poverty, in nakedness; in war, pestilence and famine; even to laying down your lives as a willing sacrifice; reckoning all unworthy of regard, compared to the incomparable and most glorious work made manifest in this, that the Ethiopian Skin, through those sufferings, has been changed, and made white as wool!

By way of application, I must recur to the never-to-be-forgotten Prayer of the Prophet Horace, the Greeley, uttered when Abraham, the Ruler, on the twenty-second day of the Ninth month, called September, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-two, and in the second year of his Reign, made Proclamation, that all Ethiopians, wickedly called negroes, should be made Free, to enjoy themselves after the manner of their kind and lineage. A Prayer that should ever dwell in the hearts and be uppermost on the lips of the Faithful, namely—GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN! Let the Merchants, when the Ships lie rotting at the wharves, and the Bankers, when the Banks are closed and broken, and when the Money Changers find their tables overthrown, and their occupation gone—then let them, jointly or severally, to preserve their cunning and keep their hands in, Draw, Discount and Negotiate Bills that will be honored at home, St. Domingo and Liberia; provided they bear on their face, by way of Legal Tender—GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN! And

When the Manufacturers find the Loom idle and the Shuttle suspended in the sley, and the male operatives slain or disabled, and their wives and children houseless and starving—then let them, as in duty bound, cry—GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN! And

When the Farmers find their Fields laid waste, Dwellings and Barns demolished, and all around desolation; no green spot to refresh their sunken eyes, no Flocks or Herds in the distance lowing, rendering hill and dale joyous—let them not despair, but with the eye of faith, through the Higher Law, look to the glorious future, when their farms will be the heritage of the regenerated Ethiopian, who will repair and reproduce all that till of late was so snug, pleasant and comfortable. I say, let them not look back upon the past, nor repine at the present, but look into the future, and, with pious resignation, repeat—GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN! And

Let the Ministers of the Church Militant, from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the Sanctified and *Feracious* Doctor Tyng, of New York, to the Meek and Gentle Parson Brownlow and the Reverend and Peaceful Jim Cartey, of Nashville—let them, I repeat, when they have preached the Gospel-loving, Disloyal Hearers out of their Churches, and the Pews are empty, save when filled as Hospitals with the mutilated, wounded and broken-down soldiers of this Righteous War; and when their eyes behold nothing but wounds, bruises and putrefying sores, which they helped to produce, oh! then let them lift their *Spotless Hands* to the Lamb upon the Throne, and exclaim—GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN! And

Let Harriet Beecher Stowe bring out the last act in her Uncle Tom's Drama, to be put on the stage with all the effect artistic skill can produce. In the centre foreground should appear quivering Limbs, once of gentlest, rarest mould, now stained and defiled with foulest pollution; showing also snow-white bosoms, that ever throbbed in angelic purity to Woman's soft emotions, now Blood-stained, in the last heavings of unpitied, untold outrage, woe and wrong! Along the Right and Left Side-wings should appear groups of fair and gentle creatures, with hair dishevelled, and eyes distorted in hopeless despair, while the Black Ourang-Outangs are dragging them down to gratify their Brutal Instincts. In the Middle Centre may be thrown the charred remains of Lovely Women, first outraged and then committed to the flames. Forms, that once moved with grace, dignity and love, now hideous and revolting. Alongside of these should be strewn Murdered Innocents, with brains dashed out and bodies ruthlessly gashed and bleeding. Then in the centre of the back-ground, as climax to the *tout ensemble*, a Tableau should be arranged, composed of Fathers, Husbands and Brothers, chained erect, so as they may behold the heart-rending outrages perpetrated before them; their eyes rolling in madness with the combined pity, hate, affection, revenge and despair that swell to bursting their manly hearts. Then, when the curtain rises, let HARRIET BEECHER STOWE enter, with *lofty brow*, to receive the *Plaudits* of an audience gathered from Humanity's extended Fold; and when advanced to the footlights, let her give, with dramatic effect—GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN! And

Finally, let Hell open wide its Jaws, and jubilant of the works of Abolitionism, belch forth flames and lightening, and, in derision of the Most High, *Laugh out*—in Thunders that will shake the earth and startle the ear of Heaven—GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

And now let us conclude by singing the glorious anthem:

John Brown, his soul is marching on,
Though his body is under ground.

(With the repeat.)



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