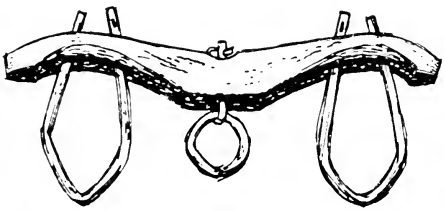
LINCOLN ROOM



AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

SPRINGFIELD WASHINGTONIAN

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

AT THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

—ON THE—

22D DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1842.

—BY—

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Esq.,

[And Published by the Direction of the Society.]

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS:
Re-Printed for, and Published by, the Springfield Reform Club.
1882.

Anniversary of the Springfield Washingtonian Temperance Society.

Sangamo Journal, Feb. 25, 1842.—(Editorial.)

This anniversary, the first of the kind celebrated in this county, passed off well. A procession was formed at 11 o'clock, at the Methodist Church, under direction of Col. B. S. Clement as Chief Marshal, and, escorted by the beautiful company of Sangamo Guards, under command of Capt. E. D. Baker, marched through some of the principal streets of the city, and reached the Second Presbyterian Church at 12 o'clock. The address, delivered by Mr. Lincoln, in our opinion, was excellent. The Society directed it to be printed. The singing delighted the immense crowd. Several pieces were a second time called for and repeated. Indeed, the whole was a most happy affair. The weather was delightful.

ADDRESS.

Although the Temperance Cause has been in progress for near twenty years, it is apparent to all, that it is just now being crowned with a degree of success, hitherto unparalleled.

The list of its friends is daily swelled by the additions of fifties, of hundreds, and of thousands. The cause itself seems suddenly transformed from a cold abstract theory, to a living, breathing, active and powerful chieftain, going forth "conquering and to conquer." The citadels of his great adversary are daily being stormed and dismantled; his temples and his altars, where the rites of his idolatrous worship have long been performed, and where human sacrifices have long been wont to be made, are daily desecrated and deserted. The trump of the conquerer's fame is sounding from hill to hill, from sea to sea, and from land to land, and calling millions to his standard at a blast.

For this new and splendid success, we heartily rejoice. That, that success is so much greater now, than heretofore, is doubtless owing to rational causes; and if we would have it continue, we shall do well to inquire what those causes are.

The warfare heretofore waged against the demon intemperance, has, somehow or other, been erroneous. Either the champions engaged, or the tactics they adopted, have not been the most proper. These champions for the most part, have been preachers, lawyers and hired agents, between these and the mass of mankind, there is a want of *approachability*, if the term be admissable, partially at least, fatal to their success. They are supposed to have no sympathy of feeling or interest, with those very persons whom it is their object to convince and persuade.

And again, it is so easy and so common to ascribe motives to men of these classes, other than those they profess to act upon. The preacher it is said, advocates temperance because he is a fanatic, and desires a union of the church and State; the lawyer from his pride, and vanity of hearing himself speak; and the hired agent for his salary.

But when one, who has long been known as a victim of intemperance, bursts the fetters that have bound him, and appears before his neighbors "clothed and in his right mind," a redeemed specimen of long lost humanity, and stands up with tears of joy trembling in eyes, to tell of the miseries once endured, now to be endured no more forever; of his once naked and starving children, now clad and fed comfortably; of a wife, long weighed

down with woe, weeping and a broken heart, now restored to health, happiness and a renewed affection; and how easily it is all done, once it is resolved to be done; how simple his language, there is a logic and an eloquence in it, that few, with human feelings can resist. They cannot say that he desires a union of church and State, for he is not a church member; they cannot say he is vain of hearing himself speak, for his whole demeanor shows he would gladly avoid speaking at all; they cannot say he speaks for pay for he receives none, and asks for none. Nor can his sincerity in any way be doubted; or his sympathy for those he would persuade to imitate his example, be denied.

In my judgment, it is to the battles of this new class of champions that our late success is greatly, perhaps chiefly, owing. But, had the old-school champions themselves, been of the most wise selecting, was their system of tactics the most judicious? It seems to me it was not. Too much denunciation against dram-sellers and dram-drinkers was indulged in. This I think was both impolitic and unjust. It was impolitic, because it is not much in the nature of man to be driven to anything; still less to be driven about that, which is exclusively his own business; and least of all, where such driving is to be submitted to, at the expense of pecuniary interest, or burning appetite. When the dram-seller and drinker, were incessantly told, not in the accents of entreaty and persuasion, diffidently addressed by erring man to an erring brother; but in the thundering tones of anathema and denunciation, with which the lordly judge often groups together all the crimes of the felon's life, and thrusts them in his face just e're he passes sentence of death upon him, that they were the authors of all the vice and misery and crime in the land; that they were the manufacturers and material of all the thieves and robbers and murderers that infest the earth; that their houses were the workships of the devil; and that their persons should be shunned by all the good and virtuous, as moral pestilences. I say, when they were told all this, and in this way, it is not wonderful that they were slow, very slow, to acknowledge the truth of such denunciations, and to join the ranks of their denouncers, in a hue and cry against themselves.

To have expected them to do otherwise than they did—to have expected them not to meet denunciation with denunciation, crimination with crimination, and anathema with anathema—was to expect a reversal of human nature, which is God's decree and can never be reversed.

When the conduct of men is designed to be influenced, persuasion, kind unassuming persuasion, should ever be adopted. It is an old and a true maxim, "that a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall." So with men. If you would win a man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey that catches his heart, which, say what he will, is the great high road to his reason, and which, when once gained, you will find but little trouble in convincing his judgment of the justice of your cause, if indeed that cause really be a just one. On the contrary, assume to dictate to his judgment, or to command his action, or to mark him as one to be shunned and despised, and he will retreat within himself, close all the avenues to his head and his heart; and though your cause be naked truth itself, transformed to the heaviest lance, harder than steel, and sharper than steel can be made, and though you throw it with more than

herculean force and precision, you shall be no more able to pierce him, than to penetrate the hard shell of a tortoise with a rye-straw. Such is man, and so must he be understood by those who would lead him, even to his own best interests.

On this point, the Washingtonians greatly excel the temperance advocates of former times. Those whom they desire to convince and persuade are their old friends and companions. They know they are not demons, nor even the worst of men; they know that generally they are kind, generous and charitable, even beyond the example of their more staid and sober neighbors. They are practical philanthropists; and they glow with a generous and brotherly zeal, that mere theorizers are incapable of feeling. Benevolence and charity possess their hearts entirely; and out of the abundance of their hearts, their tongues give utterance, "Love through all their actions run, and all their words are mild;" in this spirit they speak and act, and in the same, they are heard and regarded. And when such is the temper of the advocate, and such of the audience, no good cause can be unsuccessful. But I have said that denunciations against dram-sellers and dram-drinkers, are unjust, as well as impolitic. Let us see.

I have not enquired at what period of time, the use of intoxicating liquors commenced; nor is it important to know. It is sufficient that to all of us who now inhabit the world, the practice of drinking them, is just as old as the world itself—that is, we have seen the one, just as long as we have seen the other. When all such of us at have now reached the years of maturity, first opened our eyes upon the stage of existence, we found intoxicating liquor; recognized by everybody, used by everybody, repudiated by nobody. It commonly entered into the first draught of the infant, and the last draught of the dying man. From the sideboard of the parson, down to the ragged pocket of the houseless loafer, it was constantly found. Physicians prescribed it, in this, that and the other disease; Government provided it for soldiers and sailors; and to have a rolling or raising, a husking or "hoe-down" anywhere about, without it, was *positively unsufferable.* So too, it was everywhere a respectable article of manufacture and of merchandise. The making of it was regarded as an honorable livelihood, and he could make most, was the most enterprising and respectable. Large and small manufactories of it were everywhere erected, in which all the earthly goods of their owners were invested. Wagons drew it from town to town; boats bore it from clime to clime, and the winds wafted it from nation to nation; and merchants bought and sold it, by wholesale and retail, with precisely the same feelings on the part of the seller, buyer and by-stander, as are felt at the selling and buying of plows, beef, bacon, or any other of the real necessaries of life. Universal public opinion not only tolerated, but recognized and adopted its use.

It is true, that even then, it was known and acknowledged, that many were greatly injured by it; but none seemed to think the injury arose from the use of a bad thing, but from the abuse of a very good thing. The victims of it were to be pitied, and compassionated, just as are the heirs of consumption, and other hereditary diseases. Their failing was treated as a misfortune, and not as a crime, or even as a disgrace.

If then, what I have been saying is true, is it wonderful, that some should think and act now, as all thought and acted twenty years ago, and is it just to assail, condemn, or despise them for doing so? The universal sense of mankind, on any subject, is an argument, or at least an influence not easily overcome. The success of the argument in favor of the existence of an over-ruling Providence, mainly depends upon that sense; and men ought not, in justice, to be denounced for yielding to it in any case, or giving it up slowly, especially when they are backed by interest, fixed habits, or burning appetites.

Another error, as it seems to me, into which the old reformers fell, was the position that all habitual drunkards were utterly incorrigible, and therefore, must be turned adrift, and damned without remedy, in order that the grace of temperance might abound, to the temperate then, and to all mankind some hundreds of years thereafter. There is in this, something so repugnant to humanity, so uncharitable, so cold blooded and feelingless, that it never did, nor never can enlist the enthusiasm of a popular cause. We could not love the man who taught it—we could not hear him with patience. The heart could not throw open its portals to it, the generous man could not adopt it, it could not mix with his blood. It looked so fiendishly selfish, so like throwing fathers and brothers overboard, to lighten the boat for our security—that the noble-minded shrank from the manifest meanness of the thing. And besides this, the benefits of a reformation to be effected by such a system, were too remote in point of time, to warmly engage many in its behalf. Few can be induced to labor exclusively for posterity; and none will do it enthusiastically. Posterity has done nothing for us; and theorize on it as we may, practically we shall do very little for it, unless we are made to think, we are, at the same time, doing something for ourselves.

What an ignorance of human nature does it exhibit, to ask or expect a whole community to rise up and labor for the temporal happiness of others, after themselves shall be consigned to the dust, a majority of which community take no pains whatever to secure their own eternal welfare at no greater distant day? Great distance in either time or space has wonderful power to lull and render quiescent the human mind. Pleasures to be enjoyed, or pains to be endured, after we shall be dead and gone, are but little regarded, even in our own cases, and much less in the cases of others.

Still in addition to this, there is something so ludicrous, in promises of good, or threats of evil, a great way off, as to render the whole subject with which they are connected, easily turned into ridicule. "Better lay down that spade you're stealing, Paddy—if you don't, you'll pay for it at the day of judgment." "Be the powers, if ye'll credit me so long I'll take another jist."

By the Washingtonians this system of consigning the habitual drunkard to hopeless ruin, is repudiated. They adopt a more enlarged philanthropy, they go for present as well as future good. They labor for all now living, as well as hereafter to live. They teach hope to all—despair to none. As applying to their cause, they deny the doctrine of unpardonable sin, as in christianity it is taught, so in this they teach—

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

And, what is a matter of the most profound congratulation, they, by experiment upon experiment, and example upon example, prove the maxim to be no less true in the one case than in the other. On every hand we behold those, who but yesterday, were the chief of sinners, now the chief apostles of the cause. Drunken devils are cast out by ones, by sevens, by legions; and their unfortunate victims, like the poor possessed, who was redeemed from his long and lonely wanderings in the tombs, are publishing to the ends of the earth how great things have been done for them.

To these new champions, and this new system of tactics, our late success is mainly owing; and to them we must mainly look for the final consummation. The ball is now rolling gloriously on, and none are so able as they to increase its speed, and its bulk—to add to its momentum, and its magnitude—even though unlearned in letters, for this task none are so well educated. To fit them for this work they have been taught in the true school. They have been in that gulf, from which they would teach others the means of escapes. They have passed that prison wall, which others have long declared impassable; and who that has not, shall dare to weigh opinions with them as to the mode of passing?

But if it be true, as I have insisted, that those who have suffered by intemperance personally, and have reformed, are the most powerful and efficient instruments to push the reformation to ultimate success, it does not follow, that those who have not suffered, have no part left them to perform. Whether or not the world would be vastly benefitted by a total and final banishment from it, of all intoxicating drinks, seems to me not now an open question. Three-fourths of mankind confess the affirmative with their tongues, and, I believe, all the rest acknowledge it in their hearts.

Ought any, then, to refuse their aid in doing what good the good of the whole demands? Shall he, who cannot do much, be, for that reason excused if he do nothing? "But," says one, "what good can I do by signing the pledge? I never drink, even without signing." This question has already been asked and answered more than a million of times. Let it be answered once more. For the man to suddenly, or in any other way, to break off from the use of drams, who has indulged in them for a long course of years, and until his appetite for them has grown ten or a hundred fold stronger, and more craving, than any natural appetite can be, requires a most powerful moral effort. In such an undertaking he needs every moral support and influence, that can possibly be brought to his aid, and thrown around him And not only so, but every moral prop should be taken from whatever argument might rise in his mind to lure him to his backsliding. When he casts his eyes around him, he should be able to see, all that he respects, all that he admires, all that he loves, kindly and anxiously pointing him onward, and none beckoning him back, to his former miserable "wallowing in the mire."

But it is said by some that men will think and act for themselves; that none will disuse spirits or anything else because his neighbors do; and that moral influence is not that powerful engine contended for. Let us examine this. Let me ask the man who could maintain this position most stiffly, what compensation he will accept to go to church some Sunday and sit during the sermon with his wife's bonnet upon his head? Not a trifle, I'll venture. And why not? There would be nothing irreligious in it; nothing immoral, nothing uncomfortable—then why not? Is it not because there would be something egregiously unfashionable in it? Then it is the influence of fashion; and what is the influence of fashion, but the influence that other people's actions have on our own actions—the strong inclination each of us feels to do as we see all our neighbors do? Nor is the influence of fashion confined to any particular thing or class of things. It is just as strong on one subject as another. Let us make it as unfashionable to withhold our names from the temperance pledge, as for husbands to wear their wives' bonnets to church, and instances will be just as rare in the one case as the other.

"But" say some "we are no drunkards and we shall not acknowledge ourselves such, by joining a reformed drunkard's society, whatever our influence might be." Surely no christian will adhere to this objection.

If they believe as they profess, that Omnipotence condescended to take on himself the form of sinful man, and, as such, to die an ignominious death for their sakes; surely they will not refuse submission to the infinitely lesser condescension, for the temporal, and perhaps eternal salvation, of a large, erring, and unfortunate class of their fellow creatures. Nor is the condescension very great. In my judgment such of us as have never fallen victims, have been spared more from the absence of appetite, than from any mental or moral superiority over those who have. Indeed, I believe, if we take habitual drunkards as a class, their heads and their hearts will bear an advantageous comparison with those of any other class. There seems ever to have been a proneness in the brilliant, and warm-blooded, to fall into this vice—the demon of intemperance ever seems to have delighted in sucking the blood of genius and of generosity. What one of us but can call to mind some relative, more promising in youth than all his fellows, who has fallen a sacrifice to his rapacity? He ever seems to have gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born of every family. Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? In that arrest, all can give aid that will; and who shall be excused that can, and will not? Far around as human breath has ever blown, he keeps our fathers, our brothers, our sons, and our friends prostrate in the chains of moral death. To all the living everywhere, we cry, "Come sound the moral trump, that these may rise and stand up an exceeding great army."—"Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain

that they may live." If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate, and the small amount they inflict, then, indeed, will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen.

Of our political revolution of '76 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nations of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long mooted problem, as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegitated, and still is to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind.

But, with all these glorious results, past, present, and to come, it had its evils too. It breathed forth famine, swam in blood, and rode in fire; and long, long after, the orphans' cry and the widows' wail, continued to break the sad silence that ensued. These were the price, the inevitable price, paid for the blessings it bought.

Turn now, to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed— in it, more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. By it, no orphans starving, no widows weeping. By it, none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest; even the dram-maker and dram-seller will have glided into other occupations so gradually, as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this, to the cause of political freedom, with such an aid, its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty. Happy day, when all appetites controlled, all poisons subdued, all matter subjected; mind all conquering mind shall live and move, the monarch of the world. Glorious consummation! Hail fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that *Land*, which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions, that shall have ended in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people, who shall have planted, and nurtured to maturity, both the political and moral freedom of their species.

This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Washington—we are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked deathless splendor leave it shining on.

This address was first printed by order of the Washingtonian Society, in the "Sangamo Journal," March 26, 1842, and is re-printed through the kindness of the Springfield Journal Company, for the benefit of the Springfield Reform Club, and is on sale by them at 10c. a copy, $1.00 per dozen, or $5.00 per hundred, prepaid, by mail or express, in quantities to suit. Address

JOHN H. GUNN, Sec'y.

OBSEQUIES

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

IN

NEWARK, N. J., APRIL 19, 1865.

ORATION

BY

FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, ESQ.

NEWARK, N. J.:
PRINTED AT THE DAILY ADVERTISER OFFICE.
1865.

NEWARK, N. J., April 22d, 1865.

HON. F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN—

DEAR SIR:

In pursuance of a resolution adopted by the citizens of Newark, assembled on the 19th instant to commemorate the obsequies of the late President of the United States, we respectfully ask that you will furnish for publication a copy of the eloquent and appropriate address delivered by you on that occasion. We trust that you will kindly comply with this request, in order that the proceedings of an occasion so marked and solemn may be put in form for preservation.

In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, we are

Very truly yours,

MARCUS L. WARD, *Chairman.*

A. Q. KEASBEY, *Secretary.*

NEWARK, April 24th, 1865.

GENTLEMEN:

In compliance with the request of our fellow-citizens, so kindly communicated by you, I transmit for publication my hastily prepared address on the occasion of the funeral obsequies of our lamented President.

Yours truly,

FRED'K T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

To Messrs. MARCUS L. WARD, Chairman, and A. Q. KEASBEY, Sec'y.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

On Monday, April 17, a public meeting was held at Library Hall, to make arrangements for obsequies in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, whose death by the hand of an assassin took place on Saturday, April 15. William A. Whitehead, Esq., was appointed Chairman of the meeting, and John Y. Foster, Esq., Secretary.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee with full power to make arrangements for suitable ceremonies:

Marcus L. Ward,	Albert Beach,
Silas Merchant,	James L. Hays,
Daniel Haines,	Daniel Lauck,
Orson Wilson,	A. Q. Keasbey,
B. Prieth,	Francis Mackin,
George A. Halsey,	William A. Whitehead,
Moses Bigelow,	William E. Sturges,
John H. Kase,	Francis Brill,
Theodore Runyon,	John Y. Foster,
Thomas T. Kinney,	John C. Littell,
Dr. F. Ill,	Thomas R. Williams,
Christopher Wiedenmeyer,	James M. Smith,
Dr. J. A. Cross,	David Anderson,
Wm. B. Guild, Jr.,	James Rowe.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions to be read at the celebration:

Rev. E. M. Levy,	Dr. S. H. Pennington,
C. L. C. Gifford,	A. Q. Keasbey,

Rev. George H. Doane.

The Committee of Arrangements announced on the following day that they had determined upon a funeral procession, and an oration, to take place on Wednesday, April 19, simultaneously with the funeral services at Washington, and requested the city authorities, the various public bodies and associations, and the citizens generally, to participate,

Federal salute to be fired at sunrise, and all business to be suspended throughout the city.

On Wednesday, April 19, the day devoted to the celebration of the obsequies in pursuance of the foregoing arrangements, the whole city was literally in mourning. Business was everywhere suspended, and a deep solemnity and stillness rested upon the crowded streets. The tokens of sorrow were universally displayed upon public and private buildings.

Upon the tolling of the bells, at noon, the people assembled in their various churches, in accordance with the Governor's proclamation, where religious services suitable to the solemn occasion were held and appropriate addresses made.

At 2 P. M., the procession moved from the corner of Broad and Market streets, through Market to Washington, down Washington to Broad, up Broad to Washington Place, through Washington Place to Washington street, up Washington street to Broad, down Broad to Centre street, and thence to Military Park.

The following was the order of the procession:

Detachment of Police.
Major William W. Morris, Grand Marshal and Aids.
Military Escort.
First National Guard and Rifle Corps.
Officers of the Army and Navy.
Invalid Soldiers.
Officers and Soldiers of the Army out of service.
Band.

Pall Bearers.	HEARSE	Pall Bearers.
MARCUS L. WARD,		SAMUEL P. SMITH,
WILLIAM A. WHITEHEAD,		JOHN A. BOPPE,
JAMES M. QUINBY,		DR. FRIDOLIN ILL,
WILLIAM A. MYER,		CORNELIUS WALSH,
THOMAS B. PEDDIE,		MOSES T. BAKER,
BEACH VANDERPOOL,		FREDERICK WUESTHOFF.
JOSEPH WARD,		

Veteran Reserve Corps as Guard of Honor.
Orator.
Clergy.
Government and State Officers.
Mayor and Common Council.
Police.
Band.
Fire Department.
Masonic Order, under William D. Kinney, Marshal.
Odd Fellows, under Amos H. Searfoss, Marshal.
William S. Whitehead, Grand Master State of New Jersey.
Newark Mutual Aid Association.
Protestant Association.
German Organizations—Philip Somer, Marshal.
Social Turners—William Knecht.
Aurora, Eintracht, Liederkranz, Arion, Concordia and Teutonia Singing Societies—J. P. Huber.
Fickler Lodge, Benevolent Society—G. Benkert.
Humbolt " " " —J. Gemeinder.

Muehlenberg and Robert Blum Lodges, Benevolent Societies—C. Miller.
Washington, Lafayette and Jefferson " " " —Chas. Fargel.
No Surrender Lodge, Benevolent Society—Chas. Seifert.
Mandas Stamm, Red Men Society—John Lingsman.
Mamakaus Stamm, Red Men Society—F. Hause.
Miamies, Ratuca and Union Stamms, Red Men Societies—G. Stetenfeld.
Robert Blum Association and Benevolent Society No. 1—J. Beisinger.
Mendelssohn and Teutonia Benevolent Societies—I. Lehman.
Shoemakers' and Bakers' Associations, Friendship Club and Newark Benevolent Association—Schaefer.
Clinton Township L. & J. Club.
Newark Young Men's Literary Society.
Trade Associations.
Hibernian Provident Benevolent Society.
Shamrock Benevolent Society.
Erina Benevolent Society.
Laborers' Benevolent Society.
Emerald Benevolent Society.
St. James' Benevolent Society,
St. Joseph's Benevolent Society.
St. Peter's Benevolent Society.
St. Patrick's Temperance Society.
Young Men's Roman Catholic Association.
Second Division of St. Patrick's Temperance Society.
Citizens generally.
The Marshals.

Bells were tolled and minute guns fired during the march of the procession, which occupied an hour in passing a given point, and arrived at the Park at 4½ P. M. At that place an immense assemblage had gathered. MARCUS L. WARD, Esq., took the chair, and the exercises were opened with a dirge by Dodworth's Band, followed by a hymn from the German Singing Society, which was sung with much feeling and expression. The Rev. Mr. LEVY, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, then offered the following, which were adopted:

The citizens of Newark, assembled *en masse* beneath the shadow of a great sorrow, would express in befitting words their sentiments and feelings in view of the recent striking down of the honored head of the Nation by the hands of murderous violence.

Resolved, That we feel the utter inadequacy of language to measure our astonishment and horror at the daring enormity of the crime committed.

Resolved, That in the presence of this awful dispensation of Providence, it becomes us, the citizens of Newark here assembled, in common with our fellow countrymen throughout the Union, to bow with humble submission under the rod that has smitten us, and with penitence and confession of our national and personal sins to implore God's mercy upon us and our afflicted people.

Resolved, That the virtues of ABRAHAM LINCOLN speak trumpet-tongued against the execrable deed that has cut short his useful life and deprived the Republic of his invaluable services—that now more than ever the insulted majesty of the Nation stands in urgent need of vindication; and that while we would deprecate all vindictive excess, we are nevertheless of the opinion that the laws of God and the instincts of outraged humanity justify and demand that at least the chief plotters and abettors of a rebellion which has deluged the land with blood, should not be allowed to go unpunished.

Resolved, That we recognize in the brutal murder of the President, and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, lying as he was on a sick bed and rendered defenceless by wounds, the same fiendish spirit engendered by slavery, which, years ago, shocked the nation with its barbarous violence, and at last has filled the land with lamentation and bitter sorrow, making it the imperative duty of the Government never to cease the struggle in which we are engaged, until this pestilent cause of all our troubles is forever eradicated from our soil.

Resolved, That, while we will retain in cherished remembrance the virtues of that illustrious man to whom, and whose compatriots, under God, we owe the foundation of the free institutions we enjoy, our hearts will not consent to withhold an equal place in their affectionate and grateful remembrance, from the martyred patriot, whose life has just been sacrificed for their maintenance; assured that while time lasts and a reverence for virtue and loyalty remains, the names of GEORGE WASHINGTON and ABRAHAM LINCOLN will stand together in emblazoned characters on history's brightest page, the one as the Father, the other as the Saviour of his country.

Resolved, That we extend to the afflicted family of our late President our sincere sympathy, assuring them that their affliction and sorrow are not theirs alone, but are shared by the entire Nation, and that we commend them to the protection and loving regard of the God of all grace and comfort.

Resolved, That our sympathies are due and are hereby tendered to the honored Secretary of State, himself the purposed victim of foul conspiracy; and that we regard it a cause for special and devout thanksgiving that the transcendent ability, which has been so skillfully employed in averting threatened foreign complications with our domestic troubles, is still saved to our afflicted country in this hour of her severest trial.

Resolved, That we tender to the distinguished citizen called of God in a manner so signal and solemn, to assume the duties of the Chief Executive office, the expression of our confidence in his patriotism and earnest purpose to administer, in dependence on Divine assistance, the affairs of this great people, with the assurance of our earnest support in his efforts to uphold the Government and maintain its authority over our entire National territory.

Resolved, That over the prostrate body of our murdered President it is eminently fit and proper that every good citizen, every patriot, every man who wishes to be thought an upholder of order, and a free Government, should now, ignoring party, swear fresh allegiance to the National cause, and new devotion to the work of saving, under God, this great Republic from dismemberment and overthrow.

Another dirge by the band was followed by the Oration of Hon. FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

The "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag" were then given by the band, after which, on motion, a resolution was adopted returning thanks to Mr. Frelinghuysen for his able oration, and requesting a copy of the same for publication. In conclusion, the vast multitude was led by Alderman JAMES L. HAYS in singing the grand old Doxology—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

ORATION.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The songs of Victory; the patriot's congratulations at the speedy advent of Peace; the bells pealing their anthems of praise to God, are suddenly hushed. The proud huzzah is turned to lamentation, and the land is shrouded with the signals of distress. A grief such as can only come to the great heart of a Nation has fallen upon us.

The kind, the unpretending, the patient, the laborious, the brave, the wise, the great and good ABRAHAM LINCOLN is dead! The Nation's heart should "melt and be poured out like water."

We bow, Oh! God, beneath thy rod.

After being called to the Chief-Magistracy of this Nation by the overwhelming voice of the people; after having borne, for four years, a weight of toil and care and responsibility, such as, perhaps, no other man has borne; after having brought the nation through a complication of difficulties which the best men among us at times have believed would engulph us in ruin; when he was just introducing the Nation to the halcyon days of peace; when, by acts of sublime magnanimity, appealing to the better instincts of man's nature, he was endeavoring to join the hands of this estranged people; when, to all human appearances, his intimate and severely acquired knowledge of the conflicting interests, motives and passions of the crisis, was essential to the welfare of the Republic; when the thanks of a rescued people were just being poured upon him; when his wisdom and his patriotism had taken from party spirit its bitterness, and all were uniting in

testimony to his greatness and his goodness—it is, at this point of time, at this juncture of events, in the inscrutable providence of God, the fearful tidings reach us that ABRAHAM LINCOLN is dead!

That mind, in all its comprehensive originality, stored with practical wisdom, to us invaluable, has now left the transitory scenes of time! That heart which was moved to active sympathy for all in the wide world who were afflicted, down-trodden or oppressed, will never beat again! That hand which, while it swayed the sceptre of a great Nation, none of any state, condition or color were too poor or too degraded to grasp, is now cold and stiff and motionless! Ah! afflicted country, go and mourn.

> "It is manliness to be heart-broken here,
> For the grave of earth's best nobleness is watered by the tear."

Go deck with mourning wreath your Nation's ensign, for the second Father of his Country is no more.

When hereafter selfish ambition shall distract and divide the Cabinet counsel of the Nation, you can no longer composedly say, LINCOLN is there! When hereafter an uninformed and inflammatory press shall assail valuable civil or military officers, you can no longer quietly lay aside the journal, with the satisfactory consolation, LINCOLN is there! When hereafter complications and difficulties arise with foreign nations, knowing the sagacity and peace-loving disposition of your leader, you can no longer exultingly say, LINCOLN is there! When hereafter the true friends of the country, with earnestness and talent, shall advocate two diverse and opposite plans for the restoration of the Nation, one crying for justice and for vengeance, and the other counselling pardon and forbearance, you can no longer lay your head gently on its pillow, under the conviction that LINCOLN is there! No, he is not there! He has gone! Gone to the reward of those who, in imitation of our great Exemplar, forget themselves for the welfare of others.

Did I say, that the Nation mourned because ABRAHAM

LINCOLN was *dead?* I told but half the truth. Had he died in the course of nature, surrounded by all the tender assiduities of affection, and had he left this anxious world of trouble for his home above, leaving us his parting counsel and benediction, we would have sorrowed for him most deeply; but the heart of this afflicted people has vastly more than that sorrow to bear. It is anguished and torn by the conflicting emotions of sorrow and bereavement on the one hand, and indignation and desire for justice on the other.

In ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not only centered the affections of the people, but he impersonated the majestic dignity of this great Christian Nation—to protect and vindicate which dignity all men of all parties would be ready, if needs be, again to drench this land in blood and tears and ready to give up life and property; the Chief Magistrate, who thus impersonated the Nation's dignity, is not only dead, but is foully murdered.

Let the vile miscreant who did the deed die as he deserves. But ah! our President had other murderers than that abandoned man. He was murdered by the two nefarious Powers which, in God's strength he had bravely fought and bravely vanquished, and which were at that moment expiring—Human Slavery and Rebellion against Freedom.

The proximate cause of this agonizing event is a small leaden missile and a few grains of powder; but the real, the true, the responsible cause of this atrocity, is the two malign agencies which in these later years have been holding their carnival of crime and cruelty and causing the land to wreak with blood. This diabolical consummation is the legitimate result of the spirit they have been inculcating.

It matters not whether the counsel of the assassin's accomplice to "wait until Richmond could be heard from;" whether the fact that the day selected for the deed was that on which the Nation's banner was re-instated on Sumter; whether the fact that months ago public advertisement offered a reward for a man to assassinate the President; whether the fact that a scheme did exist to seize and carry him off beyond the ene-

my's lines; whether the fact that this plot included the whole Cabinet—prove or do not prove that the itinerant government of Richmond instigated the deed. Those who would trace this crime to its proper source and then profit by their conclusion, must accept the truth that the murderers are the two foul powers I have named. One of which, for generations, has grown rich in luxurious indolence by the sweat of others brows, has revelled in the degradation of those who were without the ability to resist, has severed the tenderest ligatures of the human heart by tearing husband from wife, and mother from children, and has made the lash and often death the sanction by which to enforce its tyranny; it has withheld from God's immortal creatures the blessed privilege of reading His gospel of salvation; has reduced a class well called "poor whites" to a condition little better than the slave, and has robbed those who would be true to their country of the benefits of our priceless institutions. It is the same vile power which at one time by its insidious blandishments has seduced Northern freemen into an abject servility to its will, and at another time has bullied the counsels of this Nation into a shape to it agreeable. It is the same that has rendered its votaries arrogant and inhuman, the same that struck Sumner down, and which now, in the agonies of its dissolution, has dealt a blow upon him, who, as God's instrument, I believe, has vanquished it.

The other murderer is the offspring, (as death is of sin,) of that I have just named. It is that foul spirit which rebelled without cause, and without the assignment of any cause, against the fairest and best government of the world; which has laid in many an unknown grave, cold and stark and dead, hundreds of thousands of the best youth of the Nation. It is that spirit which has filled our land with widows and orphans; that has murdered by starvation tens of thousands of our brave soldiers, fighting to maintain civil liberty for the world; the same that prompted commissioned bandit raiders to rob our banks and murder unarmed and quiet citizens; the same that

has thrown from the track trains of cars, the inmates—women and children—all unguarded and unconscious of danger; the same that has striven, with the incendiary's torch, to reduce to a seething, burning mass the multitudinous throng attendant on our places of public amusement, and to send anguish to every hamlet in the land by the simultaneous destruction of most of the crowded hotels in yonder metropolis. It is the same spirit that while this horrid deed was being done, in the person of that ruffian leaped on the sick bed of our honored Secretary of State, and with the assassin's blade sought to extinguish a heroism which every other expedient had failed to silence.

These! Slavery and Rebellion, are the murderers of our Chief Magistrate. Let the vile instrument who, over the shoulders of a doting wife, assassinated the benefactor of his race, die!

But come, you noble, just and true men of all parties with me, to the altars of your country and there record it, that these foul murderers of *our race*, as well as of our President, shall no longer have a foot-place in free America.

Those influences which transmute the sober-minded American citizen into frenzied fiends—burning with a murderous fanaticism, ready, reckless of danger and death, to assassinate whoever is pointed out for vengeance; those influences which render the stiletto and the pistol, rather than argument and the peaceful ballot, the arbiters of the destinies of the Nation, must be torn up, root and branch, and burned in the hot fire of a holy indignation, or we are undone forever.

For more than four years; yes, ever since ABRAHAM LINCOLN had the hardihood, as a free American citizen, to accept a nomination for the Presidency, the pampered slave aristocracy of the South have followed him with the deepest malignity. Fashion and beauty incensed that at the sacrifice of oath and country he would not do obeisance to their assumption, have plied their fascinating dalliance to insinuate the venom of hatred and revenge into the heart of the Southern

gentry, while the more vulgar with the rapacity of their blood-dogs have hounded him; they have exhausted the vocabulary of Billingsgate for opprobrious epithets wherewith to dishonor him; they have villified him as a drunkard, fool and tyrant. And when that miscreant leaped upon the stage and with the theatrical malevolence of the pit, shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis*," he only condensed and echoed the vile sentiment they have fostered. I observe that when the rebel leader heard of the assassination he shut himself up in his house at Richmond, refusing to hear the details of the tragedy. Ah! yes; did conscience tell him that he and his co-conspirators, though not concerned, had *guilt* in that murder? He is by no means the first who has sown the wind and cowered before the whirlwind. The event which shocks the nation, is not isolated. It is linked to the past, and that past has its responsibility.

But come now, you who have rebelled against the Government; your victim lies bleeding before you. Look at him. Did he ever take one step further in your path than you made necessary for the preservation of this free Government for your children and for ours? Did he ever utter to you one unkind word? Has he done more than you would have done, if you have not perjury in your soul, if you, as he, had that constitutional oath recorded in Heaven? Come, look at your victim—your eyes may now glut themselves with vengeance; but it would be more rational, let me say, that your hearts should be clothed with sorrow, for there! there! lies your best friend! His patient, forgiving nature, was the rampart between your crime and an injured country. Think not that this Nation dies with him. No, it lives, and it will live. Hearts throb and stalwart men weep—but an event which would have shaken to their centres the monarchies of the Old World, does not produce a jar to our self-adjusting Government. And let me tell you, if you do not *yet* submit to the same laws which we rejoice to obey, one will rise up whose little finger shall be as that man's loins.

This blow is hard to bear! Martyr of liberty, great

sacrifice to thy Nation's existence, rest in thy Western grave! Those of the opposing party, regretting any hasty word, not said in malice, that might have cast an insult on thy honored name, remembering that not one rancorous expression was ever tempted from thy lips—and seeing in thy death the infernal character of the principles against which your war of life was waged, will come with those who were your followers, and both will join with the down-trodden and the oppressed of this and of every land, and at thy tomb renew our devotion to the just and holy cause for which you lived and died.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in Kentucky, in 1809. He was the son of a poor man. He derives no distinction from ancestry, but sheds back upon it a bright lustre. When he was seven years old his father moved to Indiana, where, for twelve years the son lived, aiding in the support of the family. When ABRAHAM LINCOLN was about twenty years old, his father removed to Illinois, and he remained aiding the family until they were settled in their new home. Having learned to read and write during this period of his life, he studied most assiduously such elementary books as came in his way. His father's family settled, and he, being destitute of pecuniary means, hired himself out, some times as a day laborer, some times as a hand on a Mississippi flat-boat. At this period, and in these scenes, he learned, by impressive lessons, the value to each of God's creatures, of his own industry, his own muscles and capabilities, for that was all the patrimony he had. And he learned too, in the integrity of his nature, to look upon the self-appropriation of another's industry without compensation, as the meanest of all thefts and robberies. He learned the dignity of free human toil and that *it*, and not the ill-gotten gains of a pampered aristocracy, constituted the true wealth of the Nation. He learned that the very diversity of gifts that exist among men in this world—one being rich and another poor—created the mutual dependance of one man upon another; for he saw that the man with capital was as dependant on him for his labor, as he was upon the man of wealth for

his support; and he saw that this universal dependance of each member of society on the other members of society, constituted the *equality* of all men in society—and that as all men, *by their dependance*, were equal, they all had equal rights, and thus comprehended that great fundamental doctrine of our Government, "That all men are created equal." He learned that it was not "a glittering generality," but a great truth, affecting all the relations of men as citizens. These lessons thus learned, helped to prepare him for his great mission.

After having gathered a little means, for a short time he followed the employment of a country merchant, and then the business of a surveyor. He then studied law, and soon took a prominent position at the bar—being employed in many important cases at the West. He was then sent to Congress, where he maintained a highly respectable and useful position.

On his return from Congress, the question of slavery was agitating the country. Senator Stephen A. Douglas was a man of great talent and the foremost debater in the U. S. Senate; and permit me to say, while he lived, he was as determined and patriotic an opposer of the rebellion as any man that has survived him. Douglas and LINCOLN met at the hustings to discuss the great question of slavery—vast crowds followed them, the electric wire carried their speeches as delivered all over the land. Those debates were of marked ability, and I believe that neither of those distinguished men ever claimed a victory, the one over the other. And the people were more enlightened and educated on the subject from these debates than from any other source.

The ability displayed and the principles enunciated by Mr. LINCOLN in these debates, induced the Republican party, in 1860, to make him their candidate for the Presidency. That election was one of fearful interest and excitement. The slave section of the country had hitherto, by threats and menaces, carried almost every position they had taken, and they now pointed to the *magazine and to the torch*, saying that if ABRAHAM LINCOLN was elected President, the Union, the Nation,

should cease to exist. Many looked upon this as an idle threat; others determined, that be the consequences what they might, they would lawfully and freely exercise the elective franchise. He was elected. They lighted the torch, and were preparing to apply it. Congress implored them to desist; and, moved by love of country, to induce them to stay their hand, both the House of Representatives and Senate, by a two-thirds vote, Republicans and Democrats voting together, on the 28th of February, 1861, passed a joint resolution, proposing the following amendment to the Constitution of the United States:

"No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which "will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or "interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions "thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by "the laws of said State."

President LINCOLN, in his inaugural address, plainly expressed his approval of this amendment, and it was a measure of conciliation in which I then deeply sympathized. That was the hour of power for the Southern malcontents. Had they then desisted, this fair land of freedom would have become a pandemonium where slavery and all the crimes of which it is the prolific mother, would have had uncontrolled dominion and sway. But God in his infinite wisdom and mercy had better things in store for us; and severe as has been the ordeal, this Nation, pruned from its iniquity, is yet to be the grandest and freest Christian Nation of the world.

Having escaped a plot for his assassination, by changing his arrangements for travel, Mr. LINCOLN arrived at Washington, and was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1861. And he whom the vile fugitive has the hardihood to call a tyrant, thus at his inauguration addressed the South: "In *your* hands, "my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in *mine*, is the "momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not "assail *you*. *You* can have no conflict without being *yourselves* "the aggressors. *You* have no oath registered in Heaven to "destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn "one to 'preserve, protect and defend it.'

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends; we "must *not* be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it "must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords "of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot "grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this "broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when "again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of "our nature."

These words had hardly reached the South when, on the 14th of April, Sumter was fired on. ABRAHAM LINCOLN sprang to his feet and called for men, and most nobly did all parties of the North respond. And from that time to the hour of his death—in the Cabinet of the Nation, at the front, and in the trenches around the Capitol—he devoted himself to the great interests of his country. Others have wavered—others have desponded, but he never. And now to-day, in the august presence upon which he has entered, he can truly say: "The oath which I took before God and the Nation, I "have tried to fulfill."

This is not the time or the place to follow the varying fortunes of this war. To one act alone of Mr. LINCOLN'S I advert. For a year and a half we had been unsuccessful in quelling the rebellion. Mr. LINCOLN believed it was his duty, as Commander-in-Chief, to deprive the rebels of that which supported them, and on the 22d of September, 1862, he issued his proclamation that in all those States, which on the 1st of January, 1863, were in rebellion, the SLAVES SHOULD BE FREE FOREVER.

I shall not discuss the merits of that act. Of one thing I am certain, that ABRAHAM LINCOLN will never now recall it! Yes, a second thing I know, that on those blissful shores, and in that atmosphere of love, where all are equals and all are free, he does not desire to-day to recall it! Yes! a third thing I know, the American people, seeing the havoc it has wrought, will never, never, never recall it.

And now ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S work is done. He has left

us forever! He has accomplished vastly more than at his induction to office he modestly promised. He did not live to see the full consummation of his labors, but from Pisgah he viewed the promised land. And to-day, we, of all political parties, viewing the altar where he lies a sacrifice, find our hearts moved to a warmer and higher patriotism.

It is a delicate duty to interpret the Providence of God. One thing is certain—God never teaches us to hate any fellow creature, nor to take vengeance in our own hands. He teaches us to love justice and to loathe iniquity. And I believe this Providence should teach us to hate the Rebellion and Slavery, the murderers of our President, more than ever before, and in imitation of him we lament, and so far as is consistent with the inflexible laws of justice, forgive as we desire to be forgiven.

I have not the time or the ability to give a correct analysis of Mr. LINCOLN'S characteristics. He is not one of those ephemeral characters, to which a fervid imagination might add an unreal lustre, or from which a want of appreciation might detract. His life and character are substantial things in the world's history, upon which time, after a rigid scrutiny, will pass an irreversable judgment. That judgment will be to the honor of his name, and to the glory of the Nation.

But pardon a word as to his characteristics.

I do not believe in the truth of the maxim, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," but I do believe that no man has appended to his name by his associates in daily life, the prefix "honest" who is not a man of sterling integrity, and he was known for years in the West as "HONEST ABRAHAM LINCOLN." He was a faithful man.

Many gifted men, fostered by our free institutions, have appeared on the stage of public life, but in how few of them has the keen and jealous vision of the people failed to discover ambition, the taint of selfishness, and the stooping for power? But Mr. Lincoln is believed by the people to have lived not for himself, but for his country. *His* star in the con

stellations of history will be known as *his*, by its *unsullied* lustre.

As a patriot, he did not confine his efforts to the rescue, or to the grandeur of the Republic, and so convert even the Republic, as did the Romans, into a magnifident idol, but in the universality of his benevolence he comprehended the elevation and the happiness of all his countrymen—of the master as well as of the slave, and of those of his race beyond the great waters as well as to those who are here.

As a statesman, I can only say, that I think he was more wise, had more foresight, more penetration into the future, than most, perhaps than any, of his cotemporaries. So well convinced had the people become of his superior wisdom, that they rendered a cheerful acquiescence in measures, which, emanating from another, they would have looked upon with distrust and doubt.

A word as to the qualities of his heart. The only stricture I ever heard upon him in this regard is, that he was too kind and too lenient. That is a blessed criticism for one who has gone to Eternity, dependent upon the mercy of his God. He *was* merciful to the transgressor, but did he ever parley with the transgression? The two offences he had to deal with were Slavery and Rebellion against Freedom. Let the man in all the world who has done or suffered more for the destruction of both become his critic. I cannot be. But he was tender-hearted, and often and often when some poor boy-soldier has been tempted to desert, and the military penalty of death has been adjudged against him, Mr. LINCOLN has interposed to save his life. He may have been wrong, but right or wrong, we all love him the better for it.

Of his religious character, I can only say, that he of all men was no pretender; he was an *honest* man, and being so, the spirit of his numerous proclamations are plenary evidence of his humble reliance on God. Pardon the recital of an incident. A gentleman, as I am credibly informed, visited the President, and an interview was appointed for seven o'clock

the next morning. As the business was of much importance to the gentleman, he was on the alert, and when he reached the President's he found it was only six o'clock. He walked to the rear of the mansion and was attracted by a voice which he recognized as that of Mr. LINCOLN, in a retired back room. He listened and found the President was praying to his God for his country.

We need not this proof—the man's life, principles and utterances, prove his faith. And we may joyfully believe that a life of so much excellence was but the preface to a better life—clothed in a righteousness not his own.

I might detain you longer. I might point out to you what he accomplished for us, but I forbear.

Let me only say: He has *established* it, that the will of the majority, restrained *only* by the Constitution of our fathers, is the sovereign power of this Nation. He has *established* it, that this Government is not a confederation of petty sovereignties, any of which may at will dissolve the Government, but that we are a great Nation, having in ourselves under God, the power of life and of self-preservation.

He has done one thing more.

When the Roman master would free a slave, he brought him to the Court of the Prætor Urbanus in the Forum, placed him on a stool, then gave him a whirl, and in the hearing of all the people shouted, "*Liber Esto! Liber Esto!*" Be Free! Be Free! and he became a freedman.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, as the instrument of God, has in the cadence of heavenly music shouted, "*Liber Esto! Liber Esto!*" before the world in the ears of four millions of God's creatures.

Rest now—thy work is done, thy life's an epoch and a blessing. Rest!

"For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's
"One of the few, the immortal names
"That were not born to die."

THE REMAINS IN NEW JERSEY.

On Monday, April 24th, the remains of the lamented President passed through Newark, accompanied by Messrs. MARCUS L. WARD, JOSEPH P. BRADLEY, ANDREW LEMASSENA, FREDERICK B. KUHNHOLD, CORTLANDT PARKER and ANDREW ATHA, of the Citizens' Committee. The Newark *Daily Advertiser*, of the 24th, says:

"Shortly after 7 o'clock this morning, crowds of people began to gather upon Railroad avenue, between Market and Chestnut streets, and soon not only covered the entire street but all the adjoining house-tops, sheds and windows. A feeling of deep sorrow appeared to pervade the entire mass, while the fluttering of the black trimmings from the neighboring buildings, the mourning badges upon the coat or mantle, and the other tokens of grief, gave an unusually sombre cast to the scene.

"Shortly before 9 o'clock, the members of the Common Council, city officers, clergy, a detachment of the Veteran Reserve Corps, and the city police, took possession of the Market street depot, and after removing the crowd, awaited the arrival of the train, whose approach had been announced by the arrival of the pilot locomotive, heavily draped in mourning. Its appearance was heralded by the tolling of bells and the firing of minute guns, and as the train with the remains passed slowly along the avenue, heads were uncovered and bowed with reverence, many persons shedding tears.

"The cars remained at the depot only a few minutes and then proceeded to Jersey City, passing large numbers of citizens who had gathered at the various street crossings, and the Centre street station and East Newark."

[From the Newark Daily Advertiser, April 26th, 1865.]

"A correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, who accompanied the funeral train from Washington to New York, says of the scene in this city on Monday morning:

'The incidents of the morning's journey were similar to those seen elsewhere. Sometimes the track was lined on both sides for miles with a continuous array of people. The most impressive scene of the whole route thus far was furnished by the city of Newark, although no stop of any length was made there. The track runs directly through the city, and the space on each side of the road is very broad, and afforded ample room for spectators. It seemed as if the inhabitants of Newark had resolved to turn out *en masse* to pay their brief tribute of respect to the memory of the departed as his coffin passed by. For a distance of a mile, the observer on the train could perceive only one sea of human beings. It was not a crowd surging with excitement or impatience like most great assemblages, but stood quiet and apparently subdued with grief unspeakable. Every man with hardly an exception, from one end of the town to the other, stood bareheaded while the train passed, half of the women were crying, and every face bore an expression of sincere sadness. Housetops, fences, and the very switches beside the track, were covered with men. Words can do no justice to the spectacle. We

have become used to thrilling scenes by the experience of our journey, but nowhere have we seen anything more touching than the simple unanimity with which the men and women of Newark left their avocations and waited beside the track for the passage of the funeral train.'

"We may add to the above, that Governor Stone, of Iowa, who was on the train, stated to a gentleman of this city that at no point in the long journey had the tribute to the lamented deceased exceeded in fervor and touching solemnity that here displayed."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

A PAPER

READ BEFORE

THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

LONDON, JUNE 16TH, 1881.

BY

HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD,

PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND HONORARY FELLOW OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LONDON.

REPRINTED FROM

"TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

VOL. X.

CHICAGO:

FERGUS PRINTING COMPANY.

1883.

The Royal Historical Society.

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Hon. Charles H. Bell, President of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Exeter, New Hampshire.

James Anthony Froude, Esq., LL.D., London.

His Excellency General Grant, Ex-President of the United States.

Hon. Horatio Gates Jones, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

The Right-Rev. Bishop Kip, San Francisco.

Professor H. W. Longfellow, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

Frederic de Peyster, Esq., President of the Hist. Soc. of New York.

Very Rev. Dean Stanley, D.D., London.

Townsend Ward, Esq., Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Hon. M. P. Wilder, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D., President of the Historical Society of Massachusetts.

Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, President Hist. Soc. of Chicago, U.S.A.

PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

On the evening of the 16th of June, 1881, the Society, and a large number of invited guests, met at the Society's Rooms, No. 22 Albemarle Street, London.

The chairman, Mr. Alderman Hurst, Ex-Mayor of Bedford, in introducing Mr. Arnold to the Society said that the occasion was the more interesting to him from the fact that the first emigrants to America were natives of his own part of the country, Bedfordshire and the neighboring counties. It gave him great pleasure to see among them that evening a member of the Society from the distant shores of America, and in the name of the Society he gave him hearty welcome. They all knew and admired the great man of whom they were about to hear, and the paper would prove doubly interesting, coming as it did from one of his fellow-countrymen and one who had known and been associated in political duties with Lincoln.

Mr. Arnold then read the following paper upon Mr. Lincoln:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

THE noblest inheritance we, Americans, derive from our British ancestors is the memory and example of the great and good men who adorn your history. They are as much appreciated and honored on our side of the Atlantic as on this. In giving to the English-speaking world Washington and Lincoln we think we repay, in large part, our obligation. Their preëminence in American history is recognized, and the republic, which the one *founded* and the other *preserved*, has already crowned them as models for her children.

In the annals of almost every great nation some names appear standing out clear and prominent, names of those who have influenced or controlled the great events which make up history. Such were Wallace and Bruce in Scotland, Alfred and the Edwards, William the Conqueror, Cromwell, Pitt, Nelson, and Wellington in England, and such in a still greater degree were Washington and Lincoln.

I am here, from near his home, with the hope that I may, to some extent, aid you in forming a just and true estimate of Abraham Lincoln. I knew him, somewhat intimately, in private and public life for more than twenty years. We practised law at the same bar, and during his administration, I was a member of Congress, seeing him and conferring with him often, and, therefore, I may hope, I trust without vanity that I shall be able to contribute something of value in enabling you to judge of him. We in America, as well as you in the old world, believe that

"blood will tell"; that it is a great blessing to have had an honorable and worthy ancestry. We believe that moral principle, physical and intellectual vigor in the forefathers are qualities likely to be manifested in the descendants. Fools are not the fathers or mothers of great men. I claim for Lincoln, humble as was the station to which he was born, and rude and rough as were his early surroundings, that he had such ancestors. I mean that his father and mother, his grandfather and grandmother, and still further back, however humble and rugged their condition, were physically and mentally strong, vigorous men and women; hardy and successful pioneers on the frontier of American civilization. They were among the early settlers in Virginia, Kentucky, and Illinois, and knew how to take care of themselves in the midst of difficulties and perils; how to live and succeed where the weak would perish. These ancestors of Lincoln, for several generations, kept on the very crest of the wave of Western settlements—on the frontier, where the struggle for life was hard and the strong alone survived.

His grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, and his father, Thomas, were born in Rockingham County, Virginia.

About 1781, while his father was still a lad, his grandfather's family emigrated to Kentucky, and was a contemporary with Daniel Boone, the celebrated Indian fighter and early hero of that State. This, a then wild and wooded territory, was the scene of those fierce and desperate conflicts between the settlers and the Indians which gave it the name of "The dark and bloody ground."

When Thomas Lincoln, the father of the President, was six years old, his father (Abraham, the grandfather of the President) was shot and instantly killed by an Indian. The boy and his father were at work in the corn-field, near their log-cabin home. Mordecai, the elder brother of the lad, at work not far away, witnessed the attack. He saw his father fall, and ran to the cabin, seized his ready-loaded rifle, and springing to the loop-hole cut through the logs, he saw the

Indian, who had seized the boy, carrying him away. Raising his rifle and aiming at a silver medal, conspicuous on the breast of the Indian, he instantly fired. The Indian fell, and the lad, springing to his feet, ran to the open arms of his mother at the cabin-door. Amidst such scenes, the Lincoln family naturally produced rude, rough, hardy, and fearless men, familiar with wood-craft; men who could meet the extremes of exposure and fatigue, who knew how to find food and shelter in the forest; men of great powers of endurance—brave and self-reliant, true and faithful to their friends, and dangerous to their enemies. Men with minds to conceive and hands to execute bold enterprises.

It is a curious fact that the grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, is noted on the surveys of Daniel Boone as having purchased, of the Government, five hundred acres of land. Thomas Lincoln, the father, was also the purchaser of government land, and President Lincoln left, as a part of his estate, a quarter-section (one hundred and sixty acres), which he had received from the United States, for services rendered in early life as a volunteer soldier in the Black-Hawk Indian war. Thus for three generations the Lincoln family were land-owners directly from the Government.

Such was the lineage and family from which President Lincoln sprung. Such was the environment in which his character was developed.

He was born in a log-cabin, in Kentucky, on the 12th of February, 1809.

It will aid you in picturing to yourselves this young man and his surroundings, to know that, from boyhood to the age of twenty-one, in winter his head was protected from the cold by a cap made of the skin of the coon, fox, or prairie-wolf, and that he often wore the buckskin breeches and hunting-shirt of the pioneer.

He grew up to be a man of majestic stature and Herculean strength. Had he appeared in England or Normandy some centuries ago, he would have been the founder of some great Baronial family, possibly of a Royal dynasty.

He could have wielded, with ease, the two-handed sword of Guy, the great Earl of Warwick, or the battle-axe of Richard of the Lion-heart.

HIS EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

The world is naturally interested in knowing what was the education and training which fitted Lincoln for the great work which he accomplished. On the extreme frontier, the means of book-learning was very limited. The common free-schools, which now closely follow the heels of the pioneer and organized civil government, and prevail all over the United States, had not then reached the Far-West. An itinerant school-teacher wandered occasionally into a settlement, opened a private school for a few months, and at such Lincoln attended at different times, in all about twelve months. His mother, who was a woman of practical good sense, of strong physical organization, of deep religious feeling, gentle and self-reliant, taught him to read and write.

Although she died when he was only nine years old, she had already laid deep the foundations of his excellence. Perfect truthfulness and integrity, love of justice, self-control, reverence for God, these constituted the solid basis of his character. These were all implanted and carefully cultivated by his mother, and he always spoke of her with the deepest respect and the most tender affection. "All that I am, or hope to be," said he, when President, "I owe to my sainted mother."

He early manifested the most eager desire to learn, but there were no libraries, and few books in the back settlements in which he lived. Among the stray volumes, which he found in the possession of the illiterate families by which he was surrounded, were Æsop's fables, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a life of Washington, the poems of Burns, and the Bible. To these his reading was confined, and he read them over and over again, until they became as familiar almost as the alphabet. His memory was marvelous, and I

never yet met the man more familiar with the Bible than Abraham Lincoln. This was apparent in after-life, both from his conversation and writings, as scarcely a speech or state paper of his in which illustrations and allusions from the Bible can not be found.

While a young man, he made for himself, of coarse paper, a scrap-book, into which he copied everything which particularly pleased him. He found an old English grammar, which he studied by himself; and he formed, from his constant study of the Bible, that simple, plain, clear Anglo-Saxon style, so effective with the people. He illustrated the maxim that it is better to know thoroughly a few good books than to skim over many. When fifteen years old, he began (with a view of improving himself) to write on various subjects and to practise in making political and other speeches. These he made so amusing and attractive that his father had to forbid his making them in working-hours, for, said he, "when Abe begins to speak, all the hands flock to hear him." His memory was so retentive that he could repeat, *verbatim*, the sermons and political speeches which he heard.

While his days were spent in hard manual labor, and his evenings in study, he grew up strong in body, healthful in mind, with no bad habits; no stain of intemperance, profanity, or vice of any kind. He used neither tobacco nor intoxicating drinks, and, thus living, he grew to be six feet four inches high, and a giant in strength. In all athletic sports he had no equal. I have heard an old comrade say, "he could strike the hardest blow with the woodman's axe, and the maul of the rail-splitter, jump higher, run faster than any of his fellows, and there were none, far or near, who could lay him on his back." Kind and cordial, he early developed so much wit and humor, such a capacity for narrative and story-telling, that he was everywhere a most welcome guest.

A LAND SURVEYOR.

Like Washington, he became, in early life, a good practical surveyor, and I have, in my library, the identical book from which, at eighteen years of age, he studied the art of surveying. By his skill and accuracy, and by the neatness of his work, he was sought after by the settlers, to survey and fix the boundaries of their farms, and in this way, in part, he earned a support while he studied law. In 1837, self-taught, he was admitted and licensed, by the Supreme Court of Illinois, to practise law.

A LAWYER.

It is difficult for me to describe, and, perhaps, more difficult for you to conceive the contrast when Lincoln began to practise law, between the forms of the administration of justice in Westminster Hall, and in the rude log court-houses of Illinois. I recall today what was said a few years ago by an Illinois friend, when we visited, for the first time, Westminster Abbey, and as we passed into Westminster Hall. "This," he exclaimed, "this is the grandest forum in the world. Here Fox, Burke, and Sheridan hurled their denunciations against Warren Hastings. Here Brougham defended Queen Caroline. And this," he went on to repeat, in the words of Macauley (words as familiar in America as here), "This is the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which has resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, and which has witnessed the trials of Bacon and Somers and Strafford and Charles the First." "And yet," I replied, "I have seen justice administered on the prairies of Illinois without pomp or ceremony, everything simple to rudeness, and yet, when Lincoln and Douglas led at the bar, I have seen justice administered by judges as pure, aided by advocates as eloquent, if not as learned, as any who ever presided, or plead, in Westminster Hall."

The common-law of England (said to be the perfection of human wisdom) was administered in both forums, and the decisions of each tribunal were cited as authority in the

other; both illustrating that reverence for, and obedience to, law, which is the glory of the English-speaking race.

Lincoln was a great lawyer. He sought to convince rather by the application of principle than by the citation of authorities. On the whole, he was stronger with the jury than with the court. I do not know that there has ever been, in America, a greater or more successful advocate before a jury, on the right side, than Abraham Lincoln. He had a marvelous power of conciliating and impressing everyone in his favor. A stranger entering the court, ignorant of the case, and listening a few moments to Lincoln, would find himself involuntarily on his side and wishing him success. He was a quick and accurate reader of character, and seemed to comprehend, almost intuitively, the peculiarities of those with whom he came in contact. His manner was so candid, his methods so direct, so fair, he seemed so anxious that truth and justice should prevail, that everyone wished him success. He excelled in the statement of his case. However complicated, he would disentangle it, and present the important and turning-point in a way so clear that all could understand. Indeed, his statement often alone won his cause, rendering argument unnecessary. The judges would often stop him by saying, "If that is the case, brother Lincoln, we will hear the other side."

His ability in examining a witness, in bringing out clearly the important facts, was only surpassed by his skilful cross-examinations. He could often compel a witness to tell the truth, when he meant to lie. He could make a jury laugh, and generally weep, at his pleasure. On the right side, and when fraud or injustice were to be exposed, or innocence vindicated, he rose to the highest range of eloquence, and was irresistible. But he must have faith in his cause to bring out his full strength. His wit and humor, his quaint and homely illustrations, his inexhaustible stores of anecdote, always to the point, added greatly to his power as a jury-advocate.

He never misstated evidence or misrepresented his opponent's case, but met it fairly and squarely.

He remained in active practice until his nomination, in May, 1860, for the presidency. He was employed in the leading cases in both the federal and state courts, and had a large clientelage, not only in Illinois, but was frequently called, on special retainers, to other states.

AN ILLINOIS POLITICIAN.

By his eloquence and popularity, he became, early in life, the leader of the old Whig party, in Illinois. He served as member of the State Legislature, was the candidate of his party for speaker, presidential elector, and United States senator, and was a member of the lower house of Congress.

SLAVERY.

When the independence of the American republic was established, African slavery was tolerated as a local and temporary institution. It was in conflict with the moral sense, the religious convictions of the people, and the political principles on which the government was founded.

But having been tolerated, it soon became an organized, aggressive power, and, later, it became the master of the government. Conscious of its inherent weakness, it demanded and obtained additional territory for its expansion. First, the great Louisiana Territory was purchased, then Florida, and then Texas.

By the repeal, in 1854, of the prohibition of slavery north of the line of 36°, 30′ of latitude (known in America as the "Missouri Compromise"), the slavery question became the leading one in American politics, and the absorbing and exciting topic of discussion. It shattered into fragments the old conservative Whig party, with which Mr. Lincoln had, theretofore, acted. It divided the Democratic party, and new parties were organized upon issues growing directly out of the question of slavery.

The leader of that portion of the Democratic party which continued, for a time, to act with the slavery party, was Stephen Arnold Douglas, then representing Illinois in the United States Senate. He was a bold, ambitious, able

man, and had, thus far, been uniformly successful. He had introduced and carried through Congress, against the most vehement opposition, the repeal of the law, prohibiting slavery, called the Missouri Compromise.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN FREEDOM AND SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.

The issue having been now distinctly made between freedom and the extension of slavery into the territories, Lincoln and Douglas, the leaders of the Free-soil and Democratic parties, became more than ever antagonized. The conflict between freedom and slavery now became earnest, fierce, and violent, beyond all previous political controversies, and from this time on, Lincoln plead the cause of liberty with an energy, ability, and eloquence, which rapidly gained for him a national reputation. From this time on, through the tremendous struggle, it was he who grasped the helm and led his party to victory. Conscious of a great cause, inspired by a generous love of liberty, and animated by the moral sublimity of his great theme, he proclaimed his determination, ever thereafter, "to speak for freedom, and against slavery, until everywhere the sun shall shine, the rain shall fall, and the wind blow upon no man who goes forth to unrequited toil."

THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATE.

The great debate between Lincoln and Douglas, in 1858, was, unquestionably, both with reference to the ability of the speakers and its influence upon opinion and events, the most important in American history. I do not think I do injustice to others, nor over-estimate their importance, when I say that the speeches of Lincoln published, circulated, and read throughout the Free-States, did more than any other agency in creating the public opinion, which prepared the way for the overthrow of slavery. The speeches of John Quincy Adams, and those of Senator Sumner, were more learned and scholarly, and those of Lovejoy and Wendell Phillips were more vehement and impassioned;

Senators Seward, Chase, and Hale spoke from a more conspicuous forum, but Lincoln's speeches were as philosophic, as able, as earnest as any, and his manner had a simplicity and directness, a clearness of illustration, and his language a plainness, a vigor, an Anglo-Saxon strength, better adapted than any other to reach and influence the understanding and sentiment of the common people.

At the time of this memorable discussion, both Lincoln and Douglas were in the full maturity of their powers. Douglas being forty-five and Lincoln forty-nine years old. Douglas had had a long training and experience as a popular speaker. On the hustings (stump, as we say in America) and in Congress, and especially in the United States Senate, he had been accustomed to meet the ablest debaters of his State and of the Nation.

His friends insisted that never, either in conflict with a single opponent, or when repelling the assaults of a whole party, had he been discomfited. His manner was bold, vigorous, and aggressive. He was ready, fertile in resources, familiar with political history, strong and severe in denunciation, and he handled with skill all the weapons of the dialectician. His iron will, tireless energy, united with physical and moral courage, and great personal magnetism, made him a natural leader, and gave him personal popularity.

Lincoln was also now a thoroughly-trained speaker. He had contended successfully at the bar, in the legislature, and before the people, with the ablest men of the West, including Douglas, with whom he always rather sought than avoided a discussion. But he was a courteous and generous opponent, as is illustrated by the following beautiful allusion to his rival, made in 1856, in one of their joint debates. "Twenty years ago, Judge Douglas and I first became acquainted; we were both young then; he a trifle younger than I. Even then we were both ambitious, I, perhaps, quite as much as he. With me, the race of ambition has been a flat failure. With him, it has been a splendid suc-

cess. His name fills the Nation, and it is not unknown in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached; so reached, that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

We know, and the world knows, that Lincoln did reach that high, nay, far higher eminence, and that he did reach it in such a way that the "oppressed" did share with him in the elevation.

Such were the champions who, in 1858, were to discuss, before the voters of Illinois, and with the whole Nation as spectators, the political questions then pending, and especially the vital questions relating to slavery. It was not a single combat, but extended through a whole campaign.

On the return of Douglas from Washington to Illinois, in July, 1858, Lincoln and Douglas being candidates for the senate, the former challenged his rival to a series of joint debates, to be held at the principal towns in the State. The challenge was accepted, and it was agreed that each discussion should occupy three hours; that the speakers should alternate in the opening and the close—the opening speech to occupy one hour, the reply one hour and a-half, and the close half-an-hour. The meetings were held in the open air, for no hall could hold the vast crowds which attended.

In addition to the immense mass of hearers, reporters from all the principal newspapers in the country attended, so that the morning after each debate the speeches were published and eagerly read by a large part, perhaps a majority of all the voters of the United States.

The attention of the American people was thus arrested, and they watched with intense interest, and devoured every argument of the champions.

Each of these great men, I doubt not, at that time sincerely believed he was right. Douglas' ardor, while in such a conflict, would make him think, for the time being,

he was right, and I *know* that Lincoln argued for freedom against the extension of slavery with the most profound conviction that on the result hung the fate of his country. Lincoln had two advantages over Douglas; he had the best side of the question, and the best temper. He was always good-humored, always had an apt story for illustration, while Douglas sometimes, when hard pressed, was irritable.

Douglas carried away the most popular applause, but Lincoln made the deeper and more lasting impression. Douglas did not disdain an immediate *ad captandum* triumph, while Lincoln aimed at permanent conviction. Sometimes when Lincoln's friends urged him to raise a storm of applause (which he could always do by his happy illustrations and amusing stories), he refused, saying the occasion was too serious, the issue too grave. "I do not seek applause," said he, "nor to amuse the people, I want to convince them."

It was often observed, during this canvass, that while Douglas was sometimes greeted with the loudest cheers when Lincoln closed, the people seemed solemn and serious, and could be heard all through the crowd, gravely and anxiously discussing the topics on which he had been speaking.

Douglas secured the immediate object of the struggle, but the manly bearing, the vigorous logic, the honesty and sincerity, the great intellectual powers exhibited by Mr. Lincoln, prepared the way, and two years later, secured his nomination and election to the presidency. It is a touching incident, illustrating the patriotism of both these statesmen, that, widely as they differed, and keen as had been their rivalry, just as soon as the life of the Republic was menaced by treason, they joined hands to shield and save the country they loved.

The echo and the prophecy of this great debate was heard, and inspired hope in the far-off cotton and rice-fields of the South. The toiling blacks, to use the words of Whittier, began hopefully to pray:

"We pray de Lord. He gib us signs
Dat some day we be free.
De Norf wind tell it to de pines,
De wild duck to de sea.

"We tink it when de church-bell ring,
We dream it in de dream,
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream."

THE COOPER-INSTITUTE SPEECH.

In February, 1860, Mr. Lincoln was called to address the people of New York, and speaking to a vast audience at the Cooper Institute (the Exeter Hall of the United States), the poet Bryant presiding, he made, perhaps, the most learned, logical, and exhaustive speech to be found in American anti-slavery literature. The question was, the power of the National Government to exclude slavery from the territories. The orator from the prairies, the morning after this speech, awoke to find himself famous.

He closed with these words, "Let us have faith that *right* makes *might*, and in that faith let us, to the end, do our duty as we understand it."

This address was the carefully-finished product of not an orator and statesman only, but also of an accurate student of American history. It confirmed and elevated the reputation he had already acquired in the Douglas debates, and caused his nomination and election to the presidency.

If time permitted, I would like to follow Mr. Lincoln, step by step, to enumerate his measures one after another, until, by prudence and courage, and matchless statesmanship, he led the loyal people of the republic to the final and complete overthrow of slavery and the restoration of the Union.

From the time he left his humble home in Illinois, to assume the responsibilities of power, the political horizon black with treason and rebellion, the terrific thunder clouds, —the tempest which had been gathering and growing more black and threatening for years, now ready to explode,—on

and on, through long years of bloody war, down to his final triumph and death—what a drama! His eventful life terminated by his tragic death, has it not the dramatic unities and the awful ending of the Old Greek tragedy?

HIS FAREWELL TO HIS NEIGHBORS.

I know of nothing in history more pathetic than the scene when he bade good-bye to his old friends and neighbors. Conscious of the difficulties and dangers before him, difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable, with a sadness as though a presentiment that he should return no more was pressing upon him, but with a deep religious trust which was characteristic, on the platform of the rail-car-riage which was to bear him away to the Capital, he paused and said, "No one can realize the sadness I feel at this parting. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded but for the aid of Divine Providence upon which, at all times, he relied. * * * I hope you, my dear friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I can not succeed, but with which success is certain."

And as he waved his hand in farewell to the old home, to which he was never to return, he heard the response from many old friends, "God bless and keep you." "God protect you from all traitors." His neighbors "sorrowing most of all," for the fear "that they should see his face no more."

HIS INAUGURAL AND APPEAL FOR PEACE.

In his inaugural address, spoken in the open air, and from the eastern portico of the capitol, and heard by thrice ten thousand people, on the very verge of civil war, he made a most earnest appeal for peace. He gave the most

solemn assurance, that "the property, peace, and security of no portion of the Republic should be endangered by his administration." But he declared with firmness, that the union of the States must be "perpetual," and that he should "execute the laws faithfully in every State." "In doing this," said he, "there need be no bloodshed nor violence, nor shall there be, unless forced upon the National Authority." In regard to the difficulties which thus divided the people, he appealed to all to abstain from precipitate action, assuring them that intelligence, patriotism, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken the Republic, "were competent to adjust, in the best way, all existing troubles."

His closing appeal against civil war was most touching. "In your hands," said he, and his voice for the first time faltered, "In your hands, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war." * * * "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." * * "I am," continued he, "loth to close, we are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies, though passion may strain,—it must not break the bonds of affection."

The answer to these appeals was the attack upon Fort Sumpter, and immediately broke loose all the maddening passions which riot in blood and carnage and civil war.

I know not how I can better picture and illustrate the condition of affairs and of public feeling at that time, than by narrating two or three incidents.

DOUGLAS' PROPHECY, JANUARY 1, 1861.

In January, 1861, Senator Douglas, then lately a candidate for the presidency, with Mrs. Douglas, one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in America, a relative of Mrs. Madison, occupied at Washington a house in a most magnificent block of dwellings, called the "Minnesota Block." On New-Year's-day, 1861, Gen. Charles Stewart of New York, from whose lips I write an account of the incident, says:

"I was making a New-Year's-call on Senator Douglas; after some conversation, I asked him:

"'What will be the result, Senator, of the efforts of Jefferson Davis and his associates to divide the Union?' We were," said Stewart, "sitting on the sofa together when I asked the question. Douglas rose, walked rapidly up and down the room for a moment, and then pausing, he exclaimed, with deep feeling and excitement:

"'The Cotton States are making an effort to draw in the Border States to their schemes of Secession, and I am but too fearful they will succeed. If they do, there will be the most fearful civil war the world has ever seen, lasting for years.'

"Pausing a moment, he looked like one inspired, while he proceeded: 'Virginia, over yonder, across the Potomac,' pointing toward Arlington, 'will become a charnel-house—but in the end the Union will triumph. They will try,' he continued, 'to get possession of this Capital, to give them *prestige* abroad, but in that effort they will never succeed; the North will rise *en masse* to defend it. But Washington will become a city of hospitals, the churches will be used for the sick and wounded. This house,' he continued, 'the *Minnesota Block* will be devoted to that purpose before the end of the war.'"

Every word he said was literally fulfilled—all the churches nearly were used for the wounded, and the Minnesota Block, and the very room in which this declaration was made, became the "Douglas Hospital."

"'What justification for all this?' said Stewart.

"'There is no justification,' replied Douglas.

"'I will go as far as the constitution will permit to maintain their just rights. But,' said he, rising upon his feet and raising his arm, 'if the Southern States attempt to secede, I am in favor of their having just so many slaves, and just so much slave territory as they can hold at the point of the bayonet, and no more.'"

WILL THE NORTH FIGHT?

Many Southern leaders believed there would be no serious war, and labored industriously to impress this idea on the Southern people.

Benjamin F. Butler, who, as a delegate from Massachusetts to the Charlestown Convention, had voted many times for Breckenridge, the extreme Southern candidate for president, came to Washington in the winter of 1860-1, to inquire of his old associates what they meant by their threats.

"We mean," replied they, "we mean Separation — a Southern Confederacy. We will have our independence, a Southern government—with no discordant elements."

"Are you prepared for war?" said Butler, coolly.

"Oh, there will be no war; the North won't fight."

"The North *will* fight," said Butler, "the North will send the *last man* and expend the *last dollar* to maintain the Government."

"But," replied Butler's Southern friends, "the North can't fight—we have too many allies there."

"You have friends," responded Butler, "in the North, who will stand by you so long as you fight your battles in the Union, but the moment you fire on the flag, the North will be a unit against you." "And," Butler continued, "you may be assured if war comes, *slavery ends.*"

THE SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS, JULY, 1861.

On the brink of this civil war, the President summoned Congress to meet on the 4th of July, 1861, the anniversary of our Independence. Seven states had already seceded, were in open revolt, and the chairs of their representatives, in both houses of Congress, were vacant. It needed but a glance at these so numerous vacant seats to realize the extent of the defection, the gravity of the situation, and the magnitude of the impending struggle. The old pro-slavery leaders were absent. Some in the rebel government, set up at Richmond, and others marshalling troops

in the field. Hostile armies were gathering, and from the dome of the Capitol, across the Potomac, and on toward Fairfax, in Virginia, could be seen the Confederate flag.

Breckenridge, late the Southern candidate for president, now Senator from Kentucky, and soon to lead a rebel army, still lingered in the Senate. Like Cataline among the Roman Senators, he was regarded with aversion and distrust. Gloomy and perhaps sorrowful, he said, "I can only look with sadness on the melancholy drama that is being enacted."

Pardon the digression, while I relate an incident which occurred in the Senate at this special session.

Senator Baker of Oregon was making a brilliant and impassioned reply to a speech of Breckenridge, in which he denounced the Kentucky senator, for giving aid and encouragement to the enemy by his speeches. At length he paused, and turning toward Breckenridge, and fixing his eye upon him, he asked, "What would have been thought if, after the battle of Cannæ, a Roman senator had risen amidst the conscript Fathers, and denounced the war, and opposed all measures for its success?"

Baker paused, and every eye in the Senate and in the crowded galleries was fixed upon the almost solitary senator from Kentucky. Fessenden broke the painful silence by exclaiming, in low deep tones, which gave expression to the thrill of indignation, which ran through the hall, "He would have been hurled from the Tarpeian Rock."

Congress manifested its sense of the gravity of the situation by authorizing a loan of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and empowering the President to call into the field five hundred thousand men, and as many more as he might deem necessary.

SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

No act of the British Government, since the "stamp act" of the Revolution, has ever excited such intense feeling of hostility toward Great Britain, as her haughty

demand for the surrender of Mason and Slidell. It required *nerve* in the President to stem the storm of popular feeling, and yield to that demand, and it was, for a time, the most unpopular act of his administration. But when the excitement of the day had passed, it was approved by the sober judgment of the Nation.

Prince Albert is kindly and gratefully remembered in America, where it is believed that his action, in modifying the terms of that demand, probably saved the United States and Great Britain from the horrors of war.

LINCOLN AND THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

When in June, 1858, at his home in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln startled the people with the declaration, "This government can not endure, permanently, half-slave and half-free," and when, at the close of his speech, to those who were laboring for the ultimate extinction of slavery, he exclaimed, with the voice of a prophet, "We shall not fail, if we stand firm, we shall *not* fail. Wise councils may accelerate, or mistakes delay, but sooner or later the victory is sure to come;" he anticipated success through years of discussion, and final triumph through peaceful and constitutional means by the ballot. He did not forsee nor even dream (unless in those dim mysterious shadows, which sometimes startle by half-revealing the future) his own elevation to the presidency. He did not then suspect that he had been appointed by God, and should be choosen by the people to proclaim the emancipation of a race, and to save his country. He did not forsee that slavery was so soon to be destroyed amidst the flames of war which itself kindled.

HIS MODERATION.

He entered upon his administration with the single purpose of maintaining national unity, and many reproached and denounced him for the slowness of his anti-slavery measures. The first of the series was the abolition of sla-

very at the National Capital. This act gave freedom to three thousand slaves, with compensation to their loyal masters. Contemporaneous with this was an act conferring freedom upon all colored soldiers who should serve in the Union armies and upon their families. The next was an act, which I had the honor to introduce, prohibiting slavery in all the territories, and wherever the National Government had jurisdiction. But the great, the decisive act of his administration, was the "Emancipation Proclamation."

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

The President had urged with the utmost earnestness on the loyal slave-holders of the Border States, gradual and compensated emancipation, but in vain. He clearly saw, all saw, that the slaves, as used by the confederates, were a vast power, contributing immensely to their ability to carry on the war, and that by declaring their freedom, he would convert millions of freedmen into active friends and allies of the Union. The people knew that he was deliberating upon the question of issuing this Emancipation Proclamation. At this crisis, the Union men of the Border States made an appeal to him to withhold the edict, and suffer slavery to survive.

They selected John J. Crittenden, a venerable and eloquent man, and their ablest statesman, to make, on the floor of Congress, a public appeal to the President, to withhold the proclamation. Mr. Crittenden had been governor of Kentucky, her senator in Congress, attorney-general of the United States, and now, in his old age, covered with honors, he accepted, like John Quincy Adams, a seat in Congress, that in this crisis he might help to save his country.

He was a sincere Union man, but believed it unwise to disturb slavery. In his speech, he made a most eloquent and touching appeal from a Kentuckian to a Kentuckian. He said, among other things, "There is a niche, near to that of Washington, to him who shall save his country. If Mr.

Lincoln will step into that niche, the *founder* and the *preserver* of the Republic shall stand side by side." * * Owen Lovejoy, the brother of Elijah P. Lovejoy, who had been mobbed and murdered, because he would not surrender the liberty of the press, replied to Crittenden. After his brother's murder, kneeling upon the green sod which covered that brother's grave, he had taken a solemn vow of eternal war upon slavery. Ever after, like Peter the Hermit, with a heart of fire and a tongue of lightning, he had gone forth, preaching his crusade against slavery. At length, in his reply, turning to Crittenden, he said, "The gentleman from Kentucky says he has a niche for Abraham Lincoln, where is it?"

Crittenden pointed toward Heaven.

Lovejoy continuing said, "He points upward, but, sir! if the President follows the counsel of that gentleman, and becomes the perpetuator of slavery, he should point *downward*, to some dungeon in the temple of Moloch, who feeds on human blood, and where are forged chains for human limbs; in the recesses of whose temple woman is scourged and man tortured, and outside the walls are lying dogs, gorged with human flesh, as Byron describes them lying around the walls of Stambool." "That," said Lovejoy, "is a suitable place for the statue of him who would perpetuate slavery."

"I, too," said he, "have a temple for Abraham Lincoln, but it is in freedom's holy fane, * * not surrounded by slave-fetters and chains, but with the symbols of freedom—not dark with bondage, but radiant with the light of liberty. In that niche he shall stand proudly, nobly, gloriously, with broken chains and slaves' whips beneath his feet. * * That is a fame worth living for, aye, more, it is a fame worth dying for, though that death led through Gethsemene and the agony of the accursed tree." * * *

"It is said," continued he, "that Wilberforce went up to the judgment seat with the broken chains of eight hundred thousand slaves! Let Lincoln make himself the Liberator,

and his name shall be enrolled, not only in this earthly temple, but it shall be traced on the living stones of that temple which is reared amid the thrones of Heaven."

Lovejoy's prophecy has been fulfilled—in this world—you see the statues to Lincoln, with broken chains at his feet, rising all over the world, and—in that other world—few will doubt that the prophecy has been realized.

In September, 1862, after the Confederates, by their defeat at the great battle of Antietam, had been driven back from Maryland and Pennsylvania, Lincoln issued the Proclamation. It is a fact, illustrating his character, and showing that there was in him what many would call a tinge of superstition, that he declared to Secretary Chase that he had made a solemn vow to God, saying, "if General Lee is driven back from Pennsylvania, I will crown the result with the declaration of FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE." The final Proclamation was issued on the first of January, 1863. In obedience to an American custom, he had been receiving calls on that New-Year's-day, and, for hours, shaking hands. As the paper was brought to him by the Secretary of State to be signed, he said, "Mr. Seward, I have been shaking hands all day, and my right hand is almost paralyzed. If my name ever gets into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the proclamation, those who examine the document hereafter, will say, "he hesitated."

Then resting his arm a moment, he turned to the table, took up the pen, and slowly and firmly wrote *Abraham Lincoln.* He smiled as, handing the paper to Mr. Seward, he said, "that will do."

From this day, to its final triumph, the tide of victory seemed to set more and more in favor of the Union cause. The capture of Vicksburg, the victory of Gettysburg, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Lookout-Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Sheridan's brilliant campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah; Thomas' decisive victory at Nashville; Sherman's march through the Confederacy to the sea; the capture of

Fort McAllister; the *sinking of the Alabama;* the taking of Mobile by Farragut; the occupation of Columbus, Charleston, Savannah; the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond; the surrender of Lee to Grant; the taking of Jefferson Davis a prisoner; the triumph everywhere of the National Arms; such were the events which followed (though with delays and bloodshed) the "Proclamation of Emancipation."

THE AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Meanwhile Lincoln had been triumphantly reelected, Congress had, as before stated, abolished slavery at the Capital, prohibited it in all the territories, declared all negro soldiers in the Union armies and their families free, and had repealed all laws which sanctioned or recognized slavery, and the President had crowned and consummated all by the proclamation of emancipation. One thing alone remained to perfect, confirm, and make everlastingly permanent these measures, and this was to embody in the Constitution itself the prohibition of slavery everywhere within the Republic.

To change the organic law, required the adoption by a two-thirds' vote of a joint resolution by Congress, and that this should be submitted to and ratified by three-fourths of the States.

The President, in his annual message and in personal interviews with members of Congress, urged the passage of such resolution. To test the strength of the measure, in the House of Representatives, I had the honor, in February, 1864, to introduce the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the Constitution should be so amended as to abolish slavery in the United States wherever it now exists, and to prohibit its existence in every part thereof forever" (Cong. Globe, vol. 50, p. 659). This was adopted by a decided vote, and was the first resolution ever passed by Congress in favor of the entire abolition of slavery. But, although it received a majority, it did not receive a majority of two-thirds.

The debates on the Constitutional Amendment (perhaps the greatest in our Congressional history, certainly the most important since the adoption of the Constitution) ran through two sessions of Congress. Charles Sumner, the learned senator from Massachusetts, brought to the discussion in the Senate his ample stores of historical illustration, quoting largely in its favor from the historians, poets, and statesmen of the past.

The resolution was adopted in the Senate by the large vote of ayes, 38, noes, 6.

In the lower House, at the first session, it failed to obtain a two-third vote, and, on a motion to reconsider, went over to the next session.

Mr. Lincoln again earnestly urged its adoption, and in a letter to Illinois friends, he said, "The signs look better. * * Peace does not look so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth keeping in all future time."

I recall very vividly my New-Year's-call upon the President, January, 1864. I said:

"I hope, Mr. President, one year from today I may have the pleasure of congratulating you on the occurrence of three events which now seem probable."

"What are they?" inquired he.

"1. That the rebellion may be entirely crushed.

"2. That the Constitutional Amendment, abolishing and prohibiting slavery, may have been adopted.

"3. And that Abraham Lincoln may have been re-elected President."

"I think," replied he, with a smile, "I would be glad to accept the first two as a compromise."

General Grant, in a letter, remarkable for that clear good-sense and practical judgment for which he is distinguished, condensed into a single sentence the political argument in favor of the Constitutional Amendment, "The North and South," said he, "can *never* live at peace with each other except as *one nation* and *that without slavery*."

I would be glad to quote from this great debate, but must confine myself to a brief extract from the speech of the present President, then a member of the House. He began by saying:

"Mr. Speaker, we shall never know why slavery dies so hard in this Republic and in this Hall, until we know why sin outlives disaster and Satan is immortal." * * * "How well do I remember," he continued, "the history of that distinguished predecessor of mine, *Joshua R. Giddings*, lately gone to his rest, who, with his forlorn hope of faithful men, took his life in his hands and, in the name of justice, protested against the great crime, and who stood bravely in his place until his white locks, like the plume of Henry of Navarre, marked where the battle of freedom raged fiercest." * * "In its mad arrogance, slavery lifted its hand against the Union, and since that fatal day, it has been a fugitive and a vagabond upon the earth."

Up to the last roll-call, on the question of the passage of the resolution, we were uncertain and anxious about the result. We needed Democratic votes. We knew we should get some, but whether enough to carry the measure, none could surely tell.

As the clerk called the names of members, so perfect was the silence that the sound of a hundred pencils keeping tally could be heard through the Hall.

Finally, when the call was completed, and the speaker announced that the Resolution was adopted, the result was received by an uncontrollable burst of enthusiasm. Members and spectators (especially the galleries, which were crowded with convalescent soldiers) shouted and cheered, and before the speaker could obtain quiet, the roar of artillery on Capitol Hill proclaimed to the City of Washington the passage of the Resolution. Congress adjourned, and we hastened to the White House to congratulate the President on the event.

He made one of his happiest speeches. In his own

peculiar words, he said, "*The great job is finished.*" "I can not but congratulate," said he, "all present, myself, the country, and the whole world on this great moral victory."

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

And now, with an attempt to sketch very briefly some of his peculiar personal characteristics, I must close.

This great Hercules of a man had a heart as kind and tender as a woman. Sterner men thought it a weakness. It saddened him to see others suffer, and he shrunk from inflicting pain. Let me illustrate his kindness and tenderness by one or two incidents. One summer's day, walking along the shaded path leading from the Executive-mansion to the War-office, I saw the tall, awkward form of the President seated on the grass under a tree. A wounded soldier, seeking back-pay and a pension, had met the President, and having recognized him, asked his counsel. Lincoln sat down, examined the papers of the soldier, and told him what to do, sent him to the proper Bureau with a note, which secured prompt attention.

After the terribly destructive battles between Grant and Lee in the Wilderness of Virginia, after days of dreadful slaughter, the lines of ambulances, conveying the wounded from the steamers on the Potomac to the great field hospitals on the heights around Washington, would be continuous,—one unbroken line from the wharf to the hospital. At such a time, I have seen the President in his carriage, driving slowly along the line, and he looked like one who had lost the dearest members of his own family. On one such occasion, meeting me, he stopped and said, "I can not bear this; this suffering, this loss of life—is dreadful."

I recalled to him a line from a letter he had years before written to a friend whose great sorrow he had sought to console. Reminding him of the incident, I asked him, "Do you remember writing to your suffering friend these words:

"And this too shall pass away,
Never fear. Victory will come."

33

In all his State papers and speeches during these years of strife and passion, there can be found no words of bitterness, no denunciation. When others railed, he railed not again. He was always dignified, magnanimous, patient, considerate, manly, and true. His duty was ever performed "with malice toward none, with charity for all," and with "firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right."

NEVER A DEMAGOGUE.

Lincoln was never a demagogue. He respected and loved the people, but never flattered them. No man ever heard him allude to his humble life and manual labor, in a way to obtain votes. None knew better than he, that splitting rails did not qualify a man for public duties. He realized painfully the defects of his education, and labored diligently and successfully to supply his deficiencies.

HIS CONVERSATION.

He had no equal as a talker in social life. His conversation was fascinating and attractive. He was full of wit, humor, and anecdote, and at the same time, original, suggestive, and instructive. There was in his character a singular mingling of mirthfulness and melancholy. While his sense of the ludicrous was keen, and his fun and mirth were exuberent, and sometimes almost irrepressible; his conversation sparkling with jest, story, and anecdote and in droll description, he would pass suddenly to another mood, and become sad and pathetic—a melancholy expression of his homely face would show that he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

HIS STORIES.

The newspapers in America have always been full of Lincoln's stories and anecdotes, some true and many fabulous.

He always had a story ready, and if not, he could improvise one just fitted for the occasion. The following may, I think, be said to have been *adapted:*

An Atlantic port, in one of the British provinces, was, during the war, a great resort and refuge for blockade-runners, and a large contraband trade was said to have been carried on from that port with the Confederates. Late in the summer of 1864, while the election of president was pending, Lincoln being a candidate, the Governor-General of that province, with some of the principal officers, visited Washington, and called to pay their respects to the executive. Mr. Lincoln had been very much annoyed by the failure of these officials to enforce very strictly the rules of neutrality, but he treated his guests with great courtesy. After a pleasant interview, the Governor, alluding to the approaching presidential election, said, jokingly, but with a grain of sarcasm, "I understand, Mr. President, everybody votes in this country. If we remain until November, can we vote?"

"You remind me," replied the President, "of a countryman of yours, a green emigrant from Ireland. Pat arrived in New York on election-day, and was, perhaps, as eager as Your Excellency to vote, and to vote early and late and often. So, upon his landing at Castle Garden, he hastened to the nearest voting place, and as he approached, the judge who received the ballots, inquired, 'who do you want to vote for? on which side are you?' Poor Pat was embarrassed, he did not know who were the candidates. He stopped, scratched his head, then, with the readiness of his countrymen, he said:

"'I am fornent the Government, anyhow. Tell me, if your Honor plases, which is the rebellion side, and I'll tell you how I want to vote. In Ould Ireland, I was always on the rebellion side, and, by Saint Patrick, I'll stick to that same in America.'

"Your Excellency," said Mr. Lincoln, "would, I should think, not be at all at a loss on which side to vote?"

THE BOOKS HE READ.

The two books he read most were the Bible and Shake-

speare. With them he was familiar, reading and quoting from them constantly. Next to Shakespeare, among the poets, was Burns, with whom he had a hearty sympathy, and upon whose poetry he wrote a lecture. He was extremely fond of ballads, and of simple, sad, and plaintive music.

I called one day at the White House, to introduce two officers of the Union army, both Swedes. Immediately he began and repeated from memory, to the delight of his visitors, a long ballad, descriptive of Norwegian scenery, a Norse legend, and the adventures of an old Viking among the fiords of the North.

He said he had read the poem in a newspaper, and the visit of these Swedes recalled it to his memory.

On the last Sunday of his life, as he was sailing up the Potomac, returning to Washington from his visit to Richmond, he read aloud many extracts from Macbeth, and among others, the following, and with a tone and accent so impressive that, after his death, it was vividly recalled by those who heard him:

"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!"

After his assassination, those friends could not fail to recall this passage from the same play.

"This Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off."

HIS RELIGION.

It is strange that any reader of Lincoln's speeches and writings should have had the hardihood to charge him with infidelity, but the charge having been repeatedly made, I reply, in the light of facts accessible to all, that no more

reverent christian (not excepting Washington) ever filled the chair of President. Declarations of his trust in God, his faith in the efficacy of prayer, pervade his speeches and writings. From the time he left Springfield, to his death, he not only himself continually prayed for Divine assistance, but never failed to ask the prayers of others for himself and his country.

His reply to the negroes of Baltimore, who, in 1864, presented him with a beautiful Bible, as an expression of their love and gratitude, ought to have silenced all who have made such charges. After thanking them, he said, "This great book is the best gift God has given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated through this book."

When a member of Congress, knowing his religious character, asked him "why he did not join some church?" Mr. Lincoln replied, "Because I found difficulty, without mental reservation, in giving my assent to their long and complicated confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar the Saviour's condensed statement of law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart."

WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED.

Let us try to sum up in part what he accomplished.

When he assumed the duties of the executive, he found an empty treasury, the National credit gone, the little nucleus of an army and navy scattered and disarmed, the officers, who had not deserted to the rebels, strangers; the party which elected him in a minority (he having been elected only because his opponents were divided between Douglas, Breckenridge, and Everett), the old Democratic party, which had ruled most of the time for half a century, hostile, and even that part of it in the North, from long association, in sympathy with the insurgents; his own party

made up of discordant elements, and neither he nor his party had acquired prestige and the confidence of the people. It is the exact truth to say that when he entered the *White House* he was the object of personal prejudice to a majority of the American people, and of contempt to a powerful minority. He entered upon his task of restoring the integrity of a broken Union, without sympathy from any of the great powers of Western Europe. Those which were not hostile, manifested a cold neutrality, exhibiting toward him and his government no cordial good-will, nor extending any moral aid. Yet, in spite of all, he crushed the most stupendous rebellion, supported by armies more vast, by resources greater, and an organization more perfect than ever before undertook the dismemberment of a nation. He united and held together, against contending factions, his own party, and strengthened it by securing the confidence and winning the support of the best part of all parties. He composed the quarrels of rival generals; and at length, won the respect and confidence and sympathy of all nations and peoples. He was reëlected, almost by acclamation, and after a series of brilliant victories, he annihilated all armed opposition. He led the people, step by step, to emancipation, and saw his work crowned by an amendment of the Constitution, eradicating and prohibiting slavery forever throughout the Republic.

Such is a brief and imperfect summary of his achievements during the last five years of his life. And this good man, when the hour of victory came, made it not the hour of vengeance, but of forgiveness and reconciliation.

These five years of incessant labor and fearful responsibility told even upon his strength and vigor. He left Illinois for the Capital with a frame of iron and nerves of steel. His old friends who had known him as a man who did not know what illness was; who had seen him on the prairies before the Illinois courts, full of life, genial, and sparkling with fun; now saw the wrinkles on his forehead deepened into furrows—the laugh of the old days lost its heartiness;

anxiety, responsibility, care, and hard work wore upon him, and his nerves of steel, at times, became irritable. He had had no respite, had taken no holidays. When others fled away from the dust and heat of the Capital, he stayed. He would not leave the helm until all danger was past, and the good ship of state had made her port.

I will not dwell upon the unutterable sorrow of the American people at his shocking death. But I desire to express here, in this great City of this grand Empire, the sensibility with which the people of the United States received, at his death, the sympathy of the English-speaking race.

That sympathy was most eloquently expressed by all. It came from Windsor Castle to the White House; from England's widowed Queen to the stricken and distracted widow at Washington. From Parliament to Congress, from the people of all this magnificent Empire, as it stretches round the world. From England to India, from Canada to Australia, came words of deep feeling, and they were received by the American people, in their sore bereavement, as the expression of a kindred race.

I can not forbear referring in particular to the words spoken in Parliament on that occasion by Lords Russell and Derby, and, especially, by that great and picturesque leader, so lately passed away, Lord Beaconsfield. After a discriminating eulogy upon the late President, and the expression of profound sympathy, he said:

"Nor is it possible for the people of England, at such a moment, to forget that he sprang from the same father-land and spake the same mother-tongue."

God grant that, in all the unknown future, nothing may ever disturb the friendly feeling and respect which each nation entertains for the other. May there never be another quarrel in the family.

The Presiding Officer, at the conclusion called upon Mr. F. G. Fleay, M.A., who, speaking of the sympathy which existed between the mother-country and the great American nation, attributed it in some degree to the influence of the interchange of the literature of the two countries, and showed that that influence, though of a comparatively recent date, was daily becoming more widely and deeply felt, and would continue to grow. He spoke in sympathetic terms of the admiration borne in this country for the character and work of the lamented Lincoln, and of the intense earnestness with which the operative classes in this country espoused the cause of the North during the great war. Though that earnestness was undoubtedly, in some measure, due to the sad effects which the paralysis of the cotton industry produced in the great manufacturing districts, he knew, from personal observation and experience during that trying time, that it was also due to the inherent love of liberty, deep-seated in the heart of England, and ever ready to succor the oppressed of all nations and to help those who were fighting for the cause of freedom.

Mr. Tito Pagliardini followed and said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentleman:—Seldom have I listened to a paper that has so deeply interested me. It has given us a living portrait of one of the most remarkable individualities of recent times—a portrait, too, traced by the hand of one who, having himself taken a prominent part in the great national struggle which put an end to slavery, had constant opportunities of seeing and studying in every phase of his life the eminent man he has so graphically portrayed. And though it has been said that familiarity breeds contempt, and that there is no hero for his valet, yet men of the Garibaldi and Lincoln type, whose influence on their country and mankind at large is chiefly due to *moral* force, can only gain by a closer view of them in their prosaic every-day life. When we see the gentler feelings of the human heart combined in a prominent man with a rigid sense of duty and the intellectual power and perseverance necessary to fulfil that duty, we not only admire that man, but revere and love him. Hence Abraham Lincoln, the preserver, as Washington was the founder of the great Union, always, I must confess, stood higher in my estimation and love than all the

Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons who have reddened the pages of history with their brilliant exploits.

Before his time, I was often taunted by my French republican friends for showing but scant enthusiasm for "La grande Rèpublique Amèricaine." In answer, I pointed to the huge *black* spot which, though it only covered half, yet extended its moral taint to the whole of the otherwise glorious Union. That could not be the model land of Liberty where millions of our fellow-creatures were born to slavery, to be bought and sold like swine.

But when the great deliverer arose, humble though his origin, as is that of most deliverers, my sentiments toward America changed. I hailed him with enthusiasm and stood almost alone in my circle, composed chiefly of readers of the conservative and semi-conservative press; for, to their shame and ultimate discomfiture, the leading papers almost all took the wrong side, prophesying continuous disasters to the anti-slavery party and a consequent disruption of the Union. Their grand but specious argument, which misled many honest minds, ignorant of the history of the several States, was that the South had as much right to fight for their liberty as the United States themselves had to fight for their independence against England. Liberty, indeed! The liberty to perpetuate the curse of slavery!

But Americans must not judge of British sentiments by the conservative press, which only represents a portion of the public, but which, unfortunately, was that which most easily found its way across the Atlantic. The real *heart* of Great Britain was from the beginning with the North. Indeed, Lincoln's warmest sympathizers were those who suffered most from the direful American civil contest—the cotton-spinners and the whole body of the working classes. And as nothing succeeds like success, I am bound to add that in the process of time the undaunted determination of the Northern States, under a series of alarming defeats, with their best trained generals and officers, and their chief arsenals on the side of the slave-holders, gradually gained for them and for their great inspirer, Abraham Lincoln, the respect and admiration of all parties—and this admiration and this respect were vastly increased when, in the hour of victory, all cries for vengeance were hushed, and the hand of brotherhood was held out to the defeated party by the noble-hearted President with the full consent of his victorious countrymen.

And now that what was deemed impossible is an accomplished fact, *viz.:* the abomination of slavery eradicated forever from the great American Republic, and Peace and Prosperity restored throughout the land, I trust that, in Mr. Arnold's own words, "nothing may ever disturb the friendly feeling and respect which each of the great Anglo-Saxon Nations entertains for the other."

Already have they given a striking proof of their advanced civilization and friendly feelings, and a noble example to all other civilized nations, in the peaceful settlement of the burning Alabama question, which, but one generation ago, would most certainly have led to an obstinate war, ruinous to both countries. That the decision of the neutral body of Arbitrators was impartial and tolerably just was proved by its giving at the time entire satisfaction to neither party, the whole question being, however, soon after completely dropped, leaving no angry feelings behind, as would have done a war however successful in the end. May God grant that any future differences between these two great nations having a common origin, a common language, a common literature, and so many institutions in common, be settled in the same just, friendly, and rational manner. No fratricidal war must or can ever arise between them. All their future battles must be fought on the peaceful fields of science, literature, and the industrial arts. Victories on these fields will benefit both, and the whole human race into the bargain.

I will now conclude these hasty remarks by proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold for his very valuable and interesting paper.

Which was unanimously adopted.

NOTE FROM THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT:

No. 132 Piccadilly, London,
June 28th, '81.

DEAR SIR:

I have read with much pleasure your interesting paper on President Lincoln. I wish all men could read it, for the life of your great President affords much that tends to advance all that is good and noble among men. I thank you for sending me the report of your paper.

I am, very sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

Hon. ISAAC N. ARNOLD.

LETTER FROM MRS. ANNE C. BOTTA:

Buckingham Palace Hotel,
June 22d, 1881.

MY DEAR Mr. ARNOLD:

An hour ago I opened the pamphlet you gave me yesterday, intending to glance at the contents and lay it aside to read when I reached home, but I found myself unable to lay it down until I had carefully read every word from first to last. It is certainly the most clear, exhaustive, and eloquent tribute to Mr. Lincoln that I have ever seen. But the pleasure it has given me is quite equalled by the pride I feel in knowing that it was listened to by the London Historical Society, to whom it must have been as novel as interesting. As a good American, I thank you cordially for thus giving to the English people so noble a picture of our great President, while at the same time, you presented to them in person his able friend and coadjutor.

Very truly yours,

ANNE C. BOTTA.

The following account of the meeting is taken from a letter of MONCURE D. CONWAY, to the *Cincinnati Commercial:*

LONDON, June 18, 1881.

On Thursday evening, an unusually large company of ladies and gentlemen gathered in the rooms of the Royal Historical Society to listen to a paper on Abraham Lincoln, by Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, President of the Chicago Historical Society, author also of the "Life of Benedict Arnold," who was in no sense his ancestor. * * *

Mr. Arnold, who was accompanied by Mr. Mathews (author of "Getting on in Life") and Mrs. Mathews, was a remarkable figure among the blonde and ruddy English people around him, and who greeted him with great cordiality. He is a tall, lithe, sinewy sort of man, with a brownish complexion, a fine forehead, a quick, penetrating eye, and a face whose many lines are not the marks of age or care, but the inscriptions of experience. It was grateful to see such a typical western man, so self-poised and dignified, so related to his American habitat, and yet so human in his sympathies, come to tell the English about our martyr President. As he went on, I felt that the dreary disquisition [referring to a paper which had been read previously] which we had been enduring, now added to the picturesqueness of the situation. It was as if, while we were fumbling in the Valley of Dry Bones, picking up now Saladin's skull, next Urban's thigh-bone, suddenly our eyes were caught by the eye and front of a man worth many Saladins, and a Crusader saving races instead of destroying them. It is not often that the Royal Historical Society has an opportunity of considering history in the making, but the satisfaction with which it availed itself of that given it on Thursday, may have the result of multiplying such opportunities.

After a graceful recognition of the debt Americans owe to their British ancestors, a debt repaid in giving to the English-speaking world Washington and Lincoln, Mr. Arnold stated modestly his long acquaintance with the man of whom he was speaking. He knew him, somewhat intimately, in private and public life for more than twenty years. He gave a graphic account of the shooting of Lincoln's grandfather by an Indian; Mordecai's shooting the Indian through a loop-hole of their cabin, as he (the Indian) was carrying off his younger brother Thomas, who lived to become father of the President. A good picture in frontier life was drawn in few words, and the figure of young Abraham, "his head protected from the cold by a cap made of the skin of the coon, fox, or prairie-wolf," and with the "buckskin breeches and hunting-shirt of the pioneer." "He grew up to be a man of majestic stature and herculean strength. Had he appeared in England or Normandy some centuries ago, he would have been the founder of some Baronial family, possible of a

Royal dynasty. He could have wielded with ease the two-handed sword of Guy, or the battle-ax of Richard of the Lion-heart." The kindliness and fine feeling of this man, so roughly nurtured, were brought out with art by Mr. Arnold, and all present were impressed by the pathos of the scene when Lincoln was leaving his neighbors to assume the hard duties of his Presidency. * * * He told some touching incidents in the life of Lincoln at Washington, and gave an excellent account of his personal characteristics. Among other things he related that when a member of Congress asked him why he did not join some church, Lincoln replied: "Because I found difficulty, without mental reservation, in giving my consent to the long and complicated confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar the Saviour's condensed statement of law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart." [The substitution of "gospel" for Christ's word, "prophets," in this story is an indication of how new versions are made by other than royal commissions.] This anecdote, like several other things in Mr. Arnold's essay, was warmly applauded. The reader showed a good deal of feeling when he described Lincoln near the close of his career. "He left Illinois for the Capital, with a frame of iron and nerves of steel. His old friends who had known him as a man who did not know what illness was, who had seen him on the prairies before the Illinois courts, full of life, genial, and sparkling with fun, now saw wrinkles on his forehead deepened into furrows—the laugh of the old days lost its heartiness; anxiety, responsibility, care, and hard work wore upon him, and his nerves of steel at times became irritable. He had no respite, had taken no holidays. When others fled away from the dust and heat of the Capital, he stayed. He would not leave the helm until all danger was past, and the good ship of state had made her port."

When, in conclusion, Mr. Arnold spoke with earnestness of the sympathy which came from the English-speaking race at Lincoln's death, and of the sympathy which "came from Windsor Castle to the White House," it is probable that his words carried suggestions which he had not thought of. * * *

NOTE FROM ROBERT T. LINCOLN:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
Aug. 20, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. ARNOLD:

Please accept my thanks for the copy of your address before the Royal Historical Society, which I have read carefully and with the greatest pleasure.

I tell you sincerely that I have never seen anything of the character so gratifying to myself and so complete. General R. S. Drum, our adjutant-general, has also read your lecture. He is a very warm friend of my father, and is very anxious to have a copy for preservation.

I will be very much obliged if you can send one, either directly to him or to me for him, as I wish to keep the copy I now have for myself.

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

Hon. I. N. ARNOLD,
Chicago.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

A PAPER

READ BEFORE THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

LONDON, JUNE 16TH, 1881.

BY

HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, F.R.H.S.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS:

AN EULOGY

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY,

JULY 3D, 1861.

BY

HON. JAMES W. SHEAHAN.

CHICAGO:

FERGUS PRINTING COMPANY.

1881.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD.

A Paper read before the Royal Historical Society, London, June 16, 1881.

THE noblest inheritance we, Americans, derive from our British ancestors is the memory and example of the great and good men who adorn your history. They are as much appreciated and honored on our side of the Atlantic as on this. In giving to the English-speaking world Washington and Lincoln we think we repay, in large part, our obligation. Their preëminence in American history is recognized, and the republic, which the one *founded* and the other *preserved*, has, already, crowned them as models for her children.

In the annals of almost every great nation some names appear standing out clear and prominent, names of those who have influenced, or controlled, the great events which make up history. Such were Wallace and Bruce, in Scotland, Alfred and the Edwards, William the Conqueror, Cromwell, Pitt, Nelson, and Wellington, in England, and such in a still greater degree were Washington and Lincoln.

I am here, from near his home, with the hope that I may, to some extent, aid you in forming a just and true estimate of Abraham Lincoln. I knew him, somewhat intimately, in private and public life for more than twenty years. We practised law at the same bar, and, during his administration, I was a member of Congress, seeing him and conferring with him often, and, therefore, I may hope without vanity, I trust that I shall be able to contribute something of value in enabling you to judge of him. We in America, as well as you in the old world, believe that "blood will tell;" that it is a great blessing to have had an honorable and worthy ancestry. We

believe that moral principle, physical and intellectual vigor in the forefathers are qualities likely to be manifested in the descendants. Fools are not the fathers or mothers of great men. I claim for Lincoln, humble as was the station to which he was born, and rude and rough as were his early surroundings, that he had such ancestors. I mean that his father and mother, his grandfather and grandmother, and still further back, however humble and rugged their condition, were physically and mentally strong, vigorous men and women; hardy and successful pioneers on the frontier of American civilization. They were among the early settlers in Virginia, Kentucky, and Illinois, and knew how to take care of themselves in the midst of difficulties and perils; how to live and succeed when the weak would perish. These ancestors of Lincoln, for several generations, kept on the very crest of the wave of Western settlements — on the frontier, where the struggle for life was hard and the strong alone survived.

His grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, and his father, Thomas, were born in Rockingham County, Virginia.

About 1781, while his father was still a lad, his grandfather's family emigrated to Kentucky, and was a contemporary with Daniel Boone, the celebrated Indian fighter and early hero of that State. This, a then wild and wooded territory, was the scene of those fierce and desperate conflicts between the settlers and the Indians which gave it the name of "The dark and bloody ground."

When Thomas Lincoln, the father of the President, was six years old, his father (Abraham, the grandfather of the President) was shot and instantly killed by an Indian. The boy and his father were at work in the corn-field, near their log-cabin home. Mordecai, the elder brother of the lad, at work not far away, witnessed the attack. He saw his father fall, and ran to the cabin, seized his ready-loaded rifle and springing to the loop-hole cut through the logs, he saw the Indian, who had seized the boy, carrying him away. Raising his rifle and aiming at a silver medal, conspicuous on the breast of the Indian, he instantly fired. The Indian fell, and the lad, springing to his feet, ran to the open arms of his mother, at the

cabin door. Amidst such scenes, the Lincoln family naturally produced rude, rough, hardy, and fearless men, familiar with wood-craft; men who could meet the extremes of exposure and fatigue, who knew how to find food and shelter in the forest; men of great powers of endurance — brave and self-reliant, true and faithful to their friends and dangerous to their enemies. Men with minds to conceive and hands to execute bold enterprises.

It is a curious fact that the grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, is noted on the surveys of Daniel Boone as having purchased, of the Government, five hundred acres of land. Thomas Lincoln, the father, was also the purchaser of government land, and President Lincoln left, as a part of his estate, a quarter-section (one hundred and sixty acres), which he had received from the United States, for services rendered in early life as a volunteer soldier, in the Black-Hawk Indian war. Thus for three generations the Lincoln family were land-owners directly from the Government.

Such was the lineage and family from which President Lincoln sprung. Such was the environment in which his character was developed.

He was born in a log-cabin, in Kentucky, on the 12th of February, 1809.

It will aid you in picturing to yourself this young man and his surroundings, to know that, from boyhood to the age of twenty-one, in winter his head was protected from the cold by a cap made of the skin of the coon, fox, or prairie-wolf, and that he often wore the buckskin breeches and hunting-shirt of the pioneer.

He grew up to be a man of majestic stature and Herculean strength. Had he appeared in England or Normandy, some centuries ago, he would have been the founder of some great Baronial family, possibly of a Royal dynasty. He could have wielded, with ease, the two-handed sword of Guy, the great Earl of Warwick, or the battle-axe of Richard of the Lion-heart.

HIS EDUCATION AND TRAINING.

The world is naturally interested in knowing what was the education and training which fitted Lincoln for the

great work which he accomplished. On the extreme frontier, the means of book-learning was very limited. The common free schools, which now closely follow the heels of the pioneer and organized civil government, and prevail all over the United States, had not then reached the Far-West. An itinerant school-teacher wandered occasionally into a settlement, opened a private school for a few months, and, at such, Lincoln attended at different times in all about twelve months. His mother, who was a woman of practical good sense, of strong physical organization, of deep religious feeling, gentle and self-reliant, taught him to read and write.

Although she died when he was only nine years old, she had already laid deep the foundations of his excellence. Perfect truthfulness and integrity, love of justice, self-control, reverence for God, these constituted the solid basis of his character. These were all implanted and carefully cultivated by his mother, and he always spoke of her with the deepest respect and the most tender affection. "All that I am, or hope to be," said he, when President, "I owe to my sainted mother."

He early manifested the most eager desire to learn, but there were no libraries, and few books in the back settlements in which he lived. Among the stray volumes, which he found in the possession of the illiterate families by which he was surrounded, were Æsop's Fables, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a life of Washington, the poems of Burns, and the Bible. To these his reading was confined, and he read them over and over again, until they became as familiar almost as the alphabet. His memory was marvellous, and I never yet met the man more familiar with the Bible than Abraham Lincoln. This was apparent in after-life, both from his conversation and writings, scarcely a speech or state paper of his in which illustrations and allusions from the Bible can not be found.

While a young man, he made for himself, of coarse paper, a scrap-book, into which he copied everything which particularly pleased him. He found an old English grammar, which he studied by himself; and he formed, from his constant study of the Bible, that simple, plain, clear Anglo-Saxon style, so effective with the people. He

illustrated the maxim that it is better to know thoroughly a few good books than to skim over many. When fifteen years old, he began (with a view of improving himself) to write on various subjects and to practise in making political and other speeches. These he made so amusing and attractive that his father had to forbid his making them in working-hours, for, said he, "when Abe begins to speak, all the hands flock to hear him." His memory was so retentive that he could repeat, *verbatim*, the sermons and political speeches which he heard.

While his days were spent in hard manual labor, and his evenings in study, he grew up strong in body, healthful in mind, with no bad habits; no stain of intemperance, profanity, or vice of any kind. He used neither tobacco nor intoxicating drinks, and, thus living, he grew to be six feet four inches high, and a giant in strength. In all athletic sports he had no equal. I have heard an old comrade say, "he could strike the hardest blow with the woodman's axe, and the maul of the rail-splitter, jump higher, run faster than any of his fellows, and there were none, far or near, who could lay him on his back." Kind and cordial, he early developed so much wit and humor, such a capacity for narrative and story-telling, that he was everywhere a most welcome guest.

A LAND SURVEYOR.

Like Washington, he became, in early life, a good practical surveyor, and I have, in my library, the identical book from which, at eighteen years of age, he studied the art of surveying. By his skill and accuracy, and by the neatness of his work, he was sought after by the settlers, to survey and fix the boundaries of their farms, and in this way, in part, he earned a support while he studied law. In 1837, self-taught, he was admitted and licensed, by the Supreme Court of Illinois, to practise law.

A LAWYER.

It is difficult for me to describe, and, perhaps, more difficult for you to conceive the contrast when Lincoln began to practise law, between the forms of the administration of justice in Westminster Hall, and in the rude

log court-houses of Illinois. I recall to-day what was said a few years ago by an Illinois friend, when we visited, for the first time, Westminster Abbey, and as we passed into Westminster Hall. "This," he exclaimed, "this is the grandest forum in the world. Here Fox, Burke, and Sheridan hurled their denunciations against Warren Hastings. Here Brougham defended Queen Caroline. And this," he went on to repeat, in the words of Macauley, (words as familiar in America as here), "This is the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which has resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, and which has witnessed the trials of Bacon and Somers and Strafford and Charles the First." "And yet," I replied, "I have seen justice administered on the prairies of Illinois without pomp or ceremony, everything simple to rudeness, and yet, when Lincoln and Douglas led at that bar, I have seen justice administered by judges as pure, aided by advocates as eloquent, if not as learned, as any who ever presided, or plead, in Westminster Hall."

The common-law of England (said to be the perfection of human wisdom) was administered in both forums, and the decisions of each tribunal were cited as authority in the other; both illustrating that reverence for, and obedience to, law, which is the glory of the English-speaking race.

Lincoln was a great lawyer. He sought to convince rather by the application of principle than by the citation of authorities. On the whole, he was stronger with the jury than with the court. I do not know that there has ever been, in America, a greater or more successful advocate before a jury, on the right side, than Abraham Lincoln. He had a marvellous power of conciliating and impressing everyone in his favor. A stranger entering the court, ignorant of the case, and listening a few moments to Lincoln, would find himself involuntarily on his side and wishing him success. He was a quick and accurate reader of character, and seemed to comprehend, almost intuitively, the peculiarities of those with whom he came in contact. His manner was so candid, his methods so direct, so fair, he seemed so anxious that truth and justice should prevail, that everyone wished him success.

He excelled in the statement of his case. However complicated, he would disentangle it, and present the important and turning-point in a way so clear that all could understand. Indeed, his statement often alone won his cause, rendering argument unnecessary. The judges would often stop him by saying, "If that is the case, brother Lincoln, we will hear the other side."

His ability in examining a witness, in bringing out clearly the important facts, was only surpassed by his skilful cross-examinations. He could often compel a witness to tell the truth, where he meant to lie. He could make a jury laugh, and generally weep, at his pleasure. On the right side, and when fraud or injustice were to be exposed, or innocence vindicated, he rose to the highest range of eloquence, and was irresistable. But he must have faith in his cause to bring out his full strength. His wit and humor, his quaint and homely illustrations, his inexhaustible stores of anecdote, always to the point, added greatly to his power as a jury-advocate.

He never misstated evidence or misrepresented his opponent's case, but met it fairly and squarely.

He remained in active practice until his nomination, in May, 1860, for the presidency. He was employed in the leading cases in both the federal and state courts, and had a large clientelage, not only in Illinois, but was frequently called, on special retainers, to other States.

AN ILLINOIS POLITICIAN.

By his eloquence and popularity he became, early in life, the leader of the old Whig party, in Illinois. He served as member of the State Legislature, was the candate of his party for speaker, presidential elector, and United States senator, and was a member of the lower house of Congress.

SLAVERY.

When the independence of the American republic was established, African slavery was tolerated as a local and temporary institution. It was in conflict with the moral sense, the religious convictions of the people, and the political principles on which the government was founded.

But having been tolerated, it soon became an organized,

aggressive power, and, later, it became the master of the government. Conscious of its inherent weakness, it demanded and obtained additional territory for its expansion. First, the great Louisiana territory was purchased, then Florida, and then Texas.

By the repeal, in 1854, of the prohibition of slavery north of the line of 36°, 30′ of latitude (known in America as the "Missouri Compromise"), the slavery question became the leading one in American politics, and the absorbing and exciting topic of discussion. It shattered into fragments the old conservative Whig party, with which Mr. Lincoln had, theretofore, acted. It divided the Democratic party, and new parties were organized upon issues growing directly out of the question of slavery.

The leader of that portion of the Democratic party which continued, for a time, to act with the slavery party, was Stephen Arnold Douglas, then representing Illinois in the United States Senate. He was a bold, ambitious, able man, and had, thus far, been uniformly successful. He had introduced and carried through Congress, against the most vehement opposition, the repeal of the law, prohibiting slavery, called the Missouri Compromise.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN FREEDOM AND SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.

The issue having been now distinctly made between freedom and the extension of slavery into the territories, Lincoln and Douglas, the leaders of the Free-soil and Democratic parties, became more than ever antagonized. The conflict between freedom and slavery now became earnest, fierce, and violent, beyond all previous political controversies, and from this time on, Lincoln plead the cause of liberty with an energy, ability, and eloquence, which rapidly gained for him a national reputation. From this time on, through the tremendous struggle, it was he who grasped the helm and led his party to victory. Conscious of a great cause, inspired by a generous love of liberty, and animated by the moral sublimity of his great theme, he proclaimed his determination, ever thereafter, "to speak for freedom, and against slavery, until everywhere the sun shall shine, the rain shall fall, and the wind

blow upon no man who goes forth to unrequited toil."

THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATE.

The great debate between Lincoln and Douglas, in 1858, was, unquestionably, both with reference to the ability of the speakers and its influence upon opinion and events, the most important in American history. I do not think I do injustice to others, nor over-estimate their importance, when I say that the speeches of Lincoln published, circulated, and read, throughout the Free-States, did more than any other agency in creating the public opinion, which prepared the way for the overthrow of slavery. The speeches of John Quincy Adams, and those of Senator Sumner, were more learned and scholarly, and those of Lovejoy and Wendel Philips were more vehement and impassioned; Senators Seward, Chase, and Hale spoke from a more conspicuous forum, but Lincoln's speeches were as philosophic, as able, as earnest as any, and his manner had a simplicity and directness, a clearness of illustration, and his language a plainness, a vigor, an Anglo-Saxon strength, better adapted, than any other, to reach and influence the understanding and sentiment of the common people.

At the time of this memorable discussion, both Lincoln and Douglas were in the full maturity of their powers. Douglas being forty-five and Lincoln forty-nine years old. Douglas had had a long training and experience as a popular speaker. On the hustings (stump, as we say in America) and in Congress, and especially in the United States Senate, he had been accustomed to meet the ablest debaters of his State and of the Nation.

His friends insisted that never, either in conflict with a single opponent, or when repelling the assaults of a whole party, had he been discomfited. His manner was bold, vigorous, and aggressive. He was ready, fertile in resources, familiar with political history, strong and severe in denunciation, and he handled, with skill, all the weapons of the dialectician. His iron will, tireless energy, united with physical and moral courage, and great personal magnetism, made him a natural leader, and gave him personal popularity.

Lincoln was also now a thoroughly trained speaker. He had contended successfully at the bar, in the legislature, and before the people, with the ablest men of the West, including Douglas, with whom he always rather sought than avoided a discussion. But he was a courteous and generous opponent, as is illustrated by the following beautiful allusion to his rival, made in 1856, in one of their joint debates. "Twenty years ago, Judge Douglas and I first became acquainted; we were both young then; he a trifle younger than I. Even then, we were both ambitious, I, perhaps, quite as much as he. With me, the race of ambition has been a flat failure. With him, it has been a splendid success. His name fills the Nation, and it is not unknown in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached; so reached, that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

We know, and the world knows, that Lincoln did reach that high, nay, far higher eminence, and that he did reach it in such a way that the "oppressed" did share with him in the elevation.

Such were the champions who, in 1858, were to discuss, before the voters of Illinois, and with the whole Nation as spectators, the political questions then pending, and especially the vital questions relating to slavery. It was not a single combat, but extended through a whole campaign.

On the return of Douglas, from Washington, to Illinois, in July, 1858, Lincoln and Douglas being candidates for the senate, the former challenged his rival to a series of joint debates, to be held at the principal towns in the State. The challenge was accepted, and it was agreed that each discussion should occupy three hours, that the speakers should alternate in the opening and the close—the opening speech to occupy one hour, the reply one hour and a-half, and the close half an hour. The meetings were held in the open air, for no hall could hold the vast crowds which attended.

In addition to the immense mass of hearers, reporters, from all the principal newspapers in the country, attended,

so that the morning after each debate, the speeches were published, and eagerly read by a large part, perhaps a majority of all the voters of the United States.

The attention of the American people was thus arrested, and they watched with intense interest, and devoured every argument of the champions.

Each of these great men, I doubt not, at that time, sincerely believed he was right. Douglas' ardor, while in such a conflict, would make him think, for the time being, he was right, and I *know* that Lincoln argued for freedom against the extension of slavery with the most profound conviction that on the result hung the fate of his country. Lincoln had two advantages over Douglas; he had the best side of the question, and the best temper. He was always good-humored, always had an apt story for illustration, while Douglas sometimes, when hard pressed, was irritable.

Douglas carried away the most popular applause, but Lincoln made the deeper and more lasting impression. Douglas did not disdain an immediate *ad captandum* triumph, while Lincoln aimed at permanent conviction. Sometimes, when Lincoln's friends urged him to raise a storm of applause (which he could always do by his happy illustrations and amusing stories), he refused, saying the occasion was too serious, the issue too grave. "I do not seek applause," said he, "nor to amuse the people, I want to convince them."

It was often observed, during this canvass, that while Douglas was sometimes greeted with the loudest cheers, when Lincoln closed, the people seemed solemn and serious, and could be heard, all through the crowd, gravely and anxiously discussing the topics on which he had been speaking.

Douglas secured the immediate object of the struggle, but the manly bearing, the vigorous logic, the honesty and sincerity, the great intellectual powers, exhibited by Mr. Lincoln, prepared the way, and, two years later, secured his nomination and election to the presidency. It is a touching incident, illustrating the patriotism of both these statesmen, that, widely as they differed, and keen as had been their rivalry, just as soon as the life of the Republic

was menaced, by treason, they joined hands, to shield and save the county they loved.

The echo and the prophecy of this great debate was heard, and inspired hope in the far-off cotton and rice-fields of the South The toiling blacks, to use the words of Whittier, began hopefully to pray:

"We pray de Lord. He gib us signs
Dat some day we be free.
De Norf wind tell it to de pines,
De wild duck to de sea.

"We tink it when de church-bell ring,
We dream it in de dream,
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream."

THE COOPER-INSTITUTE SPEECH.

In February, 1860, Mr. Lincoln was called to address the people of New York, and, speaking to a vast audience, at the Cooper Institute (the Exeter Hall of the United States), the poet Bryant presiding, he made, perhaps, the most learned, logical, and exhaustive speech to be found in American anti-slavery literature. The question was, the power of the National Government to exclude slavery from the territories. The orator from the prairies, the morning after this speech, awoke to find himself famous.

He closed with these words, "Let us have faith that *right* makes *might*, and in that faith let us, to the end, do our duty as we understand it."

This address was the carefully finished product of, not an orator and statesman only, but also of an accurate student of American history. It confirmed and elevated the reputation he had already acquired in the Douglas debates, and caused his nomination and election to the presidency.

If time permitted, I would like to follow Mr. Lincoln, step by step, to enumerate his measures one after another, until, by prudence and courage, and matchless statesmanship, he led the loyal people of the republic to the final and complete overthrow of slavery and the restoration of the Union.

From the time he left his humble home, in Illinois, to assume the responsibilities of power, the political horizon

black with treason and rebellion, the terrific thunder clouds,—the tempest which had been gathering and growing more black and threatening for years, now ready to explode,—on and on, through long years of bloody war, down to his final triumph and death — what a drama! His eventful life terminated by his tragic death, has it not the dramatic unities, and the awful ending, of the Old Greek tragedy?

HIS FAREWELL TO HIS NEIGHBORS.

I know of nothing, in history, more pathetic than the scene when he bade good-bye to his old friends and neighbors. Conscious of the difficulties and dangers before him, difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable, with a sadness as though a presentiment that he should return no more was pressing upon him, but with a deep religious trust which was characteristic, on the platform of the rail-carriage, which was to bear him away to the Capital, he paused and said, "No one can realize the sadness I feel at this parting. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded but for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which, at all times, he relied. * * * I hope you, my dear friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I can not succeed, but with which, success is certain."

And as he waved his hand in farewell to the old home, to which he was never to return, he heard the response from many old friends, "God bless and keep you." "God protect you from all traitors." His neighbors "sorrowing most of all," for the fear "that they should see his face no more."

HIS INAUGURAL AND APPEAL FOR PEACE.

In his inaugural address, spoken in the open air, and from the eastern portico of the capitol, and heard by thrice ten thousand people, on the very verge of civil war,

he made a most earnest appeal for peace. He gave the most solemn assurance, that "the property, peace, and security of no portion of the Republic should be endangered by his administration." But he declared, with firmness, that the union of the States must be "perpetual," and that he should "execute the laws faithfully in every state." "In doing this," said he, "there need be no bloodshed nor violence, nor shall there be, unless forced upon the National Authority." In regard to the difficulties which thus divided the people, he appealed to all to abstain from precipitate action, assuring them that intelligence, patriotism, and a firm reliance on Him, who has never yet forsaken the Republic, "were competent to adjust, in the best way, all existing troubles."

His closing appeal, against civil war, was most touching. "In your hands," said he, and his voice, for the first time faltered, "In your hands, and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war." * * "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." * * "I am," continued he, "loth to close, we are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies, though passion may strain,—it must not break the bonds of affection."

The answer to these appeals was the attack upon Fort Sumpter, and immediately broke loose all the maddening passions which riot in blood and carnage and civil war.

I know not how I can better picture and illustrate the condition of affairs, and of public feeling, at that time, than by narrating two or three incidents.

DOUGLAS' PROPHECY, JANUARY 1, 1861.

In January, 1861, Senator Douglas, then lately a candidate for the presidency, with Mrs. Douglas, one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in America, a relative of Mrs. Madison, occupied, at Washington, one of the most magnificent blocks of dwellings, called the "Minnesota Block." On New-Year's-day, 1861, General Charles Stewart, of New York, from whose lips I write an account of the incident, says,

"I was making a New-Year's-call on Senator Douglas; after some conversation, I asked him,

"'What will be the result, Senator, of the efforts of Jefferson Davis, and his associates, to divide the Union?' We were," said Stewart, "sitting on the sofa together, when I asked the question. Douglas rose, walked rapidly up and down the room for a moment, and then pausing, he exclaimed, with deep feeling and excitement:

"'The Cotton States are making an effort to draw in the Border States, to their schemes of Secession, and I am but too fearful they will succeed. If they do, there will be the most fearful civil war the world has ever seen, lasting for years.'

"Pausing a moment, he looked like one inspired, while he proceeded: 'Virginia, over yonder, across the Potomac,' pointing toward Arlington, 'will become a charnel-house —but in the end the Union will triumph. They will try,' he continued, 'to get possession of this Capital, to give them *prestige* abroad, but in that effort they will never succeed; the North will rise *en masse* to defend it. But Washington will become a city of hospitals, the churches will be used for the sick and wounded. This house,' he continued, 'the *Minnesota Block* will be devoted to that purpose before the end of the war.'

"Every word he said was literally fulfilled — all the churches nearly were used for the wounded, and the Minnesota Block, and the very room in which this declaration was made, became the 'Douglas Hospital.'

"'What justification for all this?' said Stewart.

"'There is no justification,' replied Douglas.

"'I will go as far as the constitution will permit to maintain their just rights. But,' said he, rising upon his feet and raising his arm, 'if the Southern States attempt to secede, I am in favor of their having just so many slaves, and just so much slave territory, as they can hold at the point of the bayonet, and no more.'"

WILL THE NORTH FIGHT?

Many Southern leaders believed there would be no serious war, and labored industriously to impress this idea on the Southern people.

Benjamin F. Butler, who, as a delegate from Massachusetts, to the Charlestown Convention, had voted many

times for Breckenridge, the extreme Southern candidate for president, came to Washington, in the winter of 1860–1, to inquire of his old associates what they meant by their threats.

"We mean," replied they, "we mean Separation — a Southern Confederacy. We will have our independence, a Southern government—with no discordant elements."

"Are you prepared for war?" said Butler, coolly.

"Oh, there will be no war; the North won't fight."

"The North *will* fight," said Butler, "the North will send the *last man* and expend the *last dollar* to maintain the Government."

"But," replied Butler's Southern friends, "the North can't fight—we have too many allies there."

"You have friends," responded Butler, "in the North, who will stand by you so long as you fight your battles in the Union, but the moment you fire on the flag, the North will be a unit against you." "And," Butler continued, "you may be assured if war comes, *slavery ends*."

THE SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS, JULY, 1861.

On the brink of this civil war, the President summoned Congress to meet on the 4th of July, 1861, the anniversary of our Independence. Seven States had already seceded, were in open revolt, and the chairs of their representatives, in both houses of Congress, were vacant. It needed but a glance at these so numerous vacant seats to realize the extent of the defection, the gravity of the situation, and the magnitude of the impending struggle. The old pro-slavery leaders were absent. Some in the rebel government, set up at Richmond, and others marshalling troops in the field. Hostile armies were gathering, and from the dome of the Capitol, across the Potomac, and on toward Fairfax, in Virginia, could be seen the Confederate flag.

Breckenridge, late the Southern candidate for president, now Senator from Kentucky, and soon to lead a rebel army, still lingered in the Senate. Like Cataline among the Roman Senators, he was regarded with aversion and distrust. Gloomy and, perhaps, sorrowful, he said, "I can

only look with sadness on the melancholy drama that is being enacted."

Pardon the digression, while I relate an incident which occurred in the Senate, at this special session.

Senator Baker, of Oregon, was making a brilliant and impassioned reply to a speech of Breckenridge, in which he denounced the Kentucky senator, for giving aid and encouragement to the enemy, by his speeches. At length he paused, and, turning toward Breckenridge, and fixing his eye upon him, he asked, "What would have been thought if, after the battle of Cannæ, a Roman senator had risen, amidst the conscript Fathers, and denounced the war, and opposed all measures for its success."

Baker paused, and every eye in the Senate, and in the crowded galleries was fixed upon the almost solitary senator from Kentucky. Fessenden broke the painful silence, by exclaiming, in low deep tones, which gave expression to the thrill of indignation, which ran through the hall, "He would have been hurled from the Tarpeian Rock."

Congress manifested its sense of the gravity of the situation by authorizing a loan of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and empowering the President to call into the field five hundred thousand men, and as many more as he might deem necessary.

SURRENDER OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

No act of the British Government, since the "stamp act" of the Revolution, has ever excited such intense feeling of hostility toward Great Britain, as her haughty demand for the surrender of Mason and Slidell. It required *nerve*, in the President, to stem the storm of popular feeling, and yield to that demand, and it was, for a time, the most unpopular act of his administration. But when the excitement of the day had passed, it was approved by the sober judgment of the Nation.

Prince Albert is kindly and gratefully remembered in America, where it is believed that his action, in modifying the terms of that demand, probably saved the United States and Great Britain from the horrors of war.

LINCOLN AND THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

When in June, 1858, at his home, in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln startled the people with the declaration, "This government can not endure, permanently, half slave and half free," and when, at the close of his speech, to those who were laboring for the ultimate extinction of slavery, he exclaimed, with the voice of a prophet, "We shall not fail, if we stand firm, we shall *not* fail. Wise councils may accelerate, or mistakes delay, but sooner or later the victory is sure to come;" he anticipated success, through years of discussion, and final triumph through peaceful and constitutional means by the ballot. He did not foresee, nor even dream (unless in those dim mysterious shadows, which sometimes startle by half revealing the future), his own elevation to the presidency. He did not then suspect that he had been appointed by God, and should be chosen by the people, to proclaim the emancipation of a race, and to save his country. He did not foresee that slavery was so soon to be destroyed, amidst the flames of war which itself kindled.

HIS MODERATION.

He entered upon his administration with the single purpose of maintaining national unity, and many reproached and denounced him for the slowness of his anti-slavery measures. The first of the series was the abolition of slavery at the National Capitol. This act gave freedom to three thousand slaves, with compensation to their loyal masters. Contemporanious with this was an act conferring freedom upon all colored soldiers who should serve in the Union armies and upon their families. The next was an act, which I had the honor to introduce, prohibiting slavery in all the territories, and wherever the National Government had jurisdiction. But the great, the decisive act of his administration, was the "Emancipation Proclamation."

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

The President had urged, with the utmost earnestness, on the loyal slave-holders, of the Border States, gradual

and compensated emancipation, but in vain. He clearly saw, all saw, that the slaves, as used by the confederates, were a vast power, contributing immensely to their ability to carry on the war, and, that by declaring their freedom, he would convert millions of freedmen into active friends and allies of the Union. The people knew that he was deliberating upon the question of issuing this Emancipation Proclamation. At this crisis, the Union men of the Border States made an appeal to him to withhold the edict, and suffer slavery to survive.

They selected John J. Crittenden, a venerable and eloquent man, and their ablest statesman, to make, on the floor of Congress, a public appeal to the President, to withhold the proclamation. Mr. Crittenden had been governor of Kentucky, her senator in Congress, attorney-general of the United States, and now, in his old age, covered with honors, he accepted, like John Quincy Adams, a seat in Congress, that in this crisis he might help to save his country.

He was a sincere Union man, but believed it unwise to disturb slavery. In his speech, he made a most eloquent and touching appeal, from a Kentuckian to a Kentuckian. He said, among other things, "There is a niche, near to that of Washington, to him who shall save his country. If Mr. Lincoln will step into that niche, the *founder* and the *preserver* of the Republic shall stand side by side." * * Owen Lovejoy, the brother of Elijah P. Lovejoy, who had been mobbed and murdered, because he would not surrender the liberty of the press, replied to Crittenden. After his brother's murder, kneeling upon the green sod which covered that brother's grave, he had taken a solemn vow, of eternal war upon slavery. Ever after, like Peter the Hermit, with a heart of fire and a tongue of lightning, he had gone forth, preaching his crusade against slavery. At length, in his reply, turning to Crittenden, he said, "The gentleman, from Kentucky, says he has a niche for Abraham Lincoln, where is it?"

Crittenden pointed toward Heaven.

Lovejoy continuing said, "He points upward, but, sir! if the President follows the counsel of that gentleman, and becomes the perpetuator of slavery, he should point

downward, to some dungeon in the temple of Moloch, who feeds on human blood, and where are forged chains for human limbs; in the recesses of whose temple woman is scourged and man tortured, and outside the walls are lying dogs, gorged with human flesh, as Byron describes them, lying around the walls of Stambool." "That," said Lovejoy, "is a suitable place for the statue of him who would perpetuate slavery."

"I, too," said he, "have a temple for Abraham Lincoln, but it is in freedom's holy fane, * * not surrounded by slave fetters and chains, but with the symbols of freedom—not dark with bondage, but radiant with the light of liberty. In that niche he shall stand proudly, nobly, gloriously, with broken chains and slave's whips beneath his feet. * * That is a fame worth living for, aye, more, it is a fame worth dying for, though that death led through Gethsemene and the agony of the accursed tree." * * *

"It is said," continued he, "that Wilberforce went up to the judgment seat with the broken chains of eight hundred thousand slaves! Let Lincoln make himself the Liberator, and his name shall be enrolled, not only in this earthly temple, but it shall be traced on the living stones of that temple which is reared amid the thrones of Heaven."

Lovejoy's prophecy has been fulfilled—in this world—you see the statues to Lincoln, with broken chains at his feet, rising all over the world, and—in that other world—few will doubt that the prophecy has been realized.

In September, 1862, after the Confederates, by their defeat at the great battle of Antietam, had been driven back from Maryland and Pennsylvania, Lincoln issued the Proclamation. It is a fact, illustrating his character, and showing that there was in him what many would call a tinge of superstition, that he declared, to Secretary Chase, that he had made a solemn vow to God, saying, "if General Lee is driven back from Pennsylvania, I will crown the result with the declaration of FREEDOM TO THE SLAVE." The final Proclamation was issued on the first of January, 1863. In obedience to an American custom, he had been receiving calls on that New-Year's-day, and,

for hours, shaking hands. As the paper was brought to him by the Secretary of State, to be signed, he said, "Mr. Seward, I have been shaking hands all day, and my right hand is almost paralyzed. If my name ever gets into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it. If my hand trembles when I sign the proclamation, those who examine the document hereafter, will say, "he hesitated."

Then, resting his arm a moment, he turned to the table, took up the pen, and slowly and firmly wrote *Abraham Lincoln.* He smiled as, handing the paper to Mr. Seward, he said, "that will do."

From this day, to its final triumph, the tide of victory seemed to set more and more in favor of the Union cause. The capture of Vicksburg, the victory of Gettysburg, Chattanooga, Chicamauga, Lookout-Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Sheridan's brilliant campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah; Thomas' decisive victory at Nashville; Sherman's march, through the Confederacy, to the sea; the capture of Fort McAllister; the *sinking of the Alabama;* the taking of Mobile, by Farragut; the occupation of Columbus, Charlestown, Savannah; the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond; the surrender of Lee to Grant; the taking of Jefferson Davis a prisoner; the triumph everywhere of the National Arms; such were the events which followed (though with delays and bloodshed) the "Proclamation of Emancipation."

THE AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Meanwhile Lincoln had been triumphantly reëlected, Congress had, as before stated, abolished slavery at the Capital, prohibited it in all the territories, declared all negro soldiers in the Union armies, and their families free, and had repealed all laws which sanctioned or recognized slavery, and the President had crowned and consummated all, by the proclamation of emancipation. One thing alone remained to perfect, confirm, and make everlastingly permanent these measures, and this was to embody in the Constitution itself, the prohibition of slavery everywhere within the Republic.

To change the organic law, required the adoption by a

two-thirds' vote of a joint resolution, by Congress, and that this should be submitted to, and ratified by two-thirds of the States.

The President, in his annual message and in personal interviews with members of Congress, urged the passage of such resolution. To test the strength of the measure, in the House of Representatives, I had the honor, in February, 1864, to introduce the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the Constitution should be so amended as to abolish slavery in the United States wherever it now exists, and to prohibit its existence in every part thereof forever" (Cong. Globe, vol. 50, p. 659). This was adopted, by a decided vote, and was the first resolution ever passed by Congress in favor of the entire abolition of slavery. But, although it received a majority, it did not receive a majority of two-thirds.

The debates on the Constitutional Amendment (perhaps the greatest in our Congressional history, certainly the most important since the adoption of the Constitution) ran through two sessions of Congress. Charles Sumner, the learned senator from Massachusetts, brought to the discussion, in the Senate, his ample stores of historical illustration, quoting largely in its favor from the historians, poets, and statesmen of the past.

The resolution was adopted in the Senate by the large vote of ayes, 38, noes, 6.

In the lower House, at the first session, it failed to obtain a two-thirds' vote, and, on a motion to reconsider, went over to the next session.

Mr. Lincoln again earnestly urged its adoption, and, in a letter to Illinois friends, he said, "The signs look better. * * Peace does not look so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth keeping in all future time."

I recall, very vividly, my New-Year's-call upon the President, January, 1864. I said:

"I hope, Mr. President, one year from to-day I may have the pleasure of congratulating you on the occurrence of three events which now seem probable."

"What are they?" inquired he.

"1. That the rebellion may be entirely crushed.

"2. That the Constitutional Amendment, abolishing and prohibiting slavery, may have been adopted.

"3. And that Abraham Lincoln may have been re-elected President."

"I think," replied he, with a smile, "I would be glad to accept the first two as a compromise."

General Grant, in a letter, remarkable for that clear good-sense and practical judgment for which he is distinguished, condensed into a single sentence the political argument in favor of the Constitutional Amendment, "The North and South," said he, "can *never* live at peace with each other except as *one nation* and *that without slavery*."

GARFIELD'S SPEECH.

I would be glad to quote from this great debate, but must confine myself to a brief extract from the speech of the present President, then a member of the House. He began by saying, "Mr. Speaker, we shall never know why slavery dies so hard in this Republic, and in this Hall, until we know why sin outlives disaster and Satan is immortal." * * "How well do I remember," he continued, "the history of that distinguished predecessor of mine, *Joshua R. Giddings*, lately gone to his rest, who, with his forlorn hope of faithful men, took his life in his hands and, in the name of justice, protested against the great crime, and who stood bravely in his place until his white locks, like the plume of Henry of Navarre, marked where the battle of freedom raged fiercest." * * "In its mad arrogance, slavery lifted its hand against the Union, and since that fatal day it has been a fugitive and a vagabond upon the earth."

Up to the last roll-call, on the question of the passage of the resolution, we were uncertain and anxious about the result. We needed Democratic votes. We knew we should get some, but whether enough to carry the measure none could surely tell.

As the clerk called the names of members, so perfect was the silence that the sound of a hundred pencils keeping tally could be heard through the Hall.

Finally, when the call was completed, and the speaker announced that the resolution was adopted, the result was

received by an uncontrollable burst of enthusiasm. Members and spectators (especially the galleries, which were crowded with convalescent soldiers) shouted and cheered, and, before the speaker could obtain quiet, the roar of artillery on Capitol Hill proclaimed to the City of Washington, the passage of the resolution. Congress adjourned, and we hastened to the White House to congratulate the President on the event.

He made one of his happiest speeches. In his own peculiar words, he said, "*The great job is finished.*" "I can not but congratulate," said he, "all present, myself, the country, and the whole world on this great moral victory."

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

And now, with an attempt to sketch very briefly some of his peculiar personal characteristics, I must close.

This great Hercules of a man had a heart as kind and tender as a woman. Sterner men thought it a weakness. It saddened him to see others suffer, and he shrunk from inflicting pain. Let me illustrate his kindness and tenderness by one or two incidents. One summer's day, walking along the shaded path leading from the Executive-mansion to the War-office, I saw the tall awkward form of the President seated on the grass under a tree. A wounded soldier, seeking back-pay and a pension, had met the President, and, having recognized him, asked his counsel. Lincoln sat down, examined the papers of the soldier, and told him what to do, sent him to the proper Bureau with a note, which secured prompt attention.

After the terribly destructive battles between Grant and Lee, in the Wilderness of Virginia, after days of dreadful slaughter, the lines of ambulances, conveying the wounded from the steamers on the Potomac to the great field hospitals on the heights around Washington, would be continuous,—one unbroken line from the wharf to the hospital. At such a time, I have seen the President, in his carriage, driving slowly along the line, and he looked like one who had lost the dearest members of his own family. On one such occasion, meeting me, he stopped and said, "I can not bear this; this suffering, this loss of life—is dreadful."

I recalled to him a line from a letter he had years before written to a friend, whose great sorrow he had sought to console. Reminding him of the incident, I asked him, "Do you remember writing to your suffering friend these words:

"*And this too shall pass away,*
Never fear. Victory will come."

In all his State papers and speeches during these years of strife and passion, there can be found no words of bitterness, no denunciation. When others railed, he railed not again. He was always dignified, magnanimous, patient, considerate, manly, and true. His duty was ever performed "with malice toward none, with charity for all," and with "firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right."

NEVER A DEMAGOGUE.

Lincoln was never a demagogue. He respected and loved the people, but never flattered them. No man ever heard him allude to his humble life and manual labor, in a way to obtain votes. None knew better than he, that splitting rails did not qualify a man for public duties. He realized painfully the defects of his education, and labored diligently and successfully to supply his deficiencies.

HIS CONVERSATION.

He had no equal as a talker in social life. His conversation was fascinating and attractive. He was full of wit, humor, and anecdote, and, at the same time, original, suggestive, and instructive. There was in his character a singular mingling of mirthfulness and melancholy. While his sense of the ludicrous was keen, and his fun and mirth were exuberent, and sometimes almost irrepressible; his conversation sparkling with jest, story, and anecdote and in droll description, he would pass suddenly to another mood, and become sad and pathetic—a melancholy expression of his homely face would show that he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

HIS STORIES.

The newspapers, in America, have always been full of Lincoln's stories and anecdotes, some true and many fabulous.

He always had a story ready, and, if not, he could improvise one, just fitted for the occasion. The following may, I think, be said to have been *adapted:*

An Atlantic port, in one of the British provinces, was, during the war, a great resort and refuge for blockade-runners, and a large contraband trade was said to have been carried on from that port with the Confederates. Late in the summer of 1864, while the election of president was pending, Lincoln being a candidate, the Governor-General of that province, with some of the principal officers, visited Washington, and called to pay their respects to the executive. Mr. Lincoln had been very much annoyed by the failure of these officials to enforce, very strictly, the rules of neutrality, but he treated his guests with great courtesy. After a pleasant interview, the Governor, alluding to the approaching presidential election, said, jokingly, but with a grain of sarcasm, "I understand, Mr. President, everybody votes in this country. If we remain until November can we vote?"

"You remind me," replied the President, "of a countryman of yours, a green emigrant from Ireland. Pat arrived in New York on election day, and was, perhaps, as eager as Your Excellency, to vote, and to vote early and late and often. So, upon his landing at Castle Garden, he hastened to the nearest voting place, and, as he approached, the judge, who received the ballots, inquired, 'who do you want to vote for? on which side are you?' Poor Pat was embarrassed, he did not know who were the candidates. He stopped, scratched his head, then, with the readiness of his countrymen, he said:

"'I am fornent the Government, anyhow. Tell me, if your Honor plases, which is the rebellion side, and I'll tell you how I want to vote. In Ould Ireland, I was always on the rebellion side, and, by Saint Patrick, I'll stick to that same in America.'

"Your Excellency," said Mr. Lincoln, "would, I should think, not be at all at a loss on which side to vote?"

THE BOOKS HE READ.

The two books he read most were the Bible and Shakespeare. With them he was familiar, reading and quoting from them constantly. Next to Shakespeare, among the poets, was Burns, with whom he had a hearty sympathy, and upon whose poetry he wrote a lecture. He was extremely fond of ballads, and of simple, sad, and plaintive music.

I called one day at the White House, to introduce two officers of the Union army, both Swedes. Immediately he began and repeated from memory, to the delight of his visitors, a long ballad, descriptive of Norwegian scenery, a Norse legend, and the adventures of an old Viking among the fiords of the North.

He said he had read the poem in a newspaper, and the visit of these Swedes recalled it to his memory.

On the last Sunday of his life, as he was sailing up the Potomac, returning to Washington from his visit to Richmond, he read aloud many extracts from Macbeth, and, among others, the following, and with a tone and accent so impressive that, after his death, it was vividly recalled by those who heard him:

> "Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
> Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
> Can touch him further!"

After his assassination, those friends could not fail to recall this passage from the same play.

> "This Duncan
> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against
> The deep damnation of his taking-off."

HIS RELIGION.

It is strange that any reader of Lincoln's speeches and writings, should have had the hardihood to charge him with infidelity, but the charge, having been repeatedly made, I reply, in the light of facts accessible to all, that no more reverent christian (not excepting Washington)

ever filled the chair of President. Declarations of his trust in God, his faith in the efficacy of prayer, pervade his speeches and writings. From the time he left Springfield, to his death, he not only himself continuedly prayed for Divine assistance, but never failed to ask the prayers of others for himself and his country.

His reply to the negroes of Baltimore, who, in 1864, presented him with a beautiful Bible, as an expression of their love and gratitude, ought to have silenced all who have made such charges. After thanking them, he said, "This great book is the best gift God has given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated through this book."

When a member of Congress, knowing his religious character, asked him "why he did not join some church?" Mr. Lincoln replied, "Because I found difficulty, without mental reservation, in giving my assent to their long and complicated confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar the Saviour's condensed statement of law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart."

WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED.

Let us try to sum up in part what he accomplished.

When he assumed the duties of the executive, he found an empty treasury, the National credit gone, the little nucleus of an army and navy scattered and disarmed, the officers, who had not deserted to the rebels, strangers; the party which elected him in a minority (he having been elected only because his opponents were divided between Douglas, Breckenridge, and Everett), the old Democratic party, which had ruled most of the time for half a century, hostile, and even that part of it in the North, from long association, in sympathy with the insurgents; his own party made up of discordant elements, and neither he nor his party had acquired prestage and the confidence of the people. It is the exact truth to say that when he entered the *White House* he was the object of personal prejudice to a majority of the American people, and of contempt to a

powerful minority. He entered upon his task of restoring the integrity of a broken Union, without sympathy from any of the great powers of Western Europe. Those which were not hostile, manifested a cold neutrality, exhibiting toward him and his government no cordial good-will, nor extending any moral aid. Yet, in spite of all, he crushed the most stupendous rebellion, supported by armies more vast, by resources greater, and an organization more perfect, than ever before undertook the dismemberment of a nation. He united and held together, against contending factions, his own party, and strengthened it by securing the confidence and winning the support of the best part of all parties. He composed the quarrels of rival generals; and, at length, won the respect, and confidence, and sympathy of all nations and peoples. He was reëlected, almost by acclamation, and, after a series of brilliant victories, he annihilated all armed opposition. He led the people, step by step, to emancipation, and saw his work crowned by an amendment of the Constitution, eradicating and prohibiting slavery forever, throughout the Republic.

Such is a brief and imperfect summary of his achievements during the last five years of his life. And this good man, when the hour of victory came, made it not the hour of vengeance, but of forgiveness and reconciliation.

These five years of incessant labor and fearful responsibility told even upon his strength and vigor. He left Illinois, for the Capital, with a frame of iron and nerves of steel. His old friends who had known him as a man who did not know what illness was; who had seen him on the prairies before the Illinois courts, full of life, genial, and sparkling with fun; now saw the wrinkles on his forehead deepened into furrows—the laugh of the old days lost its heartiness; anxiety, responsibility, care, and hard work wore upon him, and his nerves of steel, at times, became irritable. He had had no respite, had taken no holidays. When others fled away, from the dust and heat of the Capital, he stayed. He would not leave the helm until all danger was past, and the good ship of state had made her port.

I will not dwell upon the unutterable sorrow, of the

American people, at his shocking death. But I desire to express here, in this great City of this grand Empire, the sensibility with which the people of the United States received, at his death, the sympathy of the English-speaking race.

That sympathy was most eloquently expressed by all. It came from Windsor Castle to the White House; from England's widowed Queen to the stricken and distracted widow at Washington. From Parliament to Congress, from the people of all this magnificent Empire, as it stretches round the world, from England to India, from Canada to Australia, came words of deep feeling, and they were received by the American people, in their sore bereavement, as the expression of a kindred race.

I can not forbear referring in particular to the words spoken in Parliament on that occasion, by Lords Russell and Derby, and, especially, by that great and picturesque leader, so lately passed away, Lord Beaconsfield. After a discriminating eulogy upon the late President, and the expression of profound sympathy, he said:

"Nor is it possible for the people of England, at such a moment, to forget that he sprang from the same fatherland and spake the same mother-tongue."

God grant that, in all the unknown future, nothing may ever disturb the friendly feeling and respect which each nation entertains for the other. May there never be another quarrel in the family.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EDWARDSVILLE, ILL., *Sept. 6, 1881.*

HON. I. N. ARNOLD,

Dear Sir:—I thank you for that copy of your admirable address before the London Historical Society touching our great and good friend Mr. Lincoln; and I doubly thank you for the truthful and attractive manner in which you presented his life and character in his lowly and higher walks.

Sometimes I feel that my life has been a mere delusion; that I could have personally known and been on terms of intimacy with one who fills so large a measure of space in the world's estimation appears impossible and unreal.

I became acquainted with the great commoner in 1832, in the second Blackhawk campaign. He was wrestling at the time with one Dow Thompson, the champion wrestler of Southern Illinois. Lincoln was Captain of a company from Menard County, and was champion of the Northern section. There was hardly any North at that time, in its present acceptation. They were both men of huge proportions and Herculean strength. Thompson was six feet high, Lincoln six feet four, and the bystanders concluded that Dow had the advantage in that respect, but Lincoln came out triumphant owing to his greater mental resources. He had more skill than his opponent.

I have talked with Mr. Lincoln about this incident after he became President, and it amused him exceedingly to

recall the scenes of his early life in the backwoods. He alluded very kindly to Dow Thompson, and had kept trace of him from St. Clair County, Illinois, to Arkansas. Dow was a true specimen of the genus Pioneer. His property was all absorbed in paying fines for fighting with the Germans, who began soon after the Blackhawk war to move into St. Clair County, and Dow had to emigrate, and, like most of his class, went to Arkansas where game was more abundant and he could fight in peace "without being troubled with the minions of the law." Dow had no malice in his composition. He seldom fought because he was mad, but just to find out who was the best man; but his curiosity on this head was intense and often gratified. He held Lincoln in high estimation because he was a funny fellow "and much of a man."

The next I saw of Lincoln was at Vandalia as a Representative in the Legislature from Sangamon County. He was one of the celebrated "long nine." By this time he had studied law, and was the acknowledged leader of the Whig party in the House, and was always put forth to squelch out some poor wight of a Democrat (who had made himself particularly obnoxious) by one of his inimitable stories.

Lincoln and I were born in the same year, of the same political faith and calling, and raised in the same backwoods fashion, and soon became intimate. I ever afterward followed his lead, and regarded him as a rough diamond of the purest water. But, with all my admiration for him, it never entered my head that he had those supreme qualities that are essential to enable a man to guide the ship of State safely through the storms, among the rocks, and over the quicksands of direful war.

Events have proven, however, that he had transcendant greatness stored away in the recesses of his nature, quali-

ties that would make him equal to the greatest emergencies. And now that his fame knows no bounds, that the loftiest intellects and those occupying the highest positions in the world bow in deference to his greatness and his virtues, I can hardly realize that it was my lot to have been on terms of personal intimacy with one of his almost superhuman endowments. I see him at one view the rough, awkward, good-natured backwoods boy, delighting his companions with his apt and amusing stories and illustrations. Next I see him in the forum convincing the court and entrancing the juries; then I behold him in the halls of legislation and on the husting the peer (I may say the superior) of all his antagonists, but yet he was not beyond rivalry; others were his equals thus far, but his time had not yet come. Now without any adventitious aids he has worked himself into the Presidential chair. He takes the helm of the ship of State in the most turbulent and trying period in the world's history. Will he be equal to this supreme occasion? We doubt, we almost despair. Day by day, however, his powers unfold themselves, and he meets and overcomes every difficulty with transcendant ability. We are beginning to feel that in the ungainly Illinois lawyer we have the right man in the right place. We soon make up our minds that Providence has raised up Abraham Lincoln for this special occasion, and we trust with childlike confidence in his wisdom and patriotism. Now he begins to attract the attention and command the admiration of all mankind. A Collosus has risen in the West. Two millions of men have sprung to arms at his bidding. Is he to be a disturber, or has he come for the repose of the nations? Let us see. He crushes out the Rebellion. He strikes the shackles from the limbs of 4,000,000 slaves. He preaches good-will to all men, even those who had been striving to destroy this blest Government. He has demon-

strated that ours is not only the best, but the strongest Government in the world. At this juncture he is stricken by the hand of the assassin, while in the full blaze of his glory, when the whole earth was filled with his praises and deep regret at his death.

No impartial man has ever imputed to Abraham Lincoln an error of judgment or an unworthy intent. I claim my share of the credit of belonging to a race and a nation that is capable of producing so great and so good a man. I was proud to see that Englishmen could appreciate his abilities and his worth. None but the Anglo-Saxon blood could unite such greatness with such moderation. I delight in the admiration of England, and am vexed when she acts in a spirit of hostility toward us. I was for war with her on account of the Trent affair; but still I like her with all her faults. She has so many of the noblest of God's creation in her midst. Her John Bright, and her Goldwin Smith, and that sort of men prevented our swearing eternal hostility to our old mother.

I again thank you for giving our cousins a just and truthful view of our model man and President. Write at your earliest convenience. It always affords me pleasure to hear from you. I am your old friend,

J. GILLESPIE.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

By JAMES W. SHEAHAN, ESQ.

A Paper read before the Chicago University, Bryan Hall, July 3, 1861.

At a meeting of the Trustees and Regents of the Chicago University, held June 5, 1861, with other proceedings, touching the death of the Hon. S. A. Douglas, it was ordered that at the annual commencement exercises on the 3d of July, there be an oration upon the illustrious Statesman, and President of the Board of Trustees. The Hon. Samuel H. Treat, Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of Illinois, was appointed orator for the occasion. Subsequently, on the 30th June, Judge Treat informed the committee of his inability to be present. In the meantime, committees of the Common Council, and of the Douglas Club having been similarly disappointed in the persons chosen by them to deliver a like oration, proposed to Mr. Sheahan to deliver the address, and for that purpose united with the committee on the part of the University, and agreed to have but one address, to be delivered at the commencement exercises. Extracts from this address are given in this publication.

WHEN the traveler hears, in his old age and retirement, the name of some distant city, village, or land which had been familiar to him in his journeys, how his eyes will brighten, and the blood course more warmly through his heart, as that name recalls scenes of love, of peril, of pleasure, or of storm. And to you, gentlemen, who were his political friends, and you who served with him in the establishment and conduct of this University, and to us all of Chicago, and of Illinois, will not, until the latest days of our lives, the name of Stephen Arnold Douglas carry back memories to days when he stood a tower of strength in the national edifice, and we found happiness and honor in resting at his feet?

And now, what shall I say of him? What shall I say of him whose name and achievements are familiar to us all? Shall I say to you that he was intellectually great? That fact is recorded in enduring characters upon the history of his country—characters carved by himself mid the

storms of controversy, the heat of popular anger, the tumult of popular passion, as well as in the hours of national peace. Stephen A. Douglas was a man not only intellectually great, but gifted with a mind that was extraordinarily active. Trace him from the day, when having mastered his letters at his mother's knee, he was sent with his sister to the village school, down to the last moment before death stilled forever the massive, active brain, and you find that the mind of Douglas not only took in the present in its comprehensive grasp, but also and always, sought to penetrate that future, in which for the honor and glory of his country, he hoped and determined to bear an active and honorable part. He was rarely, if ever, merely quiescent. He rarely, if ever, gave a partial, cold or a careless support to any measure of public policy; he was either the firm and persevering and ardent advocate, or he was the firm and persevering and ardent opponent. His mind was so constituted, that even when surrounded by counsellors and friends urging him to a policy that would result in his own personal advancement, he could not govern his acts, control his speech, or regulate his movements by any thought of personal advantage; and hence it was that there was forever coming up from the lips of professional politicians the complaint that just as everything had been fixed, and every plan and preparation made for his elevation, Douglas would, by some speech, letter, or act blow their whole scheme to atoms, and dissipate all their hopes of ever reaching power and place through his statesmanship. If there be any present who ever participated in party struggles with him, they will, I am sure, verify the truth of what I have said. He was forever knocking over the paper houses and pasteboard castles which the professional politicians of his party were erecting for his benefit; and he did so because his mind was of that practical nature which rejected everything and all things that would not survive the severe test and crushing pressure of fixed and imperative principle.

He was remarkable for the almost instantaneous judgments he formed and expressed upon all propositions; he never wavered; he rarely doubted; and never changed his conviction. This peculiarity has been the subject of com-

plaint from friend, and has served to poison many a shaft from an adversary's bow. Political friends, whose notion of political navigation is to keep forever in smooth water, and never go out of sight of land, always considered Douglas an unsafe leader, because, instead of looking at new questions, with the view of taking such course as would avoid a storm, and keep the cargo of spoils safely stowed, he would promptly decide the matter upon its merits, and calling on all who dare defend the right, boldly launch out to meet the gale, and battle with its consequences.

And why, fellow-citizens, did Mr. Douglas act thus? I say that it was because he had the most unbounded confidence in the people. He believed, and the conviction had become part of his nature, that the popular heart was honest, that the popular mind was intelligent, and that time and reason would inevitably bring an honest and intelligent people to an appreciation of the right; and that a people thus led to appreciate and approve, would in the end prove far more reliable citizens, and a surer bulwark for the Union than a people cajoled by sophistry into a hasty endorsement of a policy, which, not having been examined and adopted by reason, might, at any moment of popular excitement be as hastily abandoned.

The great secret, or, the great means which enabled him to decide with such apparent rapidity and accuracy, upon all points of national politics, consisted in nothing more nor less than that he tried all such questions by certain principles. As parallel lines must be equally distant from each other at all points, and can not be parallel if otherwise, so if any measure, or policy, or doctrine deviated even to a hair's-breadth from the iron rule by which he marked the line of duty and of patriotism, then, to the extent of that deviation, be it great or small, that measure, or policy, or doctrine, in his judgment, was wrong. But do not let me be understood as saying that his judgments were after the Procrustean style. He did not say a thing should be so short or so long, so broad and so narrow; but he said the north star indicated the true pole, and that that compass that turned to the right or to the left, and pointed elsewhere than to the starry beacon, fixed from all time by

God's own unerring hand, was a false compass, and, together with the pilot who persisted in its use, ought to be thrown overboard, and sunk into the sea.

It has been popular at times, with the enemies of Mr. Douglas, to charge him with truckling to the slave interest. Never, never, was there greater injustice. I speak of this not to vindicate his party fidelity, nor his patriotism, but to vindicate from an ungenerous aspersion, his powerful intellect. He truckle to any one! He stoop, and be mean and sordid! It was impossible for him to do so. He despised and held in utter abhorrence that system of political bondage which held free-born men of intelligence as servitors at the stirrup of those who claim by prescription the privilege of riding rough-shod over all who thronged the high-road of life. He was a FREEMAN in the fullest sense of the term. He resisted the aggressive claims of slavery, and with equal power the aggressive aims of the abolitionists. He could not unite with either wholly, because he held both to be wrong. He stood manfully beside slavery when slavery claimed what the Constitution granted it; he stood as manfully with the abolitionists in resisting slavery when it demanded more than the Constitution granted. But he would stand by neither slavery nor abolitionism when they sought to go beyond the Constitution. Had slavery been content with what the Constitution granted it, it would have been an easy task to crush out abolitionism. Had abolitionism sought only to confine slavery by the limits of the Constitution, it would have been as easy to crush out the wild advocates of extra Constitutional privileges. Mr. Douglas labored to bring either of these adverse factions to a Constitutional theory and practice, and would have succeeded, had he not been betrayed, even in the hour of success, by men who were ready to sacrifice themselves and country for the wretched satisfaction of ruining him.

Mr. Douglas never, I say it confidently, yielded one iota of principle to slavery. His intellect forbade it. His whole political system was like a delicately constructed apparatus, in which the motive power, as well as mechanical agents, were principles so intimately connected and harmoniously arranged, that were he to withdraw a single

spring, or pivot, or wheel, or other part, no matter how minute, the whole fabric would fall to pieces, a total wreck and ruin. He took pride in being the architect of his own fame—a fame gained in spite of opposition, and those who knew him intimately know that there was always a greater probability of his seeking and provoking hostility than truckling or yielding to avoid it. He was brave; he was confident; he knew the power of his own great intellect; and it is unnatural to suppose that he would stoop when he might command.

Mr. Douglas was a Patriot, and his patriotism, his devotion to the flag, and honor and integrity of the Union, did not date their birth with the commencement of the present war. There have been other wars, and other occasions, when there was need of strong arms in the field, and stout hearts and eloquent words in council. Mr. Douglas, the moment this war commenced, promptly visited the President, tendering him all the aid he could render,—not seeking, like others, to be made a brigadier in a service of which he knew nothing—but tendering him for the support of the Constitution and the laws, a power in the nation which no one save himself could successfully wield. In this we have another instance of Mr. Douglas' promptness in decision. We all know how hostile a large body of our own people were to the war; we all know that had Stephen A. Douglas hesitated; had he played false to himself and his country; had he called on the disloyal and disaffected to resist the war, the campaign would have commenced not on the banks of the Potomac, but on the shores of Lake Michigan. In this case, as in all others, his conduct was governed by principle; that principle he had expressed in these bold and emphatic words: "Patriotism emanates from the heart; it fills the soul; inspires the whole man with a devotion to his country's cause; and speaks and acts in the same language. The Union wants no friends, acknowledges the fidelity of no citizen who, after war is declared, condemns the justice of her cause and sympathizes with her enemies. All such are traitors in their hearts, and it only remains for them to commit some overt act, for which they may be dealt with according to their deserts."

When were these memorable words uttered? Were they spoken when Sumter was sustaining the fiery cannonade? Were they uttered when hostile legions were investing Pickens? When traitorous Twiggs was giving up the country's arms and munitions to the traitors in Texas? Was it when preparations were maturing for the capture of the federal city? Not so, fellow-citizens! Stephen A. Douglas had not lived to the mature age of forty-eight to have his tongue touched for the first time with the fire of patriotism. He was a patriot in 1861, but he had been as patriotic before that period. The words I have quoted were uttered when the brave and gallant old veteran Taylor occupied the east bank of the Rio Grande, and a miserable faction in Congress were disputing, as another miserable faction is now disputing in Congress,* over the point whether the President of the United States had not exceeded his constitutional authority in defending the soil and government from invasion. If the words I have read are just and patriotic to-day, and who will say they are not? they were as just and patriotic fifteen years ago; and being just and patriotic then, he did not hesitate to utter them *then*, but left to craven time-servers and sycophantic demagogues the privilege of waiting until 1861 to say it was treason to give aid or comfort, material or moral, to the enemies of their country's flag.

I have spoken of his confidence in the honesty and intelligence of the people. This was the grand foundation of all his plans and policies. He proposed nothing, suggested nothing, planned nothing that did not have as the foundation the honest will of the people. Take up all the schemes that he may have framed, examine them closely, notice the varied styles and purposes of the superstructures, and then you will find that each and all of them rest, or were intended to rest, upon the virtuous intelligence of his countrymen. He never, even in the darkest hours of popular hostility, never despaired of the people. He never complained of them, but the records of the country contain many an expression of his estimate of the demagogues who ride upon every storm, not caring into what folly or

* This Oration was, by invitation, repeated July 18th, in Chicago, for the benefit of the "Douglas Fund."

confusion it may carry the country. His devotion to popular interests was tinged with no demagogism. He was oftener in conflict with the leaders and fomenters of popular violence and passion than at peace with them. He claimed to be one of the people; he laid no claim to distinction from ancestry; he preferred to be an honor to his name than to receive honor from it. He had known poverty and humiliation; he had known what it was to want for bread, and not to have the means to procure it. He had known and seen, when struggling in obscurity, the artifices and wickedness of those who abuse the confidence of the unsuspecting populace. His sympathies and feelings were all with the mass of his countrymen, and to their service did he devote his life. He never feared a political result, if the popular decision was postponed to a time which admitted of reaching them by argument and reason. He never was defeated by popular will. The election of last year was no criterion of Mr. Douglas' popular strength. Had there been any hope of his election; had the country not been divided by sectional strife and wicked purposes, there would have been a popular manifestation in his favor such as had never been made in the case of any other American statesman.

You have heard that in the conduct of military matters the fortunes of a disastrous conflict or campaign are sometimes reversed by the indomitable energy and bravery of a forlorn hope—that body of men who are sent out on a desperate enterprise, as a last resort, to overcome, by a bold adventure, the advantages of the enemy. You can well understand the feelings of the brave hearts engaged in this enterprise, as they march upon a mission that is to end in their death and in the defeat of their cause, or in rolling back the tide of defeat that has pursued them. Yet they have *hope*. The chances may be fearful, but nevertheless, there is hope, and history is filled with instances of the successful achievements of a forlorn hope. But in November last, what a spectacle was presented! One million five hundred thousand freemen, with an unfailing constancy, a devotion and a heroic fidelity to their cause, marched up to the polls and voted for Stephen A. Douglas! Their cause was in as desperate a strait as ever

was that of a defeated army; they knew they were marked men; they were conspicuously adorned for the shots of the enemy, yet they hesitated not, they faltered not, nor were they dismayed. They were forlorn, but they could not call themselves a forlorn hope, for they had no *hope;* all was lost, all was gone. An active enemy in front, a base and treacherous foe in the rear; nevertheless, with bayonets fixed, shoulder to shoulder, and with locked step, in solid column, and with rapid stride, they marched boldly to the last encounter! That was devotion to be proud of, and the noble leader, whose courage had led him personally into the very recesses of the enemy's camp, felt prouder of these million and half of unbought votes, given for him by men who knew he had not and would not have offices or rewards to bestow, than if he had been elected by the exertions of those who were confident of favors from him.

Since Clay, no American ever had such hosts of devoted personal friends, ever had such multitudes follow him because they loved him personally. In the consciousness of this popular affection, Mr. Douglas found ample compensation for his public labors. And it was his boast and his pride, that he had never, by precept or example, taught any of his countrymen to refuse to honor and to follow the flag of his country, or to resist, oppose, and defy the laws and Constitution of the Union. So strong was this honorable pride, so ever-present was the gratifying thought, that even in his dying hours, rousing temporarily from the delirium of fever, he gave that memorable message to his children: "TELL THEM TO LOVE AND OBEY THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."

I have said Mr. Douglas was an American. His Americanism was of a peculiar nature. Long before he entered Congress, during the political controversies of 1841-'42, he laid down as a fact which he hoped to see demonstrated in recorded history, that North America was not too large for this American republic, that the American flag could cover but one nation, and that nation should extend from the extreme north to the lowest waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Twenty years ago, he declared in Congress that there was not room enough on this continent for another government—either republican or monarchical, and at the

hour of his death, this nation, with the government in the hands of men who had sneered at his doctrine, and styled his policy as demagogism, was about to try, by the ordeal of battle, whether the national ensign could be kept extended over our present existing limits, or a banner with a strange device, planted over half the republic. I can not do him greater justice than to quote his own clear and forcible language: "It therefore, becomes us to put this nation in a state of defence; and when we are told that this will lead to war, all I have to say is this: violate no treaty stipulations, nor any principle of the law of nations; preserve the national honor and integrity of the country; but, at the same time, assert our right to the last inch, and then, if war comes, let it come. We may regret the necessity which produced it, but when it does come, I would administer to our citizens Hannibal's oath of eternal enmity, and not terminate it until the question was settled forever." That was his language twenty years ago, and yet there are those who affect to believe that Stephen A. Douglas did not become a patriot until after he had lost all hope of Southern support. It is true that this was said respecting anticipated trouble with a foreign foe, but the language is perfectly applicable to a domestic enemy. He had more respect for, and could recognize and admit a degree of honor on the part of a foreign enemy, that he could not concede to a domestic one. His memorable words—that in civil war there can be no neutrals—we must be patriots or traitors—will serve to show his estimate of those who dare to violate the Constitution of the United States.

But that was not all he said. In almost prophetic language, he then described a case which is now before the country for decision. He declared that he would never consent that rival petty republics should grow up on our border, engendering jealousy of each other, and interfering with each other's domestic affairs, and continually endangering the peace of all. And the reason given for this was, that the establishment of a new republic on this continent would at once excite a jealousy toward our own, and as that new republic must naturally be the weaker, it would seek European alliances, and these alliances would,

of course, make this rival an instrument in the hands of British power, through which to assail our interests. An ocean-bound republic, with the whole continent under one flag, was the favorite project of his early statesmanship, and he lived just long enough to see the commencement of an attempt, by the very men who repudiated his policy, which, if successful, will see the Union split into as many governments as there are States, and each of them a prey to the avarice or intrigues of despotism abroad.

Time will not permit, nor is this altogether an appropriate occasion to dwell upon the many and varied national matters in which Mr. Douglas took an active part. For twenty years he was a leading man in the politics of the country. During that time he has borne a conspicuous part. His name has been blended with the legislative history of his country, and in all the branches of its progress. The debates of Congress are an imperishable monument to his industry, his sagacity, and his love of country. The great act of legislation upon which his opponents have assailed him most fiercely, and which, even after death, has been quoted as "the great mistake, not to say crime" of his life, was the one in which he took the most pride, and which he felt to be the wisest and the best. It was the Nebraska Act. A defence of that act is not needed here, but as it served for years as a battery from which he was assailed, it is but proper that in a few sentences it be stated why he proposed it, why he pressed it, and why it failed.

Mr. Douglas was one of those who saw that the agitation of the slavery question in Congress could accomplish nothing, save to widen the social and political breach that has always existed between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. Seven years experience in Congress confirmed him in the opinion that it was necessary to remove that question from the halls of the national legislature. In 1850, the compromise bills of that year, of which he wrote every word, were passed. California had been acquired, and a road to the Pacific was indispensable. In 1854, the immense tract of territory, now known as Nebraska and Kansas, was closed, by law, to emigration and to travel. Like a huge block, it barred the natural pathway to the Pacific. The South was pressing a railroad

from Memphis, and south-westerly across the continent. Mr. Douglas wanted a fair chance to have that railroad lead from the north, where it could find communication through Chicago to the Atlantic. Our railroads had already reached the Mississippi, and others were projected, extending to the Missouri. He wanted Nebraska and Kansas opened, and the country made free to the enterprise of the north. In case of a dissolution of the Union, it was essential to have the Pacific connected by some other route than one through a hostile section. That was the motive for organizing these territories—a motive having its origin in the desire to benefit the whole nation, and especially to give to the northwest a fair opportunity to compete for the commerce of the great east.

But that curse of all things, the question of African slavery, lay at the threshold. He could not open Kansas and Nebraska without waking the sleeping Demon. He therefore determined to make one grand struggle, to seize the monster, to invite both North and South to unite in chaining it; and, having it in chains, to remove it forever beyond the limits of national legislation. For that purpose he framed the Nebraska Act, by which he asked the North and the South forever to bind themselves to leave the question of the existence or non-existence of slavery to the exclusive adjudication and determination of the people of the respective territories. The bill passed, and became a law. Its design and intent plainly stamped upon its face, and its friends all committed to abide its results. He had accomplished all his purposes, so far as they could be done by legislation. The rest he left to time and to the intelligence of the people; and throughout the eventful years that followed he was not an indifferent but a confident spectator, waiting for results which every day seemed more inevitably certain. For two years he fought rebellion in Kansas, and to Pierce he offered just what he offered to Lincoln—his aid in suppressing rebellion, and resistance to the laws and Constitution. In 1856, the Cincinnati convention met. He was but little troubled as to who should be the nominee, but he was greatly agitated lest some portion of the South would not ratify and approve the great act of 1854. But that convention, with-

out a dissenting voice, did ratify that act, and then from the very bottom of his heart he rejoiced. The chain which bound fanaticism forever had been riveted, and the territories were no longer to be divided by a black line, but freedom was as free to go to the lowest confines of the continent as it was to tread the ocean-washed shores of Oregon. Never, except by something approaching a miracle, would there be another slave-State formed by the free will of the people, and no State, except formed by the free will of the people, could ever be admitted without a violation of the contract. In the fullness of his joy, and in the tumult of his gratitude, he sent that dispatch which, while it withdrew his name, unfortunately made Mr. Buchanan President.

Despite the civil war and rebellion which had reigned in Kansas, the great measure worked its own way successfully toward the contemplated result; when lo, there came a blow so sudden and unexpected, that no human sagacity could have been prepared to meet it. The Lecompton fraud was taken to the executive bosom, nursed into life; a message was sent to Congress, requesting that, after the manner of royal infants in other lands, this only child of the bachelor President, should be portioned, pensioned, and provided for at the national charge. Had Mr. Buchanan been true to his trust, true to his plighted honor, and true to the solemn oath of office, the issue of disunion would have been tried on the Lecompton question, and rebellion would have been compelled to take up arms in defence of that horrid fraud—a fraud covered with blood, and reeking with the stenches of the most shocking corruptions. Had he been true, Mr. Douglas' original design and expectations would have been verified, and the ultraists of the South, and not of the North, would have heaped contumely upon the Nebraska bill and its author.

As the corner-stone of this University was laid under an malediction upon the Nebraska bill and its living author, I have thought it not inappropriate, that in burying the illustrious dead beneath its monumental towers, a record of the motive should be placed where posterity may find that and the malediction together.

Mr. Douglas was an independent statesman. Looking

at all questions from an immovable stand-point of principle, he could neither be coaxed nor driven into an approval of what he deemed to be wrong. To you, fellow-citizens, in whose memory the eventful struggle of 1857–'58 is still fresh, it is unnecessary to enter into a detail of the wicked and desperate efforts to destroy him, put forth by the relentless old tyrant that fancied he was President, but who was a mere puppet in the hands of that junta that since then have openly avowed themselves traitors, even while in office, to the government of which they were sworn members. His offence was that he would not truckle to the South, would not support a fraud, would not overturn popular liberty, and would not falsify every act and speech of his life. Party rule and party lash were threatened; party rule and party lash were applied, but strong and powerful as were his fealty and obligations to his party, he acknowledged a higher fealty to the people, and a stronger obligation to his own conscience. He spurned executive smiles when those smiles were invitations to crime, and with giant arm, he struck to the dust the slaves who sought to bind him with chains of executive despotism. Standing almost alone in the Senate House, he met the storm, and sustained the shock unmoved, and never laid down his arms until the foul monster—LECOMPTON—lay dead and prostrate beneath his feet. That contest afforded a fairer exhibition of Mr. Douglas' varied talents than any that had preceded it. But it also conveyed to the heart of every honest man, the conviction that he was sincere. No man had ever been subjected to such an ordeal. Denounced and proscribed by the Democratic administration; excluded, as far as a mean and vengeful cabinet could do so, politically and socially; surrounded by thousands of politicians, from every part of the country, beseeching him not to sacrifice his party, by dividing it, and not to sacrifice his friends, by having them thrust from office; deserted by the entire Democratic press outside of his own State, and abandoned by all those public men upon whose support he had reason to rely; with a watchful enemy in front, anxious for him to trip, or overstep the line of principle, that they might precipitate his ruin, and elect one of their own men in his

place; with his house watched by detectives, to report who visited him, and with visitors coming under the guise of confidence and friendship, to hold conversations, which they purposed revealing to his injury; stricken even in the midst of these fearful circumstances, by a painful and disabling illness, it is not too much to say that the mental faculties must have been strong indeed to have passed through that protracted contest without once giving way to doubt or hesitancy. And when, so far as the Senate was concerned, the last vote was to be taken, how that mind, operating sympathetically upon his physical nature, enabled him to rise from a bed, where, for days, he had been racked with pain, and in that chamber deliver a speech which has never been surpassed.

His power of endurance, both physical and mental, were truly surprising, commencing as long ago as 1838, when he traversed in his campaign with Mr. Stuart, a region that now has nine congressional districts, down to 1840, and annually to 1852; and then the stormy campaigns of 1854, where opposite every hustings hung his own effigies; and again in 1856, when he traveled, up to the very hour of the election, pledging himself that Buchanan was a patriot and a man of truth. Hardly had he placed that individual in power, before he was called upon to vindicate himself from his agency in the fraud. And then followed the campaign (I use the term by which these affairs are popularly known) of 1858, with its excitements, its personalities, and you will pardon a soldier in that memorable contest, for saying —its brilliant results. That election Mr. Douglas never claimed as a personal victory; he did not regard it as a defeat of Mr. Lincoln, but he claimed it as a triumph of the PEOPLE, in a direct conflict with executive tyranny. In 1860, his physical and mental endurance was again fearfully tested. Commencing on the Potomac, I may say, he spoke day and night along the Atlantic coast, until he reached the shores of New England; his voice then sounded on his own native hills of Vermont, and the valley of the Connecticut echoed to its clarion notes. Passing westward through New York, he reached Lake Erie, and then by another route returned to the sea-coast. We hear of him awaking the yeomanry of Pennsylvania, and then

he is electrifying the Van Winkles of North Carolina and Virginia. He then turned to the west, and through Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and his own loved Illinois, he spoke to the gallant hosts that everywhere greeted him, not in the despairing mood of one who knew that all was lost, but in the language of a patriot and brother, finding more consolation in a virtuous defeat than a victory bought with personal shame and national ruin. His words may be said to have been these: "We have stood thus long defending the altars of our country; if we must be overcome by numbers, let us fall side by side, and be buried with a constitution we can no longer successfully defend."

He was an Orator such as America has never known. His oratory was not exclusively adapted to any one, or any number of circumstances. Wherever he was, at the festive table, at the college exhibition, at a public reception, at a meeting of savans, at the village school, before the court, before a town meeting, in the Senate—everywhere, under all circumstances, he was equal to the occasion, and claimed and won the proud title of an Orator. His oratory was peculiar to himself. He was always natural. He never attempted the pedantic; he never sought to dazzle by fanciful imagery; he never employed any but the simplest language. The consequence was that gifted with a strong mind, a complete vocabulary of purest Saxon, and speaking always from an earnest conviction, he addressed himself to the minds of his hearers, and rarely ever failed to reach their hearts and enlist their sympathies.

No man owed more to his powers of oratory than Mr. Douglas, and no man every accomplished more by oratory than he did. In 1834, when he had not been in the State six months, he met, in debate, one of the ablest lawyers and distinguished speakers of that day. He was a beardless youth, unknown, small and delicately made. His opponent the political leader of his country, at home and among friends and neighbors who took pride in his success. That event is familiarly known. It was but a re-enactment of the story of David and Goliath, with this addition that the populace in their enthusiasm bestowed upon the victor the title of the vanquished, a term which followed him ever after.

But it was in the Senate that this great power was shown in all its force. That was the great arena of his glory. There he stood without a successful rival. In that theatre he bid defiance to all opponents, and in that theatre he gained his most unfading laurels.

It was my good fortune, while engaged in another business than that I now follow, to have been a witness of, and to have heard all, the debates in the Senate on the compromises of 1850, and on the celebrated Kansas and Nebraska Act. And what debates they were! As I recall them at this time, when the literature and conversation of the day is altogether of a military and warlike character, that Senate seems to me as one general battle-field, in which every possible engine of war is playing its noisy and destructive part. * * * *

But I leave the public servant, and ask your patience while I speak of the man. And after all, there can be no true greatness that has not an honorable heart to support and maintain it. His integrity was unquestionable and unquestioned. Never, even in the fiercest and most pitiless of all the many storms that broke upon him, was there ever a stain or an imputation upon his personal honor. Clay, with all his greatness, did not escape the calumny of corruption; Webster had enemies mean enough to charge him with bribery; but high as party and personal malice may reach after their victim, they spared the personal honor of Douglas. He went through nearly thirty years of public life, and no word of suspicion against his integrity was uttered. Until within a few years he had been poor; for twenty-five years he held office continually, and as legislator, judge, and senator, he had remained not only pure, but unsuspected. He never received from office more than enough to yield him an ordinary support for himself and family. Some years ago he invested a few hundred dollars in real estate. That investment grew in wealth, and extended until it became magnificent. His purchases were in and near Chicago, and if he became rich, it was because Chicago became rich. His wealth increased with the wealth of the City, and as that receded so did the value of his possessions. He could never amass wealth by the regular rules of trade. What he had was

held by him only as trustee for the multitude who called him friend. With hand ever open, with purse-strings never drawn, he dealt out with liberal hand to all who sought his aid. He prized riches only as a means of aiding others, and he gave freely and cordially while a dollar was left. His was no ostentatious liberality. Instead of crediting his own sagacity with the fortune that resulted from his investments, he recognized the disbursement of that fortune for noble purposes, as an additional obligation imposed upon him by Providence. Hence it was that the establishment of the Chicago University, when proposed to him, met, as you (President Burroughs) well know, a prompt and ready response. He saw in it a means by which he could serve the State, this City, and his fellow-men, for all time to come, and with him Action always followed conviction. The establishment of the University at once became an object, and with the endowment came the practical and the only condition, that the building should at once be commenced. He did not fancy that spirit which hoards through life great masses of wealth, to be administered for good purposes after the owner is gone. He preferred to do good at once, and in seeing others enjoy the benefits of his liberality, found infinitely more happiness than if it had been retained by himself. He took the utmost pride in this University, and those who have supposed his life to have been devoted to the attainment of the Presidency, should know, as his friends do know, that personally, he found as much pleasure in the anticipation of presiding as President of the Regents of this University, and in the active business of all public enterprises, as in presiding at the cabinet councils of the nation. I do not say that he did not aspire to the Presidency of the Republic; but I do say, and say it from personal knowledge, that were it not for the sake of friends, and to gratify their devotion of unlimited zeal, his political ambition would have sought no higher title than the Leader of the American Senate. He often contrasted the two positions of President and Senator, and took great personal pride in the fact that it had been demonstrated in his own case, that a President, through backed by all the powers of the nation, was not equal to a contest with a single Senator who did his duty to the people.

He is buried within sight of the halls of this University. At evening hour its shadows reach his tomb, covering it with the mellow light so appropriate to its solemn silence. As the pilgrim to his tomb shall stand at its side, musing on the memory of the dead, he will turn involuntarily to the west, and gazing upon the noble edifice, will exclaim —there stands the monument to the MAN which shall live forever; and which each year shall send forth to the country its graduates, all bearing upon their hearts the lesson of Douglas' great example.

Yet, this man with the free and bountiful hand, whose whole life was devoted to the service of the people, and upon whose private purse there was a never-ending demand, died poor. From the magnificent domain, which a few years ago he called his own, his family is debarred by the legal claims of others. In the broad State of Illinois, enriched by his labors, developed by his genius, and peopled through his enterprise, there was not ground enough that his children could call their own, in which to deposit his coffin.

The faithful widow, faithful even to the memory of the love which her husband bore to Illinois, at the solicitation of the people, gave up all that was left of him, and gave too her own little tract of land for his grave.

Let us hope that his life, devoted to the benefit of his race, may not have been spent in vain. His great heart throbbed and pulsated only for the public good, and let us hope that his countrymen now and hereafter may find in his patriotism, integrity, and life an example worthy of imitation.

He has gone from among us, but he lives in his fame. No more will this City resound with the fierce clamor of popular rage, or be filled with the pageantry of his triumphal processions. No more will his voice be heard on the stump, in the forum, or in the Senate, but the student of history, during all coming time, will search in vain for the record of brighter deeds, of a purer life, of a nobler heart, of an equal eloquence, or for evidences of those indomitable attributes of intellect and manhood, that belong to, and must forever attach to the name of Douglas!

From the Chicago Tribune.

THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

The monument erected by the State of Illinois over the remains of Stephen A. Douglas, at Douglas place, was completed Thursday, August 18, 1881, when the fourth and last entablature was put in position on the south side of the base. The erection of this memorial has been the work of twenty years, the first meeting in the interest of it having been held in the parlors of the Tremont House, Oct. 22, 1861. The call for this meeting was signed by the following-named gentlemen: J. W. Sheahan, S. W. Fuller, S. H. Kerfoot, W. C. Goudy, Thomas Drummond, David A. Gage, J. P. Clarkson, and Leonard W. Volk. A monument association was organized, committees were appointed, and the work of erecting an enduring monument over the grave of the deceased Senator was proceeded with.

The ground upon which the monument is erected was intended as the site of the Douglas homestead, and was purchased by the State from the widow for the sum of $25,000. It is now neatly laid out with walks and flower beds, and is surrounded by stone copings and hedges. The corner-stone of the monument was laid Sept. 6, 1866, with appropriate ceremony, and many prominent public men participated, including Pres. Johnson and his Cabinet. In 1877, the late Joseph E. Smith, of this city, who was a member of the Legislature at the time, introduced a bill appropriating $50,000 for the completion of the monument, and finally succeeded in getting it through. Two years later, after he had retired from the Legislature, it was found that $9000 more was needed to complete the monument, and Mr. Smith went to Springfield of his own accord and secured another appropriation, making an eloquent speech in favor of the measure.

The monument, as completed, together with the grounds, cost about $97,000. The State Commission for the completion of the monument have had a great deal of gratuitous work to do, as their predecessors of the original Association, especially the gentlemen of the Executive Committee, —Judge J. D. Caton, Potter Palmer, Lyman Trum-

bull, Robert T. Lincoln, and Melville W. Fuller. Judge Caton is Chairman and Melville W. Fuller is Secretary, and the burden of the work attaching to the completion of the monument has fallen upon the latter gentlemen. They all worked without remuneration, and deserve credit for getting the work done so cheaply and so well.

Following is a description of the monument as completed:

The octagonal base coping, of Lemont, Ill., limestone, is 70 feet in diameter. The first of the three circular bases of the substructure is 42 feet 2 inches in diameter, and the height of the three together is 4 feet 3 inches. The tomb is octagonally formed, 20 feet 3 inches in diameter, and 10 feet high, to the plinth-base of superstructure. Its chamber is 8 feet 9 inches square by 7 feet 2 inches high. The pedestal at each of the four corners of the tomb is 6 feet high, with base 4 feet 2 inches square. The octagonally-formed pedestal of the superstructure above the tomb is 18 feet 10 inches high, to the circular base of the column. Its plinth-base is 15 feet in diameter. The length of the column, including its base, which is 2 feet thick, is 46 feet 5 inches, and is 5 feet 2 inches in diameter at the base, with a diameter of 3 feet 6 inches at the top. The cap, including the ornamental frieze, is 4 feet 6 inches high, and the statue-base above is 2 feet high, making the entire height of the monument, including the statue, 95 feet 9 inches. The ornamentation cut in the granite consists of a wreath and the letter "D" on the lintel of the tomb-door. There are raised shields on the corners of the main base of the superstructure, the pedestal of which is ornamented with festoons and wreaths of laurel, and flambeaux on the octagonal corners, all in high bas-relief.

The two main sections of the column are marked by belts of raised stars, indicating the number of States; and the frieze of the cap is encircled with oak leaves in high relief. Within the tomb-chamber repose the remains of Senator Douglas in an iron casket, which is placed in a white marble sarcophagus, lined with lead. Surmounting its top is a life-size bust of Douglas in marble, made by Volk in 1857.

The following inscription is lettered on the front side:

"STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS,
"Born April 23, 1813; died June 3, 1861.
"Tell my children to obey the laws and uphold the Constitution."

The marble of the sarcophagus is from his native State and county—Rutland, Vt. The tomb has a heavy, wrought-iron, grated door, with padlock, and an inner iron safe door with combination lock. The entire superstructure of the monument is made of solid blocks of granite except the die of the pedestal, which is in four parts, and has a small hollow space within containing the copper box of records, coins, etc., which was deposited in the corner-stone of the original limestone tomb. The faces of the raised shields, stars, and panels are polished or glossed.

The last of the statues of the monument, representing Eloquence, was safely placed May 13, 1880. All these statues, including the Douglas, were first modeled in clay by Leonard W. Volk, in Chicago, and approved by the Commissioners; then cast in plaster of paris, and in that material forwarded to the bronze foundry of M. J. Power, New York, who has cast them in the best bronze metal,—*i. e.*, ninety parts copper, eight parts tin, and two parts zinc.

The statue of Douglas, which is 9 feet 9 inches high, weighs about 2200 pounds. The four symbolical statues, if standing in upright posture, would be about 7 feet 6 inches high, and the average weight of each is about 1150 pounds.

The colossal statue of Douglas surmounting the top of the column, looking eastward over the lake, represents him standing in repose, with scroll in left hand pressed against the hip, and the right hand thrust under the lapel of his tightly-buttoned undercoat.

The four pedestals at the base are occupied by heroic-sized statues representing Illinois, History, Justice, and Eloquence, in sitting attitudes; the former has her right hand placed on the State coat-of-arms, with ears of corn in her left hand, and crowned with a chaplet of wheat, and is supposed to be in the act of relating the story of the State to History, on the opposite corner, who, with stylus in hand, is about to record it upon the scroll lying across her lap; her left foot rests upon a pile of tablets.

Justice rests her right hand upon a sheathed sword, and holds the balances in her left. Eloquence points with her right hand toward the statue of Douglas, while the left rests upon a lyrical instrument.

All these statues are differently composed and robed in harmonious and classical garments.

The four bas-reliefs in the panels of the main base of superstructure represent the advance of civilization in America, first by an aboriginal Indian scene, on the east side, in which appears the sun rising above the horizon of a lake, upon which two Indians are about to embark in a canoe; wigwams, with sqaws and papoose, and an elder and two younger Indians, and a dog, the elder in the act of shooting a deer with bow and arrow.

The second, on the north side, represents pioneer settlers building log-cabin, plowing, sowing grain, and a group of mother, children, and dog resting before the unfinished cabin and the "prairie schooner" wagon.

In the third scene, on the west side, Commerce and Enterprise are represented by trackmen working on the railroad, a locomotive, vessels discharging and receiving merchandise, an elevator warehouse and telegraph line.

The fourth and last of the scenes, which was put in place yesterday, represents Legislation, by a group of statesmen, contemporaries of Douglas, in the interior of a public hall of Doric architecture. John C. Calhoun occupies the chair and Henry Clay is addressing the house. Grouped about listening to him are Daniel Webster, Stephen A. Douglas, John Quincy Adams, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas H. Benton, William H. Seward, Gov. Cullom, and others to make up the group, among them the late Joseph E. Smith. Mr. Volk said he had not noticed until just before this relief was put in place that of the nine central figures three had been Whigs, three Republicans, and three Democrats.

The ground upon which the monument stands is bounded on the north by Woodland Park, with a frontage of 260 feet; on the east by the Illinois Central Railroad and Lake Michigan, with a frontage of 300 feet; on the south by Douglas avenue or Thirty-fifth street, with a frontage of 412 feet; and on the west by an alley, and the width of the ot along the alley is 266 feet.

DECORATION DAY,

1882.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN POST,

NO. 13, G. A. R.,

DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK.

CEREMONIES IN UNION SQUARE AND AT THE CEMETERIES.

NEW YORK:
JOHN POLHEMUS, Mf'g Stationer and Printer, 102 Nassau Street.

1882.

THE CEREMONIES AT THE LINCOLN STATUE.

From the foot of Lincoln's statue in Union Square, the solemn ceremonies of Decoration Day, May 30th, 1882, were ushered in by Abraham Lincoln Post No. 13, in the presence of thousands of citizens, and of an unusual number of distinguished guests. The heavens, resonant as it were with the patriotic sentiments that pervaded all the people, smiled benignantly upon the picturesque scene that was witnessed around the martyr President's statue in the early morning hour, and all around the great square, which has been made sacred by the events of the great civil war. Encomiums were heard upon the enthusiasm with which, even at daybreak, several comrades assisted Mr. G. W. Wilson, the florist, in perfecting his artistic decoration of the statue. It was evident, even then, that Decoration Day of 1882 would surpass in grandeur and solemnity any previous observance of the day. The heart of New York, always loyal, never lukewarm, always proud of the deeds of its sons, beat in unison with the survivors of those comrades who fell on the "Field of Honor" that the Republic might live. No greater significance was ever attached to these patriotic celebrations than by the reverence shown in that early morning hour by the masses of citizens to the statue of the Martyr, the Emancipator, the Man of the people, and for the people, who saved the Union of these States, for their good, their welfare and their happiness.

FORMATION.

Abraham Lincoln Post No. 13 formed at their headquarters, No. 8 Union Square, at 7 A. M., and marched to the Statue of Lincoln in the following order:

LINCOLN POST G. A. R. BAND.

LINCOLN POST BATTALION.

JOSEPH FORBES, Commanding.

JOHN A. RUFFNER, Adjutant.

AIDS:

SCHUYLER HAMILTON.	ALFRED WAGSTAFF.
THOMAS ELLIOTT.	C. A. WELLS.
LEHMAN ISRAELS.	A. A. SCHEIDLER.
THOMAS H. KNIGHT.	WILLIAM SCHIMPER.
JOHN M. SCHMIDT.	E. S. VANDERPOEL.

JOHN H. TYSON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN POST, NO. 13.

CHAS. F. SPAULDING (First Commander of the Post, who lost his left arm at the battle of Fredericksburgh, Va.), acting as Marshal.

Three battle flags. Every comrade fully uniformed and wearing the badge of the Army Corps in which he served. The Post was followed by carriages containing its disabled comrades.

On arriving at the platform the Post and its officers were cheered by the crowds surrounding the platform, and it was with difficulty that the guard could make an open space for the alignment of the Post on the north side of the statue. Commander Forbes then mounted the platform and cordially welcomed the distinguished gentlemen who, by their presence, added still more enthusiasm to the occasion.

GUESTS.

Among these were ex-President U. S. Grant, Col. Fred. Grant, Gen. John Cochrane, Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, Hon. John D. Lawson, Hon. Cornelius Van Cott, Hon. A. J. Campbell, Gen. Geo. W. Palmer, Hon. Robert L. Darragh, Hon. Thos. E. Stewart, Hon. Bankson T. Morgan, William Van Tassel, Esq., Hugh O'Neill, Esq., Fred. Althof, Esq., Colonel James Mix and Captain Augustus Fuller, of the Old Guard; Robert Curran, Esq., Robert L. Fabian, Esq., Leon Harvier, Esq., John Laird, Esq., W. Livingston Forbes, Esq., Royal Prescott, M. D., Orestes Forbes, Esq., Gen. Von Schack, Thomas P. Clench, Esq., Hon. Jacob Hess, Dr. D. T. Fuller, Col. Addison Ware, of the Army of the Tennessee, Henry A. Meette, Esq., Martin Kelly, Esq., John Ruffner, William Knowland, Albert Lewis, Esq., William W. Philbrick, 71st N. G. Veterans, John Tyson, Esq., whose two sons (comrades of the Post) fought under Gen. Grant at Fort Donelsen.

THE SERVICES.

Commander Forbes called the large assemblage to order, and introduced General John Cochrane as chairman of the decoration ceremonies. The General addressed the vast audience in the following terms:

GENERAL COCHRANE'S REMARKS.

COMRADES: Another year's march brings us to our annual halt beneath the shadow of the martyred Lincoln. In the fruition of the hopes begotten of his earthly pilgrimage, again we invoke the nurture of his large and loving heart. At the morning's rendezvous, in the ployed column, on the serried march—in all the circuit of the day, his mighty shade presides beneficent. He is not alone. Another is with him, grave and majestic in the joint sanctitude of assassination. It is the martyred Garfield. Alas! that so bright an

exhalation should have hastened to so sad a setting ; that the glorious morning's reveille should have been followed so soon by night's solemn tattoo. Our heart throbs were the drum-beat that convoyed him to his grave, and nations, habited in mourning, bowed at his tomb. The Soldier, Statesman and Christian Gentleman, has passed to his apotheosis in the skies. Wherever in all the earth a fane shall rise consecrated to Freedom, the mute marble and the plaintive peal shall plead to remembrance for her martyrs, and transmit them to latest times. But yesterday the chiefs of a Republic, from whose presence Kings retired and kingdoms shrank away, and now the mournful emblems of an eventful past the hallowed harbingers of a pregnant future.

Twin victims of faction, and joint heirs of fame—Lincoln and Garfield—hail and farewell !

After a dirge by the G. A. R. band, the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman spoke as follows :

REV. DR. J. P. NEWMAN ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Call the roll of honor, recount the benefactors of mankind, enumerate the illustrious statesmen of the mighty past, and there is no name more deserving of immortal renown, and more certain of imperishable fame, than the name of Abraham Lincoln.

His place in history is assured : generations may pass away ; empires may rise and fall ; governments may change in form and substance ; but so long as men shall revere purity, honor integrity, admire greatness, so long will they recall with admiration and delight the name of Lincoln.

Some men are brilliant in their times, but their names fade from the memory of the world because their words and deeds are worthless to history ; other men, less honored by their contemporaries, grow upon the attention and affection of posterity because of the enduring part they took in the world's advancement to a better future.

Measured by this standard, Lincoln shall live in memory from age to age.

It is a law of our nature to segregate some chief benefactor and crown him with honor. We do not love and admire men in groups. We speak with pride of Guttenberg and his coadjutors; of Washington and his generals; of Lincoln and his cabinet; but when the day of coronation comes, we crown the inventor of printing; the father of his country; and the saviour of our Republic. Lincoln had grand associates—Seward, the sagacious diplomatist; Chase, the eminent financier; Stanton, the incomparable war secretary—but they were great as subordinate actors in the mightiest of national dramas of which Lincoln was the pre-eminent character and masterful spirit. Neither could take his part, nor fill his position. More than either of them, he is memorable for the uniqueness of his character and the majesty of his individuality. Like Milton's angel, he was an original conception. He was made for his times. He was a leader of leaders. By instinct the common heart trusted in him. He was of the people and for the people. He had been poor, and humble and laborious, but greatness did not change the tone of his spirit or the sympathies of his nature. His character was strangely symmetrical. He was temperate without austerity, cautious without fear, brave without rashness, and constant without obstinancy. His marvelous hopefulness never betrayed him into impracticable measures. His love of justice was only equaled by his delight in compassion. His regard for personal honor was only exceled by love of country. His self-abnegation found its highest expression in the public good. His integrity was never questioned, his honesty was above suspicion, and his private life and public deeds were alike reputable to himself and honorable to his country.

His enemies said that he was not brilliant; that there were no salient points in his character; that there was nothing in him that dazzled. But his immeasurable usefulness to his country is the best answer. Of all the stellar hosts not one is more important to mankind than the North Star, yet it is not so brilliant as many of his fellows. The ocean, in grandeur and utility is not so captivating as the summer cloud decked with the celestial bow, but it is the highway of international commerce. The lightning, whether in sheets of light or bars of fire, may dazzle the beholder, but it is not comparable to the daily sun, spreading warmth, plenty and beauty over the habitations of man. Lincoln was the Republic's polar star in the darkest night, the ocean of its wealth and the sun of its glory.

God raised him up to be a representative man, more solid than brilliant, whose judgment dominated the imagination whose ambition was subject to modesty, and whose love of justice held the mastery over all personal considerations. Not excepting Washington, who inherited wealth and high social position, Lincoln is the fullest representative American in our national annals. He had trodden every round in the human ladder. He illustrated the possibilities of our citizenship. We are not ashamed of his humble origin; we are proud of his greatness and glory. In nothing more is the sagacity and might of his statesmanship apparent than in his determination to save the union of these States. Herein the clearness, the calmness, the firmness of his intellect was most conspicuous. This was the objective point of his administration. He would listen to no compromise; he would surrender neither jot or tittle; he would have the Union or nothing. He denied the right of the South to revolutionize, as our forefathers had exhausted that right, inasmuch as they had provided in the Constitution for the possession and enjoyment of all natural rights, and made

provision for the amendment of that Constitution by the will of the people, as the growth of the country might demand. He denied State sovereignty as paramount to national sovereignty. States have their rights and their obligations, and their chief obligation is to remain in the Union. Some political philosophers advocated the right of the people to change our form of government, but Lincoln denounced that as political heresy; at all events, if changed at all, it must be done in times of peace and not by armed rebellion. There were political philanthropists who clamored for the overthrow of slavery, and advocated the dissolution of the Union rather than live in a country under whose government slavery was tolerated.

But Lincoln was a wiser and better philantrophist than they. He would have the Union with slavery or without slavery. He preferred it without, and his preference prevailed. How incomparably worse would have been the condition of the slave in the Confederacy with a living slave for its chief corner-stone, than in the Union.

Time has justified the wisdom of his statesmanship. Seventeen years are gone since our great martyr was slain. The providential permission of his death is still a mystery. Clergymen and statesmen joined in expressions of belief that it would prove a national blessing; that the kindliness of Lincoln's nature would incline him to offer such conditions to the South as would virtually leave the rebels masters of the situation. With this reflection all bowed in humble submission to the will of the Almighty God, and looked to Andy Johnson as the President who would make treason odious. The only thing that Johnson made odious was himself. He became the patron saint of traitors, and the rewarder of treason. He did what Lincoln never would have done, and to-day, the South reveres Lincoln and despises Johnson. From our standpoint Lincoln's

death seems to have a compensation—it gave the South the opportunity under Johnson's administration, to disclose its purpose to gain by the ballot what it had lost by the bayonet. But the eternal vigilance of Congress, baptized by the spirit of the great martyr, defeated a purpose no less treasonable than the armed rebellion against the Federal government.

Aside from this seeming compensation, Lincoln's death is an untold mystery, whose secret is lodged in the mind of the Infinite. But time has vindicated the sagacity of his statesmanship, that to preserve the Union was to save this great nation for human liberty, was to ultimately crush out the spirit of secession and unify North and South, and was to advance the emancipated slave to education, to thrift and political equality. All this is an accomplished fact. To-day the American Republic is the inspiration to men everywhere who are struggling for their political rights and liberty, and silently and surely its successful example is modifying the governments of the world, in behalf of personal liberty. The spirit of loyal devotion to the Union and Federal government is gaining the mastery in the South, so that the time is at hand when the term "South" will have no political significance, but like the "East" and the "West," will be descriptive of a geographical section of our national domain. And under Mr. Lincoln's wise policy, all the fondest dreams of the abolitionists are realized by the industrial, educational and political condition of those made forever free by his Proclamation of Emancipation.

It is therefore eminently fitting that once a year we gathered around this monument and recall what Lincoln did for his country, and through that country for mankind; to observe, with vigilance and care, whether the principles for which he died are respected by our people and enforced by our public men, and to rekindle the fires of patriotism upon

the altar of our hearts, and see to it that "this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Both Gen. Cochrane's and Dr. Newman's remarks were repeatedly interrupted by applause from the vast multitude.

Ex-President Grant.

At the conclusion of the latter's address there were loud cries of "Grant!" "Grant!" The ex-President, and late commander of the armies in the field, arose and said: "I thank you for your cordial reception on this interesting occasion, and I would gladly speak in honor of our memorable comrades had you not already heard enough, and were the noise in the street less, so that you could hear me."

The Orphans.

Toward the close of the ceremonies a procession of two hundred children from the Protestant Half Orphan Asylum, in West Tenth street, headed by their Superintendent and accompanied by their teachers ranged themselves around the platform, and were cordially received by the comrades of Abraham Lincoln Post, and by the *ex-President* and the other guests. They subsequently sang with considerable fervor "Nearer My God To Thee!" The Superintendent then presented the Post with two beautiful wreaths of flowers, which were placed upon the Lincoln statue.

A tribute by the old guard.

While the Old Guard, under command of Major Geo. W. McLean, were forming at their head-quarters, in Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, to act as Guard of honor to the President of the United States during the ceremonies of the

day, a detail was appointed to proceed to the Lincoln statue and present to the commander of Abraham Lincoln Post a wreath of flowers in the name of the Old Guard. The detail, headed by Colonel Mix, soon made its appearance near the statue, and handed to Major Forbes—as instructed by the Guard—a magnificent wreath which was conspicuously placed upon the statue amid the proper recognition and salute of the Post.

ABSENT FROM ROLL-CALL.

The chairman then asked, "Is there any comrade of this Post whose grave cannot be decorated to-day?"

Response by Post-Commander Forbes: "Oscar Tompkins, late 4th N. Y. Cavalry, Past Commander of Post 13, died at Buenaventura, U. S. Colombia, while in the discharge of his duty as U. S. Consul; and in behalf of this Post I give this tribute, a symbol of undying love for our late comrade of the war."

The commander then read the following official record of the proceedings held in regard to the late Oscar Tompkins at the State Encampment, held in Syracuse, in January, 1882:

"Oscar Tompkins, an ex-member of the Department Council of Administration, for ten years a member of this Encampment, and past commander of Lincoln Post No. 13, died at his post of duty, as United States Consul at Buenaventura, in August last, leaving on the records of the Department of State a favorable reputation as an official, a soldier and a man. His last work for the Grand Army was performed at Bath, for which he obtained a short leave of absence from his consular duties. In view of his energy in promoting the objects and growth of the Grand Army of the Republic, it is deemed fitting to place this minute on the journal of the Encampment.

In advocating its adoption Comrade James Tanner paid a glowing tribute to the worth and character of the deceased; and by a rising vote the minute was unanimously directed to be spread on the record of the session."

The Post having passed in review before the Commander the ceremonies closed and the comrades formed in Fourteenth Street on their way to take their place in line of the great parade.

DECORATION OF THE LINCOLN STATUE.

Abraham Lincoln's statue in Union Square was decorated in the most elaborate manner, the *fac-simile* of the great emancipator being left severely alone, while the pedestal was ornamented in the most elaborate and artistic style, which will forever tend to the credit of George W. Wilson, the florist, who himself has been made an honorary member of the Post. The side of the pedestal facing Broadway, contained at the top of the shaft a solid bed of flowers, below the side of the shaft, facing Broadway contained a knapsack of ivy and blue immortelles with the words, "Post 13." A green festooning surrounded both sides of the shaft at the lower end. On two sides at the bottom of the shaft were shields containing the National colors with black bands and the words: "In Memoriam." On the other side was a grand star with the word in semicircle "The Emancipator." There were four columns of flowers which supported the bed of flowers on which the statue seemed to rest. The enclosure contained four vases of palms and other plants, giving a tropical appearance to the decoration.

The entire Press of New York and suburbs but voiced the sentiments of the people who admired the beauty and simplicity of the decoration of this statue, which was considered in perfect harmony with the character of the man and martyr, and appropriate to the day.

LINCOLN POST AT THE GRAVES OF PATRIOTIC LADIES.

Abraham Lincoln Post, No. 13, has for years made it a practice not to ignore the valuable services rendered during the war by the noble women of our land, who succored the maimed, nursed the sick, and tenderly cared for the orphans of deceased comrades.

LINCOLN POST AT GREENWOOD, N. Y.

Mrs. Edward Vanderpoel.

Wife of Dr. Edward Vanderpoel. A detail of the Post decorated the grave of Mrs. Vanderpoel in Greenwood Cemetery, and planted there a flag with an appropriate inscription. Mrs. Vanderpoel founded the Lexington Avenue Hospital for wounded soldiers during the war, and received in recognition of her services a beautifully engraved certificate, ordered by President Lincoln, and signed by Surgeon-General Barnes. This lady has, during and since the war, been frequently designated as the Florence Nightingale of New York.

LINCOLN POST AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Mrs. Gen. H. A. Barnum,

Wife of Gen. H. A. Barnum, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, G. A. R., N. Y. City. We quote from the *Syracuse Courier:*

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

The Abraham Lincoln Post of the Grand Army of the Rebublic of New York City, sent a superb wreath of tube roses to be placed upon the grave of the late Mrs. General Barnum in Oakwood. The floral tribute was placed upon Mrs. Barnum's grave by relatives, and was a loving remembrance and fitting testimonial from kind friends. General Barnum took a prominent part in the Decoration Day exercises in New York City yesterday.

LINCOLN POST AT CEDAR LAWN CEMETERY.

Situated on the banks of the Passaic River, near Paterson, N. J., 16 miles from New York. A detail of the Post decorated the grave of

MRS. SARAH M. FORBES.

We quote from the Paterson, N. J., *Daily Press*, of Tuesday evening, May 30:

"The detail of Abraham Lincoln Post, No. 13, G. A. R., arrived in Paterson yesterday from New York to decorate the grave of Mrs. Joseph Forbes, a lady well-known for her patriotic endeavors. She at all times was foremost in charitable institutions, and since the war failed not to visit the homes of veterans who were suffering from wounds or disease. Mrs. Forbes was the wife of Joseph Forbes, of Abraham Lincoln Post, No. 13, who is now a delegate to the National Encampment, which meets in Baltimore on June 21. The detail was received by comrades and was escorted to the cemetery. There they placed on Mrs. Forbes's grave a beautiful wreath of flowers, accompanied by a national ensign, inscribed, 'Tribute from Abraham Lincoln Post, No. 13, G. A. R., to Mrs. Joseph Forbes.'"

LINCOLN POST AT THE GRAVES OF THEIR LATE COMRADES.

Among the comrades who left our ranks during the past year at the call of death, was

DR. I. I. HAYES,

who is buried in Chester, Pa., whither a tribute of the Post was sent. We copy from the Westchester, Pa., *Republican* of May 31:

"Abraham Lincoln Post, No. 13, Department of New York, G. A. R., sent as a tribute to the memory of Dr. I. I. Hayes a handsome silk flag, which was placed upon his grave in the Friends' burial ground near Oaklands. This kindly tribute from the New York friends of Dr. Hayes will be appreciated by

his friends in West Chester. His grave was decorated with a handsome white wreath and strewn with beautiful flowers. Post-commander H. C. Reagan received the following letter with the flag:

Comrade H. C. Reagan, Commander of McCall Post, No. 31, G. A. R., Department of Pennsylvania, West Chester, Pa.

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE:—We have sent a flag to mark the grave of Comrade I. I. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, and a surgeon in the late war. He was for many years a member of the Legislature of this State and a comrade of our Post, and was buried in your village.

Yours in F. C. and L.

JOSEPH FORBES, Commander.

LINCOLN POST AT CYPRESS HILL, GREENWOOD, LUTHERAN, WOODLAWN, NEW YORK BAY AND STATEN ISLAND CEMETERIES.

Details of the Post were also sent to the above cemeteries to decorate the graves of

William Smith,	Theodore Schortau,
Bernhard Brauer,	Gustav Fambach,
George H. Quin,	John Stengle,
Peter Sutor,	Henry C. Clench,
Lorenz Feuerbach,	John Haas,

George Kingsley,

all of whom have left behind creditable records as citizens, soldiers and comrades of the Post.

REUNION AT THE KNICKERBOCKER COTTAGE.

At the close of the ceremonies of the day the Post held a reunion at Knickerbocker Cottage in Sixth avenue, where, after partaking of the hospitalities of the host, Captain William Fowler, himself a veteran of the war, Commander Forbes rapped to order. Music by the G. A. R. Band, and Chaplain Wolff then uttered thanks to Divine Providence for permitting this Post to perform, though with ranks thinned by death, the solemn duties

of the day. The Commander then called upon Comrade Lehman Israels to address the Post, which he did, though fatigued by the labors of the many weeks which he as Secretary of the Memorial Committee had to endure in preparing the details of this vast celebration. He congratulated the Post upon its promptness at the morning observance of the day, upon its soldierly appearance in the line of procession, and upon the honor bestowed by the presence of the ex-President of the United States, who though requested to accompany the President during the celebration of the day, nevertheless considered it his duty to pay homage to Lincoln and the Post that bore his honored name. Comrades C. A. Welles, D. E. Gregory, John A. Ruffner, John H. Tyson and Col. Mix, of the Old Guard, also made remarks, after which Commander Forbes introduced the oldest son of veteran present, Charles H. Israels, who was honored with a seat among the veterans. The Post, after pledging renewed fealty to the Order, closed the proceedings by singing Auld Lang Syne, and then participated in the evening ceremonies at the Academy of Music.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

THOMAS H. KNIGHT,
D. E. GREGORY,
J. J. FOUR,
L. BROWN,
SAMUEL MCCOY,
JOHN F. CONNELL,
JOSEPH ARNOLD,
JOSEPH O'BRIEN,
DEWITT R. MYERS,
JAMES GALE,
ISAAC C. TYSON.

CONTRIBUTORS.

By resolution of Abraham Lincoln Post, No. 13, the thanks of the Post are hereby tendered to the following citizens, who contributed flowers, cash and other necessary articles for the use of the Post on Decoration Day.

Whitelaw Reid,
Janes & Kirtland,
American District Telegraph Co.,
Hugh O'Neil,
W. Van Tassel,
Fred Althof,

Delmonico's
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Theodore B. Starr,
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Col. William A. Pond,
Bank of Metropiles,
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Arnold, Constable & Co.,
Black, Starr & Frost,
Gorham Manufacturing Co.,
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Domestic Sewing Machine Co.,
Worthington & Smith,
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Hoffman House,
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Hiram Truss.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN POST, No. 13,

DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK,

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

HEADQUARTERS, 8 UNION SQUARE,

ENCAMPMENTS FIRST AND THIRD WEDNESDAYS OF EACH MONTH

THIS ORGANIZATION IS PURELY FRATERNAL, CHARITABLE AND LOYAL.

OFFICERS OF THE POST.

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JOSEPH FORBES,
165 SIXTH AVENUE.

SENIOR VICE COMMANDER.
W. S. DUNBAR.

JUNIOR VICE-COMMANDER.
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JAMES W. FOSTER.

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EUGENE SUBIT.

ORATOR OF THE POST.
GENERAL JOHN COCHRANE.

STATE ENCAMPMENT.

DELEGATE.
ANDREW A. SCHEIDLER.

ALTERNATE.
LEHMAN ISRAELS.

INITIATION FEE, $5.00.

Dues, $4.00 per year, payable quarterly in advance

OBJECTS.

"To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which b together the Soldiers, Sailors and Marines who united to suppress the late bellion, and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead."

ADDRESS

OF

GEN. W. W. H. DAVIS,

AT THE

LINCOLN MONUMENT, PHILADELPHIA,

ON

DECORATION DAY, MAY 30, 1883.

Address:

It is meet, and proper, my countrymen, that you halt at the foot of this statue, on your way to decorate the graves of your fallen comrades. On such occasion a new inspiration of patriotism and devotion to duty seems needed, before entering upon the discharge of that solemn, and loving, office; and no spot is better calculated to inspire these sentiments. In this presence patriotic impulses flow out as freely as the waters from the rock in Horeb. Moreover, Abraham Lincoln, as commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Union, was the first soldier of the Republic, and it is fitting that he receive the first tribute of flowers on Decoration Day.

A group of statuary, at the Paris Exposition of 1878, attracted great attention. The objective figure represented him who stood at the head of the iron industry of France, a man who challenged the esteem of all. At his feet were two smaller figures; one the wife of a miner, the other her little son. The mother held the boy with one hand, and, with the other, pointed to the statue above, as if calling the attention of the child to the life and work of the original, and begging him to follow his example. How significant of our situation. And will you allow me, my countrymen, to call your attention to the objective figure of this group, and beg you, in the presence of these witnesses, to emulate the love of country, the courage, the

constancy and forbearance, and to cultivate the mercy and charity of him who looks down upon you from the lifeless metal?

Abraham Lincoln is the most unique personage in American history, and one of the greatest. His character is full of salient points. If time would permit, and the occasion justify, it would be profitable to trace his life, from the humble Kentucky cabin, up through its various phases, to the highest earthly honor, and then to his martyr-grave. Few public men have traveled a more thorny road; though hard, it proved a golden pathway to him; adversity was necessary to bring out the jewels in his character; his sorrows were blessings in disguise, for they fitted him for his great future. His early struggles and final success are significant comments on the glory of free institutions, and prove every achievement to be possible under them. The lines of Pope,

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies,"

were more forcibly exemplified in the life of Abraham Lincoln than in any other public man in America.

Mr. Lincoln's fame culminated in the Presidential office; there he gained imperishable renown and a martyr's grave. He did not enter upon his great trust unprepared for its duties. He had already taken rank with the ablest men of the West; he had had an experience of thirty years at the bar in a varied practice; and had held a seat in the State, and Federal, legislature. He had studied, with profound attention, the structure of our government, and his interpretation was accepted, without question, by a very large proportion of the American people. From a local

leader he became, by force of character, and his wonderful knowledge of, and control over, men, one of the greatest political chieftains of modern times.

Mr. Lincoln saw, in his elevation to the Presidency, but another step toward the fulfillment of the destiny he believed, at times, awaited him. Few rulers ever had a more difficult part to play when they took office; none of his predecessors had problems of equal moment to deal with. He found the country on the very threshold of revolution. The government was threatened with overthrow; and, within sixty days, a civil war, of gigantic proportions, broke out. The firing on Sumter was the gage of battle thrown down by the enemy, and the Federal government was not in a position even to *consider* the propriety of taking it up. The challenge was accepted at once; and the new administration found itself engaged in a conflict of arms before fairly warm in its seat. We frequently ask ourselves the question, "could not the war have been averted?" Great conflicts can always be averted if one party or the other will give up their convictions. There would not have been any American Revolution had our fathers submitted to the unjust demands of the English king. The conflict, between human slavery and freedom, had reached such a point, by 1861, that any other settlement, than by appeal to arms, seemed out of the question. The ordeal of war is always terrible, but there are greater evils. The dearest of human rights have been won in the carnage of battle, and freedom, in Church and State, received its first baptism in blood.

During the conflict the Union had no warmer friend than him whose hand guided the ship of State. If

there were one man, above all others, anxious to preserve the integrity of the Union, and to bring it out of the conflict unimpaired, that man was Mr. Lincoln. He entered upon the struggle with the intent of saving the Union at whatever cost, and it is hardly necessary to remind you, my comrades, how successfully it was accomplished. Mistakes, and great ones, were to be expected, but, in the light of the past, we are astonished they were so few. Those who stood closest to Mr. Lincoln, in the darkest hours of the war, say that his weight of care was almost too much for man to bear, and that he often attempted to throw it off by indulging in levity.

The only great political question of the war was negro slavery. Like Banquo's ghost, it would not down. Having been the cause of the strife, it seemed impossible to put it out of sight by the usual methods. It required heroic treatment. When Mr. Lincoln came to deal with it, he touched the most momentous question of the century, and found it surrounded with difficulties. It was not our own creation; it was forced upon our fathers by their British ancestors, and, when the colonies became free, it was left behind a legacy of evil. Its recognition was a condition precedent to the formation of the Federal Union, and the social and labor systems in fifteen States rested upon it. To remove it from the body politic, and save the life of the country, was as difficult as cutting a cancer from the human body and saving the patient. Slavery had long been a reproach to us. A government, founded on the sublime doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal," and as understood in the light of mod-

ern civilization, could not afford to perpetuate a system which gave the lie to our political institutions and most cherished traditions. This great evil confronted Mr. Lincoln at the most critical period of the war. He hesitated at first, but the moment he was satisfied slavery was an obstacle to the success of the cause of the Union, he applied the knife. The Emancipation Proclamation removed the only thing in the way of our becoming a homogeneous, and happy, people, and immortalized the name of its destroyer.

The war for the Union was noted for two remarkable features: the mercy of the victors and the cheerful acquiescence of the vanquished. In these respects history does not record its equal. It was the only great rebellion put down by the strong arm, that was not followed by confiscations and penalties and blood-shedding. When the Confederate flags were furled at Appomattox, in April, 1865, the war was over, except to a few politicians, and the weapons of both armies were "hung up as bruised monuments." The last shot was fired in actual conflict. After that not a drop of blood was shed, and but a single life taken, and that for cruelty to helpless prisoners This tenderness, for those who had raised their hands against the life of the Republic, came of three causes: the government waged the war from the standpoint of the nineteenth century civilization; the enemy were our own kith and kin with whom we hoped to dwell in peace in future; but, above all, because the great heart of the Chief Magistrate was deeply imbued with the quality of that mercy that

> "Droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven
> Upon the place beneath."

But for Mr. Lincoln's mild, and gentle, nature the war would have been much more sanguinary. He frequently checked extreme measures, and at times was a wall of adamant before his confidential advisers. He never closed his ear to an appeal for mercy; and many owe to him a life forfeited to the rigors of war. He, who could look abroad upon the bloody conflict devastating the country, and proclaim "charity for all with malice toward none," must have possessed a measure of justice and mercy that lifted him above the plain of common mortals. May his gentle spirit hover over the country as a guardian angel, and may its benign influence cement the sections in fraternal love!

In looking back upon the war, as it has passed into history, it will not be out of place for me to remark, on this occasion, that the men who fought us were worthy foemen; that in the higher qualities of manhood they were our equals, and that the time will come when the courage, constancy and forbearance, of those who fought on one side and the other, will be cherished as a common inheritance.

It is difficult to portray the character of Abraham Lincoln. Although nature denied him the grace of person she confers upon most men, he had his compensation in qualities of head and heart rarely equaled. He was given a keen, and subtle, intellect, and his common sense was wonderful—almost amounting to prescience. Without possessing scholarly attainments, he was well-read on most subjects, and his strong memory retained his gathered knowledge. His public addresses were models of pure English and unadorned eloquence. Among these productions his

speech, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Gettysburg monument, is the most noted. The London *Times* said of it, at the time, there was only one speech known in history that can compare with it, the oration of Thucydides, of Athens, for the Athenian dead of the Peloponesian war, and that Mr. Lincoln's had the advantage over that in being more natural, and better vouched for as a matter of undoubted occurrence.

His sense of justice was remarkable. He was never known to fail to succor the weak and afflicted, and he boldly espoused the side of the oppressed regardless of consequences. It is doubtful if the country ever had another public man who so thoroughly hated wrong and injustice. Integrity of character was one of his marked characteristics. Judge Davis, his intimate friend, says the framework of his mental, and moral, being was honesty. He was a man of wonderful humanity and great depth of feeling. On one occasion he attempted to deliver the funeral oration over the body of a beloved friend, but he broke down and could not proceed. His step-mother, who mourned him as one of her own, said, after his death, "Abe was the best boy I ever saw." One phase of Mr. Lincoln's character is inexpressibly sad, the deep gloom and depression that never left him. He was sometimes the gayest when the saddest, and not infrequently the joke and jest were the only silver lining to the cloud. He once said to a friend, that although he appeared to enjoy life rapturously, it was a mistake. He often sought consolation by repeating portions of a poem, entitled "Immortality," by an unknown author, beginning,

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

and he has been known to turn aside from weighty affairs of State to quote his favorite stanzas to a visitor. After a careful estimate of the character of Mr. Lincoln, I am justified in repeating the words of the English poet, Decker, as applicable to him :—

> "The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him,
> A soft, meek, humble, patient, tranquil spirit."

We pass, in silence, the tragic end of Mr. Lincoln. The fatal shot, on that April evening, sent a thrill of horror through the world hardly equaled since the cruel deed on Calvary. The night Hernando Cortez was driven from the Aztec capital, has come down in Spanish history as *Noche Triste*, the sad night, and for like reason will the night of Mr. Lincoln's assassination be the *Noche Triste* of American history.

If "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church," the lessons, taught by the life and death of Abraham Lincoln, will be of inestimable value. What an example to him whose life is a life of toil! His long struggle sanctified labor; and paid a tribute to self-denial more pronounced than by any other public man of his generation. Many will succeed, in future, who would have failed without his example. The Duke of Ormond, on the occasion of the death of his gallant son, the Earl of Ossory, said he would not exchange his dead son for any living son in christendom. The Republic holds in the same estimation the life and memory of her martyred President. So long as the lessons of Mr. Lincoln shall be remembered, "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Every nation has its Mecca, whither the people make pilgrimage to draw new inspirations. France stands uncovered around the tomb of the great Napoleon in the crypt of the Invalids; the Russian bends his steps to the mausoleum of Peter the Great, where he recalls the wonderful career of the great Muscovite; while the Englishman contemplates, in silent awe, the monuments erected to the great and good in Westminster Abbey. But America, more fortunate than these, has two Meccas to which her sons resort; one, on the banks of the beautiful Potomac, where sleeps the Father of his Country; the other on the great prairies of the West, where rest all that is mortal of Abraham Lincoln, who died that the Union might live. These Meccas will have their pilgrims while the Republic survives, or history ecounts the deeds of the great.

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