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LINCOLN

KHARAS



It has
been
my
experi-
ence
that

folks who have no
vices have very few
virtues.

A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN

A Master of Efficiency

—BY—

DR. THEO. KHARAS

~~119/6595~~

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LINCOLN

A Master of Efficiency

LINCOLN! a name to conjure with! His deeds are illustrations; his words, classics; his life, an inspiration.

He, more than any historic character with whom I am familiar, fulfills the title role of "A MASTER OF EFFICIENCY," assigned to me in this course of twenty-six lectures on "THE EVOLUTION OF HUMAN EFFICIENCY," including subdivisions of The Individual, The Family, The School, The Church, Industry and Government. Your committee did well to suggest the name of Lincoln as an illustration of them all—a man who utilized every one of the ten talents that God had given him and represents human

efficiency in each of the departments of your general subject. Nevertheless, few persons view President Lincoln from the same standpoint.

To this new generation he is a mere name, a character in history — almost as far away, as remote, as unreal and intangible as the Knights of the Golden Fleece, or Alexander, or Caesar, or Washington or Napoleon.

To our fathers he is a reality, a flesh and blood man; very human; keen in his judgment of men, discreet in handling open enemies and discordant friends; diplomatic and prompt in emergencies; combining and cementing, and thus utilizing warring factions of fanatics by virtue of his sincere patriotism, pungent humor and kindly satire; distinguished for poise, balanced judgment, persistent industry, tireless study and sincere

altruism. Unschooled, yet educated; he had acquired mental discipline, which is true education, and efficiency, rather than mere knowledge or society tricks.

To the historian, he is a man of the people, an astute politician, an honorable statesman; an ardent abolitionist, yet restraining his ardor, standing between discordant factions until all were finally welded into one victorious union of free men. He had but one dominant purpose: first and above all, "TO SAVE THE UNION," and he fulfilled his purpose.

THE HEROIC AGE.

TO me, I confess, he is almost a demi-god; a giant hero of an Heroic Age, or rather, the natural product of his frontier environment during the last years of the Heroic Age of our nation. He was, in-

deed, the consummate flower of the chivalric period of the Republic. That age was like the plant that blossoms and dies in the supreme effort! He was the flower, the sacrifice.

We may not appreciate that Lincoln lived in the closing years of our Heroic Age, and that he was the finished product of his time. It will be our object to demonstrate these two facts.

To me, Lincoln was not a phenomenon—merely a normal product of his generation and his aggressive, turbulent environment. He was taught from a mother's knee that the great men of the world were the men of character, and learning, and moral purpose; the learned ministers, lawyers, doctors, statesmen, poets, and writers, who feared God and kept His commandments. *They* were our ideals. We were taught to look upon such citizens

with admiration and awe. Wealth was never suggested as an achievement. To acquire learning and power through wisdom; to fight for one's principles and to die for one's country, and to leave a name on the pages of history, was the consummation of an envied life. These were the inspirations of the Heroic Age, an age that passed away with Appomattox, only to be followed by a generation of contrasts.

The Great Civil War was the distinct and well defined boundary line between this Heroic Age and the present generation. And a single generation has changed all! The young Republic with its religious fervor, its devotion to ideals and its enthusiasm for the Union, having conquered itself, leaped into the arena of world-politics, a full-armed giant; it suddenly forgot its early religious and moral training and began to

worship Mammon rather than Jehovah, and to deify wealth and cunning rather than learning and character.

The marvelous inventions of the last fifty years have revolutionized the nation, and an overpowering thirst for gold, and its worship as a god, have revolutionized our people. Mr. Lincoln belonged exclusively to the past generation. He was never money-mad; never was infected with the virus of haste to get rich. He had no ambition to be a Captain of Finance, or a society leader. He was not, therefore, subject to the usual pitfalls of wealth or social preferment. He aspired to be learned. He aspired to be influential and powerful among his fellow-men, and to that end studiously acquired a distinctive style of oratory that was rhythmic and witty, clear and logical, incisive and persuasive; but his ambition had no

other aim than that laudable desire to excel along lines that would square with the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount.

We find, in the present contrasted generation that the great men, the dominant forces, are not our citizens distinguished for great learning and moral purpose. They are the enormously rich; and lawyers, doctors, poets and writers—and even ministers of the Gospel—are their fawning servants. The contrast between the moral tone of the Heroic Age and of this, the Sordid Age, is as marked as the contrast between Lincoln and Rockefeller—between the log cabin of the Lincolns and the inartistic monstrosities on Fifth Avenue.

THE ANALOGIES OF HISTORY.

DR. DRAPER, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe,"

devotes two volumes to demonstrate his proposition that nations are like individuals; they are born subject to heredity and environment; have their childhood, youth, young manhood, old age and death; they all die. The life of a nation has been divided by some into four ages: the Heroic Age and the ages of Achievement, Decay, and Death.

It has been said that all republics die young, perhaps on the theory that "the *good* die young." This much is certain: the glorious age of the Grecian Republic covered but about 150 years; its brilliant period, that of Pericles, but 23 years. The Peloponnesion War has been called "The Suicide of

Greece," and it will be remembered that the Athenian armies were triumphant until the revolt of 20,000 slaves, owned by the City of Athens, and worked in the silver mines of Laurium, 30 miles away. These slaves rebelled, went over to the enemy, and the scales of war were turned. Our Civil War destroyed that particular kind of economic and military weakness. The last sickness of Athens was short, its death sudden, and from that day to this, that famous republic has been as much despised as its earlier age was honored.

Rome, the Imperial Republic of the Seven Hills, had *her* Heroic Age. The City developed first into an Italian power, then into a world power. The later expansion was sudden—Rome, too, leaped into the arena of world politics as a full-armed giant.

At the Battle of Zama, 202 B. C., Hannibal's power was destroyed; the last obstacle was removed that prevented Rome from dominating the world; and in one generation Rome became the richest city in the world, with the riches concentrated in the hands of the few, and those few represented in the Roman Senate. As soon as Rome became rich, the republic died. It lived for a generation in name, but not in fact. Liberty was dead. Rome died from auto-intoxication. Its last sickness was short and bloody with the massacres of Marius and Scylla; its death was sudden; it died of poison; wealth poisoned it.

We sometimes look upon its early conflicts with the Tarquin Kings as its Heroic Age, or dwell upon Horatius at the bridge and Cincinnatus at his plow as the true heroes of heroic Rome. But her

grandest heroes were the Gracchi, who, in the closing hours of the republic, saw the national drift toward tyranny and death, and sacrificed their lives in a vain effort to turn their countrymen back to the heroic days when Romans were religious, patriotic and honest. They recognized the true definition of a good citizen of a republic as "One who loves his country and his God and serves both." They appreciated fully that a wicked man is a traitor to a Republic, and that a Republic can endure only when its people are virtuous; that a Republic of criminals is impossible. With these analogies in mind, let us determine what was the Heroic Age of the American Republic.

We pass by the conflicts of the Pilgrims to establish an empire in the wilderness, the Indian wars and the revolutionary struggle for liberty,

and the laying of the foundations of the Republic, broad and deep, in our remarkable Constitution. We pass over the spectacular heroisms of war, into the grander statesmanship of a century of developing civilization—always pressing towards the Pacific, building a little red school house on every hill, and a little white church in every valley. It was a century of marvels, and produced a race of giants, mental, moral and physical. But giants, even giant Republics, may die young.

In 1831 de Tocqueville came to this country; visited the capitol at Washington, and the capitols of all the States; and returned to France to write his remarkable book, "Democracy in America," which was a text book in our colleges for fifty years. In it he makes this remarkable statement (vol. I, page 228):

"In the United States I never heard a man accused of spending his wealth in corrupting the populace."

What an admirable reputation! How proud we are of that age which merited such praise—an age of rich men who were honest!

THE SORDID AGE OF THE NEWLY-RICH.

IN the eighties, Mr. Bryce made an equally thorough tour of the United States, with like intent. His studies extended from ocean to ocean. He wrote "The American Commonwealth," a masterpiece of political and social information, and it, too, has become a college text book. He found conditions wholly different from those indicated by de Tocqueville. He says (part III, page 153):

"The doors of Congress are besieged by a whole army of commercial and railroad

men and their agents, to whom, since they have come to form a sort of profession, the name of Lobbyist is given. Many Congressmen are personally interested, and lobby for themselves among their colleagues from the vantage ground of their official position. * * * That the Capitol and the hotels at Washington are a nest of such intrigues and machinations, while Congress is sitting is admitted on all hands; but how many of the members are tainted no one can tell. Sometimes when money passes, it goes not to the member of Congress himself, but to some boss who can and does put pressure on him." (P. 155).

"A position of some delicacy is occupied by eminent lawyers who sit in Congress and receive retainers from powerful corporations whose interests may be affected by Congressional legislation, re-

tainers for which they are often not expected to render any forensic service." (P. 156): "These corporations are the bane of State politics, for their management is secret, being usually in the hands of one or two capitalists, and their wealth is so great that *they can offer bribes at which ordinary virtue grows pale.*

What a change, my countrymen! and in one generation!

Should Ambassador Bryce rewrite his "American Commonwealth" in the light of his present experience, his keen mind would doubtless discover, and convey to the world, the fact that the corrupt and corrupting corporations in the United States have not only syndicated their interests and have become Trusts along *economic* lines, but have syndicated their interests and have become Trusts along POLITI-

CAL lines, so that while cutting off the number of their employees in the interest of industrial economy they have also cut out the lobby as useless. They no longer keep a lobby, because they have converted their lobbyists into honorable Senators. There is no need to argue with a Senator on the payroll.

This one contrast between conditions in 1831 and 1881 demonstrates the fact that our Heroic Age ended with the Civil War and our Sordid Age began when corporate wealth got control of the functions of government.

Whatever may have been the failings of our grandfathers, they were trifling in comparison with their virtues. They were deeply religious, intensely patriotic, worshiped Jehovah with their whole souls, and deified learning. Their convictions were strong and they were willing to fight for them. Their ideals were

admirable, and necessarily, such ideals produced heroic figures and developed admirable characters.

One generation after Zama, Rome was conquering the world, and had destroyed her own liberties. In one generation the common people were crushed; membership in trades unions became a felony; government was a military, financial and economic tyranny; wealth and brute force were triumphant, and Rome consisted of twenty per cent patricians and eighty per cent slaves. They all worshiped Mammon.

In like manner, at Appomattox, the last barrier was removed which had prevented the United States from becoming a world power. In one generation we, too, have become the richest nation in the world—the richest and most powerful nation the world ever knew, with the riches likewise concentrated

in the hands of the few, and those few represented in the United States Senate.

Do you see the analogy between Zama and Appomattox? Reasoning from analogy is not always safe, however, for analogies may not be as perfect as they seem. I think this to be the fact in this case, and will explain the error later. Let me first paint a dark background, that I may bring out more plainly the features of a more brilliant future.

CONTRASTS: MORAL DECAY.

DET what a contrast between the Heroic Age of de Tocqueville and the Sordid Age of Bryce! In one, rugged honesty, self-respect, deep religious conviction, a rigid morality, controversial theology, intense Chauvinism—spread-eagleism, if you will—willing to fight for a prin-

ciple and to die for one's country or an ideal; an age of conflict and intense individualism. Those giants worshiped God and deified learning. The Church was militant and Christians aggressive.

In the other age, we find graft and scheming, and struggling for wealth; a few enormously rich, the millions poor, one-half die in debt; religious convictions dulled, liberality a fad, theology tabooed, morality flexible, patriots looking for contracts *from* their country, not death *for* their country, worshipping Mammon and deifying wealth. The church is "liberal" and Christians sleepy. The whole moral tone of the times seems lowered.

There were many giants in the Heroic Age. Lincoln was the last and greatest of them all! And is there a hope of our turning back to

early ideals, away from the present blight of materialism and apparent religious decay, so that the last and greatest, and best, of Republics may not die young? Let us base a prophecy on the illustrations found in Mr. Lincoln's life.

Let us not forget, however, the warning of Isaiah LX. 12:

"FOR THE NATION AND KINGDOM THAT WILL NOT SERVE THEE SHALL PERISH; YEA, THOSE NATIONS SHALL BE UTTERLY WASTED."

LINCOLN'S HISTORY IN BRIEF.

DR. LINCOLN was very discreet in the selection of both his heredity and environment. The Lincolns came from the west of England to Massachusetts about the middle of the Seventeenth Century. They moved to

Virginia, thence to Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, pressing on to more extreme frontiers when civilization became oppressive. But civilization followed close upon their heels.

Thomas Lincoln married in 1806 his cousin, Nancy Hanks, of whom it is said: "The little girl grew up into a sweet-tempered and beautiful woman, whom tradition paints not only as the center of all the country merry-making, but as a famous spinner and housewife."

Abraham was the second child. He was born February 12, 1809, in a log house, similar in most respects to those of his neighbors. He inherited perfect health and entered an environment of hard manual labor, with an abundance of wholesome food. The natural result was a giant in stature and in strength, six feet four. His schooling was "by littles," from itinerant teachers, and

never aggregated more than one year. This is only technically true: his whole life was his school, devoted to earnest study and he became a profoundly learned and cultivated man.

He was a *bright* boy, and made remarkable progress in his studies. He was a marked lad from the beginning. The seed of heredity was the best, and the soil of environment was rich. Such seed and such soil naturally produced a superb product.

His real teacher was his mother. His inspiration was the itinerant preachers who rode circuits, and aroused the people with their ardent faith, expressed in strong, forceful, concise and incisive oratory. He had few books, but he knew the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, History of the United States, and Life of Washington. All through life he read books seriously, taking ex-

tracts for future use, making him their master and them his servants. From intimate familiarity with the Bible, he was literally steeped in the Scriptures and in Oriental imagery, which dominated his forensic style and formed his moral perspective.

The minister who married his father and mother was an ardent Abolitionist, and the boy's parents imbibed his radical views. Abraham was born breathing hatred to the trade in slaves. In 1816, when he was seven years of age, the family moved to Indiana, largely to get away from slavery.

In 1818, Nancy Lincoln died, and, later, Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky and returned with a new wife, a widow with three children. The new mother was everything to be desired, and fashioned the mind, and inspired the ideals of the growing boy.

His life was one of incessant labor from the beginning. He learned the rudiments of carpentry and cabinet-making, but generally speaking, he was what would be termed a farm hand or "hired man," but the hired man and hired girl of that day were the social equals of the master. There was no suggestion of inferiority. No man was brave enough to offer, and no man pusillanimous enough to accept a tip from any one, king or peasant. The humblest workman was too proud to accept a gratuity: to offer it was an insult.

Abraham was a *good* boy. He sowed no wild oats. He never gave his parents trouble. In fact, he was exemplary, and served his father faithfully until after he was 21, when, in 1830, the family moved to Illinois, where, in passing through Vincennes, he saw a printing

press for the first time. He was good-natured, kindly, a fluent speaker and a great story teller, with a remarkable memory.

Abraham was a *polite* boy. He took lessons in manners and was gallant for his years and environment; never profane and always deferential to the ladies. He was scrupulously honest, to the point of eccentricity. In the neighborhood spelling-bees, he was the first one chosen and always took the prize. He was so voracious for knowledge that he read every book to be borrowed in the neighborhood, and took extracts. He read even while at work; and while others were carousing at night, he was studying by the aid of some rude light.

As a young man he could out-lift, out-throw, out-run, out-jump and out-wrestle any of his companions. Physically he was a giant. Men-

tally he was a giant in the making. Indeed, his whole life is an example of all-around efficiency.

It was an age of political and religious controversy. The slavery question was the most bitter, but every man had his denominational beliefs and fought for them strenuously. His neighbors were deeply religious, intensely theological and consistently moral. We can conceive of no environment so likely to produce an heroic giant. There was no miracle in his physical, mental and moral development.

As a young man, he borrowed an English grammar, and simply devoured it; and laid a foundation for those classic utterances in later years, that are admitted to be the choicest written English.

He split rails, worked in a grocery store, was a ferryman on the Ohio, and a boat-

man on the Mississippi; went to New Orleans, and there saw the slave market in all its horrible details. This experience but intensified the controversial spirit that was born in this six-foot-four Kentuckian.

He was a captain of a company of independent rangers in the Black Hawk War, and did excellent service. He was elected to the Illinois Assembly. He failed in a small grocery business, probably because of his love of books, for during this time he simply devoured Shakespeare and Burns, and his style in oratory can be traced to the exquisite English of the Seventeenth Century. He had at least two love affairs, which, while temporarily depressing, were good moral discipline.

There was a demand for surveyors, and he was appointed deputy surveyor. Lincoln worked night and

day, endangering his health, but in six weeks he was master of all the books on surveying that could be found, and his work in later years as a surveyor was satisfactory. He accomplished in six weeks what it took others as many months, even years, to do.

He never attacked any subject without conquering it. He was literally the embodiment of EFFICIENCY. He did nothing by halves. He had dogged pertinacity; he never let go. He already had a well-disciplined mind; a cultivated judgment which responded wisely and quickly in emergencies. He had education, although comparatively little knowledge—what he had was profound. With his remarkable memory, he might easily have acquired a great store of showy knowledge, without any attendant mental discipline, but he developed well-balanced judgment. He had an

intellectual equipment seldom acquired in a modern elective college, where the students pursue "the line of least resistance." He learned a few books well, rather than many books little. His time was always fully occupied. He wasted none of it. His reading was along serious lines, although by nature he was a humorist and a prince of good fellows.

As early as 1837 he, with one other, signed a protest against the institution of slavery and lodged it with the Illinois legislature. From that time on his life was one continual battle.

The writer, too, was born in the Middle West, in the very rearmost of the "backwoods," and hence knows somewhat of the early environment of Lincoln. During the earlier part of my life, while engaged in the practice of my profession, I kept intimate record of the persons I

met who were the most "successful failures." Each one was always ready with an alibi. One would say, "My mother died when I was very young;" another, "My people were always very poor;" a third, "My early environment was of the worst."

Lincoln could have made all these excuses, and quite truthfully—but he didn't. An efficient man does not make explanations or excuses; as for the former—your friends do not require them, and those who are not your friends will not believe them if you make explanations. As to excuses, a good excuse is practically no better than a poor one—the results are the same. Lincoln never made explanations or excuses. He was a Master of Efficiency.

He studied law, and practiced it for years, following the Circuit with the Judge. He was forceful before a jury, industrious in his office,

a genial companion on Circuit, and an entertaining and persuasive wit everywhere. His satire was not always taken in good part, although, generally speaking, his shafts of humor were pointed with honey, not vinegar. One man challenged him to a duel which he accepted in such an outlandish way as to make his adversary the laughing stock of the town.

From about his twenty-first year he was always interested in politics. He was for eight consecutive years a member of the Assembly in Illinois, and gained one term in Congress, where his opponent was the celebrated Peter Cartwright, the famous Methodist exhorter. He was not always successful, but his failures strengthened character and never disheartened him. He arose superior to every defeat.

He and his wife attended the Presbyterian Church, and

went regularly. His habits were correct and no man has suggested any deviation from the straight and narrow way.

As a Congressman in his first and only term, he was an industrious and useful member, already attracting attention. Always attacking slavery, he drew up and presented a bill to abolish it in the District of Columbia.

Even while practicing law he was an intense student, studying mathematics, astronomy and poetry, as systematically as if in college, and he began the study of German. All his leisure was spent in study; he never wasted precious time. He was a genius in his capacity for hard work.

As he developed as a lawyer, his fame was spread as an orator, statesman and fighter. His speeches were logical, serious, though humorous, prudent and cou-

rageous, couched in language unsurpassed in literature. Of course, the principal agitation was over slavery. From one of his famous speeches on Free Kansas, we take the following, which illustrates his attitude at this early date, and explains his later course as President:

"As it now stands, we must appeal to the sober sense and patriotism of the people. We will make converts day by day; we will grow strong by calmness and moderation; we will grow strong by the violence and injustice of our adversaries, and, unless truth be a mockery and justice a hollow lie, we will be in the majority after a while, and then the revolution which we will accomplish will be none the less radical from being the result of pacific measures. The battle of freedom is to be fought out on principle. Slavery is a violation of the eter-

nal right. We have temporized it from the necessities of our condition, but as sure as God reigns and school children read, that black foul lie can never be consecrated into God's hallowed truth!

* * *

“The conclusion of all is, that we must restore the Missouri Compromise. We must highly resolve that Kansas must be free! We must reinstate the birthday promise of the Republic; we must reaffirm the Declaration of Independence; we must make good in essence as well as in form Madison's avowal that the word *slave* ought not to appear in the Constitution; and we must even go further, and decree that only local law, and not that time-honored instrument, shall shelter a slave-holder. We must make this a land of liberty in fact, as it is in name. But in seeking to attain these results

—so indispensable, if the liberty which is our pride and boast shall endure—we will be loyal to the Constitution and the 'flag of our Union,' *and no matter what OUR grievance* — even though Kansas shall come in as a slave State; *and no matter what theirs*—even if we shall restore the Compromise—**WE WILL SAY TO THE SOUTHERN DIS-UNIONISTS: WE WON'T GO OUT OF THE UNION, AND YOU SHAN'T!**"

(This was the climax; the audience rose to its feet *en masse*, applauded, stamped, waved handkerchiefs, threw hats in the air, and ran riot for several minutes. The arch-enchanter who wrought this transformation, looked, meanwhile, like the personification of political justice.)

Finally came the famous Douglas-Lincoln debate in a canvass for the election of a Senator. Douglas was short,

s t o u t, polished, well-groomed, highly educated, and an aristocrat; already a national figure; Lincoln was tall, angular, poorly dressed, self-educated, less polished, but more forceful and resourceful. Lincoln seems by unanimous consent to have come out of this debate just as he always had in the spelling bees. As a general, in this debate he won a campaign by losing a skirmish. He propounded a question which elected Douglas as Senator and defeated him for President, dividing the Democratic party and electing a Republican. In addressing his constituents just before these debates, he made this famous statement:

“ ‘A house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe this government cannot endure permanently — half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall —but I do expect it will

cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

The Douglas debates made Lincoln a national figure. The people were simply amazed to find so rare a moral and intellectual development on the frontier. They began to ask about his history, his remarkable learning with so little schooling and so few books. The New Republican Party, born in the grove at Jackson, Michigan, and had an exceedingly able leader in Mr. Seward, but he was an Eastern man and had antagonized many.

Lincoln's fame having spread to the East, he was invited to speak in Cooper Union, where he made his famous address that captivated New York and convinced the Party of his availability. He met with equal success in New England addresses. His style of oratory was inimitable and was wholly differ-

ent from the accepted model as illustrated by Edward Everett, whose long, complicated and flowery sentences had captivated the ears of that generation. Lincoln had something to say, and he said it in short, clear, persuasive sentences that sent home and clinched a thought so forcefully that it could not escape. His sole object was conviction, not display. There never was any doubt or controversy over the meaning of what he had said.

The story of Lincoln's nomination at the Chicago Convention is of intensest interest, as is also the Presidential campaign itself, which was conducted very largely by Mr. Lincoln from his modest two-story house in an unfashionable part of Springfield, Illinois.

He was elected owing to a split in the Democratic Party that was created by his questions to Mr. Douglas in

the famous debate. He was a minority President, receiving but 1,850,000 votes out of 4,700,000 votes cast. The South had no part in his election. The complication of troubles that had been brewing for a generation can well be imagined. The South was solidly against him. The North was divided into a multiplicity of factions fighting one another in the variations of their radicalism. Everybody suspected everybody else of being a traitor at heart and Lincoln started out with the one idea "to save the Union" from its enemies and its friends and in carrying out the one purpose, he finally satisfied all factions, until today his unselfish and wise patriotism is applauded by all.

His first duty was to select a cabinet and he chose the leaders of his own party, not being afraid to gather about him the brightest intellects of

his time. In this respect he followed the example of Washington and did not follow the example of so many lesser Presidents who preferred to have about them mere secretaries or clerks and not men whose intellects might shine above their own. Washington reflected the glory and wisdom of his cabinet; Lincoln's cabinet reflected the glory and wisdom of the President. He towered above them all and in that respect was the greatest President of the Republic.

We must pass over the intensely dramatic incidents that immediately preceded the firing on Fort Sumter, the massing of giant armies, the enthusiasm that emptied the shops, offices, and farms of their choicest young men who, under the excitement and novelty of war, and the persuasive oratory of the politicians, rushed to the hostile frontiers. We pass by

the dreadful disappointments of early defeats in battle, during which years Mr. Lincoln was earnestly striving to select the right general. Each commanding officer in turn was defeated, and each had some good excuse or other to offer, but good excuses are no better than bad excuses; the results are the same. He wanted to find "a man" and in that search his well-balanced judgment and genius were revealed. He found him at last in General Grant.

The South were a military people—military by instinct. They were brought up to ride and to shoot. The North were commercial and without military instincts. They had to be taught the art of war, but they had the best military instructors in the world—the armies of the South taught them. It took the North four years to learn how to ride a horse, but what magnificent cavalry followed

at the heels of Phil Sheridan in the Valley in 1864 and 1865! The South started out under the direction of scientific soldiers, from the President down. The North had to discover them, for soldiers, like poets, are born, not made, or rather, they are both born *and* made. A military genius must be born such, and in addition, have a scientific military training, for war today is intensely scientific. Finally, Mr. Lincoln found the man for the emergency, and the war was closed. His earnest life and his terrible struggles for four long years were rewarded with a re-election, and he turned hopefully to the future and more peaceful times.

The Emancipation Proclamation was the great act of his life, and it was his, and not others'. He alone has the glory. It was intended to terrify the hostile armies in the field, to mitigate friction

in the border States and unify factions in the North. It is doubtful if it accomplished its purpose, but it was right, and God accomplished the result. It intensified the situation; the fighting was continued with redoubled zeal by both sides, and finally the arbitrament of the sword determined that America should be free; and the present prosperity of the South indicates how harsh a blight had been put upon it by the institution that they erroneously, though honestly, conceived to be their right.

The price paid in blood and wealth was enormous, but the results were enormous.

Mr. Lincoln's genius was revealed in every department of government. He put his hand upon correspondence of State, softening it, avoiding friction and foreign war. His kindly heart mitigated the horrors of domes-

tic war; and he became the idol of the soldiers in the field, and of the mothers and children at home. His knowledge was as varied as it was profound. Each member of the Cabinet thought at first that *he* would soon be the government. They soon saw their error, and graciously submitted to and gratefully aided the dominating intellect. *Mr. Lincoln* was the government.

HIS RELIGIOUS SIDE

THE grandeur of his character was best revealed during those dark days when defeat after defeat disheartened all but the bravest, and intensified the contentions of discordant factions at home. They were the darkest days of the republic, and, as if the cup of sorrow were not yet full, he lost his young and beloved son. This multiplicity of sor-

rows and cares and burdens did not dull his faith or lead to despair, or sour his sunny disposition. They seemed to add to his character both sublimity and strength.

In a conversation during this time with Judge Gillespie, he said: "I have read, upon my knees, the story of Gethsemane where the Son of God prayed in vain that the cup of bitterness might pass from him. I am in the Garden of Gethsemane now, and my cup of bitterness is full and overflowing."

Tarbell's Life of Lincoln says: "But it is not until after the death of his son that we begin to find evidence that Mr. Lincoln was making a personal test of Christianity. Broken by his anxiety for the country, wounded nigh to death by his loss, he felt that he must have a support outside of himself; that from some source he must draw new courage. Could

he find the help he needed in the Christian faith? From this time on he was seen often with the Bible in his hand, and is known to have prayed frequently. His personal relation to God occupied his mind much. He was deeply concerned to know, as he told a visiting delegation once, not whether the Lord was on his side, but whether he was on the Lord's side. Henceforth, one of the most real influences in Abraham Lincoln's life and conduct was his dependence upon a personal God."

THE NATIONAL TRAGEDY.

WE now come to the saddest of tragedies, the most painful event in American history. No one loved his brethren in the South more tenderly than did Mr. Lincoln. Had he lived, all would have been

forgiven and the wounds of war soon healed, but the assassin's bullet struck down the idol of the North, and that murder engendered and intensified hatreds that continued for a generation. The deplorable acts of the reconstruction period might have been avoided but for the hatred inspired by the assassin.

The whole nation mourned. They then appreciated fully the sublimity of that life, his sterling honesty and unswerving rectitude, his pure altruism and devotion to his country. The one object of his life had been attained: he had saved the Union; he had retained all the stars in the flag. He had done more: he had washed that flag clean and made it fit to float forever over a nation of free men.

OUR ERROR IN
ANALOGY

WHAT has developed in one generation after Appomattox? Exactly what developed one generation after Zama. We have become a world power. We have suddenly become the richest nation in the world—the world, past or present—with our riches concentrated in the hands of a few who are especially represented in the United States Senate. We have the richest man that ever lived—yet he has neither learning nor skill—merely cunning. Our great men of today use check books, not text books. We exalt wealth, not character. We have, not twenty per cent patricians, and eighty per cent slaves—without a middle class, but we have seventy-five per cent of our wealth concentrated in the hands of less than one per cent of our people, and more than eighty

per cent are industrial slaves. In New York City ten per cent are buried in the Potter's Field. Our ideals have changed. Our ambitions have changed. The very air we breathe is no longer charged with the ozone of controversy and religious zeal, but is heavy and flat with "liberality," love of ease, display and wealth. Monopolies or trusts that cost Charles I. his head and were outlawed at common law, now aspire to control government, and ask to be "regulated," *i. e.*, recognized as legal; and the pessimist shakes his head and says the country has gone to the dogs.

If this dark picture were true, if your seeming analogies between Zama and Appomattox be correct, I should have little respect for the Heroic Age and its generation of physical, moral and intellectual giants. If they have builded a political body

that shall so soon be destroyed by the virus engendered in its own veins their work, though conscientious, was unskillful. They gave us mere ideals, not permanence and strength.

I do not so interpret the future. I recognize the virulence of the disease, but see also the antidote. The little red school house and the little white church have, in a century, developed a new, mixed American race of inventors and independent thinkers of pronounced strength and virility, wholly dissimilar from the degenerate Romans. Our analogy is faulty. In Rome four-fifths were illiterate and five-fifths immoral. In America, four-fifths are literate and four-fifths are moral. Our moral balance wheel is the Great Middle Class, which is both educated and religious. They have but to be taught the tricks of their enslavers and they will find a remedy.

We do not have to cut off a king's head to rid ourselves of oppressive monopoly. We *vote* it off. High cost of living is always the best symptom preceding revolution, but this generation trained by the Heroic Age, does not have to institute a Reign of Terror to get rid of Special Privilege; *it votes* revolution.

Our fathers in 1861 performed the unique in history, by ridding ourselves of a great national sin without the intervention of foreign armies; and I have no doubt that this generation, w h e n aroused, will return to the early virtues of the Heroic Age; will heed the call of the Modern Gracchi; and will rid itself of Monopoly, Special Privilege and Congested Wealth, perpetuating for centuries the virtues taught in the school house and the church.

We believe that we may still continue our Heroic Age,

that our present generation of graft—a mere day in a nation's life — is but the chicken pox, a child's disease, not the hardening of the arteries incident to old age. Let us return to our old ideals, our old positive convictions and enthusiasms. Let us refuse to grow old, and I know no better way than to re-adopt the intense faith, strict morality and aggressive individualism of our fathers and hold up to our children as a model to be copied, the life and struggles of the last and greatest of our Heroes.

I always feel like taking off my hat to a Grand Army button. I recognize that the Civil War was the grandest moral drama of the ages. It was the demonstration of the Christian life in a nation. Alexander fought for conquest; Hannibal for hate; Caesar for political preferment; Augustus Adolphus

for religion; Frederick for his kingdom; Napoleon for La Belle France and empire; Washington fought to repel an invader. We admire them all; they were all heroes; but they were all selfish. In 1861, there was no invader at the door. We had merely to say to an erring brother, "Go in peace." We had still left a glorious country—proud of it all from the storm-beaten coast of Massachusetts Bay to the smiling shores of the Pacific. We had simply to say, "Go your way, while we go ours." But no! just for sentiment; that the Union might be saved; that a down-trodden race of despised strangers might be free, our fathers faced the cannon's mouth and death. That was pure, *unselfish* patriotism. It was unique. It was sublime. It had no counterpart in history. It was the climax of the Heroic Age. It demonstrated that we were

a Christian nation, following the example of the Savior of mankind who likewise shed His blood that strangers might be free.

I have no fear that the sons of *such* fathers will not be wise enough and patriotic enough, again to cure their own diseases of Monopoly and Special Privilege, and let the Republic live on for centuries admired, honored, and imitated by all the nations of the earth, until all are republics, living like brothers in universal peace, ushering in the Millenium of God, when for 1,000 years the flag of America the blest, shall float over a free, independent, intelligent, self-respecting and God-fearing people, leading the world in true civilization.

The Heroic Age died at Appomattox, and the choicest flower of that age of heroes was the martyred President. No wonder that

a sorrowing nation followed his bier to its last resting place in Springfield. His death was a personal loss to each citizen. They admired him for his genius. They loved him for his kindly heart. He was a national hero to whom every boy could properly be referred as an example. He never became a multi-millionaire. He never was successful in great business enterprises, and yet his every ambition was accomplished; without instructors, his language became a classic. His enemies were subdued and are now his worshipers. The one great object of his life, the Preservation of the Union, was achieved, *and then he died!* Died full of glory and renown, in the closing hours of the Heroic Age of the Republic, the greatest character of the greatest age of the greatest nation; truly A MASTER OF EFFICIENCY.

GOOD-WILL

*From Lincoln's Second
Inaugural Address*

RONDLY do we hope
—fervently do we
p r a y — that this
mighty scourge of war may
speedily pass away. Yet, if
God wills that it continue
until all the wealth piled by
the bondman's two hundred
and fifty years of unrequited
toil shall be sunk, and until
every drop of blood drawn
with the lash shall be paid
by another drawn with the
sword, as was said three
thousand years ago, so still
must it be said, 'The judg-
ments of the Lord are true
and righteous altogether.'

'With malice toward
none; with charity to all;
with firmness in the right, as
God gives us to see the right,
let us strive on to finish the
work we are in, to bind up
the nation's wounds; to care

for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

A. LINCOLN.

THE GREAT
HEART of LINCOLN

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby,

Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss

so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

*Yours Very Sincerely
and Respectfully,
A. LINCOLN.*

THE CONSECRATION
SPEECH AT
GETTYSBURG.

FOUR SCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in lib-

erty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense *we* cannot dedicate, *we* cannot consecrate, *we* cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what *they* did here. It is for us—the living—rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished

work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

A. LINCOLN

*Gettysburg,
Nov. 16, 1863.*



The Author Talks To YOU:

In October, 1911, almost ten years ago, I first set out to write a tribute to Abraham Lincoln, whom I consider one of the world's examples of a Master of Efficiency. Since that time I have written a few books, many short

stories, plays and sketches under various noms de plume, some of which have never been published, but a few of them have met with public favor.

Most of my writing has been frivolous and some has been accused of being humorous, but I considered the writing of this tribute to Lincoln my MAGNUS OPUS—the great effort of my literary life, and I have tried to do justice to the subject.

To indicate to you that I have striven to please you, my reader, let me say that I have re-written this book, during the past ten years, twenty-seven times. Four times I have had it set up in type, but in each instance I have had the plates destroyed, because it did not please me in text and literary construction.

But now, sitting in the shadow of Resurrection Rock, overlooking the beautiful little city of White Haven, I have for the twenty-eighth time re-written my tribute to Lincoln and I am sending it to you in the hopes that it will please you.

This book is essentially a Gift Book. No copies will be sold to the persons who receive them. If you get it at all, it will be a gift from someone who loves you and holds you in high esteem and affectionate regard. It will never reach the world through ordinary channels of trade. In fact, it may never reach the world at all. If it reaches YOU, and you are pleased, then I will feel that I have not worked in vain to honor the man to whom the whole world owes a debt of gratitude and to whom we are indebted for what I believe to be a permanent and lasting republican form of government. He gave his life work to the accomplishment of that one thing—the Saving of the Union, and was satisfied. If my tribute to Lincoln finds response in your heart of hearts, then I am satisfied.

One of my most recent literary efforts, published under another name, has reached a score of editions, over three hundred thousand copies having been printed and sold. The public has been very kind to me. But the world in general will probably never know of this Book of Lincoln that I have written. YOU will know of it because some friend has presented you with a copy, and I would like you to feel that I share with him (or her) in the joy of the giving of that gift, for while I cannot claim it as a gift to YOU, I'll send this book out with my earnest and sincere wishes that it may be truly accepted as my gift to mankind, in the hope that this "government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish." Cherishing this fond hope, believe me to be very sincerely yours,



THE AUTHOR.

White Haven, Pa.,
Sept. 21, 1921.

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