THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 32

RARE LINCOLNIANA—NO. 5

Comprising

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32d STREET NEW YORK

1914

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Being Extra No. 32 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

RES ARDUA VETUSTIS NOVITATEM DARE; NOVIS AUCTORITATEM; OBSOLETIS, NITOREM; OBSCURIS, LUCEM; FASTIDITIS, GRATICUM; DUBIIS, FIDEM; OMNIBUS VERO NATURAM, ET NATURAL SUA OMNIA.

ITAQUE ETIAM NON ASSECUTIS, VOLUISSE ABUNDE PULCHRUM VTQUE MAGNIFICUM EST.

(It is a difficult thing to give newness to old things, authority to new things, beauty to things out of use, fame to the obscure, favor to the hateful (or ugly), credit to the doubtful, nature to all and all to nature. To such, nevertheless as cannot attain to all these, it is greatly commendable and magnificial to have attempted the same.

PLINY,—preface to his *Natural History*.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

OF the items here presented, the sermon by Mr. Thompson is unknown to most Lincoln collectors in its original form, and is so scarce that no copies had been sold at auction, so far as known, until one appeared in 1911. It is listed by Judge Fish as No. 211, in his Supplement. Mr. Thompson (now dead) was then in charge of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Peapack, N. J., and the sermon was printed, in a small edition only, at the request of the members of his church, and was subsequently printed also in *Pulpit & Rostrum*, N. Y., June, 1865.

The copy from which we print was kindly furnished us by the Librarian of Rutgers College.

Mr. Pinkerton's article is from the latest edition—Fish No. 417—comprising forty-two pages: more than any one of the three preceding editions.

But a few copies of each were issued.

General Chamberlain's speech, though dating only from 1909 is already scarce. It is No. 280, Fish Supplement.

Captain Snowden's address is practically unknown to the public, having, like General Chamberlain's, been given before the Loyal Legion and printed only in their own proceedings, in less than 100 copies.

IN MEMORIAM

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY APRIL 16, 1865
IN THE REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH OF PEAPACK, N. J.

BY REV. HENRY P. THOMPSON

Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come.—*Isaiah XXI.* 11, 12.

THIS brief prophecy concerning Dumah, or Idumea, consists of few, but bold and highly figurative, expressions, and represents the prophet, though at present enduring affliction with his people, yet as confident and hopeful in reference to the future.

A few words of explanation concerning the time and circumstances and the original application of the prophecy; and then, for the main body of the discourse, we shall, taking the prophet's standpoint, and considering the question of the text as addressed to us, endeavor to answer it in its application to ourselves.

I. Let it be observed that the whole is dramatic—the prophet himself speaking for all concerned. The prophecy itself was probably spoken during the time of the Babylonish capitvity. It is night with the people; the night of a dark and dreary, and terrible captivity. It is a time of calamity, darkness and distress. But a little time ago they were prosperous and happy in their own land. Now, in a strange land, they mourned in what seemed a hopeless captivity. Under these circumstances the prophet is represented as placed on a watch-tower, looking anxiously for the issue—watching closely every turn in affairs, whether anything betokens the release of his people. Standing thus upon his tower, as the watchful guardian of his people, noting every turn in the political affairs of the nation, and also of their enemies, and drawing his conclusions from such careful observations, he is addressed

by one from Idumea. This was the land bordering on the south of that of the Jews, and its inhabitants, if they did not take part with the Babylonians in destroying Jerusalem, at any rate exulted over its destruction, saying, "Raze it, raze it, even to the foundation." (Ps. 137). This Idumean is represented as calling out to the prophet and tauntingly inquiring, "What of the night?" Is there prospect of deliverance? Will Israel's God come to the rescue? Are the signs of the times such as to give hope of speedy release? Or, is there no such hope, and merely a prospect that these calamities are to continue? "Watchman, what of the night?"

To this the prophet returns a prompt reply, carrying with it both instruction and warning to the enemies of his people. "The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night." In place of the night of darkness and calamity, and mourning and distress, which now hangs over the people of God, light and joy shall arise. "The morning cometh—and also the night." The morning cometh to us; and when it is come, mark it, the night cometh also, but not to us. When the morning dawns upon us radiant with light and joy, night, with its pall of darkness, shall fall upon our enemies. You ask, "What of the night?" I tell you plainly, "the morning cometh" to us, but the night also—a night of calamity, of darkness, of overwhelming defeat and dismay to our enemies. Having given the inquirer this answer, the prophet intimates that if he was disposed to ask further concerning the matter, he should not hesitate to do it. "If ye will inquire, inquire ye." The matter was now clear to the watchman's eye, and he was disposed to give the information. And yet, even in this warning, behold the heart of the man of God going out in tenderness, even towards his enemies—towards the enemies of his nation, the enemies of righteousness and truth. I have answered your question—but now, if you seriously wish to learn further concerning the matter, ask with earnestness and with proper regard to the prophetic character and for God, and it shall be told thee. And then he adds, "Return,

come." Turn from your evil ways; repent of this your great sin and folly in opposing God, and the ways of truth and righteousness, and then "come," and you may be accepted of Him, and the night which is now threatened may yet be dispelled, and the morning, bright with joy, yet dawn upon you. Thus far in explication of the text. The prophecy is brief, but beautiful—beautiful in the promptness and confidence of its utterance—beautiful in the fulness and importance of the truth it contains, "Alike for the afflicted and persecuted friends, and the persecuting and taunting foes of God." Such were the original circumstances under which these words were uttered, and such the application of them in reference to the friends and enemies of God and of righteousness.

But it was not merely for those times and circumstances that these words were spoken. We are taught that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." They were written then for our instruction, for our warning, for our comfort. Let us then

II. Faithfully consider and apply them, remembering that they are God's words, not man's, and that they were written by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, for our consideration and profit,

1. Specifically to individuals. There are times and circumstances in the history of every one which form a parallel with those we have just reviewed; times when sorrow and darkness gather round, and the soul for the time is bereft of peace and joy and hope. The affliction may be in mind, body or estate; and the cloud may remain for a longer or a shorter period, as God deems best for his own glory or the good of the afflicted. In a thousand forms man is subject to trial, and needs the cheering rays of God's word of promise to support him therein. And it is when man is enabled to take hold, by faith, of those promises; when he can clearly see and fully realize that God doeth all things well, and that he is, by af-

fliction or trial sent, but accomplishing, in the best way, His own infinitely wise and holy purposes—it is when man fully realizes this, that he rises above his sorrows, and looks forward with hope and confidence to the brighter morn which shall ere long appear.

It is this assured confidence that God lives and rules in heaven and in earth; that he takes cognizance of all that transpires, and that he is directing all things for the furtherance of his own glory and his people's good; 'tis this that forms the "silvery lining" to any cloud, no matter how heavy or how long soever it may have hung, and gives the promise of the coming morn. To one thus sustained and comforted and cheered, "The morning cometh." Night, with its dark clouds, may have hovered long, but when thus he takes hold on God, the morning is at hand.

2. What may thus be said of individuals is likewise applicable to communities and nations, for they also are subject to sorrow, trial, and grief.

And surely words of divine promise, of comfort, and joy, and hope, were never more applicable than those of my text to our own nation now!

A long, dark, dreary night has rested on the nation. As the clouds increased and grew heavier and blacker, till at length they burst in all the wild fury of rebellious war over the land, and as the demoniac energy of those in rebellion seemed, for a time, successfully to threaten the very life of the Government, men stood appalled and dismayed. When they saw the Government of their fathers, which had proved so great a blessing; which had been built up by the people, and for the people; which had been cemented by so many tears and prayers, and trials and sufferings; and which had already become a beacon-light for the down-trodden and oppressed of all nations—when they saw that Government ruthlessly assailed and its very existence jeopardized, men's hearts, for a time sank within them. And even when we had strong confidence in

God, that He would not allow such gross wickedness eventually to triumph, yet the trial was accompanied by so much at which the heart sickens; by so great sacrifice of blood and treasure and life; so many homes were made desolate and so many hearts made to bleed, that, ever and anon, we were ready, as we looked over the dark scene, to exclaim, in the words of the text, "Watchman, what of the night? What of the night?"

But now, God be praised, the night seems almost past. To the question of the text, as thus applied, we answer, with grateful hearts, "The morning cometh!" With what beaming countenances, with what cheerful expressions, with what bounding hearts of joy have the people of this land congratulated each other over the events of the past two weeks! The night of rebellion—of that which has caused untold suffering and trial and sorrow—is well nigh spent. And now the "morning" breaks! This tremendous conflict, this gigantic strife, which through four long years has been waged with unabated fury, which has clothed in mourning almost every family in the land, and which counts its victims not only by tens but hundreds of thousands, is at length about to close.

The Government has been maintained, righteousness has been vindicated, and high-handed and organized wickedness been well-nigh crushed. "The Republic has been saved, and not only saved, but exalted as a witness for the rights of man and the truth of God before all nations. Its cause, from the first hour of the war, was justified by faith; through its continuance it has been sanctified by loyal blood; and now this cause is glorified by the solemn approval of the God of the whole earth."

It is right that we should rejoice and be glad, that now, at length, "The morning cometh." It is right that we should with grateful hearts, give thanks to God—the God of battles—that he has given us the victory. And as, with glad hearts, we emerge from the trial which has so long pressed upon us, let us pray God, let us humbly and earnestly beseech Him, to direct us henceforth

to live to his glory. Sin must be punished; such is the immutable law of God's government; and as nations have no existence hereafter, their sins must meet their punishment in this world. May we not hope that ours have now been expiated?

But now as to the future. Do you believe that God can turn the hearts of the children of men to the ways of righteousness and truth? That He can give wisdom and discretion, and honesty of purpose and all needful qualifications to our rulers? And do you believe that He hears and answers prayer? See to it, then, that you be not chargeable with utter neglect of duty in this matter in that you never prayed for God's blessing on your country; that you never asked Him to give our rulers wisdom and to turn our people to the practice of righteousness and truth; that you never asked even that you yourselves might be led by God's Spirit to know and to do, what is right in your relations as citizens.

God is the Sovereign Ruler, and righteousness and truth shall prevail, let who will cavil or resist. In this assurance we rejoice, and our faith is confirmed therein as we see it exemplified in the promise of the bright, approaching morn for our land. But as we rejoice, and as we firmly stand for the right and resist the wrong, let us, in word and deed, say to those who have done evil, "Return," "Come." The prophet declared that "the morning" was at hand for those that feared the Lord and walked in His ways, but that "the night" was also coming for those who resisted the ways of righteousness. And while he boldly and fearlessly uttered the warning against evil and the evil-doers, he cordially and tenderly entreated them to turn from the evil unto righteousness. Even so, while we stand, firm for the right, let us also show that we are ever ready to welcome repentant returning ones to the true brotherhood of righteousness and peace.

But lo! in the midst of all our rejoicings and the bright hopes which have so lately cheered and animated us, the nation is sud-

denly—Oh, how suddenly—plunged into profoundest sorrow by the untimely death of its Executive and head. But forty-eight hours ago the nation was at the height of joyful exultation over the decisive victories which gave promise of a speedy peace and a restored Union to a long-suffering people. To-day every loyal heart must suffer the terrible shock, and swell with overburdening grief at the calamity which has been permitted to befall us in the assassination of our Chief Magistrate. The flags that were so lately flung to the breeze in token of a nation's joy that peace and an established Government and Union and brotherhood were so near at hand, to-day, draped in the emblems of mourning, must hang at half-mast, for its chosen chief is dead. The nation mourns; for her honest, her brave, and fearless, and yet tender and sympathizing ruler and head lies low in death. She mourns; for it is the commander-in-chief of her army and navy who has fallen—who has fallen too, not by disease, nor in the accepted peril of war—but by the foul stroke of a cowardly assassin. The nation mourns, because just now, on the eve of reunion and reconstruction, she looked with high hopes and with confidence to the unswerving integrity, the manly independence, and the unfaltering firmness of her Chief Magistrate to guide her safely through the dangers which yet beset her.

"The plot included the murder of Secretary Seward also, and all the circumstances show that the same political fury and hate which lit the flames of the great rebellion, inspired these hellish deeds; and by so much as these detract from the splendor of our triumph in its utter subjugation, by so much do they brand with a deeper and more damning infamy its plotters, its leaders, its abettors, its sympathizers, its character in impartial history."

Abraham Lincoln is dead! His work is done, and its record is on high. Never man had greater responsibilities laid upon him; never man was called to a more difficult and trying position, and never did man receive more overwhelming testimony of the grati-

tude and trust of a confiding people. But he is no more. His memory will be embalmed in a greatful nation's heart for untold generations yet to come.

Turn we once again to the question of the text, and ask, "Watchman, what of the night?" Under this new darkness—this seemingly enigmatical dispensation, "What of the night?" I answer, be firm and undismayed, for "The morning cometh." You and I may fall by the way ere we behold the full glory of its ushering in, but, "With a glory beaming far," it surely comes. The glory of a peace and prosperity and brotherhood which the past has not known. The signs of the times portend this.

God is teaching us, by this sad event, "Not to put our trust in man;" "Not to put our trust in princes." He is teaching us that the preservation of the Government, the safety of the Republic, does not depend upon any one man, or set of men; only let the people learn righteousness, let them fear the Lord, and, putting their trust in him, walk worthy of their high privileges, and all will be well. The republic has been saved through Divine mercy nerving the hearts and strengthening the arms of the loyal millions as they passed through fire and blood to attain this purpose. Saved, "so as by fire," yet saved, honored, and exalted in the eyes of all nations! And though, one by one, the men of Israel die, the God of Israel lives; and if the people will but trust in Him, working righteousness and eschewing evil, the morning, radiant with light and blessing, shall soon again dawn upon us.

3. Thus, too, not only for ourselves and for the nation, but in a wider application, for the world, shall righteousness and truth prevail over wickedness and error.

When Christ came, the whole world had become corrupt, and save only the few thousands of Israel, had lost even the true knowledge of God. Satan's kingdom had taken deep root; its branches

towered toward heaven and filled all the earth: and as a consequence men lived in wretchedness and woe, and died in hopelessness and despair.

Now from all this Christ came to deliver us. He came to call men back to happiness and God. But that this might be accomplished Satan's power must be overthrown. Knowledge must take the place of ignorance; a true worship that of superstition; holiness of vileness; justice of oppression, and love to God and man become the ruling motive in the hearts and lives of men. The standard of righteousness and truth was then set up against every form of iniquity. Henceforth a continued, vigorous, determined warfare was to be waged against the powers of hell which had so long ruled the world; and wherever and in whatever form evil manifested itself, it was to be met and resisted and overcome by the power which had been inaugurated and put in operation for that purpose. He who came to destroy the works of the devil and to restore man to his God, established the means adapted to that end. The spiritual religion which Christ gave to man, bearing with it the energizing power of Divinity, is accomplishing that work; and though it seem long delayed, it shall, in His own good time, be made complete. That system of religion is "the mighty power of God to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan" in every form. It is one which encircled in its design and was to bless by its influence the whole family of man. As such this system of Divine truth has gone forth in the ages that are past, not as a feeble instrumentality, but as mighty to the overthrowing of Satan's kingdom. Millions in the past have been enlightened thereby and brought under its saving power. Mighty forms of organized wickedness and oppression have been overcome; and what it has done in the past it is still accomplishing, with continually increasing power, throughout the nations of the earth.

In its beginnings, indeed, it seemed but a little cloud—the size of a man's hand—shedding its drops of influence in the land of

Palestine. But as we stand and look upon the moral world to-day, we can but exclaim, with confidence and hope and triumph, "The morning cometh!" No longer in the land of Palestine alone, amid a few thousands only, with here and there a little company to disseminate the truth, but in all quarters of the earth, in Europe, Asia, America; yes, and in Africa too, and in the islands of the sea, millions have felt its power and turned to God. The "stone which was cut out of the mountain without hands" is fast becoming "the mountain which shall fill the whole earth." Righteousness and truth and holiness shall eventually triumph.

And amid all the noise and din of War; amid the battle cloud and smoke which have so long hung over our own beloved land, we discern the onward march, the steady advance of truth and righteousness over error and iniquity. A long, dark, dreary scene of evil has prevailed, but lo, the morning breaks!

And so throughout the moral wastes of earth—the world thrown open to the Gospel, the increased and increasing spirit of liberality among God's people; the rapid multiplication of copies of the Word of God, every Church built, every herald of the cross sent forth, every sermon and tract and word printed or spoken for truth, hastens and adds new promise of the coming millennial morn. "The morning cometh" for truth, and righteousness, and holiness, and God: "And also the night" for unrighteousness, injustice, oppression, and iniquity of every form. These may yet linger long before they are finally and fully overcome. Satan, working through the evil hearts and inclinations of men, will not readily yield the prize of a world of human souls. But as surely as the morning breaks for truth and holiness, so surely comes the night to Satan and all his emissaries and works. The word of the Lord hath spoken it, and in His own time He will bring it to pass. His truth is marching on to the destruction of every opposing force, and all the past gives promise of assured success.

If the workers of iniquity, if those who despise or condemn God's righteous ways will inquire farther about this matter, "inquire ye." The vision is clear; the revelation complete; the promise sure. Satan and his works and followers shall be overthrown. God's truth, and power, and justice, and indignation, too, shall be known against His enemies as well as His love and mercy toward them that fear and love His name.

In view of all this, know assuredly that all opposition to God shall be overcome. He will be exalted God over all; and all who continue in rebellion against Him, who turn aside from His ways, who will not be governed by His truth, lose not only the richest enjoyments and blessings here and hereafter, but ensure to themselves everlasting punishment and woe. Now He calls you by His grace. Now He pleads with you, saying, "Return," "Come" and offers you pardon and blessing, such as only God can give.

Again, to those who profess to love and serve God: Are you rendering a real and hearty service, or is it only partial? Is it your great aim to be entirely conformed to the will of God, or are you keeping back, as Ananias did, a part of the price, reserving the privilege of exhibiting an unholy, unbrotherly, and unchristian temper whenever your ideas of propriety, or your prejudiced views may be crossed or thwarted by the truth of God, as exhibited in His Word or in the life and conduct of others? Examine and see; try yourself by the rule of God's Word, and remember that "not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." We are living in times and circumstances in which we cannot, without great guilt, shut our eyes or ears or steel our hearts against the reception of God's truth, as shown in His providential dealings with us. See to it that ye quit yourselves like men in the discharge of the grave responsibilities laid upon you.

God's wonder-working hand has been as plainly manifest in our recent history, as a nation, as ever before. The dark night of

rebellion and war, in which our giant wrong and shame have perished, will be succeeded by the brightest day which ever dawned upon a regenerated people. But you have duties as well as privileges in the future. Hundreds of thousands of lives have been sacrificed, but it will not have been in vain if now each one, standing in his place, will, in the fear of God and with direct reference to his glory, discharge individual responsibility.

Our great and good leader, our noble President, has fallen, just as his eyes beheld the gilding of the coming morn. Thus, by his blood, he sealed the testimony which in life he gave for the cause of human liberty—for the cause of righteousness and truth. But when the enemies of liberty and truth slew him, they all unwittingly placed upon his brow the martyr's wreath. If there was one thing yet wanting to complete the circlet of his glory here, they gave it him when they caused it to be said, that for the principles for which Abraham Lincoln so faithfully labored, so patiently endured, he laid down his life also. And now he wears the victor's crown in glory. "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

Finally, be of good cheer in reference to the future of our land. We have passed through fire, but it was to purify, not to destroy. We have passed through the storm, but it was to strengthen, not to overcome. We have passed through the flood, but it was to cleanse and not to overwhelm. We are passing—we have, as a nation, already passed—to a higher stand-point in morals and religion, the principles which shall yet rule the world. "The watchman saith, the morning cometh!" Yes, the morning breaks radiant with liberty and Union, with peace and brotherhood and prosperity, such as our eyes have not yet beheld. Take home to your hearts the Word of God. Be cheered by its promise, be guided by its instructions, be moved by its warnings.

The watchman saith, the morning cometh; and also the night. If ye will inquire, inquire ye. Return, come.

HENRY P. THOMPSON

HISTORY AND EVIDENCE

OF THE

PASSAGE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FROM

HARRISBURG, PA. TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

ON THE

22d AND 23d OF FEBRUARY, 1861

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

CHICAGO, JAN. 8, 1868.

THE question of the passage of Mr. Lincoln, on the night of the 22d of February, 1861, from Harrisburg, Penn., to the Capital of the United States, is one of marked interest in history, and one upon which the people of this country, and the world, ought to have correct information. Hitherto I have kept silent upon this subject, and probably might have continued so much longer, but that historians are now writing up the important events of the last seven years—a period the most exciting in the life-time of this Nation—up to the present stage of its existence, and I deem it proper to lay the following brief statement before the public in connection with this event. I am induced, moreover, to take this step from the fact of the publication, in the second volume of Lossing's History of the War of the Rebellion, of a letter from John A. Kennedy, Esq., Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police of New York City, dated New York, August 13, 1867, in which Mr. Kennedy speaks of the acts of himself and his detective force, in discovering the plot for the assassination of President Lincoln, on his passage through Baltimore, *en route* to Washington, for inauguration as President. This letter has had so wide a circulation in the press of the United States that it will be unnecessary for me to insert the whole of it here. I merely desire to call attention to the following words:

"I know nothing of any connection of Mr. Pinkerton with the matter."

That is to say, Mr. Kennedy knew nothing of my connection with the passage of Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg, *via* Philadelphia, to Washington, on the 22d of February, 1861. In this respect Mr. Kennedy spoke the truth: he did *not know* of my connection with the passage of Mr. Lincoln, nor was it my intention that he *should*

know of it. Secrecy is the one thing most necessary to the success of the detective, and when a secret is to be kept, the fewer who know of it the better. It was unnecessary for Mr. Kennedy to know of my connection with that passage, and hence he was not apprised of it. I am aware that Mr. Kennedy is a loyal man, and has done much service for the Union cause; but it was not necessary that every Unionist should be informed that Mr. Lincoln was about to make an important movement. Therefore the secret was imparted only to those whom it was necessary should know it. With this preface, my statement will be brief:

About the middle of January, 1861, I was in Philadelphia, and had an interview on other matters with S. M. Felton, Esq., at that time president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, in which Mr. Felton mentioned that he had suspicions that the Secessionists of Maryland were bound to injure his road, either by destroying the ferry-boat which carried the trains across the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace, or by the destruction of the railroad bridges over the Gunpowder River and other streams. Mr. Felton felt very desirous to protect his road from injury or obstruction by the "Secessionists," as they were at that time called, but afterwards more familiarly known as "Rebels," who were then busily engaged in plotting the treason which shortly afterwards culminated in open rebellion. Mr. Felton well knew that the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad was the only connecting link between the great commercial emporium of the United States and the capital of the nation, and appreciated fully the necessity of keeping that link unbroken. He desired that I would consider the matter fully, and, promising to do so, I returned to my home in Chicago.

On the 27th of January, 1861, I wrote to Mr. Felton my views upon this subject. They were not given in connection with secession, but as to what detective ability might do to discover the

plots and plans of those who might be contemplating the destruction of any portion of this great and important link between New York and Washington.

On the 30th of January, I received a telegram from Mr. Felton, requesting me to come to Philadelphia, and take with me such of my force as might be necessary, with a view to commencing the detective operations to which I had alluded in my letter to him of the 27th.

On the 1st of February, 1861, I accordingly left Chicago with such of my detective force, male and female, as I thought adequate for the purpose required. We duly arrived in Philadelphia, and after consultation with Messrs. Felton and Stearns, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, I repaired with my force to Baltimore and there established my headquarters.

While engaged in the investigations spoken of, as relating to the safety of the P. W. & B. R. R. track, myself and detectives accidently acquired the knowledge that a plot was in existence for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln on his passage through Baltimore to Washington, to be inaugurated as President. The plot was well conceived, and would, I am convinced, have been effective for the purpose designed. This information was acquired by me while in the service of the P. W. & B. R. R., who were paying me for my services; and although I felt impelled by my sense of duty and my long friendship for Mr. Lincoln, (we both being old citizens of Illinois), to impart the same to him, yet knowing the loyalty of Mr. Felton, I desired his acquiescence in doing so. I accordingly imparted the information of the plot to Mr. Stearns, and through him to Mr. Felton, and received from both those gentlemen the authority to impart the fact to Hon. Norman B. Judd, the warm and intimate personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, who was accompanying the President-elect on the tour from Springfield to Washington.

Nothing further, I believe, is necessary from myself on this affair, as the evidence which accompanies this statement is all that is necessary to show how far I speak truthfully. It would be egotistical on my part to parade before the public my acts. I hold proofs in addition to those which are now furnished to the public, in my possession. A few words more, and those only in relation to one who is now dead, a martyr to the cause of the Union, who lies in unhallowed soil

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

I allude to Timothy Webster, one of my detective force, who accompanied me upon this eventful oecasion. He served faithfully as a detective amongst the secessionists of Maryland, and acquired many valuable and important secrets. He, amongst all of the force who went with me, deserves the credit of saving the life of Mr. Lincoln, even more than I do. He was a native of Princeton, New Jersey, a life-long Democrat, but he felt and realized with Jackson, that the Union must and should be preserved. He continued in my detective service, and after I assumed charge of the secret service of the Army of the Potomac, under Major-General McClellan, Mr. Webster was most of the time within the rebel lines. True, he was called a spy, and martial law says that a spy, when convicted, shall die. Still spies are necessary in war, ever have been and ever will be. Timothy Webster was arrested in Richmond, and upon the testimony of members of a "secesh" family in Washington, named Levi, for whom I had done some acts of kindness, he was convicted as a spy, and executed by order of Jefferson Davis, on the 30th of April, 1862. His name is unknown to fame; but few were truer or more devoted to the Union cause than was Timothy Webster.

With this statement, I herewith subjoin the following letters, which are proof of my participation in the passage of Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg, *via* Philadelphia, to Washington, on the night of

the 22d of February, 1861. As I have before said, it was unnecessary that Mr. Kennedy should know aught of the movement that was going on, and I did not advise him of it; although I am informed that he was on the same train and occupied the third berth in the same sleeping car from that where Mr. Lincoln lay on that eventful night of his passage to Washington from Philadelphia.

ALLAN PINKERTON

MR. LINCOLN'S STATEMENT.

Extract from Lossing's History of the Civil War—V. I. p. 278

"Mr. Judd, a warm personal friend from Chicago, sent for me to come to his room (at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia), Feb. 21st. I went, and found there Mr. Pinkerton, a skillful police detective, also from Chicago, who had been employed for some days in Baltimore, watching or searching for suspicious persons there. Pinkerton informed me that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time when I expected to go through Baltimore being publicly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He urged me to go right through with him to Washington that night. I didn't like that. I had made engagements to visit Harrisburg, and go from there to Baltimore, and I resolved to do so. I could not believe that there was a plot to murder me. I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night, if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore. I told him that if I should meet at Harrisburg, as I had at other places, a delegation to go with me to the next place, (Baltimore,) I should feel safe and go on. When I was making my way back to my room, through crowds of people, I met Frederick Seward. We went together to my room, when he told me that he had been sent, at the instance of his father and General Scott, to inform me that their detectives in Baltimore had discovered a plot there to assassinate me. *They knew nothing of Mr. Pinkerton's movements.* I now believed such a plot to be in existence."

LETTERS.

[Letter of S. M. Felton, Esq.]

Thurlow, Dec. 31st, 1867.

Allan Pinkerton, Esq.

Dear Sir: In answer to your inquiries as to your agency in ferreting out the plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, on his first journey to Washington, and in aiding him on his journey to the Capital, prior to his inauguration in 1861, I have to say, that early in that year, and while I was president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, I employed you as a detective to ascertain the truth or falsity of certain rumors that had come to my ear as to the designs of the secessionists upon our road, etc. I told you only a part of the rumors that I had heard, only sufficient to put you on the track. You employed a force of some eight or nine assistants, and among other things, made certain to my mind that there was a thoroughly matured plot to assassinate the President-elect, on his journey to Washington. After which I met you at a hotel in Philadelphia, on the evening of Mr. Lincoln's arrival there, in company with Mr. Judd, Mr. Lincoln's intimate friend, when the whole plot was made known to him. After which Mr. Lincoln was seen by you and Mr. Judd, and made acquainted with all the facts. He declined to go to Washington in our sleeping car that night, as was my advice, but said that after going to Harrisburg the next day he would put himself in our hands. It was then arranged that he should be brought from Harrisburg to Philadelphia the next night by special train, and then go to Washington by our night line in the sleeping car, accompanied by yourself and one or two of his friends. The telegraph lines in all directions were cut, so that no tidings of his movements could be sent from Harrisburg, and all was carried out successfully.

In all these movements you were the only detective employed by me, and the only one who was conversant with Mr. Lincoln's movements, so far as I knew. All the movements of the train, in which Mr. Lincoln went from Philadelphia, were under my directions, and no other detective than yourself had any connection with them in any way, unless it might have been as an ordinary passenger.

You certainly were the only one who gave me any information upon the subject, or who had anything to do with the planning of the journey, or who had accompanied Mr. Lincoln, as a detective officer, and *quasi* guard.

Mr. George Stearns, then roadmaster, and Mr. William Stearns, then Superintendent, went with you, one to Baltimore, and the other from Baltimore to Washington.

I have written a full account of the events prior to Mr. Lincoln's first journey, of the journey itself, and of the events immediately subsequent to the same, for Mr. Lossing, and have detailed therein more fully the part you had in them all, and I refer you to that when published for all the particulars.

Yours truly,

S. M. FELTON.

[Letter of Hon. N. B. Judd.]

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 3d, 1867.

Mr. Allan Pinkerton.

Sir:—Yours of the 31st ult., enclosing a letter of Mr. Kennedy to Mr. Lossing, relating to the conspiracy to assassinate Mr. Lincoln on his passage through Baltimore in February, 1861, and printed in the second volume of Mr. Lossing's "History of the War," I found on my table last evening, on my return from the country.

Notwithstanding the various publications in the papers, purporting to give accounts of that matter, some of which were grossly inaccurate, I have refrained from publishing anything in relation thereto; but the historian is making a permanent record, and I cannot, in justice to you, refuse to make a statement of the facts, within my personal knowledge.

As you suggest, I was one of the party who accompanied Mr. Lincoln from Springfield to Washington. When the party reached Cincinnati, I received a letter from you, dated at Baltimore, stating that there was a plot on foot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln on his passage through that city, and that you would communicate further as the party progressed Eastward.

Knowing that you were at that point, with your detective force, for the purpose of protecting the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad against the attempt by the traitors to destroy the same, the information thus sent made a deep impression upon me, but to avoid causing anxiety on the part of Mr. Lincoln, or any of the party, I kept this information to myself. At Buffalo I received a second brief note from you saying that the evidence was accumulating. No further communication on that subject was received until we arrived in the city of New York. In the evening of the day of our arrival at the Astor House, a servant came to my room and informed me that there was a lady in No. —, who wished to see me. Gen. Pope was in my room at the time. I followed the servant to one of the upper rooms of the hotel, where, upon entering, I found a lady seated at a table with some papers before her. She arose as I entered and said, "Mr. Judd, I presume," and I responded, "Yes, madam," and she handed me a letter from you, introducing her as Mrs. Warne, superintendent of the female detective department of your police force. She stated that you did not like to trust the mail in so important a matter, and that she had been sent to arrange for a personal interview between yourself and me, at which all the proofs relating to the conspiracy could be

submitted to me. It was accordingly arranged that immediately after the arrival of the party in Philadelphia you should notify me at what place I should meet you. I informed her that I should be in the carriage with Mr. Lincoln from the depot to the Continental Hotel. During this interview with Mrs. Warne, Col. E. S. Sanford, president of the American Telegraph Company, called and Mrs. Warne introduced him to me. He showed me a letter from you to him, relating to this affair, and tendered me the use of his lines for any communication I might have to make, and also his personal service if needed.

At Philadelphia, while riding from the dépôt to the hotel, in the carriage with Mr. Lincoln, a file of policemen being on each side of the carriage, I saw a young man walking on the outside of the line of policemen who was evidently trying to attract my attention. At about the corner of Broad and Chestnut sts. the young man crowded through the line of policemen, nearly upsetting two of them, came to the side of the carriage and handed me a piece of paper on which was written, "St. Louis Hotel, ask for J. H. Hutchinson." I afterwards ascertained that this messenger was Mr. Burns, one of Col. Sanford's telegraphic force.

Immediately after the arrival of the carriage at the Continental I went to the St. Louis Hotel, and being shown up to Hutchinson's room I found you and Mr. S. M. Felton, President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, together awaiting my arrival. An hour and more was spent in examining and analyzing the proofs upon which you based your belief in the plot, and the result was a perfect conviction, on the part of Mr. Felton and myself, that the plot was a reality, and that Mr. Lincoln's safety required him to proceed to Washington that evening in the eleven o'clock train. I expressed the opinion that Mr. Lincoln would not go that night, but I proposed that you should immediately accompany me to the Continental Hotel, and lay the proofs before Mr. Lincoln, as he was an old acquaintance and

friend of yours, and to my knowledge had occasion before this time to test your reliability and prudence. On proceeding to the hotel we found the people assembled in such masses that our only means of entrance was through the rear by the servants' door. We went to my room, which was on the same floor with the ladies' parlor, and sent for Mr. Lincoln. He was then in one of the large parlors, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen. I think Mr. Nicolay, his private secretary, took the message to him. Mr. Lincoln came to my room, forcing his way through the crowd, and all the proofs and facts were laid before him in detail, he canvassing them and subjecting you to a thorough cross-examination. After this had been done, I stated to him the conclusion to which Mr. Felton, yourself and myself had arrived. "But," I added, "the proofs that have now been laid before you cannot be published"—as it would involve the lives of several of Mr. Pinkerton's force, and especially that of poor Tim Webster, who was then serving in a rebel cavalry company, under drill at Perryman's in Maryland. I further remarked to Mr. Lincoln, "If you follow the course suggested—of proceeding to Washington to-night—you will necessarily be subjected to the scoffs and sneers of your enemies, and the disapproval of your friends, who cannot be made to believe in the existence of so desperate a plot."

Mr. Lincoln replied that he "appreciated these suggestions," but that he "could stand anything that was necessary." Then rising from his seat he said "I cannot go to-night. I have promised to raise the flag over Independence Hall to-morrow morning, and to visit the Legislature at Harrisburg, beyond that I have no engagements. Any plan that may be adopted that will enable me to fulfil these two promises I will carry out, and you can tell me what is concluded upon to-morrow." Mr. Lincoln then left the room, without any apparent agitation. During this interview Col. Ward H. Lamon entered the room, but left immediately. A few minutes after, Mr. Henry Sanford, as the representative of Col.

E. S. Sanford, president of the American Telegraph Co., came into the room. You then left for the purpose of finding Thomas A. Scott, Esq., Vice-president of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and also to notify Mr. Felton, who was waiting at the La Pierre House, of your report of the interview with Mr. Lincoln.

About twelve o'clock you returned, bringing with you Mr. G. C. Franciscus, General Manager of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, saying that you were not able to find Mr. Scott, who was out of town.

A full discussion of the entire matter was had between us, the party consisting of Mr. Franciscus, Mr. Sanford, yourself and myself. After all the contingencies that could be imagined had been discussed the following programme was adopted: That after the reception at Harrisburg, a special train should leave the latter place at six p. m., consisting of a baggage car and one passenger car to convey Mr. Lincoln and one companion back to Philadelphia; that that train was to be under the control of Mr. Franciscus and Mr. Enoch Lewis, General Superintendent; that the track was to be cleared of everything between Harrisburg and Philadelphia from half-past five until after the passage of the special train; that Mr. Felton should detain the eleven o'clock p. m. Baltimore train until the arrival of the special train from Harrisburg; that Mrs. Warne should engage berths in the sleeping car bound for Baltimore; that you should meet Mr. Lincoln with a carriage at West Philadelphia, on the arrival of the special train, and carry him to the Baltimore train; that Mr. Sanford was to make it perfectly certain that no telegraphic message should pass over the wires from six o'clock the next evening until Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington was known; that Ward H. Lamon should accompany Mr. Lincoln.

Every supposed possible contingency was discussed and rediscussed, and the party separated at half-past four that morning

to carry out the programme agreed upon. At six that morning Mr. Lincoln fulfilled his promise by raising the flag over Independence Hall, and I have always believed that the tinge of sadness which pervaded his remarks on that occasion, and the reference to sacrificing himself for his country, were induced by the incidents of the night preceding.

Later in the morning—and I think about eight o'clock—Mr. Lincoln sent for me to come to his room. I went and found Mr. Frederick W. Seward with Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln said to me that Mr. Seward had been sent from Washington by his father to warn him of danger in passing through Baltimore, and to urge him to come directly to Washington. I do not think that Mr. Seward stated to me the facts upon which his father's convictions were founded, but the knowledge that an entirely independent line of testimony to that which you had furnished the preceding night, had led Gov. Seward to the same conclusion, that there was danger, strengthened my own convictions of the propriety of the course marked out. I told Mr. Seward that he could say to his father that all had been arranged, and that so far as human foresight could predict, Mr. Lincoln would be in Washington at six a. m. the next day; that he understood the absolute necessity for secrecy in the matter. I do not think I gave him any of the details, but I am not positive on that point.

After the train left Philadelphia for Harrisburg, and as soon as I could get a word with Mr. Lincoln alone, I told him the proposed plan of operations, and that I felt exceedingly the responsibility, as no member of the party had been informed of anything connected with the matter, and that it was due to the gentlemen of the party that they should be advised with and consulted in so important a step. It is proper to add that Col. Lamon, Mr. Nicolay and Col. Ellsworth knew that something was on foot, but very judiciously refrained from asking questions. To the above suggestion Mr. Lincoln assented, adding, "I reckon they will

laugh at us, Judd, but you had better get them together." It was arranged that after the reception at the State House, and before dinner, the matter should be fully laid before the following gentlemen of the party: Judge David Davis, Col. Sumner, Major David Hunter, Capt. John Pope, Ward H. Lamon and John G. Nicolay.

The meeting thus arranged took place in the parlor of the hotel, Mr. Lincoln being present. The facts were laid before them by me, together with the details of the proposed plan of action. There was a diversity of opinion and some warm discussion, and I was subjected to a very rigid cross-examination. Judge Davis, who had expressed no opinion but contented himself with asking rather pointed questions, turned to Mr. Lincoln, who had been listening to the whole discussion, and said: "Well, Mr. Lincoln, what is your judgment upon this matter?" Mr. Lincoln replied: "I have thought over this matter considerably since I went over the ground with Pinkerton last night. The appearance of Mr. Frederick Seward, with warning from another source, confirms my belief in Mr. Pinkerton's statement. Unless there are some other reasons, besides fear of ridicule, I am disposed to carry out Judd's plan." Judge Davis then said: "That settles the matter, gentlemen." Col. Sumner said: "So be it, gentlemen. It is against my judgment, but I have undertaken to go to Washington with Mr. Lincoln and I shall do it." I tried to convince him that every additional person added to the risk, but the spirit of the gallant old soldier was up, and debate was useless.

The party separated about four p. m., the others to go to the dinner table, and myself to go to the railroad station and the telegraph office. At a quarter to six I was back at the hotel, and Mr. Lincoln was still at the table. In a few moments the carriage drove up to the side door of the hotel. Either Mr. Nicolay or Mr. Lamon called Mr. Lincoln from the table. He went to his room, changed his dinner dress for a traveling suit, and came down with a soft hat sticking in his pocket, and his shawl on his

arm. As the party passed through the hall, I said in a low tone: "Lamon, go ahead. As soon as Mr. Lincoln is in the carriage, drive off. The crowd must not be allowed to identify him." Mr. Lamon went first to the carriage. Col. Sumner was following close after Mr. Lincoln. I put my hand gently on his shoulder. He turned round to see what was wanted, and before I had time to explain the carriage was off. The situation was a little awkward, to use no stronger terms, for a few moments. I said to the Colonel: "When we get to Washington Mr. Lincoln shall determine what apology is due to you." Mr. Franciscus and Mr. Lewis, in charge of that special train, took Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Lamon safely to West Philadelphia, and at that station you met them with a carriage and took them to the Baltimore train, and Mr. Lincoln immediately retired to his berth in the sleeping car. No one but the persons herein named, not even his own family, knew where Mr. Lincoln was, until the next morning's telegraph announced that he was in Washington. To get away from questioning, I went to my room about nine o'clock and staid there until about one, when a dispatch reached me from Philadelphia saying that to that point all was right.

Mr. Kennedy can test the accuracy of these facts, as to whom credit is due for arranging for the safety of Mr. Lincoln, by reference to the gentlemen named herein, and I have purposely given these in detail so that any doubting person can verify or contradict them.

On our journey to Washington I had seen how utterly helpless the party were, even amongst friends and with a loyal police force, as Gen. Hunter had his shoulders broken in Buffalo in the crowd and jam.

The same spirit that slaughtered the Massachusetts soldiers at Baltimore; that laid low, by the hand of an assassin, that great and good man at the commencement of his second term, had pre-

pared to do that deed to prevent his first inauguration, and I know that the first warning of danger that Mr. Lincoln received came from you, and that his passage, in safety, through Baltimore, was accomplished in the manner above described.

Respectfully yours,
N. B. JUDD

[Letter of William Stearns.]

Philadelphia, Penn., Dec. 4th, 1867.

Allan Pinkerton, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: In the early part of January, 1861, I had a conversation with Mr. Felton in relation to our road. I was, at that time, Master Machinist of the road. We had received some reports that our road would be destroyed by Southern secessionists, and Washington thus cut off from railroad communication with the North. In conversation with Col. Bingham, Superintendent Adams Express, he advised Mr. Felton to see you in regard to the matter. Mr. Felton wrote to you upon the subject with a view to securing your services and those of your force that might be deemed advisable, in ascertaining if the secessionists had any designs upon our road, and if so, what they were. In the meantime I went to Baltimore on several different occasions and still heard these reports about the destruction of our road. In the meantime you arrived from Chicago with part of your force which was stationed between Baltimore and Havre De Grace. I learned of two companies being formed, one at Perrymansville and one at Bel Air; from information I received, I was satisfied they were formed for the purpose of destroying our road. Mr. Felton and mysclf met you in Baltimore after you became established in that city and ar-

ranged for a cypher to be used between us in the transmission of messages.

On the night of Feb. 9th I sent you a letter as follows: "Yours of the 6th inst. received. I am informed that a son of a distinguished citizen of Maryland said that he had taken an oath with others to assassinate Mr. Lincoln before he gets to Washington, and they may attempt to do it while he is passing over our road. I think you had better look after this man if possible. This information is perfectly reliable. I have nothing more to say at this time I shall try and see you in a few days."

On Feb. 17th, 1861, I sent a telegram to you requesting you to meet me at the President Street Depot, in Baltimore, at 4.30 p. m. On the 18th you telegraphed me in reply that you had so much to say to me that it would take considerable time, and asking me if I would not remain over night in Baltimore, as you inferred from my dispatch that it was my intention to arrive on the 4.30 p. m. train, and leave on the 5.15 p. m. train. On the 18th of February I sent you another dispatch, saying that if we did not get through with our interview I would remain over.

On my arrival at Baltimore at the time specified, you informed me that you had received much valuable information, and had learned that my information was correct in regard to the plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln. And you gave me what information you had acquired with regard to the plot. I felt very solicitous for the safety of Mr. Lincoln; but there was a delicacy with me in relation to the matter, in regard to the action to be taken, inasmuch as the programme of the route of Mr. Lincoln to Washington was published as via Northern Central Railroad, from Harrisburg to Baltimore, and that road was considered, to some extent, as a competing road to our road from North to South. But it was finally concluded that it was best that you should communicate at once with Mr. Judd, a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln's, upon this subject, and that you should see Mr. Felton on the 21st, in Phila-

delphia. You accordingly wrote me that you had written Mr.Judd, informing him of the particulars of the plot, and had sent it to him, in New York, by a trusty messenger.

On the 21st of February you met Mr. Felton in Philadelphia, and he informed you that he had received from me all the information you had given me while in Baltimore.

On the 22d of February you met Mr. Felton, my brother George, Mr. Kenney and myself at Mr. Felton's office, in the depot at Philadelphia. After considerable discussion as to what course to pursue, it was finally determined that I should go to Baltimore and make arrangements for the holding of the train from there to Washington, should that be necessary, as it had been determined on the night of the 21st by Mr. Lincoln, that he would go to Harrisburg on the morning of the 22d and return to Philadelphia on the same night, and take our night train from there to Baltimore and thence to Washington. And in case that train should be delayed, the Washington train from Baltimore would be kept until it arrived, and my brother George was directed to telegraph me from Wilmington when the train passed there, as it was deemed unsafe to do so from Philadelphia. The arrangement also was that if the train was likely to arrive in Baltimore on time I should say nothing to the officers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad about the matter.

On the night of the 22d of February, 1861, Mr. Kenney and yourself met Mr. Lincoln at the West Philadelphia Depot, and took him in a carriage over to the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Depot. Mr. Lincoln took a berth in the sleeping car, and at eleven p. m. the train left the depot for Washington. I met you in our depot at Baltimore, went into the sleeping car and whispered in your ear "all is right," which seemed to be welcome news to you—it certainly was to me. Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington without even the officers of the train knowing that he was aboard.

On the arrival of Mr. Lincoln in Washington, I followed him and yourself and saw you safely in a carriage bound for Willard's Hotel.

On the 26th of February I met you at the President Street Depot in Baltimore, where we talked over what had transpired—the disappointment of the secessionists and the failure of their plans to assassinate the President. I then informed you that Mr. Felton desired that you should remain in Baltimore or Washington, as the case might be, until after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and that you should keep Mr. Judd informed of any attempt that might be made to assassinate Mr. Lincoln on the day of his inauguration. After such services being rendered to the satisfaction of the officers of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, your bill was paid by the railroad company.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM STEARNS.

[Letter of H. F. Kenney, Esq.]

Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore R. R. Co.,

Philadelphia, Dec. 23d, 1867.

Allan Pinkerton, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—The pressure of my office duties has been such as to place it out of my power to reply sooner to your letter of 13th inst., expressing a wish for a more detailed statement than I gave you in mine of the 10th inst., respecting the journey of President Lincoln from this city to Washington, on the night of Feb. 22d, 1861.

You and I met for the first time on the afternoon of that day in the office of Mr. S. M. Felton, the president of this company. Mr. Felton himself and Mr. William Stearns, then Master Mechan-

ic of this road, being present. These conclusions were arrived at, as to the best arrangements that could be made for getting President Lincoln to Washington in such a way as to defeat the plans which were believed to have been matured for the assassination, and to baffle the vigilance with which his movements were watched by those concerned in that nefarious project.

The arrangements having been decided upon, I proceeded to carry out the portion of them assigned to myself. In so doing I gave orders to the conductor (Mr. John Litzenberg) of the 10.50 p. m. train of that night, not to start his train until he had instructions to do so from myself in person. By way of precluding surmises as to the reason for this order, Mr. Litzenberg was informed that he would receive from my own hand an important parcel which President Felton desired should be delivered early in the morning to Mr. E. J. Allen, at Willard's Hotel, in Washington.

Then at a later hour I was to meet you at depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at West Philadelphia, in order to bring President Lincoln from that point to our depot, so timing his arrival at the latter place as to secure, as far as possible, against his presence there being noticed. Accordingly, I proceeded to the West Philadelphia depot, and we met there at about 10 p. m. We had to wait but a short time when a special train arrived with but one passenger car attached, from which President Lincoln, with Mr. Ward H. Lamon and a few other gentlemen, officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, alighted. Upon their alighting, I had the honor of being introduced by you to President Lincoln, and he, with Mr. Lamon, forthwith got into the carriage which had been provided by you, and the driver of which was placed by you under my directions as to his movements, so that these might be regulated with a view of reaching our depot a few minutes after the regular starting time of our train. This required that we should while away time; for the train from Harris-

burg had arrived considerably earlier than was anticipated. Accordingly, after you had taken your seat in the carriage with President Lincoln and Mr. Lamon, I took mine alongside of the driver, and directing him first down Market Street as far as Nineteenth, then up that street as far as Vine Street, and thence to Seventeenth Street, requesting him to proceed down that street slowly as if on the lookout for someone, towards our depot. Upon reaching the immediate neighborhood of the depot, the carriage was turned into the nearest cross street (Carpenter), so that its occupants might alight in the shadow of the yard fence there. The President and Mr. Lamon under your guidance then entered the depot and passed through to the sleeping car, where you had secured berths for them. I followed at a short distance, and delivering to the conductor the parcel he was to wait for, gave orders for the train to start. It was at once put in motion, the time being 10.55 p. m., five minutes after the regular time for starting.

These are the particulars so far as my agency was involved in carrying out the programme.

Very truly yours,
H. F. KENNEY,
Superintendent.

[Letter of G. C. Franciscus, Esq.]

Pennsylvania Railroad Company,
Office of General Agent, 3003 *Market St.*,
West Philadelphia, November 5th, 1867.

Allan Pinkerton, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—In reply to yours of the 31st ult., I submit the following statement:

On the night of February 21st, 1861, between 11 and 12 o'clock, you called at my office at West Philadelphia and requested

me to accompany you to the Continental Hotel. On my way there you stated that a plot existed to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, while on his way through Baltimore, and you desired to arrange for a special train to bring him from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, on the following night, Feb. 22d, to leave the former place about dark, and arrive here in time to take the 11 p. m. train for Washington. I replied that it could be done. When we reached the hotel you conducted me to a room where we found Mr. Judd and several others. The details of the proposed trip were discussed and arranged conditionally. Mr. Lincoln not having fully decided to yield to the wishes of his friends, reserved his final decision until morning.

On the following morning, Feb. 22d, after we had left West Philadelphia, with Mr. Lincoln and party, Mr. Judd said to me: "Mr. Frederick Seward arrived from Washington, bringing a note from his father and Gen. Scott, the contents of which have decided Mr. Lincoln, and the trip will be made as arranged by Mr. Pinkerton last night."

Mr. Enoch Lewis (our General Superintendent at that time) being on the train, I informed him of the arrangements made with you, and he joined me in perfecting and carrying them out.

We left Harrisburg between 5 and 6 p. m., with Mr. Lincoln, and on arrival at West Philadelphia found you waiting with a carriage to take him to the Baltimore depot.

In regard to the mode of Mr. Lincoln's leaving the hotel, at Harrisburg, I will state that I called at Coverly's with a carriage, at the hour agreed upon, and found him dining with a large company, which it was difficult for him to leave without attracting attention. After several unsuccessful attempts he finally rose, took Gov. Curtin's arm, and walked out the front hall door, across the pavement into the carriage, dressed just as he left the table, with the single exception of a soft wool hat that he drew from his

coat pocket and put on; he had neither cloak, overcoat nor shawl, but as we approached Philadelphia, I gave him my overcoat, which he wore until he was seated with you and Mr. Lamon in the carriage.

Referring to your last question, I would say that nothing unusual occurred on the trip from Harrisburg to Philadelphia.

The party in the car consisted of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lamon, Mr. Enoch Lewis, John Pitcairn, Jr., and myself.

Yours respectfully,
G. C. FRANCISCUS,
General Agent Pennsylvania Railroad.

[Letter of Enoch Lewis, Esq.]

Philadelphia, Penn., November 7th, 1867.

Allan Pinkerton, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your favor of the 31st ult., I would say that on the 21st of Feb., 1861, I was in Philadelphia in the way of business as General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to arrange for the movement of Mr. Lincoln, then President-elect of the United States, by special train from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, on the 22d inst.; it being understood that he was to proceed on the 23d from Harrisburg, by the Northern Central Railroad to Baltimore and thence to Washington. On that evening (the 21st), I met Mr. Judd in Philadelphia by appointment, in company with Mr. G. C. Franciscus, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Division, Pennsylvania Railroad, and was informed by him that in consequence of the apprehended danger of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln whilst passing through Baltimore, it was desired to change his route to the capital, and to bring him back privately from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, on

the evening of the 22d, and to take him by the regular night train from Philadelphia to Washington, through Baltimore. I, of course, agreed to make any necessary arrangements so far as our road was concerned. On the 22d of Feb., I accompanied Mr. Lincoln in the special train from Philadelphia to Harrisburg; arrangements were quietly made for a special train, ostensibly to take Division Superintendent and myself back to the city; it was stationed just below the town soon after dark, where I awaited the coming of Mr. Lincoln. Early in the evening Mr. Franciscus brought Mr. Lincoln, accompanied only by Ward H. Lamon, to it. We started, and without interruption reached Philadelphia in time for the night train to Washington. The only persons on the train which was run from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, on the evening of the 22d, besides the engineer and fireman, were Messrs. Lincoln and Ward H. Lamon, G. C. Franciscus, Division Superintendent; John Pitcairn, Jr., in charge of telegraph instrument; T. E. Garrett, General Baggage Agent, and myself. When the train reached West Philadelphia you met us at the platform and escorted Messrs. Lincoln and Lamon to a carriage into which I saw you three get, and drive rapidly away in the direction of the Baltimore Depot.

I saw no change in Mr. Lincoln's costume except that during the day he wore a silk or beaver hat, and in the evening one of soft felt.

Respectfully,
ENOCH LEWIS,
Formerly Gen. Supt. Penn. R. R.

[Letter of John Pitcairn, Jr., Esq.]

Philadelphia, and Erie Railroad
Superintendent's Office, Middle Div.,

Renovo, Penn., Nov. 23d, 1867.

Allan Pinkerton, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 9th inst., asking me for a statement in regard to the passage of Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg to Philadelphia on the night of the 22d of February, 1861, is at hand. I was on the special train which conveyed the Presidential party from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, having with me a telegraphic instrument in order to connect with the wires should an accident occur making it necessary.

Shortly after the arrival of the train at Harrisburg, Mr. G. C. Franciscus, Superintendent, directed me to proceed with a locomotive and passenger car to a road-crossing at the lower end of Harrisburg, and there to await his coming.

About dusk a carriage was driven up and Messrs. G. C. Franciscus, Enoch Lewis, W. H. Lamon and finally Mr. Lincoln stepped out and entered the passenger car, the signal was given to the engineer, and we were on our way to Philadelphia.

The lamps of the car were not lighted, and in darkness we went swiftly along until we reached Downingtown, where we stopped for water for the locomotive.

At this place all the gentlemen excepting Mr. Lincoln got out of the car for a lunch. A cup of tea and a roll was taken to him in the car.

We were soon again on our way to Philadelphia, where we arrived between ten and eleven o'clock.

A carriage was found waiting, into which Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Lamon stepped, and were driven rapidly off without attracting the

least attention, not even the engineer or fireman of the train knowing of the illustrious passenger they had conveyed from Harrisburg to Philadelphia.

Mr. Lincoln on this occasion wore a light felt hat and had a gentleman's shawl thrown over his shoulders when he stepped from the carriage to the car at Harrisburg. He did not, however wear the shawl in stepping out of the car at Philadelphia.

This is all that I know personally in regard to the matter.

I afterwards learned, however, from Mr. Franciscus that you had an interview with Mr. Lincoln at the Continental Hotel the evening previous, and had informed him of the probability of his assassination in Baltimore, and after considerable difficulty he was persuaded to go to Washington *incognito* in the manner stated.

Yours truly,
JOHN PITCAIRN, JR.

[Letter of Geo. R. Dunn, Esq.]

The New Jersey Express Company,
Superintendent's Office,

Newark, N. J., November 7th, 1867.

Allan Pinkerton, Esq., Pinkerton's National Police Agency,

Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 31st ult., covering some printed extracts from Lossing's History, did not reach me until the evening of the 5th inst., owing to my absence on business.

On reading your letter and the extracts, I was somewhat surprised to see that others were trying to take the credit of Mr.

Lincoln's trip from Philadelphia to Washington, when it does not belong to them.

My recollection of the facts is perfectly plain, and as facts seem to be much wanted in this matter, I will relate them:

I distinctly recollect that February morning, when you entered my office, Chestnut Street, near Third, Philadelphia, about 6.30, and said you desired my assistance, immediately, in an important matter; it was imperative that I should go to Baltimore in the 8 a. m. train; when at Baltimore to proceed to a given place and meet some party to whom I was directed by you. After seeing this party, and communicating my business, I was to telegraph you, and return by the afternoon train to Philadelphia, and communicate with Mrs. Warne, whom I knew by sight, and whom I would find in the ladies' room at the Baltimore Depot. In my conversation with Mrs. Warne, whom I met according to agreement, she told me that you desired me to purchase tickets and sleeping car berths for an invalid friend, you and herself, and to make such arrangements for getting the party into the car quietly, as quiet was necessary for the invalid—also to stay until you arrived. In turning the matter over in my mind, I thought the best berths under the circumstances would be the rear ones, so I got the tickets for them and made an arrangement with the person in charge of the sleeping car to have the rear door opened when I desired. This person's name was Knox. At first he declined, but on explanation of the fact that it was for the accommodation of an invalid, who would arrive late, and did not desire to be carried through the narrow passageway of the crowded car, he consented to the arrangement. After this was effected, I waited on Mrs. Warne, in the ladies' room, told her what I had done, at which she expressed her satisfaction, and requested to be shown to her berth in the car, which was done.

I then took my position on the platform, and waited until yourself and party arrived, which you did, about five minutes

before eleven. That party consisted of Mr. Lincoln, yourself and another, whom I was subsequently informed was a Mr. Lamon. Mr. Lincoln was dressed in an ordinary sack overcoat, felt hat (I think they were called Kossuth hats) with a muffler around his throat, and carried a traveling bag in his hand. So soon as the party was on the train the cars were started. I think the railroad officers who detained that train for the special purpose could bear testimony as to whose instigation the train was delayed, and give evidence of your part of the transaction.

There may be some points that I have left out, but the facts of this letter are not to be denied.

Respectfully yours,
GEO. R. DUNN.

[Letter of Gov. Curtin.]

Bellefonte, December 8th, 1867.

Sir:—You ask me in your letter of the 11th of November last to "give you a statement of what transpired between yourself and Mr. Lincoln upon the night prior to his leaving Harrisburg, and as to whether Mr. Lincoln was in any disguise at the time."

Mr. Lincoln arrived in Harrisburg about noon on the 22d of February, 1861, and as previously arranged, I met him at the entrance of the Jones House, on the corner of the Market Square of the city. We passed upstairs and then to a balcony, where he replied to some words of welcome which I addressed to him. He was then taken in a carriage to the hall of the House of Representatives, when he was addressed by the Speaker and made a reply. On our way back to the hotel he asked me to dine with him, and after we entered the house, communicated to me privately the fact that a conspiracy had been discovered to assassi-

nate him in Baltimore on his way through that city the next day. I remember quite well that Mr. Lincoln mentioned your name in connection with information he received on the way, and my impression is that he stated he met you in Philadelphia and there received the information from you. He said at the same time that definite information had been sent to him from Wm. H. Seward by his son Frederick. He then said his friends were anxious that he should go by way of Philadelphia as privately as possible, and that those who were informed of the conspiracy were extremely solicitous that he would not expose himself to the threatened danger in Baltimore. He seemed pained and surprised that a design to take his life existed, and although much concerned for his personal safety as well as for the peace of the country, he was very calm, and neither in his conversation or manner exhibited alarm or fear.

When he had determined to go to Washington by Philadelphia, and the arrangements were made, he put on his overcoat and hat (it was a felt hat such as were in common use at that time) and taking my arm we passed through the hall of the hotel and downstairs to a carriage in waiting at the door. We drove down the street and by the house in which I lived to the train. The halls, stairways and pavement in front of the house were much crowded, and no doubt the impression prevailed that Mr. Lincoln was going to the Executive Mansion with me. To avoid inquiries I remained in the house when repeated calls were made by persons who supposed he was there. It was regarded as eminently proper that it should not be generally known that Mr. Lincoln had left Harrisburg, but he neither assumed nor suggested any disguise of any kind.

No doubt the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Lincoln were privy to all the arrangements made in reference to his journey. I had no conversation with any of them that occurs to me now

on the subject. He gave me all the knowledge I had, and what was done was discussed before it occurred.

You thus have substantially the circumstances attending his visit to Harrisburg and his departure for Washington so far as I had any connection with the events.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

A. G. CURTIN.

ALLAN PINKERTON, ESQ.

[LETTER OF H. E. THAYER.]

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3d, 1867.

ALLAN PINKERTON, ESQ., Principal National Police Association, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of yours of 31st ult., enclosing "Extracts from Lossing's History of the Civil War," one of which is a copy of a letter from John A. Kennedy, General Superintendent Metropolitan Police, New York, in which Mr. Kennedy claims for himself and David S. Bookstaver, of the Metropolitan Police, the honor of having prevented the assassination of Mr. Lincoln at Baltimore in February, 1861. In your letter you request a statement of my connection in the matter, and what I know of it, viz.: The passage of Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg to Washington via Philadelphia and Baltimore, on the night of Feb. 22d, 1861.

In February, 1861, I was manager of the American Telegraph Office in this city. On the morning of the 22d of February I was introduced at my office by W. P. Westervelt, Superintendent, to Geo. H. Burns, confidential agent of E. S. Sanford, Esq., president of the American Telegraph Company, who informed me that a plot had been discovered in Baltimore to assassinate the Presi-

dent-elect on his passage through that city, and it had been arranged that Mr. Lincoln should go through from Harrisburg to Washington privately on the night of the 22d, and it was desired to prevent any possibility of the fact of the President's departure from Harrisburg being telegraphed from Harrisburg to Baltimore; that the telegraph wires on the line of the Northern Central Railroad, from Harrisburg to Baltimore, should be cut, so as to prevent communication from passing by that route, and asked if I had a trusty man to do the work. I replied that I had, and detailed Andrew Wynne, my lineman, for the service; provided him with a coil of copper wire and gave him instructions to attach a ground wire to each of the two line wires at the back of a pole, and if possible to cut the line wires and make the ground connections on both sides and leaving the line attached to the pole so that parties who might be sent out to hunt the difficulty would not discover the trouble for some time, at least, until long after Mr. Lincoln should have arrived at Washington.

W. P. Westervelt Esq., Superintendent, was to accompany Mr. Wynne to Harrisburg. They can speak for themselves as to how the work was done. Mr. Wynne reported on the 23d, having successfully accomplished his mission, having cut and grounded both wires.

On the morning of the 22d, I also promised Mr. Burns that I would myself be on duty at my office, during the night and until Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington, to see that no despatches passed over the wires from Harrisburg to Baltimore, giving information, and also to receive and deliver to the St. Louis Hotel any despatches that might come for "J. H. Hutchinson." I was on guard on that eventful night all night. Early in the evening a despatch came from Harrisburg for "J. H. Hutchinson," I think, from Burns, announcing the departure. No despatches came from Harrisburg to Baltimore.

Early on the morning of the 23d, a despatch was received, announcing the arrival of Mr. Lincoln in Washington, and that he was met at the depot by Hon. W. H. Seward. I then left the operating room and went home.

Mr. Burns afterwards informed me that Allan Pinkerton had saved Mr. Lincoln's life, and subsequently introduced me to you as Allan Pinkerton, *alias* J. H. Hutchinson.

This is the substance of my knowledge of the matter. I have always believed, and, in fact, know, that you took Mr. Lincoln from Philadelphia to Washington on that eventful night, and to you is due the honor of having saved the life of Mr. Lincoln and the country its President-elect.

Yours truly,
H. E. THAYER.

[Letter of Andrew Wynne, Esq.]

Philadelphia, Nov. 3d, 1867.

A. Pinkerton, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Your note of Oct. 31st received, and in reply have to state that I am the person who cut the wires between Harrisburg and Baltimore, for the purpose of preventing the report of Mr. Lincoln's departure on that occasion. The facts of the case are as follows:

On the morning of February 22d, 1861, I was employed in the office of the American Telegraph Company, Philadelphia, and received orders from H. E. Thayer Manager, to hold myself in readiness for important duty in the course of an hour. Before that time had expired, Mr. Thayer asked me if I had any objections to fix the wires of another company so as to prevent any communications passing over them. I answered I would not in

some cases. Mr. Thayer then stated that the life of President Lincoln was in great danger, and that he (Mr. Thayer) wanted some good man he could depend upon to cut the wires between Harrisburg and Baltimore. I replied, under that circumstance I would. He then gave me orders to proceed to Harrisburg in the next train in company with W. P. Westervelt, Superintendent. We proceeded to Harrisburg with necessary tools, fine copper wire, etc. Arriving in Harrisburg, we met Capt. Burns. We three then proceeded to the office of the telegraph company, and I traced the wires through the city and found the wires that were necessary to cut. Capt. Burns, W. P. Westervelt and myself walked south of the city about two miles. I then climbed the pole and put fine copper ground wire on wires between Harrisburg and Baltimore, which prevented all communication passing over them. I then returned to telegraph office in Harrisburg and asked the operator there to send a message for me to Baltimore—when the operator stated he could not, as all communication with Baltimore was cut off. I reported the fact to Capt. Burns and W. P. Westervelt. They thanked me, and requested me to stay in Harrisburg that night and return to Philadelphia next morning, which I did. When I returned I met Mr. Thayer. He told me he had been on duty all night so as to prevent any communication passing over the wires of the American Company. I received his thanks for the part which I had taken.

The foregoing is a truthful statement of what passed.

Yours respectfully,

ANDREW WYNNE.

CEREMONIES IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE BIRTH OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 12, 1909

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION
OF THE UNITED STATES,

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"I AM NOT BOUND TO WIN
BUT I AM BOUND TO BE TRUE."

—*Abraham Lincoln*

PHILADELPHIA, 1909

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SEEN FROM THE FIELD

By Brevet Major-General Joshua L. Chamberlain

Commander of First Division Fifth Corps Army of the Potomac.

Awarded the "Medal of Honor" under the resolution of Congress "for daring heroism, and great tenacity in holding his position on the Little Round Top, and carrying the advance position on the Great Round Top, at the Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

GREAT crises in human affairs call out the great in men. They call for great men. This greatness is of quality rather than quantity. It is not intensified selfhood, nor multiplied possessions. It implies extraordinary powers to cope with difficult situations; but it implies still more, high purpose—the intent to turn these powers to the service of man. Its essence is of magnanimity. Some have indeed thought it great to seize occasion in troubled times to aggrandize themselves. And something slavish in the lower instincts of human nature seems to grant their claim. Kings and conquerors have been named "great" because of the magnificence of the servitude they have been able to command, or the vastness of their conquests, or even of the ruin they have wrought.

But true greatness is not in nor of the single self; it is of that larger personality, that shared and sharing life with others, in which, each giving of his best for their betterment, we are greater than ourselves; and self-surrender for the sake of that great belonging, is the true nobility.

The heroes of history are not self-seekers; they are saviors. They give of their strength to the weak, the wronged, the imperilled. Suffering and sacrifice they take on themselves. Summoned by troubles, they have brought more than peace; they have brought better standing and understanding for human aspirations. Their mastery is for truth and right; that is for man. Hence they are reverenced and beloved through the ages. If we mourn the passing of the heroic age, all the more conspicuous and honored is heroic example, still vouchsafed to ours.

There are crises yet, when powers and susceptibilities of good fevered with blind unrest and trembling for embodiment

seem turned to mutual destruction. Happy then the hour when comes the strong spirit, master because holding self to a higher obedience, the impress of whose character is command. He comes to mould these elemental forces not to his own will, but to their place in the appointed order of the ongoing world. For lack of such men the march of human right has so many times been halted—hence the dire waste of noble endeavor; grandeur of martyrdoms uplifted in vain; high moments of possibility lost to mankind.

There came upon our country, in our day, a crisis, a momentous peril, a maddened strife such as no description can portray nor simile shadow forth; volcanic eruption, earthquake, upwhelming seas of human force involving in their sweep agonies and destruction such as the catastrophes of Italy never wrought; not merely the measurable material loss, but the immeasurable spiritual cost; the maddened attempt to rend asunder this ordained Union, this People of the United States of America, a government by divine right if anything on earth can be so. The shock was deep and vast. It was the convulsion of a historic and commissioned people. It was the dissolution of covenants that had held diverse rights and powers in poise; collision of forces correlated to secure unity and order,—now set loose against each other, working destruction. It was more than the conflict of laws, clash of interests, disharmony of ideas and principles. It was the sundering of being; war of self against self; of sphere against sphere in the concentric order of this great composite national life of ours.

For us the aggregate human wisdom had been found wanting. Conventions, Congresses and compromises had failed; the heights of argument, sentiment and eloquence had been scaled in vain; the mighty bond of historic memories, patriotism and Christian fellowship had been dissolved in that ferment. Had a committee

of wisest men been chosen,—expert doctors of law, medicine and divinity,—nay the twelve Apostles themselves been summoned to determine what combination of qualities must mark the man who could mount above this storm, make his voice heard amidst these jarring elements, and command the "law of the mind" to prevail over the "law in the members," they could not have completed their inventory, nor have found the man of such composition.

It was a Divine Providence which brought forth the man, to execute the divine decree, in a crisis of human history.

It was a strange presentment and personality,—this deliverer, this servant and master, this follower and leader of the law;—strange, and not readily accepted of men. Out of the unknown, and by ways that even he knew not, came to this place of power Abraham Lincoln.

He came mysteriously chosen; not by the custom of hereditary descent, not by the concurrence of his peers, but by the instinctive voice of a predestined people. Called because he was chosen; chosen, because he was already choice. The voice came to him as to the deliverer of old: "*Be strong, and of a good courage, for thou must go with this people unto the land which the Lord hath sworn to their fathers to give them. And thou shalt cause them to inherit it!*"

This one man called to the task. Millions of them could not meet it. He could. The order to be strong and of a good courage came to him because he was that already. There was that in him which this order appealed to and rested on. A weak man could not even receive it.

So this deliverer of ours. Courtly manners and culture of the schools he did not bring. But moulded and seasoned strength, calm courage, robust sense, he brought; and a heart to humanize it all. His inherent and potential greatness was his power of

reason and sense of right, and a magnanimity which regarded the large and long interests of man more than the near and small of self. Strength and courage are much the same; in essence, in action, and in passion,—the ability to bear. These qualities were of the whole man; —mind, heart and will. Intellect keen yet broad; able in both insight and comprehension; taking in at once the details of a situation, and also its unity and larger relations. He knew men in their common aspects, and he knew man in his potential excellence. Courage of will was his: power to face dangers without and within; to resist the pressure of force or of false suggestion; standing to his conviction; firm against minor persuasions; silencing temptation. Courage of the heart; power to resolve, and to endure; to suffer and to wait. His patience was pathetic.

Courage of faith; belief in the empowering force of his obligation. Wise to adjust policies to necessity, he kept sight of his ideal. Amidst mockeries of truth, he was "obedient unto the heavenly vision." Through the maze of false beacons and bewildering beckonings, he steered by the star. Above the recalling bugles of disaster and defeat he heard the voice of his consecration, and held it pledge and prophecy. These qualities, coördinated and commanded by wise judgment, and sustained by a peculiar buoyancy of temperament, constituted a personality remarkable, if not solitary, among the great men of our time.

Before this assembly of the Loyal Legion it is natural to consider Abraham Lincoln as he was presented to our observation and experience in the military sphere; not as Chief Executive in the common phrase of ordinary times, but as representative of the nation before the world, and clothed with its power. That is, as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, in an insurrection so vast as to involve nations over the seas. A secondary title might be: The Revelation of the War Powers of the President.

The situation Lincoln confronted was without parallel; in magnitude, in complexity, in consequence. The immediate and pressing object was manifest. To overcome the embattled hostile forces; to quell the rebellion; to restore the honor and authority of the American Union; to preserve the existence of the people of the United States.

But this involved much more. There are no single lines in human affairs. Cross-currents of interest, sentiment and passion confused the motives, embarrassed the movements, and clouded the issues, of this new declaration that this people should be one and free.

Much had to be met that force could not manage; much that sharpest insight and outlook could not foresee. Not only the direct event of battle was involved, but the collateral effects and continuing consequences; the far-reaching interests of a great people yet to be; the interests of related nations, and of humanity itself.

Little experienced in administrative functions and unfamiliar with the art of war, he had to take the chief responsibility in both. He had much to learn, and was willing to learn it. But not in haste. In some matters he came slowly to the execution of his conviction, as possibly to the conviction itself. But his judgments were based on what was sincere in his nature, and large in motive. That he took no counsel from fear is manifest. Evading the assassins hired to waylay his path to the place of duty, and the no less infamous plots to prevent the counting of the electoral vote and the announcement of his election, he stood up and faced the menacing, cleaving masses in the beleaguered capital.

He chose his cabinet of official advisers in a novel way, and one might think, hazardous; but it showed the breadth of his patriotism and the courage of his independence. Instead of seeking those of like thinking with himself or likely to make a unity among

themselves on public questions, he called men who were rival candidates or popular in their respective localities; even offering places to distinguished statesmen in Virginia and North Carolina. And Seward, Chase, Cameron, Welles, Bates, Blair and Smith, and afterwards Stanton,—what measure of agreement with him or each other, on any point of public policy, could be expected from a council like this! Most of these men, no doubt, at first thought slightingly of him. But he converted or over-awed them all. He went straight on.

He found more trouble in the military sphere. The popular, or political principle of appointment would not work so well here. It took some time and trial to rectify this, and make practical tests of ability the basis. It was unfortunate that it took so long to secure a nominal military chief, who had the soldierly brain and eye and hand to command the confidence of his subordinates as well as of his superiors.

But even among his generals in the field there was a lack of harmony and a redundance of personality. He had to overrule this. He was their responsible commander. He made himself their practical adviser. This latter function some of them undertook to make reciprocal. They did not gain much by it. His sharp rejoinders, winged with wit and feathered with humor—as apposite as unexpected,—stirred the smiles of all but the immediate recipients. But they commanded the sober respect of all, as uncommon lessons of good common sense,—which is also and always good tactics.

We behold him solitary in the arena; surrounded by various antagonists and unsympathising spectators. He had to deal with Cabinet, Congress, committees, diplomatists, cranks, wiseacres, as well as the embattled enemy on land and sea.

Sorely tried by long delays in the field, he was vexed by the incessant clamor of the excited and unthinking, and of influential

persons and papers that beset him with the demand to free the slaves, and the reckless cry, "On to Richmond," which may have forced campaigns of disaster. Perils from lurking traitors in the capital, pesterings of open or secret enemies and rash and weak advisers, augmented the difficulties of the momentous contention. All the while, with heart-crushing things to bear, which he would not openly notice,—nor let us, now! We cannot but wonder how he ever lived through, to crown his work with a death so tragic, an ascension so transfiguring.

But he was appointed for great ends; and this was his guaranty of life!

Let us note more particularly some of the diffieulties which environed the President, growing out of the magnitude and exterior complications of this great rebellion.

At first we looked upon the rebellion as a domestic insurrection, to be dealt with by the provisions and processes of municipal law. But facts forced us from that theory. Laws, no less than tactics, change with magnitudes. As the range and force of the rebellion grew, and conditions became more complex, the President had to enlarge his policy, and the grounds of its justification.

One of the first warlike acts of the Confederate States was to send forth armed cruisers, commissioned by "Letters of Marque" to prey upon our merchant-ships and commerce on the seas. We could not treat these cruisers as a domestic insurrectionary force, because they were operating on the "high seas,"—the road of the nations; nor could we treat them as pirates, and apply to their captured crews the summary process of a short rope at the yard-arm, because they were only "domestic enemies," and did not come under the "pirate" definition of international law, as "enemies of mankind." So we had to submit to their enjoying certain privileges recognized by the law of nations, and admit their captured crews to exchange as prisoners of war.

Nor could we treat the armed forces of the rebellion as a "mob," because they were in such force and form that they had to be treated under the laws of war,—presumed to be part of the law of nations. Yet we could not recognize the Confederacy as a nation, and a proper party to such agreement or practice.

Moreover, the President had instituted a blockade of Southern ports, a measure better known to international than to domestic law. So it came about that the very magnitude of the rebellion, and its extent on land and sea, compelled us, both on grounds of public law and on grounds of humanity, to extend to our formidable antagonists some degree of the regulations known as "belligerent rights." But belligerents are presumed, in law at least, to be aliens to each other; not fellow-citizens. Hence great perplexity for the President.

But the situation now affected other nations. Here opens a painful chapter of that sad experience. And I have to ask your attention for a moment to difficulties outside the domestic sphere, which from the very first to the very last, were among the most trying of the President's experiences. He was confronted by an exterior circle of hostile intent and action in the strange unfriendliness of nations—perhaps I should say governments of nations,—historically and racially nearest to us, and professing principles and sentiments deeply accordant with our own.

The governments of England and France did not wait for a distinct good understanding upon international relations. They took the earliest possible occasion to declare their neutrality, and to put the insurgents on the full footing of lawful belligerents. They even denominated them as "States," thus ignoring their character as insurgents. This was the more trying because early in the discussion of the situation, our Government had distinctly declared to the British Government that "No proposition would be considered which did not regard this as a domestic insurrection, with which foreign nations had no concern."

This recognition by England and France, followed by other governments, gave the Confederate cruisers wide privileges on the "high seas" and in foreign ports, and a certain prestige to the Confederate claim before the world,

Then came the severe trial for the President when Captain Wilkes of our navy took from an English steamer on the high seas Messieurs Mason and Slidell,—diplomatic agents of the Confederacy for France and England,—and conveyed them to Boston in custody; our Secretary of the Navy officially congratulating Wilkes, and the House of Representatives voting him the thanks of Congress; the British Government in a rage; Lord Russell in imperious tones demanding an apology, the instant delivery of Mason and Slidell, and the dismissal of Wilkes from our service; forthwith embarking troops for Canada, and gathering vast munitions of war; engaging the whole power of the Empire to enforce his demand if it was not instantly obeyed. The wisdom and moral strength with which the President met this most difficult situation, —yielding in a manner appeasing England and not humiliating to our country,—is of highest example.

Then during all the years of the war, England permitted the building and equipping within her jurisdiction and territory of ships intended as Confederate cruisers, and for the known purpose of warring upon the commerce of the United States. This went on in disregard of every protest, until the end of the war, when we were in a position to ask England to consider the question of damages; and a Board of Arbitration awarded as a minimum, fifteen millions of dollars. Had the decision been otherwise, and England sustained, we probably could have borne it. But England, in case of a rebellion in some of her dependencies, would have been astonished at the fleets of rebel cruisers investigating her commerce on all seas.

At best France and England were reluctant and perfunctory observers of neutrality, and anything but cordial well-wishers.

All the while they were eager for a pretence of reason to recognize the independence of the Confederate States.

It was believed by us all in the army marching to the unknown field predestined to be immortal Gettysburg, that upon the issue of this battle hung the fate of the nation; that should Lee's army gain a decided advantage here, these two governments would seize the moment to declare the independent sovereignty of the Confederate States, and accord such recognition and support as would bring the end of our great endeavor. You may well believe that this conviction had part in the superhuman marching and fighting which made that a field of deathless glory. It gave us new devotion. It seemed to lift the whole scene and scale of the contention to a higher plane. We were fighting not only forces in the field, but with spiritual foes in high places, with "the princes of the powers of the air."

A serious flank-movement, which gave the President much anxiety, was the occupation of Mexico by the French Emperor. After various vexing schemes, he chose the darkest hour for that Republic and ours, to send a French army to force a monarchy, with an Austrian arch-duke as Emperor, on the people of Mexico. Besides the direct effect on us, this scheme of planting a hostile monarchial power on our southern border had an ulterior motive, —to gain a vantage ground from which, by some turn of tangled affairs, to recover a hold on the old Louisiana tract, and the control of the lower Mississippi. In his eagerness Louis Napoleon overreached himself. His formal proposal to the Confederates to cede to him, in the name of France, the great State of Texas, angered them and lost him the game. But he kept his army in Mexico, fighting its people, with Maximilian as nominal head, or catapult, and under the increasing remonstrance of our far-sighted President.

Some of us remember, at the disbandment of the Army of the Potomac, being retained in the service and assigned to a mys-

terious Provisional Corps of veterans; the intent and mission of which, we were confidentially informed, was to go down with Sheridan to assist Louis Napoleon to get his French army out of Mexico. A personal reconnoissance of Sheridan in Mexico, and the virile diplomacy of Seward, deprived us of that outing. The French army with its monarchy vanished from the shores of Mexico, leaving a stain on the pride of France and a fearful fate for Maximilian and poor Carlotta.

Contemplate for a moment, what would have been the situation, if in any event Louis Napoleon had got his foothold in Louisiana under color of title; and what the task might have been for either the North or the South, or both together, to recover that holding and the control of the mighty Mississippi, sea-road for the commerce of half our Atlantic slope!

Let us now take a closer view, and consider the great embarrassments of the President in treating a domestic insurrection under the laws of war; when compelled to use the military forces of the nation, not in aid of the civil authority, and under its regulation, as in common cases, but to replace and supersede it.

In spirit war and law are opposed: the end of one is the beginning of the other. Still, upon occasion, they are made reciprocally supporting. War is brought to support law, and law is applied to regulate war. An armed rebellion is war, and all its consequences are involved. We did not realize this at first. Military force in time of war stands on a very different basis from that when it is called to the aid of the civil authority. The strict limitations in the latter case are much relaxed; indeed quite replaced. Military law regulates the conduct of armies, and is prescribed by the civil authority. Martial law is something beyond this; it is the arbitrary will of the commander, and operates upon civilians and citizens. This justifies itself by "neces-

sity," which, it is said, "knows no law." So things have to be done which in time of peace are illegal; yet are justified by the inherent law of sovereignty,—the law of life.

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the consequences involved in the operation of belligerent rights. By the law of nations strictly speaking provinces or communities in revolt have no rights. Concessions to such are not made on their account, but from considerations of policy on the part of the dominant state, or of humanity.

Some of the privileges granted to recognized belligerents are well known; such as flags and passages of truce for occasions of need or mercy; exchange of prisoners; immunity of hospitals and perhaps of homes. But on the other hand, and for the larger range, there are corresponding liabilities involved in these "rights," and of a most serious nature. They follow the right to capture, confiscate and destroy enemy's property; to arrest, capture and imprison persons of the enemy; to employ and emancipate slaves of the enemy; to suspend or reduce civil and political rights of a community brought under the jurisdiction of arms, leaving them only the rights of a conquered territory under the laws of war.

This would seem to be enough to task the best ability and conscience in any case. But in a case of intensified and enlarged domestic insurrection, where the insurgents are claiming independent sovereign capacity, denied and resisted by the parent people, which on the other hand regards them as rightly and in fact part of itself,—how to concede belligerent rights and yet avoid acknowledgment of the competency of the antagonist to be a party to the agreement, is a task for tact and wisdom of no common order. And the necessity of applying the laws of war to fellow citizens must bring grievous problems to the head and heart.

Practical questions also were forced upon the President, beyond the sphere of ordinary peace or war, for the determination of

which there was no precedent, nor certain warrant. Questions of statesmanship, of political ethics, and constitutional interpretation, such as kept our Congress and Supreme Court busy for years afterwards, had to be acted on practically and promptly by him.

He took to himself no credit for anything. After years of the struggle and many dark and discouraging aspects of the issue, just before the yet darker depths of the terrible campaign of '64, he writes this self-abasing sentence: "I claim not to have controlled events; but confess that events have controlled me." We can judge better about that, perhaps, than he could, enveloped in the mesh of circumstance. We know how disturbed were the polarities of compelling forces, and how firm the guidance, how consummate the mastery. To our eyes he sat high above the tumult, watching events, meeting them, turning them to serve the great purpose. So far and so far only, d'd events control him.

He felt himself upborne by the power of his obligation, as charged with a duty like that of the Roman consul: "to see to it that the Republic suffered no detriment." The rule of such emergency is that,—also Roman—which constitutions involve but do not enunciate, warrantable only in the last extremity: "*Sa'us populi, suprema lex esto.*" The salvation of the people is supreme law.

Take the instance of the Emancipation Proclamation. I remember well that many high officers of our army disapproved this in heart and mind, if they dared not in speech. They thought the President had no right to proclaim this intention nor power to carry it into effect. But they had not deeply enough studied the implications of the constitution of their country, or those of the laws of war. They had to take a post-graduate course in their own profession. Indeed, upon political matters the habitual

thought of us all was related to a condition of domestic peace, and did not contemplate war at the center of life.

So our Congress, just before the breaking out of the rebellion, in the hope to avoid war and to save the Union, had unanimously passed a resolution that "neither the Federal government nor the free States had any right to legislate upon or interfere with slavery in any of the slave-holding States of the Union." This seems more like an utterance under duress, than a deliberate interpretation of the Constitution. They did not foresee the construction as well as the destruction involved in war.

Even for the President there was a progressive revelation. At his inauguration he had publicly affirmed that he had no intention, directly or indirectly, of interfering with the institution of slavery in the States where it existed. "I believe I have not the right ,and I am sure I have not the desire," he adds. He was then viewing the matter under the precedents of peaceful times. The deep reach of his constitutional powers in time of supreme peril of the country had not been brought to light as it was under the tremendous tests of a vast and devastating war. It came to him but slowly. He seemed reluctant to avail himself of it. Later we find him saying in effect: "My purpose is to save this Union. I will save it without slavery, if I can; with slavery, if I must."

When in the course of events the war-powers of the President emerged, they appeared with a content and extent not dreamed of before. He took them to a high tribunal. He almost made a covenant with God that if the terrible blow threatening the life of the country was broken at Antietam, he would emancipate the slaves in the territory of the rebellion. The thought was not new. The laws of war gave to commanders in the field the right to break down all the forces supporting the enemy; and two of his generals* had declared the freedom of the slaves within their military juris-

*Fremont and Hunter.

diction. He promptly rebuked them and countermanded their proclamations. This was not work for a subordinate. So grave, so deep-reaching, so far-reaching, were its necessary effects, he reserved the prerogative for the chief commander and the last resort.

This was not because of immaturity of purpose, nor fear to act; but because he chose to wait until the terrible sufferings and cost of war made this measure seem a mitigation, and the right and necessity of it so clear that the country and the world must acquiesce. He did this, not because slavery was the *cause* of the war, but because it was a *muniment of war* waged against the life of the people. He set the appointed time and conditions when, within the territory of the rebellion, the slaves should be freed. The time came,—and the proclamation, deep with thought as with consequence. This, the conclusion:

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God!"

Observe the grounds of this: Justice, the eternal law of righteousness; political right, warrant of the constitution; military necessity, for the salvation of the people; the approving judgment of man; the confirmation of God. This justification of the act was the revelation of the man. Without precedent of authority, or parallel in history, but as it were, "*sub specie eterni*"—in the aspect of the infinite, he spoke freedom to the slave! That voice was of the ever-coming "Word" that works God's will in His World!

Lo! this the outcome of belligerent rights, and the wilful appeal to the arbitrament of arms! Astounding annunciation of the powers of the President for the people's defence; and the discovery that not only military law, but also the absolute authority and summary processes of martial law, are part of the Constitution, part of the supreme law of the land. Had the leaders in the arrogant pretension of self-sufficiency and the frenzied rush to war

understood the reach of this, they would have hesitated to commit their cause to the wager of battle. And any future plotter against the nation's integrity and truth may well pause before waking that slumbering lion at the gates of her life!

It was, indeed, a "domestic problem" which Lincoln had before him,—a wide one, and a far one—to save his country. We think it was worth saving. The world thinks so, too.

An outcome of Lincoln's heart and mind was the projection into military law of a deep and wide humanity. We well knew his sympathy and tenderness towards the young soldier and the all-surrendering mother. He often superseded the death sentence for sleeping on post, pronounced upon the new-coming youth unseasoned by discipline and the habit of hardship.

All the lessons drawn from that stern experience of his, are embodied in the famous General Order Number 100, published to the army in 1863.

It was a reconstruction, a regeneration, of the rules of war. The necessity of stern justice and rigorous discipline recognized; but all tempered by great-hearted recognition of the manhood of man! The notable thing about this is, that it has been adopted, word for word, by nation after nation, and is to-day part of the international law of the civilized world.

And the power of this nation's influence in the world to-day, —the reason why her intervention sets free an oppressed people, her word speaks peace to embattled nations and her wish prevents the dismemberment of empires,—is not so much in the might of her fleets and armies, splendid as these are, but because of her character, the confidence of the nations in her justice, and truth, and honor! Look at her! Her mission is peace and light and liberty! Her flag speaks hope to man!

Who can tell what part in all this is Abraham Lincoln!

I would speak now of him as he was seen and known more intimately by the army in the field. We had often opportunity to see him,—for some occasions, too often. Sometimes he came for conference with commanders amidst actual conditions, where he could see for himself, and not through casual or official reports. Sometimes, from conferences with Cabinet, or Congressmen, or ministers of other powers, holding suggestions of deep import.

But always after a great battle, and especially disaster, we were sure to see him, slow-riding through camp, with outward or inward-searching eyes,—questioning and answering heart. His figure was striking; stature and bearing uncommon and commanding. The slight stoop of the shoulders, an attitude of habitual in-wrapped thought, not of weakness of any sort. His features, strong; if homely, then because standing for rugged truth. In his deep, over-shadowed eyes, a look as from the innermost of things. Over all this would come at times a play, or pathos, of expression in which his deeper personality outshone. His voice was rich; its modulations musical; his words most fitting.

I have scarcely seen picture or sculpture which does him justice. The swarm of caricaturists, with their various motives and instructions have given a very wrong impression of him—unfortunately too lasting. There was something of him—and the greatest and most characteristic —which refused to be imaged in earthly form.

In his action there was a gravity and moderation which the trivial might misinterpret as awkwardness, but which came from the dignity of reserved power. Those who thought to smile when that figure,—mounting, with the tall hat, to near seven feet—was to be set on a spirited horse for a ceremonial excursion, were turned to admiration at the easy mastery he showed; and the young-staff game of testing civilians by touching up the horses to head-long speed returning over a course they had mischievously laid,

with sudden crossings of old rifle-pit and ditch, proved a *boomerang* for them, when he would come out the only rider square in his saddle, with head level and rightly crowned.

In familiar intercourse he was courteous and kindly. He seemed to find rest in giving way to a strain of humor that was in him. On a moot question, his good story, sharp with apt analogy, was likely to close the discussion,—sometimes at the expense of a venturesome proposer. There was a roll of mischief in his eye, which eased the situation.

We were glad to see that facility of counterpoise in him; for we knew too deeply well, the burden that was even then pressing on his spirit, and our laughter was light and brief.

But always he wished to see the army together. This had a being, a place, a power, beyond the aggregate of its individual units. A review was therefore held, in completeness and most careful order. Slowly he rode along front and rear of the opened ranks, that he might see all sides of things as they were. Every horse was scanned: that is one way to know the master. We could see the deep sadness in his face, and feel the burden on his heart, thinking of his great commission to save this people, and knowing that he could do this no otherwise than as he had been doing,—by and through the manliness of these men,—the valor, the steadfastness, the loyalty, the devotion, the sufferings and thousand deaths, of those into whose eyes his were looking. How he shrunk from the costly sacrifice we could see; and we took him into our hearts with answering sympathy, and gave him our pity in return.

There came a day of offering, not of his appointing. His day came; and a shroud of darkness fell on us. The surrender was over; the all-commanding cause triumphant. Lee's army had ceased to be. That solid phalanx we had faced through years of mortal struggle, had vanished as into air. The arms that

had poured storms of death upon us had been laid at our feet. The flags that had marked the path of that manly valor which gave them a glory beyond their creed, had been furled forever. The men who in the inscrutable workings of the human will had struck against the flag that stood for their own best good, were returning to restore their homes and citizenship in a regenerated country.

We were two days out from Appomattox,—a strange vacancy before our eyes; a silent joy in our hearts. Suddenly a foam-flecked, mud-splashed rider hands a telegram. No darkest hour of the dismal years ever brought such message. "The President assassinated! Deep plots at the Capital!" How dare to let the men know of this? Who could restrain the indignation, the agony, the frenzy of revenge? Whether they would turn to the destruction of every remnant and token of the rebellion around them, or rush to the rescue of Washington and vengeance upon the whole brood of assassins, was the alternative question. We marched and bivouacked with a double guard on our troops, and with guarded words.

Two days after came from the War Department the order to halt the march and hold all still, while the funeral farewell was passing at the Capital. Then why not for us a funeral? For the shadow of him was to pass before us that day, and we would review him!

The veterans of terrible campaigns, the flushed faces from Appomattox, the burning hearts turned homewards, mighty memories and quenchless love held innermost;—these were gathered and formed in great open square,—the battered flags brought to the front of each regiment; the bright arms stacked in line behind them; sword-hilts wreathed in crape; chief officers of the Corps on a platform of army-chests at the open face of the square,—their storied flags draped and clustered in significant escutcheon.

The commander of the Division presiding,—the senior chaplain called beside him. The boom of the great minute-guns beats against our hearts; the deep tones echoing their story of the years. Catching the last note of the cannon-boom, strikes in the soulful German band, with that wondrous "Russian Hymn" whose music we knew so well:

> "God the All-terrible; Thou who ordainest
> Thunder Thy clarion, and lightning Thy sword!"

that overmastering flood of whelming chords, with the breath-stilling chromatic cadences, as if to prepare us for whatever life or death could bring.

A few words from the commander, and the warm Irish heart of the chaplain wings its eloquence through the hearts of that deep-experienced, stern, loving, remembering, impressionable assembly. Well that the commander was there, to check the flaming orator! Men could not bear it. You could not, were I able to repeat it here. His text was thrilling: 'And she, being instructed of her mother, said: 'Give me here the head of John the Baptist in a charger'!" Then the application. Lincoln struck down because so high in innocence, in integrity, in truth, in loyalty, in fidelity to the people. Then the love he bore to them and they to him; that communion of sorrows, that brotherhood of suffering, that made them one with him in soul. Then the dastard hand that had struck him down in the midst of acts of mercy, and words of great-hearted charity and good will. The spirit of hate that struck at his life, was the spirit that struck at the life of the people.

'And will you endure this sacrilege," he cried. "Will you not rather sweep such a spirit out of the land forever, and cast it, root and branch, into everlasting burning?" Men's faces flushed and paled. Their muscles trembled. I saw them grasp as for their stacked muskets,—instinctively, from habit, not knowing what

else, or what, to do. The speaker stopped. He stood transfixed. I seized his arm. "Father Egan, you must not stop. Turn this excitement to some good!" "I will," he whispers! Then lifting, his arm full height, he brought it down with a tremendous sweep, as if to gather in the whole quivering circle before him, and went on. "But better so! Better to die glorious, than to live infamous! Better to be buried beneath a nation's tears, than to walk the earth guilty of a nation's blood! *Better,—thousand-fold, forever better, Lincoln dead, than Davis living!*"

Then admonished of the passion he was again arousing, he passed to an exhortation that rose into a prayer; then to a paean of victory; and with an oath of new consecration to the undying cause of freedom and right, he gave us back to ourselves, better soldiers, and better men.

That was our apotheosis of Lincoln. He passed up through the dark gate we knew so well. And now when the eyes that were wont to see him in earthly limitations, behold him high amidst the deathless ranks marshalled on the other shore, he stands in unfolded grandeur. Solitary on earth; mightily companioned, there!

He stands, too, upon the earth:

> "As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head!"

His magnanimity has touched the answering heart of the chivalrous South. To day, all do him reverence.

There he stands,—like the Christ of the Andes—reconciler of the divided!

And more than this. A true fame grows. Contemporary antagonisms fall away. Prejudice and misconception are effaced

by better knowledge. The pure purpose is revealed under broader lights. The unforeseen, far-reaching good effects are more and more acknowledged. The horizon widens; the image lifts. Land after land, year after year; nay,—century upon century, recognize the benefactor as they come to realize the benefaction.

So, more and more for the country's well-being, will sound the symphony of that deep-themed second Inaugural, majestic as the second giving of the law; and that Gettysburg speech, from his open heart, glorious with devotion, sublime with prophecy. Beyond the facts which history can record,—the deliverance and vindication of a people in peril of its honor and its life, and the revelation of the stored-up powers vouchsafed to him who is charged with the salvation of his country,—there will be for this man an ever unfolding record.

More and more the consecrating oath of that great purpose: "*With malice towards none*; *with charity for all*; *following the right, as God gives us to see the right*," will be the watch-word of the world. Coming time will carry forward this great example of the consecration of power, self-commanding, and so all-commanding, for the well-being of the people, and the worth of man as man. This example, lifted up before the nations, support and signal of the immortal endeavor,—the human return to God!

So we look forward, and not backward, for the place of Abraham Lincoln!

JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

LINCOLN

POEM

Read by the Author, Mr. HERMANN HAGEDORN, at the Loyal Legion Meeting.

LINCOLN

Let silence sink upon the hills and vales!
  Over the towns where smoke and clangor tell
Their glad and sorrowfully noble tales
  Of women bent with care, of men who labor well,
Let silence sink and peace and rest from toil.
  Oh, vast machines, be still! Oh, hurrying men,
Eddying like chaff upon the frothy moil
  Of seething waters, rest! In tower and den,
High in the heavens, deep in the cavernous ground,
There where men's hearts like pulsing engines bound
Let silence lull with loving hands the sound.

Silence—ah, through the silence, clear and strong,
Surging like wind-driven breakers sweeps a song!
Out of the North, loud from storm-beaten strings,
Out of the East, with strife-born ardor loud,
Out of the West, youthful and glad and proud,
  The cry of honor, honor, honor, rings.
And clear, with trembling mouth
Sipping in dreams the bitter cup, the South
  Magnanimous unfeignèd tribute brings.

Oh, prosperous millions, hush your grateful cries!
  The sanctity of things not of this earth
      Broods on this place—
Wide things and essences that have their birth
  In the unwalled, unmeasured homes of space;
  Spirits of men that went and left no trace—
  Only their labor to attest their worth
In the world's tear-dim, unforgetting eyes:

Spirits of heroes! Hark!
Through the shadow-mists, the dark,
Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, of marchers living, who were cold and stark!
Hear the bugle, hear the fife!
How they scorn the grave!
Oh, on earth is love and life
For the noble, for the brave.
And it's tread, tread, tread!
From the camp-fires of the dead,
Oh, they're marching, they are marching with their Captain at their head!
Greet them who have gone before!
Spread with rose and bay the floor—
They have come, oh, they have come, back once more!
Give for the soldier the cheer,
For the messmate the welcoming call
But for him, the noblest of all,
Silence and reverence here.
Oh, patient eyes, oh, bleeding, mangled heart
Oh, hero whose wide soul, defying chains,
Swept at each army's head,
Swept to the charge and bled,
Gathering in one too sorrow-laden heart
All woes, all pains:
The anguish of the trusted hope that wanes,
The soldier's wound, the lonely mourner's smart
He knew, the noisy horror of the fight.
From dawn to dusk and through the hideous night,
He heard the hiss of bullets, the shrill scream
Of the wide-arching shell,
Scattering at Gettysburg or by Potomac's stream,
Like summer showers, the pattering rain of death.
With every breath,

He tasted battle and in every dream,
Trailing like mists from gaping walls of hell,
He heard the thud of heroes as they fell.
Oh, man of many sorrows, 'twas your blood
That flowed at Chickamauga, at Bull Run,
Vicksburg, Antietam and the gory wood
And Wilderness of ravenous Deaths that stood
Round Richmond like a ghostly garrison:
Your blood for those who won,
For those who lost, your tears!
For you the strife, the fears,
For us, the sun!
For you the lashing winds and the beating rain in your eyes
For us the ascending stars and the wide, unbounded skies.

Oh, man of storms! Patient and kingly soul!
Oh, wise physician of a wasted land!
A nation felt upon its heart your hand,
And lo, your hand hath made the shattered, whole.
With iron clasp your hand hath held the wheel
Of the lurching ship, on tempest waves no keel
Hath ever sailed.
A grim smile held your lips while strong men quailed.
You strove alone with chaos and prevailed;
You felt the grinding shock and did not reel.
And, ah, your hand that cut the battle's path
Wide with the devastating plague of wrath,
Your bleeding hand, gentle with pity yet,
Did not forget
To bless, to succor and to heal.

Great brother to the lofty and the low,
Our tears, our tears give tribute! A dark throng,
With fetters of hereditary wrong
Chained, serf-like, in the choking dust of woe,

Lifts up its arms to you, lifts up its cries!
Oh, you, who knew all anguish, in whose eyes,
  Pity, with tear-stained face,
Kept her long vigil o'er the severed lands
  For friend and foe, for race and race;
You, to whom all were brothers, by the strands
  Of spirit, of divinity,
    Bound not to color, church or sod,
    Only to man, only to God;
You, to whom all beneath the sun
  Moved to one hope, one destiny—
  Lover of liberty, oh, make us free!
Lover of union, Master, make us one!

Master of men and of your own great heart,
  We stand to reverence, we cannot praise.
  About our upward-straining orbs, the haze
Of earthly things, the strife, the mart,
  Rises and dims the far-flung gaze.
  We cannot praise!
We are too much of earth, our teeming minds,
Made master of the beaten seas and of the conquered winds,
  Master of mists and the subservient air,
Too sure, too earthly wise,
Have mocked the soul within that asks a nobler prize,
  And hushed her prayer.
We know the earth, we know the starry skies,
And many gods and strange philosophies;
  But you, because you opened like a gate
  Your soul to God, and knew not pride nor hate,
Only the Voice of voices whispering low—
You, oh my Master, you we cannot know.

Oh, splendid crystal, in whose depths the light
Of God refracted healed the hearts of men,
Teach us your power!
For all your labor is a withered flower
Thirsting for sunbeams in a murky den,
Unless a voice shatters as once the night,
Crying, Emancipation! yet again.
For we are slaves to petty, temporal things,
Whipped with the cords of prejudice, and bound
Each to his race, his creeds, his kings,
Each to his plot of sterile ground,
His narrow-margined daily round.
Man is at war with man and race with race.
We gaze into the brother's face
And never see the crouching, hungry pain.
Only the clanking of the slavish chain
We hear, that holds us to our place.

Oh, to be free, oh, to be one!
Shoulder to shoulder to strive and to dare!
What matter the race if the labor be done,
What matter the color if God be there?
Forward, together, onward to the goal!
Oh, mighty Chief, who in your own great soul,
Hung with the fetters of a lowly birth,
The kinship of the visionless, the obstinate touch of earth,
Broke from the tethering slavery, and stood
Unbound, translucent, glorious before God—
Be with us, Master! These unseeing eyes
Waken to light, our erring, groping hands
Unfetter for a world's great needs!
Till, like Creation's dawning, golden through the lands

Leaping, and up th' unlit, unconquered skies,
Surging with myriad steeds,
There shall arise
Out of the maze of clashing destinies,
Out of the servitude of race and blood,
One flag, one law, one hope, one brotherhood.

SOME PHASES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

GEORGE R. SNOWDEN

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION
OF THE UNITED STATES.

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL MEETING
PHILADELPHIA
FEBRUARY 11, 1914

SOME PHASES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WHEN one comes to consider the life and character of ABRAHAM LINCOLN he feels like the traveler who sees a lofty mountain rising from the plain before him. Cliffs and promontories that nearby confuse the eye, bewilder the sense, and hide from view the awe-inspiring bulk beyond, farther off blend themselves with imposing outline, into one symmetrical form. Lost in admiration he beholds the massive shape slowly lifting itself upward from its base until the top in solitary grandeur cleaves the sky. Too great to climb to survey the vast expanse from its lonely summit, he must be content with prospects here and there that please, with views of dale and glen that excite the fancy, of forests that frown in their impenetrable depths.

In the lapse of nigh half a century since the ruthless hand of a cowardly assassin smote Abraham Lincoln in the place of power, the angry passions of men have become cool, the law has resumed its sway, order everywhere prevails, a broken country has been restored to former limits, upheavals like great tides that shook it from end to end have subsided into the tranquility of a summer lake. It is as if the Divine Voice had said to the turbulent elements, as once it spoke to the troubled waters, "Peace, be still."

Many books have been written of Lincoln, a library of itself, and this generation knows him better and holds him higher than the one that lived with him. But legend is already weaving a web of fable about him as it has woven about great men in all the

—GEORGE RANDOLPH SNOWDEN

First Sergeant 142d Pennsylvania Infantry August 30, 1862; discharged for promotion September 1, 1862.

First Lieutentant 142d Pennsylvania Infantry September 1, 1862; Captain November 16, 1863; honorably discharged April 7, 1864.

ages. Nothing new may now be told of one who saw life in its most contrasted forms, from poverty and ignorance and obscurity to knowledge, fame and power, but in the time allotted a glance may be cast on some features that marked him a commanding figure in the history of the country. Familiar incidents of his life may be briefly recalled to illustrate remarkable traits in that extraordinary man.

The stock from which Lincoln came, no doubt English in origin, was nourished in the mountains of Berks. There Daniel Boone was born; from that section of the State emigrated many of the hardy pioneers who settled the Southwest and the West. Not far off Old Paxtang Church, above Harrisburg, was a hive from which swarmed bold men who, advancing through the Cumberland up the Shenandoah Valley, explored forests, climbed mountains, fought and pushed back the red man, planted civilization in the wilderness, founded Commonwealths. In the graveyard of that Church, of which Colonel John Elder, soldier, statesman, and divine, was pastor, lie buried more veterans of the Revolution, it is believed, than in any other spot in the whole country.

Lincoln's ancestors were men of respectability and character, some of them bearing the same name now honored the world over, having attained prominence in the county. His grandfather was killed by the Indians. His father was shiftless and gifted with no more thrift than the proverbial rolling stone. They lived in a log cabin of a single room, without door or window, and not until the coming of the step-mother from Kentucky, was the floor other than the bare ground. She was a remarkable woman, with energy and intelligence, and encouraged young Abraham in earnest efforts to educate himself. He was ever after grateful for her help and sympathy, and held her in tender recollection. They lived in the direst poverty; a little corn from the stumpy field, and the uncertain returns from rifle and trap, supplied their only food. Under age he was hired out by his father and earned by chopping wood

and other hard work six dollars a month. But he had the strength and skill to sink his axe deeper in the log than any man in the neighborhood could do. He was so poor that he contracted to "split four hundred rails for every yard of brown jean dyed with white walnut bark that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers."

But with all this grinding poverty there was an insatiable thirst to learn; the divine spark of genius must not perish for lack of nourishment. The aggregate of all his schooling, such as it was, did not amount to a single year. A school-master told him where he could buy or borrow "Kirkham's Grammar," that some here will recall, and the future writer of the purest and clearest English walked six miles there and back to obtain it.

His reading was scant, for books were few and precious on that Western frontier. How small the list! The Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Æsop's Fables, Weems' Washington, probably but not certainly, Shakespeare and Burns. But he read them again and again until the very words and ideas became part of his being, ready for use at every call, especially the Bible.

With the help of his good friend the teacher, he studied the art of surveying, and like Washington, was for a while a land surveyor. Like Grant he kept a country store, and met with no better fortune. The qualities needful to keep a country store must not be underrated; two men, afterwards President, tried it and failed. The sum of debts he contracted, a few hundred dollars, was so large in his estimation that he humorously called it "the national debt." His surveying instruments were sold at official sale, but saved to him by the help of generous friends. It was years before he became free of debt, and he applied part of his salary as member of Congress to pay off the last dollar. The Black Hawk War broke out; he enlisted in a company of volunteers and, now become of some standing with his neighbors, was

elected captain. Their time expired, he entered as private a troop of mounted scouts; his horse was stolen, he was never fortunate in gathering worldly chattels, and in good humor he trudged his way home afoot. Long after, in a sketch of his life prepared by himself in 1859 for the coming campaign for nomination as President, he refers to this incident in terms that must touch a chord of sympathy in many a breast here tonight: "Then came the Black Hawk War and I was elected a captain of volunteers, which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since"—more pleasure than from his seat in Congress, his triumphs on "the stump" or at the bar.

Was this short turn of military duty to prove of value thirty years after? A wise man tells us there is no experience that will not later prove to be of advantage. Gibbon found his service with the militia and his study of military affairs of great use in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in comprehending campaigns and describing the movements of armies. Many officers who later rose to distinction took their first lessons with the Three Months' Men, and the Mexican War proved to be a splendid school for the highest on both sides in the Civil War.

As was the custom in those early times Lincoln nominated himself a candidate for the Legislature and was defeated—the only time in his life by the people—but with a handsome vote, in which many Democrats joined, for although a Whig he admired the character of Andrew Jackson. His election the next year decided the question whether he should be a lawyer or a blacksmith. It was far from an unworthy doubt, for the blacksmith, especially in the country, has a manly, respectable trade. His deliberation shows belief in the dignity of labor, in the manliness of toil. Vulcan, Tubal Cain, all the workers in iron, have ever been held in high repute. Poets have sung, warriors extolled their strength and skill. The shield of Achilles, wrought by the grimy artisan of Olympus, will never rust.

The question is interesting whether had he decided for the anvil and the forge, instead of for the forum, he would ever have attained great distinction. It is altogether likely that he would have, for instances are frequent where men of occupation equally humble, with far less talent, have reached places of honor and power. Andrew Johnson rose to the Presidency from a tailor's bench, and Henry Wilson from the shoemaker's, to be senator and Vice-President. Genius and force of character spurred on by ambition, are able to overcome great odds.

Elected four times in succession to the legislature, he devoted much time and energy to a series of projects for state internal improvements, a favorite doctrine of the Whig party; but they proved to be failures and afterwards he expressed regret for the part he had taken in them. There he seems to have made his first public at least official, attack on slavery. He had seen some of its evils on his voyage on a raft to New Orleans, from which he came back all the way on foot. If it be true, as claimed by some, but doubted by others it seems on better grounds, that he said "if he ever got a chance to strike that institution he would strike it hard," it is certain that he never lost occasion to give it an effective blow. Against certain resolutions he signed with others, if he did not write, a protest which set forth "that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils."

Elected to Congress in 1846 over Peter Cartwright, the noted evangelist, he took little active part in the proceedings, but when he spoke received marked attention. The late Chief Justice Thompson, then chairman of the Judiciary Committee, who sat next to Andrew Johnson, used to say that Lincoln wore a long linen duster, and when he addressed the House drew the members about him in crowds to hear his amusing stories abounding in wit and humor. Opposed to the Mexican War, founded as he believed, on injustice with covert desire to extend slave territory, but holding

that politics ought to stop at the frontier, he voted to supply all the men and means the Administration asked. Notwithstanding his gallant services in that war, Grant in his "Memoirs" expresses nearly the same views. The Whigs, generally, were opposed to the war, but they were shrewd politicians, and Lincoln himself a delegate to the Convention, chose as their candidate for President Zachary Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, and elected him over Lewis Cass, who had served with credit in the late war with Great Britain.

While in Congress he introduced a bill to prohibit the slave trade in the District of Columbia; the bringing of the slaves into the District except by government officials who were citizens of slave states; selling slaves to be taken away from the District; fugitive slaves to be returned to the owner; compensation to owners in case of loss, finally, the measure to be submitted to popular vote in the District. But, as was to be expected, the bill failed to become a law. This was some years before the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted, which dates from 1850. He said in 1858: "I do not now, nor ever did, stand in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law," but declared that it ought to be freed "from some of the objections that appertain to it without lessening its efficiency."

From some understanding amongst rival candidates at the time of his nomination he did not seek re-election, but consented in case of difficulty in agreeing on a successor to stand for a second term. Another was chosen but beaten at the polls. Shortly afterward there was a contest for the appointment of General Land Commissioner; Lincoln supported a friend for the place, but was unsuccessful in his efforts. He now became a candidate himself. It is common to regard this as a crisis in his career. Had he obtained the position, what would have been his future? We are told he might have become a mere bureau officer, absorbed in routine administrative duties, have neglected his profession, lost

if not his interest, his influence in politics. But Thomas A. Hendricks, after holding the place, was elected governor, senator and Vice-President, and it is more than probable that Lincoln also would have overcome its benumbing influence. Grant sought in vain an appointment on the staff. Had he secured it would he have been present at another's or his own Appomattox? But for his mother, Washington would have been a midshipman on a British ship. Can we imagine him a British admiral in our Revolution? Interesting as may be these speculations to amuse the fancy they are vain; for, as we believe with the poet:

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.
>
> *Hamlet* V, II.

Mr. Lincoln was now devoting himself more closely to the practice of his profession. No time to become a profoundly learned lawyer, he grasped with broad comprehension the eternal principles of right and justice. He was distinguished for the clearness with which he presented the facts of his cause, and the law bearing upon them, after which he had little to do but to impress them in a clear and convincing way upon the court and the jury. As a public speaker his fame was growing, and he was called to distant parts to address political assemblies. He was thus making friends, gaining popularity and convincing the people of his high character and great ability. A remarkable contest was coming on in which all these qualities would be put to the severest test.

Stephen A. Douglas was a favorite leader of the Democratic party, an orator of distinguished force and eloquence. His term as senator was about to expire, and he was a candidate for reelection. A joint debate was arranged between him and Lincoln, the choice of the Republicans, which proved to be a battle of intellectual and forensic giants, and attracted the close attention of the entire country. Douglas' war cry was Popular Sovereignty, a term applied to the right of an incoming state to pass on the ques-

tion of slavery; the Missouri Compromise, largely owing to his exertions, having been repealed. It was a phrase apt to flatter the pride and patriotism of the people. Is not ours a popular government? Do not the people rule? Ought not the inhabitants of a territory to have the right to choose all their local institutions, including slavery? Douglas was a candidate for the Presidency and fearing to offend the South dared not, if he would, attack slavery; as he probably did not believe in the justice of it, he could defend it only as an institution of the states that chose to maintain it, and as recognized in the Constitution. In view of the natural antipathy of freemen to servitude Lincoln had a tactical advantage, for he hated slavery and had no hesitation, lost no opportunity to express his mind.

Hence, the morality of slavery, its right to exist at all, became the chief, the absorbing issue. As his text Lincoln chose with sagacity the passage from the Scriptures: A house divided against itself can not stand. He spoke with clearness and force: "I believe this government can not endure half slave and half free;" that the slavery question could "never be successfully compromised." He believed the negro "entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as much entitled to these as the white man." But "I am not in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people." Afterwards he somewhat modified this opinion: The privilege to vote might be wisely conferred upon "the very intelligent and especially upon those who have fought gallantly in our ranks" He regarded slavery as "a moral, a social, a political evil." But at Peoria with a profound sense of the difficulty of wisely dealing with it, and the awful consequences of mistake he declared: "If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do with the existing institution."

Thus Douglas believed that slaves might be brought in and slavery adopted in a territory by the vote of the people of the territory, while Lincoln was opposed to its extension under any circumstances, holding that Congress had the right and ought to prohibit the introduction of them.

Momentous results depended on this historic contest, more famous now than any ever waged in the country's history; even the celebrated debate between Webster and Hayne fades by comparison into obscurity. Douglas gained the seat in the Senate, but, probably, lost the Presidency; Lincoln lost the senatorship, but reached the Presidential chair.

The tremendous impression Lincoln's speeches made upon his party and the country rendered probable if not certain his nomination for President. But it was not to be had without a struggle. Wise and shrewd politicians were against him; statesmen, like Seward, of high order and long experience, were formidable antagonists. But the discussion with Douglas had done its work. From the convention at Chicago in May of 1860 he came out, but after a fierce and bitter contest, the Republican candidate. The Democratic party was divided, chiefly over the slavery question, and after a campaign remarkable for earnestness and enthusiasm, Lincoln was elected. "The Rail-splitter" won, where "the Path-finder" lost.

When he was sworn into office Douglas stood at his side, in fact held his hat while he spoke, in hearty support then and later as long as life lasted. The antagonist of old but now the friend heard with sympathy and approval these touching and memorable words: "I am loath 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 battlefield 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."

The South heard but heeded not. State after state had gone on seceding, as they claimed, from the Union; a Confederacy had been set up at Montgomery with Jefferson Davis as president, and armies created to achieve by force their independence. All appeals to reconsider their hasty acts fell upon unwilling ears. The North in general did not really believe they meant war, and it was not until they fired on Fort Sumter that the sleeping lion was roused. Then occurred an uprising of an indignant people that astonished the world.

Mr. Lincoln chose for his Cabinet his chief opponents at Chicago: Seward, Chase, Cameron, and others. Some were well-known to the country, some had yet to make their mark.

Many thought that Seward would prove the master mind to overshadow his fellows, perhaps the President himself. In a speech on the admission of California he had said: "There is a higher law than the constitution," and at Rochester in 1858: "It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free labor nation." These views, very advanced for the time, held by many to be very radical, appealed with force of conviction to a large part of his countrymen; in consequence he had a strong and influentia party at his back. He was a very able lawyer, had been governor of the state of New York, and long a leading senator. The force of Lincoln's character was soon made evident. He drafted himself the first circular to the foreign powers on the state of our affairs at home and abroad, a document of extraordinary merit, and directed his secretary of state to put it in the usual diplomatic form for transmissal to our ministers abroad. Seward presented a scheme to the cabinet whereby one member should be charged

with management and direction of all our affairs, "to devolve the energetic prosecution of the war on some member of the cabinet," in other words practically a dictatorship. "While he was not seeking it, he would not decline it." The President quietly intimated they could get on well enough without a dictator, that he would save the need of one, and ignored the scheme. He retained the vast powers of the Presidency in his own hands, unquestioned to the end. For his great services to the country in our foreign affairs in a most difficult time Mr. Seward's memory is held in grateful recollection.

Mr. Lincoln's chief object was to make the contest with the South a war for the Union only. In his inaugural he declared: "The Union is unbroken," that "no state, upon its mere motion, could lawfully get out of the Union; resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void." To him the abolition of slavery was an incident, not the purpose held in view. Before inauguration he wrote to Seward, he did "not wish to meddle with slavery as it now existed." Had he entertained and made known such intention it is doubtful if so many who cheerfully rallied to restore the Union would have come to his support. He declared "the abolition of slavery was not worth 300,000 lives, but the preservation of the Union was." To Horace Greeley, 19th August, 1862, in answer to his self-inspired, self-constructed "Prayer of 20,000,000 of People" he wrote: "My paramount object is to save the Union and not to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some, and leaving others alone, I would do that." Further: "My enemies pretend that I am now carrying on the war for the sole purpose of abolition. So long as I am President, it shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoring the Union."

From the very first Greeley was constantly giving him trouble. In the editorial columns of the *Tribune* it was declared that "if the

Cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace;" and on the 23rd February, 1861, that "if the Cotton States choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear moral right to do so." Gladstone improved but little on these plain words when he said "Jefferson Davis has created a nation." Secession was in the air. Fernando Wood proposed that New York should become a free independent city, and Daniel E. Sickles, in the House of Representatives, threatened that the secession of the Southern States should be followed by that of New York City.

Abolitionists other than Greeley treated Mr. Lincoln contemptuously. Wendell Phillips asked: "Who is this truckster in politics? Who is this county court advocate?" He had the audacity to publish an article entitled "Abraham Lincoln, the Slave hound of Illinois." He regarded the Administration "as a civil and military failure." His re-election "I shall consider the end of the Union, and its reconstruction on terms worse than disunion." Fremont, too, who had been relieved as Hunter was, for freeing the slaves in his department on his own motion, had his fling: "The Administration is politically, militarily and financially a failure."

The Democrats, in open opposition to his policy, objected to any other than voluntary emancipation by the people of the South themselves. Stanton broke out in opprobrious terms unfit to repeat. The Abolitionists were furious that he did not at once free the negroes. Many leading Republicans, still within the limits of the party, denounced him, as we shall see further on, both officially and personally. But this extraordinary man, beset with the clamor of his enemies, pushed his way forward like a great ship in mid-ocean, regardless of storm and tempest, true to the masterful hand that holds the wheel. He had his own plan that he would unfold in due time.

He was preparing to free the slaves as commander-in-chief, as a war measure to bring victory to our armies in the field. To a delegation of clergymen from Chicago in September, 1862, he answered: "I view this matter (proclamation of emancipation) as a practical war measure, to be decided on according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion." He had no doubt of his right under the Constitution to issue it. In a letter to a mass meeting held at Springfield he wrote 26th August, 1863: "I think the Constitution invests its commander-in-chief with all the law of war. The most that can be said, if so much, is, that slaves are property. Is there, has there ever been, any question that by the law of war, property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed?"

At last on the 1st January, 1863, he issued the proclamation: "By virtue of his power as commander-in-chief in time of actual armed rebellion and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the rebellion," the President ordered (note the military term) ordered that "all persons held as slaves in certain states and parts of states (designated) should be thence forward free."

The proclamation freed the slaves within the limits held by the Union armies, but no farther. Those blacks were free, but slavery could be restored by the states when they resumed their places in the Union. To abolish it for all time was now the paramount purpose. In June, 1864, Mr. Lincoln said the abolition of slavery was "a fitting and necessary condition to the final success of the Union cause." But how should it be done? He himself as a civil measure had always favored emancipation with compensation to owners, and colonization. Congress, in accord with the views set forth in his message of 16th March, 1862, passed a resolution that "the United States ought to co-operate with any state which might adopt a gradual emancipation of slavery," and placed at the disposal of the President $600,000 for an experiment in col-

onization. As late as February, 1865, he worked out a scheme whereby "Congress should empower him to distribute a sufficient sum of money between the slave states in due proportion to their respective slave populations (to be divided amongst the owners) on condition that all resistance to the national authority should be abandoned and cease on or before the first day of April next." On submitting it to his cabinet it was "unanimously disapproved." He doubted the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the reconstructed states. "I conceive that I may in an emergency do things on military grounds which cannot be done constitutionally by Congress." He favored an amendment to the Constitution which he did not live to see adopted. The Thirteenth Amendment was submitted to the states by resolution of Congress passed on the 1st February, 1865, and proclaimed a part of the fundamental law on the 18th December following. It provides that: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." Thus finally passed away the "peculiar institution," the subject of agitation for the previous fifty years, and the blot was forever wiped off the map. The "cornerstone" of the Confederacy, according to Alexander H. Stephens, that "slavery is the negro's natural and moral condition," crumbled to pieces. It may be left to moralists and economists to quarrel over the question, happily now merely academic, whether if left to itself it would have died of itself. Even in imperial Rome pagan lawyers declared slavery to be against natural light.

Lincoln's nomination and election to a second term were not effected without much commotion in the political world. The Democratic convention at Chicago, under the lead of Vallandigham and other extremists, put a plank in the platform declaring that "after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war," a convention ought to be called of all the states

or other peaceable means taken to restore peace "on the basis of a federal union of the states," which General McClellan, their candidate, repudiated. The radical Republicans nominated Fremont in May, but he withdrew in September. Chase, whom Lincoln had taken into his cabinet, and after his resignation appointed Chief Justice, hoped to be the nominee, but when the Ohio legislature declared for Lincoln, also withdrew. An effort to nominate Grant he brushed abruptly aside.

The Democratic party took a more dignified stand than the so-called Reactionaries. They charged that the Constitution had been violated and many of them in so awful a contingency would have preferred a divided country with the Constitution intact to a united country with the Constitution prostrate. While the reactionaries seemed to be moved by personal spite, quarrels over patronage, above all, by an intense desire to make the President accept their views and move more rapidly than he was disposed. Enemies of Mr. Lincoln within his own party were constantly attacking him. Mr. Julian made a serious mistake in saying "that of the more earnest and thorough-going Republicans in both houses of Congress probably not one in ten favored the nomination of Mr. Lincoln." Thaddeus Stevens declared in the House that Arnold, of Illinois, was the only member who was a political friend of the President, and "the story goes that Lincoln himself sadly admitted the truth of it." Pomeroy, of Kansas, proclaimed that his reelection was practically impossible. Winter Davis and B. F. Wade published an address in the N. Y. *Tribune*, "To the Supporters of the Government," in which they charged encroachment of the Executive on the authority of Congress, "even impugning the honesty of his purpose in words of direct personal insult."

Meanwhile the war was going on successfully to its inevitable conclusion and all opposition was vain. The majority of the people thought with Lincoln, that it was no time to swap horses when crossing the stream.

On taking the oath a second time he spoke these words, which touch the heart because they came from his: "With malice toward none; with charity for 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 orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Of the history of the war much might be, but little need here be said, for it is too familiar to the older, perhaps to the younger Companions, now to rehearse. As the last of the chief commanders he selected Grant, who led the armies to final victory at Appomattox. When Grant took command he stipulated that he was to be absolutely free from all interference, especially on the part of Stanton. Lincoln was most generous in his confidence and in his support. He wrote; "The particulars of your plan I neither know nor seek to know." Grant replied in like spirit: "Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say, the fault is not with you." Lincoln lived to see the Union armies victorious at Appomattox, and Lee with the brave but exhausted Army of Northern Virginia give up the struggle. Then, the Union safe, the light went out; a great soul passed on to its Maker.

Abraham Lincoln was a true product of our institutions. In no other country could his career have been possible; only a republic based on a democracy could have produced him. He had ambition to rise, but it was not "vaulting," nor was it "that sin" whereby "fell the angels." In an address to the people in his first canvass for the legislature he described it: "Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say for one that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem." Such principles were in accord with fair desire to reach place and power, where he could carry them into effect. He be-

lieved in the truths of the Declaration he so often proclaimed: All men are born free and equal. His character appealed to the sympathy and affections of the people. He was "Honest Abe," because while in business, of his own notion he trudged miles to refund an accidental overcharge; because he took trouble to make up for a careless underweight; because he paid off his "national debt," with interest, every cent. He never cared for money or tried to accumulate it. To Chase, wishing to introduce a delegation of bankers who had come to Washington to discuss the financial situation, he exclaimed, "Money! I don't know anything about money! I never had enough of my own to fret me, and I have no opinion about it any way."

In the usual sense he was not a politician. Without his ear to the ground no man ever knew better the heart of the plain people: he was one of them himself. He said, "God loves the plain people, he made so many of them." He had their virtues, honesty, truth, courage, none of their faults. A model of the domestic virtues, he had the family relations that make the bone and sinew of the land. No scandal, public or private, was ever fastened upon him, none was even so much as hinted. Not strictly a religious man, he believed in the Christian's God whom he so often invoked, and lived in accord with the morals of Christian life. He had the confidence, affection, respect of every man that knew him, of every man that once had seen him. How it stirred the heart, roused the spirit of patriotism in the young soldier's breast, in the breasts of many of you, to behold that dignified figure in the dress they wore at home, a citizen in black as the head of the army on review, the country's institutions personified! Of undoubted personal courage he stood under fire, perhaps without due heed, but eager to witness Early's repulse at Fort Stevens, our soldiers and theirs in actual battle. Like Aristotle's magnanimous man, virtuous, conversant with great and extraordinary honors, his gait was slow, his tone of voice grave, his pronunciation firm. (Ethics, lib. IV.)

As a statesman he holds place in the highest rank. It is amazing to consider how one with no previous experience could conduct the government with success to the end of a war that convulsed a continent, that disturbed the whole world. Yet as he wrote in his message in December, 1864, the population had actually increased during the preceding four years, and material resources were more complete and abundant than ever. Peculiarly delicate and difficult were our relations with foreign powers. There was impending danger of intervention by Great Britain and France. The French were in Mexico with hopes to stay; the English, sending forth armed ships in the name of neutrality to destroy our commerce; the Canadians, giving shelter to enemies and spies too mean to bear arms, a refuge to carry on their nefarious designs. Our only friend was Russia, to prove that friendship by sending a fleet at a critical time to ward off interference. It is said the English people were in sympathy with the Union cause; so they were in the same way in our Revolution. Their hostile temper was shown in swift anger at the taking of Mason and Slidell by Captain Wilkes off the *Trent*. Although the gallant officer received thanks of Congress and the applause of the country it was a mistake, and to avert war had to be undone. But there were plenty of precedents in English history to justify it; some of them led to the War of 1812. As late as the Spanish War the British Ambassador guided other foreign ministers to the White House with intent to overawe and intimidate the President. Their actions and purposes in Mexico now are left to the future to unfold.

It took a skilful pilot to steer through these difficult channels; the least swerve from the course was sure to bring collision with a sunken rock. Foreign affairs were ably handled by the secretary of state, but supreme direction was in the hands of the President. Vigorous and emphatic protests were made to the British that led, through our having the most formidable fleet afloat, to the Alabama Treaty; to the evacuation of Mexico when Sheridan with

50,000 veterans, some of you among them, moved to the frontier. Men have tried in vain to tell the debt of gratitude the country owes to the wisdom, firmness, foresight, patriotism of Abraham Lincoln.

It has been told of him that he stands apart in striking solitude. He had no confidants about him to warp and deceive his judgment, to boast afterward of their perfidy. His ear was ever open to advice of friends, even to hear the abuse of enemies, but he acted of his own will, unswerved by influence or threats, without fear but with due heed for results. He was chief magistrate. Imperious Stanton more than once was reminded by him, gently but firmly, that one was Secretary, the other President.

Lincoln was fond of company, even of the plainest; no old friend too humble to entertain, to talk with of the past, to recall events of their early life. As a young man he was subject to spells of depression, and perhaps never entirely recovered from the effects of them. They showed, as many of you have seen, in his countenance when not lighted up by a kindly smile. Was his sadness due to an overwhelming sense of responsibility? for we know that responsibility sobers. The late Chief Justice Thompson, who knew him well, and had seen Alexander of Russia, the liberator of serfs, afterward also assassinated, used to say they had the saddest faces he ever saw on men. Were the shadows of impending doom upon them? Lincoln often spoke of doing his duty at the risk of his life. At the State House he closed his speech with this remarkable statement some of you may have heard: "But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by." At another time he felt that he had no moral right to shrink from his duty, nor even to count the chances of his own life in what might follow. He had rather die, as he said, than restore to slavery the blacks he had set free.

In his book, De Trobriand, of the regular army, relates that he could tell from the countenances of his men who were to fall in the coming battle. Was it that "far-away look" some physicians skilled to "minister to a mind diseased" have known and described? Was it with Lincoln, the impress of the conscious soul upon the body it was about to leave?

A most genial, kindly man, he seldom said of another anything severe, but when pushed too far he knew how to strike back. He had "a giant's strength," but thought it "tyrannous to use it like a giant." One Forquer had been berating him as a young man who must be "taken down." Forquer had built for himself the finest house in Springfield, and put on it the first lightning-rod ever seen in the neighborhood. Lincoln declared from "the stump:" "I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day when I should have to erect a lightning-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God!"

His fund of anecdotes was inexhaustible, but many attributed to him are of doubtful source. He told them to relieve his feelings or as a happy, amusing illustration, even in the gravest affairs. In his biographical sketch alluded to he did not refrain from using the homeliest illustrations. "If any personal description is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and gray eyes. No other marks and brands recollected." He was fond of metaphor drawn from life on the farm. When he allowed Greeley to go to Niagara Falls, on a vain errand as he knew, to confer with self-styled Confederate Commissioners, with mind probably on an unruly steer tied with a long halter, he gave him, as he declared, rope enough to hang him. When Hooker, after Chancellorsville, proposed to cross the Rappahannock and attack Lee's rear corps at Fredericksburg, he wrote him: "In one word, I would not take

any risk of being entangled upon the river like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other." At the famous conference at Hampton Roads in January, 1865, he persisted that he could not enter into any agreement with "parties in arms against the government." Hunter, of Virginia, cited precedents "of this character between Charles I. of England and the people in arms against him." Lincoln replied: "I do not profess to be posted in history. On all such matters I will turn you over to Seward. All I distinctly recollect about the case of Charles I. is, that he lost his head!"

The flight and pursuit of Jefferson Davis was an exciting episode. Asked if he was willing to let him escape, Lincoln said it reminded him of a circuit rider who late at night, tired and wet, sought rest and refreshment for himself and horse at a settler's cabin. The farmer asked, "Parson, will you take a drink?" He replied, "Oh my no, I never drink." "Well then, will you have a lemonade?" "Yes," he would have that. "Shall I put a stick in it?" "Well now," hesitating, "if you can put it in sort of unbeknownst like." If the late president of the confederacy could escape "unbeknownst like," so much the better for the country. The result, as usual, proved Lincoln's wisdom. For the capture greatly embarrassed the government and showed that a man cannot be convicted in the district where the treason was committed, if the whole community be involved, because, although Davis was indicted and arraigned, they dared not try him in the face of certain acquittal, unless they packed the jury, a crime almost equal to treason itself.

Lincoln's speeches on the rostrum and before the jury were full of anecdotes like these, to amuse the fancy or please the crowd. But his oratory and his writings have a far higher merit. They are in the choicest form of English composition. His letter to a

poor mother who he heard had lost five sons in the war, still hangs on the walls of Brasenose College, Oxford, as an example of pure and perfect English. Recently the Chancellor of Oxford, asked to say who was the greatest English orator, replied, Abraham Lincoln was the greatest in the English language. His speech at Gettysburg as a model of funereal oratory took the place of Pericles' over the dead of Marathon, for two thousand years held up as the greatest of its kind. In a few moments he gained there more lasting fame than Meade who fought the battle. Again in the contest for fame between letters and arms, carried on since Alexander at the tomb of Achilles longed for another Homer, letters won. How full of tender and noble thoughts must have been the soul that on the spur of the moment, as it were, could utter forth a master-piece to last as long as time! Well may they place that immortal speech on the stately monument that stands in honor of the soldiers of Pennsylvania on the field where it was spoken, but men will read it when the marks in bronze that set it forth are worn away from storm and rust. Glorious field! illustrious for heroic deeds of arms, for oratory's highest flight; greater than Marathon, for here men who met as foes now gather as friends, citizens of a common country.

With all his extraordinary faculties he had none of the eccentricities of genius. His patience under most exasperating circumstances was without limit; when tried almost beyond human endurance he replied without passion, without complaint, only to correct mistake. He was misunderstood by his enemies, not fully appreciated by his friends. But the harsh things said of him in his life-time, all too short, are now forgotten in universal reverence for his memory. Of a heart too tender willingly to sign a death warrant, he approved a bill, on conviction of its necessity, to authorize generals in the field to execute spies and deserters. The quality of his mercy was not strained; he was the very personification of that charity that suffereth long and is kind. But he was

always the man, *primus inter pares*, first amongst his peers. That one of his kindly nature should perish at the hands of an assassin passes all understanding.

Abraham Lincoln in character, ability, and achievement ranks with the great men of his time, with the great men of all time. In contemplating him we believe with Cicero, in every great man is some whiff of the divine breath.[1] While men of genius have some qualities, opinions, and fortunes in common, in others they widely differ.[2] With Hamilton, Lincoln believed in a strong government; with Jefferson, in the virtue and intelligence of the people. Athens, weary of Aristides "the Just," banished him; America honored "Honest Abe" living, reveres him dead. Cato, held for just and fearless, to save their keep sold his slaves in their old age; Lincoln, to hold fast the integrity of his country, made free men of a million slaves.

From the story of this noble life we draw the lesson that duty must be done, "as God gives us to see" our duty, at all risks, and that as Providence raised up him to face disunion and a civil war, so will He raise up another, not a Lincoln perhaps, but one, like him, when the time shall come, with stout heart and bold front, with wisdom and virtue, with unbounded love for his country, to meet all dangers that may threaten the republic.

FINIS

1 Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.

2 Utenim in corporibus magnae dissimilitudines sunt (alios videmus velocitate ad cursum, alios viribus ad luctandum valere, itemque in formis aliis dignitatem inesse, aliis venustatem), sic in animis existent majores etiam varietates. Erat in L. Crasso, &c. De Officiios, I, 30, 107.