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Services and Exercises

AT THE

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE

OF

Abraham Lincoln.







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SERVICES AND ADDRESSES

AT THE

Unveiling of the Statue

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

OCTOBER 21ST., 1869.

PUBLISHED BY

THE WAR FUND COMMITTEE.

BROOKLYN :

1869.

Committee on Monument.

JAMES P. WALLACE,
J. S. T. STRANAHAN,
JAMES HOW, JR.,
ISAAC H. FROTHINGHAM,
DWIGHT JOHNSON,
GEORGE S. STEPHENSON,
BENJAMIN F. DELANO,
ELIAS LEWIS, JR.,

Committee on Celebration.

[The above Committee, and ;]

A. ABBOTT LOW,
WALTER S. GRIFFITH,
GEORGE L. NICHOLS,
LUTHER B. WYMAN,
JAMES H. FROTHINGHAM,
LYMAN S. BURNHAM,
JOHN B. WOODWARD.

Statue of Abraham Lincoln.

At the first meeting of the "War Fund Committee" of the city of Brooklyn, after the assassination of President Lincoln—a meeting held on the 22d of April, 1865—it was resolved to open a subscription, for the erection of some suitable and permanent memorial, in the city, of him for whom the Nation was in mourning. No contribution of more than One Dollar was to be received from any person, that all might have equal opportunity to take part in this work of public gratitude; and the Executive Committee was empowered and instructed to carry the resolution into immediate effect.

Subscription books were opened, accordingly; and, in a short time, TWELVE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE names had been attached to them, each of which represented one dollar contributed to the object. The entire sum, so received, was at once invested in United States bonds; and it was afterwards increased, by interest and by premiums, to the total amount of Fifteen Thousand Dollars.

It was subsequently resolved to appropriate the whole amount to the erection of a Statue, in bronze, to be executed by the distinguished sculptor, Mr. Henry K. Brown;—the War Fund Committee assuming all the incidental expenses connected with securing and collecting the subscriptions.

The necessary contracts were at once made; and the Sta-

tue was completed by Mr. Brown, and accepted by the Committee, in March, 1868.*

An arrangement had been previously made with the Brooklyn Park Commissioners, by which they were to allot a place and erect a suitable base for the Statue, in the plaza at the western entrance of Prospect Park, and were to assume the permanent custody of it, after it should be erected. But it was found to be impossible to complete the needful preliminary operations for placing it on an appropriate pedestal, and unveiling it to the public, until October, 1869.

On the 21st of that month, in the presence of many invited guests, of the Twenty-third Regiment of the New York State National Guard, and of an immense multitude of interested spectators, the ceremonies appropriate to this service occurred,—the first Statue, of bronze, was erected in honor of President Lincoln, in an American City, and the War Fund Committee completed the discharge of its important and delicate trust.

The order of exercises on the occasion was as follows :

After appropriate music from the Navy Yard band,—whose aid had been politely furnished to the Committee by the Commandant of the Navy Yard, Admiral S. W. Godon—Mr. A. Abbott Low, who had been requested by the Committee to preside at the ceremony, opened the services with the following Address :—

*The Statue is eight feet and a half, in height. It presents a faithful likeness of the figure and the features of President Lincoln, and represents him as standing, draped in a cloak, with his head uncovered, holding in his left hand a scroll, while pointing with the right hand to these words, inscribed upon the scroll, from the Emancipation Proclamation:—" Shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free."

The pedestal is of polished Scotch granite, with these inscriptions and emblems carved upon its sides: On the east and west, wreaths enclose the letters " U. S. A.," and " U. S. N.;" on the south, an eagle holds a shield, in the centre of which is the City seal—a female figure, holding an axe supported by reeds, with the motto, " Eendraght Maakt Maght;" on the north, is an eagle, with a broken shackle in his talons.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—In the eventful year 1865, the War Fund Committee of Brooklyn resolved to signalize the close of their voluntary labors, by erecting a monument to the memory of the lamented patriot and martyr, by handing down to posterity, in truthful outline, the form and features of the great man who had successfully guided the destinies of our country through its most perilous crisis—thus bringing art to the aid of history in immortalizing the name of Abraham Lincoln.

It was at once determined to raise the necessary funds by a small but general subscription. An appeal, accordingly, was addressed to the people, and the people responded gladly. Circumstances favored the movement. A sentiment of gratitude, tempered by a feeling of the profoundest sorrow, wrought upon the hearts and will of all.

The struggle for the nation's life was over. The flag of the Union everywhere waved in triumph, and the return of peace was hailed with universal delight. While transports of joy, and the cheers of the loyal, were resounding throughout the North, the death of the President was unexpectedly announced, and the shout of triumph was changed into a wail of mourning! The people wept!

And now the lessons of the war were rehearsed anew.

The providence of God, in the events of the war, was in every mind, and on every tongue.

Memory recalled the time, less than five years before, when a man, in stature like unto Saul, was summoned from an obscure sphere in life, to fill the highest office in the gift of the people.

The popular vote had been cast amid forebodings of evil, and the future was to witness their worst realization. The President-elect would be the head of the

Army and Navy, and few of all the people knew their appointed leader. The foes of the Union were exultant. War speedily followed the inauguration; and, at the close of that war, a name so lately unknown had become illustrious in the annals of our country. The fame thereof had spread throughout all the nations of the world; and when tidings of Abraham Lincoln's death went forth, words of condolence and eulogy came back from courts and kingdoms in such measure as to fill a capacious volume. The compilation forms a priceless treasure in the Department of State, at the Capitol of the nation.

And thus it came to pass that as, in the earlier days of the Republic, God raised up Washington to be, as he was justly styled, "the Father of his Country," so, in these later days, God raised up Lincoln, to be our country's deliverer. Washington gave to the States of the Union independence, and a standing among the nations. Lincoln put down a formidable rebellion, turned away the curse of slavery, and left the States united and free.

Lincoln was the Providential man of our time. To perpetuate his memory is our grateful duty; to raise a statue to the honor of his name, is a just tribute of affection to the worth and wisdom of the lamented patriot, who died, as he had lived, for his country! We thus manifest our gratitude to God, for His gift of a life so precious.

The delay which has occurred is not to be misunderstood, as manifesting a want of zeal on the part of the Committee who have had the work in charge. It was early committed to one of your gifted townsmen, was long since perfected, and has been waiting the convenience of the Park Commissioners, under whose direction

the pedestal has been prepared on which the Statue is henceforth to stand. It seemed to be most fitting and proper that on this spot, destined ere long to be the centre of a vast city, this monument should be erected; that all our citizens, who gather from time to time in this plaza, and look upon the form and features of this central figure, may be led to ponder the example of the great original; to recall, with gratitude, the good he did, and the impress that he made on his age and generation; that here, beneath this Statue, before entering upon the paths of pleasure now opening to our view, the vow may be renewed by all, faithfully to maintain, and loyally to uphold, the Union and the Government established by our Fathers.

Let us hope that as the waters which supply the fountain by our side, whose source is far distant, are made to flow out and penetrate every house and home in our city, so there will go forth from this spot, hallowed by precious thoughts and memories, an influence that shall animate and strengthen all hearts; that this influence may descend from generation to generation, advancing whatever is worthy of emulation in the past or present. So our work of to-day shall be blest.

From the lips of another you will presently be called to contemplate the influence exerted upon our own age by the life and death of him whose virtues we seek to commemorate—whose loss we cease not to deplore. The same voice, always welcome to our ears, was heard not long since in glowing eulogy at the funeral obsequies of the departed.

We have come here to-day by invitation of the War Fund Committee, to take part in the consummation of this long-cherished purpose; to celebrate, with appro-

priate ceremonies, the unveiling of the statue of our late lamented President, Abraham Lincoln.

The President of the United States, the Governor of the State of New York, the Mayor and Common Council of our city, Judges of the respective courts, officers of the army and navy, soldiers and sailors who shared in the perils and in the glories of the war, and all who contributed to the erection of this monument, have been asked to be present, to witness the transfer of this gift of the people to the city of their pride, and, on the part of the Park Commissioners, to whose charge it is to be committed, the acceptance of this sacred trust.

Permit me, in concluding these introductory remarks, to associate with the rich memories of this hour, and of this occasion, the ever-memorable words uttered by Mr. Lincoln at the close of his second inaugural—the last, I believe, publicly addressed by him to the American people. They will endure longer than bronze, however imperishable it seems. What better inscription can be put upon this monument?

“With malice towards 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.”

At the conclusion of Mr. Low’s Address, the strings attached to the cloth enveloping the Statue were loosened by the Sculptor, Mr. Brown, and the noble memorial of the lamented President was instantly unveiled, amid the cheers of the spectators, and the thunders of the National Salute from a battery on the adjacent hill.

Mr. James P. Wallace, Chairman of the Committee to which had been entrusted the responsibility of procuring designs for the statue, and of making the final contract for the work, was then introduced by Mr. Low, and formally presented the statue, on behalf of the War Fund Committee, to the Park Commissioners, in the following Address:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor on this occasion to represent a two-fold constituency.

First:—about thirteen thousand citizens of Brooklyn, without distinction of creed or political faith, men, women and children, who, for the love they bore to a great and good man, made up a contribution to honor his memory. From the laborer on the highway, from the workshop, from the counting-room and store, from the stately mansion of the wealthy, and from the scanty apartments of the industrious poor, wherever reverence and love for Abraham Lincoln thrilled the heart, or wherever was detestation and horror at the dreadful deed which so suddenly terminated his useful life,—thence came the little drops into the treasury; a name with every dollar, and a dollar for every name. Noble men! noble women! Names fragrant to the memory; worthy to be preserved—as they have been preserved, in the archives of the Historical Society—that all who come after may know to whom belongs the honor of building up this monument to Abraham Lincoln!

My second constituency is a body of prominent patriotic citizens, who banded together during the war, and contributed freely of their time, of their influence, and of their means, in support of the Government,—whose praise is in every mouth, and who are known as the War Fund Committee of the City of Brooklyn.

Under the auspices of that Committee, books were opened for subscription immediately after the assassination. Not more than one dollar was received from any person, that we might have pre-eminently a People's Monument; and the Committee bear testimony to the alacrity with which our citizens responded to the call.

The Committee also bear testimony to the faithful management of their Treasurer, who not only kept safely his whole trust, but so invested it as to make the \$13,000 contributed earn \$2,000 more,—which sums together make the amount expended for this statue.

The Committee also bear testimony to the liberality of our local press, which, without reward, except in the consciousness of doing a good deed, used its mighty influence to fan the flame of patriotism, and encourage contributions to this noble object.

And especially the Committee bear testimony to the skill and ability of the sculptor, H. K. Brown, whose works of art adorn Greenwood, and Union Square, and the National Capitol at Washington, with many other places of lesser note; and who, with long and patient labor, has produced this bronze statue, which portrays the likeness and characteristics of our late lamented President with such fidelity as to excite the admiration and high satisfaction of our best critics.

And now it becomes my duty—as it is my pleasure—in the name of the War Fund Committee, formally to request the Brooklyn Park Commissioners, of whom [to Mr. Stranahan] you, Sir, are the honored President, to accept in perpetuity the custody of this statue of Abraham Lincoln, to love, to cherish and protect it, during all the days of your authority.

May it ever stand here, looking out over our fair city, where it will hold in review the millions who

will visit this beautiful Park, and where our citizens, and the people of every name, as they come up those broad avenues, and look toward the rising sun, will ever be reminded of the pure, the noble, the patriotic Abraham Lincoln.

May his life and his character be a model to ourselves and to our children, and to all who would aspire to influence and position in our land. May the union of all the States, and universal Liberty—which he loved, and which it was his highest earthly aim to preserve—ever be dear to the hearts of his countrymen! And may all the people, of the East and the West, of the North and the South, feel themselves to be one people, with one common interest, only emulating each other in their love for the old flag, and for their whole country, and for their whole country's good!

On behalf of the Park Commissioners, Hon. J. S. T. Stranahan, their President, responded to the presentation address of Mr. Wallace, as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE WAR FUND COMMITTEE:—The Park Commissioners have selected in this, the main entrance to Prospect Park, three positions, as in their judgment affording appropriate localities for the erection of as many statues, as memorials of three of the eminent men whose lives are intimately identified with the great struggles in our country's history.

In one of these positions they hope to see a statue of George Washington: who on this ground fought his first battle in the war of the Revolution, and whose services as Commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary army, and subsequently as President of these United States, have not only entitled him to the

Nation's gratitude, but have secured for his name the enduring respect and veneration of mankind. In the second position they hope to see the statue of Andrew Jackson: distinguished among the illustrious heroes who appeared in the War of 1812, not less distinguished as the Chief Magistrate of this Nation, and in both relations evincing a devotion to the unity, integrity, and prosperity of his country, alike unquestioned and unquestionable. It remains for the generous promptings of public feeling to give reality to these ideas and hopes of the Park Commissioners.

In respect to the third position, the events of this day, and the ceremonies of this occasion, tell their own story. Soon after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln the popular heart glowed with an irrepressible desire to do honor to the memory of the lamented dead. Called to the Presidency amid circumstances of the greatest difficulty; confronted, in the very outset of his career, with the embarrassments, complications, and perils of an incipient civil war; contending, during the whole of his term of service, with one of the most formidable rebellions known in the history of nations; in these exigencies of peculiar trial conducting the Government with a discretion, perseverance, firmness, and patriotic devotion, that proved him to be the man for the hour; re-elected, for a second term, by a grateful and appreciating people; living till the victories of the army and navy had brought the country to the verge of peace, and then falling too soon for the Nation's good—Abraham Lincoln has wrought for himself a name, and gained a place in the affections of the American people, more lasting than any memorial which it is in the power of art to devise.

As one significant evidence of this fact, I point to

that noble statue which has just been unveiled to the public, which you have now presented to the Park Commissioners as Brooklyn's tribute of gratitude to the honored dead, and which, in their name, I have the pleasure to accept—pledging to you, and to all the citizens of Brooklyn, that they will endeavor to be faithful custodians of the sacred trust. Here let this monument stand, with the other two to which reference has been made, and which it is hoped will soon be erected,—suggesting to the thousands who may hereafter seek the recreations of this Park, that nobleness of character, pureness of heart, and eminent service for the public good, are alike the best qualities of the citizen, and the surest guarantees for the permanent respect of the Nation.

At the close of Mr. Stranahan's Address, these letters were read, from President Grant, and Governor Hoffman.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 18, 1869.

SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter requesting me to be present at the unveiling of the Lincoln Monument at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 21st inst.

It would afford me great pleasure to accept your very cordial invitation, but I find that my official duties will not permit me to be absent from the capital at that time.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT.

JAMES P. WALLACE, ESQ.

ALBANY, Oct. 17, 1869.

DEAR SIR:—I regret, exceedingly, that your invitation to attend the ceremony of the unveiling of the monument to the late President, Abraham Lincoln, has been received too late to enable me to make my arrangements to accept. It would give me great pleasure to be present, if circumstances would permit.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN T. HOFFMAN.

JAMES P. WALLACE, Chairman of Committee.

The Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Jr., D. D.,—who had been invited by the Committee to prepare a discourse appropriate to the inauguration of the Statue—was then introduced by the President, and delivered the following Address:—

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—We are assembled to-day to rejoice together in the completion of a work, honorable for the tender and grateful impulse in which it originated; honorable, for the cheerful fidelity and zeal with which it has been carried to its present consummation; honorable we doubt not, for the influence that shall flow from it, into the Future. More than four years after his death—in a city which he had rarely entered—on heights which his foot had never trodden—by the voluntary contributions of thousands of persons, most of whom certainly never had seen him, unless in his coffin, and many of whom had been his earnest political opponents—this statue is erected to Abraham Lincoln.

As a work of art, it is its own advocate. As a memorial of him, we could not wish it other than it is. The skillful hand of the accomplished sculptor has moulded the solid yet ductile metal into the very similitude of the man. The tall, gaunt, undisciplined figure—the kindly, impressive, rough-hewn face, sad at times as almost no other was ever sad, yet kindled again with illuminating smiles, and always sagacious, gentle, patient, seamed with reflection, solicitude, sorrow, but never with evil lust or passion—they here are before us, almost as if he whom they marked were present; and our children's children shall see on this pedestal, while the granite and the bronze fulfil their office, the image of him who wrote the words to which his steady finger points.

It is the first statue, of such material, raised by spontaneous gifts from the people, to commemorate him in the land which he ruled, and among the cities whose streets were shrouded at his death. It is a fit occasion of pleasure and pride to us that the purpose to erect it, which sprang up simultaneously with the tidings of his death, has thus among us been accomplished, and that here henceforth it is to stand; on the summit crest of our expanding and beautiful city; on a spot consecrated, more than ninety years since, by the patriot blood which then so freely and so fruitfully fell; overlooking the homes and working-places of a million and a half of the American people; looking out upon the bay, through which passes so large and rich a portion of the commerce of the world.

In all respects is its position a fit one. There is no impropriety, but an obvious harmony, in placing the memorial of him whom we honor at a point where we pass in full view of it, and almost beneath its very shadow, so often as we seek the beauty and delight of that superb Park which spreads before us. Those glades, and lawns, and water-courses, those nestling nooks and winding drives, those swelling hills and meadow-reaches, the emerald sod, and the forests now gleaming in the splendors of Autumn, are all fresh witnesses of what we owe to him whose statue we here place. Out of his wrestle and wear of soul, and of theirs who wrought with him, through those fierce years which were closed with his death, has come the abundant and wide prosperity which makes this pleasure-ground our possession. Because he suffered, we enjoy. He staggered under loads of obligation and of care, that we might afterward live at ease. And if the burdens which he wearily bore, and bore to the

end, had been lightened by trick or by treachery in him, there had been for us no solid peace, and no secure pleasure.

There was something in him, too—there is something still in the remembrance of him—peculiarly in sympathy with any healthful and innocent pleasure; especially with any which is shared, as is this, by all classes of the people. Many other statues might be placed here, of men whom it were well to commemorate. One statue, I trust, will be placed here, ere long, as this has been, by the hands of the people—of him whose earlier work for the country inspires always profounder homage, as history exhibits its great proportions above the receding yet watchful years, and whose fame in the world makes America renowned, as the Country of Washington.

But many statues of men eminent in our annals would be at least as appropriate elsewhere, as where men seek their social recreation. And some might seem rather to cast a shadow on yonder scenes, than to add to their sunny grace and glow. But this of Lincoln—it tells us, indeed, of great national emergencies, patiently, skilfully, victoriously met. It tells us of a fortitude that never was broken, and a wisdom that only grew greater to the end. But it reminds us also, and always, of a spirit so genial, so humorous, so pathetic, that joys of others were beautiful to it; that to soothe their sorrows, and to heighten their pleasures, was its impulse and rule. And instinctively we feel that if his spirit could re-appear, to animate this impassive bronze, a cordial greeting would break from it, to all who passed; that the poor, and the humble, clustered about it, would catch from it words of kindly cheer; that children would be touched by it, with

tenderest hands; that the aged would be hailed, with reverent salutation; and that the crowds gathered intent before its front would hear, as of old, sagacious, persuasive, and liberal counsels, whose logic was illumined, and their lesson re-enforced, by some quaint story.

Here, therefore, let it appropriately stand:—at the gates of the ground where the city takes its pleasure; amid the currents of sparkling and rejoicing life which through the years shall here flow brightly back and forth! Let it stand, not for one year, or for ten years, alone, or for one generation, but while the city itself continues; while the hills remain on their ancient foundations; while yonder sea does not as yet give up its dead! Let the dews and rains of heaven fall on it, with their silent or sounding benediction! Let the blooms of Spring, and the rainbow glories which crown the year, wreath their successive garlands around it! Let the city, as it sweeps more widely outward, only seem to fold it in a more intimate embrace! And let the rays of the westering sun, seeking the regions which gave him to us, linger and play upon the figure which here henceforth shall lift its lines to tell men what, in outward presentment, Lincoln was!

But there are purposes fulfilled in erecting this statue, which give to this service a moral significance; through relation to which the occasion becomes one of general interest. It is no civic vanity, it is no State pride, it is no narrow enthusiasm for party, which has raised this memorial of one not otherwise related to us than to all the States of the Republic; of one who has so long passed from the earth that his influence over parties has become imperceptible. The people have reared it, because they loved him; because they recog-

nized in him a friend, whose temper and thought were in harmony with their own; whose humor attracted, and whose simplicity charmed, while his power sustained them; who would have been at home in any of their houses, yet to whom they had gladly twice confided unequaled trusts; whose death smote their hearts with a personal grief.

They have raised it, in grateful recognition of his service,—in that immense work, prolific in benefits to themselves and their children, which he in large measure directed and inspired.

They have raised it, because they have felt instinctively, with a quick and wide consciousness, that he whom they honored was in many respects a true representative of the faculty and the spirit of the Nation which he served; and because they desired that an influence from his striking and peculiar personality should be disseminated, and be perpetuated, among those who hereafter shall look upon this enduring likeness of his features and form.

He stands as an exponent of what the American life can produce, without foreign assistance. Uncultured as he was by school or college, his whole school-life hardly covering a year—trained only by reflection, by honest labor, and by intercourse with men—ancient literatures, renowned universities, the arts and powers of European culture, can claim no part, or only a remote and impalpable part, in what he became. Indeed nothing can claim to have helped him much, except the text-books which are familiar to all, and the atmosphere of freedom, and the incentives to labor, which were his only inheritance. Born in the humblest conditions of life, but of a Christian father and mother—stirred in childhood by stories of the perilous border

life, the bloody fringes of whose retiring robes had hardly vanished beyond the horizon—reading, when he could read, by the light of pine-knots, in the Bible, Esop's Fables, and Pilgrim's Progress—coming on only later to Burns and Shakspeare—talking in clubs, arguing in courts, writing for newspapers, pleading at last for what he deemed truth before attentive assemblages of men, but never matriculated in any academy, and never master of any language save that which he had learned in childhood—if any man represents, better than others who have been eminent in office among us, the native American faculty and training, this is the man!

A power, indeed, from all the Past had descended upon him, as it must on every ingenuous child born into a Christian civilization; from churches, and schools, and homes of others; from arts, discoveries, popular reforms; from every scene of patriot struggle, and of heroic effort and sacrifice. But this was his, in no peculiar sense or degree. And it had entered so silently and secretly into his life that no pen can exhibit, and no eye can trace it. The country claims him, therefore, as its outgrowth. He represents the influences inherent in its social and political atmosphere and soil. And in the moral life which was in him he shows what a lad, whose Bible was his only preacher, whose Christian mother was his church, may come to be, in a society full of temptation and of sin, when he tries intently to do the duty which is next to his hand, and looks to God for guidance and blessing.

Remember then the large fruition of his so homely and frugal youth;—what ingenuity, what deliberateness of intellectual movement, what precision of statement, what logical force, what subtle and copious mental sympathy, what a broad common-sense, even what

literary taste and skill, were developed in him when occasion demanded; what patience, and justness, and kindness of temper; what solicitude for friends, and what generous gentleness toward his foes; what a confidence in the Right, what confidence in God;—remember this, and you see at a glance what must be the advantage of such an example, made vivid and eminent before those who come after.

Its beneficent power is not in the fact that it points to heights, of mental attainment or of moral achievements, unreached before; that it represents to us poetic genius, scientific culture, the gleam of fancy, or the insight of reason, in new and splendid exhibition; that it signalizes saintship, or makes the spirit of Christian consecration more bright and familiar.

Its power for good is in the fact that it shows how real and how rich may be the gain of one who has no especial advantages; whose early life, rather, seems hedged about with narrow restrictions, and overshadowed by sombre clouds. If he, in spite of all discouragement, became, accomplished, what he did—there is promise in the fact, and an augury of success, for all who emulate his example. And while we know, as he knew better, that it is no figure of apostle or savant which stands before us—that it is that of one whose living and tempered clay was like our own, and whose soul had no strange whiteness in it—we know as well that it is that of a man who honestly labored, who suffered and who strove, for mental and for moral good; who made himself dear and inspiring to us, because he turned peril itself into privilege, and wrested results of honor and renown from the humblest opportunity! Therefore, in part, is his memory precious. And it is for the welfare of all generations, and for the true

credit of the land which gave him birth, that such an example should be lifted before men in unfading remembrance!

But more, even, than this, is implied in the fact that this statue has been raised, by the hands of the people, to the name and the fame of Abraham Lincoln. They who have done this have not merely been moved by love to him, and a grateful remembrance of what he accomplished for themselves and their children. They have not been impelled by the simple desire to prolong and to distribute, so far as they may, the invigorating force of his personal example. They have done it, also, as challenging for him a permanent place in the history of Mankind. They have said, in effect, in erecting this statue, that in their estimation he is one of the men of whom other lands, and future ages, are sure to speak; and that thus it is well that memorials be made of him as permanent in their structure as nature permits, and as art can attain. They have planted it here to stand for long. The canvas must lose the brightness of its colors. Its very substance must turn to dust. The memorial building may fall by chance of fire or time; its capitals be broken; its ashlar walls be piled in heaps. But the bronzes of Rome have outlasted its palaces, and still present, to modern eyes, the head of Augustus or of Trajan. And so we mean this statue to continue: its base of stone not soon decaying; the tooth of time pressing it long, before it yields to the sharp imprint; the metal which stands upon it remaining, untouched of air, or worm, or fire; enduring, almost, as are the features of nature. The men of other times shall see it. It connects us, as we stand here, with the coming generations. We cannot tell what great institutions shall have risen, and flourished, and turned to decay, before

the figure upon this rock shall have yielded itself to rust and rot!

And so, in erecting it, we say of him whom it represents that he is one whom the ages to be will speak of still, when we shall have passed, not from life alone, but from all human recollection; whose name will be heard on people's lips when the city has been changed, when political establishments have been variously modified, and when the written records of our time shall have yielded their place to other annals, in other tongues.

We say this; and we are right in saying it. For as long as history continues to be written, some mention must be made in it of this remarkable American people—starting from such obscure beginnings, spreading across such unsurpassed spaces, adventuring on such new and prophetic experiments, achieving so real and wide a welfare, distributing an influence so immense and so vital over the earth. And as long as mention continues to be made of this peculiar American people, so long some notice must certainly be taken of that momentous passage in its experience, when, after a long and silent preparation on either side, the forces that fought against and for the national life came into direct and deadly grapple; when the continent was fenced, by the flags and guns of a superb navy, for the field of the contest; when armies unsurpassed, in numbers and equipment, sprang as wrestlers into the great arena; when the issue hung balanced in doubt so long; and when the attentive nations of Christendom were awed yet eager spectators of the scene.

Many parts in our history, which have to us been full of interest, will gradually cease to awaken attention, and will slip from the notice of all but the most

microscopic of students, as Time goes on. Many questions which we yet struggle over, with strenuous, eager, and wide discussion, will seem mere rubbish, a century, two centuries, ten centuries hence. New questions arising will have shoved them from their place. A larger philosophy will have solved and dismissed them. But the vast rebellion, and the consequent civil war—which shook the nation to its bases, amid which we sometimes were tempted to feel that Apocalyptic prophecies were realized, that the heavens were on fire, and that mountains were about to slip from their seats into seas of blood—of this grand struggle, so fiercely maintained, so triumphantly ended, history will speak while it speaks of anything that has happened or been done on this side of the Atlantic.

And so long as history speaks of this, the name of Lincoln must be prominent in it. It cannot be otherwise, whether men wish it to be so or not. Ample libraries can now scarcely contain the writings and the relics which bear record of the war. Books, pamphlets, newspapers, broad-sheets—their variety is vast, and their sum is immense. Generations hence, when libraries have been sifted, and a relentless analysis has dissected their contents, the substance thereof shall be compressed into volumes. The series of volumes will shrink, again, into one or two. And when other ages have passed away, and other times are on the earth, the volume may be hardly more than a chapter. Perhaps at last the chapter, even, will have been concentrated in a paragraph or a sentence; and that will be all that then tells men of the struggle at which Europe and America both stood aghast!

But no volume, or chapter, or paragraph will be written, and no comprehensive and intelligent sentence,

summing up the story of this prolonged strife which almost whelmed the State itself, in which the name of Lincoln, at least, shall not appear, as of the leader and head of the Nation, in that most fateful and critical time. And so the latest times on earth must still know something of him whose statue we unveil. We anticipate the fact, in our action to-day. We know that the character and career we here honor have passed henceforth, forevermore, out of the circle of men's present prepossessions, whether for or against them; that they are now part of the history of Mankind; and are to be adjudged, as the centuries go on, by the general conscience and reason of the world. And we are not afraid what the verdict is to be. We have no apprehension as to the answer to be made to the challenge which his history offers to the inspection and decision of Time. In that passionless, exacting, and tremendous tribunal, before which his spirit and his work are to go for analysis and judgment, all voices of the hour shall have passed into silence; all hates and loves, of which he was the object, shall have sunk from sight, as last year's gusts and whirls of air have now subsided in the heavens; and the solemn adjudication shall proceed alone upon the proved intrinsic merit of the man and of his action.

The verdict of the Future, looking back upon Lincoln, then must be this:—

That in a time of intense excitements, all-pervading, all-arousing, when feeling was passionate, apprehension vivid, the emotions of a continent preternaturally stirred, and when anger easily turned to malignity, and a just indignation became a vindictive thirst for vengeance—he kept his frank and kindly temper; and in the midst of all the jealousies, and the fierce animosi-

ties, raging around him, was to the end as patient and calm, as ready in sympathy, and as sweet in forgiveness, as if no war-storms vexed the land.

That in a time of immense opportunity for any dishonest greed and gain, his integrity was as perfect as the lustre in the diamond, as the blue in the sky; that with millions of gold waiting his word for their secret distribution, he touched no penny that was not his, and fell in death as uncorrupt as when he entered on his great office.

That in a time of prodigious, unanticipated movements, without precedent or parallel, when forces as wide as the country itself, as vehement as its winds, and as fiery as its lightnings, were loosened into tremendous collision,—when shrewdest schemes were as powerless for the crisis as bulwarks of paper against the whirlwind, when all the foundations seemed out of course, and only Omniscience could forecast the end—he showed an extraordinary sagacity and prudence; committing himself to no peremptory theory; availing himself of all men's counsel; arguing against his own convictions, until he had tested their correctness; following patiently the indications of events; and finally leading the Nation which had trusted him, by ways untried until he trode them, from the precipice to the plain, and out of the thunderous uproar and gloom to the dawn of a bright prophetic day.

That when lifted to an eminence in the public confidence, and the popular regard, such as few before him ever had occupied, and exercising powers over armies and navies, over generals and peoples, which almost no statesmen of the world have possessed, he was strangely unexcited by such sudden and surpassing personal distinction; that, intent upon his country's welfare, he

thought of himself with a singular humility ; and while his name at the end of a commission raised the humble to rank, and gave some men command over thousands of others, he was as devoid of ostentation or arrogance as if he had still been a boatman on the river, or the faithful advocate of a few obscure clients.

That he never despaired of the future of the Republic, amid whatever disasters or fears ; but kept through all his perfect faith, sublime in its simplicity, in the Government which protected the popular rights ; in the principles it incorporated ; in the advancing civilization which they were to help to build and mould ; and in the God, who, as he believed, watched over and guarded that sacred and imperial trust.

That he was immensely successful in his work ; and saw the Rebellion, which had reared its haughty front to the sky, which had scoffed at his plans, mocked his power, and heaped fierce ridicule on himself, as thoroughly beaten out of life as if storms of aerolites had smitten its armies, and mountains had fallen and buried them up ; that he saw the Nation more thoroughly one for the very struggle through which it had passed, and its place among the peoples of the world more distinguished than ever, for the blood it had spilled, and the treason it had crushed.

That he was identified with the widest movement of popular liberation which the world had yet seen ; and, recognizing his opportunity, hearing the solemn voices of Providence, not disobeying the heavenly vision, was permitted and enabled to loosen the shackles from the limbs of a race, and to lift the millions of slaves in the land to a wholly new level of privilege and of right ; making the desert bloom before them ; setting up on the horizon, that had been lowering and red, opportu-

nities and hopes which gleam on their eyes like gates of pearl.

That he lived to see all this success, and to feel his veins swelling with that rich joy which swept like a current of quickening life throughout the land, and then died a martyr to the cause he had championed; sealing his service with the sacrifice of his life; leaving the Nation, which he had rescued, in wildest grief; throwing the shadow of a strange sorrow over lands which he had never seen; and seeking the rest denied him here, in the presence of Him who had raised him up!

All these are traits, and points of experience, in the character and the history of Abraham Lincoln, which the annals of every time to come must find and record. We do not mistake, and we do not exaggerate. No tricking glamour deceives our eyes. We are not the victims of our own imagination. It is no mythical hero or sage whom we commemorate; no Odin, or Hermann, whose form looms grander through mists of Time. It is a man whom we have known, and watched, and buried. It is no vision of ideal beauty which we incorporate in this statue. It is the tall, harsh-featured figure of one more at home on the prairie than in the parlor; in the office for work, than in the boudoir. But because he stands near us, of our own time, and we have been familiar with him, have wholly searched and seen him through, we are less likely to lift his future fame in the world above the level which it will hold. His historical figure will only look grander than now it can, as the centuries pass. And his actual recent existence among us—with his untaught strength, and his humorous gentleness, the coarseness on the surface, and the loyal and tender fidelity of his heart,

—this is no more certain than is the fact that among the founders and restorers of states his place henceforth is sure and high.

What Burke said of Clive, in British India, we may, with only a greater emphasis, say of Lincoln in our own land: ‘He forded a deep water, on an unknown bottom; but he left a bridge for his successors, over which the lame could hobble, and the blind might grope their way.’

So, therefore, we rear this statue of him, for others to see when we are dead. We touch no line to softer grace than that it had. We mould no feature, and fashion no limb, to give it a dignity which it did not possess. We leave the man to stand as he was, and face the Future:—in this natural gesture; these characteristic and rugged lines; still tall of stature, and tough of sinew, as when he bore our trembling fortunes; still earnest in face, as when he spoke his lofty counsels; still pointing to the words which made a people forever free! And may bronze and granite keep their trust, till human eyes have ceased to open, and human hearts have ceased to beat!

We raise this lasting memorial of him. But let us be grateful that his truest monument it is not ours to plan or build. It is in those free and ennobling institutions which he preserved; in the popular liberties, to which he gave security; in the ampler welfare, of which he made the land the seat.

Every man who has worthily filled great office, in critical times, with large results, leaves trophies behind him, and memorials of himself, beside which the marble and the metal are poor. Each age that follows sees more of his expanding work. Time only cements the foundations of his fame.

In the western corner of the Admiralty square, in the city of St. Petersburg, stands the celebrated statue of Peter the Great; the horse of bronze, rising from a block of Finland granite; upon it the imperial rider, his head crowned with laurel, his face turned toward that river Neva whose currents he curbed to make a site for his fresh city; his hand stretched out, as if it would grasp both sea and land, and shed a blessing upon his people. The form is kingly; and the serpent, crushed beneath the horse, is only a symbol of the conspiracies overcome by him who sits serenely upon that. But Russia, itself—which he brought face to face with Europe, and opened to the influence of Occidental civilization—Russia, with the new life absorbed into its vast and ancient frame, and now fast developing to results which he could not foresee—is the noblest monument to Peter the First.

Under the stunted limes of Berlin stands the colossal equestrian statue of Frederick Second—with his generals and state-officers grouped around him, and the figures of Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, at the corners of the pedestal; the bas-reliefs upon the sides picturing memorable scenes in his life. But the real monument to him whom Carlyle emphatically styles the Last of the Kings, is in the Prussia which he lifted toward the rank, in freedom and in power, which now it holds; and Leipsic, and Sadowa, and the treaty of Prague, a Germany compacted, and a Europe re-balanced, are the forms which bear up, with the solidest strength, to the stateliest height, the fame of him who laid the base of what has thus at last arisen.

In the New Church, so called, in the old market place of the quaint and quiet city of Delft, is placed

the tomb of William the Silent. A richly carved and decorated canopy, supported on pillars of white and black marble, overshadows the sarcophagus on which lies stretched, as if in state, the figure of the Prince, sculptured also in marble, with the form of the spaniel which saved his life from the midnight attack of the Spaniards at Hermigny reposing at the feet. Bronze figures surround the tomb; and to one looking on it three centuries pass away, and the marvellous career of the statesman and hero whose dust there sleeps, seems again to pass, in silent pageant, before the eye. But the true monument of William of Nassau is still in the country which he saved from oppression, whose armies he created, whose liberties he guarded, whose children wept in the streets when he died, whose religion and laws he left supreme.

And so, while we erect this bronze, and while others like it may hereafter be raised, in other cities, and other years, the mightiest and most durable memorial of him whom we thus honor shall be in that brightened civilization, in our land and in others, of which his work was one condition. You, to whom now this statue is entrusted, will guard it well; we doubt it not. The city will guard it, and be only prouder of its possession as other decades succeed to this. But if violence should harm, or time should waste, or convulsions of nature should shake it down, the city, and the land, will never want mementos of him whom the bronze portrays, while the influence of the years of his great administration passes on into the future; while the government which he rescued, and the liberties which he widened, abide on the earth; while our descendants, of any generation, shall be able to say, as we do now: 'The people govern in America; and

from sea to sea, from the Lakes to the Gulf, no innocent person wears a chain!

That this larger and nobler memorial of him shall thus continue, let us resolve! Let this service and scene bring forth their fruit, in each of us, in a new consecration to the ends which he sought, and for his fidelity to which he died. You have heard already, from the lips of the President, the touching and majestic words with which his second Inaugural Address was closed by this man. Standing now in front of his monument, recollecting the dangers which were not all buried when his life closed, remembering the duties which we owe to the Republic for which he did so much, so well, and looking forward over the land and into the years which still shall claim our humbler work, let us hear, also, those other words, so solemn and sublime, which fell from him at the service in Gettysburg, six years ago the coming month; and let them fall on us afresh, as if God touched those tranquil lips, and made them vocal once more with counsels:—

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

Until it perishes, his work in the world shall never fail! Until it perishes, a nobler memorial than we can build shall testify to those who anywhere rejoice in the American example of a popular government

and a regulated Liberty, of the wisdom, and the spirit,
and the office for mankind, of Abraham Lincoln!

At the close of Dr. Storrs' Address, Messrs. F. Stein and
C. G. Lockwood, led the assembly in singing the hymn,

"My Country, 'tis of thee,
"Sweet land of Liberty,
"Of thee I sing:" etc.,

to the tune "America;" after which the President of the day
announced that the appointed services were ended.

The vast multitude of persons who had been brought
together, on foot and in carriages, by an occasion so interesting
and so memorable, was then promptly and quietly dispersed.
And the work of erecting and dedicating this permanent and
noble popular memorial of President Lincoln, in the City of
Brooklyn—a work which had been marked by singular suc-
cess, from its very inception—had been successfully and
honorably completed.

