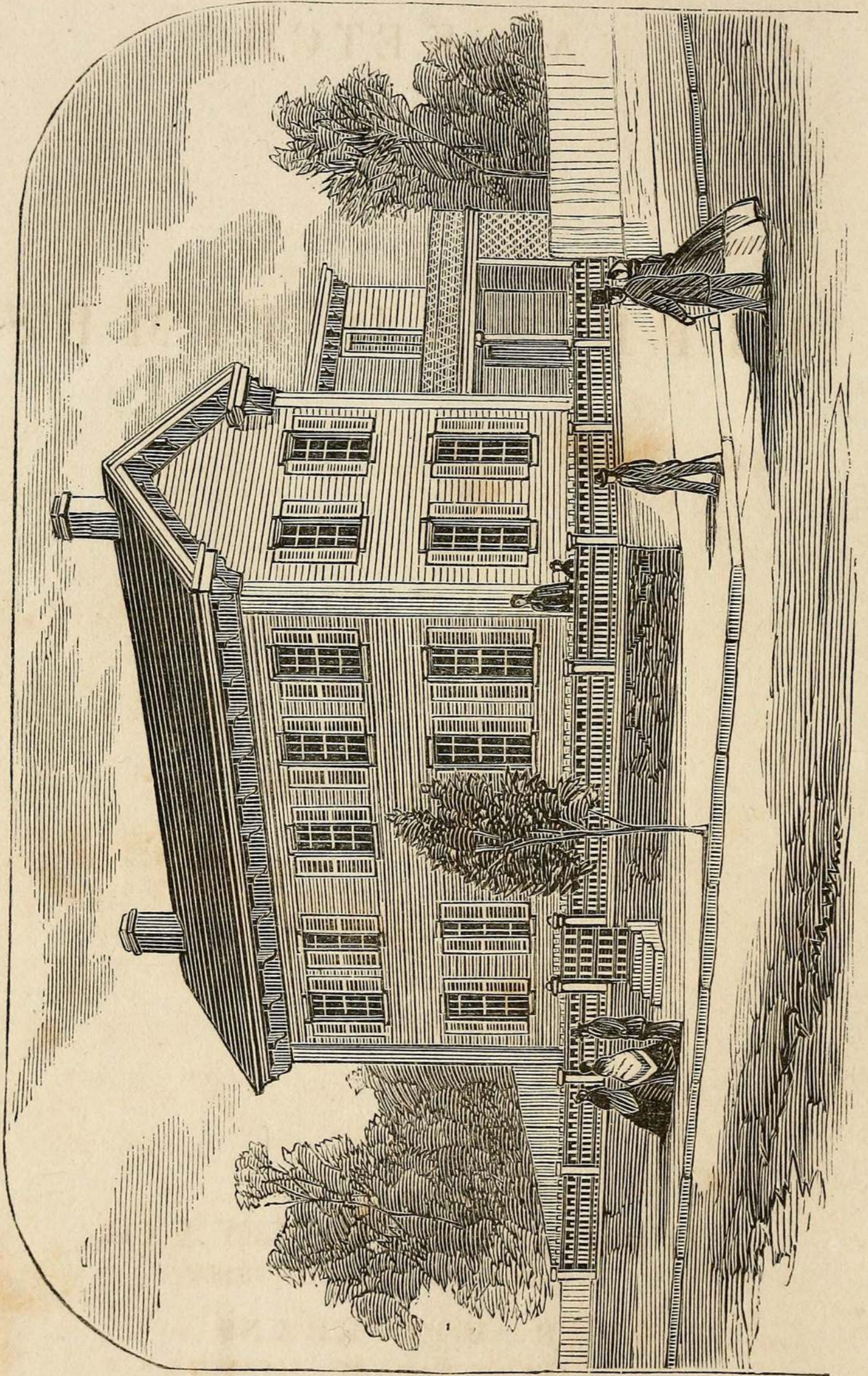




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HOME OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT SPRINGFIELD.

A SKETCH  
OF THE  
LIFE AND TIMES  
OF  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(TO ACCOMPANY A PORTRAIT.)

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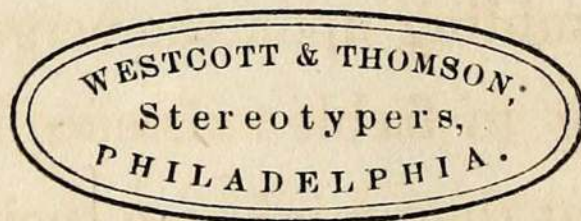
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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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“GOD BLESS ABRAHAM LINCOLN!” said a speaker, upon a recent occasion, when called upon to address an assemblage convened for rejoicing over a national victory. Spontaneously the vast audience arose to its feet, and Amen! came the deep, fervent response from thousands of brave, tender, loyal hearts. Amen! low, and tremulous, prayer-like, was breathed from the lips of silver-haired men, trembling upon the verge of the grave, and yet clinging to feeble existence like the patriarchs of old, that they might see their country, the dear child of their love and fond solicitude, delivered from traitorous bondage and restored unharmed to life, ere they should be called hence.

Amen! sighed fathers and mothers, and they had written the word in their heart's blood upon the far-off battle fields. Amen! shouted heartily the brave, and young, and fair—waving snowy 'kerchiefs and tricolored banners upon the throbbing air. Amen! in deep undertone thundered the great cannon, belching forth showers of destruction and iron hail upon the disheartened, flying foe.

It was the battle cry of the soldier rushing on to "crimson glory and undying fame." It was the last prayer hovering on his lips when he yielded up his young life, and the soaring spirit bore it into the presence of his Maker. Amen! Our noble land to-day takes up the brave response, and pointing triumphantly to the achievements of the past and the certain glories awaiting us in the future, in the face of sneering monarchies and crumbling aristocracy, proclaims to lovers of freedom throughout the world, God bless the people's friend—the champion of liberty and right—God bless Abraham Lincoln!

This remarkable man, who seems to have been



from earliest life undergoing a discipline which should fit him for the place he has been called upon to fill, came of the stern old pioneer stock of Kentucky. His grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, was one of the early settlers who followed Boone, the hardy explorer whose very name suggests a whole world of romance and adventure, into the luxuriously fertile regions of the then far west. Here, amid the incredible hardships and dangers which, related in these days, seem the mutterings of a far-off troubled dream, the sturdy backwoodsman erected his rude dwelling and settled quietly with the intention of rearing his little family. But in this wild country (from its Indian cruelties and early troubles truly named Kentucky, "the dark and bloody ground") he soon met an untimely death. While at work, one day, at a distance from his cabin, unsuspecting immediate danger, he was killed by an Indian who had stolen upon him unawares. His widow, with her five little children, moved soon after from the scene of this sad event, and in Washington county, in the

same State, remained the residue of her life. Her sons and daughters all reached mature age, and most of them married in Kentucky. Of these, Thomas, born in the year 1778, and six years of age at the time of his father's death, was the immediate progenitor of the present President of the United States. This man seems to have been characterized by a spirit of bold adventure and manly daring. At the date of the political separation from Virginia (1792), and the formation of the new State of Kentucky, Thomas Lincoln had reached the age of fourteen years. During the next ten years, emigration was unprecedented, the population was trebled, and the wilderness began to blossom as the rose. But as civilization pressed onward into the wilds, the frontiersman pushed on and beyond it. His free spirit rejoiced in the "trackless woods," and craved the excitement and loneliness of a home in the wilderness. In 1806 he married a lady from Virginia, who, there is reason to believe, was possessed of rare qualities of mind and heart; but dying at an early age, and

having, from the time of her marriage, passed her days upon the obscure frontiers, few recollections of her are accessible.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born of these parents on the 12th of February, 1809. The town claiming the distinguished honor of being the birth-place of this great man, is Hodgenville, the county seat of La Rue county, Kentucky. He had one sister who grew up to womanhood, married, and died while still young. He had a brother who died in early childhood. Here he lived until he had reached his eighth year, when the restless spirit of his father urged him to seek new fortunes in the yet unexplored, almost unknown, north-west. Arrangements were soon made for emigration. The mother, tearful with sad forebodings, just before the departure, took her only remaining son to visit the resting-place of the little brother which had been laid in its early grave, and with saddened, though buoyant, hopeful hearts, they set out upon the northward journey. Onward they plodded, the white-covered emigrant wagon containing their

valuables, while cattle were driven behind; nor did they pause until they had crossed the Ohio ("the beautiful") river and reached the town of Evansville, in southern Indiana. Here they lived thirteen years. In hardy out-door labor and exercise the young pioneer laid the foundation of that iron constitution which has proved such a blessing throughout his entire life, enabling him to endure fatigue and care under which an ordinary frame would have sunk into premature decay. Here also, properly speaking, commenced his education. As his mind began to develop in early boyhood, it eagerly sought for intellectual food, while that sense of honor and integrity which have characterized his entire life betrayed themselves to a remarkable degree even in days of youthful thoughtlessness. An incident illustrating several traits of the man is related by a citizen of Evansville who knew him in these days. "In his eagerness to acquire knowledge, young Lincoln had borrowed of Mr. Crawford a copy of 'Weems' Life of Washington,' the only one known to be in existence

in the neighborhood. Before he had finished reading the book, it had been left, by a not unnatural oversight, in a window. Meantime a rain-storm came on, and the book was so thoroughly wet as to make it nearly worthless. This mishap caused him much pain; but he went in all honesty to the owner, explained the calamity that had happened through his neglect, and offered, not having sufficient money, to 'work out' the value of the book.

“‘Well, Abe,’ said Crawford, ‘as it’s you, I won’t be hard on you. Come over and pull fodder for me for two days, and we will call our accounts even.’” The offer was accepted, and the engagement literally fulfilled. The age of 19 years found Abraham a full-grown, active, intelligent young man. It was during this year that he gained the name of *flat-boatman*, which has been by his enemies sneeringly applied to him, but which, far from being a term of reproach, has been invested from the character of the man almost with honorable dignity. This excursion was undertaken for the sake of gaining some knowledge of the

country and adding to his stock of useful information. He had now become a Saul among his associates, having reached the height of nearly six feet and four inches, and with a comparatively slender, yet strong, muscular frame;—he was even then, in his mental and moral characteristics, no less than in his physical proportions, one not to be forgotten or unappreciated by those who knew him.

In 1830, the elder Lincoln, strangely restless and adventurous, left his home in Indiana, and removed to the prairie lands of central Illinois. Here, for the first season of his abode in the new State, Abraham continued to assist his father in his farm-work. One of the first duties was to fence in a field on the rich bottom-lands which had been selected for cultivation. For this purpose, with the help of one laborer, he split *three thousand rails*—the crowning work of a long, laborious period of his life. The person who aided him is still living, and bears earnest testimony to

the strength and skill with which the maul and wedge were used upon this occasion.

In the following year our hero left his father to seek his fortunes in some independent employment. Again he made two trips down the Mississippi as far as New Orleans, and afterwards served a short time as clerk in a pioneer store not far from his home.

Suddenly the Indian contest known as the Black Hawk war arose, striking terror into the hearts of the citizens of the north-west. Volunteer companies were immediately formed in those States threatened with danger, and of one of these Abraham Lincoln was chosen captain. It was the first promotion he had ever received by the suffrages of his fellows, and one that afforded particular satisfaction to his not unaspiring, though modest spirit. As yet but a youth of twenty-three years, he faithfully discharged his duty to his country as a soldier, persevering amid peculiar hardships, and against the influences of older men about him, during the three months' service of this, his first

and last military campaign. Some years later, in a cutting sarcasm upon General Cass' military exploits, Mr. Lincoln thus happily alludes to his own experiences. "By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk war I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass' career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass to Hull's surrender; and like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly upon one occasion.

"If Cass broke his sword, the idea is he broke it in desperation; I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went ahead of me in picking whorleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry.



“Mr. Speaker, if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and, thereupon, they should take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero.”

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The political history of Abraham Lincoln dates from this year. Personal popularity has always distinguished this man. Even in his earlier years it was said of him that he was a wild sort of a boy, and in his peculiar way had attached his associates to him in a remarkable degree. Immediately upon his return home from war he became a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, the election of which was close at hand. He was not elected, but the noticeable fact remains that he, a youth of twenty-three, received so wonderful a vote in his own precinct, where he was best, if not exclusively known, as may almost be said to have made his fortune. Such was his popularity,

that out of the two hundred and eighty-four votes of his precinct, two hundred and seventy-seven were cast for him, while the same district in the Presidential election, a few weeks later, gave a majority of one hundred and fifty-five for Jackson, to whom Mr. Lincoln was opposed. So marked an indication as this of personal power made him a political celebrity at once. In future elections it became a point with aspirants to seek to combine his strength in their favor, by placing Lincoln's name on their ticket, to secure his battalion of voters. He devoted himself now assiduously to the study of the law, and turned his attention much to politics. And here he was influenced by no demagoguism or desire for exclusive personal advancement. At that time the Whig party constituted a very small, indeed, almost hopeless, minority in the public councils of the State of Illinois, which twice had given overwhelming majorities for the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency.

Here, then, in the Democratic party, was an opportunity for a young man of talent and popu-

larity to make rapid advance in political honors. But such motives never for one moment influenced the action of Abraham Lincoln. Warmly he espoused the then weaker cause. Henry Clay was his model, as statesman and politician, and always continued such while any issues were left to contend for of the celebrated system of the great Kentuckian.

In the year 1834 the young man was elected to the State Legislature, his majority ranging about two hundred votes higher than the rest of the ticket upon which he ran. To this body he was returned four successive terms, when he would no longer receive his nomination from the people, and retired from public life to the practice of his profession. It was during the first session of his attendance at the Legislature that he met Stephen A. Douglas, afterward his opponent in the celebrated contest for Senatorship which occurred several years later. Mr. Douglas, a few years previously, had come to Illinois from Vermont as a district-school teacher. Having gained some knowledge

of the law, by a movement combined of consummate adroitness and impudence he had procured himself to be appointed State's Attorney in opposition to Mr. Hardin, a distinguished lawyer then in office. He was acting in this capacity when Mr. Lincoln first encountered him.

At the close of this Legislative career, with scarcely any consciousness of the fact himself, and with no noisy demonstrations or flashy ostentation in his behalf from his friends, Abraham Lincoln was really one of the foremost political men in the State. A keen observer might even then have predicted a great future for the "Sangamon Chief," as people have been wont to call him; and only such an observer, perhaps, would then have adequately estimated his real power as a natural orator, a sagacious statesman, and a gallant *Tribune of the People*.

On becoming well established in his profession, he took up his residence in Springfield, the county seat of Sangamon county. In 1842, at the age of thirty-three, he married *Miss Mary Todd*, daughter

of the Hon. Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. This lady is the eldest of four sisters, all of whom are married and reside in Springfield. In quiet domestic happiness, and in the active practice of his profession, Mr. Lincoln disappeared for the time from political life. Its peculiar excitements were not, indeed, foreign to the stirring and adventurous nature which, as we have seen, was his by inheritance.

Nor could the people consent long to his retirement. Yet such was his prudent purpose—now, especially, with a family to care for; and to this he adhered with only occasional exceptions, until four years after his marriage he was elected to Congress.

The great political tornado of 1840, when the old barriers were suddenly swept aside and the Whigs elected Harrison to office, had produced very little effect upon Illinois. She remained firm in her adherence to the Democratic party. In 1844 there could of course be little hope for the success of Henry Clay in this State. But for the

sake of the man whom he so ardently revered and admired, Lincoln consented to canvass the territory as one of the Presidential electors.

If any event more than another could have discouraged him from again participating, it was the disastrous result in the nation at large of this election of 1844. He felt it more keenly than he could have done if it were a mere personal reverse. Mr. Clay was defeated, contrary to the expectations of his friends, down to the last moment. When, two years later, Lincoln was elected to Congress, his district gave him a majority of two hundred more than they had given Clay, which was a vote unprecedented at that time in the history of the county. The vote was a remarkable one, showing that he possessed a rare degree of strength with the people. His earnest sincerity of manner always strongly impressed those whom he addressed. They knew him to be 'a man of strong moral convictions. An opponent intended a sneer at this trait (of which he himself was never suspected) when he called Mr. Lincoln "conscien-

tious." A popularity thus thoroughly grounded is not to be destroyed by the breezes of momentary passion or prejudice, or materially affected by any idle fickleness of the populace.

The position which Mr. Lincoln assumed in the thirtieth Congress upon the question of the Mexican war was manly and honorable in the extreme. He did not approve the rash policy of President Polk in the inauguration of that memorable contest. But when once the contest was upon us, he was firm in the maintenance of the national honor, and cordial in his support of the American arms.

The Presidential nominations of 1848 occurred while the thirtieth Congress was still in session, and upon the floor of the house was inaugurated that spirited contest which resulted at last in the election of General Zachary Taylor. Perhaps General Cass owed his defeat to the influence of no one man more than to that of Mr. Lincoln. His biting sarcasm and witty retorts upon that gentleman, his devious career, and uncertain principles, were well calculated to influence the populace. As a

natural orator, with a wonderful power of making striking points and illustrating by ready anecdote, Mr. Lincoln is universally conceded to have been always unsurpassed.

The election of General Taylor was the last grand rally of the Whig party. Gradually as an organization and individually it sank into an apathy premonitory of its final decay. It had served its time. Under the leadership of Clay and Fillmore it had effected the compromise of 1850 between the two great sections of our land. Mr. Lincoln had borne no part in the discussions upon this great measure. Refusing a renomination for Congress, he had remained quietly at home attending strictly to his profession, politically partaking of that inaction which characterized his party at large at this period.

The contest of 1852, between Scott and Pierce, was comparatively unimportant and lifeless. So little interest was felt in the matter, that many staunch upholders of Whig principles neglected the canvass entirely, and even regarded the exer-



cise of a freeman's right of voting with most profound indifference. Mr. Pierce assumed the reins of Government. The country was wholly at peace. Sectional interests had ceased their clashing from the quietus imposed by the Missouri Compromise. Such was the state of the public affairs at the commencement of the year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-four.

As it is here that the private life of Mr. Lincoln ends and his most important public life begins, it were fitting to remark upon his ability and success in the profession which he had chosen,—that of the law. There is no doubt that aside from his labors as a means of support and emolument, Mr. Lincoln had an ardent love for his noble profession. With whole-souled earnestness he entered into this as into every other work. Clear, concise, and convincing was his logic. His metaphors were more homely than classical, yet always pointed and striking. Unprepossessing as is his personal appearance at the first, he yet always seemed to be gifted with that subtle magnet-

ism, so wonderfully bestowed upon some speakers which controls and delights an audience. One instance of his forensic power will serve to illustrate his genius, and show the generous gratitude and disinterestedness of his nature.

During his studies the young lawyer was much befriended by a man named Armstrong, who soon after his friend was admitted to the bar, died, leaving a widow and several children. Of these the eldest, a rather wild lad, was subsequently arrested upon the fearful charge of murder. A preliminary examination was gone into, at which the accuser testified so positively that there seemed no doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, and he was thereupon committed for trial. The facts in the case were these:—A young man had been killed during a riotous melee in the night-time at a camp-meeting, and one of the party stated that the death-wound was inflicted by young Armstrong. Public opinion, as is so often the case, at once adjudged him guilty. Every improper incident in the life of the prisoner, each act which bore the

least semblance of rowdyism, each school-boy quarrel, was suddenly remembered and magnified, until they pictured him as a fiend of the most horrid hue. A feverish desire for vengeance seized upon the populace, while only prison bars prevented a horrible death at the hands of the mob. The prisoner, overwhelmed with the tissue of evidence weaved about him, fell into melancholy bordering on despair; and the widowed mother looking through her tears, saw no cause for help from earthly aid. At this juncture, Mr. Lincoln appeared and asked for the sake of his deceased benefactor the privilege of gratuitously defending the cause of the young man.

At once he set to work to unravel the history of the case, and decided that his client was the victim of malicious falsehood. Feeling that the condition of the public mind would prevent the impanneling of an unprejudiced jury, he obtained a postponement of the case for several months. At length the trial came on, and the prisoner, hopelessness written on every feature, entered the

court-room with his mother, whose only hope was in a mother's belief of her son's innocence, in the justice of the God she worshiped, and in the noble counsel who without hope of fee or reward upon earth had undertaken the cause. He sat quietly by while the large auditory looked on him as though wondering what he would say in defence of one whose guilt they regarded as certain. When the examination of witnesses for the state was concluded the evidence seemed to inculcate the accused beyond hope of extrication. Lincoln introduced a few witnesses to remove some erroneous impressions in regard to the previous character of his client, who, though somewhat rowdyish, was never known to commit a vicious act, and to show that a greater degree of ill-feeling existed between the accuser and the accused, than between the accused and deceased. The prosecutor felt that the case was a clear one, and made his opening speech brief and terse.

Lincoln arose. A deathly silence pervaded the vast audience as in a clear, low tone he began his

argument. Carefully he reviewed the testimony, and wonderful discrepancies began to appear. That which had seemed plain and plausible was made to appear crooked as a serpent's path. The witness had stated that the affair took place at a certain hour in the evening, and that, by the aid of the brightly shining moon, he saw the prisoner inflict the death-blow with a slung-shot. Mr. Lincoln showed, that at the hour referred to, the moon had not yet appeared above the horizon, and consequently the whole tale was a fabrication. An almost instantaneous change came over the audience, and "not guilty" was the verdict on every tongue. But the advocate was not content with this achievement. His whole being had been for months bound up in this work of gratitude and mercy, and as the lava bursts from the crater, so great thoughts and burning words leaped from the soul of the eloquent pleader. He drew a picture of the perjurer so horrid and ghastly that the accuser could sit under it no longer, but reeled and staggered from the court-room. Then in words

of thrilling pathos he appealed to the jurors, as fathers of sons who might become fatherless, and as husbands of wives who might be widowed to yield to no previous impressions of ill-founded prejudice, but do his client simple justice. The jury retired and the court adjourned for the day. Not a half-hour had elapsed when a messenger announced that the jury had returned to their seats. "Not guilty" was the verdict. The prisoner embraced his fainting mother, and hastened across the room and grasped the hand of his deliverer, while his heart was too full for utterance. Few eyes that looked upon that scene were unwet by tears as they saw Abraham Lincoln obeying the divine injunction to "succor and comfort the widow and the fatherless."

The Congress of 1854 will ever be a memorable one in the annals of our country. Not for its acts of high-souled patriotism, not for its record of manly, God-fearing legislation, but for its unfaithfulness to the great trust the nation had placed in its hands, for its ungrateful dishonor of the silent

dead, led on by a treacherous demagogue scheming for political eminence—Stephen A. Douglas. We will not stop here to give in detail the treachery of the man who, but two years previously, had called down vengeance upon the hand that should dare disturb the time-honored Missouri compact—that settlement which secured freedom for ever to the soil embraced within the limits of Nebraska and Kansas. How for thirst of power he was the first to agitate the fearful question—to unite the South against the North by abandoning the Missouri Compromise as an unconstitutional agreement. Let him and the men who co-operated with him in the grand scheme pass lightly from our memory. *Nihil mortuis nisi bonum.* The last year of his life redeemed in its integrity the darkness of the earlier period, and we standing to-day upon the eminence which we have attained over thousands of dear ones slain, and rivers of innocent blood, can truly feel that he was an instrument in the hands of God for working out a great and eternal good.

Suffice it that the Kansas-Nebraska bill had passed both legislative halls of the American Congress—that there was no longer any limit whatever to the aggressions of the slave power—that in direct opposition to the spirit of our Constitution and the men that framed it, slavery was legalized in all the possessions of the United States.

This was “the alarm of the fire bell at night” which roused Mr. Lincoln from the repose of his private life, and showed that the incendiary in the midst of seeming quiet had been but too successfully at his work. The whole North roused suddenly from its apathy as though a thunderbolt had descended upon it; party lines were broken down, and all the liberty-loving people stood up together in bold, determined opposition to this great outrage. Gradually the disordered elements settled into organized form and made a declaration of the principles which should govern their action, and were henceforth known under the name of the “Republican party.” *No farther extension of slavery* was the watchword and rallying cry of the



infant host, and at their front, foremost in word and deed, was Abraham Lincoln. In the Northwest, and particularly in Illinois, he was the acknowledged champion of the new party. He addressed the people repeatedly from the stump, with characteristic earnestness and energy. He met and cowed the author of the "Nebraska iniquity" in the presence of the masses. A political revolution was instituted in Democratic Illinois. During the next year it first became possible to secure an *Opposition* Senator from this State. Mr. Lincoln was warmly urged by his friends, but the elements of the party were not wholly harmonious as yet, and a unanimous vote was desirable. With a magnanimity unsurpassed, he promptly appealed to his old Whig friends to go over in a solid body to Mr. Trumbull, a man of Democratic antecedents, who could command the full vote of the anti-Nebraska Democrats. By these earnest and disinterested efforts the difficult task was accomplished, the uncongenial elements

were cemented, and the new organization consolidated into a permanent party.

Then came the Presidential contest of 1856, with Fremont the candidate of the Republicans, James Buchanan of the Democratic party. Lincoln labored earnestly for the former, but the State of Illinois was lost through the division of the Opposition ticket; though, in spite of the heavy Fillmore vote, Fremont ran so close upon his opponent that the result was for a long time doubtful. Buchanan came into power in March, 1857, and the people watched anxiously for his action in the agitating slavery question. Gradually his influence was found to be upon the side of the extreme pro-slavery interest. A scheme was discovered to be on foot for forcing a slave constitution upon Kansas when she was admitted as a State. Douglas' veil of "Popular Sovereignty" (always a lofty-sounding nonentity, and never capable of practical working) was about to be rent asunder. He felt that something must be done—that the free thinking men of the North would never accept the

issues of that wicked legislation. Yet the South were eager for it. He must either release his hold upon Northern or upon Southern popularity. He chose the latter. He came out in opposition to Mr. Buchanan and the pro-slavery party by protesting fiercely against the Lecompton Constitution. It was a desperate bid for his re-election to the Senatorship, the contest for which was to take place in the following year.

When the Opposition met to decide who should be their candidate against Mr. Douglas, there was little hesitation in their nomination and election. The unanimous voice was for Abraham Lincoln. Both candidates took the stump after the manner of Western politicians. Separately and in joint debate they laid their principles before their constituents, and long before the close of the campaign it was evident that Lincoln had gained much over his opponent. Perhaps the record of his pure, noble life, unstained by schemes of knavery or intrigue, was in itself an earnest of the principles he professed. Certain it is, the result was a pop-

ular triumph of more *than four thousand majority* for Lincoln, though the peculiar apportionment of the Legislature threw the election into the hands of Douglas. The nation had watched this canvas with intense interest, and the popular competitor began already to be noted as the "coming man." From the beginning to the end of the contest, he had proved himself an able statesman, an effective orator, a true gentleman, and an honest man. While, therefore, Douglas was returned to the Senate, there was a general presentiment that a juster verdict was to be had, and that Mr. Lincoln and his cause would ultimately be vindicated before the people.

From that hour his fame enlarged and ripened, and the love of his noble character became more and more deeply fixed in the popular heart.

For the two years succeeding this event he remained at home in the practice of his profession, making occasional addresses in the various States of the North. In the spring of 1860, he made the brilliant and stirring speech in the Cooper Institute,

New York, which is still fresh in the remembrance of the northern people. It was during this visit to New York, that the following incident occurred as related by a teacher in the Five Points Mission in that city:—

“Our Sunday-school was assembled one Sabbath morning a few months since, when I noticed a tall remarkable-looking man enter the room and take a seat among us. He listened with fixed attention to our exercises, and his countenance manifested such genuine interest, that I approached him and suggested that he might be willing to say something to the children. He accepted the invitation with evident pleasure, and coming forward began a simple address which at once fascinated every little hearer, and hushed the room into silence. His language was strikingly beautiful, and his tones musical with intensest feeling. The little faces would droop into sad conviction as he uttered sentences of warning, and would brighten into sunshine as he spoke cheerful words of promise. Once or twice he attempted to close his remarks,

but the imperative shout of "Go on!" "Oh do go on!" would compel him to resume. As I looked upon the gaunt and sinewy frame of the stranger, and marked his powerful head and determined features, now touched into softness by the impressions of the moment, I felt an irrepressible curiosity to learn something more about him, and when he was quietly leaving the room, I begged to know his name. He courteously replied, "It is Abra'm Lincoln, of Illinois."

"Freedom" was the watchword of the new party, and in this land it could not but be victorious. Early in May of 1860, it assembled in convention at Chicago, for the inauguration of the political contest for a new President, the election for which should take place in the following November. At the date of its convention the quadrennial assembly of the Democratic party had already met at Charleston, had spent two weeks in fruitless attempts to reconcile the inharmonious elements of that organization, and adjourned without the hope

of future amicable adjustment. Subsequently a "Constitutional Union" party had assembled at Baltimore, with no avowed policy other than the maintenance of the integrity of the Union. All eyes were now turned toward Chicago, as the point at which the problem of the next Presidency was to be definitely solved. The 16th, the first day of meeting, was taken up with the organization, the 17th, the platform of principles was drawn up by a committee appointed for the purpose, presented, and cordially accepted, and on the 18th, the people all over the land stood breathless, and expectant, watching for the "coming man." There was a momentary doubt as personal and local prejudices urged strongly here and there a favorite candidate for the presidential office. But a low murmur like the undertone of the masses, determined, and steady, was heard throughout the whole. Gradually the sound increased. Stronger and stronger it arose, sweeping all petty doubts and discords before it, swelling at last like a full organ tone into the triumphant announcement, "Abra-

ham Lincoln, the foe of Slavery, the champion of freedom and the people, he shall be our president."

There were four presidential candidates in the field. The ultra pro-slavery democracy, committed fully to the maintenance of the hateful southern "institution" with Breckenridge at its head, the anti-slavery or total indifference democracy under Douglas, "conservative union" men led by Bell and Everett, and the Republicans united, and determined, and confident of success.

They triumphed after a hardly contested strife, but triumphed honorably, lawfully, and gloriously.

Would that here the faithful historian could close his record. Would that the events of the past four years were in reality what they seem to us as we look back upon them now, but a dark bloody dream from which after suffering untold horrors we are at last awakening. Well may the pen linger, and hesitate ere tracing, but, ever so



lightly, the outline of such terrible treachery and crime.

Scarcely was the result of the popular vote made known than traitorous arms were lifted against the government, and South Carolina led the van in an ordinance of secession from the United States. Subsequently, at different periods, she was followed by ten of her sister States. Southern men, members of Mr. Buchanan's cabinet were, during these months, as they had been previously, busy plundering the public treasury of money and munitions of war, and in every way contributing to the future embarrassment of the country. Meanwhile the pitiable, weak-minded, terrified chief magistrate, sat trembling in the gubernatorial chair, pleading with traitors to wait until *he* should have resigned his office, and declaring that he could see no constitutional power in the government to defend its laws, or vindicate its authority. A nation's silent contempt has fallen upon him. May it rest there for ever!

Abraham Lincoln, preserved by God, passed

unharméd through the gang of murderous assassins waiting in treacherous Baltimore to take his life, arrived safely at the National Capital, and on the 4th of March, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, assumed the office of President of these United States. For the wisdom that he exhibited in that hour, history furnishes no parallel. Then the border states were not committed to the wicked conspiracy. The gentle, winning policy of the incoming President was leading them to calmer measures and prudent counsels. South Carolina felt this influence but too surely. She felt that delay was defeat. She struck the blow which called for armed opposition to her madness. Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, led by a false notion of sympathy, fell into the trap which their wily sister had spread for them. They joined in the rebellion. Thenceforth war—stern, uncompromising war—was the only course left to pursue. As one man the North rallied to the defence of the National honor. Proud and defiant they rushed eagerly into the contest. They met dis-

couragement, disaster, and defeat. From the memorable battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861, until the autumn of the following year, the Northern forces had won but barren laurels, while victory perched flauntingly upon the banners of the insurgents. McClellan had, after months of preparation and drill, led the Army of the Potomac to disastrous defeat and slaughter in the swamps of the Chickahominy. The armies of the West had been but little more successful. The capture of New Orleans was almost the only cheering light that had gleamed amid the darkness and gloom. Lee had invaded Maryland and leisurely retreated, unpursued, into Virginia. Good men stood with their faces turned to heaven in silent, almost despairing prayer and supplication, and traitors in the North, taking advantage of the darkness of the hour, dealt thrusts of cowardly opposition at the feebly-throbbing heart of the nation. Those who had been most sanguine and confident were discouraged and disheartened, and accusations of weakness, cowardice, and imbecility were publicly

and privately made against the President and those associated with him. He alone stood calm and steadfast while all the nation trembled. He realized, as few had done, that this was a war of the Almighty God—that for the expiation of a great sin was He pouring out the blood of His people—that slavery was the curse which had brought calamity upon us; and the people had blindly refused to recognize the fact; had, even, by their protection of the institution in conquered territory (oftentimes by military authority) strengthened the arm that was raised against them and given to it victory.

Such was the condition of affairs when, in September, 1862, Abraham Lincoln issued that famous State paper which shall make his name a beacon-light of liberty through all generations,

*THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION,*

declaring that from the 1st of January, 1863, all slaves in insurgent States should be free, and should, at their desire, be received into the armed service of the United States. And upon this noble

act was invoked the "considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Who in this day can doubt that it has received both the sanction of mankind and his Maker?

It was the turn of the tide in the affairs of our nation. New hope sprang up in the hearts of the people, and the moral influence abroad of this noble, God-fearing measure is, to this day, incalculable. By this means a new element of success was put into the field, an element which the rebels could not, or dared not, in like manner oppose. Colored troops were organized, and in the battle and the camp, soon proved their efficiency and courage. There were reverses subsequent to this act, it is true. The Army of the Potomac was repulsed at Chancellorsville, but the stain was wiped out at Gettysburg; while from Vicksburg and Port Hudson came thunder-tones of triumph. A few months later (in March, 1864) the mighty victor, Grant, was called to take his place at the head of the Northern armies; and of his grand achievements, and final, glorious success, thousands

of waving banners and millions of beating hearts bear testimony all over our noble land to-day. Holding the rebel hosts in firm, unrelenting grasp at Richmond, the chieftain sat and watched the consummation of his great designs. Sherman, like a scathing fire, sweeping from Tennessee around through the heart of the insurgent States—Thomas in the West, dispersing the remaining rebel force, and Terry, and Porter, and Schofield advancing in steady, unflinching columns from the East, to join in the last victorious conflict with the cowering traitors.

But in the rebel capital the chieftain of their army sees the impending terror. With all the energy of mad despair he gathers the remnant of his followers about him for one last effort to redeem their fallen fortunes, and break away from the iron bands which encompass them. But it is all in vain. Retreat, sudden and inglorious, is all that remains for them, and the conquering legions tread proudly the streets of the traitorous citadel. A few days later, and on the "wings of the wind"

is borne to us the news of the final discomfiture of the flying foe, and his surrender to the Union army. And now our noble President freely walks the soil, reclaimed, through the blessing of God, from the dominion of treachery and crime, and throughout the loyal North the joyful bells ring out the pæan of victory, fluttering banners wave gaily from window and housetop, and dancing eyes and lightly-speeding feet herald the glorious tidings; while underneath, the effervescence of delight, like a great heart-throb pulses through the North the murmur, "God bless Abraham Lincoln." Bless him for his pure, noble heart, that never knew the stain of dishonesty or intrigue—bless him for the integrity that never swerved from the performance of duty however arduous, or the maintenance of right, and the cause of Liberty and Justice—bless him for the magnanimity he would show to a conquered and fallen foe, and for the tenderness which is ever alive to appeals of pity and of sympathy, and can scarcely refuse pardon even to most guilty offenders against their

country's laws—but bless him more than all in that he gave liberty to the down-trodden and the oppressed, and removed the foul blot of slavery from the fair escutcheon of America.

Ring out, ye joyous bells! and wave, ye starry banners! triumphantly in this hour, for through much tribulation and many tears we have been brought at last to victory.

“Sound the glad tidings o'er land and o'er sea,  
Jehovah hath triumphed, his people are free.”

APRIL 15, 1865.—To-day a stricken nation bows its head, and mourns a chieftain slain. The mourning heavens are hung with sombre clouds and sympathetic nature weeps with us over the noble dead, while the pure sunlight shrinks appalled before the darkness of the crime which hath wrought this sorrow. As in the dim labyrinth of a troubled dream we walk the streets of the great city, and silently clasp sympathetic hands stretched out to us through the gloom, and look into tear-stained faces, mute but eloquent through sudden and overwhelming grief.



But yesterday we closed this record with words of hope and gladness, while starry flags were proudly waving, and every passing breeze bore to our ears the sound of thanksgiving and rejoicing. Sadly we take the pen to-day while over us listless and drooping hangs the banner of our hopes covered with sable emblems, and muffled bells in low, thrilling tones of sorrow speak but too surely a nation's anguish.

America has lost her Cæsar, and every loyal heart mourns in the sad words of Antony, "He was my friend—faithful and just to me." Not one, even of the bitterest of his foes can find a stain upon the fair record of a well-spent life, left as a precious legacy to the country he has saved, and as a noble example to the world which he has made the better for having lived in it.

The spirit of murder and violence from its first inception animating this wicked rebellion, culminated at last in the cowardly deed of yesterday, when in a public theatre at Washington, Abraham Lincoln fell by the hand of an assassin. Stung by

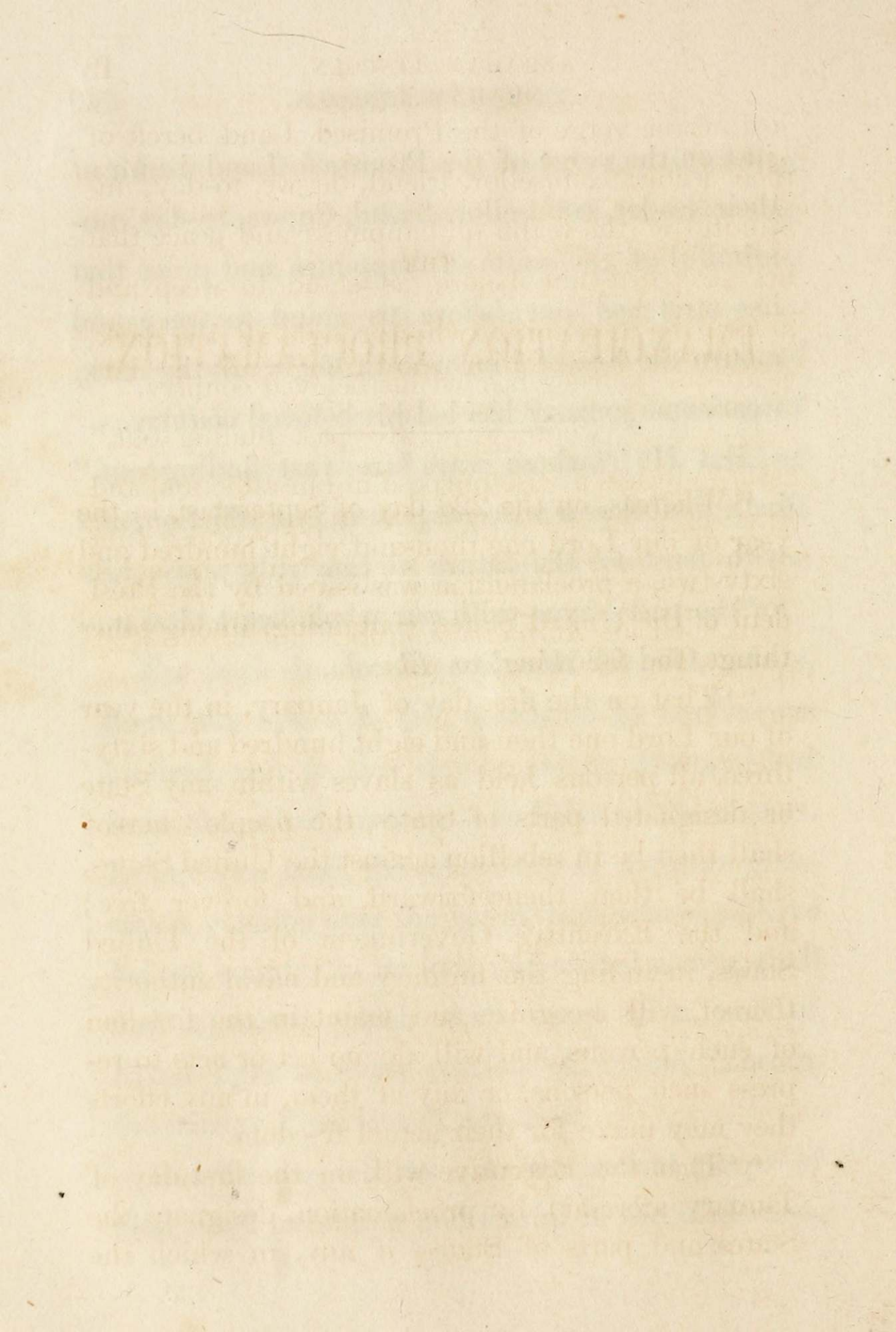
madness, goaded on by the misfortunes attending a sinking cause, they have been led to this crowning act of horror, and in their blind hatred and fury have stricken down their best and truest friend—the one who of all our leaders looked most leniently upon their guilty crime—who in the gentleness of his tender heart would have extended the hand of free pardon and restoration to every offender. It has been truly said in the ancient proverb—“the gods first madden whom they would destroy.”

Far back in the long line of English kings, there was one who fell, murdered by treacherous kindred, and to this day he stands distinguished from the other sovereigns as Edward the martyr. In our own land, the school-boy of a future generation, conning over the list of those who shall have led our country in its long and varied course, shall find a record which shall stand as a wall of living light to every patriot—Abraham Lincoln, the martyr President of America.

But he has left us. As the ancient people of God stood trembling and fearful in the wilderness,

just on the verge of the Promised Land bereft of their leader, counsellor, friend, do we, to-day, unmindful of the realm of happiness and peace that lies stretched out before us stand to weep and mourn the loss of him who through all the dark, wearisome journey has led his beloved country.

But He "whose ways are past finding out," hath doubtless a wise purpose in our affliction, and with trust for the future we can truly praise him for the past—aye—with our whole heart bless and thank God for *Abraham Lincoln*.



THE  
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

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“Whereas, on the 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

“That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated parts of States, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

“That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the

people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.'

“Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, Ste. Maria, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the

city of New Orleans,) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (excepting the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth,) and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

“And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are and henceforward free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

“And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

“And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

“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.

“In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my name, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

“Done at the city of Washington this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

“By the President:       ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

“WM. H. SEWARD,

“*Secretary of State.*”







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