



Nancy  
Hanks  
Lincoln  
Public  
Library

---

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY  
Historical Book Collection

---

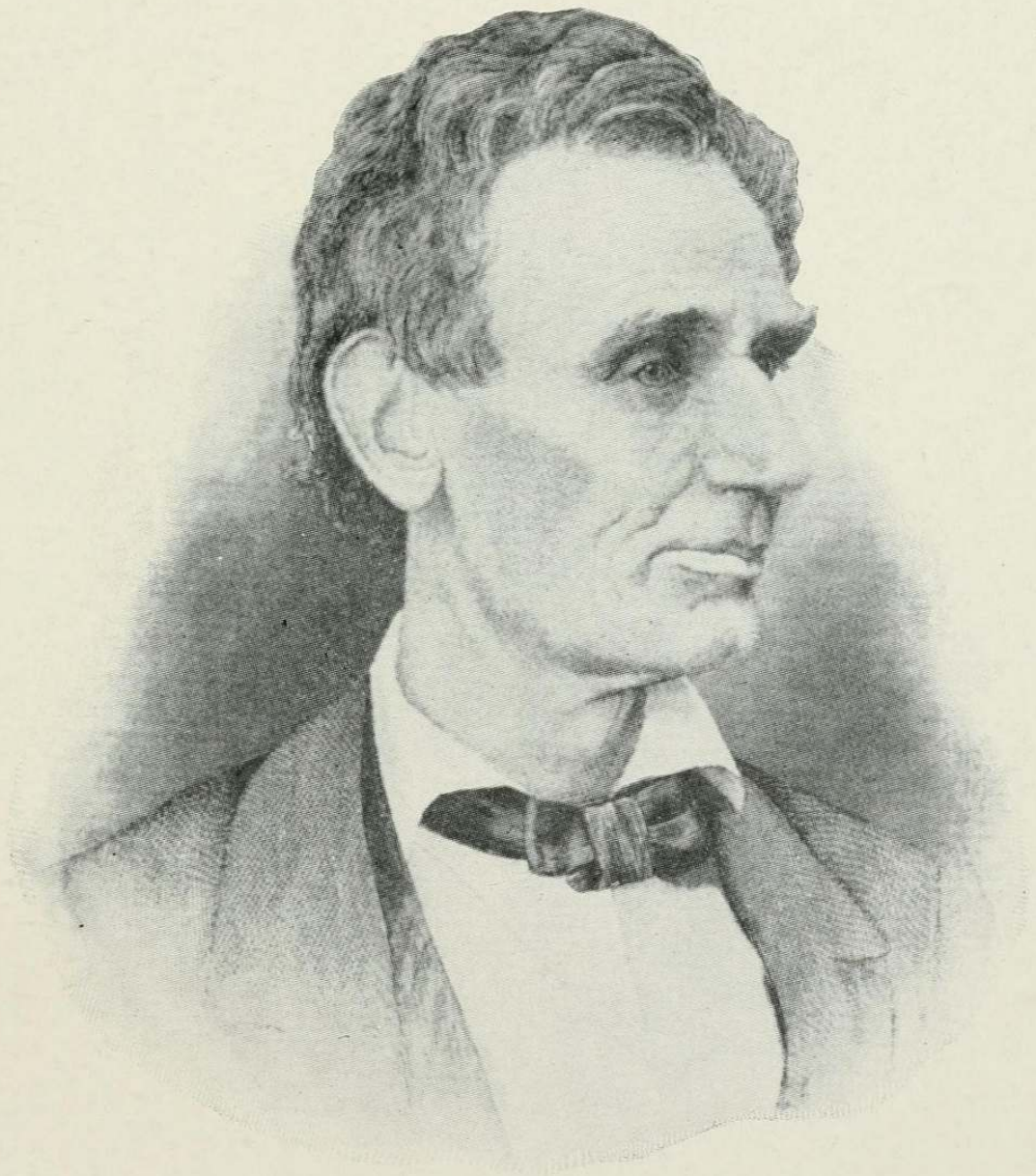
The text of this book remains unchanged from the original published version. It should be noted that some comments or words in this edition might be culturally insensitive to certain readers. Views and words of the author or authors are theirs alone and not of the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library. Certain words or slang used in the past had different cultural meanings at the time and might not mean the same thing today.

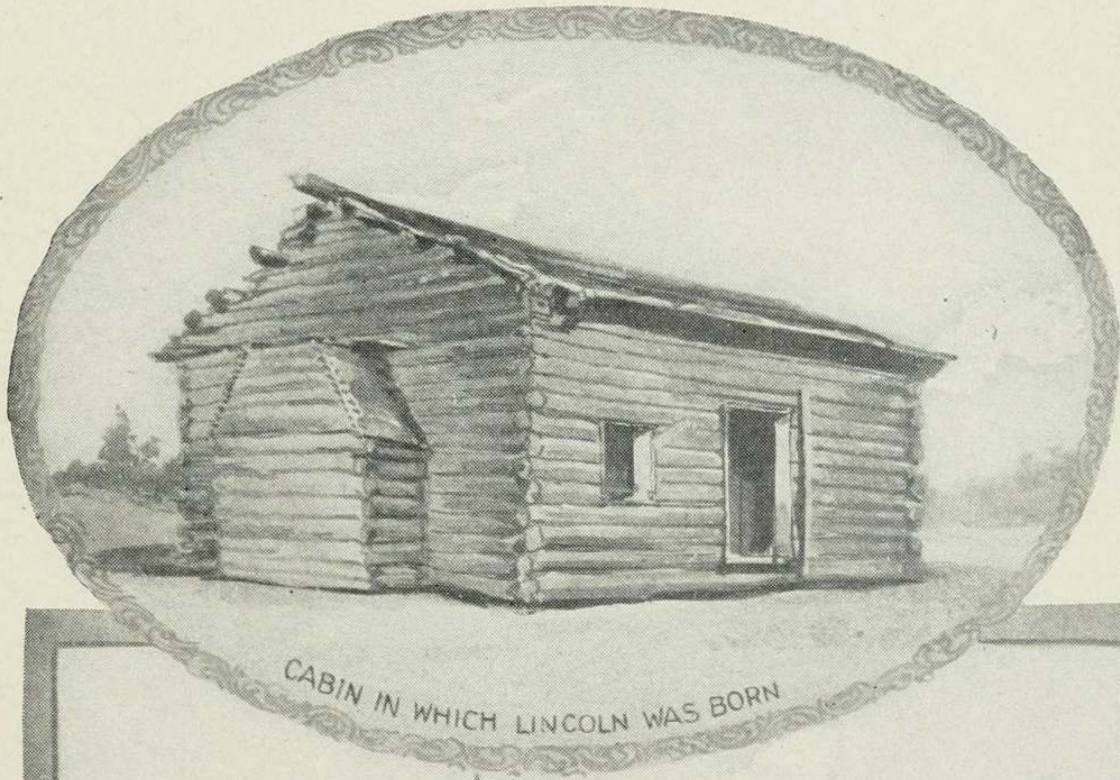
Publishing and spelling errors remain unchanged from the original versions. All text images were reproduced exactly without changes to the existing material.

---

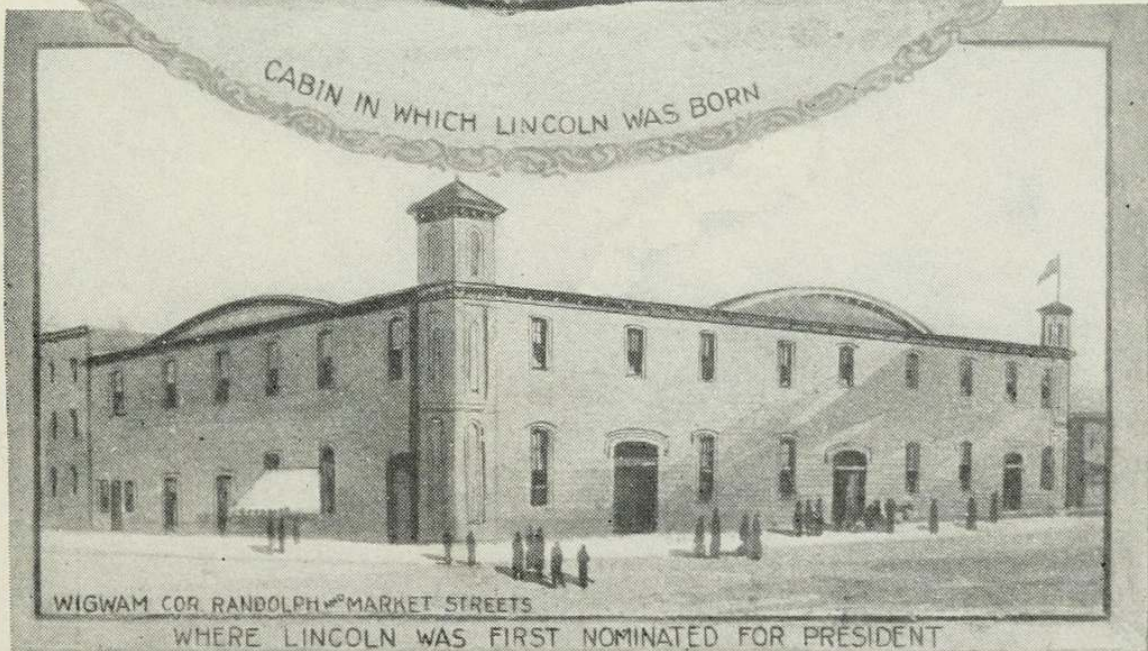
LINCOLN







CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN

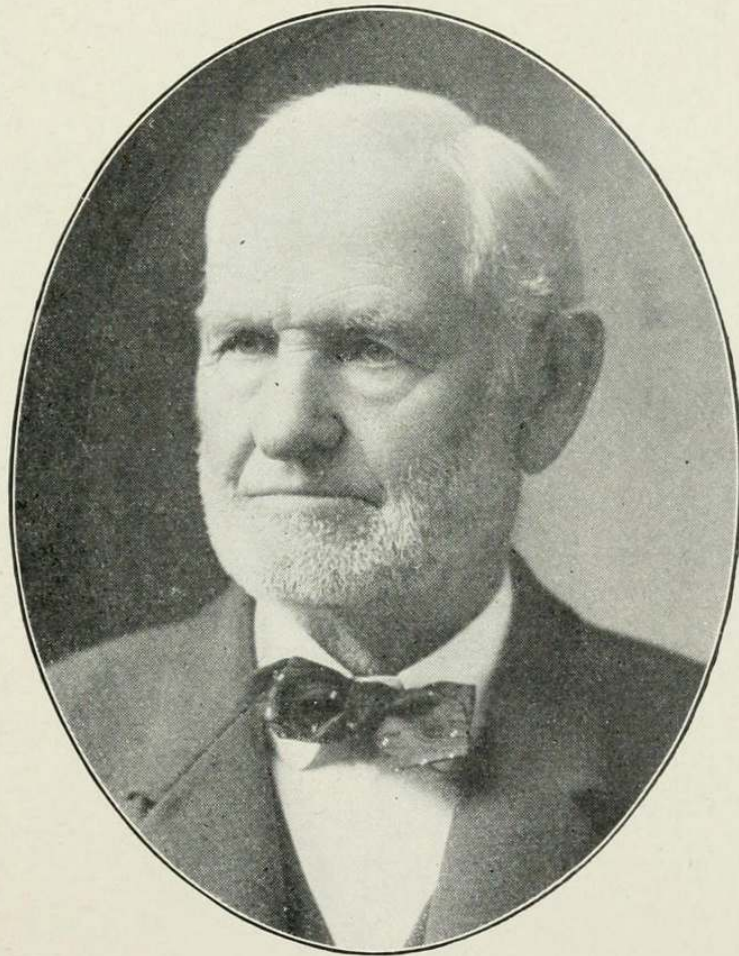


WIGWAM COR. RANDOLPH & MARKET STREETS  
WHERE LINCOLN WAS FIRST NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT

## FOREWORD







*Yours truly  
W. Dwyer*



**FOREWORD**  
OF THE  
GRAND ARMY HALL AND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION  
OF ILLINOIS.

---

The following pages contain the address made by Dr. William Jayne to the Grand Army Hall and Memorial Association of Illinois, at the Public Hall of that Association in Chicago, February 12th, 1900, during the Annual Exercises held in honor and in recognition of the Birthday of

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

Dr. Jayne is a native and resident of Springfield, Illinois, and was a neighbor, political and social friend of Abraham Lincoln from 1836 until the latter's death in 1865.

The Doctor was educated at Illinois College, and is a member of the Phi Alpha Literary Society of that College. He was largely responsible for the delivery to this Society by Mr. Lincoln of the lecture to which he refers in these reminiscences.

He was elected a State Senator in the Springfield Senatorial District at the November election, 1860, becoming at that time a leading Republican, and has so continued until the present.

After Mr. Lincoln became President he appointed Dr. Jayne the first Territorial Governor of the Dakotas, which important place he filled with distinguished

ability. After serving as Governor he resumed the practice of his profession at Springfield, and has continued the same with marked success up to the present time. During his long and eventful career he has been actively interested in public affairs. For several years he has been and still is President of the valuable Lincoln Library at Springfield, for the building of which the philanthropic and large-hearted Andrew Carnegie donated the sum of \$75,000.

There are now living few men who knew Lincoln as well or who enjoyed his sincere confidence, trustful and continuing friendship, as did Dr. Jayne.

The following address consists largely of the personal experiences, observations and reflections of an educated, trustworthy and devoted friend of the Great Emancipator.

FRANCIS A. RIDDLE, *President,*

*Grand Army Hall and Memorial Association*

April, 1900.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES  
OF THE  
MARTYRED PRESIDENT  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY HIS NEIGHBOR AND  
INTIMATE FRIEND

DR. WILLIAM JAYNE

---

AN ADDRESS  
DELIVERED BY DR. JAYNE  
TO THE  
GRAND ARMY HALL AND MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION  
FEBRUARY 12, 1900

---

PUBLISHED BY THE  
GRAND ARMY HALL AND MEMORIAL  
ASSOCIATION

Copyright by William Jayne, 1908.  
All Rights Reserved.

973.7L63

B2J33a

# Abraham Lincoln

---

*Veterans of the War  
for the Preservation of the Union.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It is not my purpose to indulge to-day in any extended relation of the justly celebrated political debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas which took place in 1858, or concerning Mr. Lincoln's administration of the Federal Government from 1861 to 1865. Both of these events are well known to every intelligent and well-informed person in our whole country; and more especially as that great debate and Mr. Lincoln's acts and deeds during the period covered by the Civil War is an open book, with the contents of which you are all familiar. It is my purpose to relate facts which bear upon his youthful days and the incidents of his young manhood, which are personally known to me; incidents which may seem small in themselves, but which yet serve to show and illustrate his habits, traits of his character, the impulses of his heart, his sense of humor and his habits of melancholy—in a word, his peculiar and varied moods in all the affairs of his life, whether

they were great or small, private or public, and to tell you what I have known personally of his pure, kind, gentle, decided, and steadfast life.

Mr. Lincoln was an unusually sensitive and conscientious man at all times and in every relation of life, and never, either in his youth or manhood, did he knowingly do wrong to any person or any cause.

More than thirty-five years have passed since his tragic death. More than sixty eventful years have gone by since he bade farewell to New Salem and the friends of his early manhood and settled in Springfield, where he commenced the practice of law along with the late Major John T. Stuart, who had been his colleague in the Illinois Legislature of 1836. There is probably not a man or woman living there to-day who was of adult age when Mr. Lincoln left the town of New Salem.

As I stand in the presence of veterans who participated in the greatest military conflict which occurred during the nineteenth century, I realize that not many years will intervene before the last person who has ever taken Mr. Lincoln by the hand, and looked into that kind and familiar face, will have passed from the earth. So I feel that it is well for those who knew him personally as a neighbor and friend, to gather up the facts, great and small, which have been known to us personally, or which have been related without prejudice or partiality concerning him, and record such facts and incidents for the benefit and instruction of those who come after us. In narrating



events and recalling the incidents which gather about and cling to the story of his life it is my purpose, and my only purpose, to adhere strictly to the truth in recalling those events and incidents, so that those who follow us will know the real man, the true, the immortal Lincoln.

Let me repeat, if the story of his life is truthfully and courageously told—nothing being either colored or suppressed, nothing false being either written or suggested—the coming generations will see and feel the presence of the living man.

Let us not be oversensitive about Lincoln's origin and ancestry. If his birth was humble, and if he was descended from that innumerable class whom we designate as the poor, and if he was recognized and regarded during his entire career as one of the laboring people of the world, then these environments of this great man are indisputable evidence that he knew from experience the severe struggles and the necessities of self-denial which were woven into and became the woof of the life and ambitions of an heroic manhood. These human experiences were of necessity a priceless discipline to a soul inspired; to a man of exalted ambition and unyielding determination to gain a place and wield a power among men for the purpose of uplifting the race, and for the benefit of his country and mankind.

It is true that Mr. Lincoln was ambitious, but his was a laudable ambition. He once said to his closest friend, Joshua Speed, that he did not wish to die

until the world was better for his having lived.

I think we shall all agree that his was a beautiful, blameless and beneficial life. Compare his life and career with that of Napoleon or Bismarck. No remembrance of hardships, or cruelty, or of innocent blood spilled, disturbed Lincoln's composure. If he made mistakes it was to pardon the offenses and save the lives of youthful soldiers who had been condemned to be shot for sleeping on their posts.

I first met Mr. Lincoln in 1836, more than sixty years ago. He was then residing at New Salem, where he was Deputy Surveyor under Thomas Neale, and also Postmaster at that village. He had then served one term in the Legislature of Illinois and was again a candidate for a seat in the Legislature at the election to be held in the following August. At that time there was something about this ungainly and poorly clothed young man that foretold to an observing person a bright future in public and political life.

At this meeting we had a dinner on that day at the Rutledge Tavern in New Salem; and afterwards during our journey along the road from New Salem to Huron, where Mr. Ninian W. Edwards, who was in our party on that drive, and my father, had a country store. Mr. Lincoln became the subject of what we then called the "talk" between Mr. Edwards and my father. Some time afterwards Mr. Edwards became a brother-in-law of Mr. Lincoln. What was said about Lincoln during that conversation I now remember as distinctly and vividly as if it had

occurred only on yesterday. Among other things my father said to Mr. Edwards, "Edwards, that young man, Lincoln, will some day be Governor of Illinois." I was then only a lad ten years of age and thought my father was a very hopeful prophet. I had seen at Springfield two Governors of Illinois, *Ninian Edwards* of Belleville and Joseph Duncan of Jacksonville. These two Governors often came to Springfield and were always well dressed. Each came in his carriage, with fine horses and colored drivers. Mr. Lincoln up to this time had only been a captain of Volunteers in the Blackhawk Indian War and had served one term as a member of the Legislature. He did not then look to me like a prospective Governor. I then had in my mind's eye those stately gentlemen, Edwards and Duncan, but it seems that my father's foresight was much better than his son's, for in a little over twenty years this poorly clad and unknown young man was the chosen ruler of a nation numbering fifty millions of people, and was commander-in-chief of more than a million men—of a more effective and potential army than Cæsar or Napoleon had ever marshalled in battle array.

Of Mr. Lincoln's birth and ancestry little need be said. That is a subject about which he was never communicative. His early days in Hardin County were days of pinching poverty and lustreless obscurity; these were the pathetic years of an innocent childhood which, however, he never cared to recall and linger over as a pleasant memory. We can have no doubt

when we consider what we know of the history of the first seven years of his life spent in the log cabin on Nolan's Creek, Hardin County, Kentucky, that he was poorly clad and scantily fed. After his father moved to Spencer County, Indiana, he lived in a little half-faced camp for one year; the second year of his Indiana life a log cabin took the place of the camp, but this cabin was without window, door or floor for a long time.

Food was abundant and game was plentiful; deer, bear, wild turkeys, ducks, and fish in every stream. There were wild fruits of many kinds in the summer months, and these fruits were gathered and dried for winter use. Potatoes were about the only vegetable raised in abundance, and "corn dodger" was the daily bread of the Lincoln household. The supply of groceries and cooking utensils was limited. His mother died in Indiana in the year 1818 of a prevailing disease of that country known as the "milk sick." In the year 1819 Lincoln's father went back to Kentucky and returned to his Indiana cabin with a second wife, in the person of the widow Johnson. There came with Lincoln's father and his new wife three of the second Mrs. Lincoln's children by her first husband. The second Mrs. Lincoln was a woman of great gentleness, thrift and energy. The new wife promptly made the Indiana cabin homelike; and effectually and cheerfully taught all the children habits of cleanliness and comfort. The boy—Abraham Lincoln—soon became very fond of his new mother, and remained so all the

years of his life. One of the gracious things Mr. Lincoln did—an incident which shows the kindness of his heart and his affectionate disposition—was that, soon after he was elected president and before leaving his Springfield home to be inaugurated President of the United States, he paid this mother, who then lived in Coles County, a farewell visit. In speaking of her he always called her his “angel mother.” For ten years after his father’s second marriage he lived at his father’s home, laboring on his father’s farm, except when his father hired him out to his neighbors to hoe corn, pull fodder, harvest grain, cut wood and make rails.

During these years he read all the books he could get possession of. He was hungry for books and read them intently all of his spare time, studied and comprehended their contents. He had no taste or inclination for nor was he given to any kind of sports, unless it was to run foot races and “wrestle” with the boys, at which he was an adept. Wrestling and foot races were a means of recreation to young Lincoln, a pastime at which he was almost uniformly a winner.

In the year 1830 his restless father again moved; this time to Illinois, and settled in Sangamon County. Here he built a log cabin and made rails sufficient to fence in ten acres of land for a farm.

This was the last work that Lincoln did for his father. Having now arrived at his majority he left home and started out into the world to shift for himself, carrying what clothes he had, except those he

wore on his person, in a bundle at the end of a stick or cane thrown over his shoulder. During the winter of 1836-37 he and his step-brother, John Johnson, and his cousin, John Hanks, hired out to a trader named Denton Offutt, to take charge of and pilot a flat-boat down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. The flat-boat was loaded with country produce which Offutt had gathered up in the country about New Salem. This produce was needed and was marketable in the Creole city of the South. It consisted of such things as butter, lard, eggs, bacon, pickled pork, turnips and cabbage. Failing to purchase a suitable boat, Lincoln and Hanks built one for Offutt at Sangamon, on the Sangamon River, six miles northwest of Springfield. On his way down the Sangamon River the boat stuck on the dam built for Rutledge's mill, just beside the village of New Salem, and for nearly a whole day it hung, bow in the air, stern in the water. In this condition shipwreck for the boat seemed almost certain. The villagers of New Salem turned out in a body to see what the strangers would do to save their boat, and while the sight-seers suggested and advised, a tall, big fellow of the crew worked out a plan of relief and succeeded in tilting his craft over the dam and then proceeded on the way down the Sangamon. This was Lincoln's second trip to New Orleans. There he witnessed a public sale of slave negroes. A young mulatto girl was placed on the block, and as the auctioneer was calling for the highest bidder white man after white man walked around the auction block,

handling the girl as you would feel the points and parts of a horse. Lincoln became incensed and outraged at this sight. He turned and walked away and expressed to his companion his hatred of slavery, saying to his step-brother, "If ever I get a chance to hit the system of slavery I will hit it hard." He kept his word—the proclamation of emancipation.

There was something about the people in the village of New Salem which fascinated Lincoln. On his return from the South, after a brief visit to his old home, he went back to New Salem, settled there, and spent the next seven years of his early and eventful life there. Here he lived, loved, hoped, worked and sported to the extent of wrestling with the boys and running foot races with the athletes—laughed and joked, grew merry or serious, as his varied moods impressed his mental disposition. Here he made fast friends and commenced his wonderful political career. Here he, as clerk of the election board, performed his first official act. Here he became acquainted with Green and Armstrong, Kelso and Duncan, Alley and Carmer, Herndon and Radford, Hill and McNamara, Rutledge and Berry, and many other pioneers of the vicinity. New Salem soon became to him what Venice was to Byron, "A fairy city of the heart, Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart." There were here to be found the best specimens of the pioneer settler, hearty, industrious, kind and courageous men and women. As a physician of early days I knew them intimately and loved them well. I knew their foibles,

which were superficial, and their virtues, which were innate and lovable. Lincoln's first permanent employment was as a clerk in the store of Offutt, where he continued until the spring of 1832. That was the year and time when the Indian War broke out, upon the return of the Indian chief, Blackhawk, and his band, with the purpose of reoccupying their old homes in the Rock River country. When the Governor of Illinois called for soldiers Lincoln volunteered, was elected and served as Captain of his company during the Blackhawk War.

After the defeat of Blackhawk at the battle of Bad Axe and the close of the war, he returned home and, in partnership with Berry, bought a store and became a merchant in general country trade. He soon discovered he was not a success as a merchant and sold his stock of goods, and was appointed Postmaster of New Salem by President Martin Van Buren. To help out a living he became a Deputy Surveyor—having acquired by his own efforts sufficient knowledge of geometry and the art of surveying to equip him for that work. He was afterwards twice elected a member of the lower house of the General Assembly, and during these years he studied law and frequently appeared before Justices of the Peace as counsel or attorney for those interested in such suits. He was soon licensed to practice law, which profession he pursued in Illinois successfully until he was elected President of the United States. In the spring of 1837 he moved to Springfield and commenced his enlarged life as a



lawyer, and then entered into a partnership with Major John T. Stuart, with whom he had served in the Legislature. Here he met and contended at the bar with the brightest and ablest lawyers of the State, such as Stephen T. Logan, Edward D. Baker, Lyman Trumbull, Colonel John J. Hardin, N. M. Purple, Murray McConnell and Stephen A. Douglas. It is not going too far to say that Lincoln held his own before judge and jury with the best legal talent of the State.

To show Lincoln's care of trust funds and his unflinching and unswerving integrity I mention this incident. I know that after he had moved to Springfield Mr. James Brown, the traveling postoffice agent or inspector, came into Robert Irwin's store in Springfield and inquired where he could find Mr. Lincoln, whom he said was former Postmaster at New Salem; that he, Brown, wished to collect the money of the United States still in Lincoln's possession. The late William Butler being present at the interview between Brown and Irwin said to Mr. Brown, "I will see Mr. Lincoln at my house at dinner and get him to call on you at the hotel." When dinner time came Mr. Butler told Mr. Lincoln that Mr. Brown was in town and what Brown's business was. Mr. Butler, thinking that Mr. Lincoln might not have the money to settle his postoffice collections, said to Lincoln, "I will let you have the money to settle up your postoffice account." Lincoln replied, "I thank you very much, but I have all the money in my trunk which belongs to the Government." The identical silver, consisting of quarters, twelve and

one-half cent pieces, or "bits" as we called them, and "picayunes," had been safely put away by Lincoln in an old sock which he had placed in his trunk, ready any day for an immediate settlement of his official account. If every man handling Government or other trust funds was as careful as Lincoln was there would be no defalcations.

Mrs. Dallman, wife of ex-Alderman Dallman, delights in telling how kind both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were to her many years ago when she lived in her small home just across the street from where the Lincolns lived. It was when little Thomas Lincoln was a nursing child; Mrs. Dallman became very sick, had no help, and an infant girl to take care of. She relates that Mrs. Lincoln often nursed her little child, and Mr. Lincoln rocked the cradle until her baby was happily asleep.

There was not a particle of avarice in Lincoln's mental make-up. Greediness of wealth was absolutely foreign to his nature. He wanted money sufficient to pay the ordinary living expenses of his household, but he did not care for gold just because he loved to have and handle it. To illustrate this statement I will relate a little story of our college society, of Illinois College—the Phi Alpha Literary Society—and his connection with said society. It was customary for this society to give a series of lectures during the college year, the profits of which were expended in the purchase of books for the society library. Mr. Lincoln was engaged to deliver one of these lectures. After

his lecture was over and the audience had left the hall in which the lecture was given, he recognized the fact that the audience was not large and therefore the receipts must have been rather small. Mr. Lincoln, with a kind smile, said to the president of the society, "I have not made much money for you to-night." In reply the president said, "When we pay for the rent of the hall, music and advertising and your compensation, there will not be much left to buy books with for the library." "Well, boys, be hopeful; pay me my railroad fare and 50 cents for my supper at the hotel and we are square." That showed our subject's kindness and liberality all over, yet at that day he was not burdened with cash and could have found good use for a few extra dollars. He thought our poor society needed the money more than he did.

Mr. Lincoln after his arrival in Springfield boarded at the house of Mr. Butler, the second house west of my father's home. I often observed him as he passed to and fro from his meals to his office. He usually walked alone, his head inclined as if he were absorbed in deep thought, unmindful of surrounding objects and persons. Although he had his wonderful gift of humor, I venture to assert that in the long run of years life was to him serious and earnest.

He once said to Joshua Speed, his close friend, "Speed, when I am dead I wish my friends to remember that I always pluck a thorn and plant a rose when in my power." He roomed with Speed over Speed's store on the west side of the public square in Springfield.

If asked what in my opinion were the marked qualities of his mental organization, or, in other words, what were the salient traits of his character, I would reply, his kindness and patience, his integrity, humor, patriotism and ambition, and his mental and physical courage. His integrity is proved by all his acts, private, public and official. He never betrayed a cause, a party, or a friend. His kindness and humanity were innate and he was always considerate of man, beast, or bird. He was ambitious, but sought public position because he expected always to benefit his country and his kind.

I am not prepared to say that the domestic home of Lincoln was ideal, but I do say, without hesitation, that it was a happy home. The husband was kind and considerate, the wife bright, impulsive, educated, generous, industrious and lovable; a good wife and a fond mother. This much I feel it my duty to say, on this anniversary of his birth, that in the Lincoln home, where many of us, his and her life-long friends, have partaken of their hospitality, that Lincoln's home was to be envied and imitated.

His moral courage was potent and sublime, as often shown in the Legislature of Illinois, in the Congress of the United States, and his patriotic, wise and efficient administration of the national Government in that critical period of the war between the States. His love of justice and right was manifest to all in every act of his entire life. During the long and dreary days of the war his patience and kindly heart won the admiration of all his countrymen.

By his decision of character and avowal of his convictions that the slave-holder had no right to hold a slave in the territories of the Union, he lost a Senatorial race in 1858, only to win the Presidency in 1860.

I venture to say that no man was less elated by prosperity or less depressed by adversity. He was so mentally balanced that he could calmly share triumph or endure defeat.

I am sure that I am not extravagant when I state that in my opinion the law was not his first love; he adopted the profession of law as a means of livelihood. But I am sure that more likely he adopted the profession of law as the most direct road to, and which would lead to, his promotion in a political career. I think he felt always much more interest in, and loved to discuss, political issues and affairs of state, more than he did to consider questions involved in legal transactions and lawsuits, about business and dealings between man and man.

He was anti-slavery in his heart and in his head. He had intense feelings on that question, and the grievous wrong of slavery aroused his kind nature to earnest opposition to its spread and extension into new territory. He would consent to abide its existence in the State where the Constitution protected the system, but from his early manhood, like Henry Clay, he hoped for its ultimate extinction, either by colonization in Africa or by paying slave owners a money consideration for their slaves.

Members of the Illinois State bar, judges of the

State courts and of the United States courts all coincide in the opinion that Lincoln was a very able and persuasive lawyer before a jury when he was on the right side of a case, and a very poor lawyer when he thought his client was in the wrong. He possessed in a very large measure that innate sense of justice which hindered him when retained on what he considered the wrong side of a lawsuit to try sincerely to win an unjust victory for his client; nor would he undertake under any circumstance to make black look like white. He has been known to refuse his service as a lawyer when satisfied in his own mind that his proposed client had the wrong side of a case.

Mr. Lincoln's language and literary style were purely Anglo-Saxon. He was not a classical scholar, but his words were English, pure and clear. He had great power of condensation and used no unnecessary words. The common people understood his arguments and generally endorsed his conclusions.

He summed up the doctrine of squatter sovereignty advocated by Stephen A. Douglas in the Kansas-Nebraska issue, in these few words, that "If one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object." You may read many different lives of him, but you will find little said of him as a lawyer. His enduring fame belongs to him as an anti-slavery debater, a pure-minded and far-sighted statesman and a wise ruler of men. The wonderful contrast between his early and latter years best illustrate the possibilities of American citizenship. The poor boy, who

could scarcely reach the first round in the ladder, as a man in middle life stood upon the topmost round and then through his tragic death passed up to the realms of eternity as one of God's dutiful children.

I experience a sincere pleasure when I recall the fact that when Mrs. Hill, of New Salem, heard any remark about Lincoln and Ann Rutledge she would tell of her recollections of a "quilting bee" at New Salem. She said that Lincoln was sitting next to Ann, and as the girl was industriously using her needle, Abraham was softly whispering in her ear, and Mrs. Hill was wont to say that she noticed the rose color flushing in the cheek of Ann, that her heart throbbed quicker, and that Ann's soul thrilled with a joy as old as the world itself.

Upon the same subject I will relate what Isaac Cogdel tells of his interview with Lincoln in December after his election as President. Cogdel called to see him and Lincoln requested him to wait until his other callers from a distance went to their hotels, so that he might inquire about his old friends in Menard County. The visitors having retired they both drew their chairs close to the fire. There in the quiet twilight Lincoln inquired after his old New Salem friends, their sons and daughters, when and whom they had married, and how they had prospered. When he had told Lincoln all, he said, "Mr. Lincoln, I would like to ask you one question." Lincoln promptly replied, "Well, Isaac, if it is a fair question I will answer it." "What is the truth about

you and Ann Rutledge?" "Isaac, I dearly loved the girl, and I never to this day hear the name Rutledge called without fond memories of those long past days."

He was modest, was rather retiring than pushing himself forward in society. He never sought to be conspicuous. Even after his great debate with Douglas and after he had been named for President by a great party he was disinclined to notoriety. When Mr. Scripps, of the *Chicago Tribune*, went to Springfield to visit Lincoln and gather from him materials for a campaign biography, Lincoln hesitated whether to aid the publication or not. He said to Mr. Scripps, "There is no romance, nor is there anything heroic in my early life; the story of my life can be condensed into one line, and that line you can find in Gray's *Elegy*, 'The short and simple annals of the poor.' This is all you or any one can make out of me or my early life." What pathos!—recalling the early days of his childhood—those years of penury and want!

It has been always, since Mr. Lincoln's tragic death, a great pleasure to me to recall the incidents, and to indulge in refreshing my recollection of particular events, which in some way or other have been connected with the first meeting and interview I had with him after he was elected President in November, 1860. That meeting was to me personally a very memorable incident. This meeting and the interview I had with Mr. Lincoln then occurred in the Governor's chambers of the old Capitol Building or the "State House," as it was then called.



It is needless to say here that all, or nearly all, of the citizens of Springfield, and the people of Sangamon County for that matter, were wild with delight and unusually enthusiastic over the result of the election in November, 1860. It was an especially interesting event to me, and I have always regarded it as one of the most important and fascinating incidents of my life. I had been nominated by the Republican party for the office of State Senator in the Twelfth Senatorial District of Illinois, to be voted for at that election. That Senatorial District in which I was a candidate for Senator then consisted of the Counties of Sangamon and Morgan.

My opponent for State Senator at that election was the late Honorable Murray McConnell, of Jacksonville, Morgan County. He had been nominated and vigorously supported by the Douglas "Popular Sovereignty" wing, or faction, of the Democratic party. McConnell was a distinguished man, an accomplished lawyer, a shrewd politician, and in short a man very hard to beat for an important political office, in a Senatorial District which had been for many years exuberant in its Democratic "Popular Sovereignty" proclivities. The contest between Mr. McConnell and myself for State Senator at that election was not only very strenuous, but purely partisan, as between the Douglas Democrats and the Republicans.

It was quite spirited, for the reason that the vote of the Senator for that District might determine the re-election of Lyman Trumbull to his seat in the

United States Senate from Illinois. Trumbull had been elected United States Senator on the 8th of February, 1855. His election had been secured through a combination of the "Old Whigs," the "Know-Nothings," "Free Soilers," "Abolitionists," and an unorganized political faction then known as "Anti-Nebraska Democrats."

The main question then before the public, and the question which created party alliances, was designated as the "Anti-Nebraska" question. The General Assembly of Illinois then met at the State Capitol in the month of December, 1854, pursuant to the Constitution of 1848. The great issues which divided the members of that Legislature into political factions grew out of that illogical, futile and ridiculous doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty."

The members of the Legislature of Illinois, elected in 1854, consisted of fourteen straight Democratic Senators and eleven Anti-Nebraska Senators; and the lower house consisted of thirty-four straight Democrats and forty-one who were radically opposed to the silly propositions of "Popular Sovereignty" and the pro-slavery record and purposes of the Democratic party.

Mr. Lincoln had been, but without his knowledge, nominated in 1854 by the opponents of the "Popular Sovereignty" advocates for a seat in the lower house, in the session which was to meet in December, 1854, but because he had been looked upon as the representative of the Anti-Nebraska men, and as it was

generally understood that he was to be a candidate for United States Senator to succeed General James A. Shields, Mr. Lincoln, after having been assured that a majority of the members of the Legislature of Illinois were opposed to and would vote against the re-election of General Shields, refused to receive his credentials as a member elected to the lower house of the General Assembly, although he had been chosen by the people for that office by a majority of 600.

A special election to fill the vacancy was called in the Springfield District after Lincoln had declined. At that special election Mr. Jonathan McDaniel, an old resident of the eastern part of Sangamon County, an unchangeable and "dyed-in-the-wool" Democrat, was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the refusal of Mr. Lincoln to serve. It was said pleasantly of Mr. McDaniel, who was unfamiliar with and inexperienced in legislative proceedings, that the only rule he had for determining how to cast his vote as a member of the Legislature was to keep track of the way the Honorable Stephen T. Logan cast his vote, and when Logan, whose name preceded that of McDaniel on the roll call of the house, voted on any question which came before the Legislature, to cast his vote in opposition to the vote of Stephen T. Logan.

Many of the members of the lower house of that General Assembly afterwards became, or were then, important and active factors in the political affairs of Illinois. Among the number of the lower house were James A. Allen, who was afterwards de-

feated by Richard Yates for Governor of Illinois in 1860; William R. Morrison, who was for a number of years afterward a member of Congress from Illinois, and subsequently a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission also; George T. Allen, Henry S. Parker, Joseph Gillespie, Chauncey L. Higbee, who was afterwards for many years one of our Circuit Judges, Lewis H. Waters, Amos C. Babcock, Henry C. Johns, Gen. Thomas J. Henderson, afterwards for many years a member of Congress from the Princeton District of this State, and now one of the National Trustees of the Soldier's Home, Robert Boal, G. D. A. Parks of Will County, the famous Owen Lovejoy, Miles S. Henry, Thomas J. Turner and L. W. Lawrence. Most of these men subsequently attained great distinction in public affairs, and most of them rendered conspicuous and distinguished services on the question of human liberty, and on questions relating to the public welfare in their day and generation.

When the question of the election of a United States Senator came before the General Assembly in 1854, the members of that body so cast their votes on joint ballot, that Mr. Lincoln received the votes of 45; Gen Shields received the votes of 41; Lyman Trumbull received five votes; Gustave Koerner received two votes; and William B. Ogden, Joel A. Matteson, William Kellogg, Cyrus Edwards, Orlando B. Ficklin and William A. Denning each received one vote. Every member elected to the General Assem-

bly for that year was present and voted on the election of United States Senator, except Randolph Heath, a Democrat from Crawford County—at least there is no record of Mr. Heath having cast any vote for any candidate on the question of the election of a United States Senator. The five members who had agreed to support Lyman Trumbull in any emergency were John M. Palmer, Burton C. Cook and Norman B. Judd, members of the Senate; and George T. Allen and Henry S. Baker, of Madison County, who were members of the lower house. Ten ballots were cast in the joint convention of that General Assembly, and on the tenth ballot Lyman Trumbull was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Gen. James A. Shields.

If the five members who so heroically and valiantly supported Trumbull could have been persuaded to cast their votes for Mr. Lincoln, it is certain that Lincoln would have been elected Senator, because it is now a matter of history that Judge Joseph Gillespie, who had cast his vote for Cyrus Edwards and Amos C. Babcock, who had cast his vote for Mr. Kellogg, would have changed their attitude and voted for Mr. Lincoln, which would have secured his election.

I crave your pardon for digressing here a moment, to pay a well deserved tribute to the memory of John M. Palmer, Norman B. Judd and Burton C. Cook, who were State Senators in that Assembly, respectively, from Macoupin, Cook and LaSalle Counties, and to George T. Allen and Henry S. Baker

of Madison County, who were members of the lower house. These patriotic citizens and lovable men have long since gone on that "long journey whence no traveler returns." They were great and good men, serviceable to the people of their day and generation. They were all faithful, efficient and heroic; they were known to belong to that unselfish class of men who "loved their neighbors as themselves" and who in the career of their useful lives were stars of liberty and beacons of freedom. These were the five valiant and hopeful men, who stood so fearlessly, loyally and unflinchingly for the election of Lyman Trumbull to the United States Senate in the month of February, 1855. The loyalty of these distinguished men to their chosen candidate for Senator, who together with the political sagacity, generous impulses, noble heart, and unselfish motives of Abraham Lincoln made it practicable to elect Lyman Trumbull Senator. Trumbull subsequently served faithfully and courageously in that highest and most powerful legislative body in the world for the period of eighteen eventful years. It is a sufficient honor to Lyman Trumbull to say that upon the suggestion of Lincoln he drafted, introduced and had carried through the Congress of the United States, the 13th Amendment to the Constitution. That Amendment established in due form that fundamental proposition which is the basis of our national government and political institutions, namely, that "all men are created equal and have certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

It may not now impress us as we press forward in the light of liberty, and are beckoned onward by the winsome smile of freedom at the close of the brilliant era of the 19th Century, that these past incidents are of any serious consequence; but they are all blended with the life and career of Abraham Lincoln, whose great courage, great heart and far-sighted wisdom gave the year of jubilee to a race.

It is an axiom that the fall of empires and the fate of nations frequently hang on the "hazard of a die," and it is equally true that "little drops of water and little grains of sand make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land." I have always been impressed with the conviction that Lincoln's attitude and the political wisdom displayed by him in the events which led up to the election in 1855 of Lyman Trumbull to the United States Senate, was one of those incidents which materially aided in nominating Lincoln by the Republican Party, and to his election by the American People to the Presidency of the United States. His illustrious career and his exalted ideas of the duties and obligations of that high place are matters of history. But I urge upon you, my veteran friends, to remember that great men belong to the infinite. They are at once brothers of the mountains and the seas. They rise up among the moiling multitude like the tall cedars of Lebanon, and cast their hopeful shadows over all that is holy, through the eons of eternity. The grandeur of manhood was never surpassed by that which enveloped the immortal soul of Abraham

Lincoln. The soul of man is the gift of God, and in His keeping, and we should not hesitate to believe, that when Lincoln, in his second inaugural address, uttered those undying words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all," the divine precept which those words imply were imparted to him by the loving Father of us all.

The political campaign of 1858 was really a contest between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas as to whether Douglas should be re-elected to the Senate of the United States, or whether Lincoln should be elected by the Legislature of Illinois to succeed him. This political contest was not only one in which the people of Illinois were seriously and earnestly interested, but was a question which made the joint debates between Lincoln and Douglas of national interest, and commanded most serious attention among the people and all political parties in the United States. It was to me, personally, in 1858, a great pleasure to be then on friendly terms and in neighborly and political intercourse with Mr. Lincoln. He then was not only friendly as a neighbor, but indicated to me frequently his confidence in my capabilities to accomplish certain things in behalf of the Republican party at that time. I knew the purpose he had in mind to deliver that famous speech which he did deliver before the Republican State Convention which met in Springfield in June, 1858. I knew from frequent conversations with Lincoln that the subject matter of that speech was of deep and abiding



interest with him. I knew that the principles which he proposed to announce in that speech caused him great anxiety, an anxiety which led him to call a caucus of his personal and political friends to consider with him and advise with him as to the propriety and wisdom of announcing such principles as he proposed to announce in his speech at that time. At this caucus of Lincoln's friends the subject of his making such a speech announcing such principles was seriously, honestly and fully discussed, and Mr. Lincoln was somewhat surprised that only one of the friends whom he had called about him, agreed with him in the political propriety and wisdom of making such declarations as he proposed to make in that speech. That one friend was his law partner, William H. Herndon. All the other gentlemen present at the caucus seemed fully to agree with Lincoln in advocating privately the principles which Lincoln proposed to announce, but they all, except Herndon, counseled Lincoln against the policy of making such a speech announcing such principles at that particular time, because they believed that if he assumed and proclaimed such a position it would put a dangerous weapon in the hands of Douglas with which he might defeat Lincoln in the race for United States Senator. Lincoln listened to all such objections patiently and modestly, but when all objections had been made and considered Mr. Lincoln rose and said:

“My dear friends: The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered; and if it is decreed

that I shall go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right.

“In taking this position I do not suspect that any one of you disagree with me as to the doctrine which I will announce in that speech; for I am sure you would all like to see me defeat Douglas. It may be inexpedient for me to announce such principles at this time, but I have given the subject matter the most patient, honest and intelligent thought that I am able to command, because I have felt at times, and now feel, that we are standing on the advanced line of a political campaign which in its results will be of more importance than any political event that will occur during the 19th century. I regret that my friend Herndon is the only man among you who coincides with my views and purposes in the propriety of making such a speech to the public as I have indicated to you; but I have determined in my own mind to make this speech, and in arriving at this determination I cheerfully admit to you that I am moved to this purpose by the noble sentiments expressed in those beautiful lines of William Cullen Bryant in his poem on “The Battlefield,” where he says—

A friendless warfare! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year;  
A wild and many weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front, and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last  
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust  
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand thy standard wave  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

After reciting these significant lines, Mr. Lincoln continued:

“I am aware that many of our friends, and all of our political enemies, will say that, like Scipio, I am ‘carrying the war into Africa;’ but that is an incident of politics which none of us can help, but it is an incident which in the long run will be forgotten and ignored.

“We all believe that every human being, whatever

may be his color, is born free, and that every human soul has an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The Apostle Paul said that 'The just shall live by faith.' This doctrine, laid down by St. Paul, was taken up by the greatest reformer of the Christian era, Martin Luther, and was adhered to with a vigor and fidelity never surpassed, until it won a supreme victory, the benefits and advantages of which we are enjoying today.

"I will lay down these propositions in the speech I propose to make and risk the chance of winning a seat in the United States Senate because I believe the propositions are true, and that ultimately we shall live to see, as Bryant says 'The victory of endurance born.'"

This was the closing incident of the caucus of Lincoln's friends to consider whether or not he should make his proposed speech. It was probably that speech which enabled Douglas to win the senatorship, but it was one of the great things that Lincoln did which placed him in the Valhalla of the Immortals. That speech was one of the courageous things which Lincoln did, and which warrants us in saying—

"Thou art freedom's now, and fame's;

**One of the few immortal names, that were not born to die."**

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Gen. James A. Shields had become a resident of California, and while he had been for many years a member of the Democratic Party, and had been elected to the United States Senate from both the States of Illinois

and Minnesota, he was quite loyal to the Union, but was always strongly influenced by the position which Stephen A. Douglas took in politics. Mr. Shields had read the speech made by Mr. Douglas to the joint session of the Legislature in Springfield in 1861,—probably the most effective speech ever made by Douglas, in which with great eloquence and unanswerable logic he appealed to the people of his country to be loyal to the Union. In that great speech Mr. Douglas said, “That the first duty of the American citizen was obedience to the constitution and the laws, and that in the contest then raised by the Southern people there could be in this country but two parties—patriots and traitors. That it is a duty we owe to ourselves, our children and our God, to protect this Government and its flag from any and every assailant.” This was the last and greatest speech ever made by Senator Douglas and was probably worth more to the cause of the Union than any speech that could have been made by any other man then living. Gen. Shields, after he had read that speech of Senator Douglas, signified with great earnestness his intention of joining the Union Army as a soldier, and to help put down the Rebellion. He was recommended to Mr. Lincoln by the Hon. Jas. A. MacDougall, who had previously been Attorney General of the State of Illinois, and was then (1861) in the United States Senate from California, and when Mr. Lincoln intimated his intention to appoint Gen. Shields a Brigadier General of Volunteers in the Union Army,

Senator MacDougall said, "I am glad you are willing to do this favor for our mutual friend Shields, because I think it will convince Shields that you did not intend to kill him in the duel he challenged you to fight with him years ago, but I do not think it will convert Shields or persuade him to be a Republican." To MacDougall's pleasant remarks, Mr. Lincoln replied, "It makes no difference to me what party Gen. Shields may belong to. My only object is to save the Union, and it has frequently occurred to me that I would like to give Shields a chance to have his fight out with some other man than me. What you say about Gen. Shields reminds me of a story." "What story is that, Mr. President?" said MacDougall, and Mr. Lincoln replied that "We once had in Springfield a colored family, the head of which was what is known as a 'no account nigger.' He would get drunk, whip his wife, and scold his children, but he would not work or take proper care of his family. This colored family belonged to the church, and the wife becoming impatient with her husband's conduct, went and consulted the pastor of the church to which they belonged, as to what she should do with her worthless husband; and after retailing to the pastor the bad conduct of her husband and his neglect of his duties to his family, the pastor said to her, 'Be patient with your husband and set him a good example, you will pour coals of fire on his head in that way'; to which advice of the pastor, the wife replied: 'That would do no good; I have already poured bilin' water

on him, and it don't scarcely take the dander out of his hair.' But I think I will appoint Shields Brigadier General, and let him have his fight out with the men who once pretended to be his political friends."

I again ask you to indulge me briefly. I began to relate to you the incidents of my first meeting with Mr. Lincoln after his election as President. This meeting occurred, as I have said, the day subsequent to the election in November, 1860. I had on that day received a telegram from Jacksonville, informing me that I had carried Morgan County for State Senator against Murray McConnell by eight votes, and it occurred to me that Mr. Lincoln would be glad to know that fact; so I took the telegram and handed it to Mr. Lincoln while he was holding an informal reception to the general public in the old "State House." He read it carefully and handed it back to me with a pleasant smile, and said encouragingly, "Why, that elects you, Bill." Pleasant and appropriate greetings were exchanged at that time between us, and I recollect that Mr. Lincoln said to me, jocularly, "You seem to succeed as well in politics as you have succeeded in pills." "If I were as lucky as you are in politics, and strong enough to beat as good a man as Murray McConnell in a Democratic District for State Senator, I would change my sign so that it would read 'Dr. William Jayne, Purveyor of Pills and Politics. I guarantee the cure of Democratic Headaches and all the ailments of Popular Sovereignty Cranks. No cure, no pay!'"

What would have been the history of reconstruction had Mr. Lincoln survived to serve through his second term we cannot tell; but it has often occurred to me that the country, and especially the Republican party, would have escaped much of the humiliation and disgrace heaped upon it by the condition and political management of the Northern carpet-baggers, who through the support of the ignorant blacks of the South dominated the control of the political offices, State and Federal, of many of the Southern States. The kind and firm hand of Lincoln would never have permitted this blot of carpet-baggism upon the fair name of our reconstruction of the States. In the heart of that noblest of men there was no hatred of any man or section of his country; there dwelt sweet peace and sublime humanity. The restoration of the Union after April 9, 1865, was the first object for which he lived. Let us believe reverently that Lincoln through all coming time will stand side by side with George Washington among the illustrious men of the world.

I witnessed the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln on the 4th of March, 1861. The first three days of March were quite warm. Sunday, March 3d, was a delightful summer day. The soft, mild breezes from the South which came up to Washington city to mark the quiet Sabbath of the last day of James Buchanan in the White House, and the loosening of Buchanan's hold on the destinies of a national government was spring-like, and filled with fragrance from the land of the orange and the magnolia.



After a crimson sunset the wind seemed to rise and came in fitful gusts, quick and sharp as the evening advanced. During the evening of Sunday the wind shifted to the west, and on the morning of the 4th the sky was overcast with clouds and the wind came from the north. By ten o'clock the temperature had changed thirty degrees, but notwithstanding the frosty, biting air, Pennsylvania avenue was crowded with a mass of moving humanity. That cold, bleak day fitly illustrated the stormy and tempestuous path which he was entering upon. That rugged and perilous road he trod cautiously, warily. Yet with calmness and fortitude, determined above everything else to preserve the Union of the States. The dark and dangerous days of storm and battle were foreshadowed by the forbidding weather of that inauguration day—the very air was portentous. The rising murmurs of discontent came on every breeze wafted from Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas and all the Southern States. These murmurings and threatenings were but the prelude to the crimson tempest and blood through which Lincoln passed in triumph. But at what a cost of men and treasure! The liberty loving people from New England, from the great Central States, from the far West, from the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, had come one hundred thousand strong, not to witness the achievements of the arts of peace, but to be present at the beginning of a new era, which would make the Republic of Washington foremost in the nations of the earth. In the presence of the as-

sembled citizens, Abraham Lincoln, with Stephen A. Douglas, who held Lincoln's hat, and Edward D. Baker on either side, with bare head and hand uplifted, was sworn to support, maintain and defend the Constitution of the United States. As long as liberty remains, as long as Christianity and civilization are the legacy of the race, will history record how faithfully that sacred vow was fulfilled!

The closing scene of his life was too cruel to dwell upon. With the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, just as benign peace smiled upon a reunited country, and when alluring prospects of prosperity, tranquility and contentment were spread out before his delighted vision, and when the evening of his life promised to be blessed with the love and reverence of a grateful people—darkness and death came. In an instant his brain was paralyzed by a missile conceived in the malice and hurled by the fury and hatred of a frenzied assassin.

Unconsciously he passed from life to death; thus fulfilling that fancy, vision or foreboding, which came to him years before. In the deepening twilight, when reclining for repose on his couch in his own home, while he was musing in silence and sadness on the past, present and future, he beheld on the mirror hanging in his room two contrasting views of his own features, one in the vigor of health, and one wearing the paleness of death. This vision disturbed him—he spoke to his wife about it, and seemed to regard it as an ill-omen which portended and foreshadowed

misfortune to him. Probably in a brief time this depressing incident vanished from his mind.

Strange and mysterious are the ways of Providence. We can but submit to the supreme will of that infinite Intelligence which made and governs the universe.

When Illinois called for her dead, silently the remains of Lincoln were borne through cities and states amid signs and tokens which were emblems of woe. His pallid face, worn with lines of care and anxiety, were looked upon by unnumbered souls. His old home was at last reached. The casket which contained all that was mortal of Lincoln was there placed in the great hall of the capitol which had been so often the silent witness of his intellectual combats and triumphs. Men, women and children came from everywhere to pay the tributes of honor to their beloved President. The old and the young bowed in great sorrow and anguish and pressed around the casket and gazed for the last time upon the well marked and familiar features of that kind face. That heart which had always throbbed "in charity for all, and malice toward none" was now stilled in death. *Requiescat in pace.*

There is little doubt as to the place which will be assigned to the War President in the final judgment of mankind. Let us believe—nor should this belief be in vain—that the pitiless and impartial historian, when he has measured, weighed and analyzed the great historic characters of nations, will deliberately

pronounce that among the marked rulers among men he was not surpassed by any man of any age. All that is physical and mortal now repose peacefully in the quiet of Oak Ridge, in that crypt of fame, beneath that stately monument of granite erected by a grateful people; but the divine existence, the gracious spirit of that God-inspired man are not there. The thought, the intellect and spirit of that great heart and soul will survive in the unknown beyond, and will live on and endure while the years of eternity roll.

“And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!  
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid  
In any vault, 'neath any coffin lid,  
In all the years since that wild Spring of pain?  
'Tis false! He never in the grave hath lain.  
You could not bury him although you slid  
Upon his clay the Cheop's pyramid,  
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain Chain.  
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.  
In all, the life of his great heart beats as strong,  
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry  
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.  
Whoever will may find him, anywhere  
Save in the tomb, not there—he is not there!”

In the world's Pantheon of heroes and martyrs there  
will be graven by the hand of Truth the name  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln was a man of peace; he never sought a

controversy or quarrel, and he never retreated under fire.

His religious views and opinions have been discussed again and again. I believe that Mr. Lincoln was by nature a deeply religious man. But I have no evidence that he ever accepted the formulated creed of any sect or denomination. I know that all churches had his profound respect and support.

Was Abraham Lincoln a religious man? Upon this question philosophers may hesitate, and quibbling infidels may doubt, but we must believe from the deeds done by, and the sentiments unhesitatingly and unmistakably uttered by this honest and upright man, that these are the best, controlling, and undisputable testimony of the religious nature and life, and of his clearly pronounced religious hopes, and of his enduring and abundant religious faith in the relations between God and his immortal soul.

It is now beyond the realm of controversy that Lincoln loved, honored and revered Almighty God.

The Christian religion is a feeling of reverence towards the Creator and Ruler of the world, together with all those acts of worship and service to which that feeling leads. The secure foundation, the very root of this divine sentiment exists in the nature of man, and in the circumstances in which he is placed. It manifests itself abundantly even where the one supreme God of the Christian is unknown. Man, being naturally religious, if he is ignorant of the true God, he must and will create false ones for himself.

He is surrounded by dangers and difficulties; he sees the almighty powers of nature at work everywhere and in all things. These powers are pregnant to him with hope and fear. They are inscrutable in their workings, and beyond his comprehension and control. There arises therefore the feeling of dependence upon something more powerful and more wise than himself. This feeling is the very germ and essence of religion.

It was this feeling which prompted Lincoln to join reverently in the religious services of the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield when the congregation sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly." It was this inexpressible power of religious feeling, dwelling in Lincoln's heart, which moved him to request the Rev. Dr. Smith, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Springfield, to have sung, at the funeral services which were held at the burial of his little son Thomas, who died at Springfield and to whom Mr. Lincoln so pathetically referred in the last touching farewell address he made to his old neighbors and friends when he left his home for Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States, those beautiful and expressive lines, "My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour Divine."

It was this feeling, this sense of relying upon the Creator of the universe which prompted him to say on that occasion to Dr. Smith that the most impres-

sive and comforting words he ever heard sung are these:

“While life’s dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow’s tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.”

It was this sacred impulse which dominated his good heart and inspired him to exclaim in the closing paragraph (which it was my good fortune to hear him utter) of his first Inaugural Address when he said “We are not enemies but friends, we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

When Lincoln wrote the affectionate letter of condolence to that good mother whose five sons had “died gloriously on the field of battle,” and said to her, “I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may

be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom" was he not then—Nov. 21st, 1864,—actuated by a religious sentiment "pure and undefiled"? If the Christian hope and faith, did not then permeate his loving and tender heart, why should he write to that bereaved mother, "I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage your bereavement"?

May we not, now, religiously and faithfully believe, that when the martyred President wrote those inspired words to that stricken mother he sincerely felt as Job did when he said, "I would speak to the Almighty," and exclaimed, "Hear now my reasoning, and hearken unto the pleadings of my lips." \* \* \* "My stroke is heavier than my groaning." "Oh that I knew where I could find Him, that I might come even to His seat;" and did not this faithful man feel as Job felt when the patriarch, in the excruciating agony of inexpressible pain uttered those words of faith, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"?

Can we hesitate to believe that when Lincoln said on Sept. 28, 1862, "I happen to be an humble instrument in the hands of our Heavenly Father as I am, and as we all are, to work out His great purposes; I have desired that all my works and acts may be



according to His will, and that it might be so, I have sought His aid; but if, after endeavoring to do my best in the light which He affords me, I find my efforts fail, I must believe that for some purpose unknown to me He wills it otherwise? Could these sentiments have been uttered by any other than a God-fearing, God-loving and religious man?

It was the holy influence of religious feeling,—that divine power which binds immortal man to the ever living God,—that inspired him, in pronouncing the famous address he made when he was the second time inaugurated President of the United States, in referring to the great civil contest which he then fervently hoped would soon close and be followed by a permanent peace, to declare: “Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God’s assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men’s faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. ‘Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.’ If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the Providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South

this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which believers in the living God ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if Good wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "THAT THE JUDGMENTS OF THE LORD ARE TRUE AND RIGHTEOUS ALTOGETHER."

"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."

You are to be especially congratulated, my veteran friends, because in offering this honor to the memory of Lincoln at the close of the 19th Century, you are placing a mile-stone, which shall be a muniment to the progress of liberty; an enduring sign for all who shall come after us and a beacon of light for all men who struggle, and hope for the welfare and glorious destiny of the human race.

It will honor those who survive you, to inscribe upon the monuments which will indicate the place of your final rest those beautiful words:

"Brave men, who, rallying to your country's call,  
Went forth to fight,—if Heaven willed, to fall!

Returned, you walk with us through sunnier years,  
And hear a Nation say, God bless you all.  
“Brave men, who yet a heavier burden bore,  
And came not home to hearts by grief made sore!  
They call you brave, but so you grandly live,  
Shrined in the Nation’s love forevermore!”

Veterans of the Memorial Hall Association: I cannot adequately express to you how deeply I appreciate your unselfish efforts to properly honor and celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. I regard it as supreme evidence of your undivided loyalty to the great principles for which Lincoln lived and gave up his life. You belong to that diminishing class of men who once marched on your journey to the temple of liberty at the command of Abraham Lincoln, and who fought for freedom over roads cleared by bayonets and moistened with blood. You marched beneath a flag that is now clean. It had blood on it once. Not a stain now. Its stripes were once the emblem of barbaric slavery. They have become the auroral lights of freedom.

In this service you pay a proper tribute to the memory and life of the greatest, wisest, noblest and most illustrious man of the 19th Century. I know you will join me in spirit and sentiment when I say in the language of that American poet, whom Lincoln loved and honored, because he said of another of America’s heroic Presidents:

“Follow now, as ye list! The first mourner to-day  
Is the Nation, whose father is taken away!

Wife, children and neighbor may mourn at his  
knell,

He was ‘lover and friend’ to his country as well.  
For the stars of our banner, grown suddenly dim,  
Let us weep in our darkness—but weep not for him!

Not for him, who departing leaves millions in  
tears!

Not for him,—who has died full of honor and  
years!

Not for him—who ascended Fame’s ladder so high,  
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky.”

PRESS OF  
UMBENSTOCK-FRISKEY-PORTER CO  
CHICAGO



Images Processed by Gary Brin  
Copyright © Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library

**NANCY HANKS LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY**  
**Historical Book Collection**



Nancy  
Hanks  
Lincoln  
Public  
Library

---

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN PUBLIC LIBRARY  
Historical Book Collection