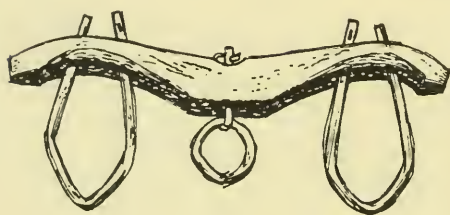


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Eulogy on the Life,  
Character and Public  
Services of the Late  
President Abraham  
Lincoln.

LINCOLN ROOM



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# E U L O G Y

ON THE

Life, Character and Public Services

OF THE LATE PRESIDENT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

DELIVERED BEFORE

Council No. 33, Union League of America,

AT

SUMNER HALL, EAST BOSTON, MAY 8, 1865,

BY

REV. WARREN H. CUDWORTH:

WITH A

RECORD OF THE OTHER PROCEEDINGS, AND A DESCRIPTION OF  
THE DECORATIONS PUT UP FOR THE OCCASION.

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*Printed by vote of the Council.*

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B O S T O N :

WRIGHT & POTTER, PRINTERS, 4 SPRING LANE.

1865.



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At a meeting of Council No. 33, held April 24th, at Union Hall, East Boston, it was voted that a Committee be chosen to invite Rev. W. H. CUDWORTH to deliver an Eulogy on the "Life, Character, and Public Services of the late President ABRAHAM LINCOLN," and make all arrangements necessary for carrying the vote into execution. G. W. SPEAR, ANDREW HALL, and J. H. DALTON, were appointed that Committee.



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## RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS.

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The Committee waited upon Mr. Cudworth and secured his services, obtained Sumner Hall, on Elbow Street, for the accommodation of members of the Council and their friends, appointed Monday, May 8th, for the proposed tribute, and prepared the following

### PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.

1. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, "The prisoner's hope." Words and music by GEORGE F. ROOT.

In the prison cell I sit,  
Thinking mother dear, of you,  
And our bright and happy home so far away ;  
And the tears they fill my eyes  
Spite of all that I can do,  
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,  
Cheer up comrades, they will come,  
And beneath the starry flag  
We shall breathe the air again,  
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood  
When their fiercest charge they made,  
And they swept us off a hundred men or more ;  
But before we reached their lines  
They were beaten back dismayed,  
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

So within the prison cell,  
We are waiting for the day  
That shall come to open wide the iron door,  
And the hollow eye grows bright,  
And the poor heart almost gay,  
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

2. Address. By the President.

3. Dirge. Words and music by J. W. TURNER, of East Boston.

I.

Mournful! O, tearful! Columbia to-day!  
Sorrow and sadness obscuring the way,  
Millions of freemen all tremulous tell  
The tidings that have our loved country befell.  
Mournful! O, tearful! Columbia to-day,  
The chief of our nation has faded away.

II.

Thus has a patriot, the good and the great,  
The head of the nation, our dear magistrate;  
Struck down in life by a murderous hand,  
The true martyr'd chief of our great Union band.  
Mournful! O, tearful, &c.

III.

Weep! O, Columbia! your tears long will lave  
The grave of the fallen, the "honest" and brave;  
His mem'ry will live 'till time is no more,  
And nations of earth his loss will deplore.  
Mournful! O, tearful, &c.

4. Eulogy.

5. America. Sung by the audience.

The East Boston Sumner Glee Club furnished and led the singing.

This club is composed of the following gentlemen: Leonard F. Merrill, Charles C. Cooper, Frank Leavitt, Thomas F. Craig, James E. Merrill.

The decorations, put up by Col. William Beal and the committee of arrangements, were as follows:—

Over the entrance was displayed a large banner bearing the names,

WASHINGTON.

JEFFERSON.

JACKSON.

At the right of this was a second banner, inscribed with the names of

GRANT.                      SHERIDAN.                      BUTLER.

At the left was a third, having upon it

SHERMAN.                      BURNSIDE.                      BANKS.

Both sides of the hall were adorned with large American flags drawn up over the windows and festooned so as to fall gracefully towards the floor.

All the pillars were covered with black and white drapery, while from the centre of the ceiling, red, white and blue streamers, intermixed with the emblems of mourning, hung pendant and were caught up at the corners of the hall.

Before the centre of the stage was a large American eagle with extended wings, holding aloft a cluster of flags fringed with black, flanked on either side by black and white drapery interspersed.

The speaker's stand was profusely adorned with silk flags which fell in graceful folds on all sides, directly in the rear of which was a snow-white monument, half concealed in black silk lace and crape, upon the front face of which was a beautiful wreath of immortelle.

Just above the monument was a superb crayon portrait of President Lincoln, and higher still a black cloth shield having in silver letters the inscription—

A. LINCOLN,  
Died April 15,  
1865.

In rear of the stage on either side were memorial arches standing on pillars supporting the flag, and bearing on a dark ground in large silver letters, on the right—

THE NATION MOURNS.

On the left—

HONOR TO THE DEPARTED.

At the right and left, flags were arranged in pyramidal shape, having heavy black borders, and almost speaking the sorrow of which they were only the mute and touching emblems.

The large audience present were united in their commendation of the propriety and good taste shown throughout in the arrangement of the decorations.

The brief Address of the President, SAMUEL T. COBB, Esq., was feelingly delivered and exceedingly appropriate; and the singing by the Sumner Glee Club was very effective.

## E U L O G Y .

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*Mr. President, Officers and Members of the Union League,  
and Friends :*

You have elected me to a task, the difficulty of which is not to know what to say, but how to condense within any reasonable period of time what ought to be said.

With you all, I feel it to be utterly impossible to make language express the appreciation, gratitude and reverence filling all loyal hearts toward our deceased Chief Magistrate, and esteem the irrepressible tears and the spontaneous testimonials of the people, a tribute of profounder significance, and far greater worth than the most glowing words admiration can prepare. What the eulogist may utter has been made ready beforehand, and to some extent must be artificial. The attention of this audience may be a matter of form or courtesy, and nothing more. But the shock of horror felt in every State, city, town, village, and loyal heart, when the trembling wires spread news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, the uncontrollable outburst of grief and anguish which the fearful tidings caused, the wail of sorrow spreading from street to street, from mart to mart, and from house to house, which bespoke a sense of personal tribulation, making strong men stand still suddenly in the very pathway of vigorous business activity, and weep bitter, burning tears; the gloom of despondency which spread its pall over every community, drawing down the starry banner from its proud masthead of triumph and glory to the place of lamentation; stamping sadness on every face, calling forth the insignia of mourning from countless abodes of life and labor, and making even school children, dismissed from their daily tasks, walk slowly and softly through the streets, as though each one of them had a

dear, loved friend dead at home,—these were testimonials of bereavement which the student of history will ponder far more than he will the eloquent language of praise, or the carefully prepared offerings of studied and elaborate laudation.

What the people have done of their own free will and accord,—the people who loved Abraham Lincoln, and whom he loved,—is far more and far better than anything his eulogists can do, and will be quoted to his honor long after their words shall have been forgotten.

Those who spring from the people are not always true to their interests, or willing to acknowledge the humility of their own origin. Not a trace of this unworthy pride can he be accused of having exhibited. Master of the White House in Washington, he was the same genial, frank, unpretending man he had been in his father's log cabin on the Sangamon River, Illinois, thirty years before.

To him belongs the credit of having worked his way up from the humblest position an American freeman can occupy, to the highest and most powerful, without losing in the least the simplicity and sincerity of nature which endeared him alike to the plantation slave and the metropolitan millionaire.

He was born in Elizabethtown, Hardin County, Kentucky, on the 12th of February, 1809. His parents were very poor, and barely managed to get along.

He was a dutiful and industrious son, and contributed to the support of the family as soon as he was able to work. His time was so fully occupied cultivating corn and securing subsistence for the common support, that there was none left for the sowing of wild oats. He was fond of study and books, and improved all his leisure moments in storing his mind with valuable information.

In 1816, the family moved to Spencer County, Indiana, and in 1830 to Macon County, Illinois. All this time he did whatever came in his way that could contribute to the general welfare; cut down trees and shaped them into logs for the family residence, helped manufacture chairs, tables, bedsteads and other articles of rude household furniture; split rails to fence in the ten acre lot selected for the family farm; cleared up the land; engaged as day laborer in a neighboring saw-mill; worked as a common hand upon the flat boats that floated down the



Wabash and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans; went hunting for deer and wild turkeys with which the region abounded; engaged in storekeeping, then in surveying; volunteered as a captain in the Black Hawk war, re-enlisted twice as a private, shrinking from no danger or hardships, first to go and last to return; and finally, in 1835, having been elected representative to the legislature of Illinois, concluded to study law and settle in Springfield, the capital of the State.

His practice at the bar did not withdraw him from politics, however, and for twenty years he was one of the most influential champions of whig principles in Illinois, several times made presidential elector, and appointed in 1846 representative to Congress. While a member of this body, the famous "Wilmot Proviso" was introduced. It sprang from a motion to place two millions of dollars in the hands of President Polk, pending peace arrangements with Mexico, and read, "Provided, that, as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between them, and to the use of the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted." During the fierce and angry debates which ensued, Mr. Lincoln came out emphatically in favor of the Proviso, and voted for its passage forty-two times in succession. He associated himself openly and fearlessly with leading abolitionists in Congress, comprising such men as Messrs. Chase, Giddings, and Seward; took strong ground against the constitutionality of the Mexican war, protesting and voting in opposition to the bill which granted to volunteers for this war 160 acres of the public land, besides their pay. He became at once a marked and prominent man; one of the acknowledged leaders of the Henry Clay whigs of the West, and in 1849 was nominated by members of the Illinois legislature for United States senator.

Though recipient of a strong vote, it was not sufficient to secure his election, and Gen. Shields, the democratic candidate, was sent.

Undismayed by failure, and confident that right must ultimately triumph over wrong, even in American politics, he set

himself to work in 1852, in behalf of General Scott; allowed his name to be used for the United States Senate again, in 1855; gave the whole power of his influence in favor of Fremont, in 1856, heading the Illinois electoral ticket in his favor, and entered the lists in 1858 against Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant" of Western democracy, following or preceding him all over the State of Illinois, and worsting him so thoroughly in every encounter, that hundreds of his adherents were won over to the cause of his adversaries.

It was during this remarkable campaign that Mr. Lincoln revealed those sterling qualities of mind and heart which fixed him most firmly in the affections and confidence of the people. His speeches were always received with favor, sometimes with vociferous applause and uncontrollable enthusiasm. His aim was plain as a marksman's, and his words went as straight to the understandings and common sense of his auditors as a shot to a target. He espoused a high tariff, proved the necessity of a thorough protective policy, advocated the rights of colored men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, denounced the Dred Scott decision, and plead for the immortal principles contained in the Declaration of Independence with a pathos and eloquence which carried everything before them.

"Now my countrymen," he said, "if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur, and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions,—let me entreat you to come back, return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me; take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity, the Declaration of American Independence."

Like other prominent public men he foresaw that the country was on the eve of a great national convulsion, and as early as June 17, 1858, predicted the "irrepressible conflict," which, during the last four years, has caused such lavish expenditures of blood and treasure throughout the land. "In my opinion," he declared, in a speech at Springfield, "slavery agitation will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. A house



divided against itself cannot stand. This government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall. But I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

Regarding this important question he would have no one mistake his opinions, and of them made repeated and explicit avowals. In Chicago, July 16, 1858, he said, "I have always hated slavery as much as any abolitionist. I have been an Old Line whig. I always hated it, and always believed it in course of ultimate extinction. If I were in Congress, and a vote should come up on a question, whether slavery should be prohibited in a new territory,—in spite of the Dred Scott decision, I would vote that it should."

Though not elected to the Senate after the exciting canvass of 1858, Mr. Lincoln did not abate one iota of his assurance of the final spread and triumph of republicanism. His convictions were like prophecies, and he worked as though entering upon their fulfilment.

During 1859 and 1860, although in comparative retirement, he took the deepest interest in the great questions of freedom and slavery, union and secession, State rights and constitutional obligations, which were agitating this country from centre to circumference, and after his nomination to the presidency in Chicago, May 18th, 1860, confined himself no longer within the limits of his adopted State, but began his appeals for freedom and the Union throughout the Middle and Eastern, as well as the Western States.

Wherever he went he made friends. The people felt that he deserved the title "Honest Abe," which had been conferred upon him at home. If any one could be safely trusted with the destinies of the country at the most critical juncture of affairs through which it had ever passed, they became convinced that he was the man. Friends of Seward, Fremont, Chase, Cameron, Bates, and Dayton, all united on him, therefore, and uniting they elected him.

His simplicity, humility and entire lack of personal conceit, were almost without a precedent among politicians, and it must be confessed somewhat disappointed the more ardent or artful of his friends. He was not given to diplomacy in the least, had

no taste for the trickery of wire-pullers and log-rolling, no heart for button-hole and lobby legislation. What he felt he said, and what he said he meant. He was a plain man, of plain manners, with a plain object before him, and a plain way of reaching it. Hence he avoided all flourishes of trumpets when it was possible to do so, preferring to let his words and the cause they advocated, stand upon their own merits, and abide the sober judgment of the people.

In his eager pursuit and honest advocacy of whatever cause he espoused, he seemed to forget himself and care only for the object at which he aimed. Such questions as, What will people think of it? What effect will it have upon my prospects and reputation? never entered his mind. Just previous to the delivery of his Cooper Institute address, he was called upon to furnish a copy for the next morning's paper. Taken all aback, he remonstrated with his visitor for suggesting such a thing, doubting whether any paper in New York would care to set it up, or, if published, whether the people would take the trouble to read it.

When asked if he or his agents had prepared any of those brief special notices, which in all our daily papers gently insinuate that the public had better think well of something or somebody before they have had the first opportunity to think anything at all, he responded, "certainly not," and seemed entirely unaware that such charming little artifices were in common use among candidates for popular favor.

While visiting the institutions of New York, at this time, he went into the famous asylum at Five Points. Not being known to the superintendent, he addressed the inmates at some length in his peculiar, straightforward manner, now convulsing them with laughter, and then melting them to tears, and was about taking his leave, when being requested to put his name upon the visitor's book, he simply wrote "Abraham Lincoln," and passed out of the building.

The same humble estimate of himself marked his departure from his home in Springfield, where, having resided for twenty-five years, he was regarded not only with confidence, but also with affection. The multitude that had gathered together, among whom were hundreds of personal friends, would have a

speech, and though trembling with emotion, caused by the idea of a separation that might be final, he said:—

“No one can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. *He* never would have succeeded, except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that *I* cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him; and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope that you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain.”

Eyes unaccustomed to weeping were wet when he concluded; hearts that came calm to witness his departure, returned struggling with emotion after he had gone; and from hundreds of lips, unused to prayer, broke forth that day the supplicatory ejaculations, God bless him, and shield him, and help him.

Although his journey from Springfield to the border line between freedom and slavery was made, by the spontaneous offerings of the people, like the march of a monarch speeding to his coronation, the bands and banners, bells and cannon, plaudits and welcomes of millions, did not even temporarily lull him into forgetfulness of the great and solemn crisis in which he had been called to act so prominent and important a part. He thought so much of duty that he was never intoxicated with success. He repeated over and over again the burden of his speech at Springfield, as though he could not bear to have the public unconscious of the momentous events hastening on to decide at once and forever the doom of the Great Republic of America.

“It is true,” he said to the Senate of Ohio, “that very great responsibility rests upon me in the position to which the votes of the American people have called me. I am deeply sensible of that weighty responsibility. *I* cannot but know what you *all* know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should *have* a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest upon the ‘Father of his Country;’ and,

so feeling, I cannot but turn, then, and look to the American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them."

In such a spirit he went forward to the National Capital, followed even then by the bloodhounds of treason and slavery, and took in his hands the helm of State. Portentous clouds, black with sectional hatred and party rancor loomed up North, and East, and West, as well as South; before him fourteen States and six millions of people, malecontent, wrathful, defiant—gathering munitions of war,—haughtily spurning his authority, and scoffing at his remonstrances; behind him a doubtful constituency, an empty treasury, a dismantled navy, a scattered army, a divided Congress; on one side a score or so of hot-headed radicals, pulling him frantically forward; on the other, thousands of cool conservatives, holding him as firmly back; abroad, sneers and chuckles at his dilemma, interspersed with confident predictions of speedy overthrow, or insolent threatenings of hostile interference; at home, volumes of unsolicited advice, warning and ridicule, spiced with repeated threats of assassination! Who but one possessing the will of a martyr, the nerve of a hero, the devotion of a saint, and the strength of a giant, could have endured such a pressure for a single month?

He was all these,—and like all these, declared the policy he should follow. He had no pet projects of his own to favor, no attractive novelties to recommend for others. On the one side he would not be forced ahead any faster than he felt it to be his duty to go; on the other he would not be kept back an instant when the time had fully come to move. He would not recognize the dissolution of the Union, as maintained by foes in front or traitors in the rear, but steadfastly insisted upon its continuance and acknowledgment wherever the Constitution and laws had once held sway. His first inaugural was a complete exposition of the principles of his administration, and is the best paper to read even now for obtaining a summary of his convictions and purposes. It assured Southern people that they had no ground for apprehension or hostility; that all the provisions of the Constitution should be rigorously observed until lawfully amended, even to that obnoxious clause compelling the rendition of fugitive slaves. It examined the question of secession



in the light of history, by the teachings of experience, and according to the logic of government. It decided that no State could lawfully secede, appealed to Union lovers everywhere to prevent secession, and declared that the Union must and should be maintained,—concluding with these weighty and touching words:—

“In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to ‘preserve, protect and defend it.’ I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every 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 again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

Never, in this, or any other land, were uttered words more elegant and felicitous. They fell that day, alas, upon many ears that were dull of hearing; but, long after this generation shall have passed away, they will be quoted among the finest passages of modern literary composition. Nothing evinces genius and greatness more than clearness and precision of speech, combined with the ability of making a few words convey a great deal of meaning. In this respect President Lincoln was never excelled, seldom equalled, by the distinguished speakers of the country. With marvellous discrimination he grasped the strong points of every subject brought to his notice, and presented them briefly in lucid and forcible language. Few are the intellects so feeble as to be bewildered by his public statements and addresses; none so great as to better the garb he choose to carry his views to the minds of the people.

Everything he has ever said, everything he has ever written, will ere long be gathered together and presented to the country he lived and labored and died to serve. His words will circulate from the north-east boundary line of Maine, across the broad prairies of the West, and far beyond the Rocky Mountains to the shores of Oregon, and the golden sands of California. Pioneers will read them in their forest huts or hillside homes,

far removed from the life and stir of human habitations; miners repeat them to each other as they develop the mineral and metallic wealth of the lands he has helped to free for their inheritance; merchants will quote them in the same breath with the best maxims of Poor Richard the sagacious; and mechanics ponder their meaning with pleasure and profit united. Nay, even planters, converted to freedom, will own that he knew better than they what was best for the nation, and teach their children to rise up and call him, "blessed." Shall I quote a few of these words spoken before Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in February, 1861, and tell you how the people felt them? He was to hoist a new flag, with thirty-four stars, to the crest of the staff surmounting the roof. Holding in his hand the halyard, he said—

"Each additional star added to that flag has given additional prosperity and happiness to this country, until it has advanced to its present condition; and its welfare in the future, as well as in the past, is in your hands. Cultivating the spirit that animated our fathers, who gave renown and celebrity to this hall, cherishing that fraternal feeling which has so long characterized us as a nation, excluding passion, ill-temper, and precipitate action on all occasions, I think we may promise ourselves that additional stars shall from time to time be placed upon that flag, until we shall number, as was anticipated by the great historian, five hundred millions of happy and prosperous people."

Every eye was strained with expectation, and every throat with shouting. The cheers of the people were like the roar of waves which would not cease to break. For full three minutes they continued without interruption, while the President stood in an attitude of silent solemnity. His arms were then quickly extended, each hand pulled alternately at the halyards, and a bundle of tricolored bunting which had never kissed the wind before, rose slowly towards heaven. If the cheering had been enthusiastic previously, now it was absolutely frantic. From the smallest urchin in the crowd to the tall form which rivalled the President's in compass of chest and strength of limb, there rose one wild tumultuous cry. Suddenly, the glorious emblem of liberty and union, having reached the summit of the mast, unrolled all at once, and flashed in the sunlight, bathing the roof; cannon thundered through the street; men leaped and

stamped and shouted ; the crowd swayed to and fro as if the very earth were heaving beneath them, and the old hall rang again and again with the repeated cheers of its new consecration to freedom and equal rights.

What President Lincoln was during those few moments of patriotic exertion, raising and holding aloft the stars and stripes before the eyes of all the people, so he continued for the whole four years of his subsequent career. During the dark days which succeeded Bull Run first and second, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, he never despaired of the Republic. During all the misunderstandings and conflicts of opinion which arose between him and such men as Cameron, Fremont, Hunter, McClellan and Seymour, he kept steadily on towards the object at which he had aimed from the beginning, turning neither to the right hand to notice ridicule, nor to the left to rebut calumny. When he warned the rebels of confiscation of property and emancipation of slaves unless they returned to their allegiance, his opposers loudly boasted that he would never dare to institute such measures, and even his friends feared he would lack the spirit to carry them out. But at the appointed time the proclamation was issued, and the act became a law. Even then it was laughed at, denominated "*Brutum fulmen*," a harmless thunderbolt, and a Pope's bull against the comet. But he carried it out even to the victory at Gettysburg, to the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, to the campaign through the Wilderness, to the conquest of Charleston, Savannah, Richmond, Mobile, and every fort and town in rebel possession ; to the surrender and dispersion of Lee's army, Johnston's army, Hood's army, and Bragg's army ; he would have carried it out, had he lived, to the thorough pacification and restoration of the rebel States, to the abolition of slavery, and to the extension of freedom to every human being in the land.

Such elements entered into the composition of his character as precisely to adapt him to the sphere he was to fill, and the work he was to do. Never was fact more manifest, than that he was providentially raised up and fitted for the office he held and the trust he assumed. He needed first, decision of character, and had it. Although he hated slavery, he had sworn to support the Constitution which favored slavery, and not the first step would he take or allow to be taken against it, until it

became an indispensable military necessity. So, when General Fremont attempted emancipation, he forbade it, because the time had not yet come; when General Hunter made the same experiment in South Carolina, he was promptly relieved of his command, and his order revoked; when General Cameron urged in the strongest manner the arming of the blacks, he said, "No; it is not yet an indispensable military necessity." Not till July, 1862, when he urged the border States to favor compensated emancipation, and they refused, did he say, Now the time has come. Let us arm the blacks, let us free the blacks; for it has become an indispensable military necessity.

It was a remarkable feature in his character that having made up his mind upon any matter, he never swerved a hair. Judge Douglas himself acknowledged that when once he came to a conclusion he was not to be withdrawn from it by artifice, coaxed from it by persuasion, or driven from it by force.

In the summer of 1834, having been elected for the first time member of the Illinois legislature, he was expected to "treat." His friends came hot and thirsty from the polls, bringing the usual crowd with them, talking over the election, telling how it was managed, and cheering lustily for the successful candidate. "Of course, you must treat," whispered an intimate friend into one ear, "for these men all voted for you." "Of course," chimed in another, in the other ear, "for they expect it." But the sturdy young representative shook his head, and responded, "Of course *not*, gentlemen; plenty to eat, and plenty of tea, coffee and water to drink, but not a drop of rum or whiskey do you receive from me."

Volunteering having failed to supply men for our armies as fast as they were needed, it became evident in 1863 that a draft was inevitable. "It will never do; we cannot survive it; it will divide the North, distract the country, and ruin us all." Such were some of the milder remonstrances with which the press at first abounded; while the phrases, "unparalleled abuse of power, unmitigated tyranny, relentless despotism, subversion of popular liberties," and the like, were still stronger intimidations thrown out by copperheads against the measure. But the draft came, and was executed; it came again and again, and it was evidently Mr. Lincoln's determination to arm the last man upon whom he could lay his hand, and spend the last dollar he



could raise, before he would concede a particle to rebels and traitors in arms against the government. Again, the capture of Mason and Slidell sent a thrill of delight all over the country, in which no doubt the President fully shared. But there were intimations that England would demand their release, or consider their retention a "*casus belli*." She did so, and notwithstanding the outcry made against it, Mr. Lincoln gave them up. Such was his decision of character. Equally marked in the second place was his force of character. Force of character makes a person prompt, quick, energetic and ready; and never was it more needed by mortal man than when Mr. Lincoln went to Washington, and found everything to do, nothing to do it with, and hardly anybody to help him. When the First Regiment arrived in that city, June 17th, 1861, they found no barracks, no tents, no rooms prepared for their reception, no rations obtained for their subsistence, and no idea apparent what they were to do, where they were to go, or what they had come there to accomplish. The officers had to buy food for their men, and at last procured shelter for them in a vacant building on Pennsylvania Avenue, which they filled like bees in a hive from cellar to attic. Such was the condition of things throughout the capital. Buchanan and his perjured cabinet had literally cleaned it out. Without troops, without arms, without means, without credit, without sympathy abroad or harmony at home, Mr. Lincoln at the White House was truly like a pioneer in the woods, with nothing but his axe and his hands.

But he had been in the woods before, and gotten out of them. He gathered about him a circle of noble, devoted and industrious men. They went to work. They organized an army, manufactured a navy, established troops upon the enemy's soil, built up the national credit till they filled the treasury, brought order out of anarchy and confusion, profited by defeat so that it became better than victory, cheered the loyal and intimidated the treasonable at home, enlightened the ignorant and cowed the inimical abroad, set all the forges blazing and all the wheels of industry humming throughout the North, caused money to be more plentiful and business more brisk than they had been for years before, and finally made success a certainty. Of all these great achievements Mr. Lincoln was the principal cause. He arose early every morning, attending to his extensive private

correspondence before breakfast, devoted himself to business and callers throughout the day, was closeted with his cabinet hour after hour twice a week, and up until eleven or twelve at night, calling upon Secretary Seward, Secretary Stanton, Secretary Welles, or General Halleek, full of a restless energy and indomitable fervor. On one occasion, wishing to consult with General Scott, he started off post haste to New York alone, had his interview, and returned within three days. Three or four times a year he would visit the soldiers, going through all the exhaustion of a great review, and returning to his post fresh as ever. When it was necessary to make arrests of prominent individuals, like Marshal Kane and Vallandigham, he did not hesitate an instant to do so, although they were called "arbitrary." When military exigencies required the removal of unsuccessful leaders, like McClellan, Fremont, and Pope, they were at once displaced. Into everything he touched he infused his own vitality and force, forming his plans with a sagacity and foresight which seemed almost supernatural, waiting with an infinite patience for them to ripen and mature, but then hastening them through with all possible despatch. Having such force of character, he had also united with it what is rarely seen combined, an equal degree of strength of character. Strength of character underlies steadiness and persistency. Force of character causes ebullition, effervescence, froth; strength of character, perseverance, invincible determination, resolute and continuous endeavor. Force is a prominent trait among Southerners; strength among Northerners. Southerners will be all day massing their forces to fight a battle, and about four o'clock in the afternoon make a furious onslaught, threatening to carry all before them; failing in which, they will try it again, even more furiously, and finally fall back and give up. Northerners will commence fighting at daylight, continue till dark, and no matter how unsuccessful, begin the next morning just as early and earnestly as ever.

That is the way we have crushed rebellion,—by our strength. General Grant is the very impersonation of this element in military affairs. A year ago he drew the line of final and assured success, and ever since he has been fighting it out on that line, until he has fought the rebel Confederacy entirely out of sight. Its cities have fallen, its leader has fled, its armies

and navy have disappeared, its munitions of war are destroyed, its flags will ere long be folded and furled forever.

Mr. Lincoln has shown a remarkable degree of this quality from boyhood up, and never did he need it more than during the four years succeeding his election to the presidency.

He has had all sorts of men to deal with, and been exposed to all sorts of influences to make him swerve from the line of policy which he had adopted in the beginning; he has been flattered and lampooned, praised and threatened, coaxed and derided. To-day men from the border States, to-morrow men from the free States, traitors and friends, tricksters and patriots, demagogues and saints, have thronged his doors, crowded his reception room, and poured their appeals, their criticisms, or their complaints, into his ears. He has listened to them all, responded when needful, kept his own counsel in the main, and invariably carried out his own convictions.

It was this quality, more than all others, that made him the idol of the people. They felt that he was acting not for himself, but for them and for the country. What he believed in, they knew he would stand by, no matter how great the cost. He became, therefore, without exception, the most popular man in the nation, and won for himself an amount of confidence and affection, that even the immortal Washington failed to inspire. The most dangerous thing he did was to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. The very suggestion that he might do it, raised such an outcry all over the land as had never been heard before, and when in spite of denunciation and abuse he went forward and did it, one would have supposed from the lamentations of his enemies that law and liberty had both been slain and buried together. He knew he was acting strictly in accordance with the Constitution, however, and having sworn that its provisions should faithfully be executed, he merely fulfilled the obligations of his oath, and left consequences to take care of themselves. There can be no doubt that he shrank from collision with public men, civil and military, and was willing to concede everything that could reasonably be expected, to continue on good terms with all. But when convinced that duty required him to pursue an opposite course, no personal considerations were allowed to weigh a moment with him. His correspondence with General McClellan before relieving him of

his command, is one of the most remarkable features of his administration, not only as exhibiting the untiring resolution of his nature, but as showing him to be possessed of military genius in an extraordinary and unusual degree. Long before McClellan adopted the plan, President Lincoln urged him to divide his army into corps, so that the men might be handled with greater ease and readiness, and every good military authority endorsed the plan. In the spring of 1862, he insisted upon McClellan's taking Yorktown by assault, instead of subjecting his immense army to the demoralization of a month or six weeks' siege. Subsequent events proved that the rebel Magruder only had 5,000 men when the assault was urged, and that if it had been made the place would have been carried with ease, and they all taken prisoners of war.

After the great battle of Antietam the President was greatly annoyed at the dallying and delay which used up unspeakably precious time, and sent the telegram to McClellan, "Your army *must* move now while the roads are good." In a few days he forwarded him a letter, giving the reasons for his order, which has not its equal in the literature of the war. "Are you not overcautious," he asks, "when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? One of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is, to operate upon the enemy's communications as much as possible without exposing your own. You seem to act as if this applied against you, but cannot apply in your favor. You are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is, by the route that you *can* and he *must* take. Why can you not reach there before him, unless you admit that he is more than your equal on a march? His route is the arc of a circle, while yours is the chord. The roads are as good on yours as on his. At least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. I say *try*: if we never try, we shall never succeed. If he make a stand at Winchester, I would fight him there, on the idea, that if we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away. It is all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say that they cannot do it." Several other letters passed between them, and finally McClellan was relieved.



No eulogist should omit to mention in the fourth place, his purity of character. He has left behind a name upon which rests not the least taint or shadow of insincerity. Honest, straightforward, plain-spoken as when he entered upon his office, he continued to the day of his death. The most malignant party opposition has never been able to call in question the patriotism of his motives, or tarnish with the breath of suspicion the brightness of his spotless fidelity. Ambition did not warp, power corrupt, nor glory dazzle him. He felt that he was called of God to the administration of a great public trust, and what he did, he evidently tried to do as unto God and not unto man.

His faith in Divine Providence seemed like the assurance of positive knowledge. In a letter penned on the 4th of April, 1864, he writes :—

“I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity, I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now at the end of three years’ struggle, the nation’s condition is not what either party or any man devised or expected :” God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending, seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.”

His purity of character found constant expression in words similar to these. He evidently realized that he was acting not for himself, but for God, for the nation, for the future. To the Old School Presbyterian Synod of Baltimore, he said :—

“I was early brought to a lively reflection, that nothing in my power whatever, or others, to rely upon, would succeed, without the direct assistance of the Almighty. I have often wished that I was a more devout man than I am ; nevertheless, amid the greatest difficulties of my administration, when I could not see any other resort, I would place my whole reliance in God, knowing all would go well, and that he would decide for the right.”

Similar addresses he made to the New School Presbyterians, the National Conference of Methodists, and the General Asso-

ciation of Baptists. These words evidently came from the depths of his soul, and were not spoken to conciliate the favor of powerful religious bodies.

He was every morning in the habit of reading the word of God, and asking at the throne of Grace, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He did not ask in vain, and his noble career supplies believers with fresh proof that "the Lord God is a sun and a shield, and blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

His kindness of heart, in the next place, led him to manifest a tender and generous interest in all about him.

Three little girls, daughters of a Washington mechanic, came to one of his public receptions, and were going to pass without offering him their hands, not supposing that he would take them. But he exclaimed, "Little girls, are you going to pass me without shaking hands?" and, bending forward, warmly shook each timid little hand, to the manifest delight of every one in the room.

A negro porter in one of the departments was sick of small-pox in the hospital, and could not draw his pay because unable to sign his name. Mr. Lincoln heard of the case, at considerable trouble overcame the difficulty, and saw the man furnished with everything he desired. One of the New York volunteers having died in the hospital of his wounds, desired that his crutch might be sent to his wife for a memorial of him. Mr. Lincoln attended to his request, and sent with it fifty dollars from his own purse. After the fall of Charleston, hearing that an old friend had been reduced from affluence to poverty, he forwarded a similar sum to him. No wonder he has left his family, as it were, almost dependent; for of his time, strength and money, he spared nothing, so long as he had any to give for the benefit of others. While visiting our wounded soldiers after the sanguinary battle of Antietam, he came, in one of the hospitals, upon a number of rebels. He said that he would be pleased to shake hands with them if they had no objections; that he bore them no ill-will as men; that his solemn obligations to the nation and the future, compelled the prosecution of the war, and made many enemies through uncontrollable circumstances; but personally he felt sympathy and sorrow for their misfortune. Not a man that could move but silently and fervently shook his hand.

The thought, that being President of the United States, he was better than other men, seems never to have entered his mind, for he treated every loyal and respectable man, without reference to his wealth and social standing, with the consideration due an equal.

But, in conclusion, the brightest jewel in his crown, was his steady, uncompromising, unconditional opposition to slavery. This he saw to be the mother of treason, the author of secession, the source of collision, trouble and suffering, the cause of degradation and discord, North as well as South.

Bound by an oath to support the Constitution, he held fast to his integrity. Assured, sooner or later, of an opportunity to carry out his heart's desire, he awaited his time with a moderation and self-control which challenge the admiration of mankind. Radicals got out of all patience with him, called him "slow, heavy, behind the times," and dared to hint that he might be induced after all to make terms with the rebels, and allow them to leave the Union, taking slavery with them, to establish it perpetually in the new nation they were fighting to uphold. Conservatives, on the other hand, maintained that he was faster than was warranted by the development of events, and urged him to withhold his signature, first from the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia; then from the statute prohibiting its introduction into any part of the public territorial domains; from the death warrant of Gordon, the New York slave trader; from the act of amnesty, making liberty the corner-stone of reconstruction; from the order enrolling colored men as soldiers; from the recognition of Hayti and Liberia; and finally, from the famous Proclamation of Emancipation, keystone to a grander arch of patriotic acts than any statesman ever built before in any land on earth.

But forced ahead no faster than conviction urged him on, kept back no longer than necessity required him to tarry, he gave all his advisers the notice of attention, then marked out and trod his own chosen path. At the outset he declared that God had made the rebels greater emancipators than we all, and would overrule the madness of their frantic efforts to secure the perpetuation of slavery, for its final and complete extinction. He was in no hurry, therefore, to see the process consummated, knowing that society could not pass through the convulsions of

such an experience without the infliction of great suffering upon the parties most concerned. He had thought and sorrow for them even, amid all the triumph of his great achievements, and the gladness of his brilliant success.

He has been permitted, like Moses of old, to lead us to the borders of the promised land ; to see a race more numerous than our revolutionary fathers when they fought for liberty, disenthralled from the bondage of centuries, and allowed an equal, rightful share in the blessings of a free and united country ; to sign the great amendment, which though not yet a law, must soon become the law and boast of every State in the Union, and to remove from our land the stain paralyzing so long its energies at home, and neutralizing so completely its influence abroad.

The last great effort of pro-slavery despotism has been made, and failed. Henceforth throughout the world it will be understood, as never before, that the strong cannot safely crush the weak, nor the proud and powerful oppress the lowly. Henceforth there must be practical and judicial recognition of Heaven's higher law, that " God hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth, and he careth for all alike," and henceforth, first upon the roll of man's noblest benefactors, " one of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die," will stand the honored name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN ! upholder and defender of the Union, purifier of the Constitution, friend and emancipator of the oppressed, the people's choice and champion ; fearless amid dangers, steadfast in uncertainties, uncorrupted by temptation, faithful in trial as in triumph, faithful from the beginning to the end, faithful in life, faithful even unto death ! the noblest patriot, the purest politician, the grandest man, the greatest benefactor, the most glorious martyr, of the age.

How fitly says the poet Bryant—

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
Gentle, and merciful and just !  
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear  
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
Amid the awe that hushes all,



And speak the anguish of a land  
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done ; the bond are free ;  
We bear thee to an honored grave,  
Whose noblest monument shall be  
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life ; its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perished in the cause of right !

At the conclusion of the Eulogy the audience united in singing " America," with the well known hymn—

My country ! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Liberty,—  
Of thee, I sing.  
Land where my fathers died ;  
Land of the pilgrims' pride ;  
From every mountain-side  
Let Freedom ring !

My native country ! thee—  
Land of the noble free—  
Thy name I love.  
I love thy rocks and rills ;  
Thy woods and templed hills ;  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet Freedom's song :  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

Our Fathers' God ! to Thee—  
Author of Liberty !  
To Thee, we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light—  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King !













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