"Among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet."

He draws a comparison between the white men against us and the black men for us:

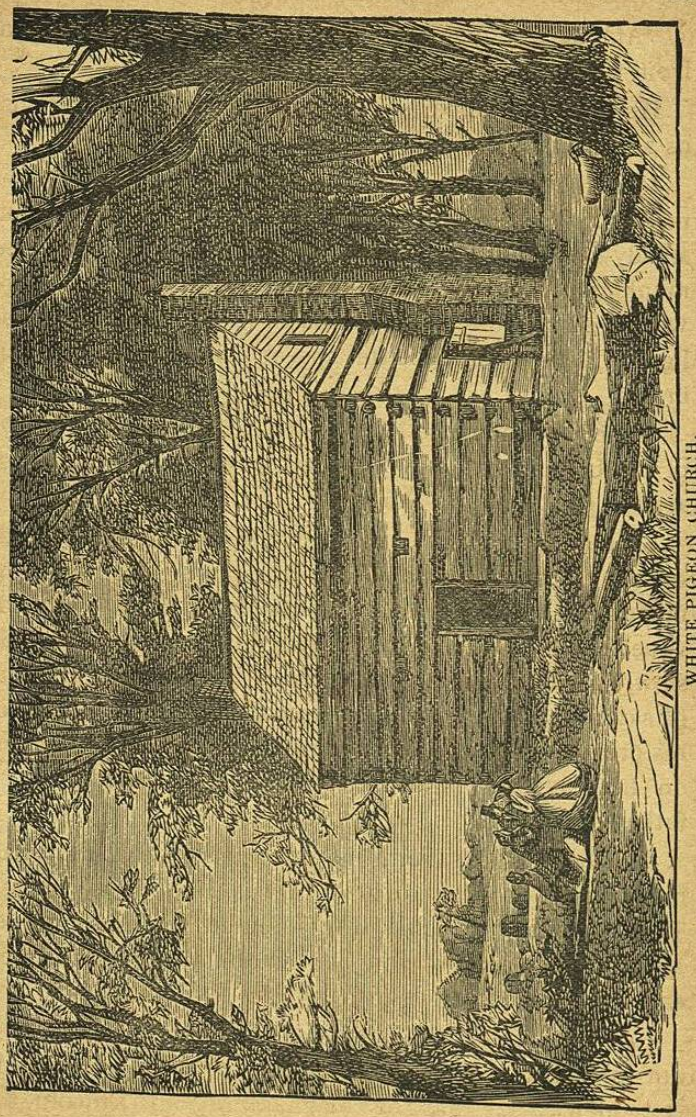
"And then there will be some black men who can remember with silent tongue and clentched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet they have helped mankind on to this consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they strove to hinder it."

Under the influence of this letter, the love of country, of the Union, and above all the love of liberty, took possession of the heroic North.

Success produces envy. and envy often ends in conspiracy. Lincoln always saw the end. He was unmoved by the storms and currents of the time. He advanced too rapidly for the conservative politicians, too slowly for the radical enthusiasts. He occupied the line of safety, and held by his personaltty—by the force of his great character, by his charming candor, the masscs on his side. The soldiers thought of him as a father.

All who had lost their sons in battle felt that they had his sympathy—felt that his face was as sad as theirs. They knew that Lincoln was actuated by one motive. and that his energies were bent to the attainmeat of one end—the salvation of the Republic.

In 1864 many politicians united against him- It is not for me to criticise their motives or their actions. It is enough to say that the magnanimity of Lincoln to-



WHITE PIGEON CHURCH.
The unpretentious edifice where Abraham Lincoln attended Divine Service in early life.

ward those who had deserted and endeavored to destroy him is without parallel in the political history of the world. This magnanimity made his success not only possible, but certain.

Vallandigham was a friend of the South, an enemy of the North. He did what he could to sow the seeds of failure. He had far more courage than intelligence—more cunningthan patriotism. For the most part he was actuated by political malice. He was tried and convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in Fort Warren. Linceln disapproved of the findings, changed the punishment, and with a kind of grim humor sent Mr. Vallandihgham "to his friends in the South." Those who regarded the act as unconstitutional almost forgave it for the sake of its humor.

Horace Greeley always had the idea that he was greatly superior to Lincoln, and for a long time he insisted that the people of the North and the people of the South desired peace. He took it upon himself to lecture Lincoln, and felt that he in some way was responsible for the conduct of the war. Lincoln, with that wonderful sense of humor unitcd with shrewdness and profound wisdom, told Mr. Greeley that if the South really wanted peace he (Lincoln) desired the same thing, and was doing all he could to bring it about. Greeley insisted that a commissioner should be appointed, with authority to negotiate with the representatives of the Confederacy. This was Lincoln's opportunity. He autorized Greeley to act as such commissioner. The great editor felt that he was caught. For a time he hesitated, but finally went, and found that the Southern commissioners were willing to take into consideration any offers of peace that

Lincoln might make. The failure of Greeley was humiliating and the position in which he was left absurd.

Again the humor of Lincoln had triumphed.

One of the most wonderful and unfortunate things ever done by Lincoln was the promotion of General Hooker. After the battle of Fredericksburg General Burnsides found great fault with Hooker, and wished to have him removed from the Army of the Potomac. Lincoln disapproved of Burnside's order, and gave Hooker the command of the Army of the Potomac. He then wrote Hooker the memorable letter:

"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier—which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession—in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself—which is valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious—which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm. But I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition to thwart him as much as you could—in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can

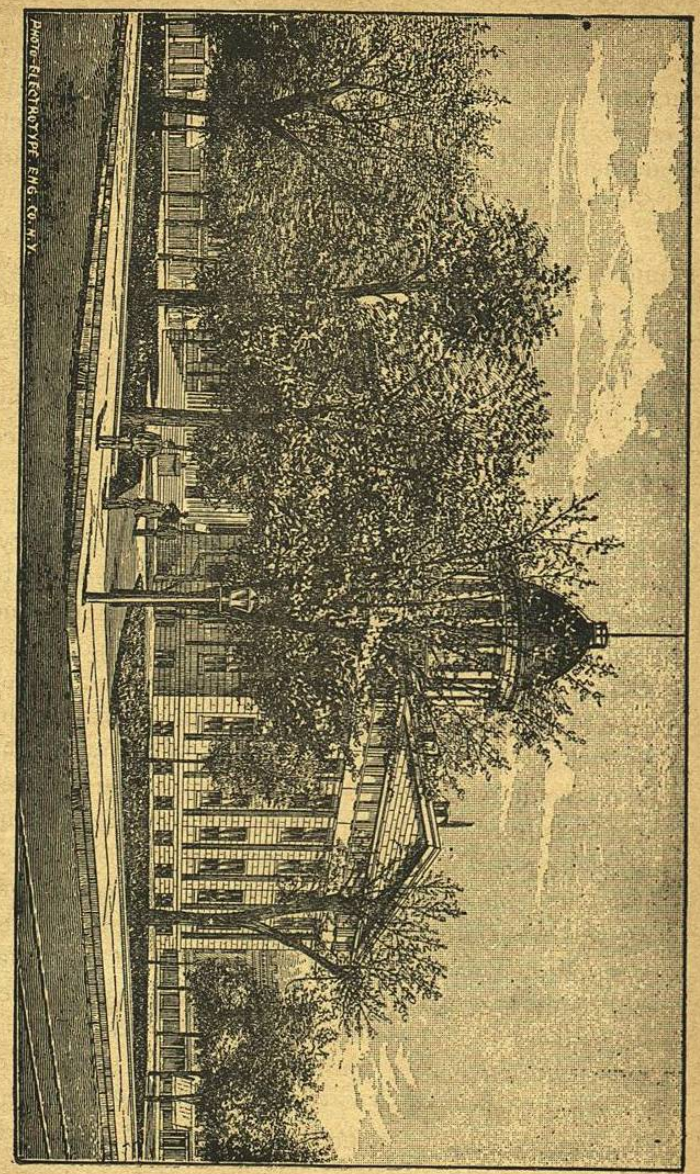
set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military successes, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less thon it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence in him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, as far as I can, to put it down. Neither you, nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, can get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Be ware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

This letter has, in my judgment, no parallel. The mistaken magnanimity is almost equal to the prophecy:

"I much fear that the spirit which yeu have aided to infuse into the army of criticising their commander and withholding confidence in him will now turn upon you."

A great actor can be known only when he has assumed the principal character in a great drama. Possibly the greatest actors have never appeared, and it may be the greatest soldiers have lived the lives of perfect peace. Lincoln assumed the leading part of the greatest drama ever acted upon the stage of a continent.

His criticisms of military movements, his correspondence with his generals and others on the conduct of the war, show that he was at all times master of the situation—that he was a natural strategist, that he appreciated the difficulties and advantages of every kind, and that in "the still and mental" field of war he stood the peer of any man beneath the flag. Had McClellan followed his advice he would have taken Richmond. Had Hooker



THE OLD CAPITOL BUILDING AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

acted in accordance with his suggestions Chancellorsville would have been a victory for us.

Lincoln's political prophecies were always fulfilled. We know now that he not only stood at the top, but that he occupied the center, from the first to the last, and that he did this by reason of his intelligence, his humor, his philosophy, his courage, and his patriotism.

He lived to hear the shout of victory. He lived until the Confederacy died—until Lee had surrendered, until Davis had fled, until the doors of Libby Prison were opened, until the Republic was free.

He lived until Lincoln and liberty were united forever. He lived until there remained nothing for him to do as great as he had done.

What he did was worth living for, worth dying for.

He lived until he stood in the midst of universal joy, beneath the outstretched wings of peace—the foremost man in all the world.

And then the horror came. Night fell on noon. The savior of the Republic, the breaker of chains, the liberator of millions, he who had "assured freedom to the free," was dead.

Upon his brow Fame had placed the immortal wreath.

For the first time in the history of the world a Nation bowed and wept.

The memory of Lincoln is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all States beneath a Nation's flag.

Strange mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Democritus, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable,

lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, was an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. About the roots of these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity.

Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved, and hated and schemed, we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct.

Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to the common mould—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors.

He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope, He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the season.

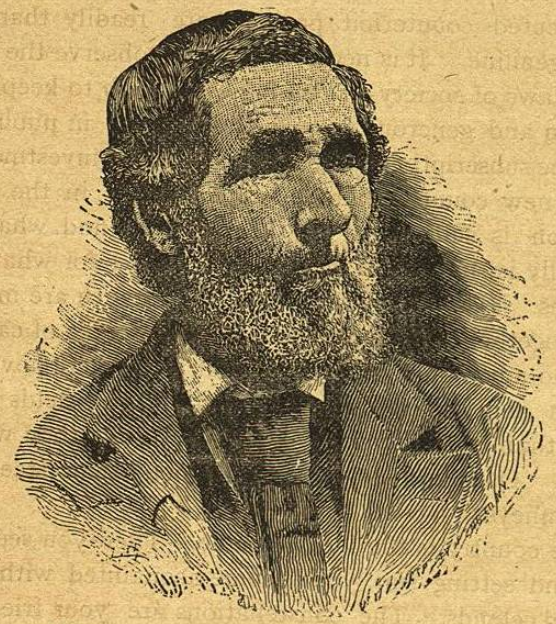
In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage, and generosity. In cultivated society cultivatian is often more important than soil. A well-executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment.

In a new country character is essential; in the old reputation is sufficient. In the new they find what a man really is; in the old he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys.

In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds, The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof, and-listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairy-land. In the country you preseree your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms; but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker



W. H. HERNDON, LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER.

[It was Mr. Lincoln's intention to retnrn to Springfield from Washington and continue the practice of law with Mr. Herndon. In their last interview in the office, referring to their sign-board, Lincoln said: "Let it hang there undisturbed. Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live I'm coming back sometime, and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing ever happened."—Editor.]

after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had been educated at Oxford he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

He was a great lawyer. There is nothing shrewder in this world than intelligent honesty. Perfect candor is not only a sword but a shield.

He understood the nature of man. As a lawyer he endeavored to get at the truth, at the very heart of a case. He was not willing even to deceive himself. No matter what his interests said, what his passion demanded, he was great enough to find the truth and strong enough to pronounce judgment against his own desires.

He never was satisfied until he fully understood not only the facts, not only the law applicable to such facts, but the reason of the law.

If any one doubts his legal ability, let him read, first, the opinion of Chief Justice Taney in the Merryman case, and then the views of Lincoln on that opinion.

Mr. Lincoln was a statesman. The great stumbling block—the great obstruction—in Lincoln's way, and in the way of thousands, was the old doctrine of states rights.

This doctrine was first established to protect slavery. It was clung to to protect the inter-state slave trade. It became sacred in connection with the fugitive slave law, and was finally used as the corner-stone of secession.

This doctrine was never appealed to in defense of the right—always in support of the wrong. For many years politicians upon both sides of these questions endeavored

to express the exact relations existing between the Federal Government and the States, and I know of no one who succeeded except Lincoln. In his message of 1861, delivered on July 4, the definition is given, and it is perfect:

Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the General Government. Whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State.

When that definition is realized in practice this country becomes a Nation.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor.

It may be that humor is the pilot of reason. People without humor drift unconsciously into absurdity. Humor sees the other side—stands in the wind like a spectator, a good-natured critic, and gives its opinion before judgment is reached. Humor goes with good nature, and good nature is the climate of reason. In anger reason abdicates and malice extinguishes the torch. Such was the humor of Lincoln that he could tell even unpleasant truths as charmingly as most men can tell the things we wish to hear.

He was not solemn Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid.

He was natural in his life and thought—master of the storyteller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect,

liberal in speech, shocking pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. His logic shed light. In its presence the obscure became luminous, and the most complex and intricate political and metaphysical knots seemed to untie themselves. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

Lincoln was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought.

If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech; too much polish suggests insincerity.

The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together

and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett.

The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will

MRS. SARAH BUSH LINCOLN, LINCOLN'S STEPMOTHER.

live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture.

The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He