

remarkable not eminently so. Strong without greatness, acute without brilliancy, penetrating but not profound, he was in intellect an average American in the walk of life in which the nation found him. He was loved for the qualities of heart and character which I have attributed to him, and not for those powers and that culture which distinguish the majority of our eminent men.

In the light of these facts, let us look for a moment at what this simple-hearted, loving, honest, Christian man has done. Without an extraordinary intellect, without the training of the schools, without a wide and generous culture, without experience, without the love of two thirds of the nation, without an army or a navy at the beginning, he has presided over and guided to a successful issue the most gigantic national struggle that the history of the world records. He has called to his aid the best men of the time, without a jealous thought that they might overshadow him; he has managed to control their jealousies of each other and compelled them to work harmoniously; he has sifted out from weak and infected material men worthy to command our armies and lead them to victory; he has harmonized conflicting claims, interests, and policies, and in four years has absolutely annihilated the military power of a rebellion thirty years in preparation, and having in its armies the whole military population of a third of the republic, and at its back the entire resources of the men in arms and the producing power of four million slaves. Before he died he saw the rebellion in the last throes of dissolution and knew that his great work was accomplished. Could any one of the great men who surrounded him have done this work as well? If you were doomed to go through it again would you choose for your leader any one of these before Mr. Lincoln? We had a chance to do this but we did

not do it. Mr. Lincoln's election to his second term of office, though occurring at a time when doubt and distrust brooded over the nation, was carried by overwhelming majorities. Heart and head were in the market, but we wisely chose the heart.

The destruction of the military power of the rebellion was Mr. Lincoln's special work. This he did so thoroughly that no chief magistrate will be called upon for centuries to repeat the process. He found the nation weak and tottering to destruction. He left it strong—feared and respected by the nations of the world. He found it full of personal enemies; he leaves it with such multitudes of friends that no one except at personal peril dares to insult his memory. Through this long night of peril and of sorrow, of faithlessness and fear, he has led us into a certain peace—the peace for which we have labored and prayed and bled for these long, long years.

Another work for which Mr. Lincoln will be remembered throughout all the coming generations is the practical emancipation of four million African slaves. His proclamation of emancipation was issued at the right time, and has produced, is producing, will produce, the results he sought to accomplish by it. It weakened the military power of the rebellion and has destroyed all motive to future rebellion. Besides this it accomplished that which was quite as grateful to his benevolent, freedom-loving heart, the abolition of a gigantic wrong—the emancipation of all the bondmen in the land. If he had done no more than this he would have secured for himself the fairest fame it has ever been the fortune of a good man to win. To be regarded and remembered through all coming time as the liberator of a race; to have one's name embalmed in the memory of an enfranchised people and asso-

ciated with every blessing they enjoy and every good they may achieve, is a better fame than the proudest conquerors can boast. We who are white know little of the emotions which thrill the black man's heart to-day. There are no such mourners here as those simple souls among the freedmen who regarded Mr. Lincoln as the noblest personage next to Jesus Christ that ever lived. Their love is deeper than ours; their power of expression less. The tears that stream down those dark faces are charged with a pathos beyond the power of words.

Yet I know not why we may not join hands with them in perfect sympathy, for, under Providence, he has saved us from as many woes as he has them. He has enfranchised the white man as well as the black man. He freed the black man from the bondage of slavery, and he freed the white man from responsibility for it. He has removed from our national politics a power that constantly debauched them. He has destroyed an institution that was a standing disgrace to our nation, a living menace to our form of government, a loud-mouthed witness to our national hypocrisy, a dishonor to Christian civilization.

The destruction of the rebellion and the destruction of slavery are the two great achievements on which the fame of Mr. Lincoln will rest in history; but no man will write the history of these achievements justly who shall not reveal the nature of the power by which they were wrought out. The history which shall fail to show the superiority of the wisdom of an honest, humble, Christian heart over commanding and cultured intellect, will be a graceless libel on Mr. Lincoln's fame. I do not know where in the history of mankind I can find so marked an instance of the power of genuine character and the wisdom of a truthful, earnest

heart, as I see in the immeasurably great results of Mr. Lincoln's administration. I should be false to you, false to the occasion, false to the memory of him we mourn, and false to the God he worshipped and obeyed, if I should fail to adjure you to remember that all our national triumphs of law and humanity over rebellion and barbarism have been won through the wisdom and the power of a simple, honest, Christian heart. Here is the grand lesson we are to learn from the life of Mr. Lincoln. You, Christian men who have voted, and voted, and voted again, for impure men, for selfish men, for drunkards, for unprincipled men, for unchristian men, because they were men of talent, or genius, or accomplishments, or capacity for government, and because you thought that a good head was more important than a good heart, have learned a lesson from the life and achievements of Mr. Lincoln which you cannot forget without sin against God and crime against your country. We have begun to be a Christian nation. We have recognized the controlling power of Providence in our affairs. We have witnessed in the highest seat the power of Christian wisdom and the might of a humble, praying man. Let us see that we remain a Christian nation—that our votes are given to no man who cannot bring to his work the power which has made the name of Abraham Lincoln one of the brightest which illustrates the annals of the nation.

It was the presentiment and prophecy of Mr. Lincoln that his own life and that of the rebellion would end together, but little did he imagine—little did we imagine—that the end of each would be violent. But both parties in the closing scene were in the direct exhibition of their characteristic qualities. Mr. Lincoln went to the theatre not to please himself, but to gratify others. He went with weariness into the

crowd, that the promise under which that crowd had assembled might be fulfilled. The assassin who approached his back, and inflicted upon him his fatal wound, was in the direct exhibition of the spirit of the rebellion. Men who can perjure themselves, and betray a government confided by a trusting and unsuspecting people to their hands, and hunt and hang every man who does not sympathize with their treason, and starve our helpless prisoners by thousands, and massacre troops after they have surrendered, and can glory in these deeds, are not too good for the commission of any dastardly crime which the imagination can conceive. I can understand their shock at the enormous crime. "It will put the war back to Sumter," says one. "It is worse than the surrender of Lee's army," says another. Ah! There's the point. It severs the rebellion from the respect and sympathy of the world. The deed is so utterly atrocious—it exhibits a spirit so fiendish and desperate—that none can defend it, and all turn from it with horror and disgust.

Oh, friends! Oh, countrymen! I dare not speak the thoughts of vengeance that burn within me when I recall this shameless deed. I dare not breathe those imprecations that rise to my lips when I think of this wanton extinction of a great and beneficent life. I can hardly pray for justice, fully measured out to the mad murderer of his truest friend, for, somehow, I feel the presence of that kindly spirit, the magnetism of those kindly eyes, appealing to me to forbear. I have come into such communion with his personality that I cannot escape the power of his charity and his Christian forbearance; and the curse, rising like a bubble from the turbid waters within me, breaks into nothingness in the rarer atmosphere which he throws around me. If he could speak to me from that other shore, he would say, what all his

actions and all his words said of others not less guilty than his assassin: "My murderer was mad and mistaken, as well as malignant. He thought he was doing a great and glorious deed, on behalf of a great and glorious cause. My death was necessary to the perfection of my mission, and was only one sacrifice among hundreds of thousands of others made for the same end."

Ah, that other shore! The commander-in-chief is with his army now. More are they that are with him in victory and peace than they whose names are still upon our muster-rolls. The largest body of the soldiers of the republic pitch their white tents, and unfold their golden banners, and sing their songs of triumph around him. Not his the hosts of worn and wearied bodies; not with him the riddled colors and war-stained uniforms; upon his ears breaks nevermore the dissonance of booming cannon, and clashing saber, and dying groan; but youth and life troop around him with a love purer than ours, and a joy which more than balances our grief.

Our President is dead. He has served us faithfully and well. He has kept the faith; he has finished his course. Henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him in that day. And he who gave him to us, and who so abundantly blessed his labors, and helped him to accomplish so much for his country and his race, will not permit the country which he saved to perish. I believe in the over-ruling providence of God, and that, in permitting the life of our chief magistrate to be extinguished, he only closed one volume of the history of his dealings with this nation, to open another whose pages shall be illustrated with fresh developments of his love and sweeter signs of his mercy. What Mr. Lincoln achieved he

achieved for us; but he left as choice a legacy in his Christian example, in his incorruptible integrity, and in his unaffected simplicity, if we will appropriate it, as in his public deeds. So we take this excellent life and its results, and, thanking God for them, cease all complaining and press forward under new leaders to new achievements, and the completion of the great work which he who has gone left as a sacred trust upon our hands.

## PRESTON S. BROOKS



PRESTON SMITH BROOKS, American congressman and lawyer, noted for his violent personal assault (May 22, 1856), on Senator Sumner, and for his subsequent quarrel with Anson Burlingame, then a fellow-congressman, was born in Edgefield District, S. C., Aug. 4, 1819, and died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 27, 1857. Graduating at the South Carolina College in 1839, he studied law, and in 1843 was admitted to the Bar. In 1844, he was elected to the South Carolina State legislature, but during the Mexican War served as captain of the Palmetto regiment of South Carolina. In 1853, he was elected to Congress as a States-rights Democrat, and was subsequently twice returned as a member. In May, 1856, he made a brutal assault upon Charles Sumner in the United States Senate chamber, which caused intense indignation throughout the country. The attack was caused by words uttered in a debate by Senator Sumner against Senator Butler, who was a relative of Mr. Brooks. In consequence of his grave offence a committee of the House reported in favor of Mr. Brooks's expulsion, but the motion was lost. After this, Brooks, having had words with Anson Burlingame in a debate, challenged him to a duel, but Brooks failed to appear at the appointed time and place of the hostile meeting. Subsequently he resigned his seat in the House, but was reelected by his constituents, dying at the capital in his thirty-eighth year.

### SPEECH ON THE SUMNER ASSAULT

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JULY 14, 1856

**M**R. SPEAKER,—Some time since a senator from Massachusetts allowed himself, in an elaborately prepared speech, to offer a gross insult to my State, and to a venerable friend, who is my State representative, and who was absent at the time.

Not content with that, he published to the world and circulated extensively this uncalled-for libel on my State and my blood. Whatever insults my State insults me. Her history and character have commanded my pious veneration; and in her defence I hope I shall always be prepared, humbly and modestly, to perform the duty of a son. I should have forfeited my own self-respect, and perhaps the good opinion