Lincoln Birthday Service

The Grand Army Hall and Memorial Association of Illinois

Sunday, February 1922, at 2:30 P. M.

Address by WILLIAM E. BARTON, DD., LLD.

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THE GRAND ARMY HALL

and

MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF ILLINOIS

TWENTY-THIRD LINCOLN BIRTHDAY SERVICE

Memorial Hall, Chicago,
Sunday, February 12, 1922, 2:30 P. M.

Addresses by
William E. Barton, D.D., L.L.D.
Hon. Addison G. Procter

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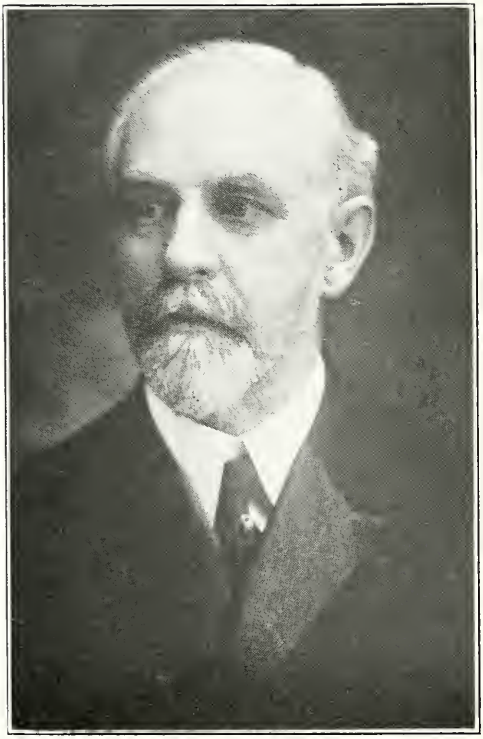

WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D., LL. D.

Twenty-Third Lincoln Birthday Service

Memorial Hall, Chicago, Sunday, February 12, 1922, 2:30 O'Clock P. M.

PRESIDENT WRIGHT: The hour has arrived for the commencement of our exercises.

First, is the invocation by Dr. Sibley.

Invocation by the Rev. Dr. Josiah Sibley:

Our Father, we thank Thee for the great memories of other days. We thank Thee for the heritage of this country that belongs to us and to our children. We thank Thee that the founders of this nation came as those who had a sense of conviction and faith in God and of God's destiny for them and for those who should come after them. We thank Thee that in the great time of struggle and of strife in all of this nation's early maturity there came the necessity of meeting principle face to face, and it being true, we thank Thee that out of that great struggle there came a rebirth of liberty and an understanding of what is democracy and the true dedication and consecration of freedom. We thank Thee for all the great men who have been as beacon lights along the pathway which civilization has given to men. We thank Thee for the great men of our own nation and especially do we thank Thee, this day, for the one in whose memory we are met here. We thank Thee, that though he was born in so humble a fashion that his very humble birth makes it possible that there is no youth today who can say that he had a harder beginning than did Abraham Lincoln. We thank Thee

that out of the very suffering and hardships of his life he lived with such conviction and such devotion to duty that there is no person who would be true to ideals and true to duty today, who would have to say that he had to suffer more than Abraham Lincoln.

We thank Thee that as we look out over the future and see that there are so many things to be done in order that this nation might remain free and that in order that the whole world might remain free, we thank Thee that still there is the mighty guiding hand of the spirit of this great personality who came into the world. We thank Thee that even as Jesus Christ came in order that he might show men the way to live, so also, there has been given to us great ones in our own country who have interpreted life to us and who have made us know what it is to have that conviction and that dedication which will make life to amount to the most.

We thank Thee that Abraham Lincoln was the elemental man, that he satisfied the deepest longings of the human heart. He began with the lowliest and he developed to the highest, and we pray today that we might be able to follow all prophets and leaders, even as he was, a great prophet and leader, so also we pray that Thou wilt give to us in these latter days, men who will lead us in the way everlasting, men who will make us feel proud to be the sons of our sires, and those who will make us feel that we are working out a great destiny, not only for ourselves but all the world.

We thank Thee for the spirit of sacrifice and noble devotion which imbued the boys and young men of sixty years ago, and we thank Thee for those who remain down to this day as the testimony of a generation which was heroic in its patriotism and in its sense of duty, and we pray in these great days, when there

are so many problems to solve, and when it is not always easy to see the way, we pray that there might be perfect men and true amongst all us citizenship in order that the Government of the people, for the people and by the people might not perish from off the earth.

We pray that Thou wilt be with these men who linger in these sunset days and grant to them the serenity and the peace that belongs to those who have lived life well and who go into the majestic company of those who have gone on before.

Be with us in this meeting; grant Thy guidance and Thine inspiration to those who shall participate, that it might be uplifted into the heavenly place.

We ask it all in the name of the living God. Amen.

PRESIDENT WRIGHT: The next will be the reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg address by Col. Lauman.

(Gettysburg address read by Col. Lauman.)

PRESIDENT WRIGHT: In behalf of the Board of Directors of the Grand Army Hall and Memorial Association, I wish to extend to all a welcome to this meeting. It is not a new thing for the Board to have these anniversary meetings on Lincoln's birthday. We have had noted and instructive speakers in the past, as we shall today, and I know those of you who know me will not want to hear more and I will now ask Mr. Black who will lead us in the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

MR. BLACK: We are going to sing three verses of the Battle Hymn of the Republic. I hope you will all join us.

(Battle Hymn of the Republic.)

PRESIDENT WRIGHT: We will now listen to an address on Abraham Lincoln by the Rev. Dr. William E. Barton.

Order of Exercises

"THE ASSEMBLY," - *Comrade James R. Thacker.*

INVOCATION, - - *Rev. Dr. Josiah Sibley*

READING—President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address,
Col. Geo. V. Lauman

ADDRESS OF WELCOME - *By the President*

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

ADDRESS—Abraham Lincoln,
William E. Barton, D. D., LLD.

"ILLINOIS"—The Audience.

HON. ADDISON G. PROCTOR—*The only living delegate to the Republican Convention of 1860 nominating Lincoln.*

"AMERICA"—The Audience.

Music under the Direction of

MR. JOHN DONALD BLACK and

COL. GEO. V. LAUMAN

MRS. SAMUEL WRIGHT, Accompanist

"TAPS"

Lincoln Day 1922

The World of To-day is so busy preparing for the Future—for Disarmament, for Un-entangling Alliances, for the Cessation of War—that it may, perchance, be forgetful of its debt to Yesterday. In the Yesterday of America, however, there stands a Human Prince of Peace pointing the way to all these things, especially to that quality of which the World is most in need today—the quality of Toleration—a Toleration uplifted and given wings by Sympathy, and based on the unchanging standard of Right and Wisdom And this Prince of Peace is ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

Lilian Rea.

WHY WE HONOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN

An Address by

Rev. William E. Barton, D.D., L.L.D.

Author of

"The Paternity of Lincoln"
"The Soul of Lincoln."

Mr. President, comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, lovers of the name and character of Abraham Lincoln, friends:

I count it a privilege, as it is certainly an honor, to be with you today and to be permitted to speak

those thoughts that are in all our hearts, as we together commemorate the birth, one hundred and thirteen years ago, of America's greatest American. The fact that that anniversary falls today upon Sunday is doubly impressive; first, because it was a Sunday morning on which he was born, and secondly, because, with the process of years this patriotic celebration has taken on so distinctively a religious character that it would make almost any day a day of Sabbath consecration, and it is especially felicitous when the day itself is a day of worship to Almighty God as well as a day of reviving within us of all tender and patriotic memories.

And certainly there are two reasons, if no more, why we may felicitate ourselves upon being present in this gathering, reasons which for every one of us, should make the name and fame of Lincoln more sacred. The first of those is, that, if I am correctly informed or at least if my impression concerning the information I have received is correct, it was in this spot that the celebration of Lincoln's birthday as a nation-wide annual observance began twenty-three years ago. Prior to that time, if I am correct in my impression, there was no regular widespread celebration of Lincoln's birthday.

I have the impression that we have here present with us the very man who proposed that the celebration of the birth of Lincoln should become an annual event. I have heard, on what I suppose to be good authority, that it was General Robbins himself who introduced the resolution that the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday should be celebrated in 1900 and every year thereafter. (Applause). If that be true, and if it be

true that the series of celebrations which then begun and have continued without interruption to this day, suggested similar celebrations in other places also, until in every city and hamlet of this land, and in many cities beyond the sea, other celebrations shall be holden and are now in progress of holding in honor of Lincoln's name, well may the man who introduced that resolution have a sense of reverent and grateful and honest pride that thus he should have contributed so much to the better understanding in America and throughout the world of Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

But there is one other reason. This building stands where formerly was Dearborn Park, and twice at least Abraham Lincoln stood here and spoke. Here he delivered an address in favor of Zachary Taylor as President of the United States, October 6, 1848, when he had just returned from New England, where he had been speaking in a series of campaign addresses and himself returned to the West by way of Niagara Falls. Again on July 19, 1856, Abraham Lincoln spoke here on behalf of John C. Freemont, the first candidate for the Presidency of the United States on the Republican ticket. On the first of those occasions the address was to have been delivered in the courthouse, but the audience was too large to be accommodated inside, and although it was October, the weather was favorable and they moved to Dearborn Park; and the other time, on the second occasion, the date was in July, and the event was originally planned for Dearborn Park and there carried out.

There ought to be upon this building a tablet commemorating Abraham Lincoln's two addresses in this place. There is in the City of Chicago, I believe, but one spot, on the site of the old Tremont House,

where there is a tablet commemorating an address by Abraham Lincoln. There ought to be others. Every place where he ever stood and delivered a formal oration ought to be marked with an enduring tablet, and this site, where he spoke twice, ought certainly to be marked.

We are standing today where Lincoln himself stood, not once, but twice, and addressed the people of Chicago on patriotic themes.

I am glad that there is here present today a man who knows a story which no other living man knows, and that from his own personal recollection. I came here knowing that he would probably be here, and having it in mind, to ask that he be invited to say words, either before or after I quit speaking. I found when I had arrived that that thought had been in the minds of others; and therefore my friend, the Honorable Addison G. Proctor, the only surviving member of the Convention of 1860, who sits upon the platform, is to speak for a few minutes when I am through, and you shall hear from him what no other man now living could tell you, as a part of his personal experience.

For all these reasons I count it a felicity that we are here together in this spot this day. The place where we are standing is holy ground.

I am to speak to you on the greatness of Abraham Lincoln. The world has come to believe in his goodness, but sometimes our conception of goodness is in itself a bit deceptive. The real greatness of Abraham Lincoln has not yet fully dawned upon the vision of mankind. We measure his greatness by the shadow which he casts. It is a shadow like that of Mount Hermon, stretching towards Damascus, as the sun

goes down in the Mediterranean and covering the land. As we recede from the days in which Lincoln lived, he rises, as the Matterhorn rises above the lower Alps, towering as we recede, rising above the foothills of his contemporaries. And yet Abraham Lincoln has already become a semi-mythical character. Almost every day, or if not so often, more than once every year, there is put into circulation some sentence or paragraph attributed to him which is fabricated out of whole cloth. One to which my attention has been called twice this past week, now being attributed to him and widely scattered over his name, is an alleged excerpt from an address of his in connection with his vote on the Murphy bill, in 1840, in which he is alleged to have warned the people of Illinois against the dangers of prohibition. That paragraph bears upon its face the evidence of its own falsity and may be proven false by the records of the General Assembly of Illinois. When we go to those records, we find it to be an outrageous, infamous and utter forgery, yet probably it will go far. Other fabrications, less viciously originated, get into circulation constantly, and some of them came very near to being cast and placed upon monuments to Lincoln. I have in mind one at this moment which would have been case in bronze, in a tablet to ornament a monument of Abraham Lincoln, were it not for the fact that somebody suggested that they try first to discover in what particular speech Lincoln uttered those words. There was no speech found containing them. Memory is treacherous; and a good many people who remember Abraham Lincoln remember things that never happened. A great many statements are in books about

Lincoln, innocently there, which will not bear the careful scrutiny of historical investigation.

It is well for us, every now and then, to stop and inquire just what sort of a man was this Abraham Lincoln. Was the real Lincoln a truly great man? Have we exalted him out of all proportion to the man he was? Have we put in place of the real Lincoln, a character who is the product of the imagination of later generations?

Abraham Lincoln was a great man. He was great in stature, six feet, three and three-quarters inches tall, and giving himself the benefit of the extra quarter of an inch by measuring when he got a new pair of boots with particularly high heels and thus cheerfully going by the reputation of being six feet, four inches tall. Lincoln looked down upon the heads of other men, and was fully conscious of the advantage which was given to him by his great height. He accentuated that height by wearing a long black coat and a tall black hat, and when men saw him they looked up to him. Well might they. I treat with a good deal of disregard and a certain high degree of doubt, all these stories that come to us about people who state that they patted him familiarly upon the back and called him "Abe." All the men whom I have ever known, who really knew him, tell a different story, and say that within his home town, by the many hundreds who knew him intimately, he was habitually addressed as "Mr. Lincoln." There was about him a certain dignity which, without being in the least stiff or repellant or conceited, still held with a certain reservation, and prevented a too intimate familiarity.

He liked to meet tall men. After his election to the presidency he came to Chicago, and Mrs. Lincoln

came with him, and while he talked politics with his old friends, Mrs. Lincoln visited the dry goods shops and got ready for her entry into Washington. Hannibal Hamlin came on from Maine, and they met here on November 23, 1860, and spent some days together. They were tendered a great reception in the parlors of the Tremont House. It was the first time Chicago ever had seen a president-elect, and certainly the first time they had also seen a vice-president elect, and still more certainly the first time they had seen both a president-elect and a vice-president elect, and with the wife of a president-elect. They stood with Mr. Lincoln first and Mrs. Lincoln next and Mr. Hamlin next, and very nearly all Chicago turned out and tracked over the carpets of the Tremont House shaking hands with them. It was a wearying process and Mr. Lincoln's right hand swelled from handshaking, as you see in the plaster cast made by Leonard W. Volk, just after the extensive handshaking that followed his nomination. Compare the right hand with the left. Mr. Lincoln's hand grew weary, but he greeted friends cordially. His face lightened up when he met a man he knew, and whenever he met a tall man, he held him by the hand a moment and with his vision measured their relative height and said in admiration, "Well, you are up *some*." Two things impressed him that day as he met Chicago's social life in the most intimate fashion; one was his greeting of tall men, and the other is the way in which he greeted little children. When a small boy came up and shouted, "Hurrah for Lincoln," Lincoln picked him up and tossed him almost to the ceiling; and when a little girl came up and asked for his autograph, and there were eight such little girls all in one group, the procession had to halt

while Mr. Lincoln did what the little girls asked him to do. Tall men and little children, these called out his admiration and broke the monotony of that reception after his election to the Presidency. He always liked to measure back to back with a tall man. He even invited Charles Sumner just to measure height with him, but that dignified Senator declined. It was hardly the sort of thing that Sumner cared to do.

He was a strong man. His muscles were wiry. He had toughened them by hard work. He never became a weak man. I shall say, when I come to speak of his sympathy, that his sympathy was not the sympathy of a mentally weak man, neither was his physical fiber ever the fiber of a man who permitted himself to grow flabby. All his life he was physically strong and his mental strength had its relation to his physical strength. He never was over robust; always thinking of himself as with some tendency to consumption, he nevertheless was very seldom sick. After he went to the White House he had a mild case of smallpox, but that did not keep the office seekers away from him and he admitted them freely. He said he was glad that he had something now which he could give to everybody and they came, but usually he was in good health.

Abraham Lincoln was a great man in his intellect. He had a powerful memory. He had a remarkable power of assimilation. He was able to analyze propositions and statements, to strip a proposition of all its incidentals and bring it to that which was fundamental and essential. His reasoning power rested upon a certain perceptiton of relative values. He had a mind which was fond of mechanics. He always wanted to trace the relation between cause and

effect. Things did not happen to him. They followed in logical sequence and he had a mind that wanted to trace step by step the relation of things to each other, or, as he himself phrased it, to bound the question north and south and east and west and see just what was involved in it.

Abraham Lincoln was a great man in his native sympathies, and his sympathy was not the sympathy of a weak man. I have been offended more than once when I read of people talking of Lincoln's sympathy as though it were the sympathy of weak, sloppy, sentimentality. I believe there is holden in Chicago this afternoon, and perhaps at this very hour, a meeting on behalf of political prisoners of the late war, still confined in Atlanta and Fort Leavenworth, their plea based on the alleged clemency of Abraham Lincoln. Now, so far as the release of those prisoners is concerned, I have nothing to say. Certainly I have no particular desire to keep anybody in prison who can safely be trusted outside. If those who wish the release of these political prisoners can present a good case, I have no objection to make; but the thing to which I do object is the continual dragging in of the name of Lincoln in connection with matters of that kind and the reference to his Amnesty Proclamation of 1863 as a basis for their appeal. The truth is that while Abraham Lincoln was a wonderfully sympathetic man towards the common soldier, towards the ordinary man, and even towards those who were in armed rebellion against the country, Lincoln was not a sympathetic man towards those who occupied high positions, or toward men having large influence who had deliberately used their influence to obstruct the draft, to make enlistment harder, to prolong the war and make it more dangerous for loyal men to fight for the cause of freedom and the old flag. On the con-

trary, there was a very stern side to Abraham Lincoln. He put men in charge of his military prisons whom he knew to be men of not too tender sympathies. Upon occasion he could cause those men to be instructed not to come outside of the walls or to leave the property of the Federal Government to where they might possibly be served with process by the civil courts. He said that he did not consider it his duty to shoot the poor private who deserted and at the same time to show mercy to the wily agitator who induced him to desert.

I am quite willing, therefore, that any one who wishes may circulate all the petitions he wants, to get out of jail political prisoners who obstructed the draft in the late war, but I am not willing in the interest of sound historical honesty, that Abraham Lincoln should be set forth as a man of weakness in the expression of his sympathies.

He had wonderful sympathy. The very first composition he was known to write as a little boy in school was a composition on the prevention of cruelty to animals. All through his life we never once find him using his physical strength as a bully, but always as a protector. When he was clothed with almost absolute power, as has been so well said, he never abused it save on the side of mercy.

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."

The sympathy of Abraham Lincoln was the sympathy of a titantic man, a man towering in stature, a man of great mind and on occasion of a stubborn will.

Abraham Lincoln was a man who never ceased to grow. You and I, who are a little older, have very great joy in citing Abraham Lincoln to our children and grandchildren, as a boy, who, out of great pov-

erty and meager educational advantages, gained something like an approach to a liberal education, who developed that marvelous use of English, that power of statement, and who was able to write the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural.

Don't forget that Abraham Lincoln was forty years of age and had served a term in Congress, when he learned that there was a science such as logic which he needed to know, and that one might learn in Euclid how to prove beyond the possibility of a doubt. He learned that at the age of forty years, and bought a book on logic and a copy of Euclid and learned to demonstrate every proposition in Euclid and he never forgot it.

We men of forty years or who are coming along towards that period, might ourselves fairly well undertake some exercise of that sort. I speak as one who may not have the good fortune to be forty for quite a while. I am not quite a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. I was born a little time after the war broke out, but I was a comrade in arms with these old veterans. I had an honorable career in the infantry, and though I was but four years old, I remember as well as if it had been yesterday, the day when Abraham Lincoln was shot. So I am speaking to those who are my contemporaries, and therefore, to those whose habit it is to talk to the children about imitating Abraham Lincoln, and encouraging them to use their opportunities to obtain an education. We who are no longer school boys and school girls have a great deal to learn about Abraham Lincoln's continued mental, moral and spiritual growth. On that thesis I could elaborate considerably. He never ceased to grow. Nothing made his partner, Herndon, more angry than to have anybody say that Abraham Lincoln had died at the right time, that he had reached

the climax of his career. Herndon said that Abraham Lincoln had grown slowly and continuously, and that he was still in process of mental growth and moral development; that if he had lived for years afterward he still would have been a growing man.

What a man he was in his magnanimity! Everybody knows of his meeting with Stanton, when he and Stanton were associated together in the Reaper case in Cincinnati, when Stanton looked over that great, gaunt skeleton, wearing a linen duster, that had been sweated through at the back, with two great blotches of solid perspiration connected by an isthmus and reminding him of the map of North and South America; and how he refused to let Lincoln appear in the Reaper case. It was a case in which Lincoln had counted upon great honor in another state than his own, and he was deeply hurt; but when the time came that Abraham Lincoln wanted a Secretary of War, and needed one desperately, he pocketed that hurt which he remembered and could but have remembered with keen resentment, and he called to membership in his cabinet a man who had but late been a member of the cabinet of his predecessor, James Buchanan, a man of whom he said that Stanton had insulted him as no man ever insulted him. And he bore with Stanton, with his incivility, with his profanity, with his disrespect, but all the time with a growing respect for Stanton and compelling Stanton's respect for him, until the greatness of Abraham Lincoln called out those inherent elements of greatness in Stanton himself. On the night of when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated and Washington was in terror and hysterical and Vice-President Johnson was not there, and I do not care to say why it is alleged he was not there, there was just one man calm enough to sit beside the dying president and virtually in that emergency as-

sume all the powers of the President of the United States States, and to write out, what is even to this day, the best account we have of the assassination, giving orders for the apprehension of the assassin, and for the steady carrying out of the affairs of government, and when Abraham Lincoln breathed his last breath, it was Stanton's voice that broke the silence and uttered those words which the world can never forget: "Now he belongs to the Ages!"

When we remember what Abraham Lincoln did with Edwin Stanton, we remember those words of Lowell

> "Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
> In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
> Will rise in majesty to meet thine own!"

We remember how he filled his Cabinet with men who had been opposed to him. We remember his relations with Seward, and by the way, I do not like it very well that in these later years Seward should be disparaged in the attempt to make Lincoln greater. Whatever Seward was, he was no sneak. Seward was a great man and a most valuable man in the Cabinet of Lincoln. Lincoln needed him, and knew that he needed him. Lincoln held and respected Seward and dominated him without permitting Seward to lose respect for Lincoln, but constantly causing it to increase. He managed Seward without offending Seward's self respect, and it takes a great man to do all these things. Only a man with wonderful magnanimity and the power to handle men could have done what Lincoln did for Seward. Nor do I like it that Salmon P. Chase should be so constantly disparaged as he has been, because he also was a great man. He was an abolitionist long before Lincoln was. His heart was broken because he was not elected President in place

of Lincoln, and through all the four years of Lincoln's first administration he could not get it out of his mind that he was the man who ought to succeed Lincoln at the end of the first four years. Let it be granted that Chase did a number of things, did many things, which were not in good taste, which as a member of Lincoln's Cabinet he ought not to have done; nevertheless, Lincoln knowing of that, but knowing also that Chase was an honest man, knowing how much depended upon him for the finances of the Government; knowing that he would not turn anything to his own pecuniary profit by any financial arrange ment in which the Government might be involved, held that irritating man, that opponent of his, but that honest man, that man whose character as a financier the nation could trust, held him there and used him and made him loyal, if not to Lincoln himself, at least to the great ends which Lincoln wanted to serve.

Read the history of these things. Read of his patience with McClellan, and of all that Lincoln encountered in his connection with men who despised him, who thought because he was tall and gaunt and awkward, that he was a man of feeble mental power. Read his correspondence with Horace Greeley and find Greeley telling him to his face, "You are not considered a great man," yet behold him holding on to Greeley because he knew the power of Greeley's pen and needed the support of the New York *Tribune*. When you consider how Lincoln held the support of these men who belittled him, but whose support he needed for the country's sake, you discover that you have there not simply magnanimity; you have the very genius of constructive leadership.

Consider with me for a moment, what is this thing which makes a man in political life truly a great leader? Political leadership comes much more slowly

in its verdict than military leadership. The lawyer pleading before a jury knows whether he has won or lost his case as soon as the jury comes in and is polled. The schoolmaster does not know until his boys grow up, what has been the effect of his lessons. The financier knows at the end of a year, the end of a particular deal, whether he has made or has lost money; a person working in the sphere of morals has to judge and infer with a considerable degree of uncertainty. Babe Ruth knows at the end of an inning, as soon as he crosses the plate, that he has made another home run; but the preacher does not know the ultimate effect upon the character of the sermons that he preaches.

Now, I am drawing a distinction such as that between military success and political success. Military success comes much more swiftly but it does not always stay.

Horace Greeley prepared for publication the first volume of his "American Conflict" in the latter part of the year 1863. It was a book illustrated with steel engravings, principally of groups of men. One of those groups, and a prominent one, was the group of Union Generals as they stood prominently at that time. In the center was General Winfield S. Scott, then lately retired. Above him and most conspicuous, was General McClellan. Around them were Halleck and Pope and Burnside and Butler and Fitz John Porter and the rest. You may fill in the names if you want to from your recollection of the early years of the war, but I will venture that you will not remember all of them. Some of the names of that group have utterly dropped out of your mind. He published the second volume in 1865 when the Civil War was finished and prepared another and a like group, which you can find as the frontispiece of Volume II, of

prominent Union Generals as they stood at the end of the war. In the center was General Grant; above him was Sherman; grouped around him, were Sheridan, Logan, Thomas and the rest. You can name all of them, every one of them.

Now, the significant fact is that not one single picture in the first group was reproduced in the second. That was not simply because the engraver wanted a new group of faces; it was because there was not one man in all that first group of twelve generals who stood prominent before the country in 1863, and who occupied any such position in the spring of 1865. A comparison of the two groups is a rather ominous thing, when we think of the swiftness with which military success comes and the ease with which it goes.

The statesman's success is made much less rapid than that of the military victor, and is determined by criteria much more obscure. What constitutes greatness in political leadership?

Great men are divided into three classes: Those who are born great; those who achieve greatness; those who have greatness thrust upon them.

The people who have greatness thrust upon them must die soon or they outlive their reputation, but the man who, having in him inherent qualities of greatness, meets a great crisis greatly, causes the patient ages to rise from their somnolence and rejoice.

Abraham Lincoln's greatness was not the greatness of a leadership that came and went like that of the men of whom I speak, whose faces and whose names you can find in Greeley's first volume.

What is this thing that makes a political leader great? You cannot test political leadership in its results by anything like the same sureness of test that a military leader can test it on the battlefield. After

a battle you can measure the ground; you can know whether you have the enemy's trenches or whether he has yours. In political matters it is not so; you must wait a good while before you find whether a policy tested out continues to appeal to the good faith and sound judgment of the nation. Two antithetic qualities there are in every kind of ethical, intellectual or political leadership. A man who leads at all, must have one of them, and it would be very desirable if he had both. One of them is to possess a clearer and farther vision than other men; and the other is to keep so near the whole popular trend and so in touch with the mind of the people, that they will come along with their leader. Now, the danger of the leader who possesses the first but not the second of these qualities, is that he will be an unpractical idealist. He is likely to rush ahead alone after his dream, and wake up and find himself without a following. He is a pseudo-Moses who plunges into the wilderness, and cries out to the people to follow him, but gains no adherents, and finally perishes alone in the desert. Nobody follows him. Such men have indeed their uses; but a real leader of his people must have something besides vision of the end to be attained, or he dies and his cause may perish with him.

The danger of the other is, that loving the people, but with no more vision than they, he will stay with them forever working in the brickyards of Egypt and never lead them anywhere. How many men can you count of all the heroes that you have known or read about, who combine in anything like symmetrical proportions those two qualities, of the far vision and the popular touch? To a degree, such as no other statesman in American life and very few statesmen in the life of any great State have combined them, Abraham

Lincoln combined those qualities of leadership. He was a superlatively great leader of men.

Abraham Lincoln was an orator. In these days of stenographers and typewriters and telegraph communications and commercial interests, we disparage oratory, but it is finest of all the fine arts. No chisel, no brush, no musical instrument, does the orator employ, only the human voice and the human ear, and the contact of human soul with human soul; and yet he has the ability to create in great masses of people a common idea, a common conviction, and a common purpose.

If Abraham Lincoln had been all else that he was and had not been an orator, he could not have been what we know him to have been. At Gettysburg he said, "The world will little heed or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." He never was more mistaken in his life. Glorious as were the deeds they did there, they are less immortal than the words that he said there. The Gettysburg address will continue to be printed and recited and loved the whole world round after it becomes necessary to put in footnotes to tell whether it was delivered during the revolution or the great world war. "The words that I speak unto you," said the Lord Jesus, "the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

Abraham Lincoln was a man who could use words to carry emotion, to produce conviction and inspire confidence and produce results.

Finally, Abraham Lincoln was a man of mighty spiritual conviction and of strong religious sentiment. I am not going at this time into any lengthy discussion of Abraham Lincoln's religion. Very much that has been written about it I do not at all credit. A great deal has been said by those who want to have it

believed that Abraham Lincoln thought and said just what they think and say. Very largely I discredit the statements that have been made based upon more or less imaginary conversations. Suppose you take just one incident and that is the presentation of the Emancipation Proclamation in September 1862. Frank B. Carpenter, who painted the great picture of the scene of the Emancipation Proclamation, spent six months in the White House preparing for that picture. There sat for him during that time, every member of the Cabinet, and the President. They sat repeatedly and they sat long, and he inquired of every detail concerning what happened on that day, and he published it in a little book, while all the participants were living, and none of them ever contradicted it. Salmon P. Chase kept a diary; it was not published until many years after his death, and when it was published it was the independent, contemporary record of a man who was there, and Gideon Welles kept a diary and he wrote what happened, and wrote it on that night. There are three completely independent records. One of them involved virtually the verbal testimony of all the participants, and the other two contemporary records were written down independently of each other, and without the knowledge upon the part of either writer of anything that any one else had written or was to write a record of the incident. Abraham Lincoln brought in his proclamation, but before presenting it he read a chapter of Artemus Ward. He then said to the members of the Cabinet that he greatly wished that the Battle of Antietam had resulted in a more decisive victory, but while it was not all that he could have desired, it did relieve the situation from that which had previously existed, in which, if the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued, it would have come in a time of dis-

aster. He said, therefore, while he could have wished that the time were more opportune, he regarded it as sufficiently more so than if it had been, to justify the issue of the proclamation at that time. He said to the members of his Cabinet in substance this, that he had not called them together to discuss the merits of the Proclamation; he would be glad of a suggestion of any change in the phraseology that would be more felicitous or that would commend it more to the sentiment of the people, but as for the thing itself, he already knew the views of each of them, and had determined in his own mind, as his was the responsibility, to issue it then. He said, "I promised my God that if General Lee were driven back from Antietam I would free the slaves." Secretary Chase, because Lincoln spoke in a somewhat lower tone, asked him to repeat that statement, and wrote in his diary that Lincoln did repeat it. The three witnesses are Frank B. Carpenter, who heard the story from all the members of the Cabinet, Salmon P. Chase and Gideon Welles. Being asked to repeat his statement, Lincoln said, still low but distinctly and in the hearing of all, "I promised my God that I would do it."

The argument for the religious character of Abraham Lincoln rests upon no one incident, upon no one declaration of his, but rather upon the broad implications of his whole life, but if we had but that one incident, we could not have one better test or one that could more definitely attest the strong conviction in the mind of Abraham Lincoln, that he was acting under a sense of high responsibility to Almighty God, to whom he made a solemn vow.

When you hear his last great utterance in the Second Inaugural Address, you are hearing words like those of the old prophets, words of a statesman whose fundamental convictions are those of essential right-

eousness, speaking to the people, as a prophet of Almighty God.

One hundred and thirteen years have come and gone since Abraham Lincoln was born. Half of that number of years has gone by and somewhat more since Abraham Lincoln died; but his fame has only begun to grow. Not while he was with us did we most largely value his life and character. Every year as we see in perspective the greatness of his nature, the magnitude of the work that he achieved, the more do we hold him as America's most typical American. We behold in him one whose life from the cabin to the White House epitomizes our whole history and incarnates our national ideal.

And now, behold this fact. In proportion as we discover Lincoln to have been our typical American, other nations discover him to be the world-citizen. When the world, rent and torn with battle and almost in despair of civilization, looks for some emblem of hope and some character that can incarnate this conception of what in statesmanship and righteous rule and joy may be in the good time yet to come, it does not find it in Europe or in the leaders of the old world. Through the smoke of battle and through the tears of sorrow they discern the American flag as the emblem of a government of the people, by the people and for the people; and over most of the kings and kinglets and kaisers and czars they behold the face and adore the noble character of the world's greatest citizen and commoner, Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT WRIGHT: Now, Mr. Black, may we all have Illinois.

(Singing of "Illinois.")

PRESIDENT WRIGHT: As Dr. Barton has told you, we are fortunate in having with us today, by chance, in passing through the city, a delegate to the Conven-

tion that nominated Abraham Lincoln in this city, and I have the great honor in presenting to you the Honorable Addison G. Procter. (Applause.)

Mr. Procter: It is an extreme satisfaction to meet and stand in the presence of men who preserved this republic, standing as we do before the world today, as the big brother, the most powerful, the most generous, the most prosperous, the freest, grandest republic on the face of the earth, it is a wonderful privilege to stand in the presence of the men who preserved this republic for the world. (Applause.) And so I say and I think the world will re-echo the sentiment, God preserve the men who preserved this republic. (Applause.) And so I consider it a wonderful privilege to be invited to stand in your presence. I have seen you in action; I know what war meant in the civil war. I have seen these men; I know what it meant to preserve this republic; I have seen it in the depths of woe and I have seen it in the height of glory and you men have stood always ready, never moved by any extreme of fortune, always confident that the country must be saved, and you saved it; thank God you saved it.

Happening to be a member of the convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln, I think perhaps it might be interesting to you to give you a little of the inside history of the things that brought about that nomination of Mr. Lincoln. I have read history and history, but the real inside story of the things that nominated Abraham Lincoln have never been told in history yet. Now, that may seem strange to you in view of all these volumes that have been written about Lincoln, but I want to give you a little as it came to me.

I was just a young man, only twenty-one years old, and happened to be the youngest delegate in the convention and of that impression by age. I met

there the great men of this nation at that time. I can see them today just as plain as I could see them sixty years ago. I met there just the men who are known today as the great men of those times. Now, I cannot carry you over the whole work of the convention, but I am going to start in with the evening of the second day, after the convention had adjourned the second day. We had finished all of the general work of the convention; the committees had all reported; their reports had been adopted, and when we adjourned in the middle of the afternoon of the second day it was with the understanding that in the early morning the first thing we were to write out the ballots for president, though when we adjourned there was an intensity about the situation that was thrilling. Mr. Seward had almost enough votes to nominate him. If Mr. Seward was to be defeated it had to be done by a combination of all the elements opposed to him. It was a wonderful thing to listen to what was going on. Vermont was there asking for the nomination of Jacob Coleman, her Senator, a very able man. New Jersey was asking for the nomination of William A. Dayton; he was her Senator. Pennsylvania was asking for the nomination of Simon Cameron, her Senator, a very aggressive and strong man, and having the solid Pennsylvania delegation behind him. Ohio was asking for the nomination of Salmon P. Chase, a grand man, one of the handsomest men to look at that I have ever seen in all my life, a magnificent man. Missouri was there asking for the nomination of Edward Bates, a noted jurist of those days, and Illinois was there asking for the nomination of a man who had never been a governor, a senator or a judge, but just a plain citizen and her state going down behind him, the most earnest and enthusiastic crowd of delegates that ever came into a convention. They seemed all wrought

up for Mr. Lincoln. It was impressive because it was so spontaneous. The whole feeling about it impressed the convention. Why, here is a man with no particular standing in the State, and yet all the great men of the State said, "Give us Lincoln! Give us Lincoln!"

Well, we were sitting there as a delegation—I was from Kansas, the Kansas delegation. I had been out in the Kansas fight with John Brown and with that outfit for three or four years; they had sent me as one of the delegates of that convention. I was only twenty-one years old at the time so of course I was the youngest man there. Well, we were sitting there listening to these men who were presenting the claims of the different people. For instance, we were listening to Murphy, John A. Murphy, and we listened to Sweet, of New York, and Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, and Kirkwood of Iowa, and Henry S. Lane, of Indiana, all those strong men, we listened to them while they presented the claims of their different men. Finally Horace Greeley came in to see us. Horace Greeley in some respects was the most notable character in that convention. He was a kind of a patriarch among us. As he came into our room he was dressed in a long plain drab suit, soft felt hat, which he tossed on the table, and he had light flaxen hair and blue eyes and a clear red and white complexion, and as he stood at our table he looked to me just like the picture I had seen of Ben Franklin with that patriarchal kind of a look to it, he looked just like a firstclass dairy farmer just in from the clover field. (Laughter.) He had that fresh look. Greeley had sat down with us to have a talk and he wanted to talk with us about Edward Bates of Missouri and his argument ran like this: "We, as we stand today, are a sectional party. We have got no strength in the South. All we have got to depend on is the States of the North. It is a

bad position to be placed in before the nation. We ought to reach over the line into the States of the border and find a man identified with us as an anti-slavery man who will help to encourage anti-slavery of that Union element along our border." Well, that looked plausible. He said, "We must eliminate this feeling that we are a sectional party. We must stand before the nation as a national party, and the only way to do that is to go over the line and take our candidate from the other side." Well, that seemed a pretty good argument, but the point with us was that we calculated whoever we nominated at that time was going to be elected and we knew that in the nomination of a man from a slave state that of course he could not carry his own State, and we thought it would be a bad impression to go out holding a candidate who could not carry his own state. And we knew it so we did not talk about that much. Finally, Mr. Greeley was standing there with his arms folded, kind of meditating at the conditions, and Col. Phillips, one of our delegates, said to him, "Mr. Greeley, what do you say about the nomination of Abraham Lincoln at this time?" "Well," says Greeley, with a kind of a smile, "Well, boys, let me tell you; Mr. Lincoln is a pretty adroit politician, he has got a lot of people out here in Illinois who seem to see a something in him that the rest of us have not discovered yet; he has got a wonderful interesting history which would make great campaign literature, but, boys, the trouble with Mr. Lincoln is just here, he has had no experience in national affairs. We are facing a crisis, a crisis that may involve the existence of this republic and the people of this nation would not dare take the chances of an untried man at this time. For that reason I am afraid to think of Mr. Lincoln. Now, it would be much safer to nominate Edward Bates."

Now, there was the opinion of the best philosopher in our party, a man who had had thirty years fighting the cause for which we stood and yet did not dare say that the nomination of Mr. Lincoln would be a safe proposition. Well, we sat there thinking after Mr. Greeley went out and the first thing that came to us, a messenger came in and said, "There are a group of people would like to meet your delegation, from the border states of the South." "Ah, ha, how many of them?" "About thirty." "How soon?" "Coming right in." "All right, come right in." And there came into our room a group of those what you call the mountain men of the South, you know who they were, those Scotch-Irish raw-jawed, snappy-eyed, resolute looking devils as ever you laid eyes on; they were a set that made you feel when you sat among them like you were alongside of an electric battery. They were so charged with their feeling, their mission. Those men had selected Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, as their spokesman. Cassius M. Clay was a real typical Kentucky colonel, such as you have heard pictured in your literature. He was dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons and a white choker and a white vest, and he was elegantly attired, and he had all those elegant mannerisms of the Kentucky colonel, and he came forward and he sat at our table and he said, folding his arms for a moment: "Gentlemen, we are on the brink of a great civil war." He stopped; he glanced at our faces and he seemed to have read a look on our faces of a sort of incredulity. He said, looking at us straight in the eye, "You undoubtedly have heard that remark before, but I want to say to you gentlemen that that fact will be soon flashed to you in a way you will more readily understand. We are from the South and we want you to know that the South is prepared for war. If the man that you nom-

inate at this convention should be elected on the platform that you have already adopted, the South will undertake the destruction of this Union. On your southern border, from the east coast of Maryland to the Ozarks of Missouri, there stand today a body of resolute men of whom these are the representatives, who are determined that this Union shall not be dissolved except at the end of a terrible struggle. (Applause.) It makes a wonderful difference who you name here today for your leadership, a wonderful difference to you. It is a matter of vital difference to us. Our homes and all we possess are in peril. You can give us a man at this time who will inspire our courage and our confidence. We have such a man in view, a man that we will follow to the end, every one of us. We want you to name Abraham Lincoln." (Applause.)

That was the first real nomination of Lincoln. "We want you to name Abraham Lincoln. He was born among us and we believe he understands us. You give us Lincoln and we will press back your battle line from the Ohio right at your doors, back across the State of Tennessee into the region where it belongs. You give us Lincoln and we will unite this Union strength with your Union army and we will help you to drive the secessionists there. Do this for us and let us go home and prepare for this conflict."

Ah, ha! There was the turning point in the convention, right there. Up to this time we had said, "Keep slavery out of the Territories." That was as far as our courage would carry us. "No more slavery in the Territories." We put it in the platform and adopted it unanimously. That is as far as we cared to go. Now what about saving this union? Ah, ha, there is the new point. That set the whole drift of thought in a new direction. It was a wonderful turning point. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, came in and said

that is the thing to do. Henry F. Lane, of Indiana, an awfully able man, the Governor of Indiana at that time, he said to us, "Boys that is the thing to do." Fremont, from away up in the New England States said, "Let us do that; that is the thing to do."

By and by when we got to the balloting they saw that Abraham Lincoln was the only man who, on the strength of the possibility of war that was coming, could combine this whole strength. When we came to get to that balloting there was an intensity about it that was simply thrilling. Of course the Seward men stood and said, "You cannot dare to turn this government over to an untried man." And they tried to scare that into us. They did not. These men all said, "Let us have a man that is of the people and that the people have confidence in and trust to him to carry this thing through," and the actual fact was that of that group along the border that urged this on us, when the war actually came they put into the field 200,000 soldiers on the Union side. (Applause.) What do you think of that for loyalty? There was loyalty for you. So we drifted and drifted up to the time of balloting and on the third ballot the whole element, all outside of the Seward element, just said, "Let us put our trust in God and take Lincoln." And they took him. (Applause.)

Now, that is how Lincoln came to be nominated. It was the feeling that civil war was impending and that we needed a man of the people, a man whom the people could trust. Although he had not much experience, he had character, and Illinois said, "Lincoln is all right, you can trust him." Illinois stood as his sponsor on that day and so Lincoln became the nominee.

Well, it was an awful hard campaign to start with. People were surprised at the nomination. They

did not know what it meant. In every direction the word came to us to find out, what does that mean? Why, when I was away down East, I went down just after the convention, and I met one of our old fashioned New England men who had stood for years as the chairman of our town committee in town meetings, and I said, "We are trying to organize a club here now and get the boys started and get the campaign going, and we want you to go tomorrow night and open the meeting with one of your little talks. Now you know what to say, just help the thing get started." "Well," he said, "I guess not." "What?" "No, sir; no, sir." "Why not?" He was an old fashioned Republican. "Why not?" "Well, I will tell you why. You fellows out there in Chicago knew what we were facing in this country today; you knew that we were up against the most dreadful problem that we ever had in this world; you knew and above everything that we ought to have a statesman; if there is a statesman in this country, we ought to have him; and you turned around and have given us a rail-splitter."

Now, that sentiment was all through the North. They did not know what it meant. They did not know what it meant, but they found out afterwards; and so we went on and we elected Lincoln and Lincoln carried us through the war. I thought a good many times when he made that great inaugural speech at Washington, what a speech that was. He said, "I therefore consider that in view of the Constitution and the law, this Union is not broken, and I shall see to it, as the Constitution expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of this union are faithfully enforced in all of the states. I trust this may not be considered as a menace, but as a declared purpose that this union will maintain and defend itself." We all knew what that

meant; and that night, before the stars in the courses had dazzled on the dome of the Capitol, this nation knew that that great problem, whether a Republic founded on the free will of the people could subordinate that free will to a military dictation and stand the shock of a civil war, was about to be tested. Then came the call for war. There it was, cruel, vindictive, grim-visaged war, as you all know, going through that all, for four long years. Amid the smiles of victory and the frowns of disaster, stood Lincoln, tried by both extremes of fortune but never disturbed by either, for he believed in God and he believed that God would never permit this nation, this government of the people by the people and for the people to perish. So he stood, just as Moses stood on Zion, God's oracle to the people, by his great humanity teaching of more charity and less malice; by his great faith, inspiring our courage and our confidence; by his great patience, exalting us all to wait calmly on God's own time when this bitterness would pass from us; and we waited and waited and by and by, in God's own time, when the integrity of this republic was safe under universal freedom, then the black clouds of war rolled back and revealed to us Appomatox. (Applause.)

Then came that great Hallelujah, the chorus of victory. Then joy reigned supreme. Then mothers stood at their gateways, looking down the road in that delirium of expectancy, watching for the hour "When Johnny comes marching home again." But our joy was of short duration, for right in the midst of it all, came that awful tragedy and our great leader lay dead, at the hands of an assassin. Just at the dawn of the morning when peace, like the first beam of returning day, stood on tiptoe on our misty mountain tops, this nation bowed in irrepressible grief. Those were dreadful days. We buried him at

Springfield, and we stood with bared heads, with faces moistened by the dew of grief, and bid Mr. Lincoln goodbye. As we turned from that grave here in Illinois, I thought of that expression of Horace Greeley's: "He has got a lot of people out here in Illinois who seem to see a something in him that the rest of us have not seen yet." That was uttered five years before. During that five years this nation, under the leadership of that untried leader, had gone through the most thrilling experiences of its existence and it had come out of that trial victorious, one nation, under one flag, without one star dimmed or one stripe obscured. That was glory enough. We all, including Mr. Greeley, understood Mr. Lincoln at that time. We all knew what it was that Illinois had seen before us. It was this: It was a supreme confidence in the integrity, the loyalty, the patriotism of the American people and the moral courage to stand on that belief and carry the country through. That was what Mr. Lincoln stood for. Those were memorable days, those days of the '60s, but they were the golden days of this republic, the intense days, the days of the heroic, as you all know, days of great men and of great women, days of great citizens great statesmen and great soldiers.

Our national constellation was all aglow with stars of the first magnitude. There they stood. As Paul said, one star differeth from another star in glory. We believe this, for we each have our ideals among the stars, but the only ideal nearest to this great loyal American heart is that kindly kindled face of Abraham Lincoln. There he stands without one medal on his breast to tell us of his valor, without one particle of lace embroidery to speak to us of his rank, just the plain citizen, but the greatest citizen ever produced

by the grandest republic on the face of the earth. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT WRIGHT: Now, with the singing of "America," this audience will be adjourned.

(America.)

Taps.

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