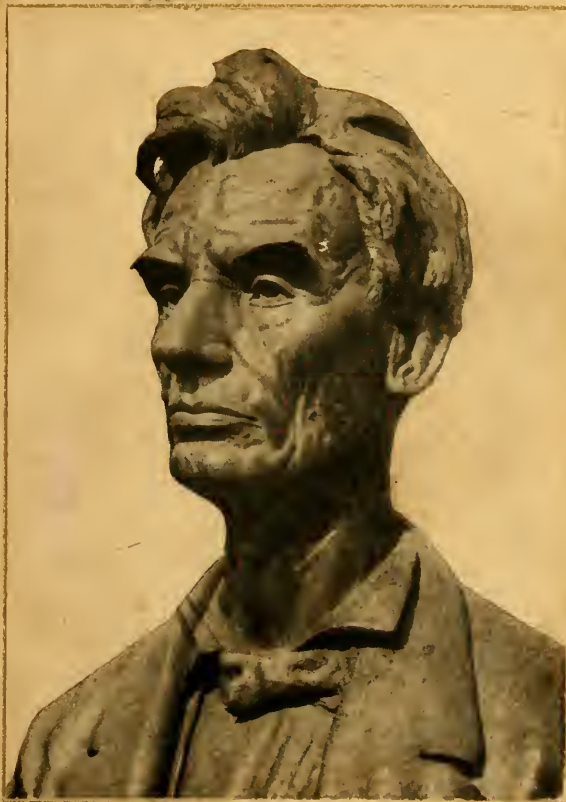


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BARNARD'S LINCOLN



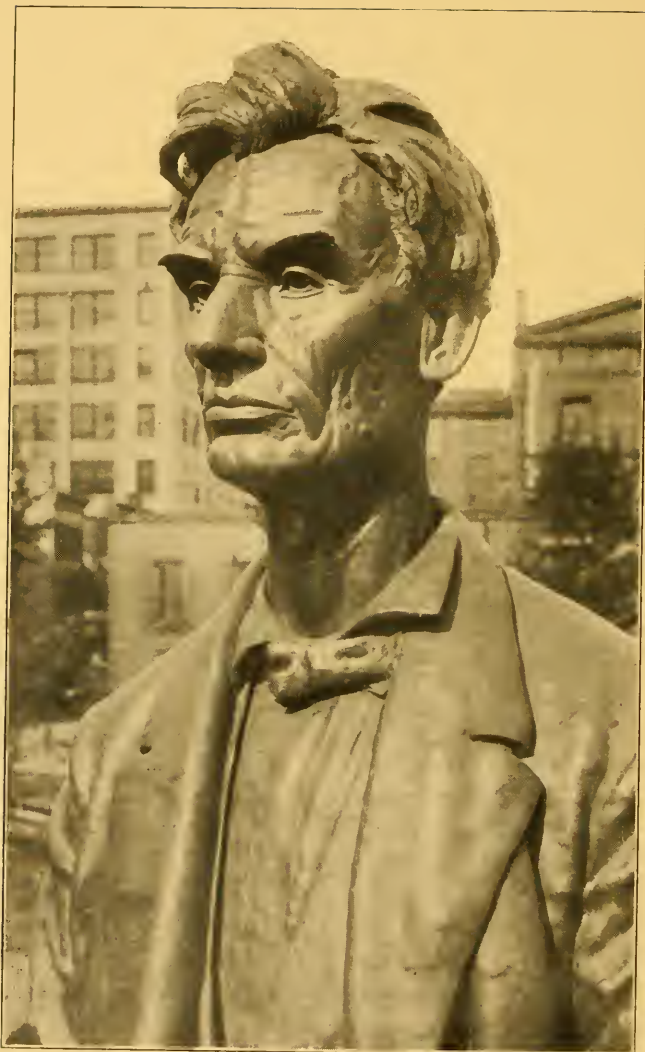


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Photograph by J. S. Banford.

Barnard's Lincoln

*The Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft
to the City of Cincinnati*

*The Creation and
Dedication of
George Grey Barnard's
Statue of
Abraham Lincoln,
including the
address of
William Howard Taft*



Cincinnati

Stewart & Kidd Company

1917

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no. 1.

“The Barnard statue is a beautiful piece of workmanship and a perfect likeness of Mr. Lincoln. I was well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln during my residence at Springfield, Illinois, before the war.”

ROBERT C. CLOWRY,

*Former President of the Western Union Telegraph
Company.*

January 6, 1917.

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Preface

THIS book is the result of a demand for a memorial of George Grey Barnard's statue of Abraham Lincoln and of the ceremonies attending its unveiling. The facts attending Mr. Barnard's distinctive interpretation of America's Great Commoner will be briefly related. On December 10, 1910, Mr. Barnard received his commission to create the statue from a committee consisting of Harry R. Probasco, A. O. Elzner, the late W. W. Taylor, Louis Grossmann, and Charles P. Taft, as the result of the gift of \$100,000 from Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft for the purpose. Mr. Barnard completed his work in the early part of 1917 and the statue was placed on exhibition in the grounds of the Union Theological Seminary in New York City, where it aroused enthusiastic critical appreciation. It was later removed to Cincinnati and placed in its permanent location in Lytle Park, facing Fourth Street, one of the city's

greater thoroughfares. On March 31, under cloudless skies, the statue was unveiled with ceremonies that acquired unusual significance because of the entrance of the United States into the world war. Thousands of people, including a great number of school children, witnessed the ceremonies, which were arranged by Mr. John R. Holmes. Mr. Edward Colston, a Confederate veteran, presided. Bishop J. C. Hartzell delivered the invocation, and Rabbi Louis Grossmann the benediction. Dr. Lyman Whitney Allen, of Newark, New Jersey, read the beautiful ode contained in this volume. The Honorable William Howard Taft delivered the principal address, presenting the Barnard statue in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, and the mayor of Cincinnati, the Honorable George Puchta, accepted in behalf of the city.

The Barnard "Lincoln" definitely has taken its place, not only in the artistic chronicles of the nation, but in a great people's conception of their most representative man. It is a Lincoln that seems to bear in divine benevolence of expression the true destinies of world democracy. No man can stand before it with-

out drawing from it a new inspiration as to his country's ideals and a new faith in their future. You are in a sense touched by the hallowed spirit, the strongly gentle soul, that looms to-day larger than ever in this world of militaristic ambition. He freed men and he bound a nation's wounds, and he did it all with noble simplicity and self-abnegation. To-day the world is placing him among its great moral powers above its Cæsars. The reason for this canonization has been nobly expressed in the medium of bronze by Mr. Barnard.

Barnard's Statue of Lincoln



Photograph by J. S. Sanford.

FULL-LENGTH PHOTOGRAPH

Barnard's Statue of Lincoln

DR. LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

The clay again has found a dowered hand
To shape a wonder. Lo, the sculptor's art
Has made its last the finest. There he stands
A people's idol! This is masterpiece
Of man, as was the loved original
Of God—invention's triumph for life's sake,
Great history featured by great artistry,
A poet's allegory wrought in bronze.

This is a symbol of democracy—
A towering figure risen from the soil
And keeping the earth mold, yet so informed
By spiritual power that they who gaze
Perceive high kinship bearing similar stamp
To One of old from whom was learned the way
Of wisdom and the love that goes to death.
And this is commonalty glorified—
A root out of dry ground, but waterèd
By those inherent and ancestral streams
Whose springs are in the furthest heavenlies.
And this is nature's haunting miracle—
The lowly dust builded to pinnacles,
The earth-bound soul consorting with the stars.

Unshapely feet—but they were such as trod
 The winepress of God's judgment on a land,
 Were such as clomb, striding through storm and
 night,
 The perilous steeps of right, leading a host.
 Ungainly hands—but they were such as plucked
 Thistles and planted flowers in their stead,
 Were such as struck hell's irons from a race
 And open swung barred gates of privilege.
 Unsightly back—but it was such as bore
 The bruises of a nation's chastisement,
 For see, the double cross welted thereon,
 The emblem of a statesman's Calvary!
 Uncomely face—but it was such as wore
 The prints of vigil and the scars of grief,
 A face more marred than any man's, save One,
 And save that One a face more beautiful.

Those furrows, deftly molded, came from tears,
 The visualizing of vicarious pain.
 That writhèd curve of lips marks forced control,
 Restraint of impulse for the sake of duty.
 Those intercessory eyes gaze awesomely,
 Seeing far off as if they searched God's eyes
 For covenant vindication, finding it.
 Yon brow, it bears the impress of a Hand
 Upon the sculptor's, that historic front
 May show receptive to divine ideals,
 May signal truth's elect interpreter.

So stands he regnant in triumphant bronze,
A spirit mastering fate by faith and love
And imaging right's lordship o'er the world—
So stands he, Heaven and Earth's great commoner,
God's and the People's, light unto the nations,
Lincoln the deathless, Lincoln the beloved.

The Sculptor's View



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

BARNARD IN HIS STUDIO

The Sculptor's View of Lincoln

BY

GEORGE GREY BARNARD

MY earliest recollections are of my grandfather's talks of Douglas and Lincoln. A friend to both, he often told stories of Douglas, princely, stately, elegant, and Lincoln, rising from poverty to President. This left but one image in my childhood mind: the mighty man who grew from out the soil and the hardships of the earth. He who had within him that indomitable spirit, that great call, and followed it straight to his destiny.

We are all tools to the Creator, bad or good. Lincoln was chilled in all the streams of life, to make ready the tool of the nation and mankind. Many have stood at the bedside of their dead mothers, but few at seven years of age have helped to make the coffin and dig the grave of a mother. And such a mother as Lincoln's must have had made greater his agony,

left a memory so vital that through life this giant, physically and mentally, "mothered" his neighbors, his State, his country.

This "man of all men" held motherhood within him as great in its strength and gentle spirit, its forgiveness and yearning, as the wisdom and will of the manhood within him.

One given to such meditation must often have studied the trees, watched the angles of every limb marking the history of its fight toward the light. So moved the spirit of Lincoln, always toward the light, regardless of a thousand limbs that threatened to hide his own life and light.

With the order for a Lincoln my work began. An imaginary Lincoln is an insult to the American people, a thwarting of democracy. No imitation tool of any artist's conception, but the tool God and Lincoln made—Lincoln's self—must be shown. I found the many photographs retouched so that all form had been obliterated. This fact I have never seen in print. The eyes and mouth carry a message, but the rest was stippled over, to prettify this work of God, by the photographers of the time. Nearing election, they feared his ugly

lines might lose him the Presidency. So the lines were softened down, softened in cloudy shades of nothingness—this man, made like the oak trees and granite rocks. To most, the life mask is a dead thing; to the artist, life's architecture.

We and future ages have this life mask to fathom, to interpret, to translate. Art is the science that bridges 'tween nature and man. Sculpture being a science to interpret living forms, hidden secrets of nature are revealed by it. Lincoln's life mask is the most wonderful face left to us, a face utterly opposed to those of the emperors of Rome or a Napoleon. They, with the record of a dominating will, self-assertive over others; Lincoln's, commanding self for the sake of others, a spiritual will based on reason. His powerful chin is flanked on either side by powerful construction reaching like steps of a pyramid from chin to ear, eye and brain, as if his forces took birth in thought within, conceived in architecture without, building to the furthestmost limits of his face, to the fruits of toil in his wondrous hands—hands cast from life at the time of the mask by Douglas Volk.

For one hundred days I sought the secret of this face in the marvelous constructive work of God. Here is no line, no form, to interpret lightly, to evade or cover. Every atom of its surface belongs to some individual form, melting into a larger form and again into the form of the whole. The mystery of this whole form nature alone knows—man will never fathom it, but at least he should not bring to this problem forms of his own making.

Nothing is easier than to have a molder for five dollars push clay into the mold of Lincoln's face and give it to one ready to open the eyes and stick on hair, smoothing the surfaces and calling out, "Lincoln." But art's virtue is to reveal, not to obscure. It is a power to make plain hidden things. Art is not nature, the mask of Lincoln not sculpture. The mask controls its secrets, Lincoln's life revealed them, as the sculptor must reveal the power and purpose of this wondrous mask.

The left side of Lincoln's face is the motherhood side, the right side man's. Beneath the left eye two mountains lie; from the valley between soft light flows, a gentle stream; it bursts upon a circular muscular hill in form

like a petrified tear through sadness and joy placed there. Then all flow together, turning into a smile at his lips, like a stream through a dark valley of shadows coming to its own into the sunshine.

People say who saw: "Lincoln often looked the Christ." This face is infinitely nearer an expression of our Christ character than all the conventional pictures of the "Son of God." That symbolic head, with its long hair parted in the middle and features that never lived, is the creation of artists, Lincoln's face the triumph of God through man and of man through God. One, fancy; the other, truth at labor. Lincoln, the song of democracy written by God. His face, the temple of his manhood, we have with us in the life mask.

The Olympian Zeus in its remoteness from the life of the people, the life that must be lived, is the antithesis of Lincoln's. In the latter all self-consciousness is effaced, there is no lurking hint that the spirit behind and within was disturbed by the temple it dwelt in. All its lines lead away from self-center. As I wrought at this face façade I was conscious of being gradually drawn back of the face and

forever onward. Thought born within this face sprang outward in every direction, in its flight gentle, unending, toward the truth of things, for the truth of things, truth at labor.

Out of the study of Lincoln's life mask grew the entire poise of his figure. He must have stood as the Republic should stand, strong, simple, carrying its weight unconsciously without pride in rank or culture. He is clothed with cloth worn, the history of labor. The records of labor in Lincoln's clothes are the wings of his victory. The "Winged Victory" of Samothrace was an allegory of what Lincoln lived. His wings were acts, his fields of flight the hearts of men, their laughter, their life. Tradition is, he stood "bent at the knees." This is not true. Worn, baggy trousers, forgotten, unthought of, honored their history.

My intense desire to tell the truth about Lincoln's form led me to search through two years for a model that should approximate the man he must have been. I traveled through the States, North and South, East and West. I advertised and went personally to look at many men. At last in Louisville, Kentucky, after a great number had come to me, I found the one

I wanted. He was six feet four and one half inches, and realized as nearly as any other being conceivably could all that we know of Lincoln's appearance. I asked him about himself, and he gave this curious account:

"I was born on a farm only fifteen miles from where Lincoln was born. My father, my father's father, and his father were all born there."

A study of this man's body showed it to be in harmony with the body of Lincoln. The Greeks had nothing like that. It was a genuine product of American soil, as typical in its way as the Indians. The legs were long and he had a back that seemed to bend without causing a corresponding cavity in front. I spoke of this to him, and he said:

"I have been splitting rails all my life."

He was about forty years old. That was the natural explanation of his over-developed back and shoulder muscles. Lincoln had gone through the same exercise, and the same result was noted in his form. He was probably the most powerful physical being known to the frontier life.

I have seen the models of Europe—men of

Greece and Italy—symmetrical and beautiful in a classic way; but nothing ever appealed to me like the form of this Kentuckian. It affected the spirit like the passing of a storm through the sky. I am working now on a head that I hope will enable me to carry out this feeling, a head fifteen feet in height. Lincoln is the unveiling of the Sphinx. That ancient figure out on the desert sand meant slavery, mental, moral, and physical. The men of that day were bound in their environment; they saw no end to the problem of life.

Lincoln stands for clearness, for knowledge. He deals simply with the facts of life, helps his neighbors in their homely tasks, laughs with them. There is mystery in him, but it is the mystery of the spirit brought down and put to the service of men.

One still of the living, who knew Lincoln face to face from his own birth to Lincoln's death, came to see Lincoln in bronze. Strange, this man still holds the position given him by Lincoln fifty-odd years ago in our New York custom house. Born opposite Lincoln's home, he tells of one day when he was operator at the telegraph office in Springfield. A great

hand was placed on his head, which never left it through all his seventy-six years—the hand of Lincoln. Five days after seeing Lincoln he wrote:

“DEAR MR. BARNARD: I want you to know that the reason you have not heard from me before is that in my eagerness to see every outline and pose of my dear old friend, Mr. Lincoln, as you have depicted him and as I remember him, from my babyhood to my manhood, I foolishly stood before him without my hat and have had a severe cold ever since Sunday. I could not stand before your Lincoln with covered head, and with those dear eyes looking down as if he would say, ‘Well, Harry, how are you, my boy?’ as he used to greet me in the old days in Springfield.

“You have given us the only ‘Soulful Lincoln,’ and I congratulate you, and future generations will bless George Grey Barnard, the man who gave us this Lincoln. Mr. Taft and Cincinnati have a prize that they well may be proud to have.

“Your Lincoln without whiskers is the man we of Springfield loved.

“Thanking you for the treat you gave me to commune with my friend, I am, sincerely yours,
H. W. GOURLEY.”

My Lincoln of bronze is to me but the "footprints in a path of clay," as I made my way looking upon truths above. It may have no value to others, may express nothing of my journey in the heart of Lincoln, but I pray it may carry to others a trace of what I myself read.

Presentation Address



Photograph by J. S. Banford.

THE UNVEILING

Presentation Address

BY

THE HONORABLE

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

WHEN we read of the origin of Lincoln, the squalor of his early surroundings, the ignorance and shiftless character of his father, and have so little knowledge of the traits and intelligence of his mother, it seems as difficult to explain what he did, what he was, and what he is now in the estimate of his countrymen and of the world, as it is to reconcile the origin and education of Shakespeare and his immortal plays. Yet, when we follow Lincoln's life closely, and when we accompany this by a study of the politics of the period in which he lived, we find the clue. As we look back now, no matter what men then said, no matter what issues they then framed, slavery was the disease from which the nation was suffering, and until by

a capital operation that was removed, all hope of progress, all hope of successful continuance of popular government was impossible.

As the antagonist of slavery, as the emancipator of the negro, Lincoln's career from its beginning to its end is a symmetrical and consistent whole. As a young man he visited New Orleans and saw the auction block upon which human beings were sold. From that time the iron entered his soul. From that time he became a champion of the oppressed race and a seeker after the Holy Grail of Freedom. Many of our public men of Lincoln's generation began in an humble way. The life of the pioneers in the early Middle West was not luxurious for any of them. But Lincoln's exceeded any in penury, in exposure, in its entire lack of educational opportunities and in its almost nomadic phases. He was indeed of the soil. He had struggled with his father on a poor farm. He had worked his way on a flat-boat down the Mississippi and back. He had conducted a country store. He and his parents were the plainest of the plain people. He lived and dressed and ate and spoke as they did. His exterior was rough and apparently un-

refined. He had a thirst for knowledge, and more than any man we know, he educated himself. Not alone in the study of the books he was able to secure, but in the strengthening of his reasoning processes by an introspection that was as thorough as it was severe.

That training of his mind went on through life. His modesty, one of the most marked of his traits, was the result of his inexorable self-examination, and his fear that his mental processes did not work true. This fear at times gave him a morbid tendency which threatened to interfere with his career. It affected his love affairs, created much unhappiness for him and others, and led him to a course of conduct sometimes that seemed strange and unmanly. He had but few books, but they were good ones, and he studied them with an eagerness and a thoroughness which touched the innate genius with their power. He loved the Bible. He loved Shakespeare. The limpid beauty of his diction finds its source in those wells of English undefiled. The poetry in both found an echoing response in his soul. They gave to much of what he spoke and wrote a rhythm which is the wonder of literary critics. They

explain the soul-stirring and heart-satisfying simplicity and grandeur of the Gettysburg speech and the second inaugural.

He studied law and practiced it. He went to the Legislature. He went to Congress. He loved the law and he loved politics, but he never allowed politics, as so many lawyers do, to impair his mental honesty and the rigor and vigor with which he hewed to the line in reasoning sternly to his conclusions. He was a lawyer who studied government, and who understood, as few men did, the relation between law and the pursuit of happiness by the individual.

No one had a greater detestation for slavery than had Lincoln, but he fully admitted its constitutional status and the protection to which, by the law of the country, it was entitled. He felt that it must be and would be abolished. Meantime it was to be dealt with as a fact. It was to be limited, so far as political action could limit it, and its extension was to be fought with all the fervor of which he was capable. He devoted the twenty-five years before he came to the Presidency to a constant and close study of the slavery issue under the Federal Constitution, and the conditions that

prevailed. No one in the country came to be better prepared to discuss it from the standpoint of an anti-slavery man who wished to live under the constitution and sought only peaceable and lawful methods for the amelioration of the evil that must ultimately be eradicated.

The trouble with most men in reference to a great issue in politics or in religion, or in any other important field of action, is that they don't know themselves exactly what they think. They know generally what they would like to think and they have dimly formed in their minds general arguments to sustain their view, but they do not analyze their attitude so that they may state with clearness their opinion and sustain it by well thought-out reasoning. They are lazy-minded, even where they have the mental capacity needed for the analysis. Lincoln, on the contrary, subjected his views to a constant test. He sat as a judge upon himself and his views. He took up and fairly weighed every opposing argument.

Therefore, when, with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas and Nebraska Controversy and the Dred-Scott Decision, the issue over slavery became more and more acute,

he found himself ready as a trained athlete for the controversy that circumstances were making the absorbing national issue. There were others in the field, Seward and Chase, both strong anti-slavery men, but neither with the honesty of mind, the modesty of attitude, and the certainty of exact analysis which Lincoln had. This preparation, with his love of politics and his experience, brought him more and more to the front in the struggle of the parties in Illinois. With a self-abnegation that characterized him his life long, he yielded the senatorship to Trumbull in the interest of the party in 1856, and it was not until the campaign of 1858 against Stephen A. Douglas for the Senate that he became the titular as well as the real head of the Republican party in the State. Then out of the confusion of politics came this clearly drawn issue, this contest between champions, and the country looked on with intense interest to the progress of the Lincoln-Douglas debate.

In his first speech Lincoln had the courage to say when it took courage to say it:

“A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot en-

ture permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become lawful alike in all the States, old as well as new—North as well as South.”

“What, in God’s name,” asked a friend, “could induce you to promulgate such an opinion?” “Upon my soul,” Lincoln answered, “I think it is true.” It made the sharp and clear issue to which Lincoln’s mind had reduced it, and it startled the country out of confused thinking into the light of the truth. Lincoln said:

“The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered; and if it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked with the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right.”

A reading of the debates marks a clear dis-

inction between the two men. Judge Douglas was a masterful, fluent, and forcible debater, not above resort to appeals to partisan prejudice, and entirely willing to deny or ignore perfectly logical distinctions which Mr. Lincoln made in his statement of principles and of his position. Judge Douglas at times lost his temper and resorted to epithet and denunciation. Mr. Lincoln never lost his temper and but rarely used a word of opprobrium which might better have been omitted.

There are those who have used Mr. Lincoln's treatment of the Dred-Scott decision as a basis for attacking all courts' decisions setting aside laws as unconstitutional. Mr. Lincoln's criticism of the Dred-Scott decision was eminently just and fair. If there ever was a decision calling for attack, it was that. In the view which the majority of the court took, it had no jurisdiction in the case, and this, without regard to whether Congress had power to forbid slavery in the Territories or not. Yet the same majority went out of its way to hold the Missouri Compromise of thirty years' standing unconstitutional. It lugged it into the case by the hair of the head. It was a gross

violation of judicial propriety and its conclusion was a clear case of an *obiter dictum*.

In view of this phase of the decision, Lincoln refused to treat it as binding authority for future congressional action and insisted that it would and must be reversed. It was an attitude which he would have been entirely justified in taking in a subsequent case in the same court really presenting the vital issue.

Mr. Lincoln was a great lawyer, and his attitude toward the courts was what might be expected of him. He would have been the last to weaken their useful authority in maintaining the Constitution. He would have made a great Chief Justice, a second Marshall.

The circumstances focused the attention of the country upon these debates in Illinois and gave them supremely national importance. Slavery was the issue upon which had centered for fifty years all other political controversies, and now it was being fought out, as in the arena, with the people of the entire country as onlookers. It is not too much to say that Lincoln, in his discussion, settled the attitude of the Republican party, that his debates made the platform, and that, although down to the

time of the debate he was by no means prominent in a national way, or the foremost man in his party, he then became so by the demonstration of his fitness to lead in the part which he took in the debate.

In this debate, of course, no one whispered the probability of war or conflict between sections. Each champion disclaimed the slightest sympathy with violent methods, or the pursuit of any other than those purely within the law, and while Lincoln expressed the hope that slavery might ultimately be extinguished, he pointed to no specific method by which this might be accomplished.

The debate clarified the minds of many people and drew the issue more sharply than ever on the advance or retrogression of slavery. It was an epoch-making event and brought about the election of Lincoln, the war, and all that followed.

When Lincoln came to the Presidency, his experience in the administration of government had been practically nothing. As a member of the Legislature of Illinois and as a congressman a number of years before he had had some familiarity with the operations

of government, and he was a lawyer who knew the Constitution, and knew it well. But in the details of how the government was run he had neither knowledge nor practice. He had, however, long been in politics. He had a keen knowledge of men and of human nature, and the accuracy of his forecast as to what men would do under given circumstances was marvelous. He had, moreover, the certainty of an advantage in dealing with any one with whom he came in contact, of keeping his temper, and of allowing no considerations of personal vanity or profit to interfere with his judgment of the situation or his action.

The yearning of the day with respect to a man like Lincoln, or a man like Washington, or a man like Shakespeare, is to get close to his personality. If such men had Boswells as Johnson had, it would greatly aid and satisfy the longing of the world. But there are few Boswells. The diary of Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, is a valuable addition to the inside view of the Lincoln administration. Welles was an admirer of Lincoln and loyal to him always, but he had no conception of his real greatness. He brings out

in bold relief the chaotic confusion and almost helplessness that confronted the new administration immediately after the inauguration.

Welles reports a conversation with Lincoln in respect to the formation of the Cabinet, in which Lincoln said he made his selections the night he received the news of his election. In making them he was controlled by his desire to unite all the forces opposed to secession in support of his administration, and sought to knit the bonds of the Republican party more closely by inviting into his National Council those who were candidates against him for the nomination. These were Senator Seward of New York and Governor Chase of Ohio. Seward had been bitterly disappointed by the result of the Chicago convention, which preferred Lincoln to him. He looked upon Lincoln as one unfitted by experience to discharge the duties of the Presidency.

When, therefore, he was invited into the Cabinet to become Secretary of State, he assumed that he was to be premier of the Cabinet and to exercise a power akin to that of the British premier. He therefore busied himself with the affairs of every department, and

sought to control appointments in all of them. Mr. Lincoln was so modest and unassuming that Mr. Seward, who was neither, tried to take charge, and it was some time before Mr. Lincoln, in a quiet, sweet way, made his Secretary of State know that Mr. Lincoln was the President and not Mr. Seward. Governor Chase, who became the Secretary of the Treasury, had become an Abolitionist and a leader in the anti-slavery movement. He was a man of high ambitions and a coldly selfish nature, and not at all above intrigue to accomplish his purpose.

Mr. Seward did not welcome him into the Cabinet—indeed, he made an effort to prevent his appointment—but Mr. Lincoln, pursuing his plan of uniting all elements of the party, disregarded the objection. The result was, that just as Washington in the beginning of the Government had to prevent an open rupture between Jefferson and Hamilton in his Cabinet, so Mr. Lincoln was engaged in keeping within control the irreconcilable natures and personal purposes of Secretary Seward and Secretary Chase as long as Mr. Chase remained in the Cabinet.

The character of Mr. Stanton has been the subject of much controversy. It was characteristic of Mr. Lincoln to take Mr. Stanton into the Cabinet because he believed him to be a man of power, whom he could use in a place of tremendous responsibility. Mr. Lincoln owed Mr. Stanton nothing in the way of favor from their previous relations. They had been associated in a lawsuit together, in which Mr. Stanton ignored Mr. Lincoln and violated the proprieties in doing so. As a former member of President Buchanan's Cabinet, Mr. Stanton's criticisms of Mr. Lincoln's administration were by no means friendly, but without the slightest regard to these Mr. Lincoln called him to the great post of Secretary of War and maintained him there until his death, although Stanton made many enemies and must have tried Mr. Lincoln greatly with his capacity for acting and speaking like a human burr. It is still a subject of controversy how effective Stanton was. He was a man of tremendous industry, but whether his prejudices of a personal character interfered with his usefulness in the selection of officers for the army is not entirely clear. Mr. Welles's animadversions

upon Stanton are very severe, but Mr. Welles is censorious and was the head of a rival department, so to speak, and perhaps did not give the proper credit to Stanton.

The feature of Mr. Lincoln's character which presses itself upon the reader of the history of his administration is his long-suffering patience. One's indignation is awakened at the attitude of members of his Cabinet and of high military commanders toward him. The willingness of Mr. Lincoln to overlook the boorish conceit, the querulous suspicions, the offensive and almost contemptuous attitude toward Mr. Lincoln's suggestions of McClellan reveal a self-abnegation and a pathetic self-restraint and sinking of the personal equation that we find nowhere else in our history. It was not that Mr. Lincoln did not observe these things, for he did, and he seems to have understood the occasion for them, but he deliberately ignored them for the great cause for which he was willing to make any sacrifice. He felt himself, when he came into office, lacking in experience, and that was one of the sources of his modesty and the reason why he sought advice on every hand and invited discussion of

every issue and weighed every argument with judicial impartiality.

Lincoln's sense of humor was fine. A sense of humor involves a proper appreciation of the proportion of things and the enjoyment of the sensation of surprise at the unexpected relation of one thing to another. This gave Mr. Lincoln a great advantage, which he cultivated. It enabled him to remember or create stories illustrating current situations. Doubtless Mr. Lincoln enjoyed stories as a part of social intercourse, but his use of them went far beyond this. They were a real aid to him in avoiding direct antagonisms, in refusing requests without offense, and in picking his path through a maze of difficulties.

The anxious search of Mr. Lincoln for a man whose military skill and courage and tenacity of purpose he could impose confidence is tragic when we consider the failures that created agony of spirit for him in McClellan, Pope, Hooker, Burnside, and even Halleck. It is easy to understand the gratitude he felt toward Grant, who relieved Lincoln by his steady, persistent course in finding the enemy

and fighting him wherever he found him, until victory came.

It is of course useless to conjecture what might have happened if a man of Grant's quiet courage and effectiveness and singleness of purpose had come to Mr. Lincoln's attention and had been selected by him earlier. Perhaps it was necessary that Grant should receive the experience of Belmont, of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson and Shiloh, Vicksburg and Chattanooga before he was made ready to the hand of Lincoln as the commander of all the forces. Perhaps it was necessary that Lincoln's soul should be tried by the mistakes, delays, perverseness, and jealousies of the first commanders of the Army of the Potomac. The failure of McClellan to follow up his victory at Antietam, and of Meade to capture Lee's army after Gettysburg, tried Lincoln's soul. He suffered martyrdom often before he became a victim of the assassin's bullet. The men about him did not seem to realize his greatness. Stanton is reported to have said, at Lincoln's deathbed, after he closed the great man's eyes in death, "Now he

belongs to the ages''; but he spake better than he knew.

Time does not permit us to dwell in detail upon the tremendous task of Mr. Lincoln in the conduct of the war. His appeal to the South for peace in his first inaugural put the responsibility for the war where history must place it, and consisted with Mr. Lincoln's attitude throughout the struggle, of willingness to make peace on condition of the maintenance of the Union and the eradication of slavery in a constitutional and peaceful way.

The greatness of his work was in the clearness of his vision as to the end to be achieved, in the wonderful political genius with which, when disaffection and disloyalty threatened in the North and the border States, he held the Union sentiment united for the war through the discouraging military disasters of the first two years, and again in the gloom of the spring and summer of 1864, preceding his second election. Acquiring by steady and hard experience the principles of grand military strategy, his suggestions, in his letters to his generals, commend themselves as models. As we read the history of the times in the light of complete

knowledge, he stands out as the only figure in Washington wholly unaffected by personal considerations and with an eye single to the great end. This is what raises him so high above his associates. This loneliness in his point of view, as he labored to reconcile the personal and the selfish in his associates to the need and saving of the nation, makes the passion of his life, so gloriously ended by his death in the hour of his supreme victory.

There is a parallelism between the life of our greatest American and the life of the greatest European statesman of the nineteenth century—Cavour. Lincoln was, of course, the greater man, in the sense that his ideals were higher, that his methods were purer, that his mental honesty was far greater, that his character as a man was so much more attractive than Cavour's. Lincoln's object was the maintenance of the integrity of the Union and the excision of slavery. Cavour's was the construction of United Italy.

The Abolitionists led in the attack upon slavery. They had much to do with arousing the people of the North to the issue. They were extremists and had but comparatively

few followers, but they exalted the cause and laid the foundations for its success. When, however, the work had to be done, when the practical issues were made, then they became obstructionists, their extreme position led them to do things that created opposition, and then progress was dependent upon a man as profoundly opposed to slavery as they, but who understood far better than they could the impractical and impossible features of the course which they advocated. His failure to agree with them brought down upon his head quite as severe criticism as upon the heads of those upholding the cause of slavery itself, and Lincoln was obliged to carry on his fight, in spite of these people, and against the attacks of Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley and their associates.

Lincoln would not issue the emancipation proclamation until a year and half of war had been fought, and when he could do it without driving the border States into rebellion. The greatness of Lincoln was in feeling as deeply as these men did, but restraining his action with a view to the ultimate accomplishment of his desire. They gave way to the indignation of

the moment, and in that indignation and in the gratification of it were blind to the real hindrance they were offering to their cause. So Cavour, planning years ahead and keeping in his mind, step by step, the progress toward the unification of Italy, had two men living at the same time with him who had a similar object, and each of whom at one stage or another in the progress toward it was essential to its promotion. Mazzini aroused the Italians to the highest enthusiasm in favor of united Italy. Garibaldi, in his desperate and seemingly impossible campaigns, obtained results that greatly assisted Cavour toward their common end, but both Mazzini and Garibaldi hated Cavour and did not hesitate to frustrate his plans wherever they saw his working. These are not the only instances in which the cause of a great reform is first promoted by fanatical enthusiasm and then obstructed by it, and finally the useful end is reached in spite of the early enthusiasts, through the efforts of the constructive statesmen.

Had Lincoln lived, it seems clear that the work of reconstruction of the South would have been better done than it was done. One

of the most remarkable phases of Lincoln's character was his kindly patience toward the Southern people, and even toward their leaders, throughout a struggle in which he was maligned and attacked and accused and held up to obloquy, both in this country and abroad. In spite of the insults and the contempt which were heaped upon him by the Southern press and leaders, he never permitted himself to give way to bitterness of feeling or to forget that they were part of the country, and that in the end they must be united with those who were contending for the Union. His death and the succession to his seat of Andrew Johnson greatly strengthened the radical element of the Republican party and led to an extreme course that did not make for the best plan of rehabilitation of the South. It may be that, had Lincoln been spared, however, the differences that he must have encountered afterward, while they could not have affected his real standing in history, might have modified somewhat his saint-like place in the affections of the American people to-day. It may be that the high ideal they have of Lincoln to-day, stimulated by the time and manner of his taking off, has

worked a higher good through his example than if he had been permitted to lend his hand in working out the difficult problems that were left to his successors.

Lincoln's life, character, achievements, and writings have grown upon the world as years have passed. The beauty and truth of his language and thought give them universality of application. The flavor of his homely, humorous, and always apt illustrations which occur in his correspondence and reported conversations create a longing to know him personally, while the dread responsibilities he had to carry and the patient sadness with which he bore them and his tragic end endear him. Americans love him because, while he was truly a product of their soil, with the traits given by a pioneer life, he showed in the supreme test the highest and most refined self-culture, the clearest vision, a Godlike sense of justice, and the supremest sacrifice of self.

Lincoln, to us and to the world, means wisdom and equal opportunity. He means the triumph of the moral over the expedient. He does not mean material growth. He does not mean physical comfort. He means justice to

the humble and the downtrodden. He does not suggest great commercial strides. The United States is the richest nation in the world to-day. Its growth, the development of its resources, its rapid and substantial expansion, are the wonder of economists. Yet Lincoln stands for nothing of this. No one thinks of national wealth when Lincoln is named. Why, then, is he the great American? Why do we love him? Because he is to us the supreme sacrifice to virtue. He is the negation of what America too often stands for—the commercial spirit, the worship of the dollar. In his youth he saw the monstrous lie which slavery was in a republic claiming to be founded on the equality of men and upon their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He typifies the finding of ourselves. In our greatest national crisis he means our moral national triumph after trials and blunders and defeat. He means the persistence of right and its spiritual influence to give the nation strength to perform its herculean task. He represents the purest patriotism, the exaltation of justice and its maintenance over all obstacles. He vindi-

cates the rule of the people as not sordid and selfish and small, but true to the high ideal of Christian virtue and sacrifice.

In such a time as this, when we are facing war for vindication of right, Lincoln is the figure that comes before our eyes. He is the ideal to whom we look and to whom we point our children. He shows the sacrifice our country has a right to ask of us. His memory removes all dross from the fine gold of love of country. The thrill which Old Glory gives us as she floats in the blast of national danger and storm brings Lincoln to our eyes and thoughts. The Stars and Stripes, in their inspiring beauty, shadow forth the lineaments of Lincoln's face to every true American.

The sculptor in this presentment of Lincoln, which we here dedicate, portrays the unusual height, the sturdy frame, the lack of care in dress, the homely but strong face, the sad but sweet features, the intelligence and vision of our greatest American. He has with success caught in this countenance and this form the contrast between the pure soul and the commanding intellect of one who belongs to the

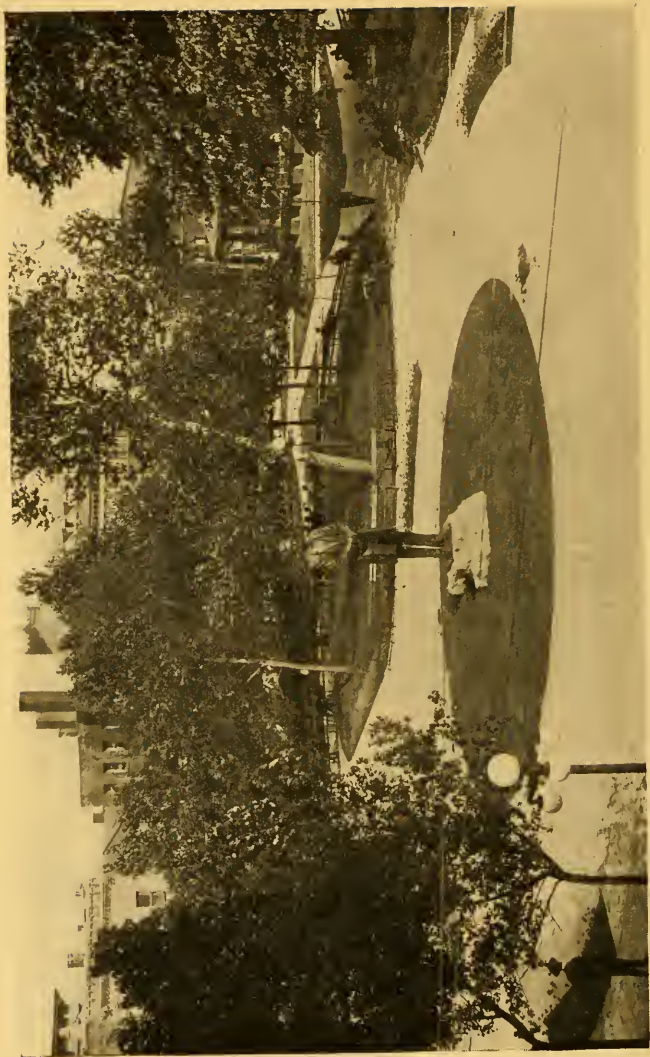
ages, and the habit, and garb of his origin and his life among the plain people—a profound lesson in democracy and its highest possibility.

This statue of Lincoln, the gift of citizens of Cincinnati to the city where they were born and have lived their lives, the city they love, could not have been dedicated at a more fitting time.

In the sun of grasping prosperity, in the comfort of extravagance and wealth, in the pride of commercial power and success, a reminder of Lincoln would be apt only to warn us to seek higher ideals; but in the present stress of our country and in her impending struggle for the right of the peoples of the world against wrong, in this time of supreme trial, Lincoln's memory is a living force, an anchor of hope, an inspiration to highest effort, an earnest of victory.

In behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, I present this statue of Abraham Lincoln to the city of Cincinnati.

Speech of Acceptance



Photograph by J. S. Banford.

ENVIRONMENT OF STATUE

Speech of Acceptance

BY

THE HONORABLE GEORGE PUCHTA,
MAYOR OF CINCINNATI

THE history of our city reveals the story of a great and loyal people, who are always equal to any emergency and demand. Cincinnati men and women have gained international renown in statesmanship, music, philanthropy, commerce, art, and the sciences.

Among our citizens foremost in the development and encouragement along these lines, none have been more generous and sympathetic than our hosts and donors of to-day, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft.

On this occasion our city receives from them this magnificent gift, typical of a true American, whose personality and quality of statesmanship is attracting the love of all humanity during these trying times. The life and character of Abraham Lincoln, more perhaps than any other American, is worthy of

perpetuation in some such expression as this, because he was the personification of all the principles inherent in our form of government.

It is my very great pleasure to speak the public's appreciation and the thanks of our city to Mr. and Mrs. Taft for this impressive gift. And it is our duty that we should publicly proclaim our love and esteem for the public spirit prompting them in this and many other occasions where the interests of the city and its people were concerned.

May this occasion serve to inspire our people, young and old, to an observance of the spirit of higher and nobler citizenship such as is embodied in the occasion and ceremonies of to-day.

The Cire Perdue Process



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ETCHING BY E. T. HURLEY

The Cire Perdue Process

THE Cire Perdue or "lost-wax process," which was used in casting the Barnard "Lincoln" by the Roman Bronze Works of Brooklyn, New York, is a rare and costly process employed by the ancients for obtaining the best results in bronze.

From the finished statue in plaster a wax statue is made, very thin, the thickness the bronze should be. This hollow wax statue is filled inside with a mixture of plaster cement and ground brick, to withstand the fire. A thick coat of the same material covers the outside of the wax statue. The wax is then melted out by slow fires, leaving a hollow place, into which the molten bronze runs, filling it up. When the bronze has cooled, the brickdust coating is chipped off the outside, and taken from the inside, leaving the bronze a perfect reproduction of the wax statue, melted out, or lost in the process. This is why it is called the lost-wax process, or *cire perdue*.

It demands great care by the foundry capable of doing this work, as not only their labor, but the artist's retouches, are lost if anything goes wrong. So much for the mechanical process; the art value is that the wax statue can be retouched or remodeled over its entire surface, in texture and line. Every touch in this wax goes direct to the life of the bronze. The retouched, remodeled wax statue once cast, is lost, and cannot, therefore, be reproduced, as it is impossible for the artist to give the same touches again. Each wax statue so cast, is unique.

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