

# THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP



NEW YORK  
FEBRUARY, 1911







LINCOLN AND TAD.

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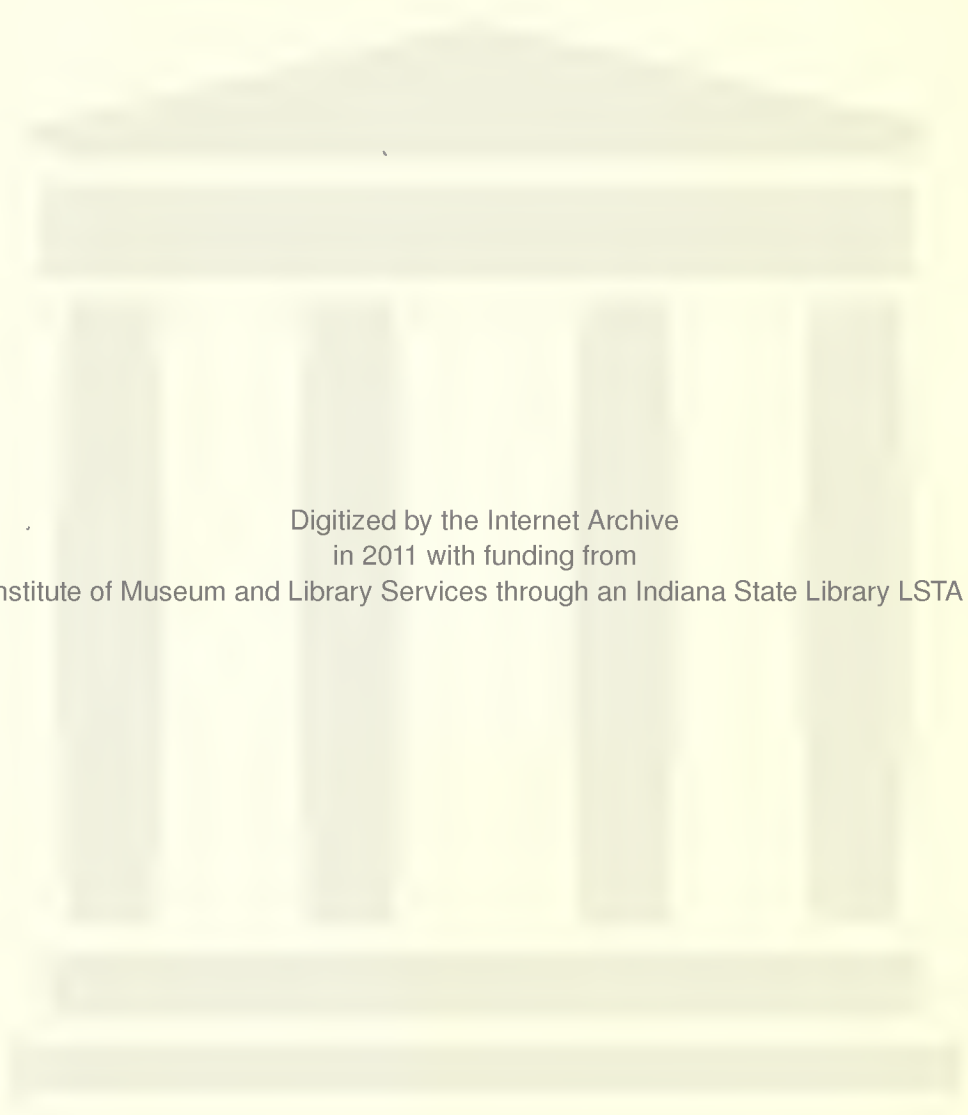
**Proceedings at the Fourth Annual  
Meeting and Dinner of the  
Lincoln Fellowship, held at  
Delmonico's, New York City,  
Saturday, February 11th, 1911.**

New York  
The Lincoln Fellowship

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**THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP**

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## Annual Meeting, 1911

**T**HE MEETING was held at Delmonico's, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, New York City, at 6.30 P. M., on Saturday, February 11th, 1911. The following officers and members were present: Maj. William H. Lambert, *President*; Gen. James Grant Wilson and Horace White, *Vice-Presidents*; Judd Stewart, *Treasurer*; Francis D. Tandy, *Secretary*; Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, Gen. Horatio C. King, Col. Jasper T. Darling, Frederick Hill Meserve, Rev. S. Trevena Jackson, Malcolm N. McLellan, Matthew Page Andrews and Jacques Reich. The following guests were also present: Princess Lwoff-Paraghy, Miss Eleanor Earle Wilmerding, Mrs. James T. J. Daly, Mrs. Jasper T. Darling, John C. McCall and Dr. Bruce G. Phillips.

### SPEECH OF THE PRESIDENT.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:* We meet to-night to commemorate the 102nd anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. We celebrate also the 50th anniversary of his departure from Springfield, and I thought it would not be inappropriate on this occasion to read to you the address delivered on the 11th of February, 1861, when in the falling rain, standing upon the rear platform of the train that was to take him from the home to which he was never to return alive—he bade farewell to his

friends in memorable words, whose pathos was intensified by the events that followed.

“My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century. I have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who has attended him I cannot succeed; with that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

GENERAL SICKLES: Who can say after that Lincoln was not a religious man?

MAJOR LAMBERT: I think that was a very strong indication that he was.

The history of the fifty years that have passed since he left that little town of Springfield—where to-night the President of the United States and the representatives of foreign governments are assembled to pay honor to his memory—is familiar to us, but those who knew him are passing rapidly from the scene, so that we are happy in having with us to-night some who bore active part in the great war, whose privilege it was to be not only asso-

ciated, but to be intimate with Abraham Lincoln, and I know we shall enjoy listening to our veteran friend, GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES, whose address a year ago greatly delighted us.

## SPEECH OF GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:* Ever since that little accident that happened to me at Gettysburg on the 2d of July, 1863, I have asked the privilege of remaining seated while delivering an address, no matter how brief; and, therefore, I trust you will pardon me if I occupy a chair while speaking this evening.

I am sorry that during most of the evening I have been suffering, and am now suffering, from a painful attack of neuralgia, brought on, I think, by a draught behind me to-night, and I beg your indulgence. You may observe my affliction in my address. I will do the best I can. The truth is, I can scarcely see across the table. The pain is so severe that I might just as well sit with closed eyes.

It is very gratifying to me to be seated here with you, ladies and gentlemen, this evening, commemorating the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Every year that passes seems to brighten his fame. The public opinion of the world is warmer towards him, more cordial, more affectionate, as time passes on. This is the true test of real fame. Unless a man earns a lasting place in the hearts of his contemporaries not much interest is felt by their descendants in his recurring birthdays. But every year I notice each

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anniversary of Lincoln's birthday is celebrated more widely and with more warmth, more affection, than any that has preceded it.

My personal relations with President Lincoln became quite intimate as our acquaintance was prolonged. My first impressions about him were derived from Senator Douglas, of Illinois. I had never met Lincoln, and knew but little about him.

I asked Douglas to "tell me what sort of a man this 'rail splitter' " was. "Is he anything more than a good stump speaker?"

"Oh, yes," said Douglas, with much impressiveness. "Don't make any mistake; Lincoln is one of the great men of this country, a very able lawyer, a most skillful and eloquent orator—a great statesman, and it will require all the efforts of a united Democratic Party to defeat his election to the Presidency. I regard him as the most formidable candidate who could have been nominated by the opposition for that office."

I did not meet Mr. Lincoln personally until February, 1861, when he came to Washington to be inaugurated. He came to the House of Representatives with Mr. Seward to pay his respects to Congress, and there I was presented to him. He courteously came over first to the Democratic side of the House, but I am sorry to say that he stood some time waiting for the Democratic representatives to come forward and greet him. Observing this, I felt ashamed that our Democratic leaders did not offer to pay their respects to the President-elect. I said

to Samuel S. Cox, of Ohio, who sat near me—one of the youngest members of the House, as I was myself perhaps the very youngest there: “Cox, our seniors do not seem to be very cordial towards Mr. Lincoln; let you and I go forward, although we are juniors, and show our seniors a good example.”

“All right,” said Cox; “you go ahead and I will follow.”

And when we approached Mr. Seward, with whom we were both acquainted, he shook hands with us and presented us to Mr. Lincoln. Lincoln afterwards recalled, apparently with pleasure, this circumstance—that Cox and I were the first to greet him on the Democratic side of the House.

My relations during the war were quite intimate with Mr. Lincoln. After recovering from my wound he made me a member of his staff—a sort of traveling member—sending me to various parts of the country on special missions. Returning one day from one of these excursions, he said to me:

“Sickles, you and I have talked a good deal about war, but we have never talked politics. I am a politician, and you were a politician before you went into the Army. I want you to take a drive with me this afternoon and we will have a political chat.”

So I joined the President about four o’clock, in his carriage, and we drove an hour or two in the suburbs of Washington. Soon after we were seated in the carriage he said to me:

“Sickles, I know you are my personal friend, but I believe you are politically my adversary.”

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I replied: "No, Mr. President, I am not your political adversary now; I did not vote for you when you were a candidate in 1860, but I would certainly vote for you now, if you were up again, for re-election."

He asked: "What has changed your views? Why do you think I should be a candidate for re-election?"

I answered: "Your re-election would be regarded by the South as an admonition that they must expect four years more of war—four years more of slaughter—four years more of destruction of property. The South could not stand that; they have not the money; they have not the men; they have not the resources; it would be impossible for them to endure four years more of such sacrifices as they have suffered; your re-election would be equivalent to a decisive battle, a decisive victory in the field, and I implore you by all means to stand as the candidate of your party for re-election. I am sure the soldiers in the Third Army Corps that I lately commanded will vote for you, almost to a man. I believe the soldiers in our army generally throughout the country will support you. Their influence on public opinion would be decisive. I beg you to listen favorably to the wishes of your friends that you stand for re-election."

"Now, General," replied the President, "you don't seem to appreciate quite enough the great burden that I have borne since I have been in office. It is too much; it has been too much for any mortal

man to endure and too heavy a task for any mortal man to desire to have prolonged. I don't know whether my strength would enable me to carry this burden four more years."

I answered: "Mr. President, you have conducted your administration so far with great ability and wisdom, and patience, and endurance, and no matter what it has cost you, you are bound, you are obliged by a sense of patriotic duty, to stand it four years more. You owe this to your country; your country would be grateful to you for it."

"Sickles," he exclaimed, "I must tell you that your argument in favor of my being again a candidate, in favor of my re-election, if I can attain it, is the most persuasive, the most cogent of any that I have listened to; I am very much impressed by it, and am disposed to yield to your advice."

"Mr. President," I answered, "I am very glad to hear this, but I must tell you—I must scold you a little."

"For what?" he asked.

"Well, sir, because you are giving away most valuable patronage to your rival for the nomination, Mr. Chase."

"How is that?" he said.

I replied, "Congress has recently given you the appointment of a great many officials in the South to collect abandoned cotton and other property and sell it, and you have not given any of those lucrative appointments to your friends; you have turned them all over to Mr. Chase."

“Oh!” the President exclaimed, “I don’t mind that. I am not afraid of Chase. Chase is too anxious. Chase is too willing to bear my burdens. The people will distrust anybody who is anxious now to assume the Presidency under present conditions. They will look with suspicion upon anybody who indulges his ambition at this time. It is not a time for personal aspirations. No man should now seek the Presidency except from a solemn sense of duty such as you have pointed out to me. I shall not seek it now, but I am willing to accept it. The strong reasons that you have urged have greatly impressed me, and I shall no longer hesitate. Do not have any fears about Chase; he will not be seriously in my way.”

The next day I took leave of the President and started South on another mission. I returned seven or eight weeks afterwards, and when I went to the White House in the evening to make my report to him, I found that a reception was going on, and when I presented myself he said:

“Don’t hurry away this evening. Find a seat in the rear and wait until there is a lull in the crowd coming to pay their respects. I want to show you a telegram I have received to-day.”

I did so. I took my place behind him, and in a few minutes he took from his waistcoat pocket a telegram and handed it to me to read. In substance it was this:

“The Republican State Convention to appoint delegates from the State of Ohio to the National



Convention for the nomination of President met to-day in Columbus. The delegates chosen are unanimous for the renomination of Abraham Lincoln."

I read it with great satisfaction and surprise, for I thought Chase would surely get a delegation in his own State.

I exclaimed: "Mr. President, you are the ablest politician I have ever known."

I don't want to weary you, ladies and gentlemen, I don't want to interfere with the pleasure in store for you in hearing other speakers. With your permission, however, I will go on a little longer.

One of the interesting incidents that I recall in my intercourse with President Lincoln was his review—coming to Fairfax Court House to review my division. I had been promoted to the command of Hooker's old division. I found it very much depleted by losses in battle. In the course of two months, however, I had succeeded in recalling a large number of convalescents from military hospitals, and bringing back to the front a good many who had received leave of absence, until I had increased the division to about eight thousand men. General Banks, in whose department my camp was located, expressed the wish to review this famous body of troops, and I accordingly made preparations to receive him. I was very strong in infantry and artillery, but I thought I would like to borrow a few squadrons of cavalry so that, with my trains and my strength in infantry and artillery, my divi-

sion would approximate the force of General Scott's army with which he fought that great campaign from the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa up to the gates of Mexico.

I went over to General Heintzleman to borrow the cavalry I needed, and he expressed a desire to see this celebrated division. As he ranked Banks I was obliged to supersede Banks in acceding to the former's request.

The next day I went to the White House to take leave of President Lincoln, and he expressed a desire to see Hooker's famous division. This, of course, superseded both Heintzleman and Banks—leaving both of them out in the cold, as it were. Nevertheless, they both attended the review. I went down to Alexandria the next day and requested General Slough, who was commanding there—a sort of depot for supernumerary officers—and asked him to order a hundred of the officers, mounted and in full uniform, to receive the President and form his staff. To this request he acceded. I detailed a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery of my own division to come from Fairfax Court House to Alexandria and escort the President to my camp. Lincoln said to me when he saw this brilliant array:

“Why, General, I am not an emperor. I don't command an army. What can I do with this big staff?”

I replied: “Mr. President, it is only what is due to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy

of the United States. It is not a compliment; it is your right."

"Very well," he said, "I guess I can stand it."

I had a horse there for him, and he mounted in his homespun way. His trousers were hitched up almost to his knees, and with his six feet four or five in height, and his tall hat—his stovepipe hat—made him a very conspicuous figure. The column marched on until we came to a cross-road where there was quite a crowd collected for a country auction, and as we approached somebody screamed:

"Great Heavens, who can that tall prisoner be? He looks like Jeff Davis."

"Oh, yes," cried Lincoln: "I am the man. They have got me at last."

Lincoln seemed to enjoy their mistake very much. At last we got to a field where my division was drawn up, and Lincoln seemed to be very much impressed by the brilliant array. Eight thousand infantry, five batteries of artillery, five squadrons of cavalry and trains for ammunition and subsistence.

"Well," said Lincoln, "this looks like war. This looks like business. Sickles, I hope you may be able to make good use of this big crowd. Your command heretofore has only been a regiment and a brigade; this looks like an army."

"Mr. President," I replied, "I will do the best I can."

So we rode along the front of the infantry and artillery and cavalry, and past all the trains, Mr.

Lincoln expressing much satisfaction. The review ended, I said :

“Mr. President, please say a few words to these troops.”

With a sad expression of face and with much solemnity he said :

“Sickles, I am not a soldier ; I am only a civilian. What can I say to these brave men who have been in battle and who will soon be again in battle? I could only say ‘God bless you, God bless you.’ You say something to them for me. You know what to say to them better than I do.”

So I went forward and, in compliance with the President’s request, communicated to the soldiers the President’s good wishes, so solemnly expressed ; and then we escorted him back to the steamer at Alexandria, that brought him down from Washington, with the same brilliant escort. As he took leave of me, going on the boat, he said :

“Sickles, God be with you, God be with you. You came to me as a Democrat and offered me your services. You have done nobly in the Peninsular campaign and in the Pope campaign. God be with you, and I hope now, under McClellan, you will march again with him to victory.”

Perhaps I am taking up too much time. I would like to tell you of the mission on which Lincoln sent me to Andy Johnson at Nashville, Tenn., where he was a military governor, but that will take too long. I will save that for some other occasion.

I want now to read you a very characteristic let-

ter from Lincoln to General Scott. It shows the candor and modesty of the man.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 5, 1861.

*Private.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT.

*My dear Sir:*—Doubtless you begin to understand how disagreeable it is for me to do a thing arbitrarily, when it is unsatisfactory to others associated with me.

I very much wish to appoint Colonel Meigs Quartermaster General, and yet General Cameron does not quite consent. I have come to know Colonel Meigs quite well for a short acquaintance, and so far as I am capable of judging, I do not know one who combines the qualities of masculine intellect, learning and experience of the right sort, and physical power of labor and endurance, so well as he.

I know he has great confidence in you, always sustaining, so far as I have observed, your opinion against any differing ones.

You will lay me under one more obligation if you can and will use your influence to remove General Cameron's objection. I scarcely need tell you I have nothing personal in this, having never seen or heard of Colonel Meigs until about the end of last March.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

Now, I don't think there can be found on the records of the Government an instance of more modesty, simplicity and sincerity than is to be found in that letter from Lincoln. I do not believe in all

the correspondence from Washington down there can be produced another letter in which the best elements of character are better exemplified than in this letter.

I will conclude my remarks, ladies and gentlemen, already, I am afraid, too much prolonged, by telling you of a visit paid to me by President Lincoln on Sunday, the 5th of July, 1863, in Washington, where I had been carried on a stretcher after my wound at Gettysburg. I was in my lodgings on F Street, opposite the Ebbitt House, still lying on a stretcher, when President Lincoln, about nine o'clock in the morning, was announced. I was very much weakened by the loss of blood and was suffering much pain from my wound.

I arrived in the morning about five o'clock. It was a very hot day. I had thrown a handkerchief over my face, and when the street door bell was rung to awaken the occupants of the house, the landlady looked out of the third story window and asked, "Who is there?" The soldiers told her it was General Sickles.

"Oh, dear me!" she exclaimed; "he is dead."

I removed the handkerchief from my face and said:

"No, Auntie, not quite dead yet; only dozing a little."

So she came down and received me, and soon afterwards President Lincoln arrived.

He asked many questions about the battle, which I answered as well as I could. I then said:

“Mr. President, we heard at the front that you were all very anxious about us. We were told that you were afraid we might suffer another defeat. We heard that you were packing up here in Washington, making ready to get out to some place of safety.”

“Well,” he said, “Sickles, some of them I believe were anxious, and some of them did make preparations to leave; some of them packed up their important documents and effects, but I did not.”

So I said: “Mr. President, how was it, when we were not successful at Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and in Pope’s campaign—what was it that inspired your confidence in our success at Gettysburg?”

He paused a few minutes before making any reply; his head was lowered; and presently he looked up at me with that strange and weird expression in his eyes I had sometimes seen before—an inward expression, as if he were looking within for his thought—and exclaimed:

“I will tell you all about it, rather confidentially, for I do not want these things to appear in print. I confess I felt a good deal of anxiety about Gettysburg. I felt that we could not endure another defeat, above all on Northern soil, in one of our own free States. I felt that I had done my best to help our cause, but that the burden had become too great for me. I could not see my way out. I did not know my way out, but I knew if we were defeated at Gettysburg, there was great danger of European

intervention; that England and France would probably recognize the Southern Confederacy, and that would be an end of the Union. Deeply impressed with these fears, I went to my chamber; I got down on my knees and I prayed. I prayed more fervently, more earnestly than I had ever prayed before. I said, 'Dear Father in Heaven, this is your cause, this is your war, this is your Nation; we are your people. Pray help us, pray help me! I am almost crushed with the burden that I have carried up to this day. We cannot endure, we cannot bear another defeat. It would be our ruin. Come to us. Do help us, oh Lord, help us, and we will try to serve Thee better than ever before.' And when I arose to my feet I felt a comforting relief in my soul. I felt that my prayer was heard and answered; I felt that God was with us and would help us, and after that moment I had no fears about Gettysburg."

THE PRESIDENT: General, we are greatly indebted to you. We feel grateful to you for the testimony concerning our great chief.

I now have the pleasure of introducing a gentleman who, since the war, has almost continuously commanded the Army of the Potomac, GENERAL HORATIO C. KING.

SPEECH OF GEN. HORATIO C. KING.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I have commanded the Army of the Potomac only figuratively, but I think I may claim to be the oldest sec-



retary of any war organization in the world; for this is my thirty-third year as secretary of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

There were one or two incidents and phases in the life of Mr. Lincoln that I think may interest you to-night. The first is with reference to the awful pressure in the rear that was brought upon the President and his Cabinet, and all the officers of the army during that long and fearful struggle, while we at the front were trying to do our duty in our own more or less humble way. We felt really more anxious over the impatience and grumblings of the people at home than about the enemy that we had to confront from day to day in the field. And this pressure was especially strong upon Mr. Lincoln, who bore more upon his heart probably than any man in the whole country, during the four years of that conflict. It was particularly aimed at slavery. There was a very strong, active and noisy class at home that was insisently following up Mr. Lincoln, demanding that he should make some more pronounced statements in regard to its abolition. The leading spokesmen were such men as Gerritt Smith, Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, men of might and great influence. To these add Senator Sumner, Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, and Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, who was the radical of radicals, not only during the entire war, but through the terrible and lamentable reconstruction period. They never let up on the President. I have heard from Mr.

Beecher's lips that he never had any special desire to see Mr. Lincoln until he had made some pronouncement in regard to that issue of the war. Now, the war was not fought for the extirpation of slavery. That statement may strike you as rather strange, that is, the younger members of this assemblage. Some of you are too young to have remembered about that period at all. The army was made up largely of Democrats; that probably will be a surprise to many of you, but if any of you will scan a list of the general officers of the army at the opening of the war, you will find that more than two-thirds of the prominent officers had been previously affiliated with the Democratic party. But when the war was on the old party lines were obliterated, and it was not a question of whether you are a Republican, or are you a Democrat, but it was whether you are for the Union or whether you are against the Union. But these irreconcilables persisted and hounded Mr. Lincoln with a determination that he should issue his proclamation for the emancipation of the slaves. Mr. Lincoln's wisdom developed as the war proceeded, but in no respect was it greater than upon this very subject. From the frightful rout at Bull Run up to the fall of 1862 the Army of the Potomac had met almost uniformly with very serious defeats. The Western armies had been more fortunate, but they were farther from the capital, although their influence was most salutary in reviving the courage and the hopes of the people after our failures in the East.

The withdrawing of McClellan from the Peninsula, the grievous blunder in not re-enforcing his army, and still pursuing the line of attack which he had originated and General Grant was forced to adopt in his final campaign, the defeat of General Pope, one of the most disastrous of the entire war, made a poor background for an emancipation proclamation. Mr. Lincoln's wisdom showed itself by not precipitating the subject of slavery upon the army, or upon the people at all. The army was not prepared for it. The Democrats had not enlisted to destroy slavery; they had offered themselves for the preservation of the Union; that was their primary duty, and I think if at any time in the early part of the war that pronouncement had been made, it would have had a very bad effect upon the army. But the radicals pursued him and gave him no rest. Mr. Lincoln was secretly preparing for the great message which he was to issue, and when McClellan by a great victory at Antietam succeeded in forcing the withdrawal of Lee from Northern soil (northern Maryland was practically Northern soil at that time), then it was that the opportune moment had arrived, and he gave notice to the South, in the form of a preliminary proclamation, that on the first day of January, 1863, slaves in States then in rebellion would be thenceforth and forever free.

The story is told, and it is a true story preserved by one of Mr. Lincoln's historians, that he was seated with Mr. Lincoln in his office in the White

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House on one afternoon. Mr. Lincoln was walking up and down the room, talking about his troubles and trials, and the pressure upon him upon this very subject, when, looking out of the window, he turned to his friend and said: "I am reminded of a little story"—and he was always reminded of a story, as you know, and a very apt one always. He continued: "I recall the story of a class in school that was reading verses in the Bible consecutively. It was the miraculous tale of the children in the fiery furnace. As the reading progressed, there came to a young fellow the verse in which occurred those three unfamiliar names, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. The little fellow got along very well with Shadrach, stumbled considerably over Meshach, went all to pieces on Abednego, and burst into tears.

"The teacher succeeded in pacifying him, and the reading continued. Just before his turn came around he burst again into a torrent of tears. 'My son,' said the teacher, 'what is the matter with you now?' In reply he sobbed: 'There comes those three d——d fellows again.'" Drawing his friend to the window, he pointed to the sidewalk, and there were Sumner, Wilson and Thad Stevens. "There," said Mr. Lincoln, "come those three d——d fellows again."

This faculty of humor of Mr. Lincoln's I regard as a God-given one, for without it I believe that he could not have borne the terrible burden and anxiety of that long struggle. He could turn away

for the time being from everything that seemed to bear upon him and oppress him and pick up a volume of Artemus Ward, or some other comic writer of that period, to clear his mind. He would even interrupt a Cabinet meeting to read a chapter to such dignified men as Gideon Wells, the "old man of the sea," Stanton, Bates and Chase, who, it is said, would be very impatient about these interruptions which seemed to them so frivolous, but it was a God-send to him in the way of mental relaxation and relief. This keen sense of humor cropped out again in another instance.

The statement may surprise many that up to certainly the spring of 1865 there was never any time when the South might not have come back into the Union with slavery undisturbed. Mr. Lincoln took particular pains and put special emphasis upon the assurance that the Republican Party had no intention of interfering with slavery in the States where its existence was authorized by the Constitution. In his inaugural address he plead, as you will remember, with tender pathos with the South not to break up the Union. More pathetic sentiments scarcely ever fell from human lips:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will

yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.”

So that he was always ready, whenever a proper occasion offered, to meet any of the emissaries, either official or unofficial, from the South who asked to discuss terms of peace. The last conference that was held was in February, 1865, when he acceded to the wishes of some of the leading men at Richmond to meet them at Hampton Roads, and again consider this question. The special representatives on our side were Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State. On the side of the South were Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy; Judge Campbell; R. M. T. Hunter, who had been Senator from Virginia before the war and who was Senator I believe in the Congress of the Confederate States, and Mr. Regan, the Postmaster General from Texas, who died only three or four years ago, the last survivor of the two war Cabinets. They met together upon a dispatch boat in Hampton Roads. Mr. Lincoln, soon after they were seated, took a blank sheet of paper, and placing it before Mr. Stephens, who was the spokesman of their commission, said to him: “Mr. Stephens, you may write upon that blank sheet any terms that do not involve the dismemberment of the Union, and I will sign it.” Then Mr. Campbell asked: “What, Mr. Lincoln, are you going to do about your emancipation proclamation?” “Well,” replied Mr. Lincoln, “I regard that as a matter to be judicially settled.”

In other words, that the proclamation was still open to judicial construction, should the South conclude to come back into the Union. The conference, however, broke up without, as you know, any practical results. The South was not willing to listen to any terms that did not recognize the Southern Confederacy. It was on this occasion, as I have intimated, that this faculty for humor again as almost on all occasions manifested himself.

Mr. Stephens, whom I have seen a hundred times, was a very little fellow. He was about five feet four or five inches in height, with a classic head, brilliant eyes, and as forceful a character display in his face as you would see in any man among a thousand; but his body was very slight, fragile, anæmic. He did not weigh, I estimate, over a hundred pounds. Of course, a man with such a physique is particularly susceptible to cold, and this was a cold February even in the Shenandoah Valley, where I happened at that time to be. When he came into the cabin he was so wrapped up that he seemed almost as broad as he was long. With some deliberation he first unwound a knitted scarf from his neck and threw it over the back of a chair, then he took off a heavy overcoat and threw that over the back of the chair; then he removed a lighter overcoat and made a like disposition of it. By that time Mr. Lincoln began to "sit up and take notice." Then Mr. Stephens unbuttoned a knitted vest, something akin to the modern sweater, and put that also on the back of the chair. Mr. Lincoln could restrain

himself no longer, and leaning over to Mr. Seward, whispered softly but in a voice loud enough to be heard through the cabin, "Well, well, I never did see so much shuck for so little a nubbin."

I have two more illustrations of like character. It was an occasion I think about the time when Mr. Lincoln went out to your review (to General Sickles) in the spring of 1863. The soil of Virginia at this season is very treacherous, and the mud, after a rain, would be of unfathomable depth. Somebody asked Horace Porter once if he had ever been through Virginia, and he replied, "Many times, vertically." I was three years trying to get to Richmond, and sometimes it seemed as if the very bottom of the State had dropped out.

We had in the army a class of men extremely profane. There was more or less swearing in the entire army, and I guess in all armies; but the men who were particularly profane, and whom we rather indulged in it, because we thought it unavoidable, were the teamsters. Now, I had a good deal to do with mules myself, because I was chief quartermaster of a great division, and I am willing to aver positively that mules did not comprehend ordinary English. I have seen a whole train of mules after a hard day's pulling take the lead from the head mule, who would wink his ear at the mule just behind and he would wink to the pole mule and so on down the line, and in less time than you can tell it every mother's son of them would be down in the mud for "forty winks." A mule has a great deal



more sense than a horse. A horse will stand in his tracks until he is ready to drop dead, but a mule with greater sagacity takes a nap when it can get the opportunity. I have seen these mules lying in the mud, and in spite of officers and men refuse to stir a muscle, but when one of those teamsters who were proficient in expletives came along and let out language more forceful than polite, those mules would take prompt notice and do their full duty.

A story is told of General, then Colonel, Howard, of a Maine regiment which in the early days of the war was encamped on Meridian Hill in Washington. True to his conscience as a Christian soldier, he wanted to inspire some religious interest in the regiment. First he accosted the headquarters teamster, who had the teamster's failing or accomplishment, as you may prefer. He said to him: "My friend, do you know you are in a very dangerous business; you have a family at home, and you may be killed. Don't you think you should be giving some consideration to your soul's salvation?" "Well," he replied, "Colonel, I do think about it sometimes; I do think about it; I know, too, that I ought to get religion." "Well," said the Colonel, "why don't you get religion?" "Well," answered the teamster, "Colonel, if I get religion, who in h——l is going to drive these mules?" It was an unanswerable question, so many held.

But let me get back to Lincoln, who on the way to the review came across one of these teamsters at the end of the Long Bridge trying to get his

wagon out of the mire and making the air lurid with his profanity. Mr. Lincoln, in his characteristic way, projected his head from the carriage window and asked: "Driver, are you an Episcopalian?" The driver looked at him with a surprised smile and replied, "No, Mr. President, I am not much of anything, but when I am at home I usually go to the Methodist Church." "Well," said Lincoln, "I thought you must be an Episcopalian; you swear just like Secretary Seward, and he is a church warden."

One more story and I will stop. It is said that Mr. Lincoln was never so happy as when some of his old chums from Springfield with whom he had often sat around the tavern stove swapping stories in his early days, came on to Washington. He was delighted to see them provided they were not after office, and used to invite them to the White House in the evening, there to rehash jokes and exchange new ones. As this particular friend was about to leave he sought to elicit the confidence of the President, and said: "Now, Mr. Lincoln, I want you to be honest with me and tell me how do you like being President of the United States?" Mr. Lincoln, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "You have heard the story, haven't you, about the man who was tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail? A man in the crowd asked him how he liked it, and his reply was that if it was not for the *honor* of the thing, he would much rather walk."

On that fateful morning in April, 1865, big with

the destiny of millions, when the great Commoner breathed his last breath, Edwin M. Stanton said: "He belongs to the ages." Few then realized the force of this prophetic utterance. His place is in the front rank of the great men of the world whose ideals were high, whose aims were unselfish, and whose single purpose was to serve well his country and mankind. His extraordinary qualities of mind and character constantly manifested themselves in the most critical affairs of state, and when others faltered or were depressed by disaster and defeat he calmly met the emergency and steered the storm-beaten Ship of State into the haven of peace. Next to Washington, who made us a Nation, forever stands Lincoln, its preserver.

THE PRESIDENT: For much of the success which has attended our several reunions we are indebted to GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON.

SPEECH OF GEN. JAMES GRANT WILSON.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I wish to speak in a lighter vein in asking your attention for a little while and first to introduce an artist friend who has come here to-night—the author of that beautiful etching of Lincoln. I think that he is where he belongs in joining this Fellowship. Few of you have contributed more to the honor of Lincoln than Jacques Reich has done, not only by that fine etching, but by other excellent portraits of the Great President.

I heard a new story within a few weeks of Lin-

coln. I hardly expected to listen to a fresh anecdote after the lapse of forty-five years, but I believe this will be new to everyone present. During the early part of the war, soon after Mr. Lincoln became President, it was his habit to go about Washington wearing a long linen duster, which was by no means new, and very often soiled and wrinkled. In that duster, or another, he would occasionally present himself at General Scott's headquarters. Going there one day, there being a new doorkeeper, he was told to wait in the anteroom, and there he sat for about twenty minutes, until General Scott had occasion to come into the room for some purpose, and discovered Mr. Lincoln. Taking him into his office, he said with very great courtesy and politeness: "Mr. President, you will pardon me, but you must permit me to say that it is not becoming for the President of the United States to be seen going about Washington, and coming to these headquarters, in such a garb that he is mistaken by my doorkeeper, as you were, for a Virginia woodchopper." After that, Mr. Lincoln was never seen in the streets of Washington with his linen duster. But before this incident occurred, it was his custom to take long walks before breakfast—sometimes making sunrise visits to the camps and hospitals in and around Washington. Early one morning he came upon a great throng of people gathered about a regiment that had just arrived, and was about to cross over into Virginia, and as he passed through the crowd in which he was not recognized, he addressed

a person, saying to him: "What men are these?" meaning, of course, what regiment. The fellow looked at him with the greatest contempt possible, and turning his back to him, said to those standing about, "Here is an infernal long-legged old fool in a linen duster that don't know a soldier when he sees one." At the breakfast table that morning the President related his experience, which was recently told by his son Robert. I think that is a new one even to Major Lambert, and if it is new to him, it must be new to all the others present. Nothing can be told about Lincoln that he does not know.

In the same lighter vein I may tell you a few other little anecdotes. I cannot vouch that they will be entirely new to all present, but I think there may be some that are. My brother-in-law, James Dixon, of Connecticut, who was in the Senate for eighteen years, said to me one morning, "Come to my house and lunch with me to-day if you have no engagement." I answered that I had none, and inquired if there was any particular reason for asking me. "Yes," he said, "I have a friend here from Connecticut, the tallest man that you ever saw out of an exhibition hall. He is nearly seven feet. I am going to take him after lunch and introduce him to the President, and I think that it is very possible that something amusing may occur." So I went to the luncheon, and when we presented ourselves at the White House, the President was overwhelmed with astonishment. This was the only time that I ever saw Mr. Lincoln, and I think I can safely say

I was in his presence more than a hundred times—that he failed to find words, as when Senator Dixon introduced the giant, Lincoln was speechless. He looked at him up and down, several times, and then the expression of surprise passed away, and it was replaced by that beautiful smile of his, and with his eyes sparkling with fun, he said to the giant, “My friend, will you permit me to ask you if you know when your feet get cold?” I think that is about as characteristic a remark of Lincoln’s as any I ever heard him make.

I had the pleasure of dining at the White House one evening, when Mrs. Lincoln asked me to remain. After the other guests had gone, I was giving her the news of the Four Hundred of Washington at that time, for as most of you are probably aware it is an unwritten law that the President and the President’s wife do not go into society, their visits being confined to the members of the Cabinet. I arose to take my leave when the cards of Mr. Seward and Mr. Washburne, the member of Congress from Illinois, known as Grant’s faithful friend, were brought in. Mrs. Lincoln said, “What do these men mean by coming here at this hour of the night?” “They probably have something of importance to communicate to the President,” I answered. “You had better have them come in.” When they entered, Secretary Seward said: “Mrs. Lincoln, we have just received from the Philadelphia mint the gold medal voted by Congress to General Grant for the capture of Vicksburg, and as we

saw the lights were still burning in the White House, we thought that we would step in and show it to the President." Mr. Lincoln was sent for and came shambling in, wearing a pair of carpet slippers and rather a shabby coat, having taken off what he used to call his "store clothes." Mr. Seward repeated what was told to us, and handed him the morocco case containing the gold medal. Mr. Lincoln took the case and opened it upside down. Standing by a small table on which there was a drop light, and around which we all gathered, he looked at it so long that my curiosity got the better of my judgment, and I said, "Mr. President, what is the obverse of the medal?" He looked around at me for a moment, and turning to the Secretary said, "Seward, I suppose by his 'obverse' the Colonel means t'other side." Well, of course, we all, including the victim, joined in the laughter, for there was no sting in Lincoln's little jest.

The President once defined wit as laughing *at* people; humor laughing *with* them. His was always the latter. He never exercised his trenchant power of repartee. He was too kind hearted. In times of almost overwhelming trouble when he expressed a confidence that he did not feel, he often resorted to fun and mirth even at epochs of great importance, which drew forth the criticism of duffers like Stanton who could not comprehend their philosophy or purpose. As General King has remarked, Lincoln could not have borne the burden but for that happy faculty of his, that he could

throw it off, for a time at least, by these amusing stories that I think he often invented on the spot; for rarely was a story related to him that he did not at once cap it with an appropriate anecdote.

Calling by appointment on the President one afternoon as we were going to walk out together to the Georgetown Hospital to see my brother who was mortally wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, I found him engaged with a member of Congress who was advocating with great vigor and earnestness the appointment to some office of one of his constituents. The member, whom I happened to know, stopped, looking at me in a very significant way, as much as to say that he would be glad to have me vacate the room. The President, observing this, said: "It is all right, the Colonel is here by appointment; turn on your oratory." So the Congressman went on for a time and then came to an end, as all things must, and Lincoln, looking at him very carefully first on one side of his face and then on the other side, said, "John, how close you do shave?" Well, of course, the Congressman was compelled to laugh, and we all went out together, Mr. Lincoln and myself walking to the Hospital, and the member of Congress going his way. When we parted I said, "Mr. President is that the way you manage the politicians?" "Well," he said, "Colonel, you must not think you have all the strategy in the army; we have to have a little for use in Washington." That is the way he managed. He did not argue or refuse their requests, but he



would tell a story or make some droll remark, and, although the applicant was disappointed, would cause him to laugh and depart in a good humor.

I do not remember what led up to it, for Lincoln never told a story, or very rarely, without a purpose. He said when he was in New Orleans during the days of slavery, there was a man making ascents in a balloon, which created a good deal of excitement in the city. He went to see the spectacle; the wind was rather too strong for the fellow, who instead of coming down as he intended to the starting point, was blown away some miles into the country, finally landing in a cotton field, where there was a gang of slaves at work. When they saw the bespangled creature coming apparently from Heaven, the darkies all "took to the woods," except a rheumatic old negro who could not run, so he stood his ground. When the air navigator, gorgeous in spangles and bright-colored silks, stepped out of the balloon and came towards the frightened old darkey, he thought he would do the best that he could for himself, so he said, "Good morning, Massa Jesus, how's your Pa?"

Then in conclusion, I recollect Lincoln's story of an incident that occurred down in Southern Illinois, formerly called "Egypt." A parson was holding forth, and he stated that our Saviour was the only perfect man that ever appeared in this world, and that there was no record in the Bible, or elsewhere, of any perfect woman. A poor persecuted female rose from the other end of the church. The

parson stopped and said, "Does the sister desire to speak?" "Yes, sir," she replied, "I know a perfect woman." "Who is she?" said the parson. "My husband's first wife."

Now, I could go on, my friends, but I like to be considerate for those who are coming after me. There are two gentlemen to follow me. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your courteous attention.

THE PRESIDENT: Our next speaker, MR. HORACE WHITE, formerly of Illinois, has the advantage, I think, even over General Sickles and General Wilson, in this, that he knew Abraham Lincoln long before he was President and before they knew him.

SPEECH OF MR. HORACE WHITE.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:* The telling of anecdotes about Lincoln seems to be the fashion just now. One occurs to me which I had to tell two or three days ago, where President Taft was present, and it seemed to amuse him very much, and all the other people who were present. It was this: Lincoln had taken the disease called varioloid while he was President, and not so many people went to the White House to see him as usual. He did not have so many office-seekers bothering him, and one evening Owen Lovejoy had occasion to go up. Lovejoy fortunately had had the smallpox. He was not afraid to go and see a man who had varioloid. He went up, went into the reception room, sent in his name to Lincoln. Presently Lincoln came in a dressing gown to the door and just opened it a crack

and said, "Lovejoy, are you afraid?" "No," said Lovejoy, "I am not afraid, I have had the ~~small~~ smallpox; come in." So Lincoln walked in and said to him, "Well, Lovejoy, there is one good thing about this; I now have something I can give to everybody."

Last summer when I was up in the country I received an invitation from the superintendent of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, saying that inasmuch as I had been present at all the Lincoln and Douglas debates in 1858, he would like to have me come over there and deliver a lecture on Lincoln's birthday, the 12th of February, 1911, on that subject, and I thought over it a while. I said to myself, "I am seventy-six years old. I shall not have many more invitations of that kind, so I think I will do it. I shall deliver that lecture to-morrow afternoon." For that reason I do not feel like making a long speech about Lincoln this evening.

As most of you, gentlemen, are collectors of Lincolniana, I will give you an item to be added to your Lincolnian literature. I received the other day a book entitled *Lincoln and Herndon*, written by Mr. Joseph Fort Newton, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I found it a very interesting book. In the latter part of it I came across a couple of letters written by William H. Herndon to myself which I had furnished to Mr. Newton at his request, but I had entirely forgotten the contents of them. They were written about 1890 or 1891. One of those letters said that he, Mr. Herndon, had sold to Ward H. Lamson the materials from which his life of Lincoln

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was written. Another letter said that Lamon took those materials to Chauncey F. Black, who was the son of Jeremiah S. Black, and put them in his hands to write the book, and that the book was written, every word of it, by Black, and mainly from the materials that Herndon had sold. So it seemed that a life of Lincoln, the first one which was founded upon Herndon's investigations of the early life of Lincoln, had been composed from materials furnished by one man, and had been written by another man, and had been sent out as the work of a third man. This struck me as a very singular concatenation. I decided to write to the publisher of the book and get what facts I could about this curiosity of Lincolnian literature. I found that one member of that firm was still living, Mr. John S. Clark, so I wrote him and called his attention to the matter that appeared in Mr. Newton's book, and asked him if he could give me any further particulars about it, and he wrote me a letter which I have here, and I will read it to you. As collectors of Lincolniana, I think you will be interested in it.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN S. CLARK.

UNION CLUB, BOSTON, Dec. 5, '10.

MR. HORACE WHITE, NEW YORK.

*My dear Sir:*—I give you below my recollections of the incidents connected with the preparation and publication of the first volume of Lamon's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," the only volume of the work published. This volume was published in 1872 by James R. Osgood & Co., of which firm I was then a

member, and I had full charge of the publication. You are at liberty to make such use of the following statement as may serve the purpose of historic truth.

Very truly yours,

JOHN SPENCER CLARK.

I. About 1868 I learned that W. H. Herndon was preparing a life of Mr. Lincoln, and that he had a quantity of fresh material that would throw new light on some phases of Mr. Lincoln's life and character. I opened correspondence in the name of my firm with Mr. Herndon with reference to the publication of his work. This correspondence was continued for some time, Mr. Herndon not being ready to submit his copy.

II. Some time in 1870 Col. Ward H. Lamon appeared on the scene as the owner of all the Herndon material, which he had purchased, and also as the possessor of much other valuable material, which he had procured through his acquaintance and semi-official connection with Mr. Lincoln, and he came prepared "to talk business" in the matter of publication. I was convinced that Col. Lamon had the material, and he stated that this material was to be used and put in literary form by Chauncey Black, a clever writer, and a son of Jeremiah Black, a tough, hard-headed old Democrat of the pro-slavery school, and a leading, if not the dominating, spirit on constitutional questions in the Buchanan Cabinet.

III. I raised objection to a life of Mr. Lincoln being prepared under such apparently hostile influences, and Col. Lamon assured me that nothing politically hostile to Mr. Lincoln should go into the work; that Mr. Black was a great admirer of Mr.

Lincoln and that the work should be in full sympathy with the fundamental points in Mr. Lincoln's life and character. Col. Lamon later brought Mr. Black to see me, and he also assured me of his loyalty to Mr. Lincoln, and his good faith in presenting the political aspects of his career. On the strength of these assurances we entered into a contract for publication.

IV. While the proofs of the early chapters as they came in to me showed a lack of appreciation of the finer qualities of Mr. Lincoln's nature, and a disposition to keep the rougher, coarser aspects of his pioneer life prominent, I saw nothing I could positively object to until I received the proofs of Chapter XV., purporting to give a brief history of the Kansas struggle. Here I saw well-known historic facts perverted to shield the pro-slavery Democratic party from "high crimes and misdemeanors" in their attempt to bring in Kansas as a slave State. I protested to Col. Lamon that the account was not only untrue, but was also wholly inconsistent with Mr. Lincoln's position on the Kansas question. After considerable discussion and the exhibition of much feeling on the part of Mr. Black, Col. Lamon fully sustained me and authorized me to substitute the text as it now stands in place of what had been prepared by Mr. Black.

V. This experience with the Kansas matter made me suspicious of Mr. Black's good faith, and when the proofs came of the chapter pretending to give an historic record of the very memorable period between Mr. Lincoln's election and his inauguration, it was only too evident that justice to Mr. Lincoln during this critical period was sacrificed to an effort to extenuate if not excuse the shambling policy of the Buchanan administration—a policy

which weakly supported the Constitution with one hand, while attacking it vigorously with the other hand. I put the matter squarely before Col. Lamon and he saw the unwisdom, if not the absurdity, of compromising Mr. Lincoln in the slightest degree at this great period when, in the tremendous swirl of political complications, his was the sanest mind of all—sanest not only because he stood for the Union, but also for the inherent power of the Union under the Constitution to protect itself.

Mr. Black's effort to condone the interpretation of the Constitution by the Buchanan administration during its last days—an interpretation which Mr. Lincoln had to fight during his whole term—in a life of Mr. Lincoln, was therefore unceremoniously cut out, as appears on the bottom of page 527; and, although I have not a distinct recollection of the details that followed, I do know that Mr. Black was greatly angered, that there was a split, and that we got no more copy for the work.

VI. Col. Lamon impressed me as a man of fair intelligence and good sense, gained by a sort of rough-and-tumble experience, and while in no way a man of literary culture or of positive convictions in regard to the higher phases of Mr. Lincoln's character, he was an admirer of Mr. Lincoln as an honest political statesman, and in the matter of having Mr. Lincoln's life truly set forward he only needed to have the truth shown to him to stand by it. I think he at first put full confidence in Black, that there was a sort of good fellowship understanding between them that was "busted" when Lamon saw clearly that Black's adherence to the fleshpots of his Democratic faith was stronger than his desire to see full justice done to Mr. Lincoln's memory.

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VII. The publication of the work, which was entered upon with a belief in its historic importance and high anticipation of its commercial success, came, with the publication of the first volume, to an untimely end. No more work was done upon it, and the undertaking proved a losing venture all around; and I came to class the outcome as among those publishing experiences which show the futility of endeavoring to combine essentially antagonistic elements in the production of an important literary work.

Now, I will make a present of that to THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP for publication in their next annual report, if they want it.

GENERAL WILSON: I think this is something that might also be of use.

LETTER FROM THE HON. ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

PULLMAN BUILDING,  
CHICAGO, Jan. 6, 1898.

GEN. JAMES GRANT WILSON, NEW YORK.

*My dear General:*—I have your note of January 3. The original picture you ask about is well known to me. It is a small photograph by Brady, and one of the most characteristic and excellent portraits of my father. He was going through the process of sitting at Brady's, and, while a new plate was being prepared, he picked up a photograph album off of a table, and was looking through it, when my brother Thomas ("Tad") came near him and looked over it with him. Mr. Brady found them in this attitude and thought it would make a good picture, and immediately took one. It is sometimes published as "President Lincoln reading the Bible



to his son." I have one of the original small photographs, and prize it very highly.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

THE PRESIDENT: These two letters will add very materially to our Lincoln literature.

I now have the pleasure of calling upon another old soldier, also from Illinois, COLONEL JASPER T. DARLING.

SPEECH OF COL. JASPER T. DARLING.

*Mr. President, Venerable Comrades, Ladies and Friends:* I was born in Massachusetts, and went to the war from that State. Now residing in Illinois, this seems almost like a returning home—home to this city of culture and refinement, and, as my good wife has confidently said to me, this great metropolis, not alone of culture and refinement, but of matchless wealth.

When I received my letter from Mr. Tandy inviting me to be present upon this occasion, possibly to say a few words, my first thought was that I should carefully prepare what I might desire to say, and then I thought of the fate of the young Scotchman who had graduated from college, the Theological School, and had been called to deliver his trial sermon at a parish seeking a preacher.

He prepared his manuscript carefully and delivered it, as he thought, in proper ministerial form. At the conclusion of the services he was taken in hand by one of the deacons, and, as they walked

homeward, the young man said, "How did you like my sermon?" The deacon's reply was something like this: "Well, my lad, I have my doubts about that sermon." Not explaining himself, the young preacher asked for reasons. "Well, there are three reasons: First, it was read; second, it was poorly read, and third, it was not worth the reading." (*Laughter.*)

And so, my friends, I just thought I would come and, perhaps, catch a little inspiration at this banquet board from these speakers who have preceded me, and say something right from the heart.

With deep interest we have listened to these many stories and reminiscences regarding the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. I desire to offer a single one.

It was on the Wednesday night of March 29, 1865, just four days previous to the fall of Petersburg, when a boy, then but sixteen years of age, was walking his "beat" directly in front of an officer's quarters at City Point, Virginia, this being at the junction of the James and Appomattox Rivers, where was stored the supplies for the vast armies investing Richmond and Petersburg.

It was approaching midnight when a great storm arose and sent down its torrents, drenching the earth. The thunder roared and flashes of lightning filled the whole heavens in awe-inspiring fury.

In the midst of the storm the great cannon began to speak along the line at the front and gave evidence that a battle was raging.

While the elements of Heaven and the agencies of war were vieing with each other, a tall, angular man stepped through the door of the building and stood upon the piazza in front.

By the almost incessant flashes from the sky, lighting up the whole earth, the deep furrows of his face and his calm, sturdy features could be plainly seen. He stood as if in deep meditation. He seemed like one burdened with toil and troubled with grief; and, as he turned away passing from view, I realized that I had looked into the face of the lowliest, the loftiest, the noblest, and most sublime character since the days of the Nazarine. I had seen Abraham Lincoln.

The following Sunday our camp was aroused by the beating of the "long roll" and we hastened to the front—fourteen miles, some say sixteen, we covered, and nearly all the way by the order "double quick."

Fort Malone was the goal of our undertaking. It was the last great fort held by the enemy. It fell into our hands.

To me it was the glory day of my life.

It was my first and last battle. I had longed for such a day, notwithstanding, while yet too young to enlist, I had stood with father and mother and sisters at the open grave of two who had gone forth from our home only to be brought back wrapped in the Nation's winding sheet. They had helped to "pay the price."

Appomattox followed soon after the fall of the

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Confederate stronghold, and the war was over; but the saddest grief of all was only waiting. None of us can ever forget the darkness of that day.

We had encamped the night before on an easterly hillside a few miles west of Petersburg.

I was on duty; when, as the gray light of morning broke across the east, I heard, from down the valley, a horseman coming at a mad pace. As he passed my "beat," his horse white with foam, he exclaimed: "Lincoln is dead; he has been assassinated."

No language can adequately describe my feelings. I seemed dazed.

Soon I was relieved from duty and joined the regiment as it was preparing to move.

The message announcing Mr. Lincoln's death was read to the troops. I shall never forget the scene. Strong men wept and the younger ones—the lads—gave way, almost as children, in their grief. Such was the love in the army for Abraham Lincoln.

Then came the Grand Review and home. A few more words and I am through.

I deeply appreciate this opportunity of being with you. I have listened with earnestness to your stories and I feel refreshed thereby. I feel proud of my membership in this association, and my only regret is that it is so small. I feel that your ranks should be swelled to a thousand or more; so that a great lesson may go out each year from these memorial occasions.

Since Appomattox sixty millions of people have come onto the stage of activity, and how vastly many are ignorant of what the Stars and Stripes cost, or what sacrifices have been endured to bring this Nation up to its present stage of progress and influence before the world.

During the next half century, at the present rate of immigration, sixty millions of foreign birth will come here. They, with the younger generations, born here, must be taught the truths of history, and be reminded of the duties they owe to this land of their birth or adoption.

Soon the last survivor of those who struggled for the life and purity of this Nation will have passed away; and then other hands and other hearts must take up the work where these veterans lay it down. The Stars and Bars—that flag typifying only rebellion and secession and State rights—should not be allowed to continue floating in this free Republic. It should be furled forever, as Grant ordered it to be furled at Appomattox. That flag which cost a million precious lives should not be allowed to menace again the great principles of a free and enlightened people.

The bard of truth and patriotic righteousness wrote these words:

No Flag on earth shall insult this Nation;

Justice and right shall be our relation;

No creed or sect shall here maintain

While float the Stars and Stripes without one stain.

Any other flag—be it the Stars and Bars or the

flag of anarchy—would belie the logic of that song.

It may be that the Grand Army of the Republic has yet a high duty to perform, and so close out its great and immortal work.

It may be that this great organization must yet appeal to the South, asking them to look only toward the emblem of eternal Liberty, as do we, and as Abraham Lincoln would were he here with us.

The North and the South alike should join, heart and soul, in the words and sentiments of her who so beautifully and patriotically wrote:

Lead, glorious Flag! encircled by our love,  
   Lead thou us on!  
 Though skies grow dark and stars be hid above,  
   Lead thou us on!

Keep thou our hearts, our footsteps guard and  
   guide,  
 In peace with thee may all earth's flags abide,  
 For thy red stripes heart's blood hath flowed like  
   rain;  
   Lead thou us on!

A million men for thy bright stars were slain;  
   Lead thou us on!

Lead now to peace; for brighter light appears;  
 Lead, glorious Flag, through all the coming years.

#### CONCLUDING SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT.

I will read you an original letter from Lincoln to Lyman Trumbull. It is a letter dated June 5, 1860, shortly after the nomination for the Presidency.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., June 5, 1860.

HON. L. TRUMBULL.

*My dear Sir:*—Yours of May 31, inclosing Judge Read's letter, is received.

I see by the papers this morning that Mr. Fillmore refuses to go with us. What do the New Yorkers at Washington think of this? Gov. Reeder was here last evening direct from Pennsylvania. He was entirely confident of that State and of the general result. I do not remember to have heard Gen. Cameron's opinion of Penn. Weed was here, and saw me; but he showed no signs whatever of the intriguer. He asked for nothing and said N. Y. was safe without condition.

Remembering that Peter denied his Lord with an oath, after most solemnly protesting that he never would, I will not swear that I will make no committals; but I do not think I will now.

Write me often. I look with great interest for your letters now.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN.

The regular list of speakers is now completed, but I shall take advantage of your patience, and my position as chairman to interpose a little speech of my own. First to excite the envy of the collectors here present I show them a volume that none of them possesses or has ever seen—but to relieve the suspense of Mr. Judd Stewart, I promise that he shall have this copy before he leaves.

This is an address upon the Faith of Abraham Lincoln which I wrote two years ago. I do not propose to read the whole of it to you, but only the

exordium, and the peroration. The address was delivered before the Presbyterian Social Union of Philadelphia on the 22d of February, 1909.

Invited to speak of the Faith of Abraham Lincoln, and seeking a text, I turned instinctively to that general letter with which it is probably easier to align his creed than it would be with those other epistles wherein admittedly are some things hard to be understood, although indeed the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians might aptly serve; accordingly, I quote from JAMES II.: 18, "I by my works will show thee my faith."

\* \* \* \* \*

Abraham Lincoln may have forgotten the admonitions of his "Angel Mother" and failed for years to accept the doctrines of the book with whose words he was so familiar, and in accord with whose teachings so much of his life was lived, but when through gathering storm and in battle flame he saw the call to leadership and duty, he was not disobedient of the heavenly vision, but, heeding, was transformed, and as we read his immortal words and contemplate his finished work it is not the skeptic of the early days we here and see, but the divinely called leader who, "patient in his simple faith sublime," was inspired to liberate the slave, to save the Republic, and to write the Second Inaugural.

Remembering the faith that never wavered, the hope that never dimmed, the charity that never failed, may we recur to the epistle from which my text was taken and reverently read, "Abraham believed God, and it was reckoned unto him for righteousness, and he was called the friend of God."



# Business Meeting 53

THE SECRETARY reported the following condition of membership:

Membership 1910.....	142
Joined .....	7
	149
Dropped .....	48
Resigned .....	5
Died .....	2
	55
<i>Present Membership</i> .....	94

THE TREASURER reported the finances of THE FELLOWSHIP as follows:

### *Receipts.*

On hand.....	\$131.53
1910 Dinner Fund.....	145.00
Contributions for Printing.....	26.00
Dues, etc.....	87.00
	\$389.53

### *Expenditures.*

1910 Dinner.....	\$137.75
Proceedings .....	108.40
Stationery, etc.....	33.62
	\$279.77
<i>Balance on Hand</i> .....	\$109.76
	\$389.53

These reports were accepted as read.

## Lincoln Fellowship

Upon motion duly made, seconded and carried, the old officers were elected for the ensuing year, with the exception that GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES was elected a *Vice-President* to fill the vacancy caused by the death of COL. ALEXANDER K. McCLURE.

The meeting then adjourned.

**Officers 1911**

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*President.*

Major William H. Lambert.

*Vice-Presidents.*

Gen. James Grant Wilson,

Judge Daniel Fish,

Charles W. McLellan,

Joseph B. Oakleaf,

Alonzo Rothschild,

Miss Ida Tarbell,

Horace White,

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles.

*Secretary.*

Francis D. Tandy.

*Treasurer.*

Judd Stewart.

# Lincoln Fellowship

## *Members.*

Danforth Ainsworth,  
John W. Aitken,  
Matthew Page Andrews,  
Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson,  
James Drummond Ball,  
H. E. Barker,  
Truman H. Bartlett,  
David Homer Bates,  
Oswald A. Bauer,  
Charles H. Beckett,  
George C. Boldt, Jr.  
E. M. Bowman,  
Victor D. Brenner,  
Henry C. Brown,  
A. M. Bullock,  
Rev. H. S. Burrage,  
John E. Burton,  
Arthur A. Carey,  
Charles Caverno,  
Albert B. Chandler,  
Mrs. Maurice W. Cooley,  
Leroy B. Crane,  
Telamon Cuyler,  
Col. Jasper T. Darling,  
J. McCann Davis,  
Fred De Fau,  
Edward J. Deitsch,  
Gano Dunn,  
Mrs. Grace S. Dyche,

# Members

57

Albert S. Edwards,  
Orrin S. Goan,  
Albert H. Griffith,  
Anthony Gross,  
Robert Hewitt,  
Frederick Trevor Hill,  
Rev. S. Trevena Jackson,  
Edward S. Johnson,  
Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones,  
Richard Lloyd Jones,  
Gen. Horatio C. King,  
Perry D. Knapp,  
August Kuhn,  
George R. Lamb,  
Prof. Duncan Campbell Lee,  
Robert T. Lincoln,  
John S. Little,  
C. H. Lyman,  
Miss Caroline M. McIlvane,  
Hugh McLellan,  
Malcolm N. McLellan,  
Watts L. Mason,  
J. B. Merwin,  
Frederick Hill Meserve,  
Charles W. Moores,  
John T. Morse, Jr.  
Lewis G. Muller,  
Daniel H. Newhall,  
O. H. Oldroyd,  
Rev. William H. Owens, Jr.  
Isaac Newton Phillips,

## Lincoln Fellowship

Jacques Reich,  
R. R. Ross,  
Andrew Russell,  
W. E. Sanford,  
William M. Savin,  
F. H. Sawyer,  
Otto L. Schmidt,  
A. L. Seligman,  
Mrs. Ralph L. Shainwald,  
Clarence J. Shearn,  
Morris Sheppard,  
Joseph W. Smitley,  
George H. Smyser,  
Gen. Julius Stahel,  
John W. Starr, Jr.  
Orra L. Stone,  
Edward A. Sumner,  
Mrs. Charles M. Thayer,  
Charles A. Tinker,  
Gilbert A. Tracy,  
Norman Veitch,  
Wayne Whipple.















1

