

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 73



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COMPRISING

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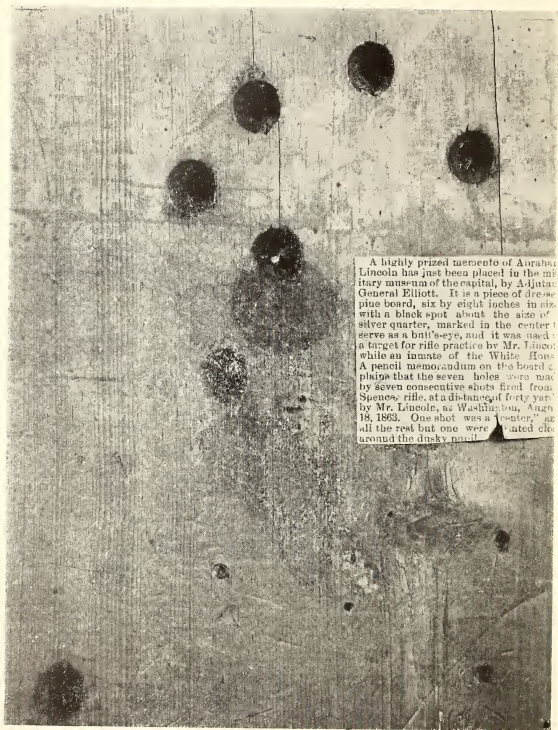
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A highly prized memento of Abraham Lincoln has just been placed in the military museum of the capital, by Adjutant General Elliott. It is a piece of dressed pine board, six by eight inches in size, with a black spot about the size of a silver quarter, marked in the center to serve as a bull's-eye, and it was used as a target for rifle practice by Mr. Lincoln while an inmate of the White House. A pencil memorandum on the board explains that the seven holes were made by seven consecutive shots fired from Spence's rifle, at a distance of forty yards by Mr. Lincoln, at Washington, August 18, 1863. One shot was a "center" and all the rest but one were scattered close around the dusky bull's-eye.

LINCOLN'S TARGET, 1863.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE sermon by Mr. Yard is one of the rarities, particularly when it is considered that it was not, like many others, preached soon after the murder of the President, but so late as June 1, which day President Andrew Johnson had set apart for a day of national humiliation, and that many more copies of it were printed than of the earlier ones. Mr. Yard was one of the few preachers who had served as Army Chaplains.

Dr. Browning's paper is of particular interest as the only one upon its subject, and, from being published only in a medical journal, will be new to all our readers. It is worth remembering at the present time that our President is himself the son of a physician, who has lived to see his son inaugurated.

The various papers on Mr. Lincoln's religious belief bring together for the first time a fresh lot of opinions on this subject.

The two papers which so interestingly show the human personality of the great President were both written at the Editor's solicitation, and have never appeared before save in the *MAGAZINE* itself, while Dr. Bartlett's contribution is the only account of an incident altogether overlooked by all the biographers and only now narrated. It is to the Doctor's kindness that we owe our frontispiece.



THE PROVIDENTIAL SIGNIFICANCE
OF THE
DEATH
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN:
A DISCOURSE
DELIVERED IN THE
CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

ON THE DAY OF NATIONAL HUMILIATION

JUNE 1ST, 1865

BY

REV. ROBERT B. YARD

PASTOR OF CLINTON STREET M. E. CHURCH; LATE CHAPLAIN OF 1ST REGIMENT
N. J. VOLUNTEERS, 6TH CORPS

"God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of the demon."—WHITTIER.

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Sermon

"Be still and know that I am God," Ps. 46:10.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Get thee up into this mount Abarim and see the land which I have given unto the children of Israel. And when thou hast seen it, thou shalt be gathered unto thy people, as Aaron, thy brother was gathered."—NUM. 27:12, 13.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."—HEB. 11:4.

MOST truly we are living

"In a grand and awful time,
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

Events pregnant with a world-wide significance are passing so rapidly before our eyes, that we can scarcely apprehend their full import.

The lesson of yesterday, startling, novel, and of vast meaning, is almost obscured by that of today. Solemn and suggestive as were the voices of the night-time of our sorrow and war, they are surpassed by the warning utterances of our wondrous deliverances and gladness.

A giant young nation is awaking from its slumbers, shaking off its drowsy feelings, and addressing itself to such work as the world never witnessed. In this waking there are the usual strugglings of flesh and spirit, of inclination against duty, of prejudice against principle, and of foolish and fleshly parleyings with self-ease, pride and luxury.

The present hour is one of great importance. We are assembled in obedience to the will of the President of the United States, to improve a day of national humiliation and prayer, in view of the strange and terrible visitation of sorrow that has been permitted to fall upon the nation, in the death of President

Lincoln, making the country "one great house of mourning;" and "to unite in solemn service to Almighty God, in memory of the good man who has been removed." We are met in common with thousands "to contemplate his virtues, and to mourn his sudden and violent end," to improve the lessons of his life, and to consult an event in its providential meanings, which has shaken the world, and marked the age in which we live.

This is a day for tears, and for tender yielding of the heart to God's instructions; a day for thought, for prayer, for the sober contemplation of duty, for a calm survey of the great work devolved upon us; a day for the rallying of the Nation's better nature, and of the great moral forces which are to follow up the fruits of victory.

It is scarcely expected that we shall dwell so much on the character of Lincoln, as that we shall bow ourselves before God, and bending before the storm of His wise permitting, humbly ask "Lord what wilt thou have us do?"

For many weeks our minds and hearts have been full of this wonderful man. The press, the pulpit, and the fireside have glowed with the repetition of his name and virtues. Horror at the black and cowardly manner of his taking off, and disgust at the system and the political belief which bore such inhuman fruit, have mingled with the softening memory of the true and the good man; and while we have learned to hate crime, we have come to love and honor goodness and truth more than ever before.

Two worlds are uniting in the testimony of his real greatness. While the true portraiture of the man is as yet impossible, the conviction is deepening that in him we have had an unusual actor upon the theatre of life; in him

"A combination, and a form indeed
Where every God did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

Gentle, and yet bold; shrewd and yet nobly honest; of great political sagacity; firm in his principles, yet possessing a magical influence upon his opponents; with a religious soul, but of no religious pretension; a philanthropist, a patriot, and a statesman, he takes his place among the Wilberforces, the Howards, the Cromwells, the Hancocks, and the Washingtons, the peer of any, if not the superior of all.

In Lincoln's death a great light has gone out in all the habitations of men over the entire world. A calamity has befallen humanity, sending its forceful shock to the sensitive ends of the earth. Wherever labor seeks respect and requite; wherever honesty in private and public life, is held in honor; wherever the poor, the down-trodden, and the oppressed mourn beneath the lash, or sink into degradation because elevation is forbidden; wherever freedom's shrines are loved, and freedom's names are sweet; wherever man is respected for his dignity, and worth, not wealth, is estimable, Lincoln's death will come to add fresh sorrow to despondency and to dash for a time the hopes of virtue.

Among noticeable circumstances nothing is more striking than the universality of this great affliction, and the personal appropriation of the event to the private, sacred, tearful grief of man, woman, and child, of differing sects, parties, nationalities and races. A fearful blow has fallen upon the beating heart of the nation, already torn and bleeding, and strong men weep; and strife, and bitterness, and paltry partizanship hide away before the majesty of so sacred and so mighty a woe.

Abraham Lincoln has passed away from earth to the bosom of the Divine! The beloved chief of the nation, the friend of the oppressed, the foe of tyranny, the honest patriot, the second Washington, the providential saviour of this great land, the man of the people, has become a Martyr to Freedom.

I wish to call especial attention to the Providential significance of the death of Lincoln.

Sorrow, pain, change and death are the common lot. "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." A divine purpose is to be fulfilled in the permitted suffering of mankind. As those trees are sturdiest, that are most exposed to the storms, so human character develops its highest qualities under trial. Difficulties are the nurse of manly energy.

There is much more of woe in the world than of happiness; though some one has said that "while at this moment somewhere darkness is covering the face of the earth, it is also true that somewhere smiles are playing on human faces, and half the world is bathed in light and sunshine." And still earth is the crucible, and mankind is "in the fires." Earthquakes destroy entire cities, and fill a land with mourning. Pestilence bears thousands to untimely graves and nips the glowing promise of many a brightening life; war strips nations of their youth, their wealth and their power, and causes the multiplication of weeping homes and hearts. It might be different; God could change this state of things. Yet He "doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men." He sees it better that we should not

——— "love this earth so well
As not to long with God to dwell."

In this light we are to view the event which calls us together. In no point could we be more tenderly touched. Our furnace fires had been heated six times, it was necessary that they should be intensified to the seventh degree.

The result has vindicated the wisdom of the permissive Providence. The event was a refining process that purged the nation, and men drew nearer to God and to each other, under the bitter trial.

Lincoln was removed at a time when he could best be spared. Evidently he was the man for the hour in the times in which he lived. His rare good sense, his honesty, his shrewd insight into political events, his single eye to the weal of the whole land, his

unbending devotion to the principle of equal rights, to the Union, and to the authority of the laws, all fitted him for his days and place.

But the hour of his work drew on when he could say, "It is finished." The dark hour for which he was given was about to yield to a glorious period of triumph, and repose. It were long enough to live to have accomplished such work as his. One chapter of history ended here; another was to begin.

Like Moses at Nebo, he saw the land, and when he had seen it he was gathered unto his fathers. Though he lived not to enjoy the fruition of his hopes, he gained that which was better. How deep, how full, how calm, how intense must have been his gratification at the sight of the crumbling and falling of the boastful house of sin and violence, and the rising in mighty proportions, and in assured stability of the temple of liberty!

Thus Daniel, too, in the midst of usefulness, when apparently most needed by the age, and the crisis, confessing God before an idolatrous people, and maintaining his integrity in the most trying ordeal, was summoned away. Yet his work was done.

Abraham Lincoln died with words of forgiveness on his lips, and purposes of amnesty and good will in his heart; died in the work of saving this nation, and of scattering the seeds of life, and prosperity, whose fruit the descendants of his murderers will eat, and bless God for. How strange that the world's benefactors should thus be treated. The bitter cry, "Crucify Him," "Crucify Him," was raised against one who was even then blessing his enemies.

"As on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully
Beneath the strong stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that caused her death,
Dying she breathes her scented breath,
As if betokening in her fall,
Peace to her foes, *and love to all.*"

We are taught in this event the lesson of trust in God. Men fail, but God endures.

Never in history has God's care over His people been more beautifully illustrated than in every part and point of the struggle which ended in the death of the President. Never was the affectionate trust and devotion of any people more fully tested and challenged. There have been many dark days,—days of disaster, of defeat, of weakness, and irresolution. There have been hours when the strongest hearts grew weary and sick at the hope deferred: when the cause of freedom seemed hopelessly environed with embittered and gigantic foes; when at home and abroad, in cabinet councils, and in the leadership of armies, in the exchequer, and in seats of justice, doubt, enmity, and disloyalty reared themselves like dangerous rocks in the track of the distressed ship of state, and good men anxiously prayed "O Lord, how long?"

Through all God kept us. In the belief of God's care Lincoln ever trusted. Cheerfully did he bear up, ascribing our successes to Him, and directing the great heart of the Nation to the God of truth and right. Herein alone is the Nation's hope. The edifice of human liberty can stand secure only when it rests upon God's truth. The question of our strength, existence, and power as a nation is more a question of the Christian life, faith, and purity of the people, than it is even of our admirable Constitution. It is ground of hope that the general exclamation under the astounding tidings of the assassination was, "God lives." This tempers our sorrow today, and is the bow of promise in the disturbed atmosphere of our political life.

That there might remain no lingering doubt of the character of

"———the evil thing
That severs and estranges,"

Lincoln's death was permitted.

The spirit of slavery exhibited itself in that hour in its native character, without any glosses. It was true to itself—its traditions, its character, and its spirit. Its true tendency ever is to weaken the bonds of virtue, to pamper and glorify self, to feed the lust of power, to demoralize the manly nature, to degrade the essential dignity of labor, to build up an aristocracy of family, of birth, and of property, to dehumanize immortal manhood on the plea of inferiority, to destroy the marriage relation, to estrange the ties of kindred, to crush the aspirings of mind, and to encourage acts, the record of which makes the cheek of humanity blush. Brutality, oppression, wrong, libertinism and murder, are its unflinching, inevitable characteristics. It cannot brook the slightest opposition. The imperious will of Southern petty princes becomes too well accustomed to unquestioned sway to allow of any interference with their affairs. All the worst passions of human nature are stirred by the cry of "Abolition," because all the lowest passions of the nature find gratification in the existence of slavery. The death of Lincoln was the legitimate fruit of slavery, contemplated with ardent desire from the beginning of the struggle. Slavery was the gathering swooping whirlwind, its point was Booth, its destructive fury was most manifest upon the tall representative man of freedom.

And yet that blow was not aimed so much at the man Lincoln as at the cause of which he was the bold exponent. The blow was aimed at your heart, and mine; at the hated North, the vile monster Freedom, the plebeian crew. In evidence of this I give you some jottings of a visit which I have just made to Richmond and Petersburg the late seat of the Rebellion. It was mine to mingle with high and low, with the refined and the uncultured, the white and black, in the routes of travel, the parlor, the hotel, and the negro quarters. There is no mistaking the feeling. Bitterness, hate, pride, and a deep sense of injury prevail in Southern minds. Scorn of the best blood of the North, contempt for

its most brilliant talent, and an aristocratic exclusiveness find irrepressible expression. With the Southern people Jeff. Davis is a saint—one of the most conscientious and devoted of Christians. In their estimation the war has developed but two Generals at all worthy of the title, or gifted with military ability—Lee and McClellan. Commendation of New Jersey is on every lip. Sensible as I am of the good opinion of others, and desirous of appreciation of myself, and of my State, I was chagrined to find among the bitter enemies of Freedom and Union such hearty admiration of New Jersey. "She has been truer to us than Maryland." From the elegant banker at Petersburg to the Hotspur of the Spotswood, at Richmond, but one expression of good feeling prevailed in this direction. Generally Lincoln's death awakens no horror, Booth's crime finds no stern censure.

"Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand,
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

What gives the wheat fields blades of steel?
What points the rebel cannon?
What sets the roaring rabble's heel
On the old star spangled pennon?

What breaks the oath
Of the men of the south?
What whets the knife
For the Union's life?
Hark to the answer, SLAVERY.

* * * * *

"But blest the ear,
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell,
That rings the knell
Of Slavery forever."

Among the lessons of the hour is that of the essential and original equality of the races and nationalities centering in this land.

The doctrine of the South, in sympathy with which are hundreds here, is that the black man is not a human being. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of this question. Every living creature that is not a human being *is a beast*, and is by God's law subject to man's rule, laid under the laws which govern property, and lives for the sole convenience of man. The hopes of eternity, the joys of redemption, the blood of Christ, the visions of faith, the ordinances of religion, and the fellowship of saints, are for man alone, not for animals. However slight the difference, if the creature be not human, it is simply an animal.

The strangest recklessness has prevailed on this subject. Men have willingly assumed the doctrine that the African race is not human, in simple justification of their deeds of oppression. Rousseau and Voltaire, avowed infidels, assumed that the African was but a superior type of Orang Outang. The same class of reasoning was adopted years ago to prove that the Dutch originally were fish, which being left high and dry by the tide, gradually accommodated themselves to the change of circumstances. The tails being no longer useful, they gradually wore away. A high authority says, * "according to the definition of species, the question is settled at once, there can be no doubt that all men are of one family." He adds, "Cuvier and Buffon, and Lawrence, and Pritchard, and Blumenbach, in fact, all *respectable authorities* in physiology, admit that mankind must be regarded as one species, and that there is *nothing in their differences of appearance which forbids their derivation from a single pair.*" He continues: "All analogy and the results of all arithmetical calculation with regard to the numerical increase of mankind lead to

* Dr. T. E. Bond, Jr., of Baltimore.

this conclusion. And if we add to the weight of evidence thus gathered, the direct testimony of all respectable tradition, it is sufficiently established that men have sprung from a single pair."

Buffon and Hunter contend "that the preservation of *species* is perpetually provided for in the law, that animals derived from parents of different kinds will not perpetuate their race; that the various species of animals have been preserved unmixed for ages, which could not have been the case unless some such rule of propagation had existed."

The popular objection to the peculiar physical structure of the African is simply absurd. "Every large collection of people for any considerable length of time separated from the rest by civil institutions and geographical lines, have assumed peculiarities of appearance quite remarkable and inexplicable. A German is easily distinguished from a Spaniard, and even a Scotchman from an Irishman." I appeal again to Dr. Bond: "Innumerable intermixtures and modifications of ancient differences in color, &c., have undoubtedly taken place. Indeed the changes of comparatively few years have completely obliterated powerful races. What denizen of Rome or Greece can trace his unmixed pedigree back to the powerful and polished people who made those names so famous in story? Nay, what Englishman can show that he is of purely Saxon lineage?"

The fact is unquestioned that if the negro be condemned on craniological principles, we must conclude the highest type of female beauty, the statue of Venus, to represent the head of an idiot.

It is claimed that the African has always been in subjection, when the truth is, that the negroes have never been conquered by the whites.

It must be borne in mind that "no people have ever civilized

themselves, and circumstances have prevented the civilizing forces from acting upon them."

"Civilization has stretched her hand to the Indian, and he has refused it. She has trodden the African with unrelenting sternness, yet, while groaning under her feet, he has perceived her graces and imitated her arts."

The negro has evinced a remarkable reach of moral power, and an apprehension of religious truth only to be associated with the highest capacity. Where he has been allowed the privilege he has risen to excellence in religion and in war. Fidelity, courage, intelligence, endurance, patriotism, and military aptitude, have found perfect illustration among the negroes of this war.

So far as the natural inferiority of the black race is concerned, we have ample testimony to the fact that some of the most cultivated of the ancients were negroes. Dr. Pritchard sums up thus: "We may consider the general result of the facts which we can collect concerning the physical character of the Egyptians to be this, that the national configuration prevailing in the most ancient times was nearly the negro form, with wooly hair, but that in a later age this character had become considerably modified, and changed, and that a part of the population of Egypt resembled the modern Hindoos. The general complexion was black, or at least a very dusky hue."

"The great Sphinx," says Dr. Bond, "and many other ancient Egyptian works of art, are delineations of the negro countenance; and Herodotus describes the ancient Egyptians as black skinned and wooly-haired."

Turning to Rollin I find these words: "Egypt was ever considered by all the ancients as the most renowned school for wisdom and politics, and the source from whence most arts and sciences were derived. This kingdom bestowed its noblest labors and finest arts on the improvement of mankind, and Greece was so

sensible of this that its most illustrious men, as Homer, Pythagoras, Lycurgus, and Solon, with many more whom it is needless to mention, travelled into Egypt to complete their studies, and draw from that fountain whatever was most rare and valuable in every kind of learning."

In our day, in the South, the principal objection of Southern leaders to the employing of black soldiers was, that it would be degrading for the South to owe its salvation to the black race. Yet proud and cultivated Greece was pleased to sit at the feet of black men for improvement.

There is never a prouder victory for man than when he rises superior to prejudice; when, doing violence to mere fancy or taste, or training, he determines to do right. Next to the disgrace of human bondage is the shame of caste, and of pride of color, or of lineage.

"Unless above himself he can erect himself,
How poor a thing is man."

The true idea is that a man's a man only in those qualities of mind and heart which honor the species, irrespective of color or form. I have come to regard the presence of mixed races as part of the great problem of probation. The black is here to test our better nature. There is hope of that man who can pass a black man without feeling uncomfortable. But I pity him who can find no better sport than to make perpetual war upon the negro. He seems to fear the promised rivalry of a people that shall yet develop eloquence, art, science, and religion in their divinest forms. The time is coming, when these people will mingle freely in society, never to lose their race-traits, but in ever abiding testimony of the power of enlightened humanity to rise superior to prejudice, and to honor the likeness of God, whether framed in *ebony* or in *ivory*.

“There’s a good time coming, when
The pen shall supersede the sword;
And right, not might shall be the Lord;
Worth, not birth shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger.

~ *The proper impulse has been given,
Wait a little longer.”*

Nowhere is the idea that the negro, freed, will not work, so warmly repelled as among the colored people of the South. “Who then will work?” said Albert Parker, a freed slave with blue eyes and light curly hair, to me at Petersburg. “Our white masters and mistresses cannot work. Our ladies have never put on their own shoes or stockings yet, or arranged their own hair.”

“If,” said another dusky citizen, “the colored people won’t work let them starve.”

Let them learn to care for, to think for themselves, to struggle with difficulties, to develop, if ever so slowly, the powers that are inherent in all of the human family.

What a worthy work! How grand the triumph! to make of the degraded African a man; of his race a people. It is civilization to take the street children of our cities, and educate them. I love to watch the unfolding of a flower, or to plant the unpromising “slip,” and then to watch its taking root, and its growth until it becomes a real, living, gladsome, blooming fact. It is an honor to America to achieve an independence, and to take a leading place among the free people of the earth, but it is an equal honor to her in her pride, and power to stoop to recognize the stamp of our Divine Father in the soul of an abject race, and with noble feeling to say to them, *be free*, be equal in all our rights and privileges.

Was Abraham Lincoln degraded in our esteem last night when we heard from Frederick Douglass, a negro, that Lincoln sought his counsel and enjoyed “a good time in conversing” with

him about his people, and the means of their enlargement? Nay, I loved Lincoln more for that testimony. Who is harmed by the elevation of Douglass? Who is degraded in his wonderful eloquence? What interest, civil, or religious, or social, is disturbed?

The bugbear of *amalgamation* is continually flaunted in the eyes of the people. I will say to all anxious ones, who are trembling on this account, that the colored race does not ask any favors of this kind; that the demand thus far has been on the other side, and that the white lords of the South have asked and compelled more favors in this direction than the blacks have ever asked. But in another century Amalgamation will not be nearly so hateful a word as Abolition has been in this. Many a black Webster, and Clay, and Whitefield will enchant listening thousands by their eloquence and power in Halls of Congress, and in seats of justice and religion. But we can afford to let this question take care of itself. Having escaped rebellion and Southern domination, we are not to be frightened by the doleful cry of "*amalgamation!*"

We are taught to prize beyond price the Freedom which has cost us so much to win and to maintain.

Human freedom in its highest forms is the concomitant of the Gospel. Proclaim the latter and you secure, sooner or later, the former. Christianity never follows true civilization, but like the prow of a ship, it divides the unbroken wave of social and civil existence and bids men follow to the region of their truest aspirations. The sunken buoy carried to the bottom of the sea will possess an upward tendency still, which asserts itself in the moment of release, when it will move eagerly toward the surface, throwing back in its ascent the superincumbent waters. Thus the spirit of Liberty, unquenchable, irrepressible but awaits the fitting hour to break through the sluggish mass of monarchical forms, and tyrannical authority, to repose calmly

in the light of a high civilization and a divine faith. Like the ark of olden times, outriding the destructive storm and deluge, it floats over the world at once the cradle of a new life and the symbol of God's care.

All through the dark ages men were repeating to themselves the word *Liberty*. Luther in Germany, and Frederick the Good Elector, withstood despotism and announced the rights of man. Zwingli caught up, and repeated the echo through the glens and over the mountain heights of Switzerland. Over among the dykes of the Netherlands, William of Orange did worthy battle for this principle. The English revolution still further developed it. The idea of the equality of mankind became a doctrine. But a new field was needed. A little band sought these shores and found a refuge from intolerance. They submitted to equal hardships; equally braved peril and grew to a nation, and a power, the brightening success of which has been the beacon light of a tempest tossed world to point to the haven of rest and plenty.

" 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life, its lustre and perfume."

Freedom, sustained by Christian faith and influences, is the basis of the highest exploits of mind, the most stirring schemes of philanthropy, the most dazzling feats of valor, and the most extended triumphs of industry. Its province is to call into active life the best and purest forces of our being, and to stimulate to virtue, to learning, and to art.

Four years ago in the very heart of the nation, a conspiracy which had long strengthened itself under the very dome of the National Capitol, unfolded its demon-like form and struck at the Nation's life. The flag of our fathers, the symbol of freedom, the glorious banner of our western civilization, was shot down, and its folds were trampled by the feet of traitors.

The Slave States arrayed themselves against the general Gov-

ernment, and without a single justification, inaugurated a separate nationality in the interests of human slavery. Secession was announced as a God-given right, and treason was justified from the example of the children of Israel in the Exodus, and from the example of the patriots of 1776. Thus began the most wicked, causeless, powerful, and bloody rebellion known to history. If this movement be likened to the Exodus of the Hebrews from Egyptian bondage, secessionists must first prove that they were oppressed, enslaved, and captives in a strange land. Instead of this they held the reins of power and dictated terms to the American Union for fifty years. It would be more proper to argue from the Scripture account, the duty of some dark-skinned Moses of Southern Slavery to lead the Exodus of the black race from the fearful oppression and wrong exercised over them by their luxurious Southern masters.

It would be in place, too, to trace the history of the Egyptian effort, in the attempt of the South to keep God's people enslaved, and to understand that in their blind purpose to oppose the march of human progress, they have invoked a thousand woes, worse than the plagues of Egypt, and that in the end they were destined, like their prototype, to meet a terrible engulfment in the red sea of blood into which they so madly rushed.

History will record the attempt of Southern aristocracy to elevate itself at the expense of the bondmen, and to climb to wealth and power on the shoulders of an abject people, whose minds, manhood, and morals, they were willing to crush in their selfish aims; and the same pen will show how the black man unexpectedly slipped from beneath, and how places were changed and the tables were turned.

The glory of our nation is its absorption and employment of the representatives of all races and peoples of the earth, its blending and fusing of all the forces of humanity; that out of all might come a perfect nation, recognizing the brotherhood of

man, and offering a common asylum for the oppressed of all lands and of all complexions. The men who claim this as the land of the white man, ignore the genius and aim of our glorious nationality, and evidently took the wrong route when they abandoned the land of their birth. They should have gone to China. The franchises of this republic cannot be safely denied to classes of our fellow citizens on the account of their foreign name, language, or appearance. Other qualifications may be demanded, but not those of the cuticle.

In a republican form of government there is ever a danger of radicalism and anarchy. While true liberty is never licentious, but flourishes best under judicious laws which seek to restrain the evil disposed, there is yet a morbid tendency to impatience under authority. Our hope is in the Word of God, and in the influences of Evangelical Christianity alone. It is impossible to check the tide, but it is in our power to direct its course. It is not desirable to destroy the mettlesome and restive horse, nor is it necessary in order to prevent his doing damage. Let him be simply controlled and guided by an intelligent and kind mastery. We do not ask that electricity shall be suspended and stricken from the list of beneficent forces in nature, simply because it holds a fearful power of mischief in its grasp. It is too useful a servant, too good a friend. But we want to control and bind it to our own uses. We see the dangerous tendencies of freedom when uncontrolled, but do not hence wish to return to despotism, though this would be preferable to anarchy. Nor is it necessary. Let the principle of American independence be borne in mind; let the spirit of our patriot sires animate their children; let the Constitution be kept from unholy and ambitious interference; let the maxims of the fathers of our country be cherished by their children, and Liberty will but rise to her most beneficent activity, and mankind be carried forward to the realization of its highest hopes. How apt and beautiful is the idea, somewhere

represented in a painting, of George Washington standing upon the steps of the Capitol while the clouds grow dark and the fierce lightnings threaten: with a sword drawn, he catches the electricity upon its point and guides it harmless to the ground.

“Truth, freedom, virtue, these have power,
If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,
And bless a nation in its darkest hour.
Neglect them, her material gifts are vain.
In dust shall her weak wing be dragged and soiled,
And Liberty be crushed 'neath toys for which she basely toiled.”

Let us not fail, today, to gather hope for the future. The fall of our chief should be the occasion of a sturdier purpose; his death the birth of a new life. The greatest triumphs of our war have been our disasters. We were scarcely ready for the future that is opening so grandly upon us, until sanctified by the baptism of disappointment and suffering. We stand today in the portal of a Beulah in national history; a glad morning unfolds its blushing beauties after a long night. Our cherished Union, whose links form the necklace of Freedom, is re-established, while disunion has received a rebuke that dismisses it from decent society. Secession may succeed better in Great Britain where it is looked on with much favor; but in this land its name will ever be associated with the chivalry of poison, assassination, and starvation, and remain the synonym of shame, of failure, and of wrong.

The future of the whole country is hopeful—that of the South especially. What though her fields are wasted, her cities and towns silent, shattered, and grass-grown, her people dispirited and impoverished, has she not had the awful incubus of Slavery removed from her breast, and is she not for the first time in her history released to go up and “possess the land?” At present there is much bitterness. I found men advocating the secession theory still, though deprecating the practice. Many lately rich

are penniless. Southern fields are wasted, and Southern energy is prostrated. A new day is dawning, however, and the hitherto undeveloped resources of that glowing, fertile land will yet astonish the world.

"Behold the day of promise comes, full of inspiration,
The blessed day of prophets sung, for the healing of the nations,
Old midnight errors flee away; they soon will all be gone,
While Heavenly Angels seem to say, the good time's coming on.

The captive now begins to rise, and burst his chains asunder;
While politicians stand aghast, in anxious fear and wonder,
No longer shall the bondman sigh beneath the galling fetters;
He sees the dawn of Freedom nigh and reads the golden letters."

Not less assuring of our future is the fate of the leaders of the rebellion. It is a satisfaction to know that mischievous men cannot be allowed to carry out, at pleasure, their intrigues against the peace of society, and that the rebel leaders must find a home in some other land, or bear the punishment of their crimes. It is a guarantee of safety for the future that some of the most earnest of the rebel conspirators shall expiate their horrible offences on the gallows. Their crime needs just such characterization. In no bitterness, or party rancor; in no personal dislike, nor in revenge, is this uttered. It is fitting that a crime or crimes like that of Davis, Lee, and Breckenridge, should be clearly defined, for the good of mankind, and for the vindication of virtue, law, and humanity.

In the accession of a new President, possessed of the highest administrative ability, tried in the fires of rebellion, and prompt and decisive in character; in national resources, so vast that calculation is bewildered in attempting to comprehend them; and in a soldiery whose intelligence, bravery, endurance, dash, chivalric bearing, and sincere patriotism, challenge the admiration of the world, our future seems calmly bright and full of hope.

Our honored dead are a rich heritage to our land. Their

memory abides, freshly green, to constitute in the years that are to come, guardian influences for the strengthening and stimulating of their sons. They form the "cloud of witnesses" in the presence of whom we are urged to run our national career. We pay honor today to their names, their heroism, and their sacrifices.

"Ye glorious dead! not unavenged shall sleep
Your honored dust. No tomb may rear its head
Your deeds to tell. But living statues steep
With tears, the grass, that sighs above thy bed.

There shall the hermit oft resort to weep;
The ground be hallowed with the pilgrim's tread;
Thy sons shall never yield to fell despair
The bright and blessed hopes that cluster there."

Let us not forget that the great object of all government is the benefit and happiness of the whole—the *greatest good to the greatest number*—a good old democratic doctrine in which most of us have been reared.

Let us continue to demonstrate to the world the superiority of free institutions, in a well directed course of self-government, proceeding independently of kings, nobles, titles, and pomp, and sustained by true patriotism and intelligent self-control.

Nor ought we to forget that the truest insignia of an American citizen is Virtue. Intelligence, temperance, and personal uprightness, should be traits of our people characterizing them in all their intercourse with each other, or with foreign nations. Our flag must remain of untainted honor and faith. Of as great moment, at the present, is this to us, and to the world, as at the first. The world is in a transition state. Momentous events casts their shadows already before. Men are in expectancy of some wider development of the free principle in human government. Anxious are the looks and questions directed to this land. No other country has such a history—strange, impres-

sive, and sublime. God forbid that the struggling, suffering, and oppressed millions on the face of the globe should ever fail to see the folds of the star-spangled banner waving over "the land of the free and the home of the brave," the earnest of success and the language of sympathy. As Ireland, as India, as the once free lands of Asia, would we be now, but for the doctrines and labors of the Washingtons, the Lafayettes, the Jeffersons, and the Lincolns, of our history. Let us emulate their virtues, while we cherish their principles, and carry forward the structure which their labors founded, until the glorious temple of liberty shall reach its completion and overshadow all lands.

Thousands on thousands have fallen martyrs to the cause of the Union, of Truth, and of Humanity. Thousands are the crippled testimonies of the wicked hate of rebellion. The light of thousands of homes has gone out amidst the wail of widowed and orphaned hearts. But here ceases the sad record. Beyond the lives and health of our brave soldiery, the nation has suffered but little. Commerce has revived, and plenty abounds. To compensate for the offerings of life and treasure, we have a peace that, as Lincoln hoped, has "come to stay, and which will be worth the keeping for all future time." Soon, at best, the thousands who occupy these scenes, the millions spread over these States will all have passed away as a dream. What avails then, with God, the lingering of a few years longer, or the hastening away by a few years sooner of these brief-lived beings? "For a thousand years in His sight are but as yesterday." If we gain then the settlement of grave questions of Humanity, Civilization, and Government; if the last vestige of the terrible woe of Slavery be removed, we may claim the good obtained to have been cheaply purchased.

Our national power stands nobly vindicated today, before the world, in the splendid achievements of our Army and Navy. The prowess of our people and their attachment to principle shine

forth in the names of Donelson, Vicksburg, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, New Orleans, Spottsylvania, and the plains of Petersburg. The names of the Sumners, the Kearns, the Sedgwicks, the Shermans, the Sheridans, and the Grants of our nation, are a tower of strength to us. Hail then this hour—its issues are the vastest the world ever knew.

Wrong is vanquished! Right triumphs!

“There is a fount about to stream;
 There is a light about to beam;
 There is a warmth about to flow;
 There is a flower about to blow;
 There is a midnight blackness, changing
 Into gray.
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 Clear the way.

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men;
 Aid it paper, aid it type;
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.
 Men of thought, and men of action,
 Clear the way.”

—CHARLES MACKAY.

THE RÔLE OF DOCTORS' SONS IN THE LINCOLN ADMINISTRATION

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GOVERNMENT

(In part from a paper read November 16, 1915, before the Book and Journal Club at Baltimore and published in the *Medical Record*, N. Y.)

THE important part taken by doctors' sons in the *régime* of Lincoln does not appear to be generally known, if, indeed, it has ever been recognized. Nor in the case of most of these participants, do the customary biographical sketches give any indication of the medical parentage.

Except as casually included in medical history and memorials, that side of medical life which may be termed the Sociology of the Profession has been but little studied. Kelly has explored the relation of physicians to botany, and doubtless there have been efforts in one or another direction that deserve mention.

Such a sociology represents a more democratic phase than does isolated achievement or individual prowess. And it might naturally be expected that in America it would have both a larger field and a sounder appreciation than elsewhere. There is now an abundance of material on the sociological side concerning the profession itself. Though in its entirety a large subject, many parts are sufficiently complete in themselves to admit of separate presentation.

In the historic interest of our members, to offset attacks on our calling, and as a genetic study, the gathering of material of this order has a larger warrant than merely to gratify curiosity.

Since the days of the Revolution no period in our country's history has been so stressful, so fraught with danger, and so seriously in need of wise guidance, as that of the Civil War. The leader of that time was Lincoln. The superior quality of his

wisdom in action and in the selection of his immediate supporters is recognized. It consequently becomes a matter of deep interest to size up the mental atmosphere of his surroundings, and to see if any clear element is recognizable. That he had a true genius for gathering and utilizing opponents as well as presumable congenials renders any element in his make-up and *entourage* the more striking.

It is easy to pick out the men who officially and personally stood next to him, distinctly more so than most others, and this group became more pronounced as his administration progressed. At least four of these were his own choice; and doubtless he was consulted about the selection of some of the others. For the present purpose it is only necessary to give an outline sketch of each, sufficient to show his standing, relation and paternity. Most interested readers can fill in much from memory. The cases in point are as follows:

1. Judge David Davis, the private adviser and legal friend of Lincoln, who accompanied him in both these relations on the momentous journey in February, 1861, to Washington, and remained in the capacity unofficially. He had not acquired at that time all the national reputation that came later (U. S. Judge, Senator from Illinois, and in 1881-3 acting Vice-President); yet he proved fully worthy of the confidence placed in him.

In the Republican national convention of 1860 Judge Davis (as delegate-at-large from Illinois) had secured the nomination of Lincoln, and after the election "was a chief councillor of the President."

Judge Davis was a son of Dr. David Davis, a physician of Cecil County, Md.

2. John Hay, Lincoln's personal private secretary, in later years Secretary of State. Nicolay, a German by birth, was the chief executive secretary, but Hay was the one in close confidential relations, perhaps more so than anyone else during the full

period of Lincoln's administration. He was very young for such a responsible post, only twenty-three years of age at the start, though admitted to the bar.

Hay was born in Indiana, the third son of Charles Hay, M.D. (1801-84), a native of Kentucky and "a prosperous physician."

3. Then came the Vice-President, Lincoln's running mate in the campaign of 1869, Hannibal Hamlin, *ex-officio* president of the Senate. His term did not expire until March 4, 1865. Hamlin was a lawyer, had been speaker of the Maine House, Member of Congress, U. S. Senate, and Governor of Maine. Subsequently he was our Minister to Spain. He was born at Paris, Maine, the son of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

Dr. Hamlin was born in Massachusetts (1770), was a practicing physician, and at times had filled a number of positions of local responsibility.

4. Solomon Foot (1802-66); never much in the public eye, and now little heard of. Yet as president *pro tem.* of the Senate (Feb. 16, 1861, to April 26, 1864), as floor leader of that body, head of its most important committees, potentially in line for the Vice-Presidency, and chairman of arrangements for the Lincoln inauguration in 1861, he was an invaluable aid at the transition time and for much of the Lincoln period. He was the most prominent advance agent who held over to the new era, a man of mature years and wide training, who came into his heritage of responsibility on the withdrawal of part of the members.

Foot had been professor of natural philosophy at the Vermont Medical School, Castleton, 1827-31, lawyer, Speaker of the Vermont House, State's Attorney, Member of Congress (1836-42 and 1843-7), Senator (1851-66), and railroad president.

He was a native of Vermont, the son of Dr. Solomon Foot. His father, a physician, born in Connecticut, died when the son was barely nine years old.

5. The two secretaryships of State and of War were at that time unofficially, if not formally, recognized as the leading two cabinet portfolios. In this case the long term of service of the occupants show each to have been *persona grata* to the President. Everyone who recalls that period or is familiar with its history is well aware of the fact that in the general estimation these two men were Lincoln's main reliance and his most representative cabinet heads.

William H. Seward, Secretary of State. Seward had previously served as Governor of New York and as Senator. Though he had been the chief competitor for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1860, he gracefully accepted and admirably filled the statesman's position in Lincoln's cabinet. He was the ranking member of that body, remained through Lincoln's whole administrative career, and subsequently engineered the purchase of Alaska. He was born in Orange County, N. Y., the son of Dr. Samuel Swezy Seward.

Doctor Seward came from Connecticut. In later years he "combined medical practice with a large mercantile business."

6. Owing to the peculiar conditions of the time, the cabinet officer next in importance was the Secretary of War. From January 15, 1862, on, this post was filled by Edwin M. Stanton (who had previously been the Attorney General in the cabinet of Buchanan). By the necessities of his very important position, by continuance of service, and by personal association he was, next to Seward, the cabinet officer in nearest affiliation with Lincoln. Stanton was a lawyer by training, born in Ohio in 1815, and the son of Dr. David Stanton.

His father, "a prominent physician," was of Quaker stock, and came from an eastern State. He died while his son, Edwin, was a child, although not until he was some years old.

7. On the legislative side highly important for the Administration is the Speaker of the Congressional House. From early

1863 on this position was filled by Schuyler Colfax. He was a member of Congress from 1855 to 1869, and subsequently (1869-73) Vice-President. He was born in New York City March 23, 1823, the second child of Schuyler Colfax, Sr.

The father was born in New Jersey, August 3, 1792. He married Hannah D. Stryker April 25, 1820, and died of tuberculosis October 20, 1822, five months before the son was born. Small wonder that there is a paucity of details regarding the father. An old account states that he studied medicine and then took a bank position to earn means for starting in practice. Another biography indicates that he studied medicine in 1810-12 with Dr. David Marvin, of Hackensack, N. J. Studying medicine with a preceptor instead of at a medical school was the more common way at that time. His widow disclaimed any knowledge of this, except that he and the doctor were old friends. But, as she was speaking long afterward, had been married in her sixteenth year, had but a short married life with him, and that some time after the date assigned for his studying, her lack of information on this point hardly counts. The positive evidence is sufficient to warrant including the name of the son in the present list.

Taken together, the seven men named were, next to Lincoln himself, the leaders in the executive and even the legislative work of the United States Government during that period. They were closest to him in official and personal relations, and, with the balance of the cabinet, constituted his special lieutenants, advisers and administrative guard. It is consequently a notable fact that the seven were all sons of physicians, and this is the more striking as it is without known precedent. Of course, periods of such gravity and far-reaching interest are in themselves rare.

To read theories into or out of history is known to be as unprofitable as theorizing in medicine. Still, we have finally

come to the stage in medicine where it is possible to have profitable theories. And the more embryotic science of history may yet find activators.

To offer any generally acceptable explanation of this peculiar occurrence is hardly possible. To say that it was a mere coincidence is the simplest and most customary way. That, however, offers no explanation, and it is against experience and every theory of probabilities.

To suppose that it was definitely planned, as by one mind or some coterie, is quite as improbable. No incentive or reason appears for such a vast scheme. Nor is there any evidence or suggestion of such an effort. Nor, finally, can we see any way by which it would have been practically possible.

A further view comes up that cannot be as readily decided. Everyone is invigorated by a stimulus that appeals to him. Of all the educated and trained classes and in the community, the medical is the only one that in any real analysis stands heartily and with conservative wisdom by the whole people. Did, then, the sentiment, "the national and intensely democratic spirit of the time rouse these men, because of their inherent attitude, more than it did others of possibly equal ability in the community?"

There is an alternate way of looking at the matter that is rational and appeals more to medical minds. This grouping of prominent men was doubtless accidental, in the ordinary acceptance of that term; that it was so in the psychological sense is hardly imaginable. The drift of circumstances and the compelling necessities of the time had simply forced the selection of those specially suited to the extreme demands of the situation. Because it was involuntary and natural makes the occurrence the more significant.

We can grant that this combination of talent was just a coincidence—and yet draw a long bow. It affords strong evi-

dence—perhaps the strongest possible—of the superior intellectual value of medical training and heredity. And those who attribute thereto an educational quality of basic character may see a direct verification in this development at a national crisis.

Besides his leading official mainstays it may be noted that Lincoln's leading competitors in the national campaigns of the period afford parallel illustrations. Seward has been mentioned above.

8. A leading opponent, both before and in the campaign of 1860, was Stephen A. Douglas, Senator from Illinois. And it was with Douglas that Lincoln had just previously held the series of public debates that so stirred the nation. On the popular vote at the election Douglas was next to Lincoln, though behind Breckenridge and Bell on the electoral count. "Socially they were on friendly terms," and Douglas even held Lincoln's hat during the inauguration at Washington.

Douglas was born in Vermont, the only son of Stephen Arnold Douglas. The father, "a native of New York State and a prominent physician," died suddenly when his son was two months old.

9. In the campaign of 1864 Lincoln's opponent was George B. McClellan, General-in-Chief, U. S. A. The General was a native of Philadelphia, the son of George McClellan, M.D. Dr. McClellan was born in Connecticut in 1796 and was widely known as a surgeon and professor of surgery.

That all talent of this kind was not exhausted in the first line trenches, to use a phrase of to-day, might be shown by innumerable examples; that, however, would not affect the main "exhibit."

It is natural in this relation to turn back for comparison to that other time of national tribulation, the Revolution. The surprising number of medical men who were signers of the

Declaration of Independence has long been a matter of note. There were at least six with medical training, four of them practitioners. And in close correspondence with this is the fact that the Mecklenburg Declaration in 1775 was written by Dr. Brevard, a surgeon.

At the Lincoln period, nearly ninety years later, the mantle of the fathers may be said, professionally speaking, to have descended to the children.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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WHAT WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RELIGION?

WHAT was Abraham Lincoln's religion?" This question has long been a topic for discussion—nay even bitter controversy, and instead of being settled, it seems to have become more and more a subject for debate among those interested in the life of the Martyr-President.

He has been claimed by the most orthodox Christians as holding their tenets of faith, as well as by the Unitarians. Infidels, Freethinkers and Deists assert that he was one of their number, while Spiritualists contend that he looked with favor on their phenomena. Several times the query has arisen as to whether in his early life he was not a Catholic; he has been called a Universalist, a materialist and a rationalist, while some writers say that he can only be compared to the Jewish prophets of old, one author within the last few years having published a book which tends to show him a prophet inspired of God.

Probably the first attempt of any significance to determine his religious opinions was made in J. G. Holland's biography issued in 1865, shortly after the assassination. In this Dr. Holland claimed him to have been a Christian, basing his assertion chiefly on the testimony of Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Illinois at that time, who had given him a minute account of an interview held with Lincoln during the Presidential campaign of 1860. This has often been referred to as the "famous Bateman interview."

In 1870 the Toledo *Index* printed a lengthy communication from W. H. Herndon, giving an extended interpretation of what he considered had been his law partner's Freethought views. This letter has recently been reprinted in the *Truthseeker*, a New York "freethought" publication.

Two years later Ward H. Lamon's biography appeared, following the line of Herndon's reasoning as regarded Lincoln's

religious belief, or rather lack of it. But as Lamon also had been a law-partner of Lincoln, as well as his Marshal at Washington during his Presidency, the general tone of his work, especially in analyzing Lincoln's character, and more particularly the disparaging manner in which he referred to his old friend's religious views, was for a long time regarded by Lincoln lovers as inexplicable. However, comparatively recently it has been proven conclusively that this book was in reality penned by Chauncey F. Black, a son of Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General in Buchanan's Cabinet and a political opponent of Lincoln.

This work was extensively reviewed in all the current magazines, being severely criticised in *Scribner's*,* of which Dr. Holland was editor.

About a year later† the same magazine contained a lecture by Rev. James A. Reed on "The Later Life and Religious Sentiments of Abraham Lincoln," written out at the request of Dr. Holland. This lecture was printed as a reply to Herndon and Lamon.

Hon. Isaac N. Arnold's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, wherein is given a rather extended exposition of what the author considered were the views of the great Emancipator on the topic under discussion, and in which he is made to appear as a Christian in the fullest sense of the word, was published in 1885.

Until his "Herndon's Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life" appeared in 1890, Herndon wrote and lectured much on this subject, and was also engaged in several controversies. Chapter 14 of his work is an epitome of his previous expressions along that line.

"Was Lincoln a Spiritualist," by Nettie C. Maynard was issued in 1891. In this the author takes the affirmative side.

In 1893 occurred the controversy between Robert G. Ingersoll

* *Scribner's Monthly*, August 1872.

† *Ibid.*, July 1873.

and General Charles H. T. Collis, the former maintaining that "Abraham Lincoln's religion was the religion of Voltaire and Paine," the latter denying it, and adducing evidence in support of his contention. This correspondence, with additional testimony, was published in pamphlet form in 1900 by General Collis.

John E. Remsburg's *Abraham Lincoln: Was He a Christian?*, after running serially in the *Truthseeker* was issued in book form in 1893. This evidence was intelligently collected and interestingly arranged and aside from its rather polemical tone, makes very good reading. Remsburg follows the line laid down by Herndon and Lamon.

Orrin H. Pennell of the East Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church published in 1899 a booklet of sixty pages on *The Religious Views of Abraham Lincoln*, contending that he was an orthodox Christian in every particular.

During the last few years several addresses and a few monographs dealing with the subject have appeared. All of them possess some merit, and it is understood that there are now in the course of preparation, at least three more bearing on the same theme. One of the best of the later items is undoubtedly Major William H. Lambert's *The Faith of Abraham Lincoln*.

Magazines and newspapers also have teemed with articles claiming this or that to have been his religion, and giving scores of anecdotes in support of each particular contention. One of the most interesting of the recent statements is *The Conversion of Abraham Lincoln*, by Rev. Edward L. Watson, in the *Christian Advocate* of November 11, 1909. This shows Lincoln to have been converted in good old Methodist style in 1839.

About four years ago, the writer,—a collector of Lincolniana and a student of the life of Abraham Lincoln—conceived and acted upon the idea of writing to those of Lincoln's friends then known to be living, as well as the leading collectors and biogra-

phers, whose addresses could be procured, requesting them for their views on this question. In the majority of instances, the response has been most cordial. Many and varied opinions have been expressed. Among the most interesting are the following statements, which are given as a hitherto unpublished contribution to the literature of the controversy.

Probably the one who could speak with the most authority, who in all likelihood knew him better than any man then living, was Col. A. K. McClure of Philadelphia. He has written much of Abraham Lincoln in books, magazine and newspaper articles and the like, but I do not think that I have ever seen his opinions on this subject in print. The following is from a letter received from him in 1908: "I have yours of the 8th inquiring whether I had any knowledge of Lincoln's religious belief, and especially as to his belief in the Atonement. Anyone examining Lincoln's writings must be profoundly impressed with his absolute reverence for and faith in God, and I had many times heard him speak of the Overruling Power of the nation and the world, but I cannot recall a single conversation on the subject of the Atonement. I always assumed from his evident high appreciation of Christianity that he had faith in the Atonement. I never heard him utter a sentence that indicated in any way want of faith in it. If he did not cherish such faith, it is quite likely that at some time or other he would have given some expression to his doubts on the subject. While I cannot give any personal conversation with Lincoln on the subject, I have never doubted his faith in Christianity. I do not know whether it was his purpose to join the church shortly before his death. He was a very reticent man, and I doubt whether if that had been his purpose he would have expressed it until he carried it into effect. I have seen the statements about him attending spiritualistic *séances*, but I do not credit them. He may have done so, but I

am quite sure that he was not in any way unbalanced or affected by spiritualists."

Mr. Gibson W. Harris, who was a student in Lincoln and Herndon's law office in 1845-47, in a letter dated April 17, 1908, from Holly Hill, Florida, writes: "I do not recall a single instance during my acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, which commenced in 1840 and lasted until 1861 * * * wherein he gave expression to his religious views. I can therefore give you only my opinion of his beliefs and unbeliefs.

He believed in a first great cause, a Creator. He did not believe in Christ as being the only Son of God; all men and women were his children. In this respect he was an Unitarian—a Universalist as far as a special place of punishment was reserved for the wicked. He was a Deist. The Chinese creed (if I may call it a creed) was his. 'God is one, religions are many; all mankind are brothers,' and he lived up to this creed. He never used profane language. He was not a member of any church or any secret order."

Another law student of Lincoln and Herndon's was Mr. Henry B. Rankin, still living in Springfield, Ill. Mr. Rankin writes, March 6, 1911: "Your letter of inquiry of February 21st was duly received. You ask, 'Do you consider Lincoln a Christian or a Deist?' Most assuredly I consider he was a Christian, as I understand Christianity—*viz.* The religion of Jesus Christ.

Again: 'Do you think he attended Spiritualistic *séances*? Such a "think" is absolutely absurd to me as regards Mr. Lincoln from 1850 to 1860 (the period I was near him). He was not of the cast of mind attracted by occult things, and in those years was so thoroughly absorbed with great practical themes there could have been no room for such diversions, if I may so name them.

How he grew out of, above, and beyond all environments can never be accurately traced out without recognizing the Unseen

Hand that guided all. No one realized this more, or relied on it in life than Mr. Lincoln did in his own. How fully his state papers reveal this."

Mr. Horace White of New York, who reported Lincoln's speeches in the Lincoln-Douglas Debates in Illinois in 1858 and came to know him intimately, writes thus: "You ask whether I think that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian. There are so many varieties of Christians in the world that the question is a difficult one to answer. In my younger days Unitarians and Universalists were not usually classed as Christians in the community where I lived, although they went to church on Sunday and took the Bible as their principal guide. Now, however, I find that they are generally classed as Christians, although misguided ones. If you mean by the word Christian one who believes that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, born of a virgin, and that he was sent into the world to be an atonement for the sins of the inhabitants of the world by his own death on the cross, I do not believe that Abraham Lincoln was a Christian. If you mean by the word a man who takes Christ as an example of the conduct of life and sincerely takes up his cross and follows that example, I believe that he was a Christian. But I must add that he never said anything to me on the subject of religion, nor to any other persons in my presence. The opinion which I have expressed above is derived from other persons who were his near neighbors and intimate friends in Springfield, Illinois. I do not believe that Lincoln ever attended a Spiritualistic *séance* except as a matter of curiosity, as I myself have done. I never heard him mention the subject, nor did I ever hear any intimate friend of his speak of him as inclined to a belief in Spiritualism."

The following are extracts from two letters received from Col. William O. Stoddard, now living in Madison, N. J., who was one of President Lincoln's private secretaries and has writ-

ten much on him: "The question, 'Was Lincoln an Infidel,' is one which could not be asked by one who knew him as I did, nor answered by one, like my old friend Herndon, of Springfield, who absolutely did not see him or correspond with him during the last four years of his life, the years of his greatest religious thought and development. It is a question I was called to answer on the platform, before the faculty and students of Drew Theological Seminary, and they declared entire approval. What is an 'infidel'? My own theology you may imagine from the fact that I was, during many years, on the editorial staff of a leading religious journal and am an ordained Baptist deacon of the old style, leaving out the name of Calvin, of whom I am not a disciple. Now, the larger, much the larger part, of the nominal Christian world, Roman, Greek, or Protestant, would severely reject my ideas. All Bibliolators would do so. But I cannot question the vital 'Christianity' of a man who utterly believed in God; in his duty, before God, to his fellow men; in the teachings of the Scriptures; in the Christ as his example; and who could call upon the people as Lincoln did, to *join him* in prayer, in repentance for sin and in thanksgiving for Divine Mercy.

You are young, now. Grow older in a deeper and more Christ-like understanding of the words, 'Through much tribulation do ye enter into the kingdom.' For that is the way, through duties done and trials and sufferings endured, that the spiritual life of Abraham Lincoln grew up—*out of sight* of the uninspired critics who never knew him at all. I knew him.

He never had the slightest symptoms of 'Spiritism' and was the last man to put in any of his really valuable time on 'Mediums' of any sort."

Mr. Paul Selby of Chicago, a personal friend of Lincoln, and author of *Anecdotal Lincoln*, writes April 22, 1908: "Replying to your letter of April 12th, I would state that my opinion in reference to Mr. Lincoln's religious views would be based first,

on his personal character and secondly, on his utterances, especially during his career as President.

While he never adopted any sectarian creed or made a public profession of faith, there is abundant evidence that he was a close student of the Bible, was a regular attendant on religious service, and in a general way recognized the truths of Christianity. What his belief was as to the doctrine of the Atonement, I could not say. From the day of his leaving Springfield in February, 1861, to assume the duties of President (and even at an earlier date) up to his last inaugural address, he frequently gave utterance to sentiments indicating his belief in the existence of a Supreme Being and even declared 'fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.' While opinions as to his religious faith, in the absence of any avowed creed, must remain largely conjectural, there is no doubt as to his personal integrity and unselfish patriotism.

Whatever may have been the theories which Lincoln discussed in his youth and early manhood, and which brought upon him the charge that he was an 'infidel,' I think there is no conclusive evidence that they were grounded in his character, or adhered to in his later manhood."

In a letter of April 23, 1910, Mr. Selby adds: "While Mr. Lincoln has been accorded a reputation by some writers as possessing a tendency to superstition, if he attended any *séance* conducted by Spiritualists, I think he was there merely as a curiosity seeker or investigator."

Hon. Henry A. Melvin, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, both of whose parents were near neighbors and intimate friends of Lincoln in Springfield before the war, in an interesting letter dated June 18, 1910, writes: "My father always spoke of Mr. Lincoln as a real Christian. They often discussed religious matters, and Mr. Lincoln's attitude towards

such things was very reverent. His knowledge of the Bible was considerable, and he frequently used in his speeches quotations or incidents taken from Holy Writ. I have often heard my mother say that when he was greatly troubled by business worry, personal sorrow or domestic friction Mr. Lincoln would sit in a rocking chair, swinging back and forth, looking out of the window, and singing old-fashioned hymns. His voice was not very good and his ear for music not of the best, yet he seemed to gain much solace, my mother thought, from the old songs. Curiously enough his favorite was the old hymn containing the lines that were to be brokenly sung by many a dying soldier in the awful pen at Andersonville (I quote from memory):

'There I can bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across this peaceful breast.'

Mr. H. E. Barker, probably the oldest as well as one of the largest dealers in Lincolniana in the country, whose home is in Lincoln's old home town, Springfield, writes June 11, 1910: "Aside from what I have read of Lincoln's religious views, I have talked with many of his early acquaintances and am now settled in my belief, first, that in his young manhood he was skeptical, even to the point of writing an article in defence of his views which he read to a circle of friends gathered in a store here in Springfield. I made a search for this manuscript but it could not be found. It is reported that a friend thrust it into the stove and destroyed it. His law partner Herndon was of the same or greater skeptical nature, and so did not help Lincoln to the light. Later on, under grief at his children's deaths and the burden of the war, he unquestionably turned back to the teachings of his boyhood and plainly evidenced his belief in God, and showed the confidence of fellowship with him. I firmly believe

that Lincoln, for at least three years before his death was a Christian.

I am obliged to 'take stock' in the statements that he attended Spiritualistic *séances*—his nature was peculiarly suited to experiments along that line. But he never became one of them, and it is no reflection on his character that he grasped at anything that might help him. I think that Pennell's little pamphlet on 'The Religious Views of Abraham Lincoln' comes as near giving a correct estimate as anything I have seen."

In 1860 Mr. Alban Jasper Conant, now living in New York, painted Lincoln's portrait at Springfield, and during the winter of 1861-62 resided at Washington—Attorney-General Bates being his subject this time. The artist therefore had many opportunities for studying the Martyr-President. In reply to a letter of inquiry sent him, his daughter Mrs. Carrie Conant Smith, answering for her father and in his own words, writes June 2, 1910: "I attended the same church with Mr. Lincoln in Washington, sat behind him for many months; nobody was more attentive than he to the services. When he left Springfield, after his election, he asked the prayers of the people, that he might have the guidance of the Almighty in all that lay before him. He was far above the conflicting ideas of creed, and I heard him say, when he found a church that taught the teachings of Jesus Christ, he should join it."

In line with the last statement given above is one made by Major J. B. Merwin, now of Middlefield, Conn., who enjoyed the friendship of Lincoln for thirteen years, and has delivered several lectures on various phases of his career. In a short communication received in October, 1910, he informs me that he heard President Lincoln make a statement of like import to the Hon. Henry C. Deming, member of Congress from Connecticut during the Civil War. Major Merwin also vouchsafes the following information: "I knew Mr. Lincoln intimately from 1852

on to the day of his assassination—dined with him that day. He came to be one of the most profoundly Christian men I ever knew. He had no religious cant about him at all. In regard to the matter of *séances*, I think he did say that from all he could gather the spirits made his friends such consummate fools, 'that if they could rap, they would rap their skulls.' I heard and saw Mr. Lincoln pray, often. How could any one stand up under such awful burdens as he carried without Divine aid? He made no mistakes. He was divinely guided, and asked—begged—for such guidance, conscious of his own need of help beyond any human aid."

In sharp contrast to the above, is the following from Mr. C. F. Gunther, a leading collector, of Chicago: "In reply to your letter would say that in my opinion and belief I am sure that Mr. Lincoln was not a Christian. In a conversation with his son Robert some thirty years ago, he incidentally remarked to me that some people were talking about his father's religious convictions, saying 'that his father was like many other men; he did not take any interest in church matters.' Mr. Herndon also says the same thing:

"There is no uncertainty in Mr. Lincoln's religion from the fact that he did not believe enough in the theology of the churches to identify himself with them. This is saying a good deal when a man does that in a town the size of Springfield from its infancy in this country. That is the whole truth, which is as simple and certain as any truth can be. The pressure upon the martyred President to declare himself a Christian was very great. Delegation after delegation of the clergy waited upon him to fatigue him if possible into a declaration of positive Christian belief, without success. These are the facts and ought to close the question. I believe Mr. Lincoln was what we call in modern days a

Rationalist. *In certis, unitas; in dubiis, libertas*: in things certain, unity; in things doubtful, liberty."

Mr. Wayne Whipple of Philadelphia, author of *The Story Life of Lincoln*, one of the best of those books called forth by the Lincoln centenary, *The Heart of Lincoln* and other Lincolniana, has this to say, writing September 8, 1911: "About Lincoln's religious belief, I hardly know what to tell you. I do not believe that he was a 'skeptic or an infidel' as Herndon would have us believe. That was only one of the despicable things Herndon tried to say against the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Robert T. Lincoln told me once that Herndon was jealous of his great partner who had done so much for him—because Mr. Lincoln, as President, would not give him a lucrative government position. Herndon drank so much that he became irresponsible, and finally a tramp in the streets of Springfield, Illinois—after Lincoln's death.

If Lincoln was an unbeliever, many of his utterances were undeniably hypocritical—like his farewell to the people of Springfield on leaving them to become President, his letter to Eliza Gurney, the Quaker lady, the letter to widow Bixby, the Second Inaugural address, and so on. He professed a deep change in his religious life after his boy Willie died in the White House. He often prayed and asked others to pray for him—and he was a constant reader of the Bible. As to his orthodoxy I can't say, of course. He was confessedly superstitious, and believed in signs and 'presentiments'—he had a strange dream the night before he was shot, and talked about it in a strange way to his Cabinet that last day. He did allow a Spiritualist woman to talk with and try to comfort him after Willie's death. But his heart was right before God and he believed in prayer."

The following is from Mr. J. McCan Davis, of Springfield, now clerk of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Mr. Davis was collaborator with Miss Ida M. Tarbell in her *Early Life of*

Lincoln, and has written much of him. In a letter dated May 2, 1910, he says: "I think all biographers agree that Lincoln was not an orthodox Christian. He was not a member of any church. His religious conceptions, like all else in his life, appear to have been simple and elementary. He believed in a future life and in an all-wise, beneficent, omnipotent God, as untouched by dogma or creed as the 'Great Spirit' of the untutored savage. Read his *Farewell Address* delivered here on his departure for Washington, and you will discern the breadth and depth of his religion—a religion that embraced all mankind. His farewell address is one of the classics of the English tongue—it is both a poem and a prayer. I doubt very much the stories about his attending spiritualistic *séances*, though I am not prepared to dispute them."

Another writer worthy of special mention, is Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill of New York City, author of *Lincoln the Lawyer*, *Lincoln's Legacy of Inspiration* and other interesting Lincolniana. Mr. Hill writes April 22, 1910: "In my opinion Abraham Lincoln was a Christian in the highest sense of the word. I think his views of Christianity were too broad to be confined to the limits of any particular creed or dogma. I am not sufficiently familiar with the tenets of the Unitarian belief to express an opinion as to whether or not his views conformed to that particular sect. I think it highly probable that he did attend one or perhaps more Spiritualistic *séances*. I think it was some time between 1855 and 1865 that there was special interest in both England and America in what is generally termed Spiritualism, and there were some very clever people then holding *séances*, and although I have not any positive evidence, one way or the other, before me, I should think the chances were that Lincoln, like a great many other men of inquiring mind, took interest enough in the subject to attend a *séance* or two and observe what hap-

pened. That Lincoln was a Spiritualist is absurd. There is not the slightest evidence of any such thing."

The oldest collector of Lincolniana in the country is Captain O. H. Oldroyd of Washington, D. C., whose collection is in the house in which Lincoln died. Under date of October 24, 1910, Capt. Oldroyd writes: "The religious views of Abraham Lincoln have been the subject of discussion ever since his tragic death. Some have claimed him to have been a Christian, while others, with equal positiveness, declare him to have been an infidel. He surely, when a young man, read "Smith on Infidelity," which might have made him somewhat skeptical regarding the Christian religion, but his views concerning the Bible later became changed, and, in my opinion, he became a firm believer in God. His religious views differed somewhat from others, but his implicit faith in God can best be judged by his acts. He willingly subscribed to the greatest law laid down by the Master: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.'

He made frequent appeals to God in his public utterances during the great war period, especially in his address on the Gettysburg battlefield, the noblest document known to our history. Who can read his second Inaugural Address and say that Abraham Lincoln was not a Christian?"

Another large collector is Mr. Charles W. McLellan of Champlain, New York. He writes June 6, 1910: "I lived in Springfield some years and knew Mr. Lincoln as one will know everybody in a small place, and as to his religion—he attended the First Presbyterian Church—his family always. I frequently sat in the pew near theirs—if he wasn't zealously active in church work, he was regarded by everybody as being better, showing more of the Christ spirit in his intercourse and thought for others, than many who were. Whatever his views were in early years, and which you refer to as being 'hard to get at,' it is

very clear and known that in the few years he was in Washington he became, through suffering, through the agony of personal affliction—through the necessity of his 'opening not his mouth' when he was 'reviled and slandered,' the most religious man of the centuries. And to talk of his religious views, is to discuss the views of the Apostle Paul when he stood by and held the garments of those who stoned Stephen.

The truth as to Abraham Lincoln's religion I think is *not hard* to get at. I agree with John Hay, who knew him better than anyone else; his remark was, I think, that "he was the greatest man since Christ. If he attended Spiritualistic *séances* it was because he was in such deep affliction at the loss of his son Willie that he was willing to grasp at every straw of comfort."

Mr. Judd Stewart, of Plainfield, New Jersey, is another large collector. He has also published much *Lincolniana* and is well known to the devotees of the Lincoln cult. In a statement dated October 12, 1910, he writes, among other interesting things: "Lincoln himself, in my opinion, was an inspired implement for the use of the Supreme Being in working out the destiny of the human race. He himself perhaps only occasionally realized this, but I believe that at times he inwardly felt his power and laughed at the orthodox view of matters. When he told the delegation of ministers that if God wished him to emancipate the slaves, it was a roundabout way of telling him (Lincoln) by sending the message through Chicago, there was a nicely concealed jest at their idea of the way the Supreme Being works. When he told the Cabinet that he wanted their views upon the text of the Emancipation Proclamation, not upon its expediency, that he had promised God to issue the proclamation upon certain conditions, I think it showed his intimate contact with the Supreme Being."

Mr. D. H. Newhall, of New York, formerly a collector, has also been a student, as witness the following, dated April 15,

1910: "I have been more or less the last fifteen years a close student of Lincoln. It is my opinion that while he was a Christian in the common acceptation of the term, he was not a religious man, and I can find no record of his ever having definitely subscribed to any of the prevailing creeds. In other words, while not a religious man, he was not an atheist." November 4, 1910, he adds this: "You ask me to state my opinion of Lincoln's religion. Most of what has been written on this subject seems to me to be merely special pleading, the writers trying to make Lincoln what they think he ought to be instead of weighing the evidence and judging from it alone. My own opinion is that Lincoln was an unreligious man, and that he gave little thought to religious matters. There is some evidence, however, that with increasing care and responsibility came some measure of religious conviction. He may have attended spiritualistic *séances* (so have I, perhaps you have), but I don't think there is a scrap of evidence to support Mrs. Maynard's or Fayette Hall's claims that he was a Spiritualist."

The following is from Mr. J. O. Cunningham, of Urbana, Illinois, who knew Lincoln before the Civil War and has published his recollections of him. Mr. Cunningham states, November 8, 1911: "In answer to your interrogatory, 'What do you think of Abraham Lincoln's religious views—do you believe him to have been a Christian?' I would say that from what I have heard him say in the many speeches of his delivered in my hearing, I never had a doubt but that in all of his views along religious lines he was in full sympathy and belief with the views held by Christians the world over. From this you will readily conclude that in my hearing no word was ever dropped by him inconsistent with such views. On the contrary, all his arguments along the line of opposition to slavery were drawn from the standpoint of Christianity, and without that as a basis for his conclusions his arguments would have been without founda-

tion. I never heard him say in so many words that he believed in Christianity, but he always talked as if, in his opinion, that 'went without saying,' as the expression is often used, and needed no specific declaration.

"At one time, while in attendance upon our court, and being detained here over the Sabbath, he attended religious services at the Methodist Episcopal Church, as if such was his practice. I hope I shall be understood as holding the opinion that he at all times, without so expressing himself, was a believer in Christianity himself, when the great burden of the National existence rested upon his shoulders invoking that faith for his support."

JOHN W. STARR, JR.

MILLERSBURG, PA.

[To Mr. Starr's paper can be fittingly added an extract from the sermon of Rev. John Wesley Hill, at the (M. E.) Metropolitan Temple, New York, on February 12, 1912. Doctor Hill's recent book, "Abraham Lincoln, Man of God," lends additional interest to this extract.—ED.]

Providential men are priceless. Their careers are the beacons of human progress. Their thoughts and deeds are the richest legacy of mankind. They are lights kindled upon the dome of the centuries, illumining the mental and moral atmosphere of the world. History is the story of their epochal deeds, and civilization the lengthened shadow of their exalted souls. Serving most, they are the greatest. They come at great intervals, representing vast issues, founding imperishable institutions and wielding an immeasurable influence. Only about once in a hundred years does some solitary prophet stand in our midst unannounced, proclaim his message, fulfil his mission, and then vanish as mysteriously as he arrived, leaving behind a memory half mortal and half myth.

Victor Hugo says: "The summit of the human mind is the

ideal to which God descends and man ascends. In each age, three or four men of genius undertake the ascent. From below, the world's eyes follow them. 'How small they are,' says the crowd. But on they go, by scarped cliff and yawning abyss, through storm and cloud and night, until they reach the summit, where they catch great secrets from the lips of God." We must look yonder, above the cloud line of history, if we would see them. Theirs is a select circle of picked personalities. There is no primacy among them. Genius is equal to itself. They are all the greatest. There is no method for striking the balance between Abraham and Moses, or Homer and Shakespeare, or Cromwell and Wellington, or Washington and Lincoln.

The were Providential men. It is not easy to recognize a prophet. They do not wear the same robe nor work in the same rôle. The sheepskin mantle of John the Baptist is no more necessary to a modern prophet than is the bow of Ulysses to a modern soldier. Prophets come upon different missions: one as a patriarch like Abraham; another as a lawgiver like Moses; another as a warrior like Joshua; another as a disturber and avenger like Elijah; another as a reformer like Luther; another a regenerator like Wesley; another as a patriot like Washington; another as an emancipator and deliverer like Lincoln.

Someone has said that "A saint is a good man dead one hundred years, cannonaded then but canonized now." It was the Galilean who said, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." This is the history of all prophets. Stones have been their bed and bread. Lincoln was no exception to the rule. In his day he was slandered and maligned, criticised and cartooned, assailed and assassinated.

Thus it has ever been. Aristides was banished because he was known as "the Just." A monument now stands upon the spot from which Bruno started heavenward in a chariot of fire. John Bunyan penned "*Pilgrim's Progress*" in a dungeon. Wellington

was mobbed in the streets of London on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Scipio Africanus, who defeated Hannibal at Zama, was arraigned by a factious mob and condemned to death. He repelled his accusers by reminding the people that it was an anniversary of Zama, and then he was permitted to go into voluntary exile, where he died.

Yesterday we called Washington a fastidious aristocrat, and Lincoln a buffoon. To-day we set these men on Olympus with the gods and speak of them as patriots and prophets. For living prophets we have epithets; for dead ones, epitaphs. About living prophets we have opinions, about dead ones we have judgments; but they must be dead a long time—so dead as not to hear one word of praise, so dead that what we see is a specter rather than a palpitating personality. They must be dim, far away shadows, coming and going at midnight and at midday, taking up no space, disputing no ambitions, contesting no claims, awakening no resentments—so dead that we can get credit for magnanimity in the expression of deferred gratitude; so dead that where we have begrudged bread we may lavish beatitudes.

Better to recognize and honor these peerless toilers while they are in our midst than to wait until they become myths. Could Lincoln in his day have heard the faintest echo of the tumultuous applause which now greets his name, the incomparable burden which crushed his heart would have been lightened, and the solitary night through which he passed would not have been starless.

In the midst of the vituperation and abuse, the cartoons, caricatures and calumny through which Abraham Lincoln passed, he found his self-conscious rectitude the one unfailing source of comfort and support, a fortress so invulnerable that he could defy the forces of opposition which were raging about him. Seated on this secure and serene height of protection, he wrote those immortal words which are as applicable to his worthy suc-

cessor now in the White House as they were to himself, "If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing it to the end. If the end brings me out right, what is said against me will not amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

It is too soon to measure Lincoln's real greatness. We must stand back from the mountain if we would behold its magnitude! The workmen on the walls of St. Peter's could not see the full glory of that temple which sprang from the brain of Michael Angelo and crowned the hills of Rome. Neither can we fully appreciate the symmetry and magnificence of the great personality that has risen in our midst and blinded our eyes with the brilliancy of his achievements,—a man in whom the great qualities blended like the commingling of many streams,—patience without indolence; meekness without stupidity; courage without rashness; caution without fear; justice without vindictiveness; piety without pretension; reason without infidelity; and faith without superstition,—elements so mixed in him that great nature might stand up and say, "This is a man!" Aye, and such a man that "Taken all in all, we shall not see his like again!"

It is difficult to study providential characters in the cold light of history. The perspective is disproportioned. Washington has been transformed into marble or transfigured into myth. The fact that he never told a lie has been almost buried beneath the monstrous lies told *about* him. And so today a coterie of little critics are engaged in retouching the face of Mr. Lincoln,—smoothing out the seams, modifying the irregularities, painting him into artistic beauty and attempting by the deft touches of fancy to rob the world of the real Lincoln, and set up a historical phantom in his place.

Providence decreed the poverty of his early life. Born in a hovel, walled on three sides and open on the fourth to the universe, reared in penury and want; no chart except his own untutored mind; no compass except his own undisciplined will,—yet through that poverty he struggles on and on toward his destined day. That was the poverty in which the germ of manhood grows unrestrained by the demands of luxury and untainted by the poison of prodigality. It was the poverty of plain food, rough clothes and clean soil,—the poverty in which genius grows, where fortitude is developed in wrestling with the forest, and men are lifted into immortality by the “arduous greatness of things achieved.” His school days were limited to a few months and his books to a few volumes; yet Providence wrought that little library into the foundation of the great character that was being fashioned. Dr. Holland says, “The poverty of his library was the wealth of his mind!” It was like a little mountain ravine through which the flood rushes with greater fury on account of its narrowness. He did not go through the University, but two or three Universities went through him. His Harvard was before the old-fashioned fireplace, where he would stretch out, from one side of the room to the other, and under the flickering light of the pine knot, read and figure and study. His writing tablet was an old pine scoop-shovel, upon which he would write with a burnt stick; then scraping the shovel clean with his knife, he would fill it again,—thus literally scooping the ideas into his head. An old note book still exists in which appears one of his problems in weights and measurements properly solved; while below there appears in a boyish scrawl, an original rhyme:

“Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen,
He will be good,
But God knows when.”

God did know when; for that boy, buried in the solitude of the wilderness, was being prepared for the day when his hand and pen would repeal the cruel edicts of a thousand years; strike the shackles from four million slaves, open the way for the march of civilization and make it possible for every man beneath that flag to be absolutely free.

His time was rapidly approaching. Already the clouds afar off were gathering, but he saw them not. No figures were seen by him upon the dim horizon of that future in which he must play a pronounced and providential part. "The insulted flag; garments rolled in blood; the sulphurous smoke of battle; gory heaps upon desperate battlefields; an army of slowly-moving, crippled heroes; graveyards as populous as cities;" the Emancipator,—and the tragic scenes of his own martyrdom were in the cloud, though he saw them not! Through three wars we had triumphed. Our population had increased from three to thirty millions and our national domain had expanded two million square miles. Boundless in resources, rooted in a soil more generous than the valley of the Nile, environed with mountains of silver and gold, irrigated by rivers like rolling lakes and beautified with lakes like inland seas, possessed of a natural basis for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man,—orphaned of the solemn inspiration of antiquity,—yet compensated in area for all that was lost in age, the young Republic, confident and strong, towered among the nations of the earth,—the admiration and astonishment of them all.

But underneath our apparent prosperity there smoked the volcano of unrest. From the South arose the voice of woe. Slavery was sovereign of soil and soul; the auction block was red with blood; flowers festooned fetters; planters prospered by making merchandise of men; children were chattels; mothers commodities; souls were listed on the Stock Exchange, and the South feasted and fattened on unrequited toil! The Missouri

Compromise had barred this monster from the North, but we were drifting in the dark, seeking to chloroform a volcano,—to arrest an earthquake by administering the opiate of compromise! Finally, stricken with dismay and seized with the wild delirium of treason, state after state seceded, the Southern Confederacy was organized, and for the first time in the history of the world, the oppressors rebelled.

And what a rebellion it was! Commanding more territory than any state in Europe save one; buttressed with impenetrable mountain fastness; with munitions of war the most perfect and millions of men impatient for the conflict; with leaders of confidence and renown, trained at the Nation's expense, strengthened by secret sympathy throughout the North, and encouraged by the outspoken favor of foreign cabinets and courts,—the Confederacy thus planted, equipped and officered, goaded by greed and urged on by hatred, rejected all offers of peace, spurned all extensions of clemency, and rushing into the arena of war appealed to the arbitrament of the sword!

But instead of finding a truckling carpet knight, absorbed in braid or gold lace, the South found a man six feet and four inches tall, with serious aspect and an air of command,—the man prepared for the great emergency—Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter of Illinois. Confusion surrounded him. He found an empty treasury, impaired credit, a scattered army, a depleted navy; and over and against this, a rebellion the most thoroughly organized, splendidly equipped, ably directed, and terribly purposed known in the annals of war. Yet all undismayed, "with malice toward none and charity for all," holding onto God with one hand and the people with the other, he slowly stretched up to the vast undertaking, until he stood Atlas-like, with a whole world of responsibility upon his shoulders, and standing there in the wondering gaze of all nations, he toiled with such patience and wrought with such power that he demonstrated his call of

God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the ability indispensable to the performance of his mission! Changing from serene to severe, from grave to gay, yet never for a moment losing sight of his one great, overmastering purpose to save the Union, he measured so precisely the public sentiment that when he advanced the public was by his side, and through four long years of want and woe and glory, he continued to advance until one redeemed and glorified flag floated over all the land!



IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S KITCHEN

WHEN the Twelfth New York Militia went on to Washington, April 19, 1861, I was one of the Engineer Company. Colonel (afterward General) Butterfield, was then, as he was for long after in New York, very much of a "society" man, and we had been in Washington but a few days when he became very "chummy" at the White House, and particularly so with Mrs. Lincoln.

Out of this came an incident which I have never seen in print, and in which Mr. Lincoln appeared for the first time in Washington in one of those homely relations with which afterwards the public were to become so familiar through so many reminiscences. Mrs. Lincoln told Colonel "Dan" that the White House cook was in trouble—the "waterback" of the range was out of order, and so the range could not be used. "Couldn't he have it fixed that day—perhaps he had some soldier plumbers?" Of course he had—the Twelfth was full of 'em—(probably he would have offered to furnish aëronauts or lion-tamers if she had wanted any)—and promptly he made a requisition on the Quartermaster,—or perhaps it was the Adjutant—for plumbers to go to the White House. The Adjutant, who knew little and cared less about the matter, slid it over to the Engineer Company: "wanted, plumbers for the White House, by order Colonel Butterfield." But none of the Company were plumbers—we ranked as non-commissioned officers, and one of us—Frank Barlow—ranked as Major General later—and perhaps we did not feel complimented, even by the chance of a "job" at the White House. But I ventured the opinion that there probably *were* some plumbers—in other companies—and so was detailed to get them. I did—four—and went along to "boss the job." It certainly was a sight—four uniformed militiamen, with arms and accoutrements, marching into the White House kitchen, with an admiring group of colored servants looking on. We

"stacked arms" and in a few minutes the range was "yanked" out, and set in the middle of the kitchen, and four able-bodied New York plumbers were wrestling with its waterback. The details of the job have escaped my memory—but not so my—and our—first sight of Mr. Lincoln. He came down to the kitchen, and half-sitting, half-leaning on the kitchen table, and holding one knee in his hands—the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy said, "Well, boys, I certainly am glad to see you—I hope you can fix that thing right off; for if you can't, cook can't use the range, and I don't suppose I'll get any 'grub' today!"

It was a Saturday, possibly the President was also thinking of his Sunday dinner.

"How the Twelfth saved the (Presidential dinner)" ought to be writ large in the regimental history. I know not if any of my four comrades of that occasion are living, but if any of them see the story in print I am sure they will remember the event.

JAMES A. SCRYMSER.*

NEW YORK.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SERMON

IN April, 1861, the Twelfth New York Militia, of which I was a member, volunteered for service and went to Washington by way of Old Point Comfort. Some of us, myself among them, had seen Mr. Lincoln in New York, or heard his famous Cooper Union speech, and now we were actually in the National Capital we conceived the idea of making a call on him at the White House. We asked the doorkeeper if the President would see a party of the New York troops who had just arrived, and after a little delay a messenger returned, asking us—there were five—to enter. We found Mr. Lincoln sitting in front of a win-

* Mr. Scrymser died in 1919. He was the donor of the Washington statue at West Point, a duplicate of that in Union Square, New York.

dow from which he could look across one of the Potomac river bridges—I cannot now recall whether it was the Long or the Chain Bridge—into Virginia, where he could see with a glass the Confederate flag floating. He received us very kindly, saying he was very glad to see us,—and as there were so few soldiers in Washington, before we arrived, that if the rebels had only had then a tenth part of the dash they later displayed they could easily have entered the city in force across that bridge, I could not doubt he meant just what he said. Our visit about over Mr. Lincoln asked where we were quartered; and learning that the regiment was as yet without a camp-ground but that a church not far away sheltered a good many of us, said: “Well, on Sunday (this was Friday) I’ll come over and talk to you.” We withdrew on the hint, and as we went back the three of the party who had not before seen him were evidently much impressed by our experience. Often since then have I thought of it—a squad of young soldiers volunteering a call on the Chief Magistrate of the nation! How impossible such a thing would have been in any European capital! But we were young—and Abraham Lincoln no doubt “sized us up” at a glance; there could be no presumption where none was meant, and just then soldiers were a novelty to him, and a welcome one, too.

When we got back to the church—I cannot remember just where it was, though I know it was not very far from the White House, and, I think, a Methodist one—we told the boys the President was coming on Sunday; but the doubters were many, and not until Sunday came was the place made neat, as much as possible, for the occasion. Somebody had even put a bouquet of flowers on the pulpit. As Mr. Lincoln entered all rose, and the tall, gaunt figure that was to become so familiar to Washington in the next four years passed up the aisle and mounted the platform. So few of us had before seen him that I doubt if the church had ever before held so large a crowd; and I am sure he

never before or after had a more attentive audience. From the portraits and campaign badges we all knew him, but to actually see and hear "Old Abe" was a very different thing. Homely as he was the unmistakable dignity of a Chief Magistrate sat upon him, and I felt, as doubtless did many others, that I was in the presence of no ordinary man.

He was so tall that the pulpit was too low for him, and when he occasionally leaned forward, it almost seemed as though he was about to fall over it.

Fifty-one years is a wide chasm for memory to bridge, and I cannot now recall as clearly as I wish, much of his "talk" (for he began by saying that as he was not a clergyman he would not preach to us, but just give us a "talk"). For perhaps fifteen minutes he did talk; a pleasant, kindly address given in a natural, winning tone and manner, much as a father might address grown-up sons. He referred at some length to the pleasure and feeling of safety which the arrival of the Twelfth gave him, and his conviction that we would do ourselves credit as soldiers: that while he hoped the war would be but short, and that possibly the rebels might not proceed to any further hostilities, now that the uprising of the North was certain, yet, if there was to be a real war, the loyal states were ready for it. I thought of Captain Parker's historic address to the Minute Men of Concord: "If they want a war, let it begin here."

He went on to give us some good advice, and interspersed one or two stories—which I would give much to be able to recall—and then, with a short, earnest apostrophe for the preservation of the Union, ended his "talk," and passing down the aisle amid something very like applause, left the church.

Few are left of my comrades of that day and probably fewer yet who remember the event—the spring-like April Sunday, the dignified church full of young soldiers, arms stacked in the corners and knapsacks piled in the aisles and pews; on the platform

the homely figure in the conventional black frock-coat suit, the kindly, rugged face of the great President and the helpful, appreciative words of what I call his sermon; but it was an occasion never to be forgotten, and it is one of my valued memories that I once heard Abraham Lincoln speak from the pulpit.

GEORGE STEWART,
Late 12th Regt., N. G. S. N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY.

LINCOLN AND THE SPIRITUALISTS

(From "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln," by Rev. William E. Barton)

DURING Mr. Lincoln's occupancy of the White House there were several rumors to the effect that President and Mrs. Lincoln were both Spiritualists. A definite claim that Mr. Lincoln fully believed in Spiritualism was set forth in 1891 by a medium named Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard. She wrote a book relating in detail almost innumerable sittings which she alleged were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. According to her story her mediumship began in her childhood in 1845. At the outbreak of the war she was lecturing and giving public *séances* and went to Washington to gain a furlough for her brother. She learned of Mr. Lincoln's interest in Spiritualism, and of the visits to the White House of two mediums, Charles Colchester and Charles Foster. She was invited to the White House, where, if we are to credit her story, she imparted to Mr. Lincoln very nearly all the wisdom he possessed during the period of the Civil War.

We learn from other sources that Lincoln permitted two or three mediums to come to the White House and tell him what the spirits said he ought to know; but Lincoln said of them that the advice of the spirits, as thus received, was as contradictory as the voices of his own cabinet, of whose meetings the *séances* reminded him.

The last attempt to make Mr. Lincoln out a Spiritualist is by Mrs. Grace Garrett Durand, in a privately printed book issued since Sir Oliver Lodge's 'Raymond.' She claims to have talked with Raymond, with William T. Stead, and other people, as well as with Mrs. Eddy, from whom she expects to receive additional material supplementary to her 'Science and Health, and Key to the Scriptures.' She is, however, according to her own account, especially intimate with Mr. Lincoln. She says:

"President Lincoln has himself told me in many conversations I have had with him from the spirit world that he was directed in his great work during the Civil War by his mother and others in the spirit world. Mr. Lincoln, or 'Uncle Abe,' as he has lovingly asked me to call him, said that had he respected his mother's advice the day of his assassination he would not have gone to the theatre the fateful night, as his mother had that day warned him not to go."

If Mr. Lincoln's spirit has indeed requested this lady to call him "Uncle Abe" he has accorded her a liberty which was infrequent during his lifetime. Near neighbors of Mr. Lincoln during his years in Springfield inform me that no one called him "Abe" to his face, and that very few even of his political opponents thus spoke of him. He habitually addressed his partner as "Billy," but Mr. Herndon uniformly called him "Mr. Lincoln." One could wish that Abraham Lincoln in heaven be at least as dignified as Abraham Lincoln was on earth.

LINCOLN'S SEVEN HITS WITH A RIFLE

(By Rev. W. A. Bartlett, Lewiston, Me.)

Christopher Miner Spencer, of Hartford, Conn., is eighty-six years old. As expert machinist, he goes to his work every day in New Britain, and no problem, twist, kink or difficulty in machinery is too hard for him. He began inventing when a mere boy, and used a turning lathe under the direction

of his grandfather, then ninety years of age. When the family said Christopher would never amount to anything, the grandfather would cheerfully say, "Crit will make something yet." And "Crit" did "make something," for he was the inventor of a repeating rifle which was used by Sherman's army; and its use was ordered after Mr. Spencer had tried it out in a shooting contest with President Lincoln.

It was an old Revolutionary musket of his grandfather's that started Christopher Spencer on the road to the discovery of a repeating rifle with the magazine in the stock. To improve his grandfather's musket, the boy Christopher sawed off the barrel with a case knife converted into a saw by hacking it on the edge of an axe!

"It was in 1857," says the inventor, "that I conceived the idea of a repeating rifle with the magazine in the stock; and I experimented until the last of the year 1859 before attaining the success that justified me in applying for a patent, which was granted March 6, 1860.

I was employed by Cheney Brothers, silk manufacturers, of South Manchester, Conn., and worked on the rifle during my spare time from work, which, in those days, was eleven hours a day. I had made and patented improvements in machinery for working silk, but the gun had the most fascination for me, and the Cheney Brothers, being patriotic people, prevailed upon me to put my patent in their hands for organizing a company for its manufacture."

This rifle was finally introduced into the Army and Navy of the United States and it was James G. Blaine who used his influence in behalf of the rifle. A general at the head of the ordnance department said he did not approve of any "new-fangled gim-cracks," and had turned the whole project down.

In the long process of introducing the repeating, or Spencer rifle, Mr. Spencer came into intimate contact with Gideon Wel-

les, Secretary of the Navy, who was a great friend of the experiment. Tom Scott, assistant Secretary of War, signed the first contract, for 10,000 guns, for the Army.

Christopher Spencer recalls such men as Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War; Generals Rosecrans and Grant, before whom a trial of the rifle was made; Sherman, whose army was equipped with the gun just before the "March to the Sea."

Later, Mr. Spencer was sent to England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Denmark to exhibit the perfected rifle to the military authorities. When he visited Berlin the inventor met and was entertained by Alphonso Taft, father of President Taft, who was then Minister to Germany. William Howard Taft was spending his vacation with his parents, and Mr. Spencer met this young student of law who was to figure so prominently in the history of the United States.

While in Germany young Spencer was accompanied by Count Von Moltke and his army board of forty generals to the trying field with his automatic gun. Mr. Spencer threw the gun to his shoulder and proceeded to fire with rapidity and skill, while timers held their watches to note the record of emptying the gun of twenty shots. The American inventor heard someone else firing, but did not turn his head to look until he had fired all his shots. He saw a group of German officers surrounding a rival inventor—a German—who had come to the field to compete with him. The gun of the German clogged at the tenth shot and he had to reload each cartridge separately for the remainder of the twenty shots.

Mr. Spencer recalls distinctly his interview with President Lincoln and the trial of the Spencer rifle which resulted in an order of 150,000 of the guns.

"Among my most gratifying recollections," said the inventor, "was this shooting match with President Lincoln. As the inventor of the Spencer rifle, which was used in the Union Army,

I was delegated by the Spencer Repeating Arms Company to present Mr. Lincoln with one of the rifles.

"On August 17, 1863, I arrived at the White House with the rifle in hand, and was immediately ushered into the executive room, where I found the President alone. After a brief introduction, I took the rifle from its cloth case and handed it to him. Examining it carefully, and handling it as one familiar with firearms, Mr. Lincoln requested me to take it apart 'and show the inwardness of the thing.' The separate parts were soon laid on the table before him. It was the simplicity of the gun which appealed to President Lincoln, and he was greatly impressed with the fact that all that was needed to take it apart was a screw driver. With this implement he bared the vitals of the gun and replaced them so that the gun was ready to shoot in a few minutes. Neither the President nor I realized at the time that three qualities of the rifle were to make it especially valuable: the fact that the Confederates could not secure the proper ammunition, in case they captured the guns; that a Union soldier fearing capture could throw away one vital part, thus making the rifle useless for his captor; and that it could be used by the cavalry, as by a special catch it could be swung to the saddle and be ready for instant use.

"After the President had made a careful examination of my gun, he asked whether I had any engagement for the following day. Replying that I was at his command, Mr. Lincoln requested me to 'come over tomorrow at about two o'clock and we will go out and see the thing shoot.'

"I arrived at the appointed time and found all in readiness to proceed to the shooting place, which was about where now stands the Washington Monument. Accompanying us was the President's son, Robert, and one of the officials of the Navy Department, who carried the rifle, target and ammunition.

"On the way we stopped opposite the War Department, and

the President sent Robert over to ask Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, to come out and see this new gun fired. While awaiting Robert's return, Mr. Lincoln amused us with some stories. The President discovered that one of the pockets of his black alpaca coat was torn, and he took a pin from his waistcoat and proceeded to mend it, saying, 'It seems to me that this don't look quite right for the chief magistrate of this mighty republic, ha, ha, ha!'

"Robert reported that Mr. Stanton was too busy to go with us. 'Well,' said the President, 'they do pretty much as they have a mind to over there.'

"Arriving at the shooting place, Mr. Lincoln, looking the field over, remarked, 'It seems to me I discover the body of a colored gentleman down yonder,' and ordered the target changed to avoid an accident.

"The target was a board about six inches wide and three feet high, with a black spot on each end, about forty yards away. The rifle contained seven cartridges. Mr. Lincoln's first shot was about five inches low, but the next shot hit the bull's-eye and the other five were close around it.

"'Now,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'we will see the inventor try it.' The board was reversed and I fired at the other bull's-eye, beating the President a little. 'Well,' said he, 'you are younger than I am and have a better eye and a steadier nerve.'

"The end of the board which the President shot at was cut off by the Navy official and handed to me when we parted at the steps of the White House. I kept it till 1883, when it was sent to Springfield, Ill., to be placed in the collection of war relics."—

Boston Transcript.

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