

WATTS, HENRY

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TRIBUTES

71.2009.085.02134

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Tributes to  
**Abraham Lincoln**

Excerpts from newspapers and  
other sources providing  
testimonials lauding the  
16<sup>th</sup> President of the United States

Writings of, and references to,

**Henry Watterson**

From the files of the  
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The Auburn Citizen

CITIZEN SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909.

## HENRY WATTERSON'S TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Louisville, Feb. 13.—The Courier Journal yesterday morning printed the following article on Abraham Lincoln from the pen of Henry Watterson:

## Abraham Lincoln.

## I.

That God, of whose actuality the mind of man is not able to conceive, but whom we prefigure as an all wise deity, who, from the building of an Empire to the fall of a sparrow, concerns Himself with mortal affairs, has had the American Union in His holy keeping can be doubted by no one who has studied its history.

All the incidents and accidents of the Revolutionary war made for the Continentals and against the British; all the incidents and accidents of the War of Sections made for the Federals and against the Confederates.

The law of good and ill fortune extended itself to leaders in each instance. Why George Washington, the Virginia colonel of militia, instead of Charles Lee, the accomplished English soldier, with a European career and reputation to commend him? Why, with all his handicaps, did Grant, the greatest of modern fighters, forge to the front ahead of McClellan and Sherman and Sheridan, brilliant officers, but clearly unequal to the final issue, and why were Albert Sidney Johnston, the rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy, and Stonewall Jackson, Napoleon alike of the Sword and the Cross, struck down at the decisive moment? How came Ericsson's little "cheese box" to crawl into Hampton Roads just in the nick of time, to do the work and then get to the bottom of the sea, and how was it possible, except through the direct help of some power divine, that Cushing was able to creep up York river, both banks studded with Confederate batteries, to "fix" the second and last of the southern ironclads? And, finally, why Lincoln, the rustic lawyer, the so-called rail splitter, instead of Seward, the matchless leader, or Chase, the magnificent? God, God, and God alone!

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The sums in single rule of three he had painfully worked out upon a white pine shingle taught him as much of patience as arithmetic. The mysteries of the savage haunted backwoods and the sublimity of the oceanlike prairie awakened and kept alive in him the reverence for God and nature which goes to the better making equally of the seer, the poet and the statesman. His dreams came to express themselves in deeds.

In short, and in fine, Abraham Lincoln learned his humanities, as he had learned his philosophies and his efficiencies, out of the horn book of experience and the lives of men. Hence was he ripe and ready for his part when the prompter's bell rang for the curtain to rise. Having obeyed humbly, he commanded grandly. To him, politics was not a game of tenpins, nor government a play of chance, though he knew both; as a matter of fact, was both in the field and in the council an athlete and an expert, as Seward and Chase and Stanton came, each in his order and his way, perfectly to understand.

Nor is it mere panegyric to say so. In many cases and contingencies page and line may be cited; the gentle but consummate answer to Seward, when Seward proposed as a favor to Lincoln to take upon himself the whole management of affairs; the easy but canny disposition of Chase before heaping coals of fire upon him in the chief justice appointment; the whim-

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ands of brave men who wore the Confederate gray.

Not less than the North has the South reason to canonize Lincoln; for he was the one friend we had at court—aside from Grant and Sherman—when friends were most in need. Poor, mad John Wilkes Booth! Was he, too, an instrument in the hands of God to put a still deeper damnation upon the taking off of the Confederacy and to sink the southern people yet lower in the abyss of affliction and humiliation which the living Lincoln would have spared us?

## III.

There will gather on February 12, 1909, about the spot where Abraham Lincoln first saw the light a hundred years before a goodly company. The President of the United States will be there, as a matter of course! He will come to give emphasis to the occasion and to feel himself both honored and distinguished by it. There will be music and banners and speeches. What boots it to him?

He is immortal now. The screen has rolled away. He knows the truth at last. The final earthly word of him was spoken long ago. There is need for not another. All is said that can be said by the poets, by the orators, by the varying pens of a myriad of pressmen. Turn we exalted from the scene; but Mother of God, must we go before we have looked into the heaven above us in unutterable love and homage, with the thought of a spirit there which knew in this world naught of splendor and power and fame, whose sad lot it was to live and die in obscurity, penury, almost in want and squalor, whose tragic fate it was after she had lain half a lifetime in her humble unmarked grave, to be pursued by the deepest, darkest, calumny that can attach itself to the name of woman—the hapless, fair haired Nancy Hanks?

Years ago, somehow, I took her story home to myself. My own grandmother was born less than a hundred miles away about the same time, and, though she was the daughter of a man famous in his day and came of grandiose people for those times, I could not prove as much of her as Robert Lincoln can prove of his grandmother, because, in my case the family papers were lost in a great conflagration, while the Lincoln-Hanks papers remain intact.

No falser, fouler story ever gained currency than that which impeaches the character of the mother of Abraham Lincoln. It had never any foundation whatsoever. Every known fact flatly contradicts it. Every boot heel of circumstantial evidence stamps it a preposterous lie.

It was a period of heroic achievement, tempered by religious fervor. It was a decent, God fearing neighborhood of simple, hard working men

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The Democratic party had committed hara-kiri betimes. Through the breach made by Douglas, his life-long rival, in the wall of Democracy, Lincoln, at the head of the Republicans, marched in triumph. How else; yet in the light of after events, his destiny, and the destiny of the Republic; for nothing can be surer than that he was the one and only man who could have lived through the dark days succeeding Bull Run and the Trent affair, as Washington was the one and only man who could have survived the winter of Valley Forge.

Richard Watson Gilder quotes John Hay as saying, in answer to a question put to him while, in collaboration with Nicolay, he was writing the Life: "As I go on with the work, to me Lincoln grows greater and greater." It is even so. No one can read the documentary history of Lincoln's administration and doubt it. By the side of him the others seem mainly pasteboard men.

## II.

There remains no more hidden chapters, not even any more disputed passages, in Lincoln's life. Individually, he was as transparent as the day. His was the genius of common sense. He had all the distinguishing characteristics of the politicians of the mid-period of the last century; their craft, plausibility and cleanliness; their inclination toward doctrinal discussions; their loyalty to party organizations and engagements; their vital love of their country and their pride in its institutions. A "conscious Whig" he was, and a "conscience Whig" Lincoln remained to the end.

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sical but not mistaken complacency under the surly, and sometimes trying virtues, which made Stanton so necessary to his place and so fitted him to the alternating duties of upper servant, policeman and watchdog of the treasury. No man, indeed, knew better than Lincoln, in the everyday trivialities of personal intercourse as well as the larger concerns of official conduct, how to draw the line, and where to draw it, to suit the word to the act, the act to the word, seeking only, and always seeking, results.

The duty he had been commissioned to do was to save the Union. With an overwhelming majority of the people the institution of African slavery was not an issue. In his homely, enlightening way Lincoln declared that if he could preserve the Union, with slavery, he would do it, or without slavery, he would do it, or with some free and others slaves, he would do that. The Proclamation of Emancipation was a war measure purely. He knew he had no constitutional warrant, and true to his oath of office, he held back as long as he could; but so clear sighted was his sense of justice, so empty his heart of rancor, that he wished and sought to qualify the rigor of the act by some measure of restitution, and so prepared the joint resolution to be passed by Congress appropriating \$400,000,000 for this purpose, which still stands in his own handwriting.

He was himself a southern man. All his people were southerners. "If slavery be not wrong," he said, "nothing is wrong," echoing in this the opinions of most of the Virginia gentlemen of the Eighteenth century and voicing the sentiments of thous-

and women. Debeauchery was wholly unknown. Double living was impossible. Nancy Hanks came of good stock. So did Thomas Lincoln. Historically, it would not matter who were the parents of Abraham Lincoln any more than it matters that he whom the English monarch rejoices to call his progenitor was a bastard; but it offends the soul of a gallant and just manhood, it should arouse in the heart of every good woman a sense of wrong that so much as a shadow should rest upon the memory of the little cabin in which Nancy Lincoln gave to the world an immortal son, born in honest, unchallenged wedlock, nor thought of taint or shame anywhere.

Let not the throng assembled there pass down the slope and fade away without a heart salute to the gentle spirit of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, that maybe somewhere beyond the stars among the angels of the choir invisible, looks upon the scene, serene and safe, at last in the bosom of her Maker and her God!

"Let us here highly resolve," the words ring out like a trumpet call from the printed page, "that these men shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." Repeat we the declaration as we stand upon the hillside where he was born. And, along with it, let us highly resolve that we will follow no leader, that we will heroize no favorite, who, in his private life and public counsels, does not practise the moderation, emulate the justice and display the fortitude and patience of Abraham Lincoln. H. W.

Hotel Sevilla, Havana, Cuba.

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# Henry Watterson's Tribute

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## TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

### HENRY WATTERSON'S ORATION AT CHICAGO.

Magnificent Audience Hears the Eloquent Kentuckian's Brilliant Effort—His Words Were Worthy—Life and Character of the Great Emancipator.

#### In Honor of the Martyred President.

The most notable feature of the Lincoln memorial exercises at Chicago was the speech of Colonel Henry Watterson, of Louisville, Ky. Mr. Watterson began his oration by a reference to the poise and dignity of the statesmen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration of Independence and framed the Constitution, and who made their influence felt upon life and thought long after the echoes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown had died away. It was not until the institution of African slavery got into politics as a vital force that Congress became a bear garden. The men who signed the declaration and their immediate successors were succeeded by a set of party leaders much less decorous and much more self-confident. Continuing, the lecturer said in part:

There were Seward and Sumner and Chase, Corwin and Ben Wade, Trumbull and Fessenden, Hale and Collamer and Grimes, and Greeley, our latter-day Franklin. There were Toombs and Hammond, and Slidell and Wigfall, and the two little giants, Douglas and Stephens, and Yancey and Mason, and Jefferson Davis. With them soft words buttered no parsnips and they cared little how many pitchers might be broken by rude ones. The issue between them did not require a diagram to explain it. It was so simple a child could understand it. It read, human slavery against human freedom, slave labor against free labor, and involved a conflict as inevitable as it was irrepressible.

#### Lincoln Enters the Fray.

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabers bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable, the figure of a man who, in spite of an appearance somewhat out of line, carried a serious aspect, if not the suggestion of power, and, pausing a moment to utter a single sentence that could be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

How shall I describe him to you? Shall I do so as he appeared to me when I first saw him immediately on his arrival at the national capital, the chosen President of the United States, his appearance quite as strange as the story of his life, which was then but half known and half told, or shall I use the language of another and more vivid word-painter?

In January, 1861, Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, journeyed to Springfield, Ill., personally, to become acquainted and to consult with the man he had contributed so materially to elect. "I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house," says Colonel McClure, "and rang

the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself, opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with a homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or evening dress coat, with tightly fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms, all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours I remained with him, and little by little as his earnestness, sincerity and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man."

#### Lincoln's First Inaugural.

I am not undertaking to deliver an oral biography of Abraham Lincoln, and shall pass over the events which quickly led up to his nomination and election to the Presidency in 1860.

I met the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had arrived in Washington. It was a Saturday, I think. He came to the capitol under Mr. Seward's escort, and among the rest I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure, and whilst Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideas, there was about him a rugged dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the next Monday forenoon in his apartments at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was struck by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his attention. He was entirely self-possessed, no trace of nervousness, and very obliging. I accompanied the cortege that went from the Senate chamber to the east portico of the capitol. As Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to take it, but Judge Douglas, just behind me, reached over my outstretched arm and received it, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood just near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few, and then I began to understand something of the real power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men, and in its ringing tones and elevated style the gentlemen whom he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom at bottom thought himself his master's equal or superior—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of one born to rule. Whether they did or not they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his tragic death there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and his official subordinates. The idea that he was over-matched at any time by anybody is contradicted by all that actually happened.

#### Lincoln and the South.

I want to say just here a few words

about Mr. Lincoln's relation to the South and toward the people of the South.

He was himself a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when the merest child, he was an old child; he never was very young; he grew to manhood in a

Kentucky colony; for what is Illinois, what is Chicago, but a Kentucky colony, grown somewhat out of proportion? He was in no sense what we used to call "a poor white." Awkward, perhaps; niggerless, certainly, but aspiring; the spirit of a hero beneath that rugged exterior; the imagination of a poet beneath those heavy brows; the courage of a lion beneath those patient, kindly aspects; and, long before he was of legal age, a leader. His first love was a Rutledge; his wife was a Todd.

Let the romancist tell the story of his romance. I dare not. No sadder idyl can be found in all the annals of the poor.

We know that he was a poet; for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg? We know that he was a statesman; for has not time vindicated his conclusions? But the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend; the one friend who had the power and the will to save it from itself. The direst blow that could have been inflicted upon the South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

Throughout the wild contention that preceded the war, amid the lurid passions that attended the war itself, not one bitter or narrow word escaped the lips of Abraham Lincoln, whilst there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his big, sturdy personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

#### The Laws of Inspiration.

From Caesar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding of lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible; simple, clear, complete.

The inspired men are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, and by what rule they lived, moved and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they passed away, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and, their work done, passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard where shall we find an illustration more impressive than Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times.

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of what ancestry we know not and care not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without external graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from ob-

scurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him—wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a pressure of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the grace indispensable to his mission.

Where did Shakespearc get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells of his life and death.



# WATTERSON'S STORY OF LINCOLN'S LIFE

To Be Told at Anniversary Celebration in Carnegie Hall  
To-Morrow Evening.

## RECITATIONS AND MUSIC

Abraham Lincoln's ninety-second birthday anniversary will be commemorated in Carnegie Hall to-morrow evening. Mark Twain will preside. Henry Watterson, of Louisville, Ky., the orator of the evening, will lecture on the martyred President. The proceeds of the celebration will be devoted to the Lincoln Memorial University, at Cumberland Gap, Tenn.

General O. O. Howard is chairman of the Committee on Invitations. He is assisted by a large general committee, chiefly composed of naval and military men. After the address of Henry Watterson there will be a patriotic recitation by Professor Charles Roberts. The soloists will be Miss Minnie Tracey, soprano, and David Mannes, violinist. Choruses will be sung by the People's Choral Union of New York, with Frank Damrosch as director, and assisted by the Fifth United States Artillery Band.

In his historical review of the life of Lincoln, Mr. Watterson will base his narrative largely on personal observation and research. He will describe the Hampton Roads Conference, when the Confederate Commissioners, Stephens, Campbell and Hunter, were received by President Lincoln. Mr. Watterson will tell how Lincoln about this time intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. Lincoln based that intimation upon a plan he had to appropriate \$400,000,000 to this purpose. Many years after Stephens related the incident to Henry Watterson, who was his personal friend.

In the hope of honoring Lincoln aside from shafts of granite or marble, the Lincoln Memorial University, at Cumberland Gap, was established. It is called a university. It is a university in embryo, with normal, academic and industrial departments. It is located in the midst of the Southern mountains, where the boundaries of Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia meet.

Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, Major General E. S. Otis and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Hackett will come from Washington to attend the celebration. Among others who are expected to be present are General Samuel Thomas, General Wager Swayne, General Daniel Butterfield, Admiral A. S. Barker, Colonel James D. Bell, General John R. Brooke, Colonel David S. Brown, General Henry L. Burnett, Colonel Le Grand B. Cannon, General L. P. di Cesnola, General Charles H. T. Collins, General N. M. Curtis, Senator Chauncey M. Depew, General G. M. Dodge, Admiral Henry Erben, General Francis V. Greene, General J. A. Goulden and former Secretary Daniel S. Lambont.





## WATTERSON ON LINCOLN.

**The Famous Kentuckian Pays Tribute to the Martyr President.**

Lecture before Thomas Post, Chicago.

From Caesar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its soldiers and its statesmen, men who rose to eminence and power, step by step through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each promotion following in regular order, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. These were not what we call "men of destiny." They were men of the time.

The inspired men are fewer. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They arrived, God's word upon their lips, they did their office, God's mantle about them, and they passed away, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory half mortal and half myth.

Tried by this standard, and observed in an historic spirit, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than in Abraham Lincoln, whose life, career and death might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times? Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of what real parentage we know not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light nor fair surrounding; a young manhood vexed by weird dreams and visions, bordering at times on madness; without a grace, natural or acquired; singularly awkward, ungainly, even among the uncouth about him; grotesque in his aspects and ways; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, without name or fame, or preparation, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

Where did Shakspeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and stayed the life of the German priest? God alone, and, as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired of God, was Abraham Lincoln; and, a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem, will be filled with greater wonder, or be read with deeper feeling than that which tells of his life and death.

*Watterson on Lincoln*





Watterson

# Lincoln Eulogi. Watter.



**Most Judicial Temperament of Any Man in History, Executive Tells Kentucky Audience.**

**HOW EDITOR FIRST MET EMANCIPATOR.**

**Personal Reminiscences of Inauguration Lead to Glowing Tribute at Ceremony in Frankfort.**

FRANKFORT, KY., November 8.—A new light was thrown on the outstanding character-figure of Abraham Lincoln today when President Taft, who came to Frankfort to witness the dedication of a monument to the "emancipator," said: "I don't think it is too much to say that Lincoln had the most judicial temperament of any man in history."

Mr. Taft paid his tribute with that of Kentucky's mark of reverence for her greatest son in the new State Capitol when a monument to the war president, given by the descendant of a long line of Kentucky pioneers was dedicated.

Prior to these ceremonies, Mr. Taft talked to a score of negroes, who became freedmen under the Lincoln administration. Huddled in Gov. Willson's public offices, these negroes, who had never seen a president before, listened to Mr. Taft's explanation of the things that went to make up Lincoln's eminence over other men.

These same attributes Mr. Taft later described to the throng that witnessed the monument dedication.

### Taft's Tribute to Lincoln.

The president said: "With his (Lincoln's) love of the truth, the supreme trait of his intellect, accompanied by a conscience that insisted on the right as he knew it, with a great heart full of tenderness, we have the combination that made Lincoln one of the two greatest Americans.

"We are met to dedicate in this, the capital of Kentucky, a monument to her son, Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln's parents were lowly people from Virginia and their course was like that of many others who migrated from the old dominion into Kentucky and thence across the river to Indiana and Illinois. Though Lincoln lived here but eight years, he knew Kentucky well and it is most fitting that it should have a memorial of him.

"Those who were closest to Lincoln have said that he was a many-sided man and that he gave different impressions of himself to different persons; that there were things unexplained about him, a continual sadness and gloom that pervaded all his waking hours; and they describe him in a tone of mysticism, as if to make him greater by removing the lines of his character.

"I don't think it is too much to say that Lincoln had the most judicial temperament of any man in history. He considered the arguments of his opponents with all the fairness of John Stuart Mill and preserved that calm judicial consideration of the views of every one that became important. In his disagreement with them he left nothing more than the application of an apt story or a clear Euclid-like demonstration of error without sting.

### Hatred of Slavery.

"He hated slavery because he had reasoned out its injustice and its demoralizing effect upon the country and the community in which it was a legal institution. He did not hate the slaveholders, and there is not the slightest evidence he ever had a feeling of bitterness toward them as a class. He knew how the institution had grown, how it had become a part of society, how closely imbedded it was in the economy of the South, and from the time when he entered Congress until he died his mind was bent on problems for the solution of the difficulty by which the cancer could be excised and no injustice done to those whose constitutional rights had become intertwined with the hated system and interdependent upon it.

"The South knows, as the North knows now, that there is no soul that unites them in perfect amity like that of Abraham Lincoln. The South knows, as the North knows, that every administration that removes another cause of misunderstanding between the sections or that brings them closer together in any way is acting under the inspiration of him who could love his entire country with undiminished ardor when nearly one-half was seeking to destroy its integrity. Here, then, at a place that knew battle, that knew family dissension, that knew bloody conflict, that represented in the sharpest and cruelest way a division of the sections, here, now that perfect peace and amity and harmony prevail, let this memorial be dedicated as typical of the love which he in whose memory it is reared

maintained for all Americans with a kindly, fatherly patience that has no counterpart since Bethlehem."

### Watterson Lauds Nancy Lincoln.

To the negroes—the former slaves—President Taft told how Lincoln worked out the problem that precipitated his emancipation proclamation. The aged negroes, on whom the president seemed to look with judicial eye as mere relics of a former economical system that precipitated a civic conflict, were impressed by Mr. Taft's talk. Later on they were conspicuous figures in the throng that witnessed the unveiling of the Lincoln image.

Immediately after the ceremonies Mr. Taft and his party departed for Louisville, where to-night the president was the honor guest at a press club banquet and a public reception.

In accepting the statue in behalf of the state, Gov. Willson said:

"Proof of a united country is made evident in the selection of Henry Watterson, a Confederate soldier, to formally present this image of the great president to the people of his native state. The greatness and the goodness, nobility and the sweetness of Abraham Lincoln are recognized as earnestly by those who wore the gray as those who wore the blue."

In presenting the statue Mr. Watterson's oration was devoted mainly to the personality, the origin and spiritual life and character of Lincoln. He gave a minute account of the Lincoln and Hanks families derived from documentary evidence; disproved the falsehoods touching Lincoln's birth and traced his noble qualities of head and heart to his mother. In concluding this passage, he said:

To-morrow there will assemble in a little clearing of the wildwood of Kentucky a goodly company. It will embrace the greatest and the best of our time and land. The president and the chief justice and the rest will gather about a lowly cabin, whose unhealed logs, like the serried battlements of Elsinore, give prelude to the swelling act of a theater whose imperial, to consecrate a shrine. Of him that was born there the final earthy word was spoken long ago; but, Mother of God, shall that throng pass down the hillside and away without looking into the heaven above in unutterable love and homage with the thought of a spirit that knew in this world nought of splendor and power and fame; whose sad lot it was to live and die in obscurity, struggle, almost in penury and squalor; whose tragic fate it was after she had lain half a lifetime in her humble, unmarked grave, to be pursued by the deepest, darkest calumny that can attach itself to the name; the hapless, the fair-haired Nancy Hanks?

### Brands Story False and Foul.

No falser, fouler story ever gained currency than that which impeaches the character of the mother of Abraham Lincoln. It had never any foundation whatsoever. Every known fact flatly contradicts it. Every aspect of circumstance stamps it a preposterous lie.

Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, as I have shown, came of good people. Historically, it would not matter who were the parents of Abraham Lincoln, but it offends the soul of a brave and just manhood, it should arouse in the heart of every true woman a sense of wrong that so much as a shadow should rest upon the memory of the little cabin in which Nancy Lincoln gave to the world an immortal son, born in clean, unchallenged wedlock, nor thought of taint or shame anywhere.

Col. Watterson's story of the love-life of Lincoln, his courtship and marriage and his friendship for Joshua Fry Speed led to a graphic story of the coming of Lincoln to Washington and his first inauguration. His narrative took the form of a personal reminiscence.

"I was engaged by Mr. Gobright, the general manager of the Associated Press in national capital," said he, "to assist him and Maj. Ben Perley Poore, a well-known newspaper correspondent of those days, with their report of the inaugural ceremonies of the 4th of March, 1861. The newly elected president had arrived in Washington ten days before—to be exact, the morning of the 23d of February. It was a Saturday. That same afternoon he came to the Capitol escorted by Mr. Seward, and being on the floor of the house I saw him for the first time and was, indeed, presented to him.

"Early in the morning of the 4th of March I discovered thrust into the keyhole of my bedroom a slip of paper which read: 'For inaugural address see Col. Ward H. Lamon.' Who was 'Col. Ward H. Lamon?' I had never heard of him. The city was crowded with strangers. To find one of them was to look for a needle in a haystack. I went directly to Willard's Hotel.

"As I passed through the long corridor of the second floor, spliced with little dark entry ways, to the apartments facing on Pennsylvania avenue, I saw through a half-opened door Mr. Lincoln himself, pacing to and fro, apparently reading a manuscript. I went straight in. He was alone, and, as he turned and met me, he extended his hand, called my name, and said: 'What can I do for you?' I told him my errand and dilemma, showing him the brief memorandum.

"Why," said he, "you have come to the right shop; Lamon is in the next room. I will take you to him, and he will fix you all right."

"No sooner said than done, and, supplied with the press copy of the inaugural address, I gratefully and gleefully took my leave."

Of Lincoln and the South he said: "The duty he had been commissioned to do was to save the Union. With an overwhelming majority of the people the institution of African slavery was not an issue. In his homely, enlightening way, Lincoln declared that if he could preserve the Union, he would do it, or, without slavery."



he would do it, or, with some free and others slaves, he would do that.

The proclamation of emancipation was a war measure purely. He knew he had no constitutional warrant, and, true to his oath of office, he held back as long as he could; but so clear-sighted was his sense of justice, so empty his heart of rancor, that he wished and sought to qualify the rigor of the act by some measure of restitution, and so prepared the joint resolution to be passed by Congress appropriating \$100,000,000 for the purpose, which still stands in his own handwriting.

The problems he met and solved are problems no longer. Other, it may be greater, problems rise before us. Shall there arise another Lincoln!

May God gird round and guard his successor in the great office of chief magistrate whom we have here with us this day; give him the soul of Lincoln to feel, Lincoln's wisdom to see and know, to the end that which ever of the parties prevail and to whatever group of men are committed the powers of administration, whole-hearted devotion to the public service and large-minded fidelity to American institutions may continue to glorify the teaching and example of Abraham Lincoln.

The unveiling precedes the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial at Hodgenville, Ky., by a day. Many of those who came from distant states to Frankfort to attend the exercises here will continue their journey to-morrow to Hodgenville.

Near there is the Lincoln farm, where the cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born is now preserved in a monumental structure recently completed. It is the dedication of this memorial which will attract President Taft and others to Hodgenville to-morrow.

## Abraham Lincoln.

## I.

That God, of whose actuality the mind of man is not able to conceive, but whom we prefigure as an all-wise Deity, who, from the building of an empire to the fall of a sparrow, concerns Himself with mortal affairs, has had the American Union in His holy keeping, can be doubted by no one who has studied its history.

All the incidents and accidents of the Revolutionary War made for the Continentals and against the British; all the incidents and accidents of the War of Sections made for the Federals and against the Confederates.

The law of good and ill fortune extended itself to the leaders in each instance. Why George Washington, the Virginia Colonel of Militia, instead of Charles Lee, the accomplished English soldier, with a European career and reputation to commend him? Why, with all his handicaps, did Grant, the greatest of modern fighters, forge to the front ahead of McClellan and Sherman and Sheridan, brilliant officers, but clearly unequal to the final issue, and why were Albert Sidney Johnston, the rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy, and Stonewall Jackson, Napoleon alike of the Sword and the Cross, struck down at the decisive moment? How came Ericsson's little "cigar box" to crawl into Hampton Roads just in the nick of time, to do the work and then go to the bottom of the sea, and how was it possible, except through the direct help of some power divine, that Cushing was able to creep up York River, both banks studded with Confederate batteries, to "fix" the second and last of the Southern iron-clads? And, finally, why Lincoln, the rustic lawyer, the so-called rail-splitter, instead of Seward, the matchless leader, or Chase, the magnificent? God, God, and God alone!

By all the rules of political calculation, Lincoln should have been the Illinois Senator in 1855. If he had been there is every reason to conjecture that he would never have attained the Presidency. Had he defeated Douglas in 1858, it is possible that the nomination of 1860 might still have come to him; but it would have put him face to face

with Seward at Washington and have brought him into dangerous prominence. Seward aside, McLean too old, made it easy, among the lesser entries, for the knowing ones to choose Lincoln.

The Democratic party had committed harikari betimes. Through the breach made by Douglas, his life-long rival, in the wall of Democracy, Lincoln, at the head of the Republicans, marched in triumph. How else; yet in the light of after events, his destiny, and the destiny of the Republic; for nothing can be surer than that he was the one and only man who could have lived through the dark days succeeding Bull Run and the Trent affair, as Washington was the one and only man who could have survived the winter of Valley Forge.

Richard Watson Gilder quotes John Hay as saying, in answer to a question put to him, whilst, in collaboration with Nicolay, he was writing the Life: "As I go on with the work to me Lincoln grows greater and greater." It is even so. No one can read the documentary history of Lincoln's Administration and doubt it. By the side of him the others seem mainly paste-board men.

## II.

There remain no more hidden chapters, not even any more disputed passages, in Lincoln's life. Individually, he was as transparent as the day. His was the genius of common sense. He had all the distinguishing characteristics of the politicians of the mid-period of the last Century; their craft, plausibility and cleanliness; their inclination toward doctrinal discussions; their loyalty to party organization and engagements; their vital love of their country and their pride in its institutions. A "conscience Whig" he was and a "conscience Whig" Lincoln continued to the end.

Lincoln excelled Douglas in his devotion to an idea, its probable consequences and all that it implied. Thus, in the famous debate, he gained the advantage which the whole-hearted logician must always gain over the hair-splitting opportunist. He was less of an egoist than Douglas, and therefore less selfish. Douglas would never have

yielded to Trumbull as Lincoln did. He would have got the Senatorship to lose the Presidency. Yet Douglas was as great a party leader as ever lived—not incapable of sacrifices—inferior to Lincoln only on the moral side. When the supreme test came their fortunes fell apart. Douglas' bark rode an ebbing tide. Lincoln's bark rode a flowing tide.

His intellectual dignity was paramount. It shone through the uncouth youngster who studied law by a tallow candle and told stories to the rude habits of the little country store. His first public address reveals it as plainly as his last. There is extant a letter, written when he was not yet five and twenty, which is a model of simple manhood and at the same time of clever argument and elevated style. He was a tamer of women no less than a master of men; as all-too-late the puissant Jessie Benton Fremont found to her cost; as in spite of the gaucheries and angularities, the refined, aspiring Mary Todd very early discovered.

The sums in single-rule-of-three he had painfully worked out upon a white pine shingle taught him as much of patience as arithmetic. The mysteries of the savage-haunted backwoods and the sublimity of the ocean-like prairie awakened and kept alive in him the reverence for God and Nature which goes to the better making equally of the seer, the poet and the statesman. His dreams came to express themselves in deeds.

In short, and in fine, Abraham Lincoln learned his humanities, as he had learned his philosophies and his efficiencies, out of the horn-book of experience and the lives of men. Hence was he ripe and ready for his part when the prompter's bell rang for the curtain to rise. Having obeyed humbly, he commanded grandly. To him, politics was not a game of tenspins, nor Government a play of chance, though he knew both; as a matter of fact, was both in the field and in the council an athlete and an expert, as Seward and Chase and Stanton came, each in his order and his way, perfectly to understand.

Nor is it mere panegyric to say so. In many cases and contingencies, page



and line may be cited; the gentle but consummate answer to Seward, when Seward proposed as a favor to Lincoln to take upon himself the whole management of affairs; the easy but canny disposition of Chase before heaping coals of fire upon him in the Chief Justice appointment; the whimsical but not mistaken complacency under the surly, and sometimes trying virtues, which made Stanton so necessary to his place and so fitted him to the alternating duties of upper-servant, policeman and watch-dog of the Treasury. No man, indeed, knew better than Lincoln, in the everyday trivialities of personal intercourse as well as the larger concerns of official conduct, how to draw the line, and where to draw it, to suit the word to the act, the act to the word, seeking only, and always seeking, results.

The duty he had been commissioned to do was to save the Union. With an overwhelming majority of the people the institution of African slavery was not an issue. In his homely, enlightening way, Lincoln declared that if he could preserve the Union, with slavery, he would do it, or, without slavery, he would do it, or, with some free and other slaves, he would do that. The Proclamation of Emancipation was a war measure purely. He knew he had no Constitutional warrant, and, true to his oath of office, he held back as long as he could; but so clear-sighted was his sense of justice, so empty his heart of rancor, that he wished and sought to qualify the rigor of the act, by some measure of restitution, and so prepared the Joint Resolution to be passed by Congress appropriating four hundred millions for this purpose, which still stands in his own handwriting.

He was himself a Southern man. All his people were Southerners. "If slavery be not wrong," he said, "nothing is wrong;" echoing in this the opinions of most of the Virginia gentlemen of the Eighteenth Century and voicing the sentiments of thousands of brave men who wore the Confederate gray.

Not less than the North has the South reason to canonize Lincoln; for he was the one friend we had at court—aside from Grant and Sherman—when friends were most in need. Poor,

mad John Wilkes Booth! Was he, too, an instrument in the hands of God to put a still deeper damnation upon the taking off of the Confederacy and to sink the Southern people yet lower in the abyss of affliction and humiliation which the living Lincoln would have spared us?

### III.

There will gather the 12th of February, 1909, about the spot where Abraham Lincoln first saw the light an hundred years before, a goodly company. The President of the United States will be there, as a matter of course. He will come to give emphasis to the occasion and to feel himself both honored and distinguished by it. There will be music and banners and speech. What boots it to him?

He is immortal now. The screen has rolled away. He knows the truth at last. The final earthly word of him was spoken long ago. There is need for not another. All is said that can be said by the poets, by the orators, by the varying pens of a myriad of pressmen. Turn we exalted from the scene; but, Mother of God, must we go before we have looked into the Heaven above us in unutterable love and homage with the thought of a spirit there of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." Repeat we the declaration as we stand upon the hillside where he was born. And, along with it, let us highly resolve that we will follow no leader, that we will heroize no favorite, who, in his private life and public counsels, does not practice the moderation, emulate the justice and display the fortitude and patience of Abraham Lincoln.

H. W.

Naples-on-the-Gulf, Florida.

*Journal of the  
Feb 12 1909*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Henry Watterson

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish Ploughman, and stayed the hand of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.. *Spurgeon 2-13-1934*





## WATTERSON ON LINCOLN.

The Kentucky Editor Going to Europe  
to Write a History. 1895

Special to The Republic.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 15.—The popular impression has been that Henry Watterson is going abroad to secure a protracted rest, but it appears now that he is going to Europe to write a life of Abraham Lincoln. He will take his family with him and seek a quiet place, probably some Swiss town, where he may work and yet be close enough to Paris to look in on brisker life when he feels the need of recreation. He has his material all collected and only the writing of the book remains to be done. It is expected this will consume about eight months.

The line that Mr. Watterson will take is, of course, his own secret. The subject has engaged many pens. Nicolay and Hay enlarged their life of the great President into a comprehensive history of the whole Lincolnian era. Then came Herndon's work with its homely but delightful account of Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and this as a lawyer and triumphs at the bar. This was followed by Ward Lamon's story of Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and this by Carl Schurz's review of Nicolay's and Hay's work. Mr. Watterson's friends, however, are confident that he will find something new and important to say and will say it in a style all his own and which in daily journalism has proved to be so spirited and effective.

Mr. Lincoln's biographers up to date have been his personal friends and political supporters. Mr. Watterson will write as an ex-Confederate and from that point of view as illuminated by the great march of events since Mr. Lincoln was buried, but none the less sympathetically, it is said. He is a passionate admirer of Mr. Lincoln's character and genius, and from his editorial perch at Louisville has enjoyed a long survey of the country and a study of the conditions which produced the most unique man in American history.

## HENRY WATTERSON ON LINCOLN.

From the Philadelphia Press. 1895

In his memorial address in Chicago Tuesday night on the 86th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, said:

It was the will of God that there should be, as God's own prophet had promised, a new birth of freedom, and this could only be reached by the complete obliteration and extinction of the very idea of slavery. God struck Lincoln down in the moment of his triumph to attain it; God blighted the South to attain it. But He did attain it, and here we are this night to attest it. \* \* \* \* \* Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God and God alone; and so surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells us of his life and death.

Mr. Watterson has paid many tributes to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, as have other eminent Southern orators also. They have apparently made an honest effort to make amends for the vilification they heaped upon his head when he was carrying the burden of the war for freedom upon his heart. It will soon be thirty years since he was assassinated. A good share of the generation that knew Lincoln and acted with him is still on the stage, but there is not one of the men who pictured him as a baboon in the days of the war who would not gladly unloose the latchet of his shoes if he were alive to day. And the institution of slavery that Mr. Watterson says it was the purpose of Providence to obliterate from the country is the institution before which the Northern Democracy groveled and wallowed in the dirt in order that they might keep their party in power.

Thirty years have passed and the men who vilified Lincoln are to-day his warmest eulogists, and those who fought for slavery are thanking God that it was abolished. Will another thirty years see such a transformation in the men who struck hands with the debauched suffrage in the South in order that they might establish free trade in this country? Will the dough-faced, white-livered New York *Post*, that clasped hands with the burglars of ballot boxes and the butcherers of voters in the South, ever grow as honest as Henry Watterson, and stand up and confess its crimes? Probably not. But it makes no matter, for the verdict of condemnation on such men and newspapers is already made up as it will pass into history.

## WATTERSON ON LINCOLN.

2. 10. 15 05

Henry Watterson in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*: That God, of whose actuality the mind of man is not able to conceive, but whom we prefigure as an all wise deity, who, from the building of an empire to the fall of a sparrow, concerns himself with mortal affairs, has had the American union in his holy keeping, can be doubted by no one who has studied its history.

All the incidents and accidents of the revolutionary war made for the continentals and against the British; all the incidents and accidents of the war of sections made for the federals and against the confederates.

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February 4, 1926.

## TRIBUTE

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*By a Soldier of the Confederacy*

**L**OOK into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, tells the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial.

I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid the scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land.

I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair.

I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself wholly to the work-a-day uses of the world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the multiplied duties of life.

I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow, potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided.

I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend the eminence reserved for him, and him alone of all the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the poor child weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching not from duty, nor changing his life-long ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him onward.

And, last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country around him, the world in mourning, and asking myself how could any man have hated that man, I ask you, how can any man refuse his homage to his memory? Surely, he was one of God's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstance or accident. Recurring to the doctrine of inspiration, I say again and again, he was inspired of God, and I cannot see how any one who believes in the doctrine can regard him as anything else.

HENRY WATTERSON.



(1)

(11)

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### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Henry Watterson

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The law of good and ill fortune extended itself to the leaders in each instance. Why George Washington, the Virginia colonel of militia, instead of Charles Lee, the accomplished English soldier, with a European career and reputation to commend him? Why, with all his hardships, did Grant, the greatest of modern fighters, forge to the front ahead of McClellan and Sherman and Sheridan, brilliant officers, but clearly unequal to the final issue, and why were Albert Sidney Johnston, the rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy, and Stonewall Jackson, Napoleon alike of the Sword and the Cross, struck down at the decisive moment? How came Ericsson's little "cheese box" to crawl into Hampton Roads just in the nick of time, to do the work and then go to the bottom of the sea, and how was it possible, except through the direct help of some power divine, that Cushing was able to creep up York river, both banks studded with Confederate batteries, to "fix" the second and last of the Southern ironclads? And, finally, why Lincoln, the rustic lawyer, the so-called rail splitter, instead of Seward, the matchless leader, or Chase, the magnificent? God, God, and God, alone!

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ELOQUENCE OF WATTERSON.

The Memory of Civil Strife Wiped Out  
by the Recent Conflict.

Louisville, Ky., May 30.—Although the day was gloomy and dismal, with rain threatened, the graves of the Union soldiers who sleep in the cemeteries of Louisville and New Albany, Ind., were lovingly decked with flowers to-day. At the graves there was a musical service, followed by the oration of the day by Hon. Henry Watterson.

Mr. Watterson spoke in substance as follows:

"The duty which draws us together, and the day—although appointed by law—come to us laden with a deeper meaning than they have ever borne before; and the place which witnesses our coming invests the occasion with increased solemnity and significance. Within the precincts of this dread but beautiful city, consecrate in all our hearts and all our homes—for here lie our loved ones—two plots of ground, with but a hillock between, have been set aside to mark the resting place of the dead of two armies that in life were called hostile, the Army of the Union, the Army of the Confederacy. We come to decorate the graves of those who died fighting for the Union. Presently others shall come to decorate the graves of those who died fighting for the Confederacy. Yet, if these flower covered mounds could open and the brave men who inhabit them could rise, not as disembodied spirits, but in the sentient flesh and blood which they wore when they went hence, they would rejoice as we do that the hopes of both have been at last fulfilled, and that the Confederacy, swallowed up by the Union, lives again in American manhood and brotherhood, such as were contemplated by the makers of the Republic.

"God's Promise Redeemed."

"Great as were the issues that we have put behind us forever, yet greater issues still rise dimly upon the view.

"Who shall fathom them? Who shall forecast them? I seek not to lift the veil on what may lie beyond. It is enough for me to know that I have a country and that my country leads the world. I have lived to look upon its dismembered fragments whole again; to see it like the fabled bird of wondrous plumage upon the Arabian desert, slowly shape itself above the flames and ashes of a conflagration that threatened to devour it; I have watched it gradually unfold its magnificent proportions through alternating tracks of light and shade; I have stood awe-struck in wonder and fear lest the glorious fabric should fade into darkness and prove but the insubstantial pageant of a vision; when, lo, out of the misty depths of the faraway Pacific came the booming of Dewey's guns, quickly followed by the answering voice of the guns of Sampson and Shafter and Schley, and I said: 'It is not a dream. It is God's promise redeemed. With the night of sectional confusion that is gone, civil strife has passed from the scene, and, in the light of the perfect day that is come, the Nation finds, as the first fruit of its new birth of freedom, another birth of greatness and power and renown.'"

G. B. R.





# WATTERSON'S TRIBUTE

## AN ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN.

### *Calls Him Best Friend of South in Its Time of Need.*

Louisville, Feb. 12.—"The Courier Journal" this morning prints the following article on Abraham Lincoln from the pen of Henry Watterson:

#### Abraham Lincoln.

##### I.

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##### II.

There remain no more hidden chapters, not even any more disputed passages, in Lincoln's life. Individually, he was as transparent as the day. His was the genius of common sense. He had all the distinguishing characteristics of the politicians of the mid-period of the last century; their craft, plausibility and cleanliness; their inclination toward

## Watterson, Henry

doctrinal discussions; their loyalty to party organization and engagements; their vital love of their country and their pride in its institutions. A "conscience Whig" he was, and a "conscience Whig" Lincoln remained to the end.

Lincoln excelled Douglas in his devotion to an idea, its probable consequences and all that it implied. Thus, in the famous debate, he gained the advantage which the whole hearted logician must always gain over the hairsplitting opportunist. He was less of an egoist than Douglas, and therefore less selfish. Douglas would never have yielded to Trumbull as Lincoln did. He would have got the Senatorship to lose the Presidency. Yet Douglas was as great a party leader as ever lived—not incapable of sacrifices—inferior to Lincoln only on the moral side. When the supreme test came their fortunes fell apart. Douglas's bark rode an ebbing tide. Lincoln's bark rode a flowing tide.

His intellectual dignity was paramount. It shone through the uncouth youngster who studied law by a tallow candle and told stories to the rude habitués of the little country store. His first public address reveals it as plainly as his last. There is extant a letter, written when he was not yet five and twenty, which is a model of simple manhood and at the same time of clever argument and elevated style. He was a tamer of women no less than a master of men; as all too late the puissant Jessie Benton Fremont found to her cost; as in spite of the gaucheries and angularities, the refined, aspiring Mary Todd very early discovered.

The sums in single rule of three he had painfully worked out upon a white pine shingle taught him as much of patience as arithmetic. The mysteries of the savage-haunted backwoods and the sublimity of the oceanlike prairie awakened and kept alive in him the reverence for God and Nature which goes to the better making equally of the seer, the poet and the statesman. His dreams came to express themselves in deeds.

In short, and in fine, Abraham Lincoln learned his humanities, as he had learned his philosophies and his efficiencies, out of the horn book of experience and the lives of men. Hence was he ripe and ready for his part when the prompter's bell rang for the curtain to rise. Having obeyed humbly, he commanded grandly. To him, politics was not a game of tenpins, nor government a play of chance, though he knew both; as a matter of fact, was both in the field and in the council an athlete and an expert, as Seward and Chase and Stanton came, each in his order and his way, perfectly to understand.

Nor is it mere panegyric to say so. In many cases and contingencies page and line may be cited; the gentle but consummate answer to Seward, when Seward proposed as a favor to Lincoln to take upon himself the whole management of affairs; the easy but canny disposition of Chase before heaping coals of fire upon him in the Chief Justice appointment; the whimsical but not mistaken complacency under the surly, and sometimes trying virtues, which made Stanton so necessary to his place and so fitted him to the alternating duties of upper servant, policeman and watchdog of the Treasury. No man, indeed, knew better than Lincoln, in the everyday trivialities of personal intercourse as well as the larger concerns of official conduct, how to draw the line, and where to draw it, to suit the word to the act, the act to the word, seeking only, and always seeking, results.

The duty he had been commissioned to do was to save the Union. With an overwhelming majority of the people the institution of African slavery was not an issue. In his homely, enlightening way Lincoln declared that if he could preserve the Union, with slavery, he would do it, or, without slavery, he would do it, or, with some free and others slaves, he would do that. The Proclamation of Emancipation was a war measure purely. He knew he had no constitutional warrant, and, true to his oath of office, he held back as long as he could; but so clear-sighted was his sense of justice, so empty his heart of rancor, that he wished and sought to qualify the rigor of the act by some measure of restitution, and so prepared the joint resolution to be passed by Congress appropriating \$400,000,000 for this purpose, which still stands in his own handwriting.

CONGR



He was himself a Southern man. All his people were Southerners. "If slavery be not wrong," he said, "nothing is wrong," echoing in this the opinions of most of the Virginia gentlemen of the eighteenth century and voicing the sentiments of thousands of brave men who wore the Confederate gray.

Not less than the North has the South reason to canonize Lincoln; for he was the one friend we had at court—aside from Grant and Sherman—when friends were most in need. Poor, mad John Wilkes Booth! Was he, too, an instrument in the hands of God to put a still deeper damnation upon the taking off of the Confederacy and to sink the Southern people yet lower in the abyss of affliction

and humiliation which the living Lincoln would have spared us?

### III.

There will gather on February 12, 1909, about the spot where Abraham Lincoln first saw the light a hundred years before, a goodly company. The President of the United States will be there, as a matter of course. He will come to give emphasis to the occasion and to feel himself both honored and distinguished by it. There will be music and banners and speeches. What boots it to him?

He is immortal now. The screen has rolled away. He knows the truth at last. The final earthly word of him was spoken long ago. There is need for not another. All is said that can be said by the poets, by the orators, by the varying pens of a myriad of pressmen. Turn we exalted from the scene; but, Mother of God, must we go before we have looked into the heaven above us in unutterable love and homage, with the thought of a spirit there which knew in this world naught of splendor and power and fame, whose sad lot it was to live and die in obscurity, penury, almost in want and squalor, whose tragic fate it was after she had lain half a lifetime in her humble, unmarked grave, to be pursued by the deepest, darkest calumny that can attach itself to the name of woman—the hapless, fair haired Nancy Hanks?

Years ago, somehow, I took her story home to myself. My own grandmother was born less than a hundred miles away about the same time, and, though she was the daughter of a man famous in his day and came of grandiose people for those times, I could not prove as much of her as Robert Lincoln can prove of his grandmother, because, in my case, the family papers were lost in a great conflagration, while the Lincoln-Hanks papers remain intact.

No fairer, fouler story ever gained currency than that which impeaches the character of the mother of Abraham Lincoln. It had never any foundation whatsoever. Every known fact flatly contradicts it. Every boot heel of circumstantial evidence stamps it a preposterous lie.

It was a period of heroic achievement, tempered by religious fervor. It was a decent, God fearing neighborhood of simple, hard working men and women. Debauchery was wholly unknown. Double living was impossible. Nancy Hanks came of good stock. So did Thomas Lincoln. Historically, it would not matter who were the parents of Abraham Lincoln any more than it matters that he whom the English monarch rejoices to call his progenitor was a bastard; but it offends the soul of a gallant and just manhood, it should arouse in the heart of every good woman a sense of wrong that so much as a shadow should rest upon the memory of the little cabin in which Nancy Lincoln gave to the world an immortal son, born in honest, unchallenged wedlock, nor thought of taint or shame anywhere.

Let not the throng assembled there pass down the slope and fade away without a heart salute to the gentle spirit of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, that maybe, somewhere beyond the stars among the angels of the choir invisible, looks upon the scene, serene and safe at last in the bosom of her Maker and her God!

"Let us here highly resolve," the words ring out like a trumpet call from the printed page, "that these men shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." Repeat we the declaration as we stand upon the hillside where he was born. And, along with it, let us highly resolve that we will follow no leader, that we will herolze no favorite, who, in his private life and public counsels, does not practise the moderation, emulate the justice and display the fortitude and patience of Abraham Lincoln.

Hotel Sevilla, Havana, Cuba.

H. W.

Watterson's Tribute To  
— LINCOLN

Henry Watterson, the great southern orator, delivered a wonderful address on Lincoln day, at Chicago, it being one of the greatest tributes ever paid to that living name. Below are his closing words, and they are inspiring to every true American heart: *1.3.1855*

From Caesar to Bismark and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression as it were, each advancement following the regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle and an end, rounding lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensible, simple, clear complete.

The inspired men are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, and by what rule they lived, moved and had their being, we know not. There is no explanation to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they passed away, God's holy light between the world and them leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the Devil, and, their work done, passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times.

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of what ancestry we know not and care not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without external graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, while the fantastic figure was led up by unseen hands to the front and

given the reigns of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a pressure of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the grace indispensable to his mission.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hands smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence no story, no tragedy no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells of his life and death.

Abraham Lincoln was said to be the passion of Watterson's life. His lectures on "Lincoln" was delivered in hundreds of cities and it was his pride to tell of calling on Lincoln the morning of his inauguration and of standing beside at the ceremony.

"Let no Southern man point his finger at me," Mr. Watterson said, "Because I cannonize Lincoln, for he was the one friend we had at court when friends were most in need." *1821*

Iowa State Register  
LINCOLN AND HIS EULOGISTS.

Henry Watterson, in a speech on Lincoln's birthday, attempted to account for the being and mission of the martyred president. He attributed them to inspiration and attributed all manner of mysteries to the great president. An ex-Confederate can be forgiven for indulging in a great deal of unnecessary praise of the man who at one time was denounced as a tyrant and a charlatan. They can be forgiven, for they are merely trying to show that their repentance is sincere, and no doubt it is. It is always the new convert to any cause, or memory, who is most zealous. Those who have all the time believed in Abraham Lincoln, however, do not find any necessity for resorting to mysteries in trying to understand the man. There is no use in raising Lincoln into the realms of myths and mysteries. He was a plain man of the people and let us keep him there for he will better serve as an inspiration to the masses of the people there than when raised on a pedestal in the skies. Lincoln had all the conflicts and inconsistencies of ordinary men. He was intensely human. He was sincere. He was earnest. He did his duty, his whole duty all the time. We are afraid that all these lofty eulogies will take Lincoln away from the common people and that is why they ought not to be indulged in. His example becomes less forceful if all that he did is referred not to his manhood, but to some strange fate. Lincoln was not merely a medium. He was an agency. His life was not a supernatural endowment. It was an achievement. *2.15.74*

## Watterson's Life of Lincoln.

Just why Henry Watterson should go abroad to write his promised life of Lincoln does not appear, says Leslie's Weekly. It may be that he is in search of a quieter environment than Louisville furnishes, but the public can expect no more vigorous or picturesque writing in the biography than is to be found frequently in the columns of his newspaper, sparkling even in the cold type to which it has been reduced after being "dashed off" literally at fever heat at midnight. It is safe to predict that of all the biographies of Lincoln Mr. Watterson's will be far and away the first in point of interest and of rhetorical style, however it may fare with the facts. *(1856)*







Watterson, Henry

## IN MEMORY OF LINCOLN.

### OBSERVANCES OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.

Henry Watterson Delivered an Address to the Lincoln Council of the National Union at Chicago—An Eloquent Tribute—The Day Observed in Other Cities.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 12.—Henry Watterson delivered an address to-night upon Abraham Lincoln before Lincoln Council of the National Union. The address was delivered in the Auditorium, which was filled to the doors.

The speaker paid an eloquent tribute to the commanding powers of Lincoln and to the breadth and liberality of his nature. Speaking of the famous Hampton Roads conference, when Mr. Lincoln met the agents of the Confederacy regarding terms on which peace could be arranged, Mr. Watterson said:

"Mr. Lincoln had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. I am not going to tell any tales out of school. I am not here for controversy. But when we are dead and gone, the private memorials of those who know what terms were really offered to the Confederacy—within 90 days of its total collapse—will show that in the individual judgment of all of them the wisdom of the situation said: 'Accept.'"

Mr. Watterson concluded as follows:

"Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of what ancestry we know not and care not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without external graces, natural or acquired; without name or fame or without official training, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

"Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scotch plowman? God, God, and God alone; and so surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells of his life and death."

The Marquette Club held a banquet at the Grand Pacific Hotel in honor of Lincoln. The principal addresses were made by George R. Peck of Chicago, Charles W. Anderson of New York, Congressman John Dalzell of Pennsylvania, Frank J. Cannon of Salt Lake, Congressman Cousins of Iowa and others.

1875



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**WATTERSON ON LINCOLN.**

**Likens Present Occupant of the White House to Martyred President.**

With Robert T. Lincoln, Henry Waterson, Chief Justice Edward O'Far and other distinguished citizens on the stand, the Weineman statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled at Hodgenville, Ky., in front of the Court House, by Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, sister-in-law of Abraham Lincoln.

Henry Waterson, who was the principal speaker of the day, began with a sketch of the men who had laid the foundations of the republic and the conditions which had provoked the war of sections, evolving Abraham Lincoln out of the primitive elements of American life. Mr. Waterson said in part:

"I grew to manhood in the mid-period of the republic. The keynote of the popular aspiration was love for the Union. It was intense, overmastering, all pervasive. The merest handful at the North, scarcely more than a group at the South, ventured a discord. But when the final trial came the one American who held to the keynote was Abraham Lincoln. He could not be diverted from it. He stood, Doric, the embodiment of the Union. We owe its preservation to his wisdom, to his integrity, to his firmness and his courage. As none other than Washington could have led the armies of the Revolution from Valley Forge to Yorktown, none other than Lincoln could have maintained the government from Sumter to Appomattox.

**/God Rules the World.**

"God rules the world, the winds and the waves. He raises mortals to the skies and He casts them down beneath the surface of the earth. In Abraham Lincoln He gave us a symbol of American liberty and a type of American manhood which might be marked and known of all men and seen from afar; gnarled of bark, fine of grain, of fibre solid and of texture rare, adapted to all uses and capable of exquisite polish.

"True to his ideal, he never missed the cue of the moment; though

facing a constant stress of weather, sorely tried from hour to hour, he never lost his balance or tore a passion to tatters. His was the genius of common sense, the soul of common honesty. His one aim, his single purpose, was to save the Union, with or without slavery.

"He did save it; yielding not at all to party clamor, too often contrived by scheming zealots and whooped up by noisy minorities, and today it is his example which moves a calm, enlightened and patriotic occupant of the Presidential office—like himself a lifelong Republican and a Republican partisan—to reach forth his arms as if to clasp in their embrace the whole people, seeking to win the good opinion, yearning for the approval of each and every one of them. Whether they give it in detail or divide upon the incidental issues of the time, they will not withhold it in the aggregate; and since a vigorous opposition is indispensable to good government his wise moderation and transparent integrity give us the promise of an opposition based upon principle rather than faction, self-respecting and respectful, upright, clean and kind. From such partyism nothing is to be feared, because it leaves us free when dangers come to forget that we are Republicans, to forget that we are Democrats, remembering only that we are Americans."





Watterson,  
Hon. Henry

# HENRY WATTERSON UPON ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS DELIVERED IN NEW YORK.

The Occasion Being the Annual Banquet of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York—  
General Lee Toasted.

New York, Jan. 27.—The thirteenth annual banquet of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, was made memorable by eloquent eulogies of the great figures of the south and the north during the civil war, delivered by men who themselves had fought in the armies opposing them.

Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts, a soldier of the union, responded to the toast "Robert E. Lee," and Colonel Henry Watterson, a soldier of the confederacy, paid tribute to the character of Abraham Lincoln.

The third toast, to Jefferson Davis, was responded to by William Hepburn Russell, formerly of Missouri, and now a commissioner of accounts of New York city. Upwards of five hundred comrades of the camp and their guests were present, and the presence of many women lent brilliancy to the banquet. Commander Henry E. Owen presided, with Mayor Low at his right and Colonel Watterson at his left. The opening toast to "The President and the Army and Navy of the United States—a Prince Among the Rulers of the World and But the Servant of a Free People," was drunk standing amid great applause, the orchestra rendering "Hail Columbia."

"This was followed by the toast to General Lee, "Nature Made Him and Then Broke the Mould."

In response to the toast "To the Memory of Abraham Lincoln," Mr. Henry Watterson spoke, in substance, as follows:

"Jefferson Davis, than whom there never lived, in this or in any land, a nobler gentleman and a knightlier soldier—Jefferson Davis, who, whatever may be thought of his opinions and actions, said always what he meant and meant always what he said—Jefferson Davis declared that next after the surrender at Appomattox, the murder of Abraham Lincoln made the darkest day in the calendar of the south and the people of the south. Why? Because Mr. Davis had come to a knowledge of the magnanimity of Mr. Lincoln's heart and the generosity of his intentions.

"If Lincoln had lived there would have been no era of reconstruction, with its repressive agencies and oppressive legislation. If Lincoln had lived there would have been wanting to the extremism of the time the cue of his taking off to spur the steeds of vengeance. For Lincoln entertained, with respect to the rehabilitation of the Union, the single wish that the southern states—to use his homely phraseology—should come back home

and behave themselves, and, if he had lived he would have made this wish effectual as he made everything effectual to which he seriously addressed himself.

"It is the genius of common sense. Of perfect intellectual plomb, he sprang from the southern pedigree and was born in the south. He knew all about the south, its institutions, its traditions and its peculiarities. He was an old-line whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leaning, never an abolitionist. 'If slavery be not wrong,' he said, 'nothing is wrong,' but he also said, and reiterated it time and again, 'I have no prejudice against the southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not exist now among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we would not instantly give it up.'

"From first to last throughout the angry debates preceding the war, amid all the passions of the war itself, not one vindictive, proscriptive word fell from his tongue or pen, whilst during its progress there was scarcely a day when he did not project his great personality between some southern man or woman and danger. Yet the south does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that this big-brained, big-souled man was a friend, a friend at court, when friends were most in need, having the will and the power to rescue it from the wolves of brutality and rapine whom the history of all wars tells us the lust of victory, the very smell of battle, lures, from their hiding to prey upon the helpless, the dying and the dead. But, perusing the after-story of those dread days, Mr. Davis knew this and died doing full justice to the character of Abraham Lincoln.

"Considerable discussion has been heard latterly touching what did and did not happen upon the occasion of a famous historic episode known as the Hampton Roads conference. That Mr. Lincoln met and conferred with the official representatives of the Confederate government, led by the vice president of the Confederate states, when it must have been known to him that the Confederacy was nearing the end of its resources, is sufficient proof of the breadth, both of his humanity and his patriotism. Yet he went to Fortress Monroe prepared not only to make whatever concessions toward the restoration of union and peace he had the lawful authority to make, but to offer some concessions which could, in the nature of the case, go no further at that time than his personal assurance. His constitutional powers were limited. But he was in himself the embodiment of great moral power.

The story that he offered payment for the slaves—so often affirmed and denied—is in either case but a quibble with the actual facts. He could not have made such an offer except tentatively, lacking the means to carry it out. He was not given the opportunity to make it, because the Confederate commissions were under instructions to treat solely on the basis of the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy. The conference came to naught. It ended where it began. But there is ample evidence that he went to Hampton Roads resolved to commit himself to that proposition. He did, according to the official reports, refer to it in specific terms, having already formulated a plan of procedure. This plan requires no verification. It exists and may be seen in his own handwriting. It embraced a joint resolution to be submitted by the president to the two houses of congress appropriating four hundred millions of dollars to be distributed among the southern states on the basis of the slave population of each according to the census of 1860, and a proclamation to be issued by himself, as president, when this joint resolution had been passed by congress.

There can be no possible controversy among honest students of history on this point. That Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Stephens, 'Let me write Union at the top of this page and you may write below it whatever else you please,' is referable to Mr. Stephens' statement made to many friends and attested by a number of reliable persons still living. But, that he meditated the most liberal terms, including payment for the slaves, rests neither upon conjecture nor hearsay, but on indisputable documentary support. It may be argued that he could not have secured the adoption of any such plan; but of his purpose, and its genuineness, there can

be no question and there ought to be no equivocation.

"Indeed, payment for the slaves had been all along in his mind. He believed the north equally guilty with the south for the original existence of slavery. He clearly understood that the irrepressible conflict was a conflict of systems, not a merely sectional and partisan quarrel. He was a just man, abhorring proscription. He was a conscience whig, who stood in awe of the constitution and his oath of office. He wanted to leave the south no right to claim that the north, finding slave labor unprofitable, had sold its negroes to the south and then turned about and by force of arms confiscated the property it had thus trafficked. He fully recognized slavery as property. The Proclamation of Emancipation was issued as a war measure. In his message to congress on December, 1862, he proposed payment for the slaves, elaborating a scheme in detail and urging it with copious and cogent argument. 'The people of the south,' he said, addressing a war congress at that moment in the throes of a bloody war with the south, 'are not more responsible for the original introduction of this property than are the people of the north, and, when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share the profits of dealing in them, it may not be quite safe to say that the south has been more responsible, than the north for its continuance.'

"The years are gliding swiftly by. Only a little while, and there shall be no man living who saw service on either side of that great struggle of systems and ideas. Its passions long ago vanished from manly bosoms. That has come to pass within a single generation in America which in Europe required ages to accomplish. There is no disputing the verdict of events. Let us relate them truly and interpret them fairly. If we would have the north do justice to our heroes, we must do justice to its heroes. I here render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, even as I would render unto God the things that are God's. As living men, standing erect in the presence of Heaven and the world, we have grown gray without being ashamed; and we need not fear that history will fail to vindicate our integrity. When those are gone that fought the battle, and posterity comes to strike the final balance sheet, it will be shown that the makers of the constitution left the relation of the states to the federal government and of the federal government to the states open to a double construction.

"It will be told how the mistaken notion that slave labor was requisite to the profitable cultivation of sugar, rice and cotton, raised a paramount property interest in the southern section of the Union, whilst in the northern section, responding to the trend of modern thought and the outer movements of mankind, there arose a great moral sentiment against slavery. The conflict thus established, gradually but surely sectionalizing party lines, was as inevitable as it was irrepressible. It was fought out to its bitter and logical conclusion at Appomattox. It found us a huddle of petty sovereignties, held together by a rope of sand. It made and it left us a nation. *Esto perpetua!*"

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# Watterson, Hon. Henry TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

Hon. Henry Watterson's Oration  
at the Auditorium.

## AN ELOQUENT EFFORT

Magnificent Audience Hears the  
Brilliant Editor.

## HIS WORDS WERE WORTHY

Life and Character of the Great  
Emancipator.

Celebration in Honor of the Natal Day  
of the Martyred President—  
The Speech.

For nearly two hours 3,000 representative Chicagoans sat in the great Auditorium last evening and listened to one of America's most gifted orators, versatile writers, and profound thinkers. This great audience had gathered to do honor to the Republic's second deliverer and to hear the brilliant words of that silvered-tongued son of the South, Hon. Henry Watterson.

The eighth public celebration of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln was under the auspices of Lincoln Council of the National Union, which organization seven years ago inaugurated in Chicago the celebration of the birth of the great president and emancipator. Each year the celebrations have grown in public interest, the exercises of last night eclipsing those of any previous year. The parquet, boxes, and galleries of Chicago's largest assembly hall were filled last night when Director T. P. Brooke, of the Chicago Marine Band, waved his baton over his organization of musicians as a signal for the opening number of the evening's programme—a jubilee from Weber. Two extra numbers were necessary to gratify the audience before they were willing to give way to the Apollo Quartet, which sang Flotow's "God Is Love." All of the other musical numbers on the programme were of a high class and rendered in excellent style.

### Hon. Henry Watterson.

Immediately after the Apollo Quartet had finished its first song Mr. Franklin Fairman, chairman of the committee on the Lincoln celebration of the National Council, stepped onto the great stage and introduced the orator of the evening, Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky. The appearance of the famous editor and orator was the signal for an outburst of applause that ceased only when the speaker waved his hand as a signal for silence.

Mr. Watterson began his oration by a reference to the poise and dignity of the statesmen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who signed the declaration of independence and framed the constitution, and who made their influence felt upon life and thought long after the echoes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown had died away. It was not until the institution of African slavery got into politics as a vital force that Congress became a bear garden. The men who signed the declaration and their immediate

successors were succeeded by a set of party leaders much less decorous and much more self-confident. Continuing the lecturer said in part:

There were Seward and Sumner and Chase, Corwin and Ben Wade, Trumoull and Fessenden, Hale and Collamer and Grimes, and Greeley, our latter-day Franklin. There were Toombs and Hammond, and Slidell and Wigfall, and the two little giants, Douglas and Stephens, and Yancey and Mason, and Jefferson Davis. With their soft words buttered no parsnips and they cared little how many pitchers might be broken by rude ones. The issue between them did not require a diagram to explain it. It was so simple a child could understand it. It read, human slavery against human freedom, slave labor against free labor, and involved a conflict as inevitable as it was irrepressible.

### Lincoln Enters the Fray.

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabers bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable, the figure of a man who, in spite of an appearance somewhat out of line, carried a serious aspect, if not the suggestion of power, and, pausing a moment to utter a single sentence that could be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

How shall I describe him to you? Shall I do so as he appeared to me when I first saw him immediately on his arrival in the national capital, the chosen President of the United States, his appearance quite as strange as the story of his life, which was then but half known and half told, or shall I use the language of another and a more vivid word-painter?

In January, 1861, Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, journeyed to Springfield, Ill., personally, to become acquainted and to consult with the man he had contributed so materially to elect. "I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house," says Colonel McClure, "and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself, opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with a homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or evening dress coat, with tightly fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bouy arms, all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours I remained with him, and little by little as his earnestness, sincerity, and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man."

### Lincoln's First Inaugural.

I am not undertaking to deliver an oral biography of Abraham Lincoln and shall pass over the events which quickly led up to his nomination and election to the Presidency in 1860.

I met the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had arrived in Washington. It was a Saturday, I think. He came to the capital under Mr. Seward's escort and among the rest I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure, and whilst Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideas, there was about him a rugged dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the next Monday forenoon in his apartments at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was struck by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his attention. He was entirely self-possessed, no trace of nervousness, and very obliging. I accompanied the cortege that went from the Senate chamber to the east portico of the capital. As Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and

below, I extended my hand to take it. But Judge Douglas, just behind me, reached over my outstretched arm and received it, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood just near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few, and then I began to understand something of the real power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men, and in its ringing tones and elevated style the gentlemen whom he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom at bottom thought himself his master's equal or superior—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of one born to rule. Whether they did or not they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his tragic death there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and his official subordinates. The idea that he was overmatched at any time by anybody is contradicted by all that actually happened.

### Lincoln and the South.

I want to say just here a few words about Mr. Lincoln's relation to the South and toward the people of the South.

He was himself a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when the merest child he was an old child; he never was very young; he grew to manhood in a Kentucky colony; for what is Illinois, what is Chicago but a Kentucky colony, grown somewhat out of proportion? He was in no sense what we used to all "a poor white." Awkward, perhaps; ungainly, perhaps; niggerless, certainly, but aspiring; the spirit of a hero beneath that rugged exterior; the imagination of a poet beneath those heavy brows; the courage of a lion beneath those patient, kindly aspects; and, long before he was of legal age, a leader. His first love was a Rutledge; his wife was a Todd.

Let the romancist tell the story of his romance. I dare not. No sadder idyl can be found in all the annals of the poor.

We know that he was a poet; for have we not that immortal prose-poem recited at Gettysburg? We know that he was a statesman; for has not time vindicated his conclusions? But the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend; the one friend who had the power and the will to save it from itself. The direst blow that could have been inflicted upon the South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

Throughout the wild contention that preceded the war, amid the lurid passions that attended the war itself, not one bitter or narrow word escaped the lips of Abraham Lincoln, whilst there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his big, sturdy personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

### The Laws of Inspiration.

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding of lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible; simple, clear, complete.

The inspired men are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, and by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they passed away, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and, their work done, passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard where shall we find an illustration more impressive than Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times.

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of what ancestry we know not and care not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without external graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or



official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a Nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him—wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a pressure of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the grace indispensable to his mission.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln: and a thousand years hence no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells of his life and death.

## Henry Watterson on the Death of Lincoln

From the Courier-Journal.

TO THOSE who are old enough clearly to remember the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, it seems only yesterday that they awoke to stand aghast before the message that met them at the door—"Lincoln was assassinated last night."

Up and down, through town and country, through the very powder-clouds still hovering over recent battlefields, the tidings swept onward from one end of the land to the other, awe-inspiring alike to the victors and the vanquished, their full portent conceived by none; at the north horror and execration unbounded, at the south a dazed feeling of wonder not unmixed, but happily only here and there, with those ebullitions of unthinking cruelty, which, even as tears tell us we are men, tell us also that we are savage.

The problems of life and death who shall dare attempt to solve them? God moves in a mysterious way. That He has not stayed the hand of the assassin can only imply that underneath there lay some all-wise purpose. Yet, weirdest and saddest, the subjects and victims of these murderous freaks have not been the hated among men, the monsters and despots of history; but the noble and the useful, the amiable and the gentle; quite all the way from Julius Caesar to William McKinley, from Henri Quatre to the Empress Elizabeth—Lincoln in the foreground—the Christ child of destiny—the curtain which rose upon tragedy in the wild woods of Kentucky and Indiana, falling upon tragedy in Washington, the nation's capital. Yea, and in an actual playhouse—beneath its proscenium arch—in front of its footlights—the leading part played by an actor. 'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange! 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!

What might have happened had Lincoln lived? He was the one friend of the stricken south having power. In a thousand ways he had shown this friendship. Not one proscriptive word fell from his lips, "with malice toward none—with charity for all," Godlike words, the inspired cue and keynote of his mind and heart.

Two short months before those awful scenes in Ford's theater, he had said at Fortress Monroe to his old friend, Stephens—the now vice president of the confederacy, but still to Lincoln the loved whig colleague of other days—"Stephens, let me write 'union' at the top of this page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

So poised was his sense of equity, so acute his hatred of injustice, that, unwilling to visit the offense of the south militant upon the south innocent—impoverished widows and orphans, and babes in their cradles when war was declared and waged—he offered payment for the slaves, along with the complete rehabilitation of the seceded states in the union, for the immediate cessation of hostilities.

Nothing seems harder to reconcile both with reason and existing conditions, with the actual and obvious state of the contending parties, than the rejection of this offer. It seems a part of the fatality that pursued the south from first to last. It was the will of Heaven that the confederacy should be destroyed, root and branch; that there should be no possible equivocation as to the result; and, as if the south had not been sufficiently punished, Lincoln—a son of the soil standing ready with his hand uplifted and outstretched to protect his kindred people—was struck down, ten additional years of travail ensuing as dire consequence of the causeless murder.

Half a century has intervened to separate us from these dread times. Two generations that knew them not have come upon the stage—the generation that suffered and endured mostly gone to its account—its few survivors but as the misty figures of a dream, lingering a moment upon the outer edges of the scene, presently to pass beyond and to be seen no more. They saw the hand of Deity upon the battlefield and long ago accepted the verdict. To them at least "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." The south learned its lesson, too. It learned

that slavery was not a divine institution. Cotton was never king. The union was best. God knew where the weak spot was and smote us there; and, lo, we are one people again; still true to the reason of our being, the faith of our fathers, a world power, yet a nation of freemen, known, respected, honored to the ends of the earth. How much of this do we not owe to Abraham Lincoln? It is meet that Kentucky should be first to acknowledge the country's obligation to his deeds and words; should recall the example he set and left behind him; should see the light that shines above his tomb and be cheered and invigorated; the first truly typical American, a Kentuckian and Kentucky's best historic asset.

Thus it is that we are teaching our children in the schools this day. Thus it is that the flags are at half-mast. God bless the flag! God keep the memory of Abraham Lincoln green forever.





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Loving Wreaths Laid (1905)  
Upon Bier of Lincoln.

**H**IS was a fame to challenge the eloquence of any orator, and the tributes to his record during his life, and to his memory since his death, have been many and precious. A volume was compiled of these orations and addresses, but in the short space even of this memorial edition there is not room to do justice to these eulogies. It is almost a hopeless task to make the selection, but what appears upon this page has been culled out as showing how he appealed to men of different temperaments.

Mr. Henry Watterson, whose judgments of the men of his time have been singularly just and happy, frankly says that Lincoln was "inspired of God." Many will readily agree with him, for if genius is inspiration from on high, which few will deny, then truly was Abraham Lincoln guided by divine power. Even extraordinary knowledge of politics and statecraft would not have enabled him to steer clear so well of the rocks which daily threatened the ship of state, to soften the asperities of certain men, to bring the warring factions of generals, statesmen, and the public into harmony with his ideas.

In the face of many military defeats, of losses of federal prestige, of cabals among those who should have sustained him, of misunderstanding, injustice, and misrepresentation, he ever kept the vessel straight to her course, even as did Columbus. But Mr. Watterson has said all this much better. Hear him:

"Yet, all the while that the waves of passion were breaking against his sturdy figure, reared above the dead level, as a lone oak upon a sandy beach, not one harsh word rankled in his heart to sour the milk of human kindness that, like a perennial spring from the gnarled roots of some majestic tree, flowed thence.

"Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

"The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside, were sent to the rear, while this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

"Where did Shakspeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death."



WATKINSON, HENRY

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TRIBUTES



