Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln.
One Hundredth Anniversary.

REMINISCENCES ABOUT

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY

IRA HAWORTH

Also An Address Delivered Before the
Washingtonian Temperance Society, at the Second
Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Illinois,
February 22, 1842, by
Abraham Lincoln.

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BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR.

For the purpose of answering questions often propounded, I offer this brief statement: I was born in Wayne County, Indiana, on August 5th, 1827 (of Quaker parentage), where I grew to manhood. In my twenty-second year I was married and a few years later located in Vermilion County, Illinois. In the early fifties I formed an acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, which ripened into a permanent confidential life association between us. I was often in his council when he was a prospective candidate for the nomination for the Presidency. I devoted much faithful service in promoting his opportunity for that position, which was crowned with success. At his solicitation, as in my inexperienced, youthful condition, I entered the campaign service and was termed "the farmer campaigner," and acquitted my labors in such a way as to win the approval of Mr. Lincoln, as the sequel discloses, in the reminiscence published herewith, to which I solicit your most respectful consideration.

IRA HAWORTH.
REMINISCENCES.

Being the Observations of One of Lincoln’s Early Co-workers, Concerning Events of More Than Fifty Years Ago, and Later.

(By Ira Haworth, Kansas City, Kansas.)

In the dawn of the 20th century, looking backward through the vista of time, I recall my first knowledge of Lincoln. Early in the forties, my father, then a resident of the state of Indiana, had correspondence with him pertaining to business of the anti-slavery cause, in which my father was a zealous worker; and previous to this Lincoln had declared his opposition to slavery and its extension, basing his opinion on facts experienced in the South where he had been reared. Thus I came to know something of his individual character and sterling qualities of mind and heart prior to meeting him.

Having been requested to present a pen picture of his personal appearance as I saw him, I will cheerfully do so, before proceeding further with this narrative. He was to the casual observer a peculiarly attractive figure, indeed quite as much so in his general appearance as in his character; he was tall and commanding in stature, of spare proportions, yet quite muscular, measuring six feet four inches in height in bare feet, weighing 180 pounds. His hair a very dark brown, of coarse growth; his eyes were hazel, tending to a grayish hue in color, deep set, with a serious expression which quickly lit up with a very merry twinkle at the prospective intrudition of a mirth provoking jest or humorous anecdote. His nose was above medium size and slightly of the Roman type; mouth large, lips firm of medium thickness, his chin covered with a thin beard, his features rather large to attract admirers, yet his demeanor was that of extreme simplicity, together with deliberate movements and cordial, dignified bearing, characteristic of a high and noble manhood, an exemplification of the Creator’s handiwork—an “honest man,” and among the large number of great and good men that have occupied the earth, I believe that Lincoln has had but few equals and no superior since Christ, the world’s greatest moral teacher, dwelt among men. Both Lincoln’s and my father’s ancestors were members of a religious society known as Quakers. One of their declarations or tenets of faith consisted in prohibiting members from owning slaves, or by other means to give encouragement to the system of slavery. Hence it was but a natural coincidence that they should become co-workers to the
end that the nefarious system should be removed from our fair land forever, their motto being "Freedom for all, and all for Freedom."

In the year 1846, Lincoln was elected to Congress and his services were sufficiently appreciated by his constituency that they desired to secure them for another term, but he emphatically declined to accept their proffered offer, stating as his reason that the associations of home were preferable to the uncongenial surroundings of life in Washington.

In 1847 Lincoln stated in a public address his fidelity to the cause of temperance and then pledged his assistance for its advancement in all future time. Those statements attracted my profound admiration, and I was both by precept and practice a teetotal abstainer and on having found a public man living a similar life, my attachment for him at once became more than ordinary. During a private conversation we once had, he remarked that he had never in his life taken a drink of any kind of intoxicating liquor. And here permit me to state, lest I may be suspected of narrowness in my opinions, that while the two great subjects, slavery and temperance, were instrumental in forming the mutual acquaintance by which I gained so much valuable information of that good man during the time he was permitted to live, he was ever found on the side of justice and right,—at heart a Christian. "Whatever appears to be God's will, I will do it." The above remark was made by Lincoln to a deputation composed of different denominations of religious societies in Chicago, Ill., who called on him at the White House, September 13th, 1862. He was gifted with mysterious ways. His "wonders to perform," and in justification of his pure and upright life, I desire to mention a worthy incident which is recorded on page 47 in the history entitled, "Words of Lincoln," published by Osborn H. Oldroyd in 1895: Remarks made to the committee who notified him at his home in May, 1860, of his nomination for the Presidency, "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual health in this most healthful beverage which God has given man. It is the only beverage I have used, or allowed in my family and I cannot consistently depart from it on the present important occasion. It is pure Adam's ale from the well." And be it known that he was the one exception of our chief magistrates who have had the integrity to establish a grand and noble record of this character, which I trust each of his successors in all future time may seek to emulate, not alone honoring themselves thereby, but the nation as well.

The campaign of 1848 was closely contested by the most eminent and eloquent orators of that time. Lincoln took an
active part in presenting the issues then agitating the public mind, and thus achieved notoriety, not alone in his home state, but the neighboring states also. The result of that campaign was in favor of the candidate of the Whig party, but four years later that grand old party went down under defeat, to come up no more forever. In the year 1854, an agitation arose and soon a convulsion of no small magnitude ensued. The signs of the times became propitious; the political horizon was disturbed as never before; conferences and conventions were the order of the day throughout the commonwealth. The final result terminated in calling a national conference to meet in the city of Philadelphia, for the purpose of considering the propriety of organizing a new political party. The voice of that conference was unanimous for such organization, and conferred upon it the euphonious title of the Republican party of Reform, and among other deliberations advised by that body, was an invitation extended to all the states to form organizations, preparatory to a presidential campaign for the year 1856, as in unity there would be power. This invitation gave Lincoln another opportunity of using all honorable means at his command to execute the work of organization throughout the state and to render such assistance to surrounding localities as circumstances would permit. The work was arduous. The anti-slavery party discouraged the new movement by urging those who were then without a party to join their ranks. The old Democratic party was safely in possession of the government, so well fortified that they were defiant and uncompromising by the slavery agitators and were therefore far from being asleep at their signal posts, and those who were in favor of slavery extension and that had originally affiliated with the Whigs, had joined the oligarchy, who received them joyfully. Lincoln was expected to advance the new movement by organization throughout the state, and having received a request from him to that effect (I then resided in Eastern Illinois), I published a call. We proceeded to form an organization by electing officers and adjourning to give a more extended notice of a subsequent meeting, which was attended by a large number, a part of whom were ladies, who rendered good services later on, as the sequel will disclose. We next formed a county organization, which in due time was merged into a state organization, and each county thus being auxiliary thereto, we completed the preliminary arrangements for conducting the approaching presidential campaign, and as my signature was attached to the first call, I was complimented by having a very familiar title conferred,—that of "Father" of the Republican party of that vicinity, and when a few years later, having arranged to remove from that locality, my good friends
adoption yet another title, that of "Great Grandfather" of the called on me in a social body to extend their parting saluta-
tions, and as I was the only survivor of the original six who met under the call, the sons of my co-workers conferred the additional title of "Grandfather" of the party. As sixteen years have passed since this title alluded to was conferred, and in view of the further fact that I have completed my four score years of life, I will, by your permission, add by grand old party, and as I will soon "wrap the drapery of my couch about me and lie down to pleasant dreams," farewell, old party, farewell. And may your successors, as they go down the annals of time, commemorate and perpetuate the name and the fame of the party’s first chosen Chief Magis-
trate, Abraham Lincoln.

But at this stage of the organization of the new party, the excitement in the South, as a result of the uniting of the forces in the North along the lines of thorough and effective organization (the lack of which caused the party’s defeat four years previous), the slave rulers of the South issued their oft repeated warning of "54-40 or fight," and this time they meant business, as they had all the government munitions of war and its treasury in their possession, yet under such discouraging circumstances the new order of organization proceeded en-
couragingly. Many of those who were opposed to the insti-
tution of slavery and had served in the ranks of the old Demo-
cratic party took this opportunity to identify themselves with the new organization, and this proved to be the straw by which the wind indicated the approaching election of Lin-
coln.

Here I wish to mention another incident very creditable to him, which transpired previous to the meeting of the Na-
tional Convention. Lincoln was approached by a party who desired to be empowered to negotiate reward for promises of influence at the approaching convention, to whom he gave this emphatic reply: "No, gentlemen, I have not sought the nomination, neither will I attempt to buy it with pledges. If I shall receive the nomination and be elected, I shall not go into office as the tool of this or that man, or the property of any faction or clique, and the people’s choice will be my choice. I desire that the result shall be to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom." The National Convention to which I was a delegate met in Chicago in May, 1860, and the result of its deliberations was selecting Lincoln as the standard bearer of the Republican party for the pending cam-
paign. But at this juncture permit me to call your attention to an incident that occurred near the closing hour of the con-
vention, while of minor importance, yet worthy of mention as having a bearing upon the present time. After the count
of the ballots and Lincoln's name was announced as the choice of the convention for the nomination, and while enthusiasm was at high tide, two stalwart ushers entered the outer door of the wigwam, bearing on their shoulders a unique design, consisting of two walnut fence rails, decked in National colors, in the center of which mounted upon a shield, was a portrait of Lincoln, decorated by the American flag. As the men slowly pressed their way up the densely packed aisle, with the excitement at fever heat, the audience went wild. Cheers and huzzas rent the air, hats and handkerchiefs were thrown frantically throughout the apartments, the vast assemblage rising to their feet, en masse, as the men deposited their standard on the platform in front, while the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," silencing the babble of voices with its soul-stirring music. From this episode the opposing political party designated Lincoln as the "rail-splitter" candidate. The rails presented on this occasion were made by Lincoln in what was then Sangamon County, State of Illinois, when he was twenty-one years of age, and they had been in use those intervening years on the farm of John Hanks, who was Lincoln's uncle, until transported by Hanks to Chicago, to be held in readiness for display in the event of Lincoln being the nominee.

I may remark here incidentally that Lincoln ordered made from one of those rails a cane and gavel and presented them to me as a token of friendship, formed by several years' intimate association with him, and in appreciation of services rendered in the memorable campaign of 1860, and it is an inspiring thought today, a sublime reflection, that the hand that felled the tree from which these momentoes were made, was the same master hand that by "one stroke of pen broke the shackles off four million slaves."

On returning home from the convention we realized that our work had but begun. Without delay we proceeded to organize a township club, and in order to add interest, we invited the ladies to assist us, which produced beneficial results. Soon after our organization the County Central Committee called a mass meeting to be held at our county seat and in order to create enthusiasm throughout the country, the committee offered a silk flag valued at $25.00 as a prize to be awarded to the largest delegation making the best display from any single township from the county. The ladies, foremost in every good cause, came to the rescue most nobly and no pains were spared in artistic designs and arranging pageant for parade, and when the meeting day arrived, our delegation in royal array turned out some hundred strong. Conspicuous in the line of march in the display of states was "Bleeding Kansas." Thanks to an overruling providence, no
stain of slavery mars her fair escutcheon today. As the hour of adjournment approached, the command was given for all delegations to pass in review before the judge’s stand. Eager eyes watched the prize flag as it was carefully conveyed to our ranks and hoisted at the mast head of our column. Patriotism knew no bounds, as when both old and young joined in a chorus of cheers, as with laurels won, we started home-ward bound. Beneath the folds of our silken trophy rested the tokens of esteem received that day from Abraham Lin-coln,—a cane and gavel bearing the inscription of his name and my own.

The remainder of the campaign marked by unflagging efforts, until success crowned our labors with victory at the polls and Lincoln was elected the sixteenth President of the United States. I never saw him after he took his departure for the seat of government. The outlook was gloomy and foreboding; disruption threatened; the clouds of war hovered ominously over the land, while anxious hearts followed him to his new post of duty. He seemed to realize the great weight of his responsibilities, as was evidenced by his own words, “A duty devolves on me that is greater perhaps than that of any man since the days of Washington.” He never could have succeeded, except for the aid of Divine Providence, on which he at all times relied. “I feel that I cannot succeed, without the same divine aid, and on the Almighty Being I now place my reliance.” Commensurate with his faith did his labors prove, and his name will go down to future generations allied with that of Washington, “The Father of our Country.” The one, savior and founder; the other, preserver and liberator.

His keen sense of justice and right, combined with rare and unswerving purpose, carried the nation safely through the crisis of the war for the Union, “that this government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.” (This last sentence is a quotation from Lincoln’s Gettysburg speech.)

The arduous labor in his early years, in plucking the native tree from its forest bed, modeling it into man’s convenience, was the rudimentary process of development whereby the sturdy frame and vigorous brain were made the super-structure to sustain the spirit in its Herculean work of coming years, when by the sheer force of will he held together the timbers of government, until at the very acme of power, at the supreme moment when a victorious peace was about to spread her benign influence over the land once more, came the shock of his tragic assassination at Washington. A na-tion mourned. The people were overwhelmed with grief. Each felt a loss as of a personal friend. A wail of anguish
went forth from all loyal hearts in one agonized cry,—"Our leader has fallen." As voiced by the poet, Walt Whitman, on the death of Lincoln:

My captain does not hear my voice, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse or will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O Shores, and ring, O Bells,
   But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck,—my captain lies
   Fallen, cold and dead.

Thus passed from "works to reward" America's greatest statesman, "the most perfect ruler of men the world ever saw." (Words of Edwin M. Stanton. He leaves to us the legacy of his example and good deeds that will descend to posterity, while the light of the imperishable principles nourished in the soil of human hearts will grow brighter and brighter down the ages, a living monument, far more beautiful than any work of art, more magnificent and enduring than granite. Monuments of marble will crumble and decay, but the monument of good deeds will endure forever.

In grateful remembrance of his worth and works, we reverently place on memory's altar today this feeble tribute to our beloved "Abraham Lincoln—Emancipator, Father and Friend, Immortal Evermore."
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF IN 1859, AT THE REQUEST OF J. W. FELL, OF SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

In the note which accompanied it, the writer says, herewith is a little sketch as you requested. There is not much of it, for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me:

"I was born February 12th, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families, second families perhaps. I should say, my mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams County, and others in Mason County, Ill. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about the year 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Bucks County, Pa. If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am in height, six feet four inches; lean in flesh, weighing on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexioned, with coarse, dark hair and eyes hazel, with a greyish hue in color. No other marks or brands recollected.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Here is a sketch not so long:
When the compiler of the dictionary of congress was preparing that work for publication in 1858, he sent Mr. Lincoln the usual request for a sketch of his life, to which he received in June of that the following reply:

"Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky., Education, defective. Profession, a lawyer. Have been a captain of volunteers in Black Hawk war. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature, and was a member of the Lower House of Congress.

Yours, etc.,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

LINCOLN AS POSTMASTER.

During the intervening years of 1836 to 1837, Abraham Lincoln held the appointment of Postmaster at New Salem, Ill., and in the year 1837 he located in Springfield, where he engaged in the law practice. In 1859 an agent of the Postoffice Department called on him as the late Postmaster at New Salem, Ill., to obtain a small balance of seventeen dollars, which was found due the department. Going to an old trunk, Mr. Lincoln took therefrom the exact amount, which he placed there when he surrendered the office to his successor. Handing it to the agent with the remark: 'I never use any man's money but my own.'"
Lincoln's Birthplace.

Abraham Lincoln's Residence, Springfield, Ill.—The Only Residence he Ever Owned.
A FORCEFUL TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.


Although the Temperance Cause has been in progress for near twenty years, it is apparent to all that it is just now being crowned with a degree of success, hitherto unparalleled.

The list of its friends is daily swelled by the additions of fifties, of hundreds, and of thousands. The cause itself seems suddenly transformed from a cold abstract theory, to a living, breathing, active and powerful cheiftain, going forth "conquering and to conquer." The citadels of his great adversary are daily being stormed and dismantled; his temples and his altars, where the rites of his idolatrous worship have long been performed, and where human sacrifices have long been wont to be the conquerer's fame is sounding from hill to hill, from sea to sea, and from land to land, and calling millions to his standard at a blast.

For this new and splendid success we heartily rejoice. That success so much greater now than heretofore, is doubtless owing to rational causes; and if we would have it continue, we shall do well to inquire what those causes are.

The warfare heretofore waged against the demon intemperance has, somehow or other, been erroneous. Either the champions engaged, or the tactics they adopted, have not been the most proper. These champions for the most part have been preachers, lawyers, and hired agents, between these and the mass of mankind, there is a want of approachability, if the term be admissible, partially, at least, fatal to their success. They are supposed to have no sympathy of feeling or interest, with those very persons whom it is their objects to convince and persuade.

And again, it is so easy and so common to ascribe motives to men of these classes, other than those they profess to act upon, The preacher, it is said, advocates temperance because he is a fanatic, and desires a union of the church and State; the lawyer from his pride, and vanity of hearing himself speak; and the hired agent for his salary.

But when one, who has long been known as a victim of intemperance, bursts the fetters that have bound him, and appears before his neighbors "clothed and in his right mind," a redeemed specimen of long lost humanity, and stands up with tears of joy trembling in his eyes, to tell of the miseries once endured, now to be endured no more forever of his once naked and starving children, now clad and fed comfortably; of a wife, long weighed down with woe, weeping and a broken heart, now restored to health, happiness and a renewed affection; and how
easily it is all done, once it is resolved to be done; how simple his language, there is a logic and an eloquence in it that few with human feelings can resist. They cannot say that he desires a union of church and State, for he is not a church member; they cannot say he is vain of hearing himself speak, for his whole demeanor shows he would gladly avoid speaking at all; they cannot say he speaks for pay, for he receives none, and asks for none. Nor can his sincerity in any way be doubted; or his sympathy for those he would persuade to imitate his example be denied.

In my judgment it is to the battles of this new class of champions that our late success is greatly, perhaps chiefly, owing. But, had the old-school champions themselves been of the most wise selecting, was their system of tactics the most judicious? It seems to me it was not. Too much denunciation against dram-sellers and dram-drinkers was indulged in. This, I think, was both impolitic and unjust. It was impolitic, because it is not much in the nature of a man to be driven to anything; still less to be driven about that which is exclusively his own business; and least of all, where such driving is to be submitted to, at the expense of pecuniary interest, or burning appetite. When the dram-seller and drinker were incessantly told, not in the accents of entreaty and persuasion, diffidently addressed by erring man to an erring brother; but in the thundering tones of anathema and denunciation, with which the lordly judge often groups together all the crimes of the felon's life, and thrusts them in his face just ere he passes sentence of death upon him, that they were the authors of all the vice and misery and crime of the land; that they were the manufacturers and material of all the thieves and robbers and murderers that infest the earth; that their houses were the workshops of the devil; and that their persons should be shunned by all the good and virtuous as moral pestilences. I say, when they were told all this, and in this way, it is not wonderful that they were slow, very slow, to acknowledge the truth of such denunciations, and to join the ranks of their denouncers, in a hue and cry against themselves.

To have expected them to do otherwise than they did—to have expected them not to meet denunciation with anathema—was to expect a reversal of human nature, which is God's decree and can never be reversed.

When the conduct of men is designed to be influenced, persuasion, kind, unassuming persuasion, should ever be adopted. It is an old and a true maxim “that a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall.” So with men. If you would win your man to your cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey that catches his heart, which, say what he will, is the great high road to his reason, and which, when once gained, you will find but little
trouble in convincing his judgment of the justice of your cause, if indeed that cause really be a just one. On the contrary, assume to dictate to his judgment, or to command his action, or to mark him as one to be shunned and despised, and he will retreat within himself, close all the avenues to his head and his heart; and though your cause be naked truth itself, transformed to the heaviest lance, harder than steel, and sharper than steel can be made, and though you throw it with more than herculean force and precision, you shall no more be able to pierce him than to penetrate the hard shell of a tortoise with a rye straw. Such is man, and so must he be understood by those who lead him, even to his own interests.

On this point the Washingtonians greatly excel the temperance advocates of former times. Those whom they desire to convince and persuade are their old friends and companions. They know they are not demons, nor even the worst of men; they know that generally they are kind, generous and charitable, even beyond the example of their more staid and sober neighbors. They are practical philanthropists; and they glow with a generous and brotherly zeal, that mere theorizers are incapable of feeling. Benevolence and charity possess their hearts entirely; and out of the abundance of their hearts, their tongues give utterance, "Love through all their actions run, and all their words are mild," in this spirit they speak and act, and in the same they are heard and regarded. And when such is the temper of the advocate, and such of the audience, no good cause can be unsuccessful. But I have said that denunciations against dram-sellers and dram-drinkers are unjust as well as impolitic. Let us see.

I have not inquired at what period of time the use of intoxicating liquors commenced, nor is it important to know. It is sufficient that to all of us who now inhabit the world, the practice of drinking them is just as old as the world itself—that is, we have seen the one just as long as we have seen the other. When all such of us as have now reached the years of maturity first opened our eyes upon the stage of existence, we found intoxicating liquor; recognized by everybody, used by everybody, draught of the infant, and the last draught of the dying man. From the sideboard of the parson down to the ragged pocket of the houseless loafer it was constantly found. Physicians prescribed it in this, that and other disease; government provided it for soldiers and sailors; and to have a rolling or raising, a husking or "hoe-down" anywhere about, without it, was positively unsufferable. So, too, it was everywhere a respectable article of manufacture and merchandise. The making of it was regarded as an honorable livelihood, and he that could make most was the most enterprising and respectable. Large and small manufactories of it were everywhere erected, in which all the earthly
goods of their owners were invested. Wagons drew it from town to town; boats bore it from clime to clime, and the winds wafted it from nation to nation; and merchants bought and sold it, by wholesale and retail, with precisely the same feelings on the part of the seller, buyer and by-stander, as are felt at the buying and selling of plows, beef, bacon or any other of the real necessities of life. Universal public opinion not only tolerated, but recognized and adopted its use.

It is true that even then it was known and acknowledged that many were greatly injured by it; but none seemed to think the injury arose from the use of a bad thing, but from the abuse of a very good thing. The victims of it were to be pitied, and compassed, just as are the heirs of consumption, and other hereditary diseases. Their failing was treated as a misfortune, not as a crime, or even as a disgrace.

If then, what I have been saying is true, is it wonderful that some should think and act now, as all thought and acted twenty years ago, and is it just to assail, condemn and despise them for doing so? The universal sense of mankind on any subject, is an argument, or at least an influence not easily overcome. The success of the argument in favor of the existence of an overruling Providence mainly depends upon that sense; and men ought not, in justice, to be denounced for yielding to it in any case, or giving it up slowly, especially when they are backed by interest, fixed habits or burning appetites.

Another error, as it seems to me, into which the old reformers fell was the position that all habitual drunkards were utterly incorrigible, and therefore must be turned adrift, and damned without remedy, in order that the grace of temperance might abound, to the temperate then, and to all mankind some hundreds of years thereafter. There is in this something so repugnant to humanity, so uncharitable, so cold blooded and feelingless, that it never did, nor never can enlist the enthusiasm of a popular cause. We could not love the man who taught it—we could not hear him with patience. The heart could not throw open its portals to it, the generous man could not adopt it, it could not mix with his blood. It looked so fiendishly selfish, so like throwing fathers and brothers overboard to lighten the boat for our security—that the noble-minded shrank from the manifest meanness of the thing. And besides this, the benefits of a reformation to be effected by such a system were too remote in point of time to warmly engage many in its behalf. Few can be induced to labor exclusively for posterity, and none will do it enthusiastically. Posterity has done nothing for us; and theorize on it as we may, practically we shall do very little for it unless we are made to think we are, at the same time, doing something for ourselves.

What an ignorance of human nature does it exhibit to ask or expect a whole community to rise up and labor for the tem-
poral happiness of others, after themselves shall be consigned to the dust, a majority of which community take no pains whatever to secure their own eternal welfare at no greater distant day? Great distance in either time or space has wonderful power to dull and render quiescent the human mind. Pleasures to be enjoyed, or pains to be endured, after we shall be dead and gone are but little regarded, even in our own cases, and much less in the cases of others.

Still, in addition to this, there is something so ludicrous in promises of good, or threats of evil, a great way off, as to render the whole subject with which they are connected, easily turned into ridicule. "Better lay down that spade you're stealing, Paddy—if you don't you'll pay for it at the day of judgment." "Be the powers, if ye'll credit me so long I'll take another jist."

By the Washingtonians this system of consigning the habitual drunkard to hopeless ruin is repudiated. They adopt a more enlarged philanthropy, they go for present as well as future good. They labor for all now living, as well as hereafter to live. They teach hope to all—despair to none. As applying to their cause, they deny the doctrine of unpardonable sin, as in Christianity it is taught, so in this they teach—

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

And, what is a matter of the most profound congratulation, they, by experiment upon experiment, and example upon example, prove the maximum to be no less true in the one case than in the other. On every hand we behold those who but yesterday were the chief sinners, now the chief apostles of the cause. Drunken devils are cast out by ones, by sevens, by legions; and their unfortunate victims, like the poor possessed, who was redeemed from his long and lonely wanderings in the tombs, are publishing to the ends of the earth how great things have been done for them.

To these new champions, and this new system of tactics, our late success is mainly owing; and to them we must mainly look for the final consummation. The ball is now rolling gloriously on, and none are so able as they to increase its speed, and its bulk—to add to its momentum and its magnitude—even though unlearned in letters, for this task none are so well educated. To fit them for this work they have been taught in the true school. They have been in that gulf from which they would teach others the means of escape. They have passed that prison wall, which others have long declared impassable; and who that has not shall dare to weigh opinions with them as to the mode of passing?

But if it be true, as I have insisted, that those who have suffered by intemperance personally and have reformed are the most powerful and efficient instruments to push the reforma-
tion to ultimate success, it does not follow that those who have not suffered have no part left them to perform. Whether or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks seems to me not now an open question. Three-fourths of mankind confess the affirmative with their tongues, and, I believe, all the rest acknowledge is in their hearts.

Ought any, then, to refuse their aid in doing what good the good of the whole demands? Shall he who cannot do much be for that reason, excused if he do nothing? "But," says one, "what good can I do by signing the pledge? I never drink, even without signing." This question has already been asked and answered more than a million times. Let us be answered once more. For the man suddenly, or in any other way, to break off from the use of drams, who has indulged in them for a long course of years, and until his appetite for them has grown ten or a hundred fold stronger and more craving than any natural appetite can be, requires a most powerful moral effect. In such an undertaking he needs every moral support and influence that can possibly be brought to his aid and thrown around him. And not only so, but every moral prop should be taken from whatever argument might rise in his mind to lure him to his backsliding. When he casts his eyes around him he should be able to see all that he respects, all that he admires, all that he loves, kindly and anxiously pointing him onward and none beckoning him back to his former miserable "wallowing in the mire."

But it is said by some that men will think and act for themselves; that none will disuse spirits or anything else because his neighbors do; and that moral influence is not that powerful engine contended for. Let us examine this. Let me ask the man who would retain this position most stiffly what compensation he will accept to go to church some Sunday and sit during the sermon with his wife's bonnet on his head? Not a trifle, I'll venture. And why not? There would be nothing irreligious in it; nothing immoral, nothing uncomfortable—then why not? Is it not because there would be something egregiously unfashionable in it? Then it is the influence of fashion; and what is the influence of fashion but the influence that other people's actions have on our own actions—the strong inclination each of us feels to do as we see all our neighbors do? Nor is the influence of fashion confined to any particular thing or class of things. It is just as strong on one subject as another. Let us make it as unfashionable to withhold our names from the temperance pledge as for husbands to wear their wives' bonnets to church, and instances will be just as rare in the one case as the other.

"But," say some, "we are no drunkards, and we shall not
acknowledge ourselves such by joining a reformed drunkard's society, whatever our influence might me." Surely no Christian will adhere to this objection.

If they believe, as they profess, that Omnipotence condescended to take on Himself the form of sinful man and, as such, to die an ignominious death for their sakes, surely they will not refuse submission to that infinitely lesser condescension for the temporal and perhaps eternal salvation of a large, erring and unfortunate class of their fellow creatures. Nor is the condescension very great. In my judgment, such of us as have never fallen victims have been spared more from the absence of appetite than from any mental or moral superiority over those who have. Indeed, I believe if we take habitual drunkards as a class their heads and their hearts will bear an advantageous comparison with those of any other class. There seems ever to have been a proneness in the brilliant and warm-blooded to fall into this vice—the demon of intemperance ever seems to have delighted in sucking the blood of genius and of generosity. What one of us but what can call to mind some relative, more promising in youth than all his fellows, who has fallen a sacrifice to his rapacity? He ever seems to have gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born of every family. Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? In that arrest all can give aid that will; and who shall be excused that can and will not? Far around as human breath has ever blown, he keeps our fathers, our brothers, our sons, and our friends prostrate in the chains of moral death. To all the living everywhere we cry, "Come, sound the moral trump that these may rise and stand up an exceeding great army"—"Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain that they may live." If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate, and the small amount they inflict, then, indeed, will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen.

Of our political revolution of '76 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nations of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegetated, and still is to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind.

But with all these glorious results, past, present and to come, it had its evils too. It breathed forth famine, swam in blood and rode in fire; and long, long after, the orphans' cry and the widows' wail continue to break the sad silence that ensued. These were the price, the inevitable price, paid for the blessings it brought.

Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater
tyrant deposed—in it more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. By it no orphans starving, no widows weeping. By it none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest; even the dram-maker and the dram-seller will have glided into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this to the cause of political freedom, with such an aid, its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty. Happy day when all appetites controlled, all passions subdued, all matter subjected; mind, all conquering mind shall live and move, the monarch of the world. Glorious consummation! Hail fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that Land, which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions, that shall have ended in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted, and nurtured to maturity, both the political and moral freedom of their species.

This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Washington—we are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounced the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.
A MASTERFUL TRIBUNE

To the Memory of President Lincoln, Delivered at the Columbia Theater, Washington, D. C. April 14, 1907; (Fourth Anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's Assassination.)

BY WM. J. BRYAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am glad that circumstances were such that I could accept the invitation extended to me by the Union Veteran Legion to participate in this memorial occasion. It is fitting that this sad anniversary should be commemorated and that the exercises should be in charge of those who, in that great crisis in our nation's history, were soldiers in an army of which Abraham Lincoln was commander-in-chief. I have felt that while these veterans of the Civil War still live there is no one nor class to dispute their right to preeminence in all such occasions as this. My military service was so brief and so free from the dangers that these incurred that I do not count myself a soldier, although in the Spanish-American War my offer of my services was dated on the day that the war was declared, and my resignation was made on the day that the treaty was signed. So that constructive service covered all the real war; and herein, my friends, I realize that we who knew only the camp, knew nothing of war. I bow to the superiority of the veterans, who were not only willing to fight their country's battles and to give their lives in defense of the flag, but who had an opportunity to prove their patriotism by long and painful and arduous service.

I appreciate the very kind word that has been spoken by General Black. He violates one of the Bible injunctions when he praises me, for the Bible says that one should not praise the work of his own hands. He was a judge in one of my first oratorical contests, and he not only marked me high, but he did more than that—he gave me advice after the contest that I have always treasured, for I believe it was of great service to me. I am glad, therefore, that on this occasion he should be the president, the chairman, and present me to you, even if his words are more generous than I am willing to admit that I deserve.

I am glad tonight to speak of Abraham Lincoln. I was little more than five years of age when the tragic death converted a nation's joy into a nation's mourning, but I had scarcely reached manhood's estate when I became an admirer of Abraham Lincoln; and when I was a student in the law school I took him as my subject in one of the contests which I entered, and the more I have studied him the larger
has become my appreciation of him. I am glad that at this
time we are so far removed from the prejudice and passion
engendered by a strife that we can behold him as a growing
figure in our nation's history, and that in the appreciation of
him all sections of our reunited land can gladly join. On
this occasion I desire to draw a few lessons from life. He
was one of the great orators of this country. I believe that
when the history of our public speakers is written, not one
of them will stand higher than Abraham Lincoln. He lacked
the polish of schools that some of them have; he lacked the
training and the preparation for this particular work; but he
had to a remarkable degree the essential things in oratory.
And that he was an effective speaker, an eloquent speaker, a
persuasive speaker there are hundreds in this audience can
testify, because hundreds heard him speak. When I was a
student in college a speaker explained to us the difference be-
tween Demosthenes and Cicero. He said, "When Cicero
speaks people say 'How well Cicero speaks!' but when De-
mosthenes speaks they say 'Let us go against Phillip.'" The
difference being that one impressed himself upon the audience,
the other impressed his subject; one left the audience admiring
the speaker, the other left the audience intent upon carry-
ning out what the speaker advised. Lincoln resembled Demos-
thenes rather than Cicero, for people forgot the speaker in the
earnestness which they listened to what the speaker had pro-
posed. Lincoln had the two essential things of the fine orator:
he knew what he was talking about, and he meant what he
said. And those are the things without which there can be
no eloquence. Other things can be added to these, but they
cannot be taken from speech and eloquence be left. He was
student enough to master his subject; he filled himself with
it, and when he spoke upon it he spoke from his heart to the
hearts of those who listened. To these two qualities or char-
acteristics he added a third most important element in oratory,
and that was clearness of statement. Few men have lived in
this country who could state a question more clearly than he
could. It seems contradictory to say that there are certain
self-evident truths. I not only endorse that proposition, but
I will go further and say that all truth is self-evident, and
that the best service I can render truth is to state it clearly,
for a truth clearly stated needs no argument in its defense.

Abraham Lincoln was a master of the art of clear and
lucid statement. Illustration is a powerful form of argument.
An apt illustration is one of the most convincing things that
can be used. If we know that a thing is like something we
have seen, we can understand the thing that we have not seen.
And he gathered his illustrations from the life of the people;
therefore, when he spoke to the people he could make his sub-
ject clear and easily understood. He understood the use of
the interrogatory he could put an argument in a question; and
that is one of the arts of oratory. Some of the strongest argu-
ments ever presented in speech have been presented in the
form of a question. Christ gave us an illustration of that:
“What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and
lose his own soul?” How many volumes can you write before
you will present that argument as strongly as it is presented
in that question? An unanswerable argument presented in
a question. I do not believe we have any illustration in public
life in this country of greater power of statement, or clearer,
greater force in questioning than that presented by Abraham
Lincoln. There is a question that he presented in one of his
messages, and if the country had not been wrought up, if
passion had not at that time clouded the vision, if the blood
had not at that time been so hot that calmness was impos-
sible, the question that he put must, it seems to me, have car-
ried conviction with it. You will remember the powerful plea
he made: “What if we do have war, it must end sometime;
we must live here side by side in peace—we cannot separate,
nature placed us so,” and then the question; “Can aliens make
treaties easier than friends can make laws?” Where will you
find an argument that is stronger than the argument carried
in that simple question?

But he was more than a great orator, he was a great
statesman. Our country has produced no superior to him as
an executive dealing with problems as a practical statesman,
with a grasp on things that he had. Morse defines a states-
man as a man who foresees and foretells. Lincoln was a
statesman; he could foresee and he foretold. Lincoln under-
stood the human heart; he understood the American people;
he understood the principles involved in the great contest;
and he could look ahead and s..., and he spoke out. It is said
that when he was preparing that speech that was the first in
his national career, the speech at Springfield, he walked the
floor trying to find some expression that would bring to the
people the thought that was in his own mind; and at last he
said, “I have found it. The American people are a Bible-
reading people, and a Bible quotation will not only be recog-
nized by them, but it will have more influence with them than
anything else I could quote;” and then he quoted this: “A
house divided against itself shall not stand.” In my judgment
it is the most effective Bible quotation that was ever used in
the discussion of a public issue. And then, going beyond the
strife, he foresaw the time when the house would cease to be
divided.

Forty-two years ago he passed from earth at the very
climax of his great career. How happy he is tonight if from
his abode above he can look down upon this country and see his prophecy fulfilled; the house no longer divided, the root of bitterness taken away, the people reunited, a nation one as he wanted it to be. He foresaw, he foretold.

He had another quality of statesmanship: he had moral courage. I am not sure but moral courage is a finer virtue than physical courage; I am not sure but it is more difficult for a person to meet great opposition that does not endanger the body than to meet the opposition that imperils the body. If moral courage is not more difficult to exhibit and more rare, it is certainly an indispensible thing for a statesman; and Lincoln had it. Lincoln dared to stand alone; he dared to speak his thoughts; he dared to have his position; he dared to submit his reasons and abide the consequences. He had passions—wonderful passions. On the one side he had some which would hold him back, and on the other, some which would push him faster than he felt he ought to go. I never read the letter he wrote to Horace Greeley without feeling that my admiration for Lincoln rises a little more. It was the statement of the man who saw the light that he was to follow, who was determined to follow it, and who was willing to wait and suffer any kind of criticism until the time came to act. He fitted into his time; we needed then just such a man.

The kindness of the man! Have you read Markham's poem, "Abraham Lincoln?" Markham has about a dozen lines that contain similes that I think have not been surpassed for their beauty; and the one that I like best of them all was that in which he described Lincoln by saying that he had the loving kindness of the wayside well. I could see the well by the wayside where the traveler passing along stopped to quench his thirst; the well that is always at hand; the well that is friend to everyone. I do not know that I have ever read a phrase that better describes a great, loving, overflowing heart than that—the loving kindness of the wayside well.

He fitted into his time because he was great enough to hate slavery without hating slave-holders. And do you know that that is one of the God-like things to which man should aspire—to hate wrong and love the wrongdoer? To recognize honesty on the other side as well as on your side, and let your fight be against wrong. (Applause.) My friends, I do not know of another man anywhere who was his equal in depth and breadth of view. Born in Kentucky and reared in Illinois, he seemed to have been prepared for the great work he had to do. He loved the southern people, but his heart revolted against the institution of slavery. He wanted to get rid of slavery and he did not want to hurt anybody who differed from him on the question. A great man in a great time! But there were two sections of the country, and they differed
upon a great question, and there was honesty on both sides. There was conscience behind the gun that pointed north and conscience behind the gun that pointed south. (Applause.) These people met questions that they had to settle; these people met to settle the questions by the only way that seemed possible. A difference that defied a peaceful settlement. There were some in the North who were not broad enough to love the people of the South, in spite of the institution that was doomed; and there were those in the South not broad enough to love the people in the North in spite of their opposition to slavery. But Lincoln was large enough to love the people, North and South, and only hate the things that made two peoples where there ought to have been one people. (Applause.) Lincoln was the typical American. I think we have not produced a man who better illustrated the possibilities of America. I believe we have not produced a man whose life gives more inspiration to the people than his life gives. We have never produced a man whose career was better proof of the fact that man's greatness is not of himself but in the virtues and the ideals which his life presents. Lincoln grew, not because he was a great orator, although that helped his growth; he grew, not because he was a great statesman, for until he became invested with power he had not had an opportunity to prove that he was a statesman, and his reputation as an orator was far greater after his election than before, for few of the people of this country had a chance to know him well until he became President. He attached himself to an idea and he rose with that idea. To every young man Lincoln's life ought to be an inspiration; for Lincoln's life teaches that the man who takes hold of a great idea and forgets himself in his devotion to it will gather strength as the idea grows, and rise as the idea rises. (Applause.) Lincoln's life has well illustrated that. Lincoln's power was more of a heart power. I believe, judged by intellectual standards, that he is inferior to none. I do not mean by educational standards, because he lacked education, but by intellectual standards. Measured by mind, measured by power to comprehend, measured by accuracy of judgment, measured by aptness of expression, he was inferior to none. But he was greater in his heart than he was in his head, and he proved that which has been demonstrated so often before, that while we brag about the head we after all respect the heart. Carlisle, in the closing words of his "French Revolution," presents a very important thought. He says that thought is stronger than artillery and moulds the world like soft clay, and that back of thought is love and that there never was a great head unless there was a genuine heart behind it. (Applause.) Lincoln's heart took in the world. Lincoln's heart linked him to the common
people. Lincoln once said that God must have loved the com-
mon people, because he made so many of them. It was his
way of expressing it, but Lincoln never used the phrase "com-
mon people" as a term of reproach, for the highest compli-
ment ever paid any class of people was paid to the common
people. In the Bible it says that when Christ presented the
doctrine of Christianity the common people heard him gladly.
It is a great compliment. Lincoln believed in the common
people. Lincoln trusted the common people. Lincoln felt
that the common people in this country were the nation's
strength. They were then; they are now; they ever will be.
The common people produce the nation's wealth in times of
peace; they fight the nation's battles in times of war. The
volunteer soldier, of whom we have heard so eloquently to-
night, is the common man. The common people work when
the country needs workers; they fight when the country needs
fighters. They make the laws, they enforce the laws; and
because they must enforce the laws, if necessary, they are
careful when they make them. The common people were the
people whom Lincoln looked up to. They were the people
with whom he identified himself. He had struggled in their
ranks and he knew their strength, and he knew that they
would not fail in any crisis. Lincoln had faith; he was a man
of faith. His name was Abraham Lincoln, and it was Abra-
ham who gave us that first example of great faith, who, at
the call of the Almighty, went out a thousand miles from
home, among a strange people, to establish a new religion.
Wonderful faith it was. And from that faith there grew one
of the greatest races of the world; and from that faith that
he established there grew a religion until nearly four hundred
million human beings worship the one God at whose call
Abraham went forth. Faith is the power influencing all of
our lives. Faith leads us to do and dare. And Lincoln had
faith in himself. He believed that he could do things. He
understood that which he believed he could accomplish—he
was able to accomplish. He had faith in humanity, and that
is an important faith. He believed in mankind; he knew the
human heart, and he knew that when he came to the heart he
found that all were much alike.

My friends, it is at the heart that we all meet. Travel in
different lands and you will find people speaking different lan-
guages; you will find different traditions and race character-
istics and differences in history; you will find differences in
forms of government; you will find differences in church wor-
ship; but when you find the heart you will find that manhood
is much the same everywhere, and that if you would reach
people, instead of directing all your arguments at the head,
you have to direct your arguments at the heart. It is out
of the heart that the purpose comes. It is the heart that
directs the life, and from the heart comes the ideals and moral
virtues upon which civilization rests. Buckle describes civil-
ization as a state of the human mind, the principal element
of which is the moral element. I would ask to differ with
him. The moral element is essential to civilization, and the
nations that have gone down have gone down because they
were rotten at the heart. (Applause.) The heart, the heart is
that upon which we must build, and Lincoln had faith in
mankind because he knew that in the heart of every man was
a sense of justice to which an appeal could be made. He
had faith in the government. He believed in our theory of
government. He took as his great instructor the author of the
Declaration of Independence, and in his speeches and in his
letters he spoke as eloquently of the wisdom of Thomas Jef-
ferson as any man has ever spoken. (Applause.) He be-
lieved that our form of government would live; he believed
that it would spread. It has lived, and it is spreading. A
century and a quarter ago and a little more, certain ideas of
government were planted on this soil. They have grown
here. Our nation did not make these ideas great; the ideas
made our nation great. Our nation's position today is due
more to any other thing to the fact that these ideas have
emanated from this country. They have girdled the globe.
The light that was shining here has sent out its rays to every
land, and in all the years our influence in the world has been
a high and holy one. For more than a century our nation
has been a world power. Not only that—for more than a
century our nation has been the great power in the world. (Ap-
plause.) Other nations had their thrones and their armies
and their ships, and yet our nation with its little army and its
little navy has been strong enough to force its ideas, through-
out the world, on all countries. Have you noticed the growth
of its ideas in the last two years? Within two years the Em-
press Dowager of China has sent envoys throughout the
world to gather information for the adoption of a constitu-
tion. Within two years Austria has enlarged the basis of her
representation in the Reichsrath. Within a year the govern-
of representation in the popular branch of the legislature. In
England now the great political question is between the House
of Commons and the House of Lords: Shall the people rule
through their elected representatives, or shall electoral pow-
er "put down" the people's power? And look at Russia, who
until recently, has been a synonym for depotism. Our blood
has boiled as we have read of people dragged from their homes
and imprisoned or executed, and, after a while the people by
infinite suffering and sacrifice, secured the privilege of a donna,
and when an election was held and they had a chance to
express themselves they took advantage of it. In St. Petersburg 60,000 votes were cast, and 58,000 were cast against the Czar's ticket. 2,000 for his ticket. In his voting precinct 300 voters were sent to the polls in guarded carriages. Eighty of them voted for him and 220 voted for the opposition. And when the douma convened they did not indorse parties—they were all reformers, differing only in the degree of their radicalism. The Czar dissolved the douma and held a new election. The new douma is more radical than the old one. It was my good fortune to see the first douma in session. I believe no more remarkable body of men has assembled in this world for many years, and as they sat there you could read in their faces the history of a nation's suffering, and a grim determination that Russia's wrongs should be righted. The new douma is in session; the people have spoken again, and the Czar announces through his premier that the government will approve the people's measures providing for free speech, and free press, and uniform education. Thus is Russia moving forward. Thus is the voice of the people being heard. Thus are the ideas for which Lincoln contended spreading throughout the world, and when Russia enjoys these reforms to which she is entitled, and for which she has struggled, she will take her place among the great nations of the world, for people who are willing to die for liberty have in them the material of which great nations are made. There are three kinds of governments: Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy. I dissent from two-thirds of them. (Laughter.) Lincoln was right when he contended for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Neither the monarchy nor the aristocracy is among the strongest of governments. A republic is not only the strongest and wisest, but the most secure of governments. Why is our government stronger? Because the people are willing to defend it. Our government is stronger because the people love it, and they love it because it is good, and it is good because the people speak and their voice is loud. (Applause.) My friends, it needs not that we should praise Abraham Lincoln, his fame is secure. Nothing that we could say would reduce his station. Fixed is his star in the firmament, and rising higher and higher. It will be seen by increasing millions, and wherever seen it will represent that which is highest and noblest and best in the life of a government like ours. Lincoln delivered an oration that has no equal in the same number of words in this language. The speech that he made at the battlefield of Gettysburg, for the size of it and the length of it, has never been approached by any human being. If he had never made any other speech, his fame as an orator might have rested on that. And in that speech, great because of its
simplicity, far-reaching because of its depth, he said that they
had not met there to hallow that ground, that those who had
fallen there had hallowed it; that they were there, not to con-
secrate it, but to consecrate themselves to the unfinished work
which they who fell there had so well advanced, that it was
rather for those who had assembled there to dedicate them-
selves, to consecrate themselves, to that unfinished work that
a government of the people, by the people, and for the people
should not perish from the earth. And so we are met here
tonight, not that any feeble words of ours can bring peace to
one who sleeps, not that any flowers of rhetoric can be added
to the flowers that have been piled upon his tomb, but rather
that in the spirit which he manifested we shall dedicate our-
selves to that work which was so dear to him. He could look
beyond the strife and the turmoil and see a united people; we
now realize the fulfillment of his dream and of his vision.
And as we meet on this anniversary, forty-two years after his
death, when we can see the completed work which he began,
but was not permitted to see entirely rounded out, we can
understand, even better than those who lived then, the price-
less value of his service and the greatness of the work which
he left to us that follow him.

I come here tonight to vie with the soldiers in their hom-
age to the great, dead President, to mingle my words with
theirs, and to have my heart beat as their hearts beat in sym-
pathy with his aspirations and his hopes. I come to join with
you, with all of you, as he would have us join, in the resolu-
tion that this nation shall be what he and the others who toiled
for it hoped and desired and expected that it would be. Mr.
Thurston has spoken of the effect of the Spanish war in bring-
ing together people who had once been fighting each other.
I was where I could realize something of the seaming process,
for short as was my service it was sufficient to enable me to
testify from what I saw and heard that the rivalry in the
Spanish war between the sons of those who wore the blue
and the sons of those who wore the gray was to see who
could show the greatest devotion and the highest loyalty to
the flag which they both loved. (Applause.) But of all these
regiments, gathered from the northland and the southland, I
heard them playing the sectional airs, and then I heard them
join in the national hymns, and I felt that indeed our people
were one—no north, no south, no east, no west, a larger fam-
ily our country is today. The glory of our Civil War was not
that one side whipped the other; it was that victors held the
vanquished in such close embrace that they soon became good
friends, and one nation now leads the world in all that goes
to make up the greatness of a nation. If I ever doubted the
superiority of my nation, I would not doubt it after having a
chance to compare it with other nations. We complain of our money worshippers, and with reason, but my friends, there is more altruism in the United States than there is in any other nation on earth today, and our nation is doing more in a disinterested way than any other nation that lives or has lived. Our nation today is giving the world ideals, and the ideal is the most important thing. Our nation today is setting the example, and that example is having its influence around the world. Our nation is a peaceful nation. These soldiers who bared their breasts to the enemy's fire were lovers of peace, not professional soldiers, and when the war was over they went back to their occupations. And today there are no stronger forces for peace in this world than those who bore the musket when their country called them. These people in this country who, when the necessity arose, were willing to fight, these are the champions of peace, and these understand that a nation's position is to be demonstrated not by the force it exerts on other nations, but by the good we can do other nations. Our greatness is not measured by our army or our navy, but by our ideals. Our greatest products are not the products of the farm or factory, but minds and bodies developed according to high ideals, and our greatest factories are not our factories with their towering smokestacks, but our schools and colleges and churches that take in raw material and turn out such a finished product as the world has never known before. (Applause.) This nation, with its government of the people, for the people, and by the people is destined to impress the world as no other nation has impressed it, not by force or violence, but by developing here the highest civilization ever known, and our nation's rise through this development will influence every other nation by the power of a noble example.

I thank you. (Applause.)
Lincoln Memorial Association.

There was organized in Kansas City, Kansas, on the 15th day of April, 1907, a Lincoln Memorial Association, for the State of Kansas, with the following officers, viz: Ira Haworth, president; Frank Gibson, vice-president; Mrs. A. A. Brooks, secretary; Miss Bertha Ball, assistant secretary; and Mrs. Elmaker, treasurer; with an executive board of seven members.

The object of the association is to keep alive the spirit of patriotism and the fame of the martyred president, and encourage a spirit of loyalty in the rising generation.

To this end, it is important that this organization should be augmented, and auxiliary societies established throughout this State and the West.

Persons desiring to assist in this laudable undertaking by promoting auxiliary organizations, here or elsewhere, should correspond with the president, Mr. Ira Haworth, Kansas City, Kansas, and receive blanks and instructions. This is an excellent time to start such a movement, starting out with the centennial anniversary of the birth of Lincoln.