ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS BOOKS

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON
Author of "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln", etc.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LINCOLN

AND

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF BOOKS IN PRINT AND ON RELATING TO

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

COMPILED BY OTTO RYERSON

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A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS IN PRINT BY OR RELATING TO
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
PART I

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS BOOKS

Ward's edition of Washington's life contained an almost ideal collection of books for a young American. We can trace the influence of these six books upon his subsequent career. He would have found in their examples of fine and pure literary style

books available to him in King James' version of the Bible, in John Dryden's literal version and in To Tom's Webster's. The Table of Maps gave color to his interest in

illustrative argument. Adams' Life of Washington, and, unusually referred to in terms of sixth, contained

nothing that seemed to him unworthy of his country's dignity, and the Charles Dickens story having its justification in the

generation and those that immediately followed in the

vogue which it inaugurated. For truth, he do not know

what author taught him more than the history of his

own country. The book was probably one of his first literary

merit, but it related the story of God in other countries,

the romance of colonization, the struggles which led

to liberty, but the notable events in the life of the nation
down to the time, perhaps, of the inauguration of President

James Monroe.

In school, he had regular lessons with Dillworth's

Speller, and thus with John Brough Webster, he learned better

than a spelling-book, and arrived ready to pursue an

academic
ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS BOOKS

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

Author of "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln," etc., etc.

In his boyhood home of Kentucky, Abraham Lincoln had a library of six books—the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Weems' Life of Washington, and a History of the United States. It was an almost ideal collection of books for a young American. We can trace the influence of these six books upon his subsequent career. He could have found no nobler examples of fine and pure literary style than were available to him in King James' version of the Bible, in John Bunyan's immortal allegory, and in De Foe's masterpiece. The fables of Aesop gave color to his inherent love of illustrative argument. Weems' Life of Washington, now commonly referred to in terms of mirth, contained nothing that seemed to him unworthy of his country's father, even the cherry-tree story having its justification in its own generation and those that immediately followed it, in the reverence which it inculcated for truth. We do not know what author taught to Abraham Lincoln the history of his own country. The book was probably one of no great literary merit, but it related the story of Christopher Columbus, the romance of colonization, the struggles which led to liberty, and the notable events in the life of the nation down to the time, perhaps, of the inauguration of President James Monroe.

In school, he had become familiar with Dillworth's Speller, and then with that of Noah Webster, the latter being more than a spelling-book, and serving many pupils in backward
schools until the pupil was able to read in the Bible. The schools which he attended, three in Kentucky and two in Indiana, gave to him a total of less than twelve months of schooling. Lincoln cannot be classed with George Bernard Shaw, among those whose education was interrupted by their schooling. The back-woods schools which Lincoln attended were "blab-schools" in which the pupils studied their lessons aloud, the teacher moving among them and encouraging with a switch those who did not give this continuous audible evidence that they were at work.

Of the use of the Bible as a text-book, the writer has personal knowledge; but one of Mr. Lincoln's stories retains his own memory of it. The incident comes to us from former who were taken into the fire when and delivered by the Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, to whom it was related by Senator Henderson of Missouri. Senator Henderson called at the White House one day some months before the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation. The President was in one of his moods of deepest depression. He told Senator Henderson that he was greatly troubled by the question of the freedom of the slaves, and was under great pressure from the radical proponents of abolition, especially Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson and Thaddeus Stevens. Henderson, being from a border state, was concerned for the effect of such a proclamation upon the loyal people of those states, some of whom were slave-holders. "If his turn was approaching to read again, then," he said, "Sumner and Stevens and Wilson simply haunt me," declared Mr. Lincoln. "The haunt me with their importunities for a proclamation of emancipation. Wherever I go, and whatever way I turn, they are on my trail. And still in my heart I have
the deep conviction that the hour has not yet come."

Senator Henderson said that as Lincoln said this he walked to the window, and looked out in silence upon Pennsylvania Avenue, his tall figure silhouetted against the window-pane, his whole pose, and every line of the profile of his gracious face, expressive of unutterable sadness. Suddenly his lips began to twich into a smile, and his somber eyes lighted up with mirth.

"The only schooling I ever had, Henderson," he said, "was in a log school-house when reading-books and grammars were unknown. All our reading was done from the Scriptures, and we stood up in a long line and read in turn from the Bible. Our lesson one day was the story of the faithful Israelites who were thrown into the fiery furnace and delivered by the hand of the Lord without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It fell to one little fellow to read the verse in which occurred, for the first time, the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Little Bud stumbled on Shadrach, floundered on Meshach, and went all to pieces on Abed-nego. Instantly the hand of the master dealt him a cuff on the side of the head and left him, wailing and blubbering, as the next boy in line took up the reading. But before the girl at the end of the line had done reading, he had subsided into sniffles, and finally became quiet. His blunder and disgrace were forgotten by the class until his turn was approaching to read again. Then, like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky, he set up a wail that alarmed the master, who with rather unusual gentleness inquired,-"What's the matter now?"

The little boy pointed with shaking finger to the verse which in a few moments he would be expected to read, and to
the three proper names which it contained,—

"Look, master," he cried, "there comes them same three fellers again!"

Lincoln's face lighted up with a smile as he told this story, and he beckoned Senator Henderson to his side, and silently pointed his finger at three men at that moment crossing from Pennsylvania Avenue over the White House lawn to the door of the Executive Mansion. They were Charles Summer, Henry Wilson and Thaddeus Stevens.

This is a good story, and well authenticated. It has its present value for us in the record it contains of the use of the Bible as a book for class instruction in the schools which Lincoln attended.

It seems probable, however, that near the end of his schooling he used Lindley Murray's "English Reader," with its choice collection of prose and verse; for he told Herndon that he considered that volume the best school-book ever put into the hands of American youth. That opinion was justified. It was a great book.

At New Salem, Lincoln read law, and had his introduction to Natural History, and to scientific subjects. Herndon relates that he read Rollin's Ancient History and Gibbon's Rome, but that he did not greatly enjoy history. I have a volume once owned by him, and bearing the firm name of Lincoln and Herndon in his writing, "Ancient and Modern History" by J.E. Worcester.

Biography interested him, but he did not like to have men over-praised. In 1856 Herndon purchased a "Life of Burke." It may have been Sir James Prior's "Life", the fifth edition of which had just been published by Bohn; but Prof. Daniel Kilham Dogge, whose booklet on the evolution of Lincoln's
literary style, is of great value, opines that it was P.Burke's
"Life of Burke," which was published in 1851, and which the
Dictionary of National Biography characterizes as "utterly
valueless." Lincoln so regarded it. Herndon tells of it thus:
"In 1856 I purchased in New York a Life of Edmund Burke.
I have forgotten who the author was....One morning Lincoln
came into the office, and, seeing the book in my hands,
inquired what I was reading....Taking it in his hands, he
threw himself down on the office sofa, and hastily ran over
its pages, reading a little here and there. At last he closed
and threw it on the table with the exclamation, 'No, I've
read enough of it. It's like all the others. Biographies as
generally written are not only misleading, but false. The
author of this Life of Burke makes a wonderful hero of his
subject. He magnifies his perfections, if he had any, and
suppresses his imperfections. He is so faithful in his zeal
and so lavish in praise of his every act that one is almost
driven to believe that Burke never made a mistake or a
failure in his life...History is not history unless it is
the truth."

It would appear that Lincoln was not interested in
biography which was indiscriminate eulogy; but that he
cared to read the lives of eminent men is certain. In his
boyhood he appears to have read Weems' Life of Marion as
well as that of Washington, as well as Franklin's Autobiography,
and later the life of Henry Clay. He did not, however, read
in his early years that Who's Who of classic heroes,
Plutarch's Lives. We are certain of this, because when John
Locke Scripps wrote the first biography of Lincoln, he
stated that this was among the books which Lincoln had
read. Lincoln told him that this statement was not true when it was written, but that it was true before the book was published; for he procured Plutarch and read his great work in order that Mr. Scripps' book might be true in every detail. They have no great literary merit, but now that he had gathered the list of books which he read while still a lad in Indiana, the statement which he made to Leonard Swett is probably not a great exaggeration, that he borrowed and read every book he could learn about within a circuit of fifty miles. Among the borrowed volumes was a copy of the Revised Statutes, and Ad for fiction, he read almost none of it. A certain Mrs. Lee Rentz had a certain vogue as a writer of fiction when he was a young man, and he liked her stories. He did not care for long stories; he preferred those that could be read easily at a sitting. He once tried to read Ivanhoe, but did not finish it; and he had never read either Dickens or Bulwer. He said to Frank E. Carpenter, "It may seem strange to say, but I never read an entire novel in my life."

However, he dipped into several of them, and had some general knowledge of the chief authors of English fiction.

While he was at New Salem, he read poetry, and liked it. There he learned to admire Shakespeare and Byron and Burns. He could not sing, but he had an ear for rhythm, and more than once essayed to write in verse. In 1844 he returned to Indiana, which he had not revisited since his boyhood, and made several speeches in favor of Henry Clay.

More than a year later, on April 18, 1846, he sent to a friend some lines which that visit evoked, beginning:

"My childhood's home I see again,
And a thousand scenes I knew,
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it, too."
There were ten stanzas, to which he added, a few months later, eleven others, suggested by the same visit, and the pathetic sight of a boyhood friend who had lost his mind and become violently insane. These twenty one stanzas are preserved. They have not great literary merit, but they show that he had a good sense of rhythm, and some poetic gift of imagery. He had read poetry enough to know what poetry was or should be. His taste in poetry, however, never was exalted. He preferred to poems whose meter made it easy to remember them, and he had a remarkably good memory; and sad poems were more to his liking than those that were gay. In his boyhood he wrote backwoods jingles, and sang in a mournful cadence "How tedious and tasteless the hours." 

In manhood he committed to memory and retained through life that as his favorite poem that mournful homily, -

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The dactylic meter belongs to subjects light and gay, though classic poetry used it in the heroic hexameter; but the backwoods found means of compelling it to go sadly, as in the hymn and poem of which we are speaking, as if to compel the waltz to clothe itself in a shroud. Lincoln liked poems which moved mournfully in triple time. Of contemporary poets he knew something of Longfellow and Whittier, though he is not known to have quoted the latter, and he gratefully admired "The Last Leaf" by Oliver Wendell Holmes. 

There were no lines which he admired more than -

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed,
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."
Lincoln did not continue to be a voracious reader. Herndon said of him that he read less and thought more than any other man in public life in his generation. But he accumulated a fairly good library, partly by purchase and "more by natural accretion," and he had access to the exceptionally good library of his partner, Herndon, even after his death.

About 1844, Lincoln read "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," published anonymously, but now known to have been written by Robert Chambers, of the noted Scotch publishing house. It introduced him to geology, increased his knowledge of astronomy, taught him the rudiments of comparative anatomy and embryology, and gave him the basis of his belief in "miracles under law," or a system of creation in essential accord with what we now call evolution.

In 1850, he read with profound appreciation a book on the evidences of Christianity, entitled "The Christian's defense," and it wrought great changes in his theory of the relation of the human to the Divine. As late as 1859 he procured and read Paley's Natural Theology. In another place I have set forth the significance of these books for him. In this same period also he read William Ellery Channing's sermons in part, and some of the writings of Theodore Parker; which, without converting him wholly to the theories of those men, were influential in widening his intellectual and spiritual horizon.

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# See "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln," by William E. Barton; chapters XIII, XIV, XV.
Among Lincoln's books were several works of humor. He enjoyed Artemus Ward. He read Petroleum V. Nasby with great enjoyment. He owned and diligently perused "Joe Miller's Joke Book," and remembered the stories which it contained. A copy of this volume was found in the drawer of his desk after his death, in close juxtaposition with important state papers.

But it deserved to be remembered that while Lincoln told stories in personal argument and in jury trials, he almost never told a story in one of his formal addresses. His published speeches may be searched from end to end with very meager gleanings in the field of narrative.

It is surprising to discover how few stories are to be obtained from Lincoln's authentic writings and how many from reminiscences of conversations with him. He knew well in what forms of discourse his homely illustrations would add weight to his argument, and when, in the interests of good taste or more solid and cogent reasoning it was better to omit them.

The published address, state papers and correspondence of Lincoln make several thick volumes, two in one edition, eight in another and twelve in another.

Bible leaves there are ten or first supplementary volumes of his manuscripts, otherwise uncollected writings. He was, therefore, an author of considerable formal and un

umph literary style underwent a remarkable and most imp

ting evolution. The little book of Prof. Bridge has already been referred to; a valuable little volume by Prof. Lathar

son as "Lincoln as a Man of Letters" may also be cited.
So much for the books which helped to make Lincoln; let us consider now the books which, Lincoln helped to make.

Lincoln never wrote a book. J. McCann Davis reproduced into fac-simile the one book that might be called Lincoln's, being a series of newspaper clippings from his speeches on slavery, with annotations in his handwriting, arranged in a small blank book as an exposition of his authorized utterances on that subject. He edited from newspaper reports for publication in book form his part in the Lincoln-Douglas debates. I have seen the original sheets which he used, and it is notable that he did not change phraseology that he might possibly have wished to have modified slightly, and that he quite generally cut out the words "Laughter" and "Applause," with which the favorable press reports sprinkled the record of his addresses.

Lincoln liked to see his own addresses in print. Some of his biographers, notably Lamon, comment on this fact with apparent desire to criticize him for it. But his editing of his addresses for publication, as it has fallen under the eye of the present writer, is strikingly modest of Lincoln's writings entitled "The President's Words." Altogether the published addresses, state papers and correspondence of Lincoln make several thick volumes, two in one edition, eight in another and twelve in another.

Beside these there are one or two supplementary volumes of his otherwise uncollected writings. He was, therefore, an author of considerable fecundity and one whose literary style underwent a remarkable and most interesting evolution. The little book of Prof. Dodge had already been referred to; a valuable little volume by Prof. Luther E. Robinson on "Lincoln as a Man of Letters" may also be cited.
Books compiled from the writings of Lincoln began to appear almost as soon as he was dead. The first of these began to be compiled within a few days after the assassination. The American News Company received on April 18, 1865, a letter saying:

"You have it in your power to erect a monument of its own kind to the memory of the President. Collect and publish, in the speediest possible manner, the inaugural and other addresses of Abraham Lincoln, his proclamations, messages and public letters, indeed all that he has written as President, and you will contribute to the mournful celebrations of the American people your share of lasting value, and of far more impressive eloquence than the most fervent orator could utter."

The publishers acted instantly on the suggestion, and prepared a volume of 297 pages, which was entitled "The Martyr's Monument." It was followed a few weeks or months later by a smaller volume of selections, entitled "President Lincoln Self-Portrayed" compiled by John Malcom Ludlow, the proceeds of which were used for the freedmen, and by a well-selected group of Lincoln's writings entitled "The President's Words." The title page bears no name of compiler, but it is known that this selection was made and edited by Edward Everett Hale.

These were followed by larger and yet larger collections of the writings of Lincoln until Nicolay and Hay published their supposedly exhaustive work, and other diligent compilers added other and valuable sets of the "complete" writings of Lincoln. All "complete" sets, however, have need to be supplemented.

That Abraham Lincoln was a candidate for reelection...
It must not be supposed that at the time of Lincoln's death the nation held any such view of the beauty of Lincoln's writings as now obtains. His wonderfully lucid and pure style had only begun to impress the mind of the reading public. Even the Gettysburg address came somewhat slowly to recognition. At the time many were disappointed in it. At least one New York paper spoke slightly of it. The "Patriot and Union" of Harrisburg spoke what many felt,—

"The President succeeded on this occasion because he acted without sense and without constraint in a panorama that was gotten up more for the benefit of the party than for the glory of the nation and the honor of the dead.... We pass over the silly remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of."

They have been repeated, however, and will be repeated and thought of, as long as the English language endures.

Quotations such as this remind us that in the thought of very many, including some members of the committee of invitation, the President intruded himself upon an occasion where he was unwelcome; and where his appearance was in bad taste, using the occasion with a view to its effect upon the approaching political conventions. It was a cruel and unjust judgment, but it colored the impression which not a few editors had when they commented upon Lincoln's immortal address at Gettysburg. To them it was not a masterpiece in language, in oratory and in nobility of sentiment, but a commonplace and vapid performance intended to advertise the fact that Abraham Lincoln was a candidate for reelection.
Perhaps we should count among the books which Lincoln helped to make the campaign attacks upon him. They were numerous, and are at this day among the most interesting items for collectors.

Perhaps the most dignified and logical of these documents were those issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge. "This was organized at Delmonico's on February 6, 1864, and was composed of the silk-stockinged opponents of Lincoln. The president was Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, and among its members were many able and prominent men. "The fanatic is on the throne," said Prof. Morse in his speech of acceptance of the presidency, and he inveighed against the usurpation of the throne, or perhaps we should say of the conversion of the presidential chair into a throne; and he was nowhere more emphatic than in denouncing those ministers who praised Lincoln from the pulpit, and in his rejoicing that there still were in the pulpit of the North some who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

The McClellan Club of Philadelphia issued some documents, though not as many as Prof. Morse's society, showing that the American people were "being reduced to mere serfs to a despot tyrant."

A New York publishing house issued a well-written pamphlet showing that Mr. Lincoln was engaged with the Republican Party in "a conspiracy to destroy the American Union" and erect a monarchy.

These booklets lie before me as I write, and also others entitled "Shall America be Ruled by a Monarch or by the People?" "The United States Converted into a Military Despotism"; "Grounds for the Impeachment of the President;"
"The Trial of Abraham Lincoln by the Great Statesmen of the Republic"—a trial which resulted, in the booklet, in his condemnation for despotism and cruelty, one and violation of the Constitution, and condemning him to an impeachment and eternal disgrace. Since. Not even Napoleon has a richer bibliography.

We have no present occasion to dwell upon these documents. The first book about Abraham Lincoln appeared in America has never had a great man zmzzzkhaz in public life early, shortly after his nomination. Lincoln was zmzzzkhaziddzshzsha who was not shamefully abused while he was living and almost as shamefully eulogized after he was dead. But our present interest is not political or biographical, but bibliographical; and we mention these he had prepared for them on behalf of Bloomington in the matters as things of interest to the booklover. They add very interesting items to the collection of any man who is inclined to zmzzzkhaz seek for them, and they are not without value to those; zmzzzkhaz if there be such among us, who would learn to value our great men while they still are living.

When in 1860 Mr. Scripps visited him, just after the Chicago convention, Mr. Lincoln deprecated any attempt to write anything so pretentious as a campaign biography, saying that neither Scripps nor any other man could make anything out of Lincoln's life except what was contained in a single line of Grey's "History.

"The short and simple speech of the poor."

But he prepared a sketch, rather longer than that which he had written for the, and out of it, with such added material as he could command, Scripps made a pamphlet of thirty-two double-column octavo pages. The little book was sold for four cents, or about a thousand, and it...
It is when we come to books about Lincoln that our subject overflows all its banks, and inundates the lands adjacent to our theme. This man who read few books and wrote none inspired more volumes than any other American; more than any other character in modern times. Not even Napoleon has a richer bibliography.

The first books about Abraham Lincoln appeared in 1860, very shortly after his nomination. Lincoln was nominated May 18, 1860; Scripps' Life of Lincoln was published on June 3. For this little book, Lincoln himself furnished the autobiographical sketch. A year before he had prepared for Jesse W. Fell of Bloomington, in the third person, a short biographical outline, written on three pages of note paper. It has been reproduced in fac-simile by the daughters of Mr. Fell, who live at Normal, and it shows Lincoln's first effort to set the events of his life into a form that could be read, and possibly printed in a newspaper sketch.

When in 1860 Mr. Scripps visited him, just after the Chicago convention, Mr. Lincoln deplored any attempt to write anything so pretentious as a campaign biography, saying that neither Scripps nor any other man could make anything out of Lincoln's life except what was contained in a single line of Gray's Elegy,-

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

But he prepared a sketch, rather longer than that which he had written for Fell, and out of it, with such added material as he could command, Scripps made a pamphlet of thirty-two double-column octavo pages. The little booklet sold for four cents, or at $2.50 dollars a thousand, and it
sold by the thousand. Perfect copies are now difficult to
obtain, and have been sold at a hundred dollars or more.
This book, for which Lincoln furnished the basic material,
and of which Lincoln read the proofs, must ever be of prime
interest among biographies of Lincoln.

But it is doubtful if this was the first published
biography of Lincoln. "The Wigwam Edition" was off the press
as soon if not sooner than Scripps' "Life." It had no
author's name on its title page, but and it did not stop
the press for any authentic information. It spelled
Abraham "Abram" and it invented the story of Lincoln's

of him as still living. I have one of these volumes in
boyhood, making him the eldest of a large family and the
two editions, showing its evolution from an 1864 campaign
support and stay of his widowed mother after the death
Lincoln's "Complete Life" of Lincoln. The changes
of his father, and contained other and grave errors. It sold
for twenty five cents, and it had a marked influence in
making Lincoln a political hero.

William Dean Howells made his advent into literature
about this time, and he wrote a campaign biography of Lincoln;
and a Boston firm published "The Wideawake Edition" of
Lincoln's life. A Cincinnati firm published a campaign
book of Lincoln's life. The Chicago firm published a
book by J.H. Barrett, and a New York firm another
by D.W. Bartlett. All these were cloth bound volumes, but
books possessed and read and cited. Curious to contain some
the biographical data was meager; the books were made up
things true and other things false. It is the only volume
largely of Lincoln's speeches, and had short sketches of
Lincoln's running-mate, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine. All in all
they serve to impress the modern reader with the paucity of
the information available concerning Lincoln at the time
when he became a candidate for the presidency.
There was little improvement in the campaign biographies of 1864. There are several of them, and they add little if any biographical information, but subject matter extend the in the 1860 books, with material about the Civil War. Shortly before and sent it to Mr. Lincoln in. Immediately after Lincoln's death, the presses were at work, printing "Complete" lives of Lincoln. The first of these are made from the plates or type of the 1864 biographies, with pages added, telling of his assassination, his funeral, the trial of the assassins, the pursuit of Booth, and so on. The first part of these books speaks of him as still living. I have one of these volumes in five editions, showing its evolution from an 1864 campaign biography into a "Complete Life" of Lincoln. The changes show considerable ingenuity, but no great literary merit.

There is one little book of this character which deserves special mention. Of it I have seen only a single copy, which I own. It is entitled "Beadle's Dime Life of Lincoln." It was prepared in 1864, and after the death of Lincoln was issued with a brief preface instead of supplement, telling of his death. This little book was the one which Lincoln's cousins could afford, and which Dennis Hanks possessed and read and found to contain some things true and other things false. It is the only volume about Lincoln which we know any relative of Lincoln read at the time, with one single exception. The exception is the first Boys' Life of Lincoln, by William M. Thayer. Robert Lincoln read this and wrote a letter of commendation, in which he virtually said that it was in essential accord with
what he had heard from his father. Robert was away at
school when he wrote this, and it is possible that the
publishers sent someone over to Cambridge to get this
testimonial from him. There they should have stopped. But
of the book they had a copy specially bound and sent it to Mr. Lincoln
in 1863. This copy, presented to the President, is in a
private collection in Chicago, owned by Mr Oliver R. Barrett.
Across the title-page, under the name of the author, has
been written in pencil, apparently by some member of the
President's family, this uncomplimentary designation of the
author,- "The champion liar of history."

I do not think it was Mr. Lincoln who wrote this line;
but had he lived, he would have found other books about himself
more completely worthy of this comment.

How many lives of himself Mr. Lincoln read is not
known. Apparently he regarded the campaign biographies of
1860 and 1864 as instruments, necessary to an important end,
and otherwise of no great importance. He might have
modified the affirmation which the spirit of Thaddeus Stevens
is alleged to have rapped out to the Member of Congress who
had in charge the memorial service, and who was troubled
because more senators and representatives wanted to speak
than could be crowded into the program. Having inquired their
names, and learned that the list included many of his old
time opponents as well as his friends and those who had been
closely associated with him, the spirit of the doughty old
fighter is alleged to have said,-

"Since I don't have to listen to the speeches, I don't
care a rap who delivers them."

Lincoln did not have to read all these books.
The literature which followed the death of Lincoln was not wholly biographical. The Sunday following the death of Lincoln was devoted in hundreds of pulpits to discourses upon his character and the lessons of his life and death. In many cities special services were held then, and on May 20, the day of his burial. The discourses delivered at these services, hastily prepared, were nevertheless earnest and timely, and in many cases were printed. These have become rare items for the collector, who has an endless task before him if he attempts to secure anything like a complete list. Beside the lesser addresses were formal orations by George Bancroft, Charles Sumner, Schuyler Colfax and others which have a permanent place in literature.

Then came collections of his writings, collections of poems about him, one of the latter published by Lippincott as early as 1865, and others following in reasonably swift succession. The number of Lincoln anthologies is not small, and some of the more recent ones have been the best.

Books of Lincoln stories began in time to issue. Many stories were told while Lincoln was alive which claimed him as their author. I have Judge Arnold's own copy of one of the earlier collections of alleged Lincoln Stories. It bears upon its fly-leaf the penciled comment of that competent biographer and friend of Lincoln to the effect that "About half of these stories are authentic, and most of them badly told." But books of Lincoln jokes continue to escape the press; though it would appear that there could be no large source of unexplored material for works of this character.
Soon after Lincoln's death, biographies began to appear which were not revamped campaign documents, but which undertook in the light of such knowledge as was then available to trace the career of Abraham Lincoln from the cradle to the grave. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hanford produced such a book, the first biography of Lincoln to be written by a woman. Frank A. Crosby of the Philadelphia bar wrote one. Dr. L.F. Brackett, a physician wrote another, which contains some evidence of original investigation. But the most notable, and by far the most valuable, of the 1865 biographies, was that by Josiah G. Holland, who also began life as a physician, but whose career was in literature, as historian and novelist, and for many years editor of the Springfield Republican and afterward of Scribner's Magazine.

Meanwhile, there was in preparation a marked body of material which emerged in two notable books. William H. Herndon of Springfield was for many years and until the death of Lincoln, law-partner of Abraham Lincoln. The sign "Lincoln and Herndon" was not taken down even when Lincoln went to Washington; and the partnership was not formally dissolved until death ended it. Herndon had taken notes of Lincoln, his personal appearance, his habits, his dress, his moods, his domestic and political affairs, and much beside. After Lincoln's death he visited Lincoln's step-mother and surviving relatives, and procured from them statements about Lincoln. He also visited Kentucky, and collected a large and valuable body of material. But his plan to make a book of this was postponed for reasons which are sufficiently known and need not here be repeated, until Herndon lost heart; and, being in financial distress, sold for $2,000, copies of his
Lincoln manuscripts of Ward Hill Lamon. Lamon was a Virginian, who had lived at Danville, where he was Lincoln's associate, often spoken of as his local partner, in the trial of cases in court. Lincoln appointed him Marshall of the District of Columbia. After Lincoln's death he formed a partnership with Jeremiah S. Black, who had been Attorney general in the Cabinet of Buchanan, and counsel for Andrew Johnson on his trial on impeachment. Black's son, Chauncey T. Black, who in 1885 edited his father's writings and wrote a biographical preface to them, had considerable literary skill, and no love for Lincoln. He assisted Lamon, and, as Herndon later affirmed, wrote "quite every word" of Lamon's Life of Lincoln, which brought the narrative down to the time of his first inauguration. The result was a surprise and a shock. It brought forth the most vehement denunciations against Lamon, Black and Herndon. The publishers lost money; Lamon lost money and prestige; and there was a three-cornered quarrel over material which Black had insisted on publishing relative to the close of Buchanan's administration and other matters. The book did not sell; and the bulk of the edition disappeared so mysteriously that it is charged that friends and perhaps relatives of Lincoln bought and destroyed such copies as they were able to procure.

Unfrightened by the reception of Lamon's book, Herndon himself essayed the task of writing a biography of Lincoln. Assisted by Jesse W. Weik, of Greencastle, Indiana, he published in three volumes his Life of Lincoln, which appeared in 1889. The storm that had beat upon the head of Lamon was a mere summer shower compared with the tempest which descended upon Herndon.
His publishers failed, and his book became difficult to obtain. The reasons for the criticism heaped upon it and its author need not here be discussed. It is a book which every collector desires, and in the first edition if he is able to procure it for less than fifty dollars for the three volumes, he does well; it is practically certain that it will sell before many years for at least a hundred.

Another edition of this work, in two volumes, and with some omissions and modifications, and a new Introduction by Horace White, was issued by Appleton, and is still on sale. For all purposes except those of the collector and the author this edition is as good as the expensive one.

Two of Lincoln's secretaries, John G. Nicolay and JohnHay, prepared and issued a work in ten volumes, entitled, "Abraham Lincoln: A History." It first ran in the Century Magazine, and appeared in book form in 1890. It is a mine of information, invaluable to all who would follow the career of Lincoln into its details, but it is a history rather than a biography.

In the same year appeared "The Life of Abraham Lincoln" by Ida M. Tarbell, which had been running as a serial in McClure's Magazine. It is a picturesque, well illustrated work, and generally reliable. It is easily the first among works which may be held to portray the magazine Lincoln.

The American Statesman Series is a valuable series throughout. Its general editor, Judge John T. Morse, Jr., deserves to himself the writing of the two volumes on Lincoln. It is a good piece of biographical work, though somewhat cold and academic.

The Centennial of Abraham Lincoln, in 1909, saw the publication of innumerable works relating to the great President. They need not be named here, for this is no attempt to give
a list of books about Lincoln, and most of those that appeared in that and subsequent years are still in print or easily obtainable. All that this sketch undertakes is to indicate the stages of growth of the Lincoln literature.

There have been and are innumerable Anthologies, Collections, and monographs on various aspects of the career of Lincoln, including the Lincoln after his death. In 1865 Henry Bryan, some of them of very considerable value, and all of them of interest. Every anniversary of Lincoln's birth sees the publication of addresses, some of which take their place in a good spirit, and not without its value. It was not, among Lincoln works of value.

The sketch does not attempt to name all, even of the important books about Lincoln. It endeavors rather to indicate the main lines along which the evolution of Lincoln literature developed, and something of the relation of the successive developments to each other.

Life of Lincoln has recently been published with Mrs. Ralph Shirley as its author. An American edition has been issued and is on the market.

But for the most notable and valuable of English works on Lincoln is that of L. Charwood, while he makes many mistakes, he has given us a work of genuine value. In some things he has been able to see American life with sufficient detachment and ability to justify him in a discriminating and critical, and at the same time thoroughly appreciative, judgment. One can make no mistake in buying and reading Charwood, even though he must make allowances for certain limitations in the work of an author who does not know American life thoroughly.
It is most gratifying to all true Americans to discover how within recent years the name of Abraham Lincoln has come into honor in England. He cannot be said to have been held in adequate honor there during his lifetime. The London Punch held him up to constant ridicule, and stoned for having so done in a poem which was one of the notable tributes to Lincoln after his death. In 1907 Henry Bryan Binns wrote what is considered the first English Life of Lincoln. It is a scrappy and unbalanced book, but written in a good spirit, and not without its value. It was not, however, the first Life of Lincoln published in Great Britain. That honor belongs to G. W. Bacon, who, in 1865, published in London a little volume based on Victor's dime biography in the Beadle series, with some material gathered from Barrett and Raymond.

A small and appreciative but not highly valuable Life of Lincoln has recently been published with Hon. Ralph Shirley as its author. An American edition has been issued and is on the market.

But far the most notable and valuable of English works on Lincoln is that of Lord Charnwood. While he makes many mistakes, he has given us a work of genuine value. In some things he has been able to see American life with sufficient detachment and clarity to justify him in a discriminating and critical, and at the same time thoroughly appreciative, judgment. One can make no mistake in buying and reading Charnwood, even though he must make allowances for certain limitations in the work of an author who does not know American life thoroughly.
To Charnwood we are indebted for the suggestion of
John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln", just now enjoying
a rather astonishing vogue. Drinkwater acknowledges his
debt to Charnwood, and it is apparent. What shall we say of
this simple drama which started obscurely in Birmingham,
captured London, and now, having achieved a great success in
New York and Washington, is certain to be seen and enjoyed in every
American city?

It is wrong in almost every possible detail, and
right in its essential message. The author does not
understand America, and his Lincoln is so thoroughly English
that he almost drops his h's. It is an Englishman's
interpretation of another Englishman's interpretation of
Lincoln. An English author does not easily understand that
Lincoln, after delivering his notable speech on
the "house divided against itself", which he addressed to
the Republican convention in Springfield in 1858, he still
was not an abolitionist. He opposed the further
extension of slavery into the territories, but had no
present plan or desire to interfere with it where it existed
in the States. His emancipation policy was an intellectual
and political and spiritual evolution. Nothing can be further
from the truth than that Lincoln, when nominated, stood
so committed to a policy akin to that of John Brown as is
assumed in the opening lines of Drinkwater's play—a policy
which would then deliberately plunge the nation into
civil war for the sake of the freedom of the slave. Such
an interpretation wholly denies what we know of the growth of
the purpose to free the slaves as it existed in the mind of
Lincoln.
If Dr.inkwater misunderstands Lincoln, much more does he misunderstand the men associated with him. Seward was an ambitious man, who believed himself a greater man than the President; but he was not a fawning sneak. The characterization of General Grant as a man who could not move a yard away from his whiskey-bottle is a close approach to a libel. As for the old darkey whose impossible dialect appears in the book and had to be re-written for the American stage, it is absurd enough when its orig. character is named "Custis." But in the English version that ridiculous character bears the name of the Frederick Douglas. That is a sufficient measure of Mr. Drinkwater's ability to estimate correctly the men who were Lincoln's contemporaries.

Nevertheless, I have read the play, and have seen it on the stage, and while compelled at every step to recognize the historical absurdities in it—only a few of which are here noted—I have been compelled to say that Drinkwater, writing under the stress of Britain's sacrifice in a great war, has found in Abraham Lincoln an ennobling ideal and exponent of that for which Britain was striving; and that which is buried in men who give themselves in venerable service for sympathy, and in the tragedy with which his life closed, something which rises above all historical limitations, and which he has discovered for himself and shown to others. One cannot read or see the play without feeling its deep moral earnestness, its power of spiritual interpretation, its subtle comprehension of the soul of a great man working through heroic sacrifice toward the attainment of a great ideal.
It is interesting to remind ourselves that this is not quite the first attempt to portray Lincoln on the British stage. A good many years ago there appeared in Glasgow a play entitled "The Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln: In Five Acts. By an American Artist." How successful it was, the present writer does not know. It was printed, and virtually the entire edition was destroyed by fire, only twenty-nine copies being saved, and most of those badly smoked and with charred edges.

The author was Hiram D. Torrie. His name does not appear in the book. He obtained much of his information from old John Hanks, and some of it is really interesting. John Hanks is a second hero in the book. He not only does all the things that John Hanks did in his own proper person, but, as the author explains in the preface, it was necessary to maximize for dramatic reasons to continue his activity through the play; so he combines the functions of Allan Pinkerton, Boston Emmet Corbett and others, protecting Lincoln while he lived and avenging him when he died. One almost comes to think that John Hanks may have said to Torrie about what pen he Hanks wrote to Herndon, "I will say this to you: if you don't have my name very frequently in your book, it won't go at all."

The book is very rare, and has a special interest as a contrast to the work of John Drinkwater, which, with all its limitations, has won an assured place for itself in Lincoln literature.
Abraham Lincoln is a young folks’ hero. There are several good Lives of Lincoln for boys and girls; nor is it easy to think of a modern character the study of whose life could be more valuable for young people.

Besides formal biographies there are many books of genuine value which deal with special aspects of Lincoln’s life. The volume of reminiscences edited by Allan Thorndike Rice, while out of print, is still easily obtainable and is a book of permanent worth. Among books that deal with aspects of his character or career, one thinks at once of Rothschild’s "Honest Abe" and "Lincoln, Master of Men", of Judge Richards' "Lincoln, the Lawyer-Statesman", of Colonel Carr’s "Lincoln at Gettysburg", and other well known and justly highly esteemed monographs.

The religion of Lincoln has called forth an extensive literature. I will not mention this, for I have sought to cover that and adjacent fields in my "The Soul of Abraham Lincoln."
The life of Abraham Lincoln was promptly translated into and into other languages; it now is to be found not only in French and Spanish and German and Italian and Dutch, but in Japanese and Chinese and in various languages and dialects. A very interesting shelf can be made of lives of Lincoln in languages other than the English; and such a collection is valuable as showing how far the name and character of this great man are known and honored the whole world around. Views of Lincoln are all still obtainable and at reasonable rates. The bibliography at the close of this volume shows how many they are and how varied is the list.
The books about Lincoln which are still in print and obtainable without the payment of a premium upon the payment of a premium upon the prices of the publishers, are less in number than those that are out of print. But it is to be remembered that those which are most permanently valuable have not been allowed to die. Important as it is for collectors and for authors to consult the books which no longer stand upon the shelves of the vendors of current books, the books that give the best and most mature views of Lincoln are all still obtainable and at reasonable rates. The bibliography at the close of this volume shows how many they are and how varied is the list.

As he looks through this volume, or sees the books, is sure to ask, "How is it possible that there should be so much to say and write about one man? Are we not at the end? Can future authors do any more than thresh over the old stores?"

I think I can answer the latter question with a decided negative. There still is unpublished material of value concerning Abraham Lincoln. Patient research is certain to uncover new sources of information. One who has been for many years a gleaner in this field learns that there are yet considerable areas of information awaiting the careful investigation of the industrious and discriminating author. Lincoln books will continue to appear.

Furthermore, Lincoln books are of permanent value. Some scarce items are becoming scarce and more valuable; and there appears at present no reason to expect that interest in Abraham Lincoln will diminish. His fame grows with the generations. He was once the core of a nation as he was a world core.
He who would realize how voluminous is the Lincoln literature should visit some really large collection, and see for himself something of its extent and variety. But if this be not practicable, he may at least consult the Bibliography issued by the Library of Congress in 1906, under the diligent labor of George T. Ritchie, and sold at the nominal price which the Government places upon its publications. But the list has lengthened measurably since Mr. Ritchie did his work; and a more nearly complete bibliography is that of Honorable Daniel Fish of Minneapolis, of which, I believe, a new and enlarged edition is in preparation.

He who looks through this volume, or sees the books, is sure to ask, "How is it possible that there should be so much to say and write about one man? Are we not at the end? Can future authors do any more than thresh over the old straw?"

I think I can answer the latter question with a decided negative. There still is unpublished material of value concerning Abraham Lincoln. Patient research is certain to uncover new sources of information. One who has been for many years a gleaner in this field learns that there are yet considerable areas of information awaiting the careful investigation of the industrious and discriminating author. Lincoln books will continue to appear.

Furthermore, Lincoln books are of permanent value. More scarce items are becoming scarcer and more valuable; and there appears at present no reason to expect that interest in Abraham Lincoln will diminish. His fame grows with the generations. He was once the hero of a nation; he is now a world hero.
Notes for a Law Lecture

The matter of fees is important, far beyond the mere pecuniary interest involved. Property attached, no matter how valueless, has been law and choice. Any undertaking for which should never be claimed. As a general rule, never take your whole fee in advance, but any stage that a small fraction. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a business transaction. If you can feel the most interest in the line of conversation, you will make it even more well to your client. And often the client, in the case, the job will one likely lack skill and diligence in the performance. Only very amount of fee will take a vote to adequately. When you will feel that you are working for something that you are entering, you will not be so extensively and well. Nor to the least, not before the consideration of the so-called "technical" fees. Fees to negligence of justice and diligence, by losing ground in the case, and then, in refusing to admit what would be considered to bad. There is a principle that says, because you are positively different. Any wrong because what we assume no other asset, conditions, and aspects are involved in and necessary and income for the people, it appears unreasonable that those impositions of discipline in very fine. When it comes to discipline, it applies as everywhere. Like the law in society, like in society, people produce, trade, means of all
Notes for a Law Lecture

July 1, 1850

The matter of fees is important, far beyond the mere question of bread and butter involved. Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be claimed. As a general rule never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case, as if something was still in prospect for you, as well as for your client. And when you lack interest in the case the job will very likely lack skill and diligence in the performance. Settle the amount of fee and take a note in advance. Then you will feel that you are working for something, and you are sure to do your work faithfully and well. Never sell a fee note—at least not before the consideration service is performed. It leads to negligence and dishonesty—negligence by losing interest in the case, and dishonesty in refusing to refund when you have allowed the consideration to fail.

There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. I say vague, because when we consider to what extent confidence and honors are reposed in and conferred upon lawyers by the people, it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid. Yet the impression is common, almost universal. Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief—resolve to be honest at all
A FRAGMENT CONCERNING FREE AND SLAVE LABOR
July 1, 1854

(This is one of the most frequently misquoted of Lincoln's utterances. The statement "Twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer" has been used as the basis of a lengthy statement containing much which Lincoln did not say. It is an early and very significant declaration of Lincoln's opinions on the practical value of free labor, and worthy of a high place in the literature of this subject.)

Fragment on Slavery
July 1, 1854

[From early manhood Lincoln's sympathies had been strongly enlisted on behalf of the slaves. The contrast between slave labor and free labor has never been stated more tersely and vividly than here. The sentence, "Twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer," should be noted.]

Equality in society alike beats inequality, whether the latter be of the British aristocratic sort or of the domestic slavery sort. We know Southern men declare that their slaves are better off than hired laborers amongst us. How little they know whereof they speak! There is no permanent class of hired laborers amongst us. Twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer. The hired laborer of yesterday labors on his own account to-day, and will hire others to labor for him to-morrow. Advancement—improvement in condition—is the order of things in a society of equals. As labor is the common burden of our race, so the effort of some to shift their share of the burden onto the shoulders of others is the great durable curse of the race.
Abraham Lincoln

Originally a curse for transgression upon the whole race, when, as by algory, it is concentrated on a part only, it becomes the double-refined curse of God upon his creatures.

Free labor has the inspiration of hope; pure slavery has no hope. The power of hope upon human exertion and happiness is wonderful. The slave-master himself has a conception of it, and hence the system of tasks among slaves. The slave whom you cannot drive with the lash to break seventy-five pounds of hemp in a day, if you will task him to break a hundred, and promise him pay for all he does over, he will break you a hundred and fifty. You have substituted hope for the rod. And yet perhaps it does not occur to you that to the extent of your gain in the case, you have given up the slave system and adopted the free system of labor.
Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. “A house divided against itself cannot stand.” I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.
On the morning before his fifty-second birthday, Mr. Lincoln stood on the rear platform of the train that was to bear him away from Springfield to Washington. A solemn foreboding premonition was upon him that he might be addressing, for the last time his old neighbors and friends. Almost choking with emotion, and with tears at the end blurring his vision, he spoke the words of this brief farewell.

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

Farewell at Springfield
February 11, 1861

[These words, to which subsequent events have given an added note of solemnity, were spoken to a vast audience of Lincoln's fellow-citizens upon the rainy February day when he left Springfield for Washington to assume the duties of the Presidency.]
BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

A Proclamation

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people thereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall in the absence of strong countervailing evidence be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of 100 days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the part...
FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead 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, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.
Response to Serenade

November 10, 1864

[This little speech was called forth by the news of Lincoln's re-election as President.]

It has long been a grave question whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our republic to a severe test, and a presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion, added not a little to the strain.

If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion, must they not fail when divided and partially paralyzed by a political war among themselves? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have free government without elections; and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared

with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged. But the election, along with its incidental and undesirable strife, has done good too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a great civil war. Until now, it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows, also, how sound and how strong we still are. It shows that, even among candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason can receive most of the people's votes. It shows, also, to the extent yet known, that we have more men now than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place, but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.

But the rebellion continues, and now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a re-election, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing
MRS. BIXBY, Boston, Massachusetts:

DEAR MAM, I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Abraham Lincoln

vive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God’s assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men’s faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered folly.

The Almighty has his own purposes. “Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.” If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman’s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, “The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.”

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.
LETTER TO THE PARENTS OF COLONEL
Elmer E. Ellsworth.

gallantly gave his life, at least for them no less than for himself.
(The very beginning of bloodshed brought heart-break to the home of President Lincoln, in the tragic death of Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, who had been almost a son to Mr. Lincoln. This letter, which he sent to the parents of the gallant young officer shows the depth of his sympathies and the strength of his personal affection.)

May God give you earthly peace.

Washington, D.C.
May 25, 1861

To the Father and Mother of Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth:

My dear Sir and Madam:

In the untimely loss of your noble son, our affliction here is scarcely less than your own. So much of promised usefulness to one's country, and of bright hopes for one's self and friends, have rarely been so suddenly dashed as in his fall. In size, in years, and in youthful appearance a boy only, his power to command men was surpassingly great. This power, combined with a fine intellect, an indomitable energy, and a taste altogether military, constituted in him, as it seemed to me, the best natural talent in that department I ever knew.

And yet he was singularly modest and deferential in social intercourse. My acquaintance with him began less than two years ago; yet through the latter half of the intervening period it was as intimate as the disparity of our ages and my engrossing occupations would permit. To me he appeared to have no indulgences and no pastimes; and I never heard him utter a profane or an intemperate word. What was conclusive of his good heart, he never forgot his parents. The honors he labored for so laudably, and for which in the sad end he
gallantly gave his life, he meant for them no less than for himself.

In the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured to address you this tribute in memory of my young friend and your brave and early fallen child.

May God give you consolation which is beyond all earthly power.

Sincerely your friend in a common affliction,

A. LINCOLN

I sincerely hope Father may recover his health; but as all parents, tell him to call upon and sacrifice in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any adversity. To suffer the fall of a sparrow, and harvest the corn of our needs, and He will not forget the dying one who gives His best to Him. Say to him that if we could not pass on to another, nor He, yet if this be his lot to go now, be well assured we shall have no greater gladness nor loved ones gone before, and there the work of the Father, through the help of God, hope are long to join him.
LETTER TO HIS DYING FATHER
January 12, 1831

This letter, addressed to Lincoln's step-brother, John D. Johnston, was sent on receipt of the news that Mr. Thomas Lincoln, Abraham's father, was very ill, and probably could not recover. Lincoln had been generous in his gifts to his father during his declining years, and cared tenderly for his step-mother after his father's death. Prevented by illness in his own home from going to his father's bedside, he wrote directing that no care or comfort for either his father or step-mother should be omitted. The closing part of the letter is given herewith.

Springfield, Illinois
January 12, 1851

Dear Brother:

I sincerely hope father may recover his health; but at all events, tell him to call upon and confide in our great and good and merciful Maker, who will not turn away from him in any extremity. He notes the fall of a sparrow, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and He will not forget the dying man who puts his trust in Him. Say to him that if we could meet now it is doubtful whether it would be not be more painful than pleasant, but that if it be his lot to go now, he will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join him.

Write to me again when you receive this.

Affectionately,

A. LINCOLN.