



LINCOLN had all humanity for mourners. From the countless eulogies spoken and written as tributes to his greatness the following are selected as representing the views of the poetic philosopher, the frank and dispassionate foreigner and the equally candid political foe. Ralph Waldo Emerson's thoughts were spoken April 19, 1865, at the funeral services held in Concord. After briefly recalling the marvelous rise of Lincoln from comparative obscurity to world-wide greatness Mr. Emerson proceeded:

"A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says: 'Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune.' He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then it turned out that he was a great worker, had prodigious faculty of performance, worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. In a host of young men that start together and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age each fails on trial—one by bad health, one by conceit or by love of pleasure, or by lethargy, or by a hasty temper—each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well.

"His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. This middle class country had got a middle class president at last. Yes, in manners, sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. His mind mastered the problem of the day, and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule.

"Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle days—his

endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march to theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of 20,000,000 throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue."

A year after the assassination of Lincoln there appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine a critical review of the careers of Presidents Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. Both were classed as saviors of the American Union. Passing from the discussion of free trade, protection and nullification as the causes of strife betwixt the sections, the review enters upon the crisis which confronted Lincoln in 1861:

"It fell to the lot of a man very different from Andrew Jackson to wage the second battle for the preservation of the Union, on a plea more exasperating than free trade, on an issue more stupendous and on a scale of grandeur which no war between the states in Jackson's comparatively early time could possibly have equaled. From 1833 to 1860 southern statesmen had been contemplating, if they had not been planning, the disruption of the Union. Northern statesmen were aware of the fact. Some of them were reconciled to it, and others were resolved to aid in its consummation, not a few of them for the sake of the north itself, which they imagined would be better without southern companionship. Time but increased the bitterness and widened the estrangement of one section against the other. When secession at last was accomplished, the south was prepared at most points, the north at none, and a man was at the head of affairs who on a hasty or superficial judgment might have been pronounced singularly inefficient and unsuited for the task of coercion which cruel fate had thrust upon him. Like his great predecessor Jackson, he was a man of the people, without culture or manners. Unlike Jackson, however, he had the instincts, if not the education, of a gentleman; was no rowdy, no drunkard, no profane swearer, but a plain, honest, quiet, quaint, good man, with no strong will, but with a very strong sense of duty. Jackson cared little either for free trade or protection, but he cared very much for the Union. In like manner Abraham Lincoln cared little for the negro or his freedom, though he disliked slavery, but he cared greatly and with his whole heart and soul for the Union.

"Pushed on and backed up by the will of the people without any will of his own, except the willingness to restore the Union at any price, he march-

ed from dogma to dogma, from doctrine to doctrine, from principle to principle, by external rather than by internal impulses, and with a sad heart that he should have to do, even under the pressure of overpowering state necessity, anything inconsistent with that constitution which Washington and Jefferson had made, and which Abraham Lincoln had sworn to uphold. Andrew Jackson put down nullification; Abraham Lincoln did not put down secession. What the one did by force of his own will the other did by the force of the will of the people. The one was the fiery horse, acting by his own volition; the other was but the inert carriage drawn by the stalwart muscle of the crowd. Jackson did well, but Lincoln did better. Jackson accomplished less than he intended, but Lincoln far more than he hoped, or that at the outset of his career he could even have dreamed of. That he who would merely circumscribe slavery within its existing limits and who was conscientiously of opinion that if every negro in America left America and went back to the native Africa of his fathers and grandfathers, it would be better for America and better for the negro should by the stroke of his pen—by the war power, and contrary to the spirit and letter of the constitution—abolish slavery, was the result of the struggle that in the first two years of its fury he was the last man in the Union to imagine. Yet so it was. The weak man became strong by the irresistible strength of events. In Jackson's time the love of the Union in the north was but a latent feeling; in Lincoln's it was an irresistible force, and, lashed into fury by the passions of the war, would have preferred the utter desolation of the southern states—their conversion into the original wilderness and the extermination or banishment of their whole population—rather than see them by their own exertions or the aid of a foreign state erected into an independent Confederacy. This good and merciful man was good and merciful to the end. Even when the south was on the point of collapse, when its hope of foreign recognition had long since died away, when its armies were reduced to the minimum of hope as well as of numbers, when in mingled pride and despair it refused to arm the negroes, preferring conquest by its white brothers to independence to be purchased by the aid of black soldiers, Mr. Lincoln was ready and anxious to grant honorable terms of surrender. In the flush of victory there was much he could have done which no other man could have attempted. He could have issued a general amnesty, he could have declared the Union restored in fact and in theory on the sole condition that his military proclamation for the abolition of slavery should be adopted by every southern state as the basis of a legal enactment. But this great and happy result was not to be attained. The pistol of a fanatic deprived the southern people of a friend and the northern people of a man after their own hearts, who through good and ill fortune had fought their fight with a humble, a contrite and an honest spirit and given them the victories."

Southerners who were actively hostile to Mr. Lincoln during the war have since freely expressed their high appreciation of his noble traits. In a recent utterance upon war issues the noted southern editor, Henry Watterson, summed up the view most prevalent among thinking people of the old Confederate section. Said he:

"Lincoln himself was a southern man. He had no prejudice against the south or the southern people. There was hardly a day during the war that he was not projecting his great personality between some southern man or woman and danger, and so free from vindictiveness or excitement of any sort was his mind that it cost him nothing to stand upon the resolution of congress of 1861, which declared that the war was wanted

solely to preserve the Union."

Long before Watterson spoke Lieutenant General Longstreet, the most prominent living representative of Lee's armies, penned this brief but forcible eulogy upon the martyred war president:

"Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among 40,000,000 for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln."

At Home Again.

"I defy any man to stay away from his native town so long that on his return there will be nothing left to remind him of the old days," said a successful western man, who had just paid a visit to his birthplace, a little village of northern New Hampshire.

"When I saw Trowbury, after a lapse of 40 years, it seemed to me there was not a single thing which had remained unchanged. The town has become a place of mills and industry; all its old sleepy charm is gone. My old schoolfellows are gray headed, sober men, and the men of 40 years ago are either tottering with age or at rest in the graveyard.

"When I saw my old chums, 'Bouncing Bob'—so named from his prodigious weight—and 'Slab' Peters, whose name was also the result of nature's allotment of flesh, my heart sank, for Bouncing Bob is lank and bony, while Slab Peters would require two seats in a street car.

"'Doubting' Phipps, who used to mistrust all statements, whether as to the shape of the globe or the price of peanuts, I was told lived on a farm so far away that he seldom came to town.

"The night before I came away I was telling a couple of young men at the postoffice something about my wheat farm, in answer to their questions.

"I had just made a statement in regard to the number of bushels yielded the year before, when I was startled by a drawling voice behind me, proceeding from a man who had entered the store while my back was turned.

"'Sounds very fine,' said the voice, 'but I mistrust it can't be true.'

"The two young men turned with intolerant haste to confront the newcomer, but I wheeled around with a sudden feeling of warmth at my heart.

"'You are Doubting Phipps, I know!' I cried, holding out both hands, and I was not mistaken. We talked for an hour, and at the end of that time I felt that Trowbury was still Trowbury."—Youth's Companion.

The Comfort of Labor.

"I suppose," said Mr. Staybolt, "that most of us, as between wealth with idleness and poverty with occupation, would choose wealth, but I am not so sure that I would myself. In fact, the older I grow the more I am convinced that next to the love of those we hold dearest, of parents, wives and children, the greatest boon to man is labor. Poverty with occupation would imply the power to labor, and that would mean freedom from want. And occupation means also freedom from care. The man who becomes interested in his work forgets his troubles, and he finds besides a pleasure in seeing the results of his labor take form and grow, the pleasure of attainment.

"The man who does not find enjoyment in labor misses the most satisfactory of life's pleasures."—New York

A Shattered Idol.

Barnes—That settles it. Dr. Howsitt can never prescribe for me again. I used to think he knew something, but my confidence in him has been completely destroyed.

Apsley—What's happened to change your opinion of him?

Barnes—He has been giving expert testimony in a murder trial.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.