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The humanity of Abraham Lincoln, 1927.

"THE HUMANITY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER.

THE TEMPLE, SUNDAY MORNING.

FEBRUARY 13, 1927, CLEVELAND.

WRHS

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JOSEPH T. KRAUS
Shorthand
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America has given one great hero to mankind, and that hero is Abraham Lincoln. Wherever men live his name is mentioned, and wherever men suffer his name is invoked. Immigrants who come to these shores love to read his biography more than any other biography of any other great man; and his life intrigues the writer of biography almost more than the life of any other man. The world loves Abraham Lincoln, and as the years roll by loving hearts fashion unconsciously loving tales about him; and these tales are the tributes which affection always pays to the object of its affection.

Blessed indeed is the man who becomes the hero of legend of a people. Blessed is the man whose personality becomes blended in the course of time with the personality of the whole people, whose life is nurtured and expanded by his people long after his earthly career is ended. And Abraham Lincoln has been thus blessed. America gave many outstanding figures to the world, many great men. There was Washington, that staid and courtly revolutionist; there was Jefferson, that scholarly and cultured liberal; there was Alexander Hamilton, that romantic genius of finance; there was Theodore Roosevelt, that forceful, dynamic administrator; there was Woodrow Wilson, the intellectual, the isolated figure of the man of vision. They were all great men and each had his message and all are

revered by mankind; and yet Abraham Lincoln alone is loved. Abraham Lincoln alone is called "Father Abraham." Abraham Lincoln alone has been taken to the bosom, as it were, of mankind, to its throbbing, loving heart.

The world loves him. Why? Because in him the world sees itself reflected, because all the romance and all the struggle and all the triumph and all the tragedy of life are reflected in his life. All the desperate hopes and aspirations of the race find their vindication in him. Beyond the great achievements of Lincoln, beyond the momentous contributions which he made to mankind,--the emancipation of the slaves and the preservation of the union, beyond all that Lincoln achieved something even more precious and beautiful. Beyond all that he achieved himself--a personality, a human being of such rare humaneness, of graciousness of spirit, of such profound sympathy and understanding of the needs and the sufferings and the perplexities of his fellowmen, of such humility and simplicity of carriage and attitude and tone, and of such patience and fortitude beneath the overwhelming burden of trial and tribulation which destiny imposed upon him,--I say this achievement of himself endeared him to the heart of the world. The world sees itself reflected in Abraham Lincoln, the great master of the world. They who to this day live in poverty, in ignorance, in want, the millions who feel that they have been denied and dispossessed, the disfavored of life, trapped by destiny and doomed,--these masses the

world over look to Abraham Lincoln and find in his life and in his career their hope, their promise and a challenge to themselves. For he, too, was poor, and, oh, how poor! - poor in a vast, lonely, empty wilderness; poor in the midst of a life that was harsh and crude and crushing; poor in the midst of a relentless and exacting life. In his world God was there and Nature was there, to be sure, but none of the graces and the charms of social life; few of the amenities and the sweetness of life were there. And he, too, was ignorant, born in the midst of ignorance, reared in the midst of ignorance--no schools, no teachers, no guides; just the homely wisdom and the native shrewdness of backwoodsmen who lived in the midst of superstition on the frontiers of our land,--a non-attractive, an awkward child, an ungainly, uncouth youth, endowed by Nature with none of those qualities which make friends for people and which open ways for men in their life's advancement; a man caught in the vise of the numerous tasks, the hard tasks of the pioneer's life.

That was Abraham Lincoln. And yet he rose through the jungle of poverty and ignorance and want and superstition; he rose by dint of self-mastery and effort and struggle,--still he rose. He may have had to walk six miles to borrow a book, but he borrowed the book and read it. And he rose. He may have had to wrestle with a book through the long hours of the night until the breaking dawn, lying sprawled out before his cabin fire. But he did it, and he rose, step by step, painstakingly he rose. He may have had

to wrestle with his books without the help of teacher or instructor, with his mathematics and his logarithms and his trigonometry, to prepare himself for the position of a deputy surveyor, to climb, as it were, with bleeding hands upon the rungs of knowledge. But he did--and he rose.

And so the masses of the world have come to look upon Lincoln as their kinsman, their own brother, in fortune and in misfortune, their big brother, who points for them the way, who shows them how a man may rise from the lower levels to the higher levels of life. And they loved him for that.

Recently there appeared a magnificent biography of Abraham Lincoln, written by a poet and a scholar, and that makes a rare combination. I refer to the biography of Abraham Lincoln written by Carl Sanburg, a poet who spent thirty years of his life studying Abraham Lincoln, and with remarkable intuition and with poetic deftness Sanburg points out over and over again, so much so that it sounds like a great refrain of his work, the fact that Lincoln was of the soil,--an image, as it were, fashioned out of the clay; like an oak rising out of the soil. He belonged to it; he belonged to the prairies where his youth was spent. Washington did not; Jefferson did not. They were aristocrats. Washington and Jefferson were the children of the Old World civilization, cultured, refined. They were democrats; they were the rebellious children of the Old World civilization. They were intellectual democrats.

They reasoned themselves and thought themselves into a democratic conception of life. But Lincoln grew into his democracy. It was the sap and the soil, the bone and the marrow of the man. I read a sentence or two from Carl Sanburg's biography of Lincoln:

"Rains came loosening the top soil of the land where it was not held by grass roots; it was a yellow clay, and that softened to slush; in this yellow slush many a time Abe Lincoln walked ankle deep; his bare feet were intimate with the clay dust of the hot dog-days, with the clay mud of spring and fall rains; he was at home in clay. In the timbers with his axe, on the way to chop, his toes, heels, soles, the balls of his feet climbed and slid in banks and sluices of clay. In the corn-fields plowing, hoeing, cutting and shucking, again his bare feet spoke with the clay of the earth; it was in his toe-nails and stuck on the skin of his toe knuckles. The color of clay was one of his own colors. In the short and simple annals of the poor, it seems there are people who breathe with the earth and take into their lungs and blood some of the hard and dark strength of its mystery. During six and seven months each year, in the twelve fiercest formative years of his life, Abraham Lincoln had the pads of his foot-soles bare against the clay of the earth. It may be that the earth told him in her own tough gypsy slang one or two knacks of living worth keeping. To be organic with running wildfire and quiet rain, both at the same moment, is to be the carrier

of wave lines the earth gives up only on hard usage."

Now the people of the earth knew Lincoln to be of the soil, of the clay, blood of their blood, bone of their bone, and yet they somehow knew that Lincoln had managed to breathe into that clay the spirit which made him Abraham Lincoln; that somehow he was able to carve out for himself a destiny, a career, with that same force and energy, with that same industry and will that he carved out with his hands a path for himself in the primitive forest of his native home. So the world has looked upon Lincoln as a kinsman and a friend; and the world has loved him.

I spoke about the humaneness of the man. Had I the time I would dwell at length upon those early evidences of humanity in Abraham Lincoln; how, in his early youth, as a child, as a young man, that spirit of kindness, of consideration for the weak always prompted him to take the part of the lowly and of the disfavored and of the maltreated. He was always taking the part of the weaker in a brawl or in a fight, and he would always give of himself to others unstintingly. It is told of him that frequently he would wade into a pool, a mire or a morass, sometimes in his best clothes, to rescue a poor animal that had been trapped and could not escape. And that same spirit of kindness, of humanity, which one could read in the very sorrow of his eyes, one finds throughout his career. As President of the United States, in the midst of a great Civil War, when he was compelled to call his brothers, many of them, his enemies,

when the destiny of this land was in the balance, when the soul of America was tried as it had never been tried, Abraham Lincoln never had rancor in his heart or hate for those who threatened to disrupt the union. He loved even those who he was compelled to call enemies.

I have read and re-read that marvelous second inaugural address of Abraham Lincoln, which reads like a page out of the Old Testament. There you have the humaneness of the man which did not depart from him even in the darkest hours of his life. Let me read a few lines from that immortal document, because it is the glory not alone of Lincoln but of the nation that gave him birth.

He said: "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 fully.

"The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! For it must needs be that offenses give 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 250 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 towards 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 a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

That was spoken in the midst of war--"with malice towards none and with charity for all." That was not a pious wish expressed without relation to desperate emergencies. That was in the midst of the most bitter and harrowing and intense struggle that this nation or any nation

ever witnessed. That is the humanity of the man. And his sympathy,--oh, how Abraham Lincoln knew how to sympathize with those who had suffered! with those who had loved and lost! He himself had loved and lost, and therefore he knew how to sympathize with bereavement and with loneliness. As a little lad of ten he lost his mother, and with the eyes and the heart of a little lad of ten he beheld his mother in the poor coffin fashioned by the hands of his father, and of seeing it lowered into a grave in that primitive world, a lonely and wind-swept grave. And his father before very long had to leave, summoned by the mystic drums of destiny to another locale.

Abraham Lincoln knew the sorrow and the ineffable pain of loving and losing. He loved one who believed in him and who loved him, one with whom he had hoped his destiny and his career would be linked; and yet a pestilence came and slew his beloved, and she, too, was lowered into the grave. Abraham Lincoln knew what it means to lie with a broken heart stretched out with one hand over a new-made grave. Abraham Lincoln knew what it was to wander about in the forest, in the open spaces, crying for one who would never answer. Abraham Lincoln knew what it was to look out into a dark night of howling winds, and cry out, "I cannot bear to think of her out there alone!" And because of these scars of memory he knew throughout his life how to sympathize with those who had similarly walked in the valley of the shadow of death.

and who had similarly suffered.

A young friend of his had lost a father, and Abraham Lincoln, in the midst of war, paused to write her this note: "Dear Fanny; It is with deep regret that I learn of the death of your kind and brave father, and especially that it is affecting your young heart * * In this sad world of ours sorrow comes to all, and to the young it comes with bitter agony because it takes them unaware. The older have learned ever to expect it. I am anxious to offer some alleviation of your present distress. Perfect relief is not possible except with time. You cannot now realize that you will ever feel better. Isn't this so? And yet it is a mistake. You are sure to be happy again. To know this, which is certainly true, will make you seem less miserable now. I have had experience enough to know what I say, and you need only to believe to feel better at once. The memory of your dear father instead of an agony will yet be a sad, sweet feeling in your heart, of a purer and holier sorrow than you have ever known before. Please present my kind regards to your afflicted mother. Your sincere friend, Abraham Lincoln."

I could read others, but time will not permit. I spoke of the patience of the man and of his fortitude. After the battle of Fredericksburg, when the Union forces were defeated, Abraham Lincoln said: "If there is any man out of hell who suffers more than I do, I pity him." During those years of the Civil War he more than

once descended into the very deepest depths of hell. Very often, alone at night, after a day of harrowing information from the front, troubled and beset, he would fall down on his knees and pray, knowing no other place to go to, and knowing no other place in which to seek surcease from his sorrow, and comfort and consolation. And yet with it all he remained the patient man, the man of fortitude and courage.

All these qualities endeared him to the world.--the humanity of the man, the long arm that stuck out wide enough to embrace all the children of man. He knew neither white or black; he recognized no distinctions of race or creed or color. He grounded his life in the one central idea, as he called it.--the proposition that all men are created equal, and he knew exactly what he meant by that phrase. It was not a hackneyed, threadbare phrase that he was using; it was the theme of his life, the major, dominant theme of his life's symphony--the proposition that all men are created equal; not equal endowments of qualities. For there are no two things alike in the world; there are no two drops of water alike in the world. Nature and Nature's God have not endowed every man with the same qualities of mind, of soul or body as those of every other man. But equal before the throne of God, and equal before the spirit of God; equal in the presence of the right to live, equal in the presence of opportunities to live and grow, equal before the law. There must be no shackles;

there must be no imposed chains upon any child of God. A fair and open and free field for every one, and let every one go as far as his native abilities and his talents and his will will carry him.

That is what Abraham Lincoln understood by the phrase, the proposition that all men are created equal. He called for it incessantly. In addressing a group of soldiers he told them that the war was being waged so that every one of their children may have the same opportunity that he, Abraham Lincoln had had; the same opportunity to express their native powers and potencies, the same opportunity for initiative, for enterprise, for undertaking. His definition of democracy remains to this day: "As I would not be a slave, so would I not be a master. As I would not impose artificial restrictions and unjustified burdens upon any man, so I would not accept any artificial and unjust privileges and prerogatives for myself." And that was his understanding of democracy.

In one of his addresses he speaks of himself as a living witness. "I am a living witness to the truth of democracy." And he was. He has been called the man for the ages. He is. He is the man for mankind. It is difficult to define his personality. It is difficult to say what made Abraham Lincoln; a man of genius is a mystery and only God has the key to that mystery. You cannot say it was his industry, his good nature, his hard work, his honesty, which made Abraham Lincoln. Other people who had

these qualities remained rail splitters and grocery clerks; and one became Abraham Lincoln. You cannot take a sunset and say it is this color and this which make up the sunset. No. It is the peculiar blending and fusing of these colors which give to the sunset its glory and its beauty. So it is with the human personality. It is that peculiar blending and fusing of qualities which defy analysis which constitute genius and greatness.

And so when we speak of Abraham Lincoln the most that we can do is to say what he meant to us. To speak of his message, to speak of his influence and his message to us is a two-fold message. First, the message of his life, of himself, to witness the stimulating and glowing message of a man who was enmeshed in all the disfavours and disabilities of life, chained down, as it were, to the crudeness and the coarseness and the hard labor of the world. And yet he, somehow, by dint of will and determination and vision, rose step by step, rose to the higher levels, to the magnificence and the radiance of a world personality. That, itself, is a message to everybody--to everybody. You, my friend, you think you are poor, and you feel yourself abused and maltreated by destiny, and you grumble and complain. Abraham Lincoln was similarly beset by misfortune and disability and did not complain, but rose. You have not had the opportunity of education, of college training, and you feel yourself disqualified. Abraham Lincoln had none of these advantages.

and yet he rose to become a beacon-light unto mankind. Your world cannot be as empty and as unattractive as his world was. You suffer bereavement and loss and misfortune in life. So did he. And yet he climbed the battlements of destiny. He became a guide and a leader of men. And so there is the message of his life of itself.

Then there is the message of his political faith, of his central idea which he loved--for every great man loved a great idea; and the unfoldment of a great man's life is only an unfoldment of one great, central idea, and the central idea of the life of Abraham Lincoln was the proposition that all men are created equal. Democracy--the real democracy! Faith in the common man; faith in the average man; faith in every man. No man is common enough but what a spark struck by the hand of opportunity may not call forth greatness and power within that man. Faith in the collective wisdom of the people; faith that the people, in spite of their failings and their mistakes and their blunders, ultimately arrive at a greater truth; faith that in the long run the voice of the people is the voice of God--in the long run! Faith in freedom--freedom of thinking, freedom of speaking, freedom of exchange of ideas, freedom for all these basic things, which to many of us have become commonplace, trite, through endless repetition, because we put them into our text books. These basic ideas were the sap of his life and his message for future generations; because as long as man lived upon this

footstool of the Almighty, so long will he need these few elemental and basic truths which Lincoln somehow derived from the very soil, from the spaciousness and the freedom and the openness of the prairie world in which he lived, and the freedom, equality, fairness, kindness, friendliness.

We ought to thank God every day of our life that it was our privilege, the privilege of the American people, to have Abraham Lincoln; that he was born in our midst, that he lived among us, that he walked among us as brother, as kinsman, as friend. We ought to thank God that in that great critical hour there was a man equipped with mind and soul and body, equipped to lead, a servant to man but not a slave of man; a man who loved his fellowmen, but a man who, above all, loved and believed in certain basic ideas which he was ready to follow through, through a sea of blood unto the other shore.

This is Abraham Lincoln--Father Abraham.

A SAINT OF DEMOCRACY
By Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver

America has given one great hero to mankind -- Abraham Lincoln. Wherever men live, his name is mentioned, and wherever men suffer his name is invoked. Immigrants who come to our shores love to read his biography, more than the biography of any other great man. His life fascinates the writer of biography more than the life of any other man. The world loves Abraham Lincoln; and with the increasing years it is creating a Lincoln legend which is the supreme tribute of universal affection and reverence.

Blessed indeed is the man who becomes the hero of the people's legend. Blessed is the man whose personality becomes blended with the personality of his people, and whose life is nurtured and expanded by his people's life long after his earthly career is ended. Abraham Lincoln has been thus blessed.

America has given the world many outstanding men. There was Washington, the staid and courtly gentleman whom circumstances made a revolutionist. There was Jefferson, the scholarly and cultured liberal. There was Theodore Roosevelt, the dynamic administrator. There was Woodrow Wilson, the isolated intellectual of exquisite world visions. They were all great men; each had his message and all are revered by mankind. Yet Abraham Lincoln alone is loved. Abraham Lincoln alone has been taken to the bosom of mankind, to its loving and suffering heart.

The world loves him. Men call him "Father Abraham." Why? Because in him the world sees itself reflected; because all the romance, the struggle, the triumph, and the tragedy of life are reflected in his life. All the desperate hopes and aspirations of the race find their vindication in him. Beyond the great achievements of Lincoln, beyond the momentous contributions

which he made to mankind -- the emancipation of the slaves and the preservation of the Union -- beyond all this, Lincoln achieved something even more precious and beautiful -- himself! a personality! a human being of such rare humanity, of such graciousness of spirit, such profound sympathy and understanding, such humanity in the midst of vast tribulation, and such fortitude beneath the bludgeoning of destiny! The world loves him not only for what he did but for what he was -- a giant rising from the clay of the common life but suffused with the splendour of the eternal beatitudes.

All men have come to look on Lincoln as on a mighty kinsman, a friend and a guide. The millions who live in poverty, ignorance, and want, the disfavoured of life who have been trapped by destiny and seemingly damned, the masses of the world look to Abraham Lincoln and find in his life and career their own hopes confirmed, their own ambitions accredited. For he, too, was poor and oh, how poor! -- poor in a vast and lonely wilderness, poor in the midst of a harsh, cruel, and crushing life, poor in a relentless and exacting world. In his life none of the graciousness and charm of social life was to be found, few of the amenities and little of the sweetness of civilization were present. And he, too, was ignorant, born in the midst of ignorance, reared in the midst of ignorance -- no schools, no teachers, no guides, nothing but the homely wisdom and native shrewdness of backwoodsmen, steeped in superstition, living in the distant outposts of a lonely land. And an unattractive and awkward child he was, and he grew into an ungainly and uncouth youth endowed by nature with few of the qualities which open favoured ways to man.

That was Abraham Lincoln. And yet he rose! Through the jungle of adversity and ignorance and want, he rose. By dint of self-mastery and effort and struggle, he rose. He may have had to walk miles to borrow a book, but he

borrowed the book, and he read it. He rose. He may have had to read his book through the long hours of night until the break of dawn, sprawled out before his cabin fire. But he did it, and he rose. He may have had to wrestle without help of teacher with his mathematics, his logarithms, and his trigonometry in order to prepare himself for the minor position of a deputy surveyor -- he may have had to climb, as it were, with bleeding hands upon the rungs of knowledge but he did, and he rose.

In all this there is challenge and a thrilling battle hymn. And so the masses of the world have come to regard Lincoln as their brother, in fortune and misfortune, their big brother who points out to them the way, who shows them how a man may rise from the lower to the higher levels of life. And they love him for it.

Lincoln is very close to the common people, for they know him to have been one of themselves -- of their own ruggedness and harshness and strength. He is of the very soil of the common life.

Age has a tendency to smooth the shining irregularities of facts, as Emerson said. Legend casts a veil of mercy over the deficiencies of those whom we love. We think today of Abraham Lincoln only in terms of his excellencies. But in so doing there is the danger of removing him from kinship with his fellow-men whose lives are, as a rule, not without their shadows. Lincoln was human, beset with human frailties. He had his moments of towering rage, of fierce passion, of sullenness and stubbornness. At times he was morbidly cautious and secretive and suspicious. Rationalist though he was, superstition at times victimized him, and the dread of dreams and presentiments. The political standards of his earlier years were not always exemplary.

But Lincoln grew and developed. He fought his way through the underbrush to the open spaces of a magnificently effective personality. And in this epic of his spiritual anabasis, the world beholds its dearest hopes triumphant.

Democracy has its saints. All those known and unknown dead who out of their love for man and faith in him, laboured mightily in their time and place to ease man's crushing burdens and to level his road, and who, because of their great love and consecration, suffered during their life and died for their faith, are the saints of democracy and the world may well burn its sweet incense of gratitude at the shrine of their memory.

Lincoln was such a saint -- perhaps the truest and noblest of all. Lincoln not only believed in democracy, he was democracy. Washington was not. Jefferson was not. Hamilton was not. Adams was not. They were the rebellious children of an undemocratic civilization. They arrived at their convictions through an intellectual process. They became democrats through philosophic speculation, in which they were aided by the liberal thought of France in the eighteenth century. They were not the products of democracy.

But Abraham Lincoln was. He incarnated it. He was of the very soil of democracy. Out of the rude freedom of the untrammelled empire of the west he came, and the spaciousness and ruggedness of the pioneer's free life were in him. All the strength and all the weakness of democracy reflected themselves in him.

And he established the democratic dogma. Not every man, of course, born in a democracy, is an Abraham Lincoln but that an Abraham Lincoln could be born and nurtured in ^ademocracy is glorious evidence of its potency. Men have maintained that democracy inevitably makes for mediocrity, that it suspects

and crushes the exceptionally gifted ones. But here was one who was possessed of the very stamp and girth of genius, who had been fashioned by democratic forces and who, nevertheless, rose, not alone to the supreme political office in the democracy, but to a position of heroic and commanding importance in the world. What Abraham Lincoln achieved, others similarly gifted may. There are evidently vast, unsuspected deposits of the rich ore of human greatness in the soil of the common people. This Abraham Lincoln's life attested.

Lincoln's democracy was simple, straightforward, and undeviating. It possessed that quality of clarity and decisiveness which belongs to axiomatic truth. The authentic mood of the Declaration of Independence is in it -- perhaps for the last time in American political life. No refined intellectualism, no consideration of experience or expediency, whittled down its massive proportions. Lincoln's democracy stands out monumental, heroic, immovable.

"The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded with no small show of success. One daringly calls them 'glittering generalities'; another blandly calls them 'self-evident lies.' And others insidiously argue that they apply to the 'superior races.' These expressions, differing in form, are indetical in object and effect -- the supplanting of the principle of free government and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them or they will subjugate us."

There was prophetic ardour in his recurrent appeals to return to the unadulterated democratic faith of the Fathers of the Revolution. He was the last of that giant brood.

"If the safegaurds of liberty are broken down, as is now attempted, when they have made things of free Negroes, how long, think you, before they begin to make things of poor white men? Be not deceived! The founder of the Democratic Party declared that 'all men are created equal.' His successor in office has written the word 'white' before 'men', making it read 'all white men are created equal.' Pray, will not, or may not the 'Know-Nothings,' if they should come into power, have the word 'Protestant' inserted before 'white,' making it read 'all Protestant white men are created equal?'"

What refreshing directness of speech! What rare perspicacity!

Lincoln somehow reminds one of the ancient prophets of Israel. He seems to possess the same colossal height, the same sweep of spirit, and the same outreaching power that we are accustomed to associate with the ancient prophets.

1. Amer. has given one great hero -
 Wherever men live -
 Immigrants -
 His life fascinates the writers -
 The world loves A. and with advancing
 years - legend - tribute.
2. Amer. has given to the world many -
 Washington -
 They were all great men - each message
 each revered
 But only one is loved. A - bosom - to its -
3. Men call him "Father A" - why?
 Because in him world sees - reflected - all
 the romance, struggle... reflected in him
 Beyond the great achievements - personality
 - a human being of such profound sym.
 The world loves him not only - did - was
 - a giant rising - suffused
4. All men have come to love - him many
 - a friend, a guide -
 the millions - who live in poverty -
 - ignorance - disarmed - happy

Amazing that I am actually functioning -



find in his life hopes strengthened
For he, too, was poor -
In his early life - none of Gracius was
- few amenities -
He, too, was ignorant, born in - read
no schools ... homely wisdom
- outposts -
And an unattractive, awkward -

5. And yet he rose! Jungle -
He may have had to walk miles
- read it thru long hours - cabin
" " wrestle without help - math

6. For all this - Thrilling Battle Hymn
And no masses - regard - brother
who points way - shows how

7. Gorki - 'With such a war in our
midst one need never feel alone
in the world'
Sylvia, what - attains
Pledge and promise of better things

8. A is a very soil of conscience by
Carl Sandburg

9. Age has a Tendency -
Veil of mercy

Excellence - danger of removing
A. was human - beset - frailties
He had his moments - towering
At times he was worldly careless,
Rationalist - Superstition - victims
dreams - presentiments
Pol. standards, his early years

10. Developed, Fought his way - Tender but
Epic of Sp. Avataris - would
acclaim its dearest types verdicted

11. Saint of Dem. - Religion -
Not only believed in D. was D.
Washington -

"Rains came loosening the top soil of the land where it was not held by grass roots, it was a yellow clay and that softened to slush; in this yellow slush many a time Abe Lincoln walked ankle deep; his bare feet were intimate with the clay dust of the hot dog-days, with the clay mud of spring and fall rains; he was at home in clay. In the timbers with his axe, on the way to chop, his toes, heels, soles, the balls of his feet climbed and slid in banks and sluices of clay. In the corn fields ploughing, hoeing, cutting and shucking, again his bare feet spoke with the clay of the earth; it was in his toe-nails and stuck on the skin of his toe knuckles. The color of clay was one of his colors. In the short and simple annals of the poor, it seems there are people who breathe with the earth and take into their lungs and blood some of the hard and dark strength of its mystery. During six or seven months each year, in the twelve fiercest formative years of his life, Abraham Lincoln had the pads of his foot-soles bare against the clay of the earth. It may be that the earth told him in her tough gypsy slang one or two knacks of living worth keeping. To be organic with running wildfire and quiet rain both at the same moment, is to be a carrier of wave lines the earth gives up only on hard usage."

12. A. incarnated -

Established D. dogma

Not every man - prius ore

13. A's Power was simple - straightforward -
clarity - decisiveness - Axiom

Whittled - massive proportions

14. How relevant - Our Day!

(A) A. believed in Decl. + Self-evident

(103) -

✓ (1) To-day - Dictatorship -

(2) No inherable rights - Totalitarian

(2) A. believed in Equality - Race-religion

(69)

(101)

(1) Germany - Adam

(3) Am. as an experiment in Spirit

(92)

15. Healing doctrines to an Age -

16. Prophet dies -

1. - Am. has given us great hero to mankind -
 - Immigrants - fascinations - The world loves -
 - legends. Blessed -
2. - Am. has given world many outstanding -
 - yet A.L. alone is loved - taken him
 - "Father Ab". World sees they reflected
 - Vindication - Beyond great achievements
 - World loves him not only for what he did -
 - a giant - suffered
3. Look upon him as magnific Ries man
 and guide. Poverty - Ignorance - disfavored -
 - hope compressed. For he too was poor!
 and low - None, the charm of Ignorant
 - no riches - home wisdom - ^{but only once} steeped in
 superstitions - distant outposts -
4. And yet he rose! Then surge - By
 dint - He may have had to walk miles -
 - sprang before our eyes! Went to without
 help of teachers with his loganths. For
 - deftly ^{climb} surmount - bleeding hand
 - Thrilling battle hymns - and so many
 - By Brother
5. Age - tendency to smooth - excellences

removing him from leadership - L. was human,
frank, to many rays - ^{secretively} - perfect.
- pol. standards, earlier years -
- few - just hit his way - Analysis

6. A Saint, a hero - religious - Exemplary hero -
- too beaut. word - any great ideal of which -
- he is not, then - same - Conservation
+ Montgomery

① all these known & unknown
dead who sit, look - beloved - refined
- saints - would have no cause

7. L. was S. of Allen. Not any believed.
was - Washington was not -
Whitaker. Of very Sail - Marshall

① He Established Allen. dogma -
Faults of Allen - L. is refutation

8. His Allen. was simple & straight -
sound - quality clarity & honesty
no refined intellect - whittled
~~at~~ Allen. of Indep - (103) (10)

(69)

Immigrant - (p. 92) Am. very
exp. in history

9- Refreshing directors, Speech - Prophet.

10- Moses - (1) Handicapped.

(2) Emancipators

(3) Suffered - (not)

(4) Handed - M. threatened

(5) Neither ended previous found

(6) Servants - not slaves. Triumph

11- Prophet dies. His vision lives -

- Their ideals outlived him, and his;

- God is thanked - endorsed with
faith etc. to lead them darkness
to new ~~the~~ spaces, & free by

Copy of Resolutions sent to
Pres. Lincoln Feb. 3, 1863.

Resolution I

That this meeting expresses its horror of negro slavery, more especially of the form of negro slavery existing in the Confederate states, that it sees with strongest disapprobation the opinions expressed by ministers of our Christian churches in the Southern States as to the divine origin and scriptural sanction of this detestable system, that it believes the founding of a nation on such a basis would be a calamity to the world.

Resolution II

That this meeting earnestly desires and hopes that the present calamitous war in Amer. begun by the Southern states to perpetuate and extend slavery, maybe overruled by Divine Providence to its

overthrow and to the raising of four millions of oppressed negroes from the condition of chattels and beasts of burden to that of free and responsible men. It recognizes with pleasure the growth of anti-slavery feeling in the North-States; that President Lincoln policy in such measures as the exclusion of slavery from the territories its abolition in the District of Columbus; and the constitutional scheme of voluntary emancipation in the loyal slave states not less than his proclamation of liberty to the slaves in the seceding states, has tended powerfully and practically towards the entire abolition of slavery in North America.

Resolution III

That this meeting highly approves of the conduct of the government in abstaining from recognizing the

Confederate States or interfere between the contending parties in the lamentable contest now going on in the U. S. of Amer. and expresses its earnest trust that the same policy may still be persevered in.

Resolution IV

That copies of the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Adams and forwarded to the President.

Resolution I 2

Resolved that this meeting heartily unites in the general joy and thanksgiving which has been called forth by the proclamation issued by the President of the U. S. on Jan. 1, 1863 by which more than 3,000,000 slaves in the U. S. were declared thenceforward and forever free; and is of the opinion that the

Promulgation of that decree founded not less on justice and the inalienable rights of slaves than on considerations of military necessity entitles Mr. Lincoln to the sympathy, encouragement and moral support of the friends of freedom throughout the world.

Resolution #3

That this meeting, in deploring the present unspeakable calamity of America desire never to forget that the war originated in the determination of the Southern States to extend and perpetuate slavery, that regarding this institution with the greatest possible abhorrence as contrary to the principles of Christianity and as

the source of the most fearful evils,
it is our duty to sympathize in
the efforts made by the President
and government of the U.S. for its entire
abolition and while we lament most
sincerely the fearful sacrifices involved
in the struggle between people so long
and so closely connected we would give
our most fervent wishes to all who
aim at the complete and final ex-
tinction of slavery, we would mourn
with them in their trials and rejoice
in their successes believing that
such are the sentiments most worthy
of the people of England.

Resolution ^{II} 2

That this meeting earnestly desire
that the people of this country may
continue in the closest amity by ties
of kindred, friendship & commerce

with the people of the U.S. and trust
that the wisdom of the mother country
may aid in removing all causes
of misunderstanding and alienation
between the 2 peoples and we take
this opportunity of expressing our deep
gratitude to the citizens of the free states
for their thoughtful generosity amidst
their own pressing claims in contributing
towards alleviating the distress now
so prevalent among a large portion
of our laboring population

Feb. 5, 1863

Resolution I

That this meeting recognizing the
common brotherhood of mankind and
the sacred and inalienable right of
every human being to personal freedom

and equal protection records its detestation of negro slavery in Amer. & of the attempt of the rebellious southern slaveholders to organize, on the great Amer. continent a nation having slavery as its basis.

Resolution #2

That this meeting composed mainly of the working men of Galashields desires to record its profound sympathy with the efforts of Pres. Lincoln and his colleagues to maintain the Amer. Union in its integrity and also the high sense of the justice of his proclamation of emancipation and other measures tending to give freedom to the slave and restore ^{peace} to the Amer. Nation.

Wm. Trator

1. Am. given 1 Hero - (1) Whence men dwell - (2) Suffer.
(3) Immigrants - (4) Biographers
(A) World travels him - years roll by loving hearts
- tale - ^{new legend} blessed - blood - nurtured. Truth

2. Am. gave many outstanding - Why

3. Because (1) Romance, Struggle - (2) Epic SC. Man
(3) Aspirations - realization (4) Achieved -

4. Would see story repeated - Career - pioneer. Names
(1) He too betrayed - defamed - Pro - ignorant.
- native kindness - Am. K. was child -
(2) Rose - jungle - Step by Step - Six miles -
- mathem - logarithm - trigon - Self mastery
carved a career -

5. Carl Sandburg - The Prairie Year - autobiography
- oak. Washington, Jefferson - Dust
(1) Masses know it - Krumpholtz -
(2) Clay - into which breathes Spirit

6. The Humaneness of man.

(1) Early in life -

(2) President - No rumor - From the Executive
- 2nd Inaugural - Just

7. Sympathy & Understanding

(1) No known measurement - p/31/272261
- arm across part - "I can't bear
to think of her out there alone"

(2) Fanny H. Cullough - (p. 216)

(3) Mother of 5 Heroes -

8. Fortitude: "If there is any man out of Hell

(1) Prayer.

9. Humanity, the way

(1) His long arms wide enough - Spaciousness

(2) Proportion that all may be as well as good

(3) "I am a living witness" (Just)

(4) Definition (Just)

10. Man in the ages - Two-fold humaneness.