

**EULOGY ON ABRAHAM
LINCOLN, LATE PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES: DELIVERED
BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF
BANGOR, JUNE 1ST, 1865**

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Eulogy on Abraham Lincoln, Late President of the United States: Delivered Before the Citizens of Bangor, June 1st,1865 by Charles Carroll Everett

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CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT

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LINCOLN, LATE PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES: DELIVERED
BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF
BANGOR, JUNE 1ST, 1865**

E U L O G Y

ON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITIZENS OF BANGOR,

ON THE DAY OF THE

NATIONAL FAST,

JUNE 1st, 1865.

By CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT.

BANGOR:
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1865.

From the Author. (314)

BANGOR, June 1, 1865.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

Will you do us the favor to furnish a copy for publication, of the Eulogy on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, pronounced by you, this day, before our citizens.

Respectfully Yours,

SAMUEL H. DALB, }
WM. H. MILLS, } Committee.
JOHN L. CROSBY, }

REV. C. C. EVERETT.

THIRD STREET, June 2d, 1865.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the pleasure to hand you a copy of the Eulogy delivered the day of our National Fast, as asked for in your communication of the 1st inst.

Respectfully Yours,

C. C. EVERETT.

SAMUEL H. DALB, and others, Committee.

E U L O G Y.

“OUR popular Government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled: the successful *establishing* and the successful *administering* of it. One still remains—its successful *maintenance* against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it.” Such was the language of President Lincoln in his first message to Congress. The third and last experiment, of which he spoke, has been fairly and successfully tried. It has been demonstrated to the world, to use again his prophetic words—“that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets; and that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves at succeeding elections.” For the triumphant success of this grand experiment the nation is indebted to no one so much as to Abraham Lincoln. I do not forget his wise counselors. I do not forget the Generals, who in this prolonged struggle have gained glory for themselves and for their country. I do not forget the soldiers, whose steadfast courage took now the form of patience in suffering, now of firmness in resistance,

and now of irresistible and overwhelming impetuosity in attack ; of whom Lincoln, at the opening of the war, could say with an honest pride, that "no common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag," and who maintained unbroken fidelity to the end. I do not forget those who have given so freely of their money, or those who have given treasures infinitely dearer, the very pride and joy of their lives, to their country. I do not forget those who have toiled with loving patience to supply the needs of the sick and the suffering. I do not forget that the entire nation gave itself and all its energies, with a heartiness almost without precedent, to the great work. But yet to Abraham Lincoln, more than to any other power under God, I believe it is indebted for its success. It was his integrity and his wisdom, his firmness and his tact, that, more than any other single influence, united the North, and crushed the South. It is to do honor to his memory that we come together to-day. Alas, that we can pay honor to his memory alone ! Alas, that he is not with us to share the brightest honors of the nation's triumph ! This triumph should not be, and least of all in his heart would it have been, a partisan exultation over the defeat of Southern armies, however much we might have rejoiced together, that the sacrilegious hands lifted against our country have been smitten down. These armies were also American. Even the bloody Sulla and Marius, even Caesar and Augustus, would not celebrate a triumph at the end of a civil war, for thereby the Republic had not been advanced. But though ours has been a civil war, we have cause for a triumph, grander than any that ever

glorified the streets of Rome. The nation is not only one as it was before, it is free as it never was before. The Republic has been advanced. It has reached the grand height of universal liberty. Well may it triumph though its leader has fallen in the strife. Well may it make him, though unseen, a sharer in the victory. As at every pause in the sad journey, in which the slain President was borne back to his home in Illinois, the mourning crowd brought flowers wrought into sweet garlands and sacred crosses, to lay upon his bier, so may we bring our fairest offerings of love and reverence, of praise, and of sorrow which is greater praise, trusting that all may not fail to reach him, even where he is. For if any love and sorrow have power to force their way into the unseen world, pressing on after the departed, shall not the loving sorrow of a bereaved nation have such might.

A change has passed over us, indeed, since we stood in the sudden bewilderment of grief, and strove to utter his greatness and our loss. Then our best words were little more than articulate sobs. In the crowded events of these weeks, that moment seems now remote. We are again calm, cheerful and hopeful. In these last years we have, indeed, almost lost the sense of time. Hope and fear, exultation, and despondency which was half despair, have so chased one another through our hearts, that sometimes the sense of our own identity has seemed confused. Are we the generation that wept over that first terrible defeat? Are we the generation that was wild with a delirious joy, which knew no check or abatement, when Richmond fell? And since the death of Lincoln, surrender has so rapidly

followed surrender, retribution has so terribly followed in the steps of crime, the very last vestige of the rebellion has been so thoroughly uprooted, that we might almost think that years had passed instead of weeks. It is almost as if we stood in the place of our own posterity. We can look back calmly and impartially. We can judge of acts and of actors. We can speak of Lincoln with the soberness of historic truth. We can recount, as we could not before, the story of his life. We can survey and estimate, as we could not then, his character and his work. We can even smile at the good-humored play of his ready wit. But as we thus strive to take in with impartial estimate the full measure of the man, we find that our tears did not magnify the greatness which we lost in him. We find that our calmest thought was not outrun by the strongest emotion of the heart. Nay, the coolest judgment brings back with it something of that first sorrow, for it shows us, in clear and unmistakable outline, how good and how great he was.

Abraham Lincoln sprang of Quaker stock. We first recognize his ancestors in Pennsylvania. It is conjectured that the family came to America in connection with the colonies of PENN, though from a similarity of family names, some have supposed that it was connected with the Massachusetts family of Lincolns, a connection which would do honor to either branch. About the year 1750, which is the first date which appears with any distinctness in its history, the family removed to Virginia, plunging into the heart of what was then a wilderness. About 1780, Abraham Lincoln, the grand-father of the President, removed to Ken-

tucky, following in the track, and sharing the labors and perils, of Daniel Boone, the story of whose adventures made up so much of the romance of our early years. In 1784, he was slain by an Indian, who approached him while he was at his work and unsuspecting of danger. He left a widow, and a family of children, among whom was Thomas Lincoln, the father of the President, then only six years old. Thomas Lincoln grew up amid labor and poverty; and this is all the record that remains of his life. Of the mother of the President, also, little is known save the name. We can indeed draw out, in our mind, the picture of that frontier life, and put into it the sterling sense and integrity, which the son doubtless inherited from his parents. This son, who was to make their name and memory precious to us, was born on the 12th of February, 1809. When he had reached the age of seven years, the family removed into Indiana, which was only to take a step deeper into the wilderness, but into an atmosphere unpolluted by the presence of slavery. In Indiana, Lincoln lived 13 years. They were years full of all the labor that makes up the boyhood of a poor youth in the far wilderness. It was during these years, that he made his first trip down the Mississippi, as one of the hands on a flat-boat. In 1830, when Lincoln was about attaining his majority, the family removed into Illinois. It was soon after this removal, that the future President, by hard labor, all unprophectic of its future fame, earned for himself the historic title of the Rail Splitter. The new rich land must be fenced in, and Lincoln with the help of one man, a relative, split three thousand rails. After this exploit, he left his