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*The Birthdays of*  
**WASHINGTON**  
*and LINCOLN*

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**February 22 and February 12**



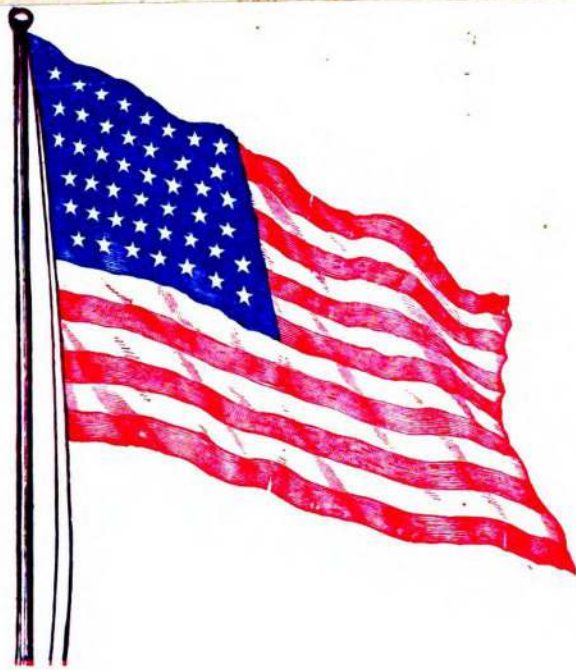
repared for the **Public Schools**  
of **Colorado** by **Helen L. Grenfell**  
*Superintendent of Public Instruc*  
*tion February A. D. MDCCCCI*

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Pedagogical library and museum

Accession No.



*Let us honor our flag and its meaning deep,  
Striving in our hearts its power to keep,  
For its colors ennobled and hold us true,  
With valor in Red, purity White, and justice Blue.*

Denver, Colorado, February, 1901.

*To the Superintendents and Teachers:*

*The faithful work accomplished in the public schools of Colorado in the important duty of cultivating the spirit of patriotism is the best guarantee of what can still further be done in this line for our young people.*

*In planning our work for the celebration of Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, we have an especial inspiration in this opening year of the new century. The full rounding of one hundred years in the history of the national capital at Washington has been appropriately celebrated there by our government, and gives us additional opportunity to impress the patriotic lessons of these important days upon our pupils.*

*It is earnestly urged that this opportunity be improved to the utmost by every school in the state, and it is hoped that the accompanying suggestions and selections may be found a helpful contribution to the work.*

*Helen L. Greenfield*

*Superintendent of Public Instruction.*







## **PATRIOTIC TEACHING IN OUR SCHOOLS**



“The proper study of mankind is man.” No branch taught in our schools furnishes greater food for the forming character than that of history. The material is unlimited. We should study to know how best to present to the young the lessons of our noble past. We can scarcely estimate the value of the reverential regard that may be implanted in our children’s hearts for their country’s heroes, for ideals do influence conduct.

In addition to the birthdays of the two foremost Americans—Washington and Lincoln—the birthdays of others of the men and women deserving honor in our memories may from time to time be marked by devoting a short period of the day to lessons to be drawn from their lives and work.

By every means and in every way we should strive to impart a true understanding of the meaning of our national life, of its high duties and its glorious opportunities. We should teach the child that in his home and his school life he is living also as a citizen of the larger life of his country. His loyalty to home and parents form the basis of his loyalty to his school, its rules and authority, its community of his peers. His future as a citizen of the United States is most intimately connected with his present discharge of the duties of his youthful days. Home life, school life, national life—the one must help the other. We should teach him through the observance of these birthdays and the feelings of veneration which they awaken that the history of a nation is represented by the history of its great men, but that the child, as well as his elders, is a part of the nation. We should teach him to know that the future holds as great possibilities of service to his country as the history of the past has chronicled, and that the heroism of Washington and of Lincoln found its basis in characters of unswerving principle. Our children are now storing the force that will enable them to meet the demands of citizenship in the twentieth century, and it should be our study to improve every opportunity to aid them in such character building as will furnish our nation with the power to accomplish whatever the future has in store.



## THE NATIONAL CAPITAL'S CENTENNIAL



On December 12, 1900, a centennial celebration was held at Washington, D. C., commemorative of the establishment there of the capital of the United States. At the close of its first century of existence, the city of Washington is in many respects the finest city in America, and is one of the most beautiful capitals in the world. With this in mind, it is interesting to note a description of Washington as it appeared in its first year of age, 1800:

“Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One wing of the capitol only had been erected, which, with the president’s house, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible, unless we except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called the New Jersey avenue. The Pennsylvania avenue, leading, as laid down on paper, from the capitol to the presidential mansion, was nearly the whole distance a deep morass covered with elder bushes, which were cut through to the president’s house; and near Georgetown a block of houses had been erected which bore the name of the ‘six buildings.’ There were also two other blocks consisting of two or three dwelling houses in different directions, and now and then an isolated wooden habitation; the intervening spaces, and, indeed, the surface of the city generally, being covered with scrub-oak bushes on the higher grounds, and on the marshy soil either trees or some sort of shrubbery. There appeared to be but two really

comfortable habitations in all respects within the bounds of the city, one of which belonged to Daniel Carroll and the other to Notley Young. The roads in every direction were muddy and unimproved. It was a new settlement.

“When the seat of government was transferred from Philadelphia to Washington there were but three thousand inhabitants, and the transition from the populous and comfortable Quaker City was anything but agreeable to the officials. They made no concealment of their discontent, writing letters to the Northern newspapers in which the capital was spoken of as a ‘mudhole almost equal to the great Serbonian bog,’ ‘a capital of miserable huts,’ ‘a city of streets without houses,’ ‘without one solitary attractive feature.’”

The program of exercises on the anniversary day included a reception by the President to the Governors of the States and Territories, held in the morning at the Executive Mansion, and followed by remarks on the history of the White House and on the development of the nation and of the District of Columbia. Early in the afternoon a military, naval and civic procession escorted the Presidential party to the Capitol, where the parade was reviewed by the President. Commemorative exercises were then held jointly by the Senate and House of Representatives, during which addresses were made upon the transfer of the national capital from Philadelphia to Washington, the establishment of the seat of government in the District of Columbia, the history of the first century of the national capital, and the future of the United States and its capital. In the evening a reception at the Corcoran Art Gallery in honor of the Governors of the States and Territories, closed the centennial celebration. The Executive of Colorado was among the guests.

## THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS



During the first year of the administration of the first President, the capital of the new nation was New York and the residence of the Executive was No. 3 Franklin Square. Owing to the great stateliness and dignity of the hostess, and her reproduction of the ceremonious observances of the foreign heads of governments, the receptions of President and Mrs. Washington gained for their official home the name of the Republican Court. During the second year, the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia, where it remained for ten years, and where Washington occupied a house on Market street, which he rented from Mr. Robert Morris.

The second President, John Adams, and his wife, Abigail, passed three years and a half of official life in Philadelphia, and in June, 1800, traveled to the new city of Washington, and took up their residence at the White House. That first White House must have been more imposing than convenient, judging from the description given by Mrs. Adams in a letter:

“The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order. \* \* \* The lighting, from kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues, is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this

great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. \* \* \* The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished. \* \* \* We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying room of, to hang up the clothes in."

However, much was done during the short half year of the Adams occupancy of the new mansion to render it more habitable, and in the administration following but little was required of its powers in the way of entertainment. President Jefferson's wife had died and his daughters were married, and partly because there was no mistress of the White House, partly because of his ideals of democratic simplicity, Jefferson abolished the custom of holding levees. We are told that some of the Washington ladies determined to gather in force at the usual time and attempt to continue the custom, but finding themselves received by the President as they found him, hat in hand, spurs on his feet, clothing covered with dust, just after a long horseback ride, they did not repeat their experiment.

During the administration of the fourth President, the hospitality of his wife, the charming and popular "Dolly" Madison, made the White House receptions gay and delightful gatherings. It was during this term, however, that the greatest disaster of its life befell the historic mansion. The War of 1812 was in progress, and but few of the troops were left to defend the nation's capital,

when the alarm was given of the presence of the British only a few miles away.

In great haste the people packed their valuables and fled. Under the President's direction, many important documents were saved, among them the originals of the Declaration of Independence, of the Federal Constitution and of General Washington's Commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Revolution. A magnificent portrait of General Washington hung in the state dining room, and to Mrs. Madison its preservation is due. There was not time to unscrew the massive frame from the wall, and the servants broke it with a heavy axe and removed the painting uninjured. This was the foundation for the oft-repeated tale that Mrs. Madison cut out the valuable canvas with a carving knife, a story which she denied, stating that she only lingered to see the painting safely removed before stepping into the carriage waiting to convey her to safety. What must have been the feelings of the intrepid mistress of the White House, as she fled, not knowing where or when she would meet her husband, and beholding in the distance the flames devouring the roof that now sheltered her home! Terrified people filled the whole region, spreading reports of the approach of the enemy from every direction. The confusion was augmented by a furious thunder storm accompanied by a destructive wind, and at one time during Mrs. Madison's flight, she was kept waiting in the rain outside an inn occupied by people who declared that the wife of him who had brought on the war should not find shelter with them, its innocent victims. It was not many days before

the enemy, much smaller in force than was supposed by the frightened people, retreated from the ruined city and its inhabitants returned. During the remainder of his term President Madison occupied first the Octagon house, where he signed the treaty of peace, and afterwards the house on Pennsylvania avenue which had been previously occupied by the Treasury Department. It was in February, 1816, after the restoration of peace, that the most brilliant levee ever held by a President up to that time was given by President and Mrs. Madison.

The Executive Mansion was opened on January 1, 1818, for the reception of visitors for the first time after its destruction by the British. Its subsequent history has included no adventure of similar terrible nature, but many interesting details in the lives of its occupants.

The first wedding in the White House was that of Miss Todd, a relative of Mrs. Madison, and John G. Jackson, Congressman from Virginia, in 1811. Miss Martha Monroe, daughter of the President, was married to Mr. Gouverneur, of New York, in 1820. John Quincy Adams, Jr., married Miss Johnson in 1826, during his father's administration. During Jackson's administration the daughter of Major Lewis, of Nashville, married M. Paquetot, of Martinique, subsequently French minister to the United States. Miss Easton, President Jackson's niece, was married to Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, during her uncle's administration. President Tyler's daughter was married to Mr. Waller, of Virginia, during her father's administration. Miss Nellie Grant was married to Mr. Sartoris, during President Grant's administration. Miss



Emily Platt was married to General Russell Hastings. Although President Tyler's second marriage occurred during his administration, the ceremony was performed in New York, and the only instance of the marriage of a President under the White House roof has been that of President Cleveland, who was married to Miss Frances Folsom, in 1886.

The White House was so called in honor of the Virginia home of Mrs. Washington, in which she was married. Washington's happy memories of that residence led him to suggest the building of a white house for the Presidents.

The cost of the original building was three hundred thousand dollars, and its rebuilding after the burning of 1814, its refurnishings at different times, and its various additions and alterations have cost over one million seven hundred thousand dollars. The corner-stone of the building was laid on October 13, 1792. The material of its construction is Virginia free stone, which is so porous that it would admit dampness if it were not for a thick coat of white lead which is renewed about once every ten years. The house has a magnificent situation in the western part of the city, on a plot of ground of twenty acres, forty-four feet above high water mark. It contains thirty-one rooms, including offices, reception rooms, President's office and library.

With its hundred years of usefulness and its countless associations with the foremost families of the country, there are few buildings of greater interest to Americans than this Home of the Presidents.



## CHILDREN OF THE WHITE HOUSE



It is a singular fact in the history of the home of our Presidents that very few children have lived within its walls. The enumeration of the children connected with the lives of the various dwellers in the White House is not long.

The two children of Mrs. Washington, Martha and John Parke Custis, grew up in the home of their mother and stepfather, during the years preceding the Revolution. The daughter died during this period, and the son died after the beginning of the Revolution, leaving a widow and four young children to the tender care of General Washington and his wife. Two of these children, a boy and a girl, were adopted by Washington, and thenceforth formed part of his family. Little Eleanor Parke Custis was the pride of her grandmother, and a great favorite with Washington, to whom all her childish

confidences were given. She grew to be one of the most brilliant and charming women of her time, and was married to Mr. Lawrence Lewis, the son of George Washington's sister, Elizabeth.

We find no children in the White House again until the administration of Andrew Jackson, when his niece, Mrs. Andrew Jackson Donelson, presided over his household. Mrs. Donelson's four children were born at the White House, and their earliest recollections were of the receptions and state dinners where their mother was hostess. The President was very fond of the lovely group of children, and it was his delight to get a leisure hour away from his cares to join in their games.

The next children to dwell under this historic roof were the three sons of Abraham Lincoln, and it was there that the President and his wife were called to mourn the death of their second son, Willie. President Lincoln was devotedly fond of his children, and took his greatest delight in their society, almost being blinded to their faults, and entirely laying aside his sternness when with them. Many anecdotes are related in connection with the youngest son, "Tad," who seems to have been much in his father's thoughts when they were separated, for we are told that the President sent such telegrams as the following:

"Washington, January 9, 1863.

"Mrs. Lincoln, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania:

"Think you had better put Tad's pistol away; I had an ugly dream about him.

"A. LINCOLN."

Some time in 1864 a telegram to Mrs. Lincoln contained the sentence:

“Tell Tad the goats and father are very well—especially the goats.”

Tad was the son who accompanied his mother on her European trip after his father's tragic death, and who, on their return, defended her against obtrusive reporters. He unfortunately died before quite reaching manhood. The oldest son, Robert, is living, and has rendered important services to his country in political lines.

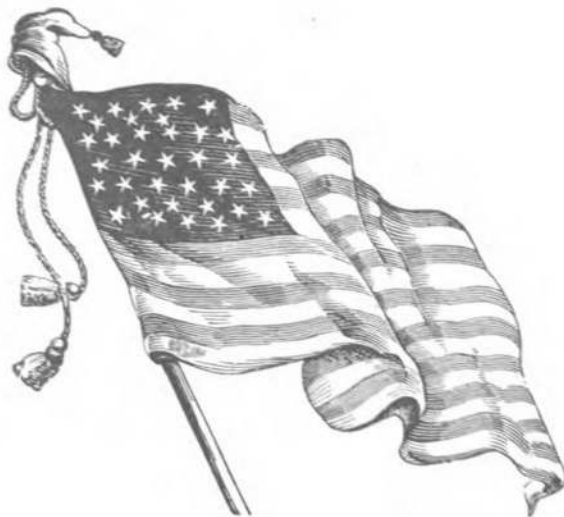
While Andrew Johnson was finishing Lincoln's second term, the White House was graced by two charming children belonging to his daughter, Martha Johnson Patterson, who acted as hostess, on account of the invalid conditions of Mrs. Johnson.

The two sons and two daughters of President Garfield hardly find place under our present subject, since the youngest, “Molly,” was a school girl of fifteen at the time of her father's election, but their respective careers as useful and successful citizens have attracted the cordial interest of the public.

During the administration of President Harrison his daughter, Mary Harrison McKee, was a member of his household, and her little son, popularly known as “Baby McKee,” was a subject of great interest to us all. In these days much is written in newspapers concerning the families of high public officials, and the four little daughters of President Cleveland have been the interesting theme for many paragraphs, and doubtless would have

been for many more, were it not for the judicious management of their mother. The second child, Esther, was born in the White House. Mrs. Cleveland personally superintends her children's education and takes great pains to rear them in modest retirement from the public attention.

Our Presidents have nearly always attained their exalted office late in life, when their children were men and women, and the rarity of child life in the White House has surrounded the little ones here mentioned with peculiar interest.





## NAMES OF ORIGINAL THIRTEEN STATES



With Dates of Their Ratification  
of the Constitution



Delaware . . . . .	1787
Pennsylvania . . . . .	1787
New Jersey . . . . .	1787
Georgia . . . . .	1788
Connecticut . . . . .	1788
Massachusetts . . . . .	1788
Maryland . . . . .	1788
South Carolina . . . . .	1788
New Hampshire . . . . .	1788
Virginia . . . . .	1788
New York . . . . .	1788
North Carolina . . . . .	1789
Rhode Island . . . . .	1789

## FLAG DAYS



### Suggested for Different Months



- Sept. 3, 1783. Treaty of Peace at Paris, Closing Revolutionary War.
- Oct. 2, 1492. Discovery of America.
- Oct. 19, 1781. Surrender of Cornwallis.
- Nov. —, 1621. First Thanksgiving Day.
- Dec. 22, 1620. Landing of Pilgrims; Forefathers' Day.
- Jan. 1, 1863. Emancipation Proclamation.
- Feb. 12, 1809. Birthday of Abraham Lincoln.
- Feb. 22, 1732. Birthday of George Washington.
- Mar. 9, 1862. Battle of Monitor and Merrimac.
- Mar. 30, 1870. Fifteenth Amendment.
- April 9, 1865. Lee's Surrender.
- April 19, 1775. Battle of Lexington.
- April 20, 1898. Declaration of War Between United States and Spain.
- May 1, 1898. Battle of Manila Bay.
- June 14, 1777. Birth of the Flag of the United States.
- June 17, 1775. Battle of Bunker Hill.
- July 1, 2 and 3. Battle of Gettysburg.
- July 4, 1776. Declaration of Independence.
- Aug. 1, 1876. Colorado was Admitted to the Union.
- Aug. 9, 1812. Battle of the Constitution and Guerriere.

## SOME NOTABLE BIRTHDAYS



- Jan. 6, 1811—Charles Sumner.
- Jan. 17, 1706—Benjamin Franklin.
- Jan. 18, 1782—Daniel Webster.
- Jan. 21, 1813—John C. Fremont.
- Feb. 8, 1820—William T. Sherman.
- Feb. 12, 1809—Abraham Lincoln.
- Feb. 22, 1732—George Washington.
- Feb. 22, 1819—James Russell Lowell.
- Feb. 27, 1807—Henry W. Longfellow.
- Mar. 6, 1831—Philip H. Sheridan.
- Mar. 15, 1767—Andrew Jackson.
- April 2, 1743—Thomas Jefferson.
- April 3, 1783—Washington Irving.
- April 12, 1777—Henry Clay.
- April 27, 1822—Ulysses S. Grant.
- June 14, 1812—Harriet Beecher Stowe.
- July 4, 1804—Nathaniel Hawthorne.
- Aug. 29, 1809—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- Sept. 6, 1757—Lafayette.
- Sept. 28, 1839—Frances Willard.
- Oct. 31, 1735—John Adams.
- Nov. 3, 1794—William Cullen Bryant.
- Nov. 29, 1832—Louisa M. Alcott.
- Dec. 17, 1807—John Greenleaf Whittier.



## **SOME AMERICAN INVENTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY**



First steamboat, invented by Robert Fulton, 1807, sailed up the Hudson.

Reaper and mower, invented by McCormick, 1834.

Revolver, invented by Colt, 1835.

Friction match, 1829.

Screw propeller, invented by Ericsson, 1836.

Vulcanized rubber put to use in manufacture of waterproof clothing by Goodyear, 1839.

Electric telegraph, invented by Morse, 1837. First line in the United States, 1844.

First steam fire engine tried in New York, 1841.

Sewing machine, invented by Elias Howe, 1846.

Use of ether in surgery successfully tried by Dr. Morton, of Boston, 1846.

Atlantic cable laid by Cyrus W. Field, 1866.

Telephone invented by Bell, 1876.

Phonograph, invented by Edison, 1877-88.

Electric light produced by Edison's application of sub-division, 1878.

Electric railroad operated by Edison, 1884.

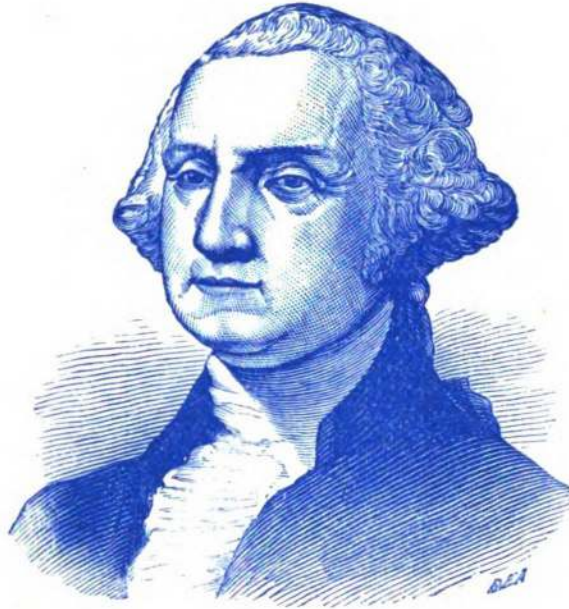
## PROGRAM SUGGESTED



1. Song—Hail Columbia.
2. Recitation.
3. Essay. (On historical or patriotic subject.)
4. Recitation. (For several pupils.)
5. Song—Star Spangled Banner.
6. Reading. (From works of Washington or of Lincoln.)
7. Recitation.
8. Essay. (Subject connected with Life of Our Country.)  
Quotations from Washington or Lincoln (by different pupils).
9. Flag Drill (or other general exercises).
10. Song—America, or Columbia's the Gem of the Ocean.

NOTE—In primary schools it seems best to have each child recite one stanza or paragraph where unable to learn longer selections. This gives all a share in the exercises.





**EXTRACTS FROM WASHINGTON'S  
FAREWELL ADDRESS**



**September 17, 1796**



In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my political life my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me, and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circum-

stances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead; amidst appearances sometimes dubious; vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not infrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guaranty of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution which is the work of your hands may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it. \* \* \*

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private or public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the

security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of the government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. \* \* \*

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct. And can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it?



## EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION



This document was issued by Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, for the purpose of giving freedom to all persons in the United States who were held as slaves. It was issued as a war measure, and was based upon the authority of the president as commander-in-chief of the army and navy in time of armed rebellion. About four million slaves were set free under this proclamation. On June 9, 1862, congress had passed an act that from and after that date there should be no slavery or involuntary servitude in any of the territories of the United States. On January 31, 1865, the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States was adopted by congress and subsequently ratified by the states. The following is the proclamation:



Whereas, on the 22d 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 following in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves in any state, or designated part of a State, the people whereof 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 testimony, 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 rebel-

lion, 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 proclaim for the full period of one hundred 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 parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terra Bonne, La Fourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Acomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this Proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforth shall be free; and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary



self-defense, and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my name and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed.



Done at the City of Washington this first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

Secretary of State.

## MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON



Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any one hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him, without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech is ended.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, nor approach persons that speak in private.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive,

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment with modesty.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Utter no reproachful language against any one. Neither curse nor revile.

Mock not nor jest at anything of importance; utter no jests that are sharp biting; and if you deliver any-

thing witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Go not where you are uncertain whether you will be welcome or not.

Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for such speech is a sign of commendable nature; and, in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.





## MEMORABLE LANGUAGE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN



For Quotation Exercise



The Union must be preserved.

Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history.

A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws.

I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

If our sense of duty forbid slavery, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively.

I hope peace will come soon and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time.

In giving freedom to the slaves we assure freedom to the free, honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.

If this country cannot be saved without giving up the principle of Liberty, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.

To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color and for no offense against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy; but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift.

Gold is good in its place; but living, patriotic men are better than gold.

God must like common people or he would not have made so many.

I am indeed very grateful to the brave men who have been struggling with the enemy in the field.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.

The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance.

And having thus chosen our course without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts. (From Special Session Message, July 4, 1861.)



## AT THE END OF THE CENTURY



BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.



### Britannia to Columbia

Daughter! and uncrowned Sister-Queen! and Friend!  
The year wanes, and with that the Hundred Years.  
New on thy brow the centuries descend!  
On mine the frost and sunlight, triumphs, tears,  
Leave trace of many. Look! what silvered locks  
Mingle with gold under my diadem;  
While thy fair braids, unfluttered by all shocks,  
Shine hyacinthine. Great Land! fasten them  
Fearless, with fresh stars 'neath thy Phrygian cap.  
I send thee motherly kiss and benison;  
Love me, or love me not; hap what may hap,  
My pride and prayers watch thy bright course begun;  
Thou dost uphold the lessons learned from me,  
And speak'st my Shakspeare's speech;—God go with thee!



### Columbia to Britannia

Mother! I send thy proud kiss back to thee  
By subtler wire than whatsoever ties  
Thy shores and mine, beneath the severing sea,  
The bond of breed, of kindred blood that flies  
Glad to my cheek at this thy salutation.  
I have been self-willed,—I shall be again;  
Eut thine to me is not another nation;  
My knee, not wont to bend, to-day is fain  
To make thee courtesy for all thine ages;  
For that same reverend silver in thy hair;  
For all thy famous worthies, statesmen, sages;  
God go with thee! If thy foes too much dare  
I think we shall no more be kept asunder  
Than two great clouds in heaven that hold the thunder.

London, England.

—From the *New York Independent*, December 27, 1900.

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY



'Tis splendid to live so grandly  
That long after you are gone,  
The things you did are remembered,  
And recounted under the sun;  
To live so bravely and purely,  
That a nation stops on its way,  
And once a year, with banner and drum,  
Keeps its thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid, to have a record,  
So white and free from stain  
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,  
Though tested and tried amain;  
That age to age forever  
Repeats its story of love,  
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,  
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,  
A steadfast soul and true,  
Who stood for his country's honor  
When his country's days were few.  
And now when its days are many,  
And its flag of stars is flung  
To the breeze in defiant challenge,  
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,  
To be so great and strong,  
That your memory is ever a tocsin  
To rally the foes of the wrong;  
To live so proudly and purely  
That your people pause in their way,  
And year by year, with banner and drum,  
Keep the thought of your natal day.

—MARGARET SANGSTER.



## PATRIOT SONS OF PATRIOT SIRES



(The following poem was written by Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, the author of our national hymn, "America.")

The small life coiled within the seed—  
A promise hid away—  
But dimly heralds what shall be  
When comes that perfect day;  
But sun and rain, and frost and heat,  
Enrich the fertile fields,  
And the small life of earlier years  
A waving harvest yields.

The corn that slumbers in the hill—  
A disc of golden grain—  
Stands up at last a rustling host,  
And covers all the plain.  
Who knows to what the infant germ  
In coming season leads,  
Or how the golden grain expands  
And mighty armies feeds?

The acorn in its little cup,  
High on the breezy hill,  
Waits for the fulness of the times  
Its mission to fulfill.  
And year by year grows grand and strong—  
What shall the future be?  
A noble forest on the land,  
A navy on the sea.

The bright-eyed boys who crowd our schools  
The knights of book and pen,  
Weary of childish games and moods,  
Will soon be stalwart men—  
The leaders in the race of life,  
The men to win applause;  
The great minds born to guide the state,  
The wise to make the laws.

Teach them to guard with jealous care  
The land that gave them birth—  
As patriot sons of patriot sires,  
The dearest spot of earth;  
Teach them the sacred trust to keep,  
Like true men pure and brave,  
And o'er them through the ages bid  
Freedom's fair banner wave.



### ABRAHAM LINCOLN



'Mid the names that fate has written  
On the deathless scroll of fame,  
We behold the name of Lincoln,  
Shining like a living flame.

'Mid the deeds the world remembers,  
(Deeds by dauntless heroes done,)  
We behold the deeds of Lincoln,  
Blazing like a shining sun.

'Mid the lives whose light illumines  
History's dark and dreadful page,  
We behold the life of Lincoln,  
Lighting up an awful age.

When the storm of peril threatened  
His loved land to overwhelm,  
Safe the ship of state he guided,  
With his hand upon the helm.

Statesman, ruler, hero, martyr—  
Fitting names for him, I say;  
Wherefore, let us all, as brothers,  
Love his memory to-day.

—SUSAN M. BEST.

RECITATION: "WHEN LINCOLN DIED"



When Lincoln died, a universal grief  
Went round the earth. Men loved him in that hour.  
The North her leader lost; the South, her friend;  
The nation lost its savior; and the slave  
Lost her deliverer, the most of all.  
O, there was sorrow 'mid the humble poor,  
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a great soul passed from earth.  
In him were strength and gentleness so mixed,  
That each upheld the other. He was firm;  
And yet was kind, as tender as a child,  
And yet as iron-willed as Hercules.  
His power was almost limitless, and yet  
His mercy was as boundless as his power.  
And he was jovial, laughter-loving; still  
His heart was ever torn with suffering.  
There was divine compassion in the man;  
A God-like love and pity for his race.  
The world saw the full measure of that love,  
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, a type was lost to men.  
The earth has had her conquerors and kings,  
And many of the common great; through all,  
She only had one Lincoln. There are none  
Like him in all the annals of the past.  
He was the growth of our new soil; the child  
Of our new time; he was American;  
Was of the people, from the lowest rank,  
And yet he scaled with ease the highest height.  
Mankind one of its few immortals lost,  
When Lincoln died.

When Lincoln died, it seemed a providence;  
For he appeared as one sent for a work,  
Whom, when that work was done, God summoned home.  
He led a splendid fight for liberty,  
And when the shackles fell the land was saved.  
He laid his armor by and sought his rest.  
A glory, sent from heaven, covered him,  
When Lincoln died.

—J. A. EDGERTON.

## THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON



Welcome, thou festal morn!  
Never be passed in scorn  
    Thy rising sun.  
Thou day forever bright  
With Freedom's holy light,  
That gave the world the sight  
    Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,  
Behold that noble form—  
    That peerless one—  
With his protecting hand,  
Like Freedom's angel, stand,  
The guardian of our land,  
    Our Washington.

Traced there in lines of light,  
Where all pure rays unite,  
    Obscured by none;  
Brightest on history's page,  
Of any clime or age,  
As chieftain, man, and sage,  
    Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale,  
And their proud legions quail,  
    Their boasting done;  
While Freedom lifts her head,  
No longer filled with dread,  
Her sons to victory led  
    By Washington.

Now the true patriot see,  
The foremost of the free,  
    The victory won.  
In Freedom's presence bow,  
While sweetly smiling now  
She wreathes the spotless brow  
    Of Washington.

Then with each coming year,  
Whenever shall appear  
    That natal sun,  
Will we attest the worth  
Of one true man to earth  
And celebrate the birth  
    Of Washington.

—GEORGE HOWLAND.

## NUTS TO CRACK



(For Fourteen Pupils.)



### American Historical Acrostic

*Note—Let each write the name in his verse on the blackboard, so that when the exercise is concluded all can spell the name formed by the initial letters.*

When dark clouds of war wrapped our country in gloom,  
This brave general's victory averted our doom.

O, American Wizard, we lived in the dark,  
Till your genius set free the electrical spark.

From England this soldier, philanthropist, came,  
To found our fair Georgia and give her a name.

Ride! ride through the country the warning to sound,  
Arousing the patriots a nation to found!

Our honored chief magistrate, brave 'fore the foe,  
The hand of a murderous assassin laid low.

And thou, Sage of Concord, with word and with pen,  
High thinking, pure living, didst seek to teach men.

Of snow-bound New England one sweetly did sing;  
Of faith, home and country his verses all ring.

This Puritan youth was both gentle and brave,  
The sweetest of maidens her heart to him gave.

Ah, brave Irish soldier! so bold in the fray,  
Thy ride makes thee famous the world o'er to-day.

O noble young patriot! shot as a spy!  
He grieved he but once for his country could die.

By the Hudson's broad stream, in a fair, sunny nook,  
This man's graceful pen gave us many a bright book.

A fair Southern seaport, with great navy yard,  
Many ships of our country will faithfully guard.

O'er North Carolina Cornwallis you drew,  
And led such a dance that he hardly won through.

An Indian warrior fought bravely and well,  
But at last, before Harrison, fighting, he fell.

See these crowds madly rushing free lands to obtain  
In this new territory. Pray what is its name?

With three little ships bold Columbus came o'er,  
This one of the three bore him back from this shore.

Now, friends, take these primals and with them you'll spell  
The name we most honor—you all know it well.

“First in war, first in peace,”  
Oh, what more can we say?  
“In the hearts of his countrymen  
First!” Yes, for aye!

—Adapted from *Youth's Companion*.

NOTE TO TEACHER—1. Grant. 2. Edison. 3. Oglethorpe. 4. Revere.  
5. Garfield. 6. Emerson. 7. Whittier. 8. Alden. 9. Sheridan. 10. Hale.  
11. Irving. 12. Norfolk. 13. Greene. 14. Tecumseh. 15. Oklahoma.  
16. Nina. (Washington.)



### OUR FLAG



Fling it from mast and steeple,  
Symbol o'er land and sea  
Of the life of a happy people,  
Gallant and strong and free.  
Proudly we view its colors,  
Flag of the brave and true,  
With the clustered stars and the steadfast bars,  
The red, the white and the blue.

Flag of the fearless hearted,  
Flag of the broken chain,  
Flag in a day-dawn started,  
Never to pale or wane.  
Dearly we prize its colors,  
With the heaven light breaking through,  
The clustered stars and the steadfast bars,  
The red, the white and the blue.

Flag of the sturdy fathers,  
Flag of the loyal sons,  
Beneath its folds it gathers  
Earth's best and noblest ones.  
Boldly we wave its colors,  
Our veins are thrilled anew,  
By the steadfast bars, the clustered stars,  
The red, the white and the blue.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



### CARMEN BELLICOSUM



In their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old Continentals,  
Yielding not,  
When the grenadiers were lunging,  
And like hail fell the plunging  
Cannon shot;  
When the files  
Of the isles  
From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the rampant  
Unicorn,  
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer  
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,  
And with guns horizontal,  
Stood our sires;  
And the balls whistled deadly,  
And in streams flashing redly  
Blazed the fires,  
As the roar  
On the shore  
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres  
Of the plain;  
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,  
Cracked amain!

Now like smiths at their forges  
Worked the red St. George's  
Cannoniers;  
And the "villainous saltpetre"  
Rung a fierce, discordant metre  
Round their ears;  
As the swift  
Storm-drift,  
With hot sweeping anger, came the Horse Guards' clangor  
On our flanks.  
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire  
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel  
Galoped through the white infernal  
Powder-cloud;  
And his broadsword was swinging,  
And his brazen throat was ringing  
Trumpet loud.  
Then the blue  
Bullets flew,  
And the trooper jackets redden at the touch of the leaden  
Rifle-breath;  
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-pounder  
Hurling death!

—GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.



### OUR COUNTRY AND FLAG



Hail, brightest banner that floats on the gale!  
Flag of the country of Washington, hail!  
Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave;  
Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave;  
Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the free.  
Banner of Washington! blessings on thee!

\* \* \* \* \*

Traitors shall perish and treason shall fail;  
Kingdoms and thrones in thy glory grow pale!  
Thou shalt live on, and thy people shall own  
Loyalty's sweet, when each heart is thy throne;  
Union and Freedom thine heritage be.  
Country of Washington! blessings on thee!

—WILLIAM E. ROBINSON.



## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS



The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed;  
And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;  
Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear;—  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.  
Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang  
To the anthem of the free!  
The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam;  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band;  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?  
There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!  
Aye, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod.  
They have left unstained what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God.

—FELICIA HEMANS.

## THE COMMON SCHOOL



The sheet anchor of the ship of state is the common school. Teach, first and last, Americanism. Let no youth leave the school without being thoroughly grounded in the history, the principles and the incalculable blessings of American liberty. Let the boys be the trained soldiers of constitutional freedom, the girls the intelligent mothers of freemen. American liberty must be protected.—CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.



## STAND BY THE FLAG



Stand by the flag, its folds have streamed in glory;  
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,  
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story  
Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe.  
Stand by the flag, on land and ocean billow;  
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;  
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow,  
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.  
Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning;  
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,  
That it will float until the eternal morning  
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.

—ANON.



## THE PATRIOT'S ELYSIUM



There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night.  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.  
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?"  
Art thou a man, a patriot? Look around!  
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## LINCOLN



He was the North, the South, the East, the West,  
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;  
There was no section that he held the best;  
His love shone as impartial as the sun;  
And so, Revenge appealed to him in vain.  
He smiled at it, as at a thing forlorn,  
And gently put it from him, rose and stood  
A moment's space in pain,  
Remembering the prairies and the corn,  
And the glad voices of the field and wood.  
And then, when Peace set wing upon the wind,  
And, northward flying, fanned the clouds away,  
He passed as martyrs pass. Ah, who shall find  
The chord to sound the pathos of that day!  
Mid-April blowing sweet across the land,  
New bloom of freedom opening to the world,  
Loud pæans of the homeward-looking host,  
The salutations grand  
From grimy guns, the tattered flags unfurled;  
But he must sleep, to all the glory lost!

—MAURICE THOMPSON.



## ONE OF THE PEOPLE



A laboring man, with horny hands,  
Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands,  
Who shrank from nothing new,  
But did as poor men do!

One of the People! Born to be  
Their curious epitome;  
To share, yet rise above,  
Their shifting hate and love.

Common his mind (it seemed so then),  
His thoughts the thoughts of other men;  
Plain were his words, and poor—  
But now they will endure!

No hasty fool, of stubborn will,  
But prudent, cautious, pliant, still;  
Who, since his work was good,  
Would do it as he could.

No hero, this, of Roman mould;  
Nor like our stately sires of old;  
Perhaps he was not great—  
But he preserved the State!

O honest face, which all men knew!  
O tender heart, but known to few!  
O Wonder of the Age,  
Cut off by tragic Rage!

—R. H. STODDARD.



### UNION AND LIBERTY



Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battlefield's thunder and flame,  
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!  
Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread its fair emblems from mountains to shore,  
While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry,  
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,  
Pride of her children, and honored afar,  
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation  
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

\* \* \* \* \*

Lord of the Universe! Shield us and guide us,  
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!  
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?  
Keep us, O keep us, the Many In One.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
    Through storm and night!  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
    By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise  
To God above the skies:  
    On Him we wait.  
Thou, who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
    God save the State.

—JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.



### HOW WE BECAME A NATION



When George the King would punish folk  
    Who dared resist his angry will—  
Resist him with their hearts of oak  
That neither King nor Council broke—  
    He told Lord North to mend his quill,  
    And sent his Parliament a Bill.

The Boston Port Bill was the thing  
    He flourished with his royal hand;  
A subtle lash with scorpion's sting,  
Across the seas he made it swing,  
    And with its cruel thong he planned  
    To quell the disobedient land.

His minions heard it sing, and bare  
The port of Boston felt his wrath;  
They let no ship cast anchor there,  
They summoned Hunger and Despair,  
And curses in an aftermath—  
Followed their desolating path.

No coal might enter there, nor wood,  
Nor Holland flax, nor silks from France;  
No drugs for dying pangs, no food,  
For any mother's little brood.  
"Now," said the King, "we have our chance,  
We'll lead the haughty knaves a dance."

No other flags lit up the bay,  
Like full-blown blossoms in the air  
Than where the British warships lay;  
The wharves were idle; all the day  
The idle men, grown gaunt and spare,  
Saw trouble, pall-like everywhere.

Then in across the meadow land,  
From lonely farm and hunter's tent,  
From fertile field and fallow strand,  
Pouring it out with lavish hand,  
The neighboring burghs their bounty sent,  
And laughed at King and Parliament.

To bring them succor, Marblehead  
Joyous, her deep-sea fishing sought,  
Her trees with ringing stroke and tread,  
Old many-rivered Newbury sped,  
And Groton in her granaries wrought,  
And generous flocks old Windham brought.

Rice from the Carolinas came,  
Iron from Pennsylvania's forge,  
And, with a spirit all aflame,  
Tobacco leaf and corn and game,  
The Midlands sent, and in his gorge,  
The colonies defied King George.

At Hartford hung in black array,  
Her town house, and at half-mast there,  
The flags flowed, and the bells all day  
Tolled heavily, and far away  
In great Virginia's solemn air  
The House of Burgesses held prayer.

Down long glades of the forest floor  
The same thrill ran through every vein,  
And down the long Atlantic shore;  
Its heat the tyrant's fetters tore  
And welded them through stress and strain  
Of long years to a mightier chain.

That mighty chain with links of steel  
Bound all the Old Thirteen at last,  
Through one electric pulse to feel  
The common foe, the common weal.  
And so the day the Port Bill passed  
Made us a nation hard and fast.

—HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



*(The following is considered by many the finest poem on Lincoln ever written.)*

### **O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!**



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1865.

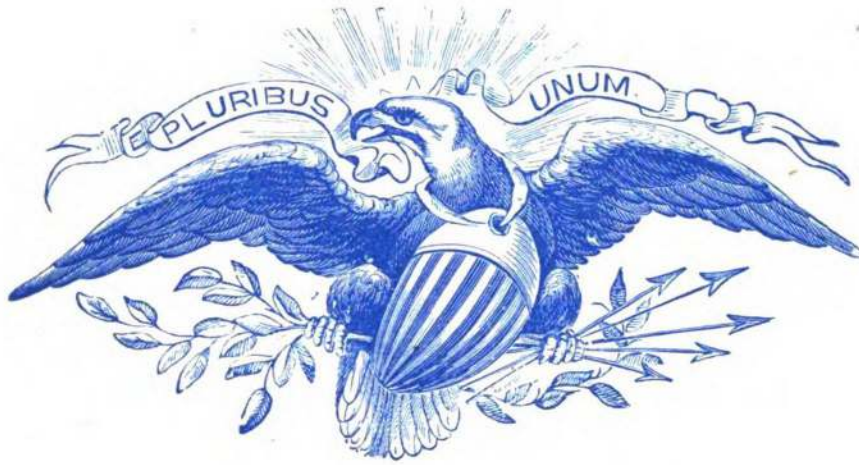
O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
    But O heart; heart! heart!  
    O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
    Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores  
    a-crowding;  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
    Hear, Captain! dear father!  
    This arm beneath your head;  
It is some dream that on the deck  
    You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
    Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!  
    But I will mournful tread,  
Walk the deck where my Captain lies,  
    Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN.





## OF INTEREST TO PRIMARY PUPILS



### LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD



1. The little log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born was in Kentucky and here, on February 12, 1809, he began the struggle of life. The Lincolns were poor. The rough log hut had no windows and the earth was their floor. The one little room had scant furniture, the dishes were of wood and bags of dried leaves were their beds. Through great cracks between the logs the rain, wind and snow came into the little room.

Lincoln's mother once made him a little coat from the skin of a bear which his father shot. Lincoln when but a little boy worked hard. He helped his father chop trees, clear up the brush, milk the cow and sometimes fish and shoot.



### LINCOLN'S MOTHER



2. By and by, when Lincoln was about seven years old, they sold their log cabin in Kentucky. A raft was made and they all went down the river to another home.

Lincoln loved his mother dearly and was always ready to help her. In their new home, his mother became sick and died.

Abraham and his sister Sarah saw her laid away and Abraham wished a minister might have been there to speak, but there was none. He determined to write a letter to a traveling preacher, and that letter was one of the first he ever wrote. He begged the preacher to come and speak words of comfort over his mother's grave. The kind old preacher came and when he spoke so tenderly, and when hymns were sung that day, little Abraham Lincoln resolved he would be a good boy.



### LINCOLN'S BOOKS



3. This boy had few books; among them were the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress. These he read and re-read. Then he borrowed books of his neighbors, read them by firelight, read them out in the fields when pausing a moment for rest when working, and read them when walking. He had his book by his side through the day and under his head at night. Once he walked seven miles for a book. When he reached home he copied all the parts he felt he might need in that arithmetic. Again he walked twelve miles for another book.

Once when a borrowed book became stained he worked three days on the man's farm and then he became the owner of the book. How happy he was! This book was the Life of Washington.  
—THE TEACHER'S WORLD.



### RECITATION: "THE HARD WORK PLAN"



From the lowest depths of poverty  
To the highest heights of fame,  
From obscureness of position  
To a bright and shining name,  
From the mass of human beings,  
Who compose the common clan,  
You can earn your way to greatness  
By the Hard-Work Plan.

'Twas the key to Lincoln's progress,  
'Twas the route to Webster's fame;  
And Garfield, by this method,  
To distinction laid his claim;  
And all earth's noblest heroes,  
Since this old world first began,  
Have earned their way to honor  
By the Hard-Work Plan.

—SUCCESS.



## OUR STANDING ARMY



We have no standing army?  
Nay, look around and see!  
The man who ploughs the furrow  
The man who fells the tree,  
The statesman and the scholar,  
At the first word of fear  
Turn to their country, breathing,  
"My mother, I am here!"

Not of a dumb, blind people  
Is this, our army, made;  
Where school house and where steeple  
Have cast their friendly shade,  
Our army grows in knowledge,  
As it to manhood grows,  
And, trained in school and college,  
Stands ready for its foes.

The brawny arms of gunners  
Serve minds alert and keen;  
The sailor's thought has traveled  
To lands he has not seen.  
Not for the joy of killing,  
Not for the lust of strife,  
Have these come forth with gladness  
To offer up their life.

Behold our standing army—  
Not, as in other lands,  
An army standing idle,  
With empty minds and hands,  
But each one in his station,  
And peaceful victory  
Is training for the nation  
Heroes of land and sea.

—MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

## FEBRUARY TWELFTH

It was early in the evening in a shop where flags were sold. There were large flags, middle-sized flags, small flags, and little bits of flags. The finest of all was Old Glory. Old Glory was made of silk and hung in graceful folds from the wall.

"Attention!" called Old Glory.

Starry eyes all over the room looked at him.

"What day of the month is it?"

"February Twelfth," quickly answered the flags.

"Whose birthday is it?"

"Abraham Lincoln's."

"Where is he buried?"

"Springfield, Illinois."

"What did the people call Mr. Lincoln? You don't know? Well, I'll tell you. It was 'Honest Old Abe,' and Uncle Sam wants you to be like him."

"Now, I must know if you are good American flags. How many red stripes have you?"

"Seven," was the answer.

"How many white stripes?"

"Six."

"How many stars?"

"Forty-five," shouted the large flags. The little ones said nothing.

"Ah, I see," said Old Glory, "but you are not to blame. Do you see that open door?" he went on. "Go through it into the street, put your staffs into the hands of any little boys you find, and bring them here."

"Yes, Captain," called the flags as they fluttered away.

Then Old Glory pulled his silken stripes into the hallway and waited for the flags to come back.

By and by the flags came back, each bringing a small boy. Old Glory looked at them.

"What's the matter?" said he; "you don't seem pleased."

No one spoke. The little boys stared with round eyes at Old Glory, but held tightly to the flags.

At last one of the flags said: "Please, Captain, these are the only little boys we could find."

"Well?" said Old Glory.

"And we think they don't belong to Uncle Sam," was the answer.

"Why not?" said Old Glory.

"Some of them are ragged," called one flag.

"And some are dirty," said another.

"This one is a colored boy," said another.

"Some of them can't speak English at all."  
 "The one I found blacks boots."  
 "And mine is a newsboy."  
 "Mine sleeps in a dry goods box."  
 "Mine plays a violin on the street corner."  
 "But look at mine, Captain!" said the last flag proudly, when  
 the rest were through.  
 "What about him?" asked Old Glory.  
 "I'm sure he belongs to Uncle Sam; he lives in a very fine  
 house and wears fine clothes!"  
 "Of course I belong to Uncle Sam," said the brownstone boy,  
 quickly, "but I think these street boys do not."  
 "There! there!" said Old Glory; "I'll telephone to Washington  
 and find out," and Old Glory floated away.  
 The little boys watched and waited.  
 Back came Old Glory.  
 "It's all right," said he. "Uncle Sam says every one of you  
 belong to him, and he wants you to be brave and honest, for some  
 day he may need you for soldiers. Oh, yes, and he said, 'Tell  
 those with no one to help them that Mr. Lincoln was a poor boy,  
 too, and yet he proved to be one of the grandest and best of all  
 my sons.'"

—MARY HOWLISTON, in *Lights to Literature*.



### SONG: TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE



(Music—"Ben Bolt.")

There is many a flower on the pathway of life,  
 The eye of the pilgrim to cheer;  
 But what flower so fragrant, so sweet and so fair,  
 As the flower of Truth blooming here?  
 There is many a treasure full, precious and bright,  
 Delighting the heart and the mind;  
 But what treasure so fair in its worth to compare,  
 As knowledge which here we may find?

—ANON.

## GREETING



We are gathered here this morning  
To celebrate the day  
That gave to us brave Washington,  
The man whose name will stay  
In our loving, grateful memory,  
Till life itself is o'er,  
For he gained for us our liberty,  
And no man could do more.  
So, reverently and thankfully,  
We all proclaim his name,  
And every true American  
Will gladly do the same.

—N. B.



## WASHINGTON AND THE FLAG



For the red of our flag, he truly was brave;  
For the white, both good and pure;  
His country's freedom he did save,  
Its liberty made sure.  
And who lived nobler for the blue  
Than he, who lived his life so true?

—N. B.

## SONG: HERALD OF FREEDOM



(*Music—First part of "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard."*)

Herald of Freedom, for liberty's sake,  
Let all our voices in melody wake;  
Here at thy feet our thank-off'rings we bring;  
Freedom's defender, thy praises we sing.  
Thanks never ceasing we give thee with might,  
Thy voice inspired us to toil for the right;  
Blessings we give thee, thy wisdom proclaim;  
Freedom's defender, we honor thy name.

—ANON.



## A NATION'S STRENGTH.



Not gold, but only men can make  
A people great and strong;  
Men who for Truth and Honor's sake  
Stand fast and suffer long.

—EMERSON.



## SOMETHING TO REMEMBER



Dear little boys, whose birthday comes  
With Washington's to-day,  
You may not be the president  
(Although, perhaps, you may);  
But each who does the best he can  
May be, like him, a noble man.

—*Youth's Companion.*

## WASHINGTON

Only a baby, fair and small,  
Like many another baby son,  
Whose smiles and tears came swift at call;  
Who ate, and slept, and grew, that's all;  
The infant Washington.

Only a boy, like other boys,  
With tasks and studies, sports and fun;  
Fond of his books and games and toys,  
Living his childish griefs and joys;  
The little Washington.

Only a lad, awkward and shy,  
Skilled in handling a horse or gun;  
Mastering knowledge that, by and by,  
Should aid him in duties great and high—  
The youthful Washington.

Only a man of finest bent,  
Hero of battles fought and won,  
Surveyor, general, president,  
Who served his country and died content—  
The patriot Washington.

Only—ah! what was the secret, then,  
Of his being America's honored son?  
Why was he famed above other men?  
His name upon every tongue and pen,  
The illustrious Washington.

A mighty brain, a will to endure,  
Passions subdued, a slave to none,  
A heart that was brave and strong and sure,  
A soul that was noble and great and pure,  
A faith in God that was held secure—  
This was George Washington.

—ANON.





### OUR COUNTRY'S FATHER



He was the very first in peace,  
The very first in war;  
His influence can never cease,  
'Tis felt both near and far.

So noble, true and brave a man  
Is never really dead!  
For we honor him as best we can,  
Pour blessings o'er his head.

And in our tenderest memory  
We hold him very dear;  
Who fought for this, our country,  
Thro' many a troubled year.

—N. B.



### WHAT WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE WOULD THINK OF SLANG



GEORGE—

George Washington is my name,  
Martha and I are known to fame,  
Nothing more to you I need tell,  
As I am sure you know us well.

MARTHA—

My husband, no doubt, you're glad to see,  
And I hope you will also welcome me;  
He and I wish to speak to you,  
And to listen is all you need to do.

GEORGE—

In this land I have often been,  
And many wonderful sights have seen,  
But since I back again have come  
I cannot say I feel at home.  
The streets are strangely altered, my dear,  
And even the language is changed, I hear,

MARTHA—

George, you are indeed quite right,  
For I hear that both money and men are "tight."  
Somebody said a "brick" were you,—  
Now surely that could never be true?

GEORGE—

Oh! dear me, how wrong you must be!  
No one by that could ever mean me!  
I had nothing to do with bricks—  
A hatchet and cherry tree were my tricks.

MARTHA—

Yes, but once I heard them cry  
"George Washington was mighty fly!"  
Now you know wings you never had;  
So really, such language was too bad.

GEORGE—

And what we called "intoxicate"  
They now designate "a skate,"  
When there isn't a bit of ice in sight,  
Search for it as hard as you might!

BOTH—

My dear, my dear, let's hurry away,  
This is no place for us to stay,  
We'd better go back to our ancient day,  
Nor return to this land evermore.

—N. B.

## WHEN GRANDMA WAS A GIRL



(Enter crowd of little girls, dressed in old-time costumes.)

We've been rummaging through the garret,  
Like so many little mice;  
    In a rollicksome quest,  
    Through the old cedar chest,  
We found these,—and don't they look nice?

(Lift dress in both hands, and turn as if showing it off.)

They were packed up and pinned,—oh, so neatly!  
For grandma's particular, very;  
    And between you and me  
    It behooves us to be  
Somewhat quiet-like, not to say wary.

(Lifts forefinger of right hand in caution.)

We thought, since it's raining outside  
We'd have sunshine inside, that would be  
    The light of old days,  
    In quaint, quiet ways,  
When grandma was little like we.

(Give low, sweeping curtsy, lifting dress, slightly.)

The way that she worked, and the way that she played,  
And the dear old songs that she sung:  
    For grandma can start  
    And tell stories by heart  
Forever of when she was young.

O, the slow, stately tread of the grand minuet!  
Why, its sweet old music would rhyme  
    With the dear twilight stories  
    Of fairyland glories,  
Beginning with "Once on a time."

(Move to places for minuet; in time to music.)

Oh, the funniest way, they did in her day—  
Why she never went down to the store  
    To buy a new dress  
    But would—think of it—yes,  
Would spin every dress that she wore!

We know it is true—every word we are saying  
We can prove it by her; and what's more,  
    With our own eyes we've seen  
    The queer sewing machine  
That used to stand outside her door.

(Bring small chairs forward in a semicircle, and all sit.)

'Neath the cool, spreading shade of an old apple tree  
That whitened with blossoms the ground,  
    She would sit there and spin,  
    In and out, out and in,  
While the wheel went around and around.

(Make spinning motion with hands and feet to music.)

Oh, I wish you could hear her own trembling voice,  
Echo over the strains, faint and far,  
    Like a ghost of the song  
    That once rose, sweet and strong,  
To the touch of her brown old guitar.

(Sing "Lorena" or some old song to the pantomime of a guitar accompaniment. Paper slipped under the wires of piano imitates guitar.)

And after the supper was cleared away,  
And mamma was put to bed,  
    The candles were lit  
    And grandma would sit,  
And this is the way she would knit and knit.

(Knitting pantomime.)

Briskly brisk would the needles go,  
Till the old hall clock struck nine,  
    Then slower and slower and still more slow  
    Till grandma's head would be nodding so—  
The sweet old face in the firelight's glow—  
Dear sainted grandma mine!

(Knit slower and slower, ending in nodding to music of "We're a-Noddin' at Our House at Home." At close, all pretend to be sound asleep.)

—ADA A. MOSHER.



## OLD FLAG FOREVER



She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped;  
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;  
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—  
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars stream!  
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!  
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream,  
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars,  
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!  
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars.  
She's the flag of our country forever!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

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