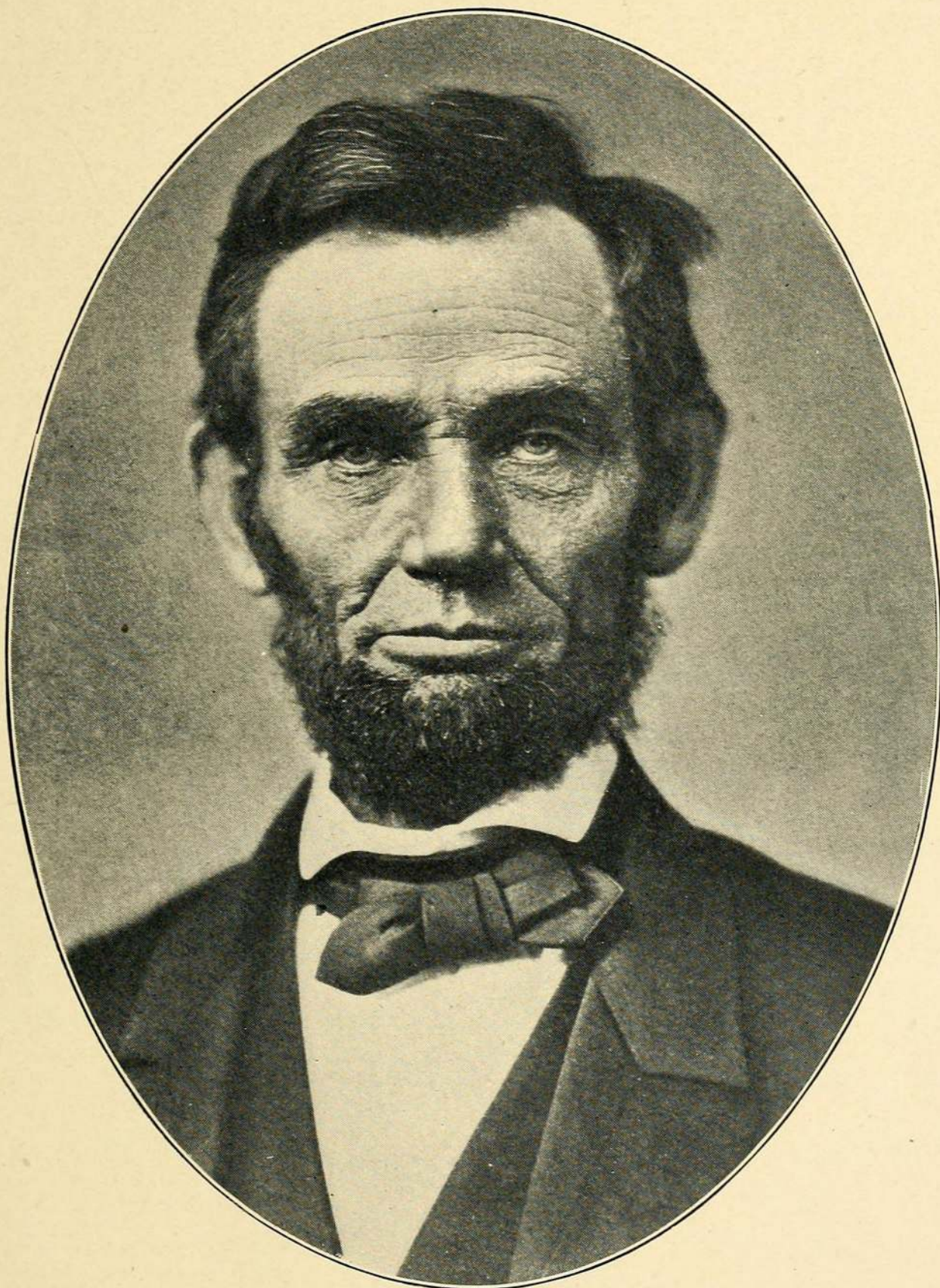




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LINCOLN CENTENARY

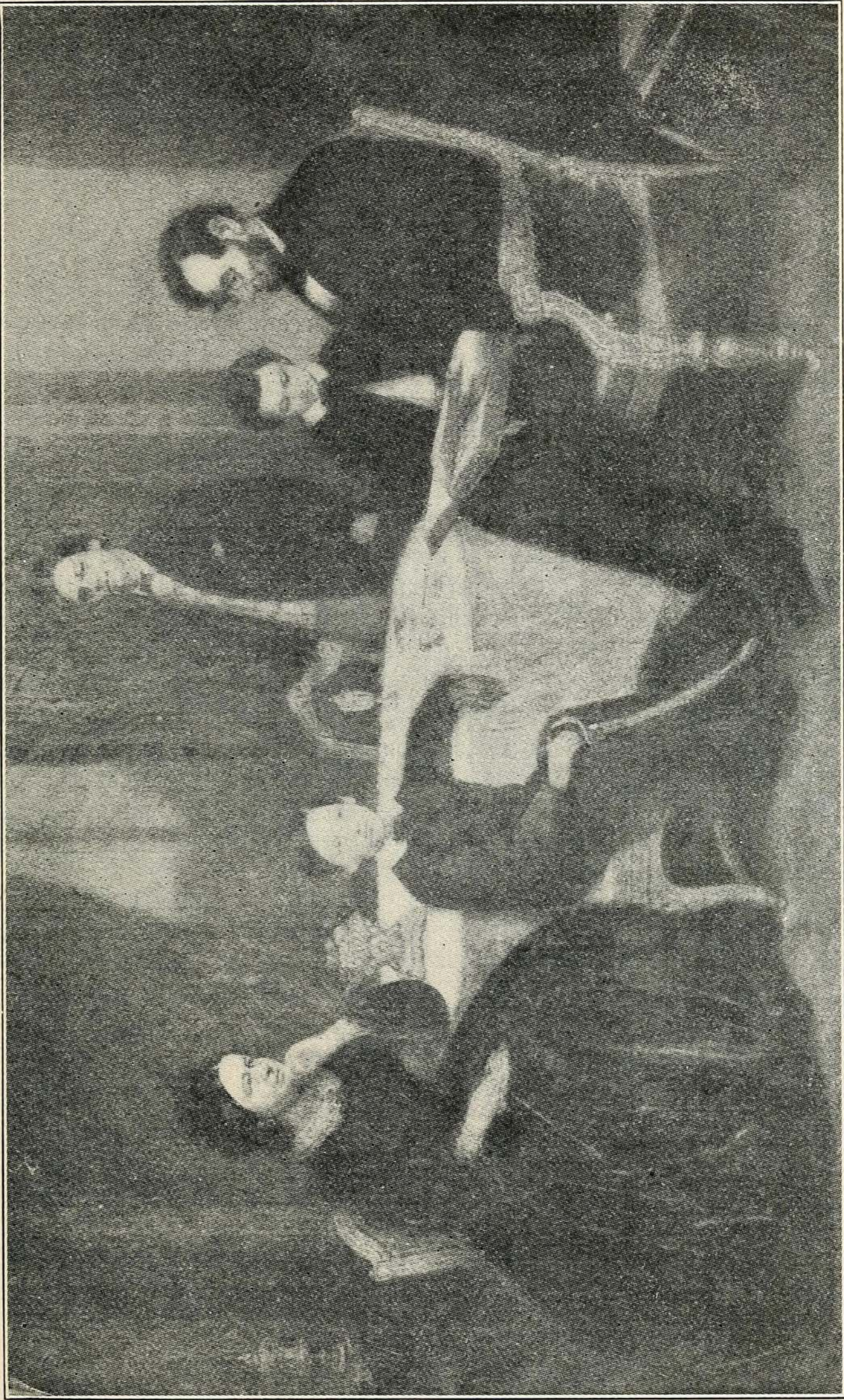


FEBRUARY 12, 1909

MINNESOTA

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



The Lincoln Family

From a painting by F. B. Carpenter. Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. W. C. Crane, New York city. William Wallace, in front of the table, familiarly known as "Willie," died in the White House, February 20, 1862, at the age of 12 years. Thomas, standing by the President's chair, nicknamed "Tad," died in Chicago, July 15, 1871, at the age of 18 years. Robert Todd, born August 1, 1843, standing back of the table, who was Secretary of War under Presidents Garfield and Arthur now lives in Chicago. A fourth son, Edward Baker, born March 10, 1846, died in infancy. Mrs Lincoln died on July 16, 1882.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

With the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, thoughtful people, not only of the United States, but of the reading world, approach an appreciation of his character. Lincoln was a genius. He saw clearly the problems of his own time, and his state papers and public utterances show that he also foresaw and pointed out the dangers to the present day lying in great combinations of capital, with their often sinister influence upon legislation and public administration. He saw not only freedom for the negro, but the rights of the common people universally, and he stated them boldly and plainly when men occupied in shaping policies of the country gave these rights scarcely a thought. Lincoln's vision was not simply that of a statesman; it was a prophet's, and time has vindicated his every public act and utterance. His life and death are America's greatest inheritance, and his memory is its greatest inspiration.

John A. Johnson,
Governor.

Were I called upon to name a human being of composite greatness whose character would typify, in its elemental strength and purity, in its native humor and sense and honesty, in its inherent chivalry and brotherly kindness, this country at once so vast, so diverse, so united, one figure, looming up in heroic, rugged graciousness, would rivet the attention—the figure of Abraham Lincoln.

This is the immortal in whose veins yet flows the red blood that seemed to leave his body that sorrowful hour of yesterday. The little children pause at the pages bearing his name; they stand rapt before the sad, deep steadiness of his pictured gaze, as they stand to look upon another Great One who forbade them not. To compile for them a bulletin to afford some means of direction for their loving commemoration of his 100th birthday, has been itself a task of love. The program outlined is not to be regarded as limitive—merely as suggestive. We trust that every child of the state, no less than every teacher, will feel his right to make to it such contribution as his knowledge or fancy may prepare, his affection dictate, in full assurance that Mr. Lincoln would have been proud and happy to receive it in person.

The National celebration fittingly is held at the place of his birth. We should, all of us, like to spend the day at the Old Farm and hear what Mr. Roosevelt has to say about this dear friend of ours and his; but, since that cannot be, let us see to it that Minnesota is just as near in spirit to the shrine, just as free in the outpouring of her tributes.

C. G. Schulz,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

A SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

It is recommended that every school in Minnesota, public and private, have exercises on February 12, 1909, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. Let the room be adorned with flags, a picture of Lincoln, and other available decorations. For several days before the 12th, tell the pupils about Lincoln, his life, his character, and his acts. After the anniversary, get them to read books about him.

There is abundant material in this pamphlet from which selections may be made. It would be impossible to use it all in one program. Many teachers will be able to find appropriate matter not included here. The following is a suggestion as to exercises. It may be lengthened, shortened, or entirely changed.

LINCOLN PROGRAM.

1. Singing by the school: The Flag of Our Union Forever.
2. **Very Short** address by teacher or member of school board.
3. Readings: The Governor, and the State Superintendent to the Schools of Minnesota (May be read or recited by two different pupils.)
4. Reading: Life of Abraham Lincoln written by himself.
5. Singing: My Old Kentucky Home (with statement relating to it.)
6. Reading: Lincoln's Religion.
7. What Lincoln Said About Slavery. (The quotations may be read or recited by different pupils.)
8. Reading: A Poem by Abraham Lincoln.
9. Singing: Battle Hymn of the Republic.
10. Lincoln and the Clergyman (told from memory.)
11. Reading: The Emancipation Proclamation.
12. Recitation: The Gettysburg Address.
13. Reading: Grace Bedell's Letter.
14. Reading: Lincoln, the Great Commoner.
15. Singing: America, by school and audience.

It would be appropriate to include in the program patriotic airs on organ, piano or other instrument, or by a band.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION FOREVER.

[Let everyone take part in this inspiring patriotic song, and as he sings, pledge his life-long devotion to that Union which is typified by the flag, and on the altar of which Abraham Lincoln died.]

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

Gen. GEO. P. MORRIS.

RICHARD R. TRENCH.

Moderato.

Con espressione.

1. A song for our ban - ner; the watch - word re - call Which
 2. What God in His mer - cy and wis - dom de - signed, And
 3. Oh, keep the flag fly - ing, the pride of the van! To

gave our Re - pub - lic a sta - tion;..... U - ni - ted we stand. di -
 armed with His weap - ons of thun - der;..... Not all the earth's des - pots and
 all oth - er na - tions dis - play it;..... The la - dies for un - ion are

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION—Concluded.

vi - ded we fall; It made and pre - serves us a na - tion.
 fac - tions com - bined Have the power to con - quer or sur - ren - der.
 all to a man, But not to the man who'd be - tray it.

CHORUS.

The un - ion of lakes, the un - ion of lands, The un - ion of states, none can

sev - er;.... The un - ion of hearts, the un - ion of bands, And the

flag of the Un - ion for ev - er, The flag of the Un - ion for ev - er.

D. C.

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[This sketch was written by Mr. Lincoln in December, 1859, in response to a request made by J. W. Fell, a little less than a year before his election as president of the United States. In his letter to Mr. Fell he said: "My dear Sir: Herewith is a little sketch, as you requested. There is not much of it, for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me." This autobiography was very short—occupying less than three pages in an ordinary book—and its brevity was an indication of the modesty of the writer. Indeed, he said to Mr. Fell: "If anything be made out of it, I wish it to be modest, and not to go beyond the material." For the sake of space a few passages are omitted.]

I was born February 12, 1809, in Harden county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families.....My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks.....My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781; where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest.

My father at the death of his father was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to Indiana in my eighth year.....It was a wild region with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin,' writin,' and ciperin' to the rule of three.....When I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all.....

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, now in Menard county, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success that gave me more pleasure than any I have had since.

I ran for the Legislature in 1832 and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. During the legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was elected to the Lower House of Congress. From 1849 to 1854, practiced more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.....

I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing about 180 pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

A POEM BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[In 1847, Mr. Lincoln revisited his old home in Indiana. In the following lines he expressed some of the emotions awakened by the visit.]

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them, to mind again
The lost and absent brings

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

LINCOLN'S RELIGION.

Lincoln's religion was peculiarly his own. He did not belong to any church but he had a firm faith and belief in God. In the campaign of 1860, he was greatly pained by the canvass of the voters in Springfield which showed that of the twenty clergymen in the city all but three were against him. In speaking of this to Hon. Newton Bateman, then State Superintendent of Schools in Illinois, Lincoln said:

I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself can not stand, and Christ and reason say the same thing; and they will find it so. Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright.

WHAT LINCOLN SAID ABOUT SLAVERY.

The men who framed the Declaration of Independence declared that all men are created equal that they are endowed by their Creator withlife, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This was their understanding of the justice of the Creator to His creatures—to all His creatures, to the whole great family of man. They established these great self-evident truths that when, in the distant future, some faction should set up the doctrine that none but Anglo-Saxon white men were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might renew the battle for the entire race.

In the right to put into his mouth the bread that his own hands have earned, the negro is the equal of every other man, white or black.—Speech at Springfield, Illinois, July 17, 1858.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation, we began by declaring that "All men are created equal." We now, practically read it. "All men are created equal except negroes." When the know-nothings get control it will read: "All men are created equal except negroes, foreigners, and Catholics." When it comes to this I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty.

* * * * *

Fondly do we hope—ferverently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by 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."—Second Inaugural Address.

LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Washington. Washington is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked deathless splendor leave it shining on.—From Speech at Springfield, Illinois on Washington's Birthday, 1842.

LINCOLN AND THE CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman, calling at the White House, in speaking of the war said to the President, "I hope the Lord is on our side."

"I am not at all concerned about that," replied Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

[This beautiful song is peculiarly appropriate in a commemoration of Lincoln's birth, for it breathes of his early home, and the sweet harmonies never fail to touch the hearts of the sons of Old Kentucky.]

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

SOLO.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may

gay; The corn-tops ripe and the mead-ows in the bloom, While the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
 go; A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the

birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor. All
 bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With
 fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
 sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
 mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my

CHORUS.

old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

LINCOLN AND AUNT SALLY.

[After Mr. Lincoln's election to the presidency in 1860, many of his old cronies came to Springfield to congratulate him. One day Aunt Sally Lowdy came. She had been a sort of mother to him while he had lived in New Salem. An illiterate admirer of Mr. Lincoln tells the story.]

"Well, Aunt Sally stood lookin' kind a scared seein' so many strangers and not knowin' precisely what to do when Mr. Lincoln spied her. Quick as a wink he said 'Excuse me, gentlemen,' and he just rushed over to that old woman and shook hands with both of his'n and says, 'Now, Aunt Sally, this is real kind of you to come and see me. How are you and how's Jake?' (Jake was her boy.) 'Come right over here,' and he led her over, as if she was the biggest lady in Illinois, and says, 'Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted.' Aunt Sally was jest as pink as a rosy she was so tickled. And she says, 'Abe, I had to come and say good-bye. They say down our way they're goin to kill you if they get you down to Washington. I thought I'd come and bring you a present. Knit 'em myself;' and I'll be blamed if that old lady didn't pull out a great big pair of yarn socks and hand 'em to Mr. Lincoln.

"Well, sir, it was the funniest thing to see Mr. Lincoln take them socks and hold 'em up by the toes. Then he laid 'em down and he took Aunt Sally's hand and he says tender-like, 'Aunt Sally, you couldn't a' done nothin' which would have pleased me better. I'll take 'em to Washington and wear 'em and think of you when I do it.' And I bet he did wear 'em in Washington. I can jest see him pullin' off his shoe and showin' them socks to Sumner or Seward or some other big bug that was botherin him." —Condensed from "He Knew Lincoln," by Ida M. Tarbell. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

LETTER TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

[This letter was written when Mr. Lincoln had been president three and a half years.]

Executive Mansion

Washington, Nov. 21, 1864

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.

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

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

[This song was written in 1861, while troops were mustering in Washington to do battle for the Union, and under the very eye, as it were, of the great chief who directed the destinies of the nation through the terrible conflict which was then beginning.]

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Words by Julia Ward Howe.

Music by W. Steffe.

Allegretto.

1. Mine... eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel; "As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 he - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD.

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

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Abraham Lincoln was always opposed to human slavery but he held that neither the President nor Congress could constitutionally abolish slavery in states where it already existed. It was by virtue of his authority, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to take extraordinary measures for suppressing insurrection, that he finally proclaimed freedom to slaves in all states and parts of states in rebellion.

The Emancipation Proclamation was issued January 1, 1863. It gave freedom to about four million slaves. Mr. Lincoln referred to it, about two months before his death, as "the central act of my administration."

McLaughlin, the historian, says: "The results of this proclamation were of great importance. It made it clear to the world that the war was not simply an insurrection, but that slavery and freedom were pitted against each other; therefore there was no longer any fear of intervention by England or France.....The war had new meaning, and in the next year (1863) the tide of success turned strongly in favor of the North."

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

[This address, delivered by Mr. Lincoln at the dedication of a national soldiers' cemetery on the Gettysburg battlefield, Nov. 19, 1863, he regarded as a failure. It is now considered, both in England and America, a masterpiece of classic English. **Every American boy and girl should commit it to memory.**]

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated

it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND KING CHARLES.

On the third of February, 1865, President Lincoln met by appointment, Alexander H. Stephens and two other southern gentlemen in informal conference on measures looking toward cessation of hostilities. The southerners desired to be recognized as commissioners of the "Confederate States." Lincoln persisted in regarding them as private citizens. "Why, Mr. President," said one of the commissioners, you will remember that Charles I recognized Cromwell's government so far as to treat with it." "Yes, I guess that's so," replied Lincoln, "Now I'm not much of a historian, but seems to me I've read that not long after the King began to treat with the Parliament he lost his head."

GRACE BEDELL'S LETTER.

In the autumn of 1860, a little girl living at Westfield, N. Y., by the name of Grace Bedell, wrote a letter to President Elect Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, telling him how old she was, where she lived, and that she thought he would make a good President but that he would be better looking if he would let his whiskers grow. She also suggested that he might have his little girl answer her letter if he did not have time to do it himself. In a few days she got this reply:

Springfield, Illinois, October 19, 1860

Miss Grace Bedell.

My Dear Little Miss: Your very agreeable letter of the 5th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a silly piece of affectation if I were to begin it now?

Your very sincere well-wisher,

A. Lincoln.

In February 1861 when Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated, he stopped at the principal cities along the way, in order that he might speak upon the questions uppermost in the minds of the people. When the train left Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Patterson of Westfield, N. Y., was invited into Lincoln's car, and Lincoln asked him if he knew any one living at Westfield by the name of Bedell and then told of his

correspondence with Grace. When the train reached Westfield, Lincoln spoke a few words from the platform to the people and then said he would like to see Grace Bedell if she were there. The little girl came forward and Lincoln stepped down from the car and kissed her and said: "You, see, Grace, I have let my whiskers grow for you."

LINCOLN AND THE MORMONS.

[A personal reminiscence of Mr. N. P. Langford, one of the pioneers of St. Paul, Minnesota.]

Idaho, organized as a territory on March 3d, 1863, then included in its boundaries the vast region embraced within the present limits of the states of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. Lewiston, the capital, at the confluence of the Clearwater and Snake rivers, was four hundred miles from Virginia City by the Salmon river trail. This route was practicable for travel in the summer—but was closed by the deep snows of winter, so that when the Legislature was in session, the only way by which Lewiston could be reached from Virginia City, where I resided, was the long detour of 700 miles of horseback travel around the north side of Pend Oreille lake. Owing to this condition of affairs, the inhabitants of the eastern portion of Idaho resolved to ask Congress to give them a territorial organization separate from that of Idaho; and at the request of the citizens, I proceeded to Washington City for the purpose of procuring the organization of a new territory east of the Coeur d'Alene and Bitter Root mountains. (The distance to the nearest railroad was 1800 miles.)

On my arrival in Salt Lake City I was waited upon by a number of the Gentiles—that is, those of our American citizens who did not adopt the religious beliefs of the Mormons—and was requested by them to lay before President Lincoln their grievances, showing how they were being persecuted by the elders of the Mormon church, and the Danites, or Destroying Angels, who had committed many acts of atrocity with the sanction of the Mormons, in control of the governmental affairs of Utah.

I assured them that I would do for them what I could, and, in conformity with that promise, called one day at the White House. Through the courtesy of the Rev. E. D. Neill of St. Paul, one of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries, I was accorded an interview with the President. After he had listened to the story of the wrongs suffered by the Gentiles, and their earnest appeal for relief, which I presented in as clear and direct a manner as I could, he sat almost motionless, with body inclined forward and eyes directed to the floor, for over half a minute. He evidently was pondering most seriously all that had been said to him. Then looking up he said, as nearly as I now recall, "Yes, what you ask for our good people out there ought to be done—and it ought to be done with as little delay as possible. It must be done; but it will take time and a great deal of patient consideration to know how best to do it. I would be glad to do it now but I cannot. I have a great war on my hands, in which thousands of lives have already been lost; and I am borne down with the weight of its responsibilities and cares, so that I will have to leave this matter in Utah undone for this

year. I am like the old farmer out in Illinois. He and his boys had been grubbing the stumps and clearing out the bushes from a large field before putting in the spring crop. All the stumps had been cleared out except one—a large one with spreading roots, in which was a big hornet's nest. The boys wanted to clear out this stump with the hornet's nest, so that they could have a clear field for the plow, but the old man said that it was getting late in the season and that it was time to get the seed into the ground. 'Boys,' said he 'that stump and hornet's nest ought to come out, but we'll have to plow around it this year.' Said Mr. Lincoln, "So it is with you and me—that Utah hornet's nest ought to be rooted out, but we'll have to plow around it this year."

This incident disclosed Mr. Lincoln's well-known characteristic of driving home and enforcing an argument or opinion, with some homely illustration.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

(April 15, 1865.)

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

William Cullen Bryant.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[Abraham Lincoln had no more sincere admirer than the poet Walt Whitman. His grief at his friend's death is shown in these verses.]

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered 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 ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here 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 anchored 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, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

AN ENGLISH RETRACTION.

[It has been said that the hardest words for either are individual on a nation to say are these: "I was wrong." But the British nation said these words very nobly after Mr. Lincoln's death. The British government had been hostile. The comic paper "London Punch" had been unsparing in its ridicule of the American president's person, his manner, and his official acts. But no manlier retraction could have been made than that written by Tom Taylor and printed in "Punch" a few weeks after the assassination. "You" in the part of the poem quoted refers to "London Punch."]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier!
YOU, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;
YOU, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for YOU?

LOWELL'S TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating as by rote;
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

—James Russell Lowell.

LINCOLN THE GREAT COMMONER.

[Markham has woven into these majestic lines a vivid picture of the honesty, the firmness, the justice, the patience, the tenderness, and the sense of humor that characterized Mr. Lincoln.]

When the Norn-mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road,
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff,
It was stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.
The color of the ground was in him, the red Earth
The tang and odor of the primal things
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a King.
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every blow,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
So came the captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from the ancient hold,
He held the ridge-pole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

—Edwin Markham.

AMERICA.

Words by Samuel Francis Smith.

Music by Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

A LIST OF BOOKS, ETC., RELATING TO
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Selected from list given in Lincoln Centenary pamphlet issued by New York State Education Department.)

BIOGRAPHIES.

Binns, H. B. Abraham Lincoln. 379 p. N. Y. Dutton, \$1.50. (Temple biographies.)

A valuable presentation, by an Englishman, of the life and character of the man; not a history of America during his time.

Hapgood, Norman. Abraham Lincoln, the man of the people. 450 p. N. Y. Macmillan, \$2.

Attempts to portray the man with absolute honesty, setting forth faults and shortcomings together with fine and strong characteristics.

Morse, J. T., Jr. Abraham Lincoln. 2 v. Boston. Houghton, \$2.50. (American statesmen.)

Best brief life of Lincoln.

Nicolay, John G. A short life of Abraham Lincoln. 578 p. N. Y. Century \$2.40

Condensed from Nicolay & Hay's Abraham Lincoln, a history in 10 volumes.

Rothschild, Alonzo. Lincoln, master of men; a study in character. 531 p. Bost. Houghton, \$3.

Interesting and brilliant study from a point of view heretofore little emphasized.

Tarbell, I. M. & Davis, J. Mc C. The early life of Abraham Lincoln. 240 p. N. Y. McClure, \$1.

Trustworthy, sympathetic account, with good illustrations.

FOR YOUNGER READERS.

Brooks, Noah. Abraham Lincoln; a biography for young people. 476 p. N. Y. Putnam, \$1.75. (Boys' and girls' lib. of American biography, v 3)

Coffin, C. C. Abraham Lincoln. 542 p. N. Y. Harper, \$3.

Strong points are its readableness, its happy selection of matter likely to be of general interest and the numerous good illustrations.

Morgan, James. Abraham Lincoln, the boy and the man. 435 p. N. Y. Macmillan, \$1.50.

Straightforward, simple story of Lincoln's life.

POEMS.

- Bryant, W. C.** The death of Lincoln. (See his Poetical works. Household ed. p. 316.)
- Cary, Phoebe.** Our good president. (See Cary, Alice & Phoebe. Poetical works. 1891, p. 309-10.)
- Holmes, O. W.** For the services in memory of Lincoln. Boston, June 1865. (See his Complete poetical works. Cambridge ed. 1895, p. 208.)
- Howe, M. A. DeW.** Memory of Lincoln. Poems selected, with an introduction. 82 p. S. Boston, 1899. Small, \$1.
- Larcom, Lucy.** Lincoln's passing bell. (See her Poetical works. 1884, p. 103.)
- Lowell, J. R.** Extract from the Commemoration ode. (See his Poetical works. Household ed. 1890, p. 398.)
- Stedman, E. C.** Hand of Lincoln. (See his Poems now first collected. 1897, p. 5; also Outlook, v. 88, p. 259-60, Feb. 1. 1908.)
- Stevenson, B. E. & Stevenson, E. B.** Comp. Lincoln's birthday. (See their Days and deeds. N. Y. 1906. p. 193-98. Baker, \$1.)
A collection of poems relating to American holidays and great Americans; particularly useful for special day programs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Andrews, Mrs. M. R. (Shipman).** Perfect tribute. 47 p. D. N. Y. 1906. Scribner, 50c. (See also Scribner, v. 40, p. 17-24, July, 1906.)
A story about Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, charmingly written, though not historically accurate.
- Emerson, R. W.** Remarks at the funeral service held in Concord, April 19, 1865. See his Complete works. 1892, v. 11, p. 307-15; see also Schurz, Carl. Abraham Lincoln, an essay, 1871-99, p. 77-83. Riverside lit. ser. no. 133.)
- Lowell, J. R.** Abraham Lincoln. (See his My study window. 1893, p. 150-77; see also Schurz, Carl. Abraham Lincoln. 1871-99, Riverside lit. ser. no. 133 & 132, p. 7-36.)
- Schurz, Carl.** Abraham Lincoln, an essay; the Gettysburg speech and other papers by Abraham Lincoln; together with testimonies by Emerson, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell 98 p. D. Bost. 1871-99. Houghton, 40c. (Riverside lit. ser. no. 133 & 132.)
A collection of the most noteworthy brief tributes to Lincoln, together with his best speeches; most useful single volume of Lincoln material for school use.
- Tarbell, I. M.** He knew Lincoln. 40 p. D. N. Y. 1907. McClure, 50c. (See also American magazine, Feb. 1907.)
An illiterate country storekeeper talks about Lincoln in a way that gives a faithful picture and that will appeal to every kind of reader.
(Selected from list given in Lincoln Centenary pamphlet issued by New York State Education Department.)



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