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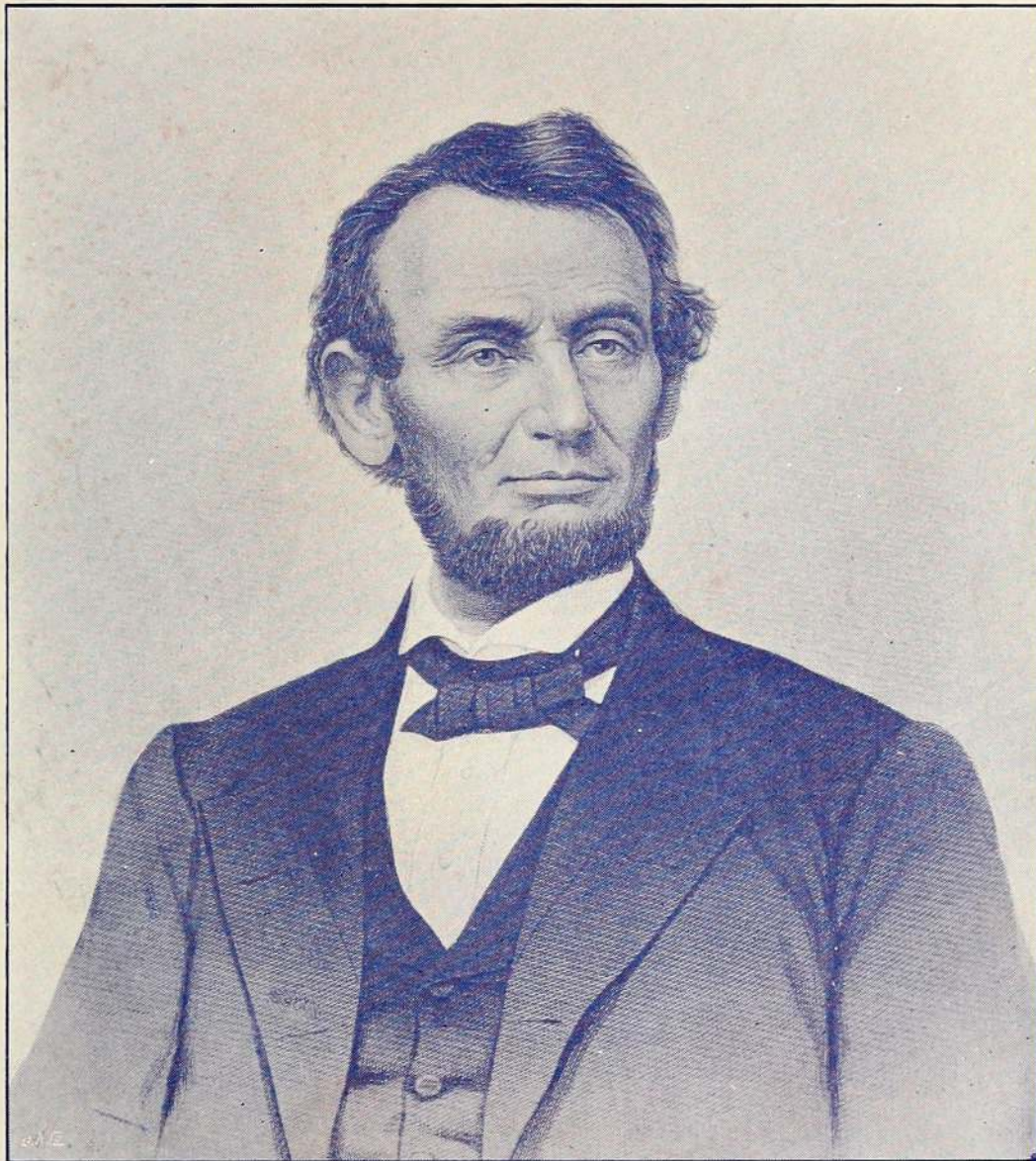


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1809.

1900.

# LINCOLN DAY.



COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES

IN THE

**Public Schools of Rochester, N. Y.**

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 1900,

HELD BY THE REQUEST OF

**O'ROURKE CAMP, No. 60, SONS OF VETERANS.**



LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

## Suggestive Programme.



1. SONG—"America."
2. SKETCH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LIFE.
3. THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.
4. ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AT CHICAGO PEACE JUBILEE.
5. APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE TO AVERT WAR, - - - - *Lincoln.*
6. OLD GLORY.
7. SONG—"Star Spangled Banner."
8. ONE OF LINCOLN'S SHORTEST AND BEST SPEECHES.
9. OUR FLAG.
10. LINCOLN AT THE HELM OF THE SHIP OF STATE.
11. LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.
12. SONG—"Battle Hymn of the Republic."
13. LINCOLN. (For Three Boys.)
14. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, - - - - - *R. Gilder.*
15. OUR FLAG SHALL WAVE.
16. LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.
17. BISHOP SIMPSON'S FUNERAL ORATION. - - - - *Extract.*
18. SONG—"Flag of the Free."

## Sketch of Abraham Lincoln's Life.

To be Read.

**W**E have one hero, pre-eminent in the service he rendered. His story is the story of the American people of his time. I see a little lad, shy and ill cared for, in a cheerless Kentucky cabin. At the age of seven he was given a Dilworth spelling-book—which was one-third of the family library—and sent to the district school. But he was frequently kept at home, even then. When his mother died he was ten years old, and had learned to read and write. Now the family have moved to Indiana, and a foster-mother has come to give something like comfort to the rude dwelling and sympathy and encouragement to the boy.

My picture is of an awkward boy, going to school in a log school-house when he could, but oftener employed by some neighboring farmer, or in the store at the cross-roads, and at night taking his supper of corn-bread in his hand in the chimney-corner or under the trees, while he devoured at the same time "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrims' Progress," a history of the United States, or an old "Life of Washington." He was beginning, too, to make extracts from the books he read, and to frame little essays of his own. Paper was scarce and dear, so the first draught was made with charcoal on a wooden shovel, which could afterwards be scraped clean, or upon a shingle.

I see the same lad, grown taller and stronger, and eager to do whatever useful or honest thing he might. At nineteen, he went down the Mississippi to New Orleans as a flat-boat hand. Returning, he was again clerk in the country store; and a year or two later went with his father's family to Illinois, driving the ox-team himself, and peddling along the route a stock of small wares with which he had provided himself before leaving the home in Indiana. I see him splitting the rails for the new cabin, and helping to build it; and then—being now past twenty-one—leaving home to make his own way in the world. He had but his own hands and head to rely on.

I see a more significant scene,—a slave auction which he witnessed while on a trip to New Orleans. The horror, and sadness, and deep resolve it stirred in him, he only partially told; but his later life was burdened with them. Slow and miserable years followed, when nothing that he attempted prospered, and he found himself in debt, with a dismal outlook before him. But he had begun to study law by himself; his neighbors trusted him, and he was with all his acquaintances a favorite.

The next picture is the country lawyer—obscure, diligent and upright—who won many cases and took small fees, and who never, knowingly, stood for a guilty person. He has been known to abandon a case, more than once, even at the bar itself, because he had become persuaded that his client was guilty. He had won, too, some celebrity as a captain in the Black Hawk war; and we find him presently in the legislature of his State, where his most memorable act was the stand he took against a pro-slavery resolution.

Next, a successful lawyer in Springfield, where his uprightness was brought into even stronger relief. The kind heart, which from childhood was quick to redress a wrong or render a service, had its way in many things here, too. Winning rapidly the confidence and respect of his associates, he was sent, in 1846, to the National Congress, where he did the duty of a young, little known, and single-minded statesman, careless of gain or fame, and finding only occasional opportunity to champion the cause he had most at heart.

The slavery question was one which found him possessed of deep and firm convictions. He was plainly identified with the anti-slavery movement, and he finally became its leader.



### **Lincoln at the Helm of the Ship of State.**

I see him, then, still guiding the ship of state safely through perilous places, through narrow straits, and past shoals and quicksands without number, maintaining the edict he had issued and confirming it; seeing the rebellion quelled, the freedman assured of his liberty, the army on the eve of disbanding. And then, while such jubilee still sounded in the land, I see the martyred president. And the very bells which rang for his valiant deed, toll for his untimely death.

## Lincoln.

For Three Boys.

*First Boy.*—As Washington stands to the Revolution and the establishment of the government, so Lincoln stands as the hero of the mightier struggle by which our Union was saved. No great man ever came from beginnings which seemed to promise so little. Lincoln's family, for more than one generation, had been sinking instead of rising in the social scale. His father was one of those men who were found on the frontier in the early days of the Western movement, always changing from one place to another, and dropping a little lower at each remove. Abraham Lincoln was born into a family who were not only poor, but shiftless, and his early days were days of ignorance, poverty and hard work. Out of such surroundings he slowly and painfully lifted himself. He gave himself an education, took part in the Indian war, worked in the fields, kept store, read and studied, and at last became a lawyer. Then he settled into the politics of the newly-settled State. He grew to be a leader in his county, and went to the legislature. The road was rough, the struggle hard and bitter, but the movement was always upward.

*Second Boy.*—At last he was elected to Congress, and served one term in Washington as a Whig, with credit but without distinction. Then he went back to his law and his politics in Illinois. He had at last made his position. All that was now needed was *opportunity*, and that came to him in the great anti-slavery struggle.

*Third Boy.*—No public man, no great leader, ever faced a more terrible situation than did Lincoln when he assumed the presidency. The Union was breaking, the Southern States were seceding, treason was rampant in Washington, and the government was bankrupt. The country knew that Lincoln was a man of great capacity in debate, devoted to the cause of anti-slavery and to the maintenance of the Union. But what his ability was to deal with the awful conditions by which he was surrounded, no one knew. To follow him through the four years of civil war which ensued is of course impossible here. Suffice it to say that no more difficult task has ever been faced by any man in modern times, and no one ever met a fierce trial more successfully.

## **Appeal to the People to Avert War.**

From Lincoln's First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861.

By the frame of the government under which we live, the same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost, by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance upon Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.



### **One of Lincoln's Shortest and Best Speeches.**

Newspaper Extract.

On Thursday of a certain week, two ladies from Tennessee came before the President, asking the release of their husbands, held as prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. They were put off till Friday, when they



came again ; and were again put off to Saturday. At each of the interviews, one of the ladies urged that her husband was a religious man. On Saturday the President ordered the release of the prisoners, and then said to the lady : “ You say your husband is a religious man ; tell him when you meet him, that I say I am not much of a judge of religion, but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel, and fight against their government because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help *some* men to eat their bread by the sweat of *other* men’s faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven ! ”



## Lincoln’s Second Inaugural Address.

Extract.

North and South read the same Bible and pray to the same God ; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God’s assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men’s faces ; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered,—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. “ Woe unto the world because of offences ! for it must needs be that offences come ; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.” If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him ? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman’s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, “ The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.”

With malice 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 his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

## **Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.**

November 19, 1863.

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 battle field 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 cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, or 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, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



Lincoln's call for three hundred thousand volunteers brought out the following poem. It was an inspiration in every union camp, at every recruiting station and in every city and hamlet in the north.

### **Three Hundred Thousand More.**

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,  
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore ;  
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,  
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear :  
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before ;  
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

Is you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,  
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry ;  
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,  
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,

And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour ;  
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests shine,  
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line ;  
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,  
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs ;  
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door ;  
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more !

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,  
To lay us down, for Freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside,  
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,  
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before :

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.



### **Archbishop Ireland at the Chicago Peace Jubilee, October 19, 1898.**

A just and necessary war is holy. The men who at country's call engage in such a war are the country's heroes to whom must be given unstinted praise. The sword in their hands is the emblem of self-sacrifice and of valor; the flag which leads them betokens their country, and bids them pour out an oblation to purest patriotism the life-blood of their hearts; the shroud which spreads over the dead of the battlefield is the mantle of fame and of glory.

To do great things, to meet fitly great responsibilities, a nation, like a person, must be conscious of its dignity and its power. The consciousness of what she is and what she may be has come to America. She knows that she is a great nation. The elements of greatness were not imparted by the war; but they were revealed to her by the war, and their vitality and their significance were increased through the war.

America, the eyes of the world are upon thee. Thou livest for the world. The new era is shedding its light upon thee and through thee upon the whole world.

Americans, your country demands intelligence and virtue. Build schools and colleges. Drive from the land the darkness of ignorance. Practice and encourage virtue. Let America be the home of honesty and of justice, of social purity and temperance, of honor and of faithfulness, of self-restraint and of obedience to law. Even more than intelligence is virtue needed, that America live and be great.

## Old Glory.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. "There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard." There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency. Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead. But before all and above all other associations and memories, whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places, its voice is ever of union and liberty, of the constitution and the laws. —ROBERT C. WINTHROP.



## Our Flag.

*Mary.*—

Tell me, who can, about our flag,  
With its red, and white, and blue?  
How came it to have so many stars,  
And of pretty stripes so few?

*John.*—

The thirteen stripes are for thirteen states  
That first into the Union came;  
For each new state we have added a star,  
But have kept the stripes the same.

*Bessie.*—

The number has now reached forth-five!  
So here's an example for you:  
Take the "old thirteen" from forty-five,  
And how many stars are new?

*Charles.*—

Thirteen from forty-five? Let's see;  
Well, three from five leaves two,  
And one from four leaves three; there'll be,  
Of new states,—thirty-two.

*All in Concert.*—

And these all reach from East to West,  
To both the ocean shores;  
And over all the proud flag waves,  
And the Bird of Freedom soars!

## Abraham Lincoln.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men  
As might some prophet of the elder day,  
Brooding above the tempest and the fray  
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.  
A power was his beyond the touch of art  
Or armed strength ; his pure and mighty heart.

—RICHARD W. GILDER.

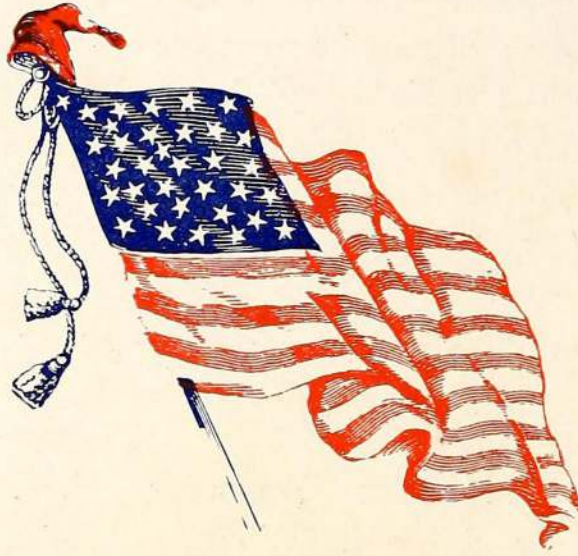


## Bishop Simpson's Funeral Oration.

Extract.

Chieftain ! Farewell ! The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy. Prisoned thou art in death, and yet thou art marching abroad, and chains and manacles are bursting at thy touch. Thou didst fall not for thyself. The assassin had no hate for thee. Our hearts were aimed at, our national life was sought. We crown thee as our martyr—and humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son. Hero, Martyr, Friend, FAREWELL !





### **Our Flag Shall Wave.**

“ Its folds shall wave above the brave  
O'er all this land ;  
While freemen boast, from coast to coast,  
The name they value most,  
The emblem our forefathers planned.”

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**EXERCISES HELD BY REQUEST OF O'ROURKE CAMP No. 60, S. O. V.**

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