

F 549

.S7 R3

Copy 1



RAISED THE STAIRS AND STRIPPED OFF THE LINCOLN HALLS!

Raising the Stars and Stripes
OVER THE
Lincoln Homestead,

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

OCTOBER 16, 1889.

SPRINGFIELD
O. H. OLDROYD,
1889

F549
STR3

054204

26 043



LINCOLN

Engraved by
G. S. COOK & CO.
1860

WBW 21 Aug 44

Lincoln Homestead Trustees:

Governor	ROBERT W. FIDELL
Secretary of State	ISAAC N. PEARSON
Attorney	CHARLES W. FAYE
Treasurer	CHARLES BOGGER
Superintendent Public Instruction	RICHARD EDWARDS

JOSEPH W. FISK	President
C. W. FAYE	Secretary

OFFICE

Trustees



TO THE
GRAND ARMY
OF
SIBBLE MEN AND WOMEN
WHO

Upon land and sea, in battle's strife, hospital's walls,
prison cells or lovely homes, gave life;
limb, heart's blood, time,
 toil and money

TO

Perpetuate universal freedom, extend the Brother-
hood of man, to keep the Union intact,
and our glorious flag unstained
the little Saviour


IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

Preface.

THE homestead of Abraham Lincoln was presented to the State of Illinois by Robert T. Lincoln, July 8, 1887. The Thirty-Sixth General Assembly created a Board of Trustees, consisting of the Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer and Superintendent of Public Instruction, and their successors in office, who shall have power to keep in good repair and free of access to the public, under such regulations as they may deem wise for the proper preservation of the property. I was selected by the Board of Trustees as Custodian, August 29, 1887. The present Trustees have been very liberal in the judicious expenditure of money in beautifying the surroundings of this old historic home, until it is a place of beauty. The house is in good condition and exactly as Mr. Lincoln left it in 1861, with the exception of papering and painting. It was my desire to have the stars and stripes floating over the home on all public occasions, and when the wish was made public, Comrade Wm. H. Sammons, a member of Mendell Post, No. 450, G. A. R., of this city, and who served in Co. I, 17th Ill. Cav., proffered a pole, which was accepted. It is a beautiful staff, seventy-two feet high. George A. Sambers, Esq., of this city, presented the flag, which is sixteen feet in length and bears forty-two stars. The occasion upon which this flag was raised was the 15th Annual Reunion of the Illinois Association of Ex Prisoners of

War, of which Gen. C. W. Pavey is President, on the 16th of October, 1889. It seems to me to have been a very appropriate time for the old soldiers to raise this flag over the home of their former Commander-in-Chief. At 2 p. m., on the 16th, J. L. Crane, Camp No. 4, Sons of Veterans, followed by Stevenson Post, No. 30, and Mendell Post, No. 450, G. A. R., preceded by a brass band, marched from the G. A. R. Hall to the Leland Hotel, where about two hundred Ex-Prisoners of War joined the procession and marched to the lawn in the rear of the homestead, where the ex-prisoners formed a hollow square around the flag-staff. Mr. George A. Sanders made the presentation speech, and Governor Fifer accepting the flag in behalf of the Trustees of the homestead. At the close of the remarks, Miss Daisy Oldroyd and Miss Effie Sanders drew the flag slowly to the head of its staff, while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner." As the flag reached the top, three rousing cheers were given by the boys who had fought to make that flag free. The band then played "America," while the ladies of Stephenson Relief Corps, No. 17, and Mendell Woman's Relief Corps, No. 89, pinned button-hole bouquets on the Ex-Prisoners, members of the G. A. R. and Sons of Veterans. This closing the exercises at the Home, the procession re-formed, marched around the public square to the State House.

"'Neath this flag was our liberty born,
And our nation to greatness has grown ;
For our banner on land and at sea
Is the Star Spangled Banner alone."



RAISE over the home of A HERO,
To bathe in the sunshine's flood,
The flag, made sacred for evermore
By baptism in his blood!
Give to the wind's caressing,
To grandly and proudly wave,
The flag he cleansed from the stigma foul
Of doubting o'er land of the brave!

Let high over the home of LINCOLN
The blue as summer's sky height,
The stripe as crimson as morning's blush,
The stars recalling those of night,
Lift high over home of the martyr
The banner - his hope and faith -
The flag of a Union unbroken,
Of his prayers and for which he died!

SOUVENIR

Given to the nation's worship
The red, the white and the blue—
The emblem that tells of Freedom,
Ever guarded by hearts tried and true;
That drooped over Liberty's altar,
When the red sea of blood thundered loud,
That wrapped him—an offering priceless—
With its starry folds for a shroud.

Up! up! with the banner stainless!
No better place could be found
For the home of the slain, the sainted,
Has now become holy ground:
And looking down on it from Heaven—
Lilies of Peace hiding battle scars—
His blessing will halo with glory
Each flashing of stripes and stars!

Washington, D. C.

—WM. H. BUSHNELL.



ADDRESS OF
HON. GEORGE A. SANDERS,

IN PRESENTING A FLAG TO THE LINCOLN HEMESTRAG.

OCTOBER 16TH, 1889

TO his Excellency, the Governor, Members of the Association of the surviving prisoners of the last war, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have met this afternoon, to perform a very simple act, that of raising the banner of our country on this staff, which has been prepared for that purpose, and presented by a noble soldier of the last war, over the home of Abraham Lincoln, where he lived before

the commencement of the last war. A name that all will revere and honor; a statesman, a legislator and a President of the United States, the greatest that the Republic has ever known.

The flag itself is always beautiful to look upon, and especially so to those who have given their services and part of their life in its defense. We all honor it for the principles it signifies, and while this act is so simple, yet it is not insignificant. There is not a patriotic heart in the Republic that will not be touched by the fact of the raising of this flag over the home of Abraham Lincoln. I may say further, that there is not a heart that does not love the principles that flag signifies; there is not a citizen in the republics of the world who is in favor of free conscience, of individual expression of thought; of a government in favor of the people, by the people and for the people, who

will not be touched by this act that we are now performing this afternoon, of raising the stars and stripes over the home formerly occupied by Abraham Lincoln.

The flag itself is beautiful to look upon in what it symbolizes. As we raise it over our heads every heart feels grateful for the power, for the beneficent government, for the principles that it symbolizes, under which we live, and especially those men in whose presence I now stand; men who suffered in prison; men who looked anxiously through the bars for long days, long weeks and long years, to see this glorious flag unfold itself. These men, who have fought on hundreds of battle fields; men who have seen the flag advance and seen it fall; men who spent the best energies of their lives in the last war in its defense, can appreciate the flag in a way that none other can. It symbolizes and means to them vastly more than to any or-

dinary citizen of the Republic, however patriotic that citizen may be. We may have our sentiments and feelings and our emotions with regard to the flag, but you have experienced them on the battle-field, and I cannot say anything that will add one word to your reverence, your affection and your honor for it. No language, gentlemen, is sufficient to portray to you what you have experienced in its defense.

I have only one word further to say about this flag, which, perhaps, is personal, and which I trust you will pardon under the circumstances. My only son, a little over twenty years old, was drowned a year ago last July, in the Sangamon river. He became very much interested in the campaign that was then going on and in the questions involved. He joined a club in this city, was present when his Excellency, the Governor, opened the campaign in this State, in our Opera

House. He wanted a flag to place over our home and take into the campaign when he could have occasion to do so, and I commissioned him to get this flag. It was used once only, and then over the State Union League at one of their meetings at the Leland Hotel; and when I saw through the papers that the worthy soldier who fought in defense of the Republic had presented this staff for a flag, I thought the best thing I could do with the flag my boy procured was to give it for this occasion. I therefore present it to the Homestead with a feeling of gratitude, which I know you all feel with me, to Almighty God that we are permitted in this great Empire State of Illinois to enjoy all the liberty, all the privileges, all the power and all the benefits that flag can confer upon a free people, as well as all over the united Republic where it now waves, and in that feeling I tender it to be used for this purpose over this Homestead

ADDRESS OF
Governor JOSEPH W. FIFER.

MR. CHAIRMAN, COMRADES, LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN :

In 1887, the Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, who inherited this property from his honored father, gave it to the State of Illinois, with the understanding that the State should keep it in repair and use it as a memorial hall. The Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer and Superintendent of Public Instruction, are the Trustees, charged with the proper management and control of the property.

Osborn H. Oldroyd has been in charge here as custodian under the Trustees since August, 1887, and I realize that it must be a source of great satisfaction, not only to the people of our own great State, but likewise to the people throughout the country generally, to know that this hallowed spot has been, and is being, cared for in a way that is creditable to the people of that State in which the remains of our martyred dead now repose.

Heretofore it has been difficult for strangers who visit our city to locate this spot, and it is therefore deemed proper at this time and upon this occasion, the annual meeting of the Ex-Prisoners of War, to raise this staff to mark the place that was once the home of Abraham Lincoln. From this staff shall float hereafter this beautiful banner, the flag of our country, which in behalf of the Trustees and the people, I accept from its generous and patriotic donor in the presence of these comrades, veterans

who have been saved to us by an overruling providence from the prison pens of the South, where pestilence and famine stalked abroad at noon-day, and who have been permitted to live long enough to see their country re-united, happy and prosperous. That they may all meet in many more annual re-unions, and live many years to enjoy the blessings of that liberty their valor defended, I know is the prayer of us all.

My friend who has preceded me has spoken fittingly and feelingly of the virtues of that great man whose memory we honor to-day, and, without flattery to him, I do not hope to improve on anything he has said. It is with diffidence that I, in this presence, speak of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. You, his old neighbors and friends, knew him face to face, knew him better than was ever my pleasure to know him. In my humble judgment he was the greatest man of this century,

and I only wish I had the ability to pay a fitting tribute to his virtues. I know it is often said of this man or the other, he was a great soldier, statesman, lawyer or jurist, but I know of nothing better that can be said over the grave of any man than this which is strictly true of Mr. Lincoln. He lived a long, laborious, a patriotic and a heroic life. He hated wrong and injustice in all seasons and in all places. He fairly loathed the institution of slavery, and it finally became his pleasing task to wipe that foul blot from our nation's honor. Without powerful and influential friends to push him forward or back, into whose arms he could fall in case he proved a failure, he stepped forth when a young man from his father's log cabin, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, looked the world squarely in the face and began the great battle of life, and let the millions who pronounce his name with reverence to-day answer

how well he succeeded. I am glad that he was the product of our free institutions. I am proud that he was an American citizen, and a citizen of our own beautiful prairie State. His pure, exalted and unselfish life will help teach the world the great lesson that the basis, the indispensable basis, of all true greatness is integrity of character, and that "The only way to be happy in this life is to make others so." A statesman, yet one of the people, Lincoln seized the helm of State at the darkest hour that this nation ever saw, and left it in the dawn of a resplendent glory to lie down weary and broken beneath a monument of public gratitude, the greatest and most enduring that marks the grave of mortal man to-day.

My friends, this is not the time for any extended remarks. I have said more than I intended, and possibly more than the occasion would justify. I accept this flag, with all its

hallowed memories and associations, in the same generous and patriotic spirit in which it is presented, and hope it may be the means of guiding the footsteps of many toward this sacred shrine, where they will, I trust, receive new inspiration—an inspiration of patriotic devotion to duty that will lead them to do and to die, if need be, for the eternal right. We trust, also, that our friend and comrade, Mr. Oldroyd, will care for this priceless heritage in the future in the same faithful manner that he has in the past.

THAT flag is the emblem of a supreme will of a Nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected and the strongest must obey. It shields and canopies alike the loftiest mansion and the rudest hut. The flag was given to the air in the Revolution's darkest days. It represents the sufferings of the past, the glories yet to be, and like the banner of Heaven, it is the child of the Storm Sun.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE VETERANS AT LINCOLN'S HOMESTEAD.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD

WRINKLED and bronzed, the battle heroes stood
There erst, retreating through the open door,
The sad apostle of high brotherhood
Paced anguished hours across the humble floor:
With mighty prophecies absorbed, o'er wrought
With deep forebodings and o'er mastering thought,
(The pangs of mounting from the common clod,
To kingship, priesthood, fellowship with God.)
O heroes, brothers, in the same high cause
Of holier living and of godlier laws!
The form is vanished and the footsteps still,
But from the silence Lincoln's answers thrill:
"Peace, freedom, love!" In all the worlds best needs,
The master stands transfigured in his deeds.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 000 214 641 1