71.2009 085. 05450

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# Lincoln Poetry

J

Anonymous Poets (1)

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

71.2009.085.05450

#### CITY NOTICES.

#### THROUGH BALTIMORE.

THROUGH BALTIMORE.

When Lincoln went to Washington,
His Presidential garb to don,
He went well gnarded, aft and fore,
Safe and unharmed "through Baltimore."
And later still in sixty-one,
'Twas thought before the war begun,
'That Federal troops, as heretofore,
Could safely go "through Baltimore."
That city, famed for bloody jobs,
For murders, monuments and mobs,
Disloyal proved; its rowdles sworo
No troops should go "through Baltimore."
But Massachusett's gallant ones,'
Of Revolution's sites the sons,'
'A valiant band on sea or shore, {
They fought their way "through Baltimore."
Like them be brave when duty calls,
And dine in Wilson's Lane, at Hall's.
No matter where you've dined before,
You then can go "through Baltimore."

Chalara Marker

Miscellaneous Items.

A CAPITAL IDEA.

"TIs odd," quoth Will (a doubting chap,)
"Our Abe should don a Scotchman's cap."
"Not so," cries Jack—"Its plain to see
He reckoned thus to 'scapc—' scott free' "

THE CAUSE OF DISGUISE.

"A cap of plaid—what curious gcar,"
Says Tom. "Tis plain he felt some fear."
"Fear!" echoes Abc—"I felt like showing
No kind of check could stop my going!"

-N. Y. Sunday Times.

all - 1 - 1

Peleg Jones.

I knew a man named Peleg Jones,
He voted for A be Lincoln;
And when this war broke out he said
There musn't be ne blinking.

Load your gues and squint your eyes,
Finger on your triggers;
Hang the "rebels" up sky-high,
Emanchate the niggers.

He said the Union we must save,
If it made creation holler;

And that the President should have Every man and every dellar.

He joined the Union League, and bought A flag for his son David, And prayed that in the other world No Demecrats be say ed.

He said the war was just, and should Be pushed with vim and vigor, And any man agin the war Was meaner than a nigger."

And yet this Pelig Jones would stay
Among his pigs and cattle,
While other men took up their gans
And marched away to battle.

But when the draft was made in town, Poor Peleg he got drafted; And when we told the patriot cuss, It scared him almost half dead.

Then Pelig went right off and sold

To Smith, of Pedank Holler,
One horse, eight steers, ten Durham cows,
And got three hundred dollars.

And then he pald the Marshal off, But said It was not right, sir, That such good patriot-folks as he Should either pay or fight, sir.

And this same man, named Peleg Jones,
He voted for Abe Lincoln;
And when this war broke out, he said
There musn't be no blinking.
'Load your guns and squint your eyes,

Finger on your (riggers; Hang the "rebels" all sky high, Emancipate the niggers.

En Pa Utsern Dan 186

[From the World. Rhymes for the Times.

AFTER "MOTHER GOOSE."

DIOKORY.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
Old Abe wound up the clock;
The clock struck ten
For Mac and Pen,
Abe tumbled with the shock.

FREMONT.

Diddle, diddle dumpling, Fremont John Thought to get to Washington; Off the track before he was on, Diddle, diddle dumpling, Ezit John

A SONG OF GREENBACKS. Sing a song of greenbacks, A pocket full of straw; Four and twenty millions-Flung away in war; When the war was opened-The notes began to fly; Wasn't that a dainty sight For such poor chaps as I! Chase was in the Treasury-Counting out the money; Lincoln in the White House, Was eating bread and honey; McClellan on the battle field, Was following our foes-There came along a black bird And nipped off his nose.

Baa I baa I Lincoln, have you any wool! Yes, marry, have I, many heads full; None for the master, none for the dsme, All for Columby to have and maintain.

ATLANTA.

Hark! hark! the war dogs bark!
The Yankees have come to town;
Some with flags, but none in rsgs—
And one with a hero's crown.

ONE, TWO

One, two,
Abe won't do,
Three, four,
Any more;
Five. six,
We're'in a fix,
Seven, eight,
Beyond debate;
Nine, ten,
Mac and Pen.

Eleveu, twelve,
Must Lincoln shelve;
Thirteen, fourteen,
Victory courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Fortuns fixed in;
Seventeen, eighteen,
For this we're waiting,
Nineleen, twenty,
Peace and Plenty.

THE MODERN MAN OF THESSALY.
There was a man of Illinois,
Who wssn't wondrous wise:
He jumped into a civil war,
And blisded both his eyes;
And when he saw his oyes were shut,
With all his fun and farce—
He plunged the deeper in the war—
And "went it blind"—of course!

Erie Pa Observer. Dem. 186

A new poet has arisen, and made his appearance before the world, in the Gallipolis (Ohio) Dispatch. The subject of his inspiration is the colored person, whom he addresses in the following heroic style:

O thou Woolly Hedded counterband of War! Of this war, the tarnnelest one this Earth Ever Seed—of thee i sing.

U look slick, and fat,
And shiny! Spect IJ git a plenty toe eat,
Ad 2 wear, and awl thatts good
Besides, konearn your black
Woolly sole, while me,
And awl the Ballance uv
The pore soldjours,
Li out o' nites in the Rain, and sno,
And kold winds,
A gittin of kast Iurn krackers 2 Eat,
And Nun 2 Menny of them At That,
With spilte Bakin meet,
And Wurmy Beans, not mourn
Nor ½ kooked when the
Kooks gits Drunk,
And thats poorty ofttin toe.

I say old nigger,
Jist U try awl this, and
Moar 2 that I haint gott
Time 2 mention and if
U dont say thatt awl
The pide, and Pomp,
And sirkumstance, ov
Whats kalled glory us war,
Is awl in the i, and the
Biggest kind of a Hum Bugg,
And kawl the Poick, who gott off
The abuv kwotashin, a deceevir,
And jist writ it, becaws he wanted
Two ade sum recrewith offy sir
Two rekroot a kumpenny for 3 years,
Or a dewrin of the war,
Then, kall me a Lyre.

Erie Ca Observer Dem 186-

Unfarled is the flag of our flation,
The roll of the drum casts to arms;
Each patriot ocw to his ctation,
For this is the hour of alarm.
No stranger our soil is invaling,
But dark is the mutinous crew,
Who boldly their treason parading,
Would strike down the red, white and blue.
Caorus—Would strike down the red, white and blue,
Who boldly their treason parading,
Would strike down the red, white and blue,
Who boldly their treason parading,
Would strike down the red, white and blue.

Oh! look from the turbulent ocean,
Across to the far, "peaceful sea,"
The people aroused are in motion,
And strong is the arm of the free;
Inspired with the patriot's devotion,
The Democrats, faithful and true,
Are rallying for Woodward and Lowers,
Who stand for the red white and blue.
Chorus—Who stand by the red, white and blue,
Are rallying for Woodward and Lowers,
Who stand by the red, white and blue,
Are rallying for Woodward and Lowers,
Who stand by the red, white ond blue,

Then gather, ye cohorts of treason.

Our phalanx will close for the shock.

Our pacoply—freedom and reason,

We stand like the surf-braten rock,

One heart and one hand for the Union:

For conflict and victory too;

Our leaders are Woodward and Lowers,

Our flag is the red, white and blue,

Our flag is the red, white and blue,

Our flag is the red, white and blue,

Our leaders are Woodward and Lowers,

Our flag is the red, white and blue,

The era of peace is before us!

Though darkly the tempest still lowers;
Kind Providence yet watches o'er us,
And triumph will surely be ours;
We'll stand by our loved Constitution
in spite of the rail-splitting crew;
Hurrah, then, for Woodward and Lowele,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
Hurrah, then, for Woodward and Lowele,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
Hurrah, then, for Woodward and Lowele,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

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The Press Pers is The

The Brave Boys in Blue.

Ve come from the hill and the mountain
To stand by the flag of the free,
As rivers that roll from the fountain,
And swell on their way to the sea;
From forges where hammers are ringing
The vows of the brave and the true;
For Clymer, we all gather singing,
Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue! Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue! For Clymer we all gather singing, Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue!

We come from the plain and the valley,
From furnace, and foundry, and mine,
And round our bold leader we rally,
While "fighting it out on this line;"
Our banner we will not surrender,
But here our devotions ronew,
For Clymer, the Union defender,
The choice of the Brave Boys in Blue!

CHORUS .- The choice of the Brave, etc.

Ere la Obsern - Sem 186.

#### FREEDOM'S MARTYR.

Across the heights of future time, To all true men of every clime One name will swell—a sound sublime

Our children, 'neath a prosperous sun, Peace, Law and Right, all blent in one, Will own his glorious mission done;

Will say, "True hearts, speak out who can! There rose a cry, God shaped His plan; He ruled events, He sent the man.

- "A man who held the Nation's trust;
  Pure gold, where much was dross and rust.
  No tears above his honored dust!
- "Our heart this shining memory wears To bliss-like, deep, unspoken prayers To make us strong 'midst daily cares.
- "He sald to every slave, 'Go free!
  To God—no other—bend the knee;
  His glorious bidding speaks through me!
- "No selfish thought, no bilinding pride; His vision clear, his soul stood wide To God, and all the world beside!"

Triumphant will their voices ring: "Glad tribute to his truth we bring! Speak, men, his praise! ye poets, sing!"

Ah, me! with trembling voice instead, With sorrowing hearts, with drooping head, We cry, "Our Martyr Friend is dead?" F.

1865

"Father of love and power,"

#### FUNERAL HYMN,

FUNERAL HYMN

Sung at the Eliot Church, Newton Corner, April 19, 1865.

Father of love and power,
In this distressing hour
Hear thou our cry;
Thy sovereign will we own,
Now from thy lofty throne
O hear us, Holy One;
Bend from on high.

We bow in deepest grief;
O grant us quick relief;
O grant us quick relief;
Thy comforts bring;
We turn our weeping eyes
To thee above the skies;
Pity our broken sighs,
Great God our king.

We mourn the good and great,
Struck from the Chair of State
By traitor hand;
Loudly his bloed doth cry
To God beyond the sky,
That justice, throned on high,
May purge our land.

O God, our fathers' God

O God, our fathers' God,
Their hepe on land and flood,
Now be our guide.
Our country ever be
The home of liberty,
And let thy mercy free,
With us abide.

### THE SILENT PILGRIM.

A silent Pilgrim tarries here
On his way to the west—
Only tarries for a night and a day,
On his slow and winding way,
To his home in the west—
To his toinb in the west!
He has fill'd a noble sphere:

And how well—
All our people love to tell,
As all nations soon shall tell,
And all future ages tell,
That he fill'd it passing well!
Yes, he fill'd our highest place
With a glory, with a grace,
With a gentleness and love
Our highest praise above:
So calm through all the strife,
Not counting dear his life,

Warring only, from the first, with a heart that yearned for peace—

'Till he saw the Slave's release!
Theu God call'd his name,
And seal'd up his fame,
And his own release came!
So let him rest!

In our Hall of Independence—let him rest:
In the circle of our Fathers—let him rest:
In the midst of moaning cannon—let him rest:
In the midst of sobbing bells—let him rest:
In the midst of falling tears—let him rest:
Overshaded by our mourning—let him rest,

With fresh flowers upon his breast:

Our Martyr Guest!
For a night, for a day,
On his slow and winding way
To his welcome in the west:
To his home in the west:
To his tomb—in the West—

Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest! If - 26 - 65

## IN MEMORIAM.

There's a burden of grief on the breezes of spring,
And a song of regret from the bird on its wing;
There's a pall on the sunshine and over the flowers,
And a shadow of graves on these spirits of ours;
For a star hath gone out from the night of our sky,
On whose brightness we gazed as the war-cloud rolled by;
So tranquil and steady and clear were its beams,
That they fell like a vision of peace on our dreams.

A heart that we knew had been true to our weal,
And a hand that was steadily guiding the wheel;
A name never tarnished by falsehood or wrong,
That had dwelt in our hearts like a soul-stirring song;
Ah! that pure, noble spirit has gone to its rest,
And the true hand lies nerveless and cold on his breast;
But the name and the memory—these never will die,
But grow brighter and dearer as ages go by.

Yet the tears of a nation fall over the dead,
Such tears as a nation before never shed,
For our cherished one fell by a dastardly hand,
A martyr to truth and the cause of the land;
And a sorrow has surged, like the waves to the shore
When the breath of the tempest is sweeping them o'er;
And the heads of the lofty and lowly have bowed,
As the shaft of the lightning sped out from the cloud.

Not gathered, like Washington, home to his rest, When the sun of his life was far down in the West; But stricken from earth in the midst of his years, With the Canaan in view, of his prayers and his tears. And the people, whose hearts in the wilderness failed, Sometimes, when the stars of their promise had paled, Now, stand by his side on the mount of his fame, And yield him their hearts in a grateful acclaim.

Yet there on the mountain, our Leader must die,
With the fair land of promise spread out to his eye;
His work is accomplished, and what he has done
Will stand as a monument under the sun;
And his name, reaching down through the ages of time,
Will still through the years of eternity shine—
Like a star, sailing on through the depths of the blue,
On whose brightness we gaze every evening anew.

His white tent is pitched on the beautiful plain,
Where the tumult of battle comes never again,
Where the smoke of the war-cloud ne'er darkens the air,
Nor falls on the spirit a shadow of care.
The songs of the ransomed enrapture his ear,
And he heeds not the dirges that roll for him here;
In the calm of his spirit, so strange and sublime,
He is lifted far over the discords of time.

Then bear him home gently, great son of the West—'Mid her fair blooming prairies lay Lincoln to rest;
From the nation who loved him, she takes to her trust,
And will tenderly garner the consecrate dust.

A Mecca his grave to the people shall be,
And a shrine evermore for the hearts of the free.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Sic semper tyrannis." the assassin cried,
As Lincoln fell. O villalu! who than he
More lived to set both slave and tyrant free?
Or, so enrapt with plans of freedom, died
That even thy treacherous deed shall glance aside,
And do the dead man's will by land and soa;
Win bloodless battles and make that to be
Which to his living mandate was denied.
Peace to that gentle heart! the peace he sought
For all mankind, nor for it dies in vain,
Rest to the uncrowned king, who, tolling, brought
His bleeding country through that dreatful reign;
Who, living, earn'd a world's revering thought,
And, dying, leaves his name without a stain,
[English paper.

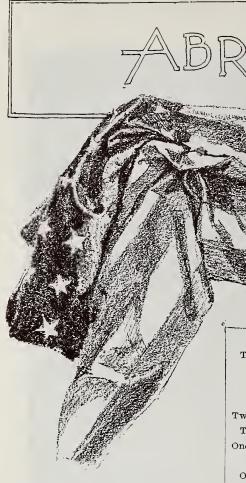
#### THE VISION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

APRIL 14, 1865.\*

Dreaming, he woke, our martyr President, And still the vision lingered in his mind (Problem at once and prophecy combined)—
A flying bark with all her canvas bent—
Joy-bringing herald of some great event,
Oft when the wavering scale of war inclined To Freedom's side; now how to be divined Uncertain, since Rébellion's force was spent. So, of the omen heedful, as of Fate, Lincoln with curious eye the horizon scanned: At morn, with hopes of port and peace elate; At night, like Palinurus—in his hand The broken tiller of the Ship of State— Flung on the margin of the Promised Land.

\* "At the cabinet meeting held the morning of the assassination....General Grant was present, and during a lull in the conversation the President turned to him and asked if he had heard from General Sherman. General Grant replied that he had not, but was in hourly expectation of receiving dispatches from him announcing the surrender of Johnston. 'Well,' said the President, 'you will hear very soon new, and the news will be important.... I had a dream last night, and ever since the war began I have invariably had the same dream before any important military event occurred.... It is in your line, too, Mr. Welles. The dream is that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly.'"—Carpenter's "Six Months at the White House."

Harpers bunchle apr. 1885



To "Abraham Lincoln," as already announced, was awarded the prize of \$1,000 offered by the Herald for the best epic poem based upon some episode in American history since the beginning of the Revolution. This poem was chosen from among its many competitors because, in the opinion of the judges, it most adequately fulfilled the conditions of the offer and treated a dignified theme with the heroic feeling of the

#### INVOCATION.

Of one great ship that sailed the sea
And weathered the infuriate blast;
Of one great pilot that stood fast
And brought her into lee,

I sing; and singing seek to use
Thy founts of song, as they of yore
Sought and found service in thy store,
O immemorial Muse!

The Grecian bard drew forth from thence His linked lakes of centuried song, The mirrors to the likeness strong Of earth's diviner sense,

The Florentine with screened eyes

Caught rich and Beatrician gleam

Of Eunoe's redemptive stream

And dream of Paradise.

Love's pure and changeless victory The brotherhood of man.

#### SHIPS OF FATE.

Two paths apart o'er the mystic main;

Two eager prows to the splendrous west;

One south, one north, through the soughs of pain,

Of life and of death possest.

Above the one from celestial wings

Blew winds of love on the crowded sails;

And fingers used to immortal strings

Held backward the rushing gales.

Below the other a rising sweep
Of forms foam-raimented, raven hands
Forced fiercely through the resentful deep
The sorrow of western lands.

Bright Mayflower cresting the wintry sea,
Immortal emblem of freedom's spring,
The germ of a nation's destiny
To be and to know no king.

Beginning of what has been and is

The soul of a nation's life, that plights
The hope of the future centuries,
The charter of human rights.

Dark Slaver sweeping Virginia's shore; Sad ebon faces from mast to keel; Sin's portent of sorrow, the fiery sore Heart-wise that should only heal

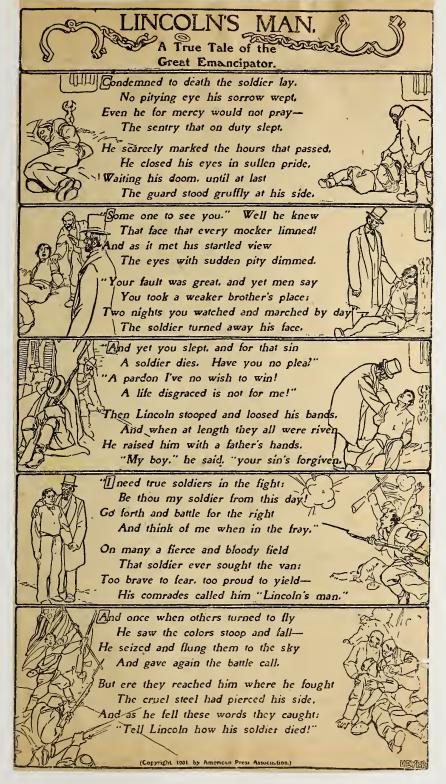
In smoke of battle and streams of blood,
In orphaned cries unto winds and waves,
In tears of precipitate widowhood
Bedewing a million graves.



So stands our hope with its blessings sp A magna charta inviolate; The deathless soul of the patriot dead, The heart of the living state.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

The mists on the mountain peaks



Jan 21 1900



To "Abruham Lincohn," as already an-nounced, was awarded the prize of \$1,000 and offered by the HEALER for the best epic affered by the HEALER for the Bost epic pown based upon some cajesade in American history since the beginning of the Revolu-tion. This poem was chosen from manur its amany competitors because, in the opinion of the judges, it most adequately fulfilled the conditions of the offer and treated a digni-fied deeme with the heroic feeling of the epic

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I sing; and singing seek to use Thy founts of song, as they of yore Sought and found service in thy store O immemorial Muse!

The Greeian bard drew forth from thene His tinked lakes of centuried song, Of carth's diviner sense.

The Florentine with screened eye Caught rich and Beatrician gle of Eunoc's redemptive stream And dream of Peradlac. The seer of Horion unding meet Thy rills beyond the hills of time Set ancient serrow into rhyme And sin to music sweet.

The poet of the Holy Grail
Deep-quaffing placed before thy face
The idyl-epie of the race,

The quest's supreme aveil.

The Cambridge singer o'er the walls
Of custom clomb, and roaming found
The fountains where with rushing so The Laughing Water falls,



SHIPS OF FATE.

Two paths apart o'er the mystle main; Two eager prows to the splendrous west One south, one north, through the soughs pain, Of life and of death possess.

Above the one from celestial wings Blow winds of love on like crowded sails And fingers used to immortal strings Held backward the rushing galer

Bright Mayflower creating the wintry sea Immortal emblem of freedom's spring, The germ of a nation's destiny To be and to know no king.

Beginning of what has been and is The soul of a astion's life, that plights The hope of the future centuries, The charter of human rights.

Sad coon faces from mast to keel; Sin's portent of sorrow, the flery sore Heart-wise that should only heat



The fragrant neadows of Runnym Are fresh as ever, will never sear



"In lowliest spot he breathed The sweet breath of the earth."

Somewhat as they have sung

One meagre strain of one great song, Which patriot bards through future ye O'er ever brightening hemispheres Stall supunrously prolong;

Of one great hope since time be The dream of every century.

And bronside hoofs of the Purltan's steed Still crowd on the Cavaller.

The laurel blooms upon Burial Hill; The broken tablets are slabs of gold; And Plymouth Rock in the winter's chill With summer is aureoled,

The thunder of Concord and Lexington Rolls on in music that will not + b. And one brave venture for freedom done Immortally crowns July.

White stars of dawn in a sky of blue
And bars of glory o'er land and sea.
Stult float the emblem the ages throu
Of union and liberty.

So stands our hope with its blessings spread A magna charta inviolate; The deathless soul of the patriot dead, The heart of the living state.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

The mists on the mountain peaks MARTIES TILL US NOT UNIVERSAL TO THE hope of the world is born. The spelins of the ages speaks. The writished softeness of Time writished softeness of Time Responds to his haughing soul; The ramer has resched the each. And all things fall into rayme. The winds are posts and sing September hank into June; The walled are posts and sing the railled starts awoon. All purpoing toward the spring; The bridges of Battle Boat. The bitter is changed to sweet, And Peace sands again at the why And turns it with glowing feet.

The God-given Occident,
The land of the promises,
All lying munificent
With heavenly legacies,
Held hack for the inliness of time,
The dawn of an age sublime,
At last unfolding complete,
A Camaan at chosen feet.

A Cuisan at choose feet. Premp sets the morble hills, Prem even set move to the sea, A myrind expess the Maryland expess the AM Bathing with potency. The mountains impatient atoms for margic cuit of dealers. The worker involves impatient atoms for margic atoms of command, Expectant of a later's seys. To open their treaturies, To open their treaturies, To open their treaturies, The atoms of the ages oils, Primeval power's retreat.

Primeral power's retreat.

Availing the great to-de;
Pulliment of Liberty's street.

Fulliment of Liberty's street.

The volve of the people supreme;
The throne of Justice secure;
The strain of man to endure;
The street of man to endure;
The benne of the world's opprest.

The sent's great nearth-lione of rest;
All hardress treates down,
And every man with a crown;
One union never to fail;
One fundon tower all.



A DREAM OF EMPIRE

And o'er the seas increasing rise The cries of Europe's greatening needs.

CH WRIGHT 95

White stretching sweeps of meltiess snow, Dark swarms of swerthy forms displayed, And sliver mists to golden grow Along the thoroughfares of trade.

Glowed on the vision of the race splendrous wealth of trople sphere; A luminous ocean-rounded space

From Hatterss to Panama,
And summer shores of Mazatlan,
Unto the coppered hills afar
Beyond the bays of Yucatsn. And on o'er Amazonian plain,

And on o'er Amazonian plans.

Wide vision of a nation's morn;

Through Incan traits and tracks of Spain,

One empire to the Southern Horn.

An empire with its gilded throne By flesh and blood enalayed wrought; An empire with its pillared zone Of States whose founders ilon-like fought

To make men free, but falled to trace, While thus their lifeblood stained the sod, Within the negro's chon face The image of Almighty God;

Whose later legions, holding fast Their legacies of sophistry. Preferred the world's barbaric past, Forsook the paths of liberty

To tread apart revulsive ways, Back from the larger trend of things, Face to the nations' yesterdays, Hand unto hand again with kings. This was the dream imperial That floated upon Southern skies, And this the empire mystical, Whose sweeps of passional paradis

Should stretch beyond the gloried girth Of union, past the heritage Of freedom, cut apart from earth, All hallowed by a previous age.

To spread beyond the lines of light, Where justice shines with whitening flame A sphere of power, where might makes right



The aution called through the gld One wall of a long despair, One flery portent of doom, One multimilinous prayer; And strained myriad eyes Were litted to lowering skica.

Burst beaming, a splendrous sp.
Agatmst the o'erwhelming dark,
It waxed, It whitened, it shono
A blaze in the widening zone
Of dawn, and cagerful eyes
Read clear in the clearing skies America's horoscope, The sign of a nation's hope, The Star of Sangamon.

LINCOLN

Not out of the easi, but the west A star and a saviour rose;
A light to a people's quest,
A spirit of grace possest
Of faith through a people's we
Of wisdom for emprise blest,

No accident this nor chance; No accident this nor chaine
But heavenly ordinance
Set him by divine decree
In centuried fulness of time
For sake of the race to be
The soul of a golden prime.

And down through the variant years
Of thralldom's darkness and tears
God's measurcless love for humanity
Wrought through the tidea of heredity,
To fashion at last the counterpart
Of heavenly purpose and heart.

In lowitest spot he breathed The first sweet breath of the earth. And Hte's great parent bequeathed Pair virginal nature from birth To be his tuter and friend. Hts fellering steps to attend.

She led o'er the wooded bills She led o'er the wooded miss And through the prairted vales; Atong by the summer's rills, Abreast of the winter's gales; Through sweeps of primevai dells And over the rest man's trails.

She taught him the songs of birds, The sympathy syllabled words Of water and earth and air, And pointed the winding stair "Twist earth and heaven, where ell The higher forces of time.

She bound him that he might feel The iron of oppression's heel. She starved him that he might learn The hunger of souls that yearn.

She bruised him that he might in Somewhat of the world's great w

One long, sweet look, and she led Her here all panopiled On unto the golden doer That opens out into history. And thrust him from her to be, With penicrostal litterl, A chosen ambassador, Transfigures of despult, The champion of liberty,

Guns answered guns till thrice twist morn and evenfide The battle raged, while the defenders, wearded, stood To save their country's dag with their entwairle blood. For which their fathers died. At length appeared the end; twixt batter ramparts swept Perce conflagration; fallen, the staudard, risen sgain,
Wayed from its spitnered staff through
smoke and over pain
And vows of soldlers kept. Too brave to work self-murder, forth from

Above an Island fortress toward the eastern

sun
A parttot benner wavel, and 'neath it in
array
A noble band stood waiting for the dawn of
day
And Southland's primal gun.

Then slowly flushed the dawn, and on a sudden burst Reverberating thunder, and a flaming shell Rose screaming scaward over

A moment's stience: then' from bastloned shores of ire
Swept blazing o'er the wide and restlened firmament
One hurricane of havor into dire descent
Of cataclysmal fire.



unsurrendering went, their banner

The die was east: rebellion's deed leapt to

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1895, - COPTRIORT, 1895, BY JAN

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN HERALD SQUARE.



## SHE BEARS THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN HER HEART.

Within the doors are giow and warmth and mirth and Christmas cheer,
Outside apon the marble steps the wind blows blook and drear,
Upon those chercless marble steps the mother craves a rest,
A weight of holly on her arms, of woe within her hreast.

Beside her stands a little one with hollow eyes that gaze Bewildered at the sight of mirth on this her worst of days, When, lo! the portals open wide, a vision comes in sight; This little Plossic in her robes of Christmas cheer hedight. She holds a caske) in her hands, a tear is an oer eye.

"And have you got no pretty gifts? Has Sant's passed you by?

Then take this box, poor little girls, no, don't be 'fraid—hecuise

If Santy Claus has passed you by Fil he your Santy Claus."

And one, a nation's prophet, with sad eyes

COLUMBIA'S WRATE.

The guns that fired on Sumter's walls Awoke a nation; far and near The cries of pain, the bursts of fear

ed Columbia, wounded so A moment staggered; then her form Commbia's supreme beliest,

THE NATION'S RESPONSE

There rang o'er the turbulent land One sovereign blast of command it rolled from sea unto sea, It rolled from sea unto sea. The summons of liberty. It broke o'er the scintillant blils will spittered to myrind thrills of wakening thunder; it swept Through valleys and over stream the militant have of dreams of troubled militons that slept. It startled all hearts as It went, Arousting a continent.

The thunderous answer came; A spitendor burst on the night, The crests of the hills were fine The valleys were lines of light; The frame of the struggling earth Died into its larger birth, A people leapt to their feet. Their strength like a giant's braws



"High noon o'er the trampled meadows And Bull Run's crimsoned stream."

Rose towering, a mighty stor Her features gathering o'er.

The cloud upon her bended brow Was passionate decree

Of vengeance, and the pairiot fire That burst through strained eye Was ominous apocalypse Of emprise awift and dire.

Of emprise dire, until the right, Through dust and blood, should conque

wrong; Till clouds should break and freedom's son Sound o'er the waning night;

Till mighty hosts should rise and plant Her flag on Sumter's crest again; And wipe away for aye her stain,

Blood writ, across a million graves, That all the world should understa That God had stricken every band



THE CALL TO ARMS,

Beside Columbia stood one, Begot by Holy Liberty, Defender of her sovereignt Her great and regnant son.

For sake of her, in heart and brain Her life was his; and wounded, too, Full well his loyal nature knew The measure of her pain,

And all his nature rose with hers; And facing her imperious needs, Forgetting not the noble deeds Of past deliverers,

He took from out his sacred girth The golden trumpet which he bore Blew such a blast as ne'er before Was heard to alt the earth.

A blast that sounded war's slarms, From north to south, from east to

Their soul like the furnace heat, Their hope like the rising dawn

And up from the people's soul A vow went forth unto Him Enthroned twist the Cherubim, A promise from pole to pole As holy as love, as pure As truth for aye to endure,
That, be it through toriuring pain
Their banner should rise again, Unfurled upon Sumter's height That through their patriot might That through their patriot might And under God's judgment sky All discord at tast should lle O'erwhelmed forever complete Beneath Columbia's feet,

Beneath Columbias feet, And thus a people quivering stood And offered their blood, The valies reglied to the echoing crags And flass waved answer to flags. Our setnod and hangulating academic Ab binner floated apprens. Our what I and harbor, due shop and mill And pairing domeliel. Our losseling mart and thoroughtare, or extending streamed to the ain. Prom arternt turrets and gittlering spires. The prenns of authoridate, the promotion of authority and the promotion of the promotion of the promotion of the standard stream of the standard stream stood charges of the standard standard stream stood charges of the standard st

Ablaze with the red, white and bine

Ablance with the red, white and thre.

And yowe were written again and again,
Till earth was a manuscript
Hibuthasted with patriot pen
In triplicate giver dipt.
The plow was lett in the ratiow field
For sake of a larger yield.
The lrob was lett in the failow field
For sake of a larger yield.
The Iran lay cold in the smoothering flame
Because of a lather afm.
The ratifing shuttle, the whirring isome
Were funded at the cannot boom.
And over the lead the market's hum
Gave place to the fife and frum.
The workers trained for the skip and mill
Aspired to a warrior's skill.
The poet described his poblem one
The swithout forms through the same a seeing
The swithout forms have been a seeing
The children of the skip and and appropriate the patriot streams.
Surposeing the wilder forms.
Surposeing the wilder forms.
To latte for freedom's hand.
To latte for freedom's hand. The plowshares sprang into glislening

And pruning-hooks into mears

strains of love into farewell words And laughter to bitter tents.
And over the threshold the mother
Her son for a soblier's grave.
And weeping yielded the patriot wife
The heart of her heart for strife. ough the gates of hem And hope fled forth to roam.

All hearts were one, and a nation's soul Rose up toward a sacred goal. And under the springstide's naure bue' The hills and the vales were blue. And summer's sun in its shiding wheel Flashed down upon bristling steel.



THE GATHERING OF THE LEGIONS.

Across a continent, coast to coast,
Arose a mighty transcendent toot.
From suntit crays and from purpled glens,
From high plateaus and from marshy fens,
From freighted rivers and prairies wide,
From recky creats of the Great Divide,
From each creats of the Great Divide,
From chained takes and from mystle

mounds
Of Gatheriting Waters to forests' bounds,
From vales of iron and from peaks of gold From valve of iron and from peaks of gold. The patiest legions onward rottlet. On toward the hallowed claded, Where receions your dain paint swell, On toward the longly side of him. When todo with those to a spectre arim; On, on, the myriads awayd allow, What todo with those to a spectre arim; On, on, the myriads awayd with returning song. Their eyes to his little of officer Arimanm, "We come, we come of the peaks of the work of the w

THE PLEDGE OF TRIUMPH,

The miracle of modern history The struggles of the immemorial past For human iborty, All quickened into immortality In one supernal saplent forecast Of dimices victory,

One nation of the centuries alone.
One rhythm that never thrilled the world be

One rhythm that never thrilled the fore, Voice from the people's throne, All vibrant with the mighty under Of God and cadenees for evermore Of freedom's deathless own.

Firm shall she stand our country through at Alt answering to freedom, They who ro

sake of her subtime

pledge that ever as the race shall ellir
higher ske shall hold the paths the



THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Long lines of steel in the morning

Blood, rapine and night



THE NIGHT OF SORROW

The wantag sky grew darker, and the light Fell back behind its basterling cellipse. Wide wracks of tempest strained Across the summer moon, and from his height Imperial one beheld apocalypse of travall forcordained.

Of travall forcordalined, the sky ghomed into midnight, and dismay Swept surging, and the battle thunders rolled And winds were deep treath of pain and terror, laden with red spray, And happenings were spectres that forefold A nation's doom and death.

THE VIGIL.

And one bestde Columbia's preserate form Watched in lorn vigit from his regenant kelcht. The matton's gathering wee. And all his soul force up against the storm, And eyes strained forth into the darkening right.

If e'er a dawn should he, for sad eyes

tes of graves and hosts once glisten-

itg
And set on to victory,
Now crumbiling into dust, the green earth stained
With patriot blood, and spring succeeding

spring In mighty tragely.

And as he faced the gloom with lifted eyes.

His soul upon a sudden touched with God

Through pulsant lengths of prayer.

And swiff a thrill of dawn flashed from the skies And scemed eneiteling wings and song-shod

Adown the lightening air Adown the lightening air.

He stood all/marveiling, while his.easer soul
Lifted and opened, hearing as it rose
To beights of ascrifice
The wallings of his people onward roll
Up to the throne of God, and felt the throes

application rise,

As application rise, for caught the wider, higher echoings of centuried eries of wearied multitudes "How long, O Lord, how long."

Beheld yet higher the firee lightnings of judgment, and no further allitudes Full-panophied and strong.

Full-panopied and strong.
Duty, a splendrous form against the dark,
Imperious with heattile crown
Of sacred liberty,
A noble soul's resistless hierarch,
With regal hand pointing impassioned down
To paths of victory.

THE NATION'S PROPHET.

The nation's only soul
For whom wrought ever since the racebeg
The subtle energies of thought and power
Toward one predestined goal.

A master spirit ever wise and good



"Lor g lines of steel in the m Wide winding columns of blue.

Wide winding columns of blue, The Sabbath's hush, The dawn's sweet flush, Brave hearts wil falling scorning And fresh as the glistening dew

o'er the transpled meadows High noon o'er the transpled means And Brill Run's crimsoned stream Hot shot and shell And swattles of hell, Bold forms in the finming sizadows Aface to a fiery dream.

Pust-closuls in the distance rising Fresh title to a turning fee; Tunultness flight,

That loved the kely, idelized the sure A gentle nature, strong With instincts set to human brotherit With majesty of impulse to secure The everthrow of wrong.

The aventiness of wrong, practited contineer right's embedding Resignant nature's generous legacy, The people's composite; The people's composite; The peless of universal liberty With sease and firstler kniz. A master-coul was that that yearing saw The relievant title of hastic, felt the tires that sweet all extinctioning. A master-coul was to easie kindler bus,

Caim like the stars above the shifting cloud;
Abiding truth and time,
Full mantled with a project's majesty,
He stood the nation's larger life, endowed
With faith and hope sublime.

THE VOICE OF DESTINY.

The hour was come, and in that hour he Responsive to the sacred voice that spake From treaven and earth and sea. He heard the dusky tolling multitude Plainlive and pleading that his hand should

Their chains and set them free. He treard the voice of God from fiery height, Who for the reason of a nation's sin Had held her armies back, Decreed defeat and shame, till site should

right
The wrongs herself had san should win
Justice unto her track.

This heard above the midian's walking the saw across the Bery hurricane chairs.

His country's armies murch to victory,

Till over Sumer's height,

Unraffied like the nighty under-dron,

The Stars and Stripes triumphani waved

The sucred sign of right He saw the clouds of battle roll away.
The campfires of a nation smouldering, A million heroes tread
The glorled pathways of a ckerished day
Back to the gates of home wide opening.
And feasts of welcome spread.

The vision widened and the whitening air Grew clearer till the fugitive forecast Of far horizons shone; And earth became a moving thoroughfare With neputous processionals dvine Before his prophet throne.

He saw the golden South refashloned of Surprasting all her dreams imperial To greatening embence:

A deeper agure in her heading skies, increasing west of attenth reciprocal deep for the companion of the compan

He saw the argent North Inspired anow Beneath her holy chrism to deeper love



"And myriad properties Became in one immortal moment-men.

And girded with the strength of righteousness,
God for her with descending scraphim,
Above the battle's tide,
March on in widening triumph and po A continent unto the furthest rim, With freedom glorifie

THE STROKE OF JUSTICE,

The hour was come, the nation's crucial hour,
A crisis of the world, a turn of time,
And earth's best hope and dream.
And one undaunted soul, sheewed with
power,
Freedom's anointed, rose to beight subtime,
Imporial and supreme.

And lifting high o'er groaning multitudes. His sovereign sceptre, smote with such a

His sovereign sceptre, smote with such a stroke
The chains of centuries
That earth was shaken through its latitudes,
That millioned manacles asynder broke,
And myriad properties

Son dyrna properties

Became in one immortal moment—men,

Free with the free in all the rounded earl

Redeemed by particl blood,

To stand with faces to the light again,

Attaining through their resurrection birth

To freedom's brotherkood.

THE DAWN,

The shadows stowly lifted from the sun; The benedletion splendors carthward rotted Down paths of vectors. A nation's crowded prophet stood upon The crest of love and time all aureoled With Immortality.

The shadows slowly lifted, and the Grew glad, for though the blood of heroe

Grew glad, for though the ploor of new stathed stathed Her fair and sacred face. Yet Freedom kad achieved liminorial birth, And Justice had forever more attained Her high and rightful place.

THE APOTHEOSIS

To one superior peak necessitase. He cloud, called by a voice unleard by author. Save his interior soul.

The Note of his life, all imminus With God, and repea and marcetimp caugh: Swift vision of the goal.

Of its immercial faith, the provided long Toward which his feet that led this propile on Toward which his feet that led this propile on Toward which his feet that led this propile on a grant grant part of the and below.

And game, pand Apocalyptic in the goblen dawn Of neace and brotherhood.

North, no South; from sea to mountain the land with mare vision further yields: No North, no South; from sea to mountain the property of the property of the property and with the blood mixt on embattled fleids Cemented in preptual fellowships The nation's blue and gray.

Ho saw the marble columns 'gainst the sky, The flowered garlands o'er the mounds of

The gathered worship Coming the story that 'tis sweet to die For freedom, and to win the prise serene A grateful world confers.

The splendor spread to its n



"The patriot legions onward rolled.

He saw from zone to sone The feet of Love upon the heights of time The hand of Peace dispensing bless From Freedom's central throne.

He saw the upward march of centuries, And heard the gloried sweeps of gratitude Rise from the nation's lips. Mixt with descending tides of cestasies, The diagnaous of beatlude, Bursts of apocalypse—

. . . . .

—In the great world there are no accidents; Embroned above the ages obb and how. Unseen, mlaunderstood, God rules, who in all seasons and events, Through fleey trial and obrawhelming wor Forever works the good.

Listoning to heard the sweet adaptos of chelring ancels, and the morning song of perfect theoriy: He was not, for God took bim, and he rose, Cambit to the besom of that merger throng Who died to make mut free. Who filed to make most free, Dorrelgis, 1885, by James Gordon Remeit All rights reserved [

## OH! 'TIS ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MARCHING SONG

YOUNG MEN'S



## LINCOLN CLUB

OF FIVE POINTS

NEW YORK CITY

1

He was born in a log cabin, Was born in a log cabin, Was born in a log cabin, And he's good enough for mel

#### Chorus:

Oh! 'tis Abraham Lincoln,
 'tis Abraham Lincoln,
 'tis Abraham Lincoln,
 And he's good enough for me!

П

He was true and kind and honest, Was true and kind and honest.

111

How he loved the common people, He loved the common people.

IV

And he lived and died for freedom, He lived and died for freedom.

٧.

And his name shall live for ever, His name shall live for ever.

(Copyright 1908 by Young Men's Lincoln Club)

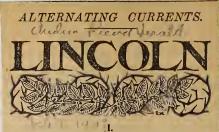
## LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON

(February 12 and 22)

ONE forged the links that welded fast
The nation's fame that it might last
Forever and a day;
The other with his might and main
Did rivet it when rent and twain—
His name will live for aye!

Hail, Washington and Lincoln, hail!
Your glory shall not fade nor fail,
The Stars and Stripes shall wave
Resplendent o'er our crags and shores,
Majestic as the eagle soars—
Triumphant o'er the grave. —Sel.

Picture Lesson Paper February 16, 1908.



We strive in narrow, selfish ways
To win advancement or have praise,
To gain rewards, to hear applause,
To be accounted great or wise;
We make convenience a cause,
And ever look with watchful eyes
For that approval, right or wrong,
Accorded by the noisy throng
To them that have the wit to see
Which way the crowds intend to fare,
And brazenly pretend to be
The God-sent, glorious leaders there.

H.

He saw with vision true and clear,
And, crushing doubt and scorning fear,
Advanced, with conscience as his guide;
Discerning where the course was laid,
He waited not for wind or tide,
Nor for the mob's approval stayed;
A giant where weak pygmies rose
To jeer and clamor and oppose,
He pressed with godlike earnestness
And an unconquerable soul
Through hellish hate and bloody stress,
To die a martyr at the goal.

H

We worry over little cares,
We mutter foolish, selfish prayers,
And think that God will deign to heed;
We scheme to keep our brothers back,
We long to dazzle or to lead,
And sigh for riches that we lack;
We covet honors and are proud
To win the favors of the crowd
That for a little while has time
To cheer us where we strut, to let
Us fancy we have grown sublime,
And then is ready to forget.

IV.

We read the sad appeal that lies
Within his kindly, sunken eyes
And learn a little of his lore;
We mark the lines upon his brow
And dimly see how much he bore,
And in our weakness wonder how;
We gaze upon the sculptured face,
And all the patient sorrows trace;
We search for vanity, for pride,
That, human-like, he might have claimed,
Then thrust our little cares aside,
And turn away, and are ashamed.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[From the verses on Lincoln in Punch of May 6, 1865.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier.

You, who, with mocking pencil wont to Broad, for the self-complacent British sneer, His length of shambling limb, his fur-

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?

Yes, he had lived to shame me, from my sneer,

To lame my pencil and confute my pen-To make me own this hind of Princes peer, This rail splitter, as true born King of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue; Noting how to occasion's height he rose How his quaint wit made home truth seem more true,

How, ironlike, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be; How in good fortune and in ill the same; Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he, Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work-such work as few Ever had laid on head and heart and hand-

As one who knows, where there's a task to do,

Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

So he grew up, a destined work to do, And lived to do it; four long suffering years'

Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through, And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise, And took both with the same unwavering mood:

Till, as he came on light from darkling days And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.

felon hand, between the goal and him, Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest-

And those perplexed and patient eyes were

dim, a.
Those gaunt, long laboring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips, Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen, When this vile murderer brought swift

eclipse To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The old world and the new, from sea to sea, Utter one voice of sympathy and shame! Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat

high. Sad life, cut short just as its triumph

Fer is

#### ACTION SONG—ABRAHAM AND MARY LINCOLN.

(Air-The Mulberry Bush.)

This is the way I carried my axe, So very straight, so very straight, This is the way I carried my axe In the good days long ago. This is the way I carried my axe, I split the rails, I split the rails, This is the way I split the rails, In the good days long ago.

Botn.
This is the way we used to dance,
So very slow, so very slow,
This is the way we used to dance,
The minuet, you know,
Oh, many happy hours we spent,
In tripping so, just to and fro,
Oh, many happy hours we spent,
In the good days long ago.

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#### LINCOLN.

(For the smallest boys,)

(All—Waving tiny flags in left hands.)
We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will wave his flag for Lincoln
As proudly as he can.

(Tossing caps with right hands.)
We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will give three cheers for Lincoln
As quickly as he can.

(Flags held high in left hands, caps low in right, all looking up at flag.)

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will grow to be like Lincoln
As quickly as he can.

—Primary Education.

#### 31 WE TALKED OF LINCOLN.

We talked of Abraham Lincoln in the night, Ten fur-coat men on North Saskatchewan's plain (Pure zero cold, and all the prairie white), Englishman, Scotchman, Scandinavian, Dane, Two Irish, four Canadians,-all for gain Of food and raiment, children, parents, wives, Living the hardest life that Man survives, And secret proud because it was so hard Exploring, camping, axing, faring lean. Month in and out no creature had we seen Except our burdened dogs, gaunt foxes gray, Hard-feathered grouse that shot would seldom slay, Slinking coyotes, plumy-trailing owls, Stark Indians warm in rabbit-blanket cowls, And, still as shadows in their deep-tracked yard, The dun, vague moose we startled from our way.

We talked of Abram Lincoln in the night Around our fire of tamarack crackling fierce, Yet dim, like moon and stars, in that vast light Boreal, bannery, shifting quick to pierce Ethereal blanks of Space with falchion streams Transfigured wondrous into quivering beams From Forms enormous marching through the sky To dissolution and new majesty. And speech was low around our bivouac fire, Since in our inmost heart of hearts there grew The sense of mortal feebleness, to see Those silent miracles of Might on high Seemingly done for only such as we In sign how nearer Death and Doom we drew, While in the ancient tribal-soul we knew Our old hard-faring Father Vikings' dreams Of Odin at Valhalla's open door, Where they might see the Battle-father's face Glowing at last, when Life and Toil were o'er, Were they but stanch-enduring in their place.

We talked of Abraham Lincoln in the night—
Oh sweet and strange to hear the hard-hand men
Old-Abeing him, like half the world of yore
In years when Grant's and Lee's young soldiers bore
Rifle and steel, and proved that heroes live
Where folks their lives to Labor mostly give.
And strange and sweet to hear their voices call
Him "Father Abraham," though no man of all
Was born within the Nation of his birth.

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

## ..LINCOLN...

This is the master man, whose gentleness
Was power, tempered to the moments need;
Who loved all good and hated only greed,
Treason and wrong and all things that oppress.
How great his burden was no man may guess,

Nor how that heart of hearts was wont to bleed Beneath the barbs he did not seem to heed, Yet something does this homely face confess. Something of agony and hidden pain

And strength that bore and hid them through the years Of sorrow for the wounded and the slain

And war with all its wake of wrath and tears. See here a man, in simple garments drest, Yet in the world's great court the kingliest.

El-Winnershimmormidem Shall

Boy's Thought of Lincoln.

Some days in school when teacher says,
"Jim, name the presidents," I up and commence

And say them all from Washington clear through Buchanan; then
I have to stop and clear my throat. I always have to when
I come to Abraham Lincoln's name
E'en though the teacher whispers:
"Shame!

Can't you remember, Jim?"
Can't I remember him?
Why, he's my hero! That is why
I get choked up and want to cry.
Cnce he was just as poor as I
And homely, too, and tall and shy,
And he was brave and made his place—
Climbed to the top and freed a race.
When I think what he dared to do 7/1/12I just yow I'll do something too

## When I Think of Lincoln

Sometimes when I'm trying to study, I stop a moment and think,
As I look at my books and papers,
My pencils, pens, and ink,
Of a boy who liked to study,
Who worked by the firelight's glow,
Doing his sums on a shovel—
His name, I am sure, you know.
When I think of the miles he would walk
For the sake of one book to read,
And then think how many books I have
I feel very rich, indeed.
Perhaps I may not be famous, but I'll
Try to be brave and true,
And do the very best I can—just as
He used to do.

-Selected.

Gusanson menere. Day accuser

#### WHEN I THINK OF LINCOLN

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-Selected.

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#### LINCOLN DAY

63

## THE NAME OF LINCOLN

There's a name that brings a picture Of a man great souled and grand; One whose deeds on history's pages, Carved in bold relief shall stand.

There's a name that brings a picture, Of a time when blood was shed, When the boom of cannon sounded And the star of war was red.

There's a name that brings a picture,
Of a shackled race set free,
Brought from out the ban of bondage
To the joys of liberty.

'Tis the name of martyred Lincoln Calls these pictures from the past, And that name with the Immortals Shall endure while earth shall last.

Julius har Special stay Parguen any 1913,

"We talked of kings, little Ned and I,"

#### A KING

We talked of kings, little Ned and I, As we sat in the firelight's glow; Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by, And the kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern, His armies to victory led. Then, after a pause: "At school we learn Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?

'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then, And in waiting for his reply A long procession of noble men Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When, "No," came slowly from little Ned, And thoughtfully; then with a start, "He wasn't a king—outside," he said, "But I think he was—in his heart."

Nebraska Special Day Programs aug. 1913 LINCOLN DAY

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#### LINCOLN

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will wave his flag for Lincoln,
As proudly as he can.

We're very little soldiers, Yet every little man Will give three cheers for Lincoln And loudly as he can.

We're very little soldiers, Yet every little man Will grow to be like Lincoln, As quickly as he can.

-Primary Education.

netresha Fucoln Day Lugram any 1913

#### Song

(Tune: Hold the Fort)

O'er our land to-day is ringing Praise of Lincoln's name; Youthful voices gladly singing Lincoln's deathless fame.

#### CHORUS

Yes, we love the name of Lincoln, Lincoln good and true, Under God, he saved the nation, Saved for me, for you.

He had sworn to do his duty
Trusting God and right
And our flag, in all its beauty,
Saved from foeman's spite.

#### CHORUS

Guard, O Lord, our flag and country
Make us true to Thee;
Let us be, like noble Lincoln,
All for Liberty!

—Nebraska Special Pay 1:

net. Special Day Program - 1916.

#### NY TRIBUNE, FEB2501 382/416 Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln, with how grave a mien Our Age peers back along the shadowy years.

Through all our joys, our triumphs, and our tears

Like some high granite mountain looms your lean

Rough visage. All the sorrows that have been.

All smiles, all kindnesses, all hopes, all fears

Abide therein. Your bony hand still steers

Your Old Republic, though the wind whips keen.

Yours was a soul that must have walked of eld

With John in Patmos. Yours was an arm to weld

A sundered people into unity, though wild Hate clamored from the housetops; but you held

Your hand out to a widow, and your mild, Shrewd eyes went out to meet a little child. Education, December, 1919.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born in a hovel, trained in Hardship's school,
He rose sublime, a conqueror over all.
His life of labor, thought and burden-bearing
Brought forth his kingly qualities of soul.
Upon his lofty brow he wore those crowns
Which only come with suffering and toil,
The crowns of wisdom, strength and Godlike love
For all mankind, both enemies and friends.
His spirit still is with us in our need;
His work goes on increasing thro' all time.

## Abraham Lincoln and the Little Girl

A little girl with hair in curl,
And hat set very straight,
And neatly dressed, all cleaned and
pressed,
Was watching at the gate,
Looking up and down the street,
Tapping with impatient feet.

Her trunk beside her, packed and tied, Was waiting for the van, Train time drew near, oh, dear, oh, dear,

Where was that baggage man? Then some one bent above her head; "You are in trouble," some one said.

Hope dawns in her; "A party, sir,
At my Grandmother's home.
Do you know how trunks can go
When baggage men don't come?"
His smile was tender as a kiss;
"They sometimes go," he said, "like
this."

So kind and gay he led the way,
The trunk he carried high,
"I understand," he\shook her hand,
A twinkle in his eye,
"These grandmothers must have their
due."

Then as he disappeared from view, "Lincoln!" she heard, one whispered word,

How much that one word meant! What awe, what pride! her friend, her guide

Was the great President.

Mu Sacrac aromaton 2-12-20

# Written at the Tomb of Lincoln

Here idle lies behind this gate, Where little children and the great

Forget-me-nots and laurel lay, All the useless, hallowed clay Of Lincoln, in his lonely state.

A spirit, vast, compassionate, Unfaltering in a world of hate Of little men who rage when they Hear idle lies.

Lord, how we silly humans prate Of life's inconsequential date, An epoch passes while we

An epoch paster
pray,
An epic sung while asses bray;
A god went by that we, too late,
Here idolize!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kausas City Journal

#### LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Though lowly born, the seal of God Was in that rugged face; Still from the lowly Nazareths come The saviors of the race.

With patient heart and vision clear He wrought through trying days, "Malice toward none, with love for all," Unswerved by blame or praise.

And when the morn of Peace broke through The battle's cloud and din, He hailed with joy the promised land He might not enter in.

He seemed as set by God apart,
The winepress trod alone;
How stands he forth an uncrowned king,
A people's heart his throne.

Land of our loyal love and hope,
O land he died to save,
Bow down, renew to-day thy vows
Beside his martyr grave!

24

Marino colortes a.

To a Picture of Lincoln "There's the face of one I love --!

Anonymous

#### To a Picture of Lincoln

There's the face of one I love Hanging on the pictured wall; See the mild and gentle look Gazing calmly at us all.

His the action great and wise, His the duty always done; Best example is his life, Noble name of Lincoln.

Normal Instructor and Primary Plans. February, 1923.

Another man, just forty, born at St. Paul, has put the gist of Lincoln's life into a few lines (from his poem, "The Lincoln Child"):

"And lo, as he grew ugly, gaunt,
And gnarled his way into a
man,

What wisdom came to feed his want,

What worlds came near to let him scan!

And as he fathomed through and through Our dark and sorry human scheme, He knew what Shakespeare never knew,

What Dante never dared to dream—

That men are one
Beneath the sun,
And before God are equal souls—
This truth was his,
And this it is

That round him such a glory rolls—
For not alone he knew it as a truth
He made it of his blood and of his brain

He crowned it on the day when piteous

Booth

Sent a whole land to weeping with worldpain—

When a black cloud blotted the sun
And men stopped in the streets to sob.
To think old Abe was dead." (4 Beach Boston
The well's pring 2/10/23

### A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

Hew to the Line, let the quips fall where they may. 2-12-23

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Alone?

In wilderness of lofty, virgin trees,
That swayed to every gentle prairie breeze
Above his cabin home.
A lone, pathetic figure of the age,
Poring o'er oft-read, crumpled page
By feeble candle light—by moonlit hour—
Sowing the seeds of truth that grew to power!
Alone—that awkward boy, misunderstood?
No, not alone—for by his side, those early years,
His Mother stood!

#### Alone?

Holding in trust his warring Country's fate,
While merciless rebuke and sullen hate
Upon his head was spent.
Burdened by cares, unnumbered and unknown,
Sorrowed by losses, touchingly his own;
Grieved by the narrowness of minds so small
They could not see the Brotherhood of all!
Alone—that saddened man—that power for good?
No, not alone—for by his side, those darkest hours,
His Maker stood!

#### Alone?

Within the tomb of everlasting sleep,
Where lullabies of wind and river sweep
Above his quiet rest,
While life goes on—resistless as the sea—
Sweeping the years aside eternally.
Yet once we pause, and leave our tears, our mirth,
To keep again with him—his day of birth!
Alone—that martyred dead, with folded hands?
No, not alone—beside thee—millions strong—
A Nation stands!

#### ABE LINCOLN

Not much for looks, so bony, lank, and lean, Ungainly too, and clumsy-like, and green Perhaps, in worldly ways; so tall and slim, It took six feet and four to measure him. A giant? Yes, in master mind and heart, A child in tenderness, a freak in art. Not much for handsome, no redeeming points, Just made of crooked bones and wobbly joints Creation used in making worn-out jokes; The odds and ends that's left of handsome folks Was his make-up; the architect, it seems, Might not have carried art to such extremes. But handsome is as handsome does, and grace Is ofttimes hid behind a homely face, As this lank figure, clad in homespun dress, Was ever handsome in its homeliness. With heavy-laden heart he swapped his jokes And stood as one among the common folks, And man dare not deny that God can place A mighty soul behind a homely face.

52

WISCONSIN MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL

1913

#### Abraham Lincoln

(Recitation: "The Little Baby")

In the woods, in a little cabin Built of logs and clay, With a queer stick-chimney outside, A baby was born one day.

And the mother bending o'er him, As she rocked his cradle slowly, Never dreamed that a future President Lay in that cradle lowly.

Never dreamed that little Abraham Would one day speak so well That people would crowd to hear him, And like his stories to tell.

He lived to be great and honored, To do many a noble deed, And serve his country nobly In her time of need.

-Selected.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Recitation: "The Little Baby.") In the woods, in a little cabin Built of logs and clay, With a queer stick-chimney outside, A baby was born one day.

And the mother bending o'er him, As she rocked his cradle slowly, Never dreamed that a future President Lay in that cradle lowly.

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He lived to be great and honored, To do many a noble deed, And serve his country nobly In her time of need.

helier In Spee ( Day Proper, any 1923

## Linsey-woolsey and Satin Hose

Anon

Lace and satin and powdered hair,
But under the silken garb somewhere
The common heart and the common touch—
Why, lace and satin don't mean so much.
Yes, folks or gentry, howe'er we're dressed,
Put any man to a manly test
And many a Washington you'll find.
Whatever the rank or what the kind.

Linsey-woolsey and feet left bare, No lace nor satin nor powdered hair, But under the homespun roughly made The brotherhood of the unafraid. Yes, folk or gentry, what craft or creed, Let the country call, let the nation need, And many a Lincoln you will find, Whatever the rank, or what the kind.

Linsey-woolsey and satin hose,
Men never are quite what men suppose,
The rich are rich in common things,
The lowly soul has an eagle's wings.
Yes, folks or gentry, we're kith and kin,
However we're dressed, we're the same within,
And let but a danger dark the skies,
And our Washingtons and our Lincolns rise.

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hills -"

The Evangelical-Messanger

February 7, 1925.

# The Children

#### Abraham Lincoln

Eternal as the rocks and hills, Which mark the face of our fair land His memory still abides and thrills The heart of each American.

His awkward form and lovely face Stand out amid the wrecks of time, Touched with a new and heavenly grace, A rugged glory all divine.

Hail him, the Great Heart of our Land! He holds the title high and clear; Hail him, the first American! Lincoln, our only title Peer! —Selected.

## A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

Hew to the Line, let the quips fall where they may.

971 E-24

## HIS OLD HOME TOWN.

OWN in Springfield They have discovered Abraham Lincoln. There are diagrams and Illustrated maps in the hotels in Bright colors Showing the route From any part of town To the Lincoln homestead And on the telephone posts Are signs reading To the Lincoln homestead And a hand points the way It dldn't use to be like that Years ago in Springfield I have stopped people on the street And asked them politely To direct me to The old homestead

A. Lincoln and they would stop And look puzzled And scratch their heads And say well now I declare I've lived here all my life And I ought to know where that Homestead is It's somewheres down this way Or maybe It's over That way Or maybe It's been moved Down to Washington And put in the Smithsonian institute And I would bid them good-by And prowl up and down streets And down alleys

And they wouldn't know either.

And ask more people

I never did find the Lincoln homestead Until last Sunday But now you can't miss it We went down to Springfield On a train called And the menu cards of the C. E.A. The Lincoln Limited On the dining car Were crowded full Of pictures Of the Lincoln homestead And the tomb of Lincoln And his log cabin At New Salem And the newest And finest hotel In Springfield Is called The Abraham Lincoln And stores and shops And movie houses Are named the Lincoln And all about town Are bronze tablets Which tell you That Lincoln had an office there Or made a speech On that corner Or sat in front of the grocery Which once stood there Or on that spot stood the home Of Ninian Wirt Edwards Where Lincoln married Mary Todd.

In front of the State House
Is a statue of Lincoln
Showing him without a beard
And as he appeared when he walked the streets
Of Springfield

It is a horrible statue And if Lincoln were alive He could sue Springfield For criminal libel But Springfield meant well, They say they wanted A statue of Lincoln That was different And that is what they got It is the most different statue In the world. And back of the statue Carved into the granite Are the words of Lincoln's farewell speech To his friends and neighbors When he left Springfield To be inaugurated President of the United States Those were his last words In Springfield Although No one knew at the time Or could they have Thought much about it For Archie Bowen Who spends his days and nights Hunting up things about Lincoln's life In Springfield Says that he turned back to the files Of the two Springfield papers The Journal and the State Register The day following Lincoln's departure And the Journal a story twenty-three lines Farewell speech and all And the State Register Printed about the Same.

Farewell speech and all
And the State Register
Printed about the
Same.
But now
Everywhere you go in Springfield
You hear the word
Lincoln
And the streets are full of
Pllgrims
To the new Mecca.

First came fifteen hundred children
From Shenandoah Iowa
Then children and grownups
From other towns and from
Every corner of the country
Just within the last year
One hundred and seventy-five thousand
Pilgrims have come to stand
In homage before the tomb
Of Lincoln

And you can ask any man
Or woman or child
That lives in Springfield
Where the Lincoln homestead is
Or where Lincoln & Herndon
Had their law office

And they smile
And take you by the arm and
Tell you stories about Lincoln
And show you all around
And give you a cigar

And try to find out

What you want for Christmas
While not many years ago
If you asked a man in Springfield
To tell you about Lincoln

He either didn't know or from The expression on his face You could readly observe That you were giving him

A pain.
But now it's all changed
And a wonderful thing has happened

And a wonderful thing has happ Abraham Lincoln has reached The highest pinnacle of fame His old home town

Has discovered That he was a great man. Anon
HIS OLD HOME
TOWN
"Down in Springfield"



R. H. L.

Markham, Edwin

Ann Rutledge

"She came like music. When she went -"

The Ladies! Home Journal

February, 1926.



By Edwin Markham

SHE came like music. When she went A silence fell upon the man.

Death took the sun away with her—
Ann Rutledge—deathless Ann.

She left upon his life a light,
A music sounding through his years,
A spirit singing through his toils,
A memory in his tears.

She was the dream within his dream;
And when she turned and went away,
She took the romance from the night,
The rapture from the day.

But from her beauty and her doom
A man rose merciful and just;
And a great People still can feel
The passion of her dust.

Primary Education - Popular Educator.

February, 1928.

## The Child's Lincoln

Some great men that I'm told about Seem very faint and far, Much like a hazy peak Or like a distant star.

I can't imagine how they'd act,
Or what they'd do or say
If they, perchance, should happen by
While I was at my play.

But when they tell of Lincoln dear, And all his deeds so grand, Somehow he seems so very near I most can touch his hand. Zion's Herald Feb. 8, 1928

#### The Beloved Lincoln

ken!

HOW men have learned to love him since the days
When first his rude form swung within their

How all the cursings of the little men
Have vanished swiftly, like a drifting haze
When morning's splendor sets the east ablaze
And floods with glory all the misty glen!
How large he looms before us now, as when
We see great mountains from our level ways!

And this, because his greatness grew secure
As time proved fully his plain, human worth:
A heart too large to harbor any hate;
A purpose stedfast and a motive pure;
A love too broad to stop at rank or birth;
A patience trained to labor and to wait.

Primary Education-Popular Educator
February, 1929.

#### LINCOLN

A peaceful life—just toil and rest—All his desire;
To read the books he liked the best
Beside the cabin fire—
God's word and man's—to peer sometimes
Above the page, in smouldering gleams,
And catch, like far heroic rhymes,
The onmarch of his dreams.

A peaceful life—to hear the low
Of pastured herds,
Or woodman's ax that, blow on blow,
Fell sweet as rhythmic words.
And yet there stirred within his breast
A fateful pulse that, like a roll
Of drums, made high above his rest
A tumult in his soul.

In Lincoln's Day.

In Lincoln's day
A five-mile clip was fairly gay.
Life was no runaway.

In Lincoln's hour There were no ruddy lights to glower At people from a tower.

In Lincoln's years A dime would purchase two tall beers. We had no racketeers.

In Lincoln's time
The novels never needed lime,
And poems had to rhyme.

In Lincoln's age
A "damn" would simply damn the stage.
Sex plays were not the rage.

Since Lincoln's day
We have advanced a long, long way,
I scarcely need to say.

2 -10-29

Primary Education - Popular Educator.

February, 1929.

#### WHEN I THINK OF LINCOLN

Sometimes when I'm trying to study, I stop a moment and think, As I look at my books and papers, My pencils, pens and ink.

Of a boy who liked to study,
Who worked by the firelight's glow,
Doing his sums on a shovel—
His name, I am sure, you know.

When I think of the miles he would walk For the sake of one book to read, And then think how many books I have, I feel very rich, indeed.

Perhaps I may not be famous, but I'll Try to be brave and true,
And do the very best I can—just as
He used to do.

Anonymous Lit:

Little Boy Abe

"Little boy Abe first saw the light --"

Primary Education - Popular Educator

February, 1929.

## Little Boy Abe

Little Boy Abe first saw the light
In a rude log cabin small,
But he grew to be strong and cheerful and bright,
Though timid and awkward and tall.

Little Boy Abe's homespun clothing was plain, But his wit was keen and bright; He never was known to fight in vain For what he thought was right.

Little Boy Abe's road was very rough, And he split fence rails each day, But through hard study and toil enough, He paved a successful way.

Little Boy Abe grew into a man,
And his deeds were so noble and wise
That he was made President of our land,
And answered Liberty's cries.

Little Boy Abe set all the slaves free, Then was killed by a traitor's hand, And now his memory will always be Revered throughout the land. Abraham Lincoln

"In the woods, in a little cabin -"

Primary Education-Popular Educator
February, 1929.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Recitation: "The Little Baby")

In the woods, in a little cabin
Built of logs and clay,
With a queer stick-chimney outside,
A baby was born one day.

And the mother bending o'er him,
As she rocked his cradle slowly,
Never dreamed that a future President
Lay in that cradle lowly.

Never dreamed that little Abraham Would one day speak so well That people would crowd to hear him, And like his stories to tell.

He lived to be great and honored, To do many a noble deed, And serve his country nobly In her time of need. Primary Education - Popular Educator
February, 1929.

## Questions and Poems for Lincoln's Birthday

(Continued from page 444)

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

If anyone hath doubt or fear
That this is freedom's chosen clime—
That God hath sown and planted here
The richest harvest field of Time—
Let him take heart, throw off his fears,
As he looks back a hundred years.

Cities and fields and wealth untold,
With equal rights before the law;
And, better than all lands and gold—
Such as the old world never saw—
Freedom and peace, the right to be—
And honor to those who made us free.

Our greatness did not happen so;
We owe it not to chance or fate;
In furnace heat, by blow on blow,
Were forged the things that make us great;
And men still live who bore the heat,
And felt those deadly hammers beat.

Not in the pampered courts of kings, Not in the homes that rich men keep, God calls His Davids with their slings, Or wakes His Samuels from their sleep; • But from the homes of toil and need Calls those who serve as well as lead.

Such was the hero of our race;
Skilled in the school of common things;
He felt the sweat of Labor's face,
He knew the pinch of want, the stings
The bondsman felt, and all the wrong
The weak had suffered from the strong.

God passed the waiting centuries by,
And kept him for our time of need—
To lead us with his courage high—
To make our country free indeed;
Then, that he be by none surpassed,
God crowned him martyr at the last.

Anonymous

Ann Rutledge-deathless Ann.

She left upon his life a light,
A music sounding through his years,
A spirit singing through his toils
A memory in his tears.

She was the dream within his dream;
And when she turned and went away,
She took the romance from the night,
The rapture from the day.

But from her beauty and her doom,
A man rose merciful and just;
And a great People still can feel
The passion of her dust.

FEBRUARY, 1931

Whims

Abraham Lincoln
Whene'er we think of Lincoln
'Tis with a kindly thought
For we know that his active life
With noblest deeds was fraught.

He never was too busy
To lend a helping hand
And that's the reason he's revered
By all throughout the land.

Ohder Jullelen 2-12-31

## Abraham Lincoln

The prairies to the mountains call,
The mountains to the sea;
From shore to shore and nation keeps
Her martyr's memory.

Though lowly born, the seal of God Was in that rugged face; Still from the lowly Nazareths come come

The saviors of the race.

With patient heart and vision clear He wrought through trying days, "Malice toward none, with love for all,"

Unswerved by blame or praise.

And when the morn of Peace broke through

The battle's cloud and din,

He hailed with joy the promised land

He might not enter in.

He seemed as set by God apart,
The winepress stood alone;
How stands he forth an uncrowned king,

'A people's heart his throne.

Land of our loyal love and hope,
O land he died to save
Bow down, renew today thy vows
Beside his martyr grave!

V

"From dim backwaters on a new frontier"

Whims Lincoln

From dim backwaters on a new frontier,
He must have heard the far and silver call
Of Glory's trumpet, saw a burning year,
And wild alarm along a seaboard wall.

He must have heard the overtones of Fate.
That held the bugle's scream and moan of shell;
A master hand to guide the Ship of State—
Who could have served the nation half as well?

Phila Ridges 2-12-34

#### THE HISTORIAN'S WISH

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,"

And give us the Lincolns just a short time,

So we may quiz them and straighten a plight

In matters of Hoosier history fine.

Pray let us talk to Nancy, Tom and Abe,

And leave not out Sarah, who died so young,

And of their neighbors, let all tell and aid

In setting aright this history crumb.

They lived here among us such a short time—

Yet tragedy came and set them apart

As Abe's formative years were set in line

To fit him for greatness—quite a fine start.

Oh, tell us of many things (faithful, true)

That are matters of question, jumbled, too,

About yourselves as you lived here; construe

Our interpretations—to facts renew!

Tell us how you came, where Abe went to school,

Of Sarah's courtship, Aaron's training, too,

Of Tom's trading bent, and of Nancy's rule,

And tell us, please, of their church members few.

So many features of your Hoosier life

We would like to have from your lips, now closed,

And quiet local historical strife—Give to posterity the facts disclosed.—C. T. B., May 27, 1934.

Here is another version that some whink is better, but the author does not give consent to use of name:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight."

With the Lincolns a short time we'd be;

Matters of hist'ry we'd straighten up right

And print them so all folks could sec.

Now Nancy and Tom and son Ab a ham,

And Sarah who died in her youth We'd question and thus our intellects

Quite full of historical truth.

They lived here among us just a short time-

Yet tragedy came to them have, For Nancy was called to regime sub-

To live with her Seviour, so dear.

The formative wars of Abraham though,

We're sure were spent in our land,

And of these years we are praying to know,

blain facts we would gather in hand.

About several unings folks argue a

There are some who say, "They lived here,"

While others will say, "No, that's not the spot,"

And some folks will just say, "Oh, dear."

And then the place where the river you crossed,

We would like to have from your lips; What shame that the evidence e'er was lost,

So, from you we'd get the right tips.

And we'd like to know where Abe went to school,

Where Aaron his training obtained, About how Nancy could "lay down the rule;"

And how Sarah's lovers she gained.

We'd like to know of the trading Tom did,

And the place where you worshiped, too;

Remove the curtain where all this is hid

And reveal these facts to our view.

#### Abraham Lincoln

A BRAHAM LINCOLN won the title of Great Emancipator.

He issued one of the great documents of history.

He is the central figure in the history of the United States.

His father and mother had pioneered into the Middle West.

The child was born in a cabin in Kentucky on Feb. 12, 1809.

For many years he wore rough clothes and slept on leaves.

But he grew up loving the beautiful life of the open country.

He was seven when a man started a school in the neighborhood.

Little Abe craved for learning; his alertness burst forth:

One day the word "defied" had to be spelled aloud in class.

The girl whose turn it was began: "d—e—f—" and hesitated.

Abe pointed to his eye, she took the hint and was saved.

BUT to the boy's distress, schooldays soon came to an end. He had to chop more wood and to handle more hay. On Sundays he tramped many miles to find a book to read. He was 17 when he had his first glimpse of the social world: He attended the trial of a man and heard a speech at court. From that time on, he practiced speech-making by himself. At 18 he built a raft and took some products down the river. A call came for volunteers to repel Indians; he enlisted. His interesting tales enchanted the men by the campfire. But when they urged him to drink liquor he always refused. At New Orleans, Lincoln witnessed the horrors of slavery. If ever a chance comes I will hit it hard, he declared. He was ignorant of land-surveying when he was offered such work. However, he went at it with a book, a compass, and a chain.

Lincoln encountered a great many disappointments at times. But he regarded failures as stepping-stones to success. He believed that opportunities came to those ready for them: He worked more, he improved himself, and they did come. As he knew the country well, he was appointed a postmaster. When he completed the study of law he was admitted to the Bar. And a few years later he was elected a member of Congress. The question of slavery had now become more and more acute. Seven million persons denied that "all men are created equal." Furthermore, they insisted on their right to leave the Union. We can't go out of the Union, and you shan't, said Abraham. Then life gave him the occasion to fulfill his one dream.

IN 1860 he found himself President of the United States.

And in 1862 he issued his "Emancipation Proclamation."

This document gave freedom to nearly four million persons.

Lincoln could not save the nation from the sufferings of war.

However, when it came to a close he had kept his promise.

Slavery was definitely abolished and the Union was saved.

In 1864 the country elected him President a second time.

But a few months later, an assassin shot the beloved hero.

Probably no single bullet ever, wounded so many hearts.

Lincoln has left these immortal words for all: Let us highly resolve that . . . government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

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Eliste Serete 1 months 1956

# Children's Calendar of Verse



#### MAY 4, 1865, ABRAHAM LINCOLN BURIED AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THE townsfolk called him "Honest "How gentle, kind and wise Abe,"

And spoke the name with pride,

Our neighbor Abe in every act Appeared in all men's eyes?"

Recalling early tales of him,
When their great hero died.

"Do you remember," one man said,

His creed was charity toward all,
And malice shown to none;
The fight for man's equality
His noble heart has won.

Stule Engure 5- 4-37

"The streets were filled with people"

# Children's Calendar of Verse



MAY 16, 1860—NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, WHICH NOMINATED ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MET IN CHICAGO

THE streets were filled with people, The names of candidates, in turn, Were viewed, and then rejected, Till Lincoln's was received with The time for an election Of President was nigh.

Within Chicago's "Wigwam" The speeches lasted long, While in the streets there mingled The voices of the throng. And, by acclaim, selected.

The Party, wiser than it knew, Inscribed on history's pages
A name that lives for truth and right For all men, through all ages.

M1.

# Flint Jublic Schools

Hlint, Michigan

Lowell Junior High School February 10, 1939

Dr. Louis A. Warren Lincoln National Life Insurance Company Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dr. Warren:

Mr. Milton Pollock, who represents "Lincoln National" in Flint, has told me of your interest and studies about the life of Abraham Lincoln.

As a youngster of eleven or so years (30 years ago), there appeared in a publication that we received in Delta County, Colorado, a poem on Abe Lincoln. The purpose of this letter is an effort to find the poem, only a part of which I remember and some of which follows:

"Abe Lincoln? Wal I reckonNot a mile from where we be
Right here in Springfield Illinois
He used to room with me.

"Old Abe and I were cronies then.
I'll not forget it soon—
I'll not forget those happy days
We used to sort o' batch,
Together in a little room
That didn't have no latch

"How we'd keep the fellers out That used to come to stay And hear those dasted funny things Abe Lincoln used to say." Etc, etc, etc.

I shall deeply appreciate any advice that you can give me as to where I may find a copy of the poem or where I may inquire further.

Thanks for considering this request.

Very truly yours,

Richard Todd Boyd, Principal

March

#### THE LINCOLN PENNY

Not on the golden eagle do we see
Lincoln's face,
Not on the shining silver, the dear
loved features trace
But on the lowly copper, that
humble coin instead
Was given the high honor of
bearing Lincoln's head.

The man of many millions, that image may not grasp
But childhood's chubby fingers, that penny oft will clasp.
The poor man will esteem it, and mothers hold it dear,
The plain, the common people, Lincoln loved when he was here.

Unknown.

Jenes 2/12/-9

#### WESLEY CHAPEL

WESLEY CHAPEL

The Wesley Chapel Home Economics Club met at the home of Mrs. Steve Poehlein, February 11, with an all day meeting, having 100% attendance and one vsitor, Mrs. John Balbach. Roll call was answered by a poem or saying of Lincoln or Washington. One poem was on Lincoln's Mother which was written by one of our members as follows:

She had none of the things we call modern,

call modern,
No finery with which herself to adorn,

But her heart and soul felt a great richness, When her son was born.

She taught him the things that are noble an true,
And helpd him build a character fine and strong,
That later would rise up this nation to bless,
And free it of a thing that was wrong.

wrong.

Lincoln listened to a song that wafted through a window one summer evening in Springfield. He asked the singer for the words and she wrote them out for him. On the envelope which contained them he wrote, "Poem—I like this." The first of the four stanzas read:
Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar, Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant vale,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,
No.

It was said of Lincoln that he was not religious, but we think he was. He was a deep thinker, an original thinker and a clear reasoner. He evolved his own religion and to him it was a serious matter.

It would not have hurt Lincoln to be affiliated with a church, and he never would have missed the necessary time it would take him, but he did not need it as the most of us do.

Leonard Volk, the sculptor, made a bust of Lincoln after he had been nominated for president, and he went to Volk's studio in Chicago every day for a week.

One Sunday morning Lincoln was invited to go to church but went to the studio instead. He said to Volk, "The fact is I don't like to hear cut and dried sermons. When I hear a man preach I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees." 6/26/4/

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER, 7

# Help Us, Lincoln, to Rise Above Bad News

We have sore need today, Abraham Lincoln, for those qualities Which set you apart—which made you a man of the ages, For the measure of your greatness was not computed When events were moving smoothly, and friends were many, But in those weary days when you stood alone, almost deserted, Carrying the weight of a nation on bowed shoulders. We particularly need those qualities you showed when the news

When Fremont issued impossible orders in the west, When Pope failed in the Second Battle of Bull Run, When McClellan failed to pursue Lee after Antietam, When Burnside failed at Fredericksburg, When Hooker failed at Chancellorsville, And you stood there, tall and muscular and ungainly, Poring over books on military strategy and scanning maps, Issuing army orders, outlining new campaigns, Hoping to get the killing over so that men Could return once more to the sweet paths of peace. During the first six weeks of the Battle of the Wilderness You scarcely slept at all, and your eyes were bleak, And humiliation came to you in bitter doses As it has come to us today—and may continue to come. But you were stalwart. Never in darkest days Did you give up your faith that, once more united, The several states of our country should face the future Shoulder to shoulder, aye, and heart to heart. What were those mystic qualities, Abraham Lincoln, Born humbly on the Sinking Spring Farm in Kentucky, That gave to your actions immortality? "Your unaffected kindness," they recount, "your poise, your

"Your largeness of soul, your fairness towards opponents "Your refusal to lose your temper, your rocklike steadiness, "Your ability to maintain that well-tempered morale "Which is so indispensable in a desperate war." These things, they say, made Abraham Lincoln great. Clay Whig in a Democratic body-circuit-riding lawyer, With a battered stovepipe hat, crammed full with papers-Captain in the Black Hawk War, and well acquainted With the Bible, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Aesop's Fables and Weems' Life of Washington-Who dedicated a battleground so beautifully That the poignance of that dedication shall never die, And all future dedications shall seem less than his. In that celestial sphere in which you move Pray for us today, Abraham Lincoln, That we, too, may develop faith and steadiness And the heart to take bad news and to rise above it And, as you did, Great Soul, to see it through!

# Salt Lote Dilu

February 12, 1942

# Lincoln Anniversary Brings Honors

In a world made sorry and bedraggled by an abundance of all the things he opposed —greed, rule by the sword, lust for power, cynicism and war—millions of persons today, Thursday, will celebrate the 133rd anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

Here in Salt Lake City many ceremonies are planned. Chief among them will be an entertaining program the Daughters of the American Revolution, Spirit of Liberty chaper, will give at 2 p. m. at the Art Barn. Teaming up with the Lincoln program will be current defense topics, with a music and tea hour rounding out the afternoon.

Miss Edith L. Wire has chosen the Lincoln birth date as a fitting time to complete organization of a local chapter to the National Society of Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America. Charter members will be honored by her at a luncheon this Thursday afternoon at the Hotel Utah.

The holiday will be observed by members of the Bethlehem Shrine, No. 1, White Shrine of Jerusalem with a bridge luncheon, starting at 1 p. m. Mrs. D. H. (Cornelia) McGarry, chairman of the ways and means committee, will be in charge. Mrs. Lloyd W. (Naomi) Hoskins and Mrs. Reed I. (Nannie) Ross formed the reservations committee.

## American Miracle . .

He was born in bitter poverty.

He had almost no formal schooling and was a day laborer most of his young manhood.

He was so ugly and awkward that all his life this fact set him apart.

He suffered acutely from melancholia and for awhile some people actually thought he was insane.

He wrote some of the trashiest doggerel ever committed by any man.

He was often unkempt and sweaty and his clothing never fitted him.

His wife was so jealous that she screamed and made a scene when she found him with another woman, even in company.

His children were spoiled and brattish.

He was hated and despised by a large minority of his countrymen.

He was condescended to, scolded and railed at by its intelligentsia.

He was murdered by a man who believed that the deed was a service to the country.

The news of his death caused such world-wide sorrow as has never been matched in man's history, and within a few years he was generally acknowledged to have been the greatest man, the finest human being ever born of the Anglo-Saxon strain. And so he was.

HIS NAME WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

- franklesser Bort 1

Q. What was the major prize award of the magazine Poetry, published first in 1912 in Chicago?

A. The Helen Haire Levinson

Q. How many Illinois poets have won this prize?

A. Eight.
Q. Who are these eight poets?
A. Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Cloyd Head, Lew Sarett, Margery Allen Seiffert, Mark Turbyfill, and Maurice Lesemann.

Q. In what periodical was Edgar Lee Masters' Illinois epitaphs first published?

A. Spoon River Anthology was first published in William Marion Reedy's Mirror in St. Louis.
Q. What poem of Vachel Land-

say's concerns Lincoln and the city of Springfield?

A. "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight."

Q. What poem of Lindsay's celebrates an Illinois Governor?

A. "Eagle Forgotten." The forgotten eagle is John Peter Altgeld.

Q. Where and when was Carl Sandburg born?

A. Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878.

Q. When did Sandburg write "Chicago Poems"?

A. In 1915, when he was on the staff of the Chicago Daily News.

Q. When was Sandburg's monumental biography of Lincoln begun? A. In 1916 when he began Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years.

Q. What is the name of the subsequent volumes which complete the Lincoln biography by Sandburg?

A. Abraham Lincoln: The War

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no 46 2

"Lincon: Failed in business, 1831; 1832"

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### THE 1

#### A Failure

(From Atlanta "Think Tank")

Lincoln:

Failed in business, 1831; 1832. Failed in business again, 1833. Elected to legislature, 1834. Sweetheart died, 1835. Nervous breakdown, 1836. Defeated for speaker, 1838. Defeated for elector, 1840. Defeated for land officer, 1843.

Defeated for congress, 1843. Elected to congress, 1846.

Defeated for reelection, 1848.

Defeated for senate, 1855.

Defeated for vice president, 1856.

Defeated for senate, 1858.

Elected president, 1860.

And though he was assassinated he has never really died, for he lives on, growing in stature, with even the southerners who hated him quoting his wise words to guide this generation.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

To the Editor of The Inquirer:

I am sending you a copy of a poem, "Abraham Lincoln," from an Almanac of 1869. I thought it might be interesting at this time to some of your readers.
"The brave, the wise, the good.

Ambitious without vanity, Discreet without fear, Confident without rashness. In disaster, calm, in success moderate.

In all things upright and true, The hero! the patriot! the statesman!

The guiding star of the people! The friend of the oppressed! The deliverer of the bondsmen. A victim to slavery.

A martyr in the cause of human liberty.

He died that his country might be free.

A grateful nation honors his name. Perpetuate his principles and Rêmember his virtues."

MRS. MARY C. DICKINSON Havertown, Feb. 10.

#### LINCOLN'S CREED

To the Editor of The Inquirer:

As I would not want to be a slave so I would not want to be a master, was Lincoln's creed of democracy. In a world beset with full and half grown dictators the reflection of those words beam untold sunshine in the midst of surrounding dark-

As long as people live, dream, and have faith in the spirit which the Great Emancipator expressed, humanity may cherish the hope for a better future.

ELY MOSKOWITZ Mt. Carmel, Pa., Feb. 10.

# Let's Keep His Spirit With Us



See 'The American Story,' School Age Corner

UTICA OBSERVER-DISPATCH

#### UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI UNIVERSITY, MISSISSIPPI Aug. 21, 1950

THE LIBRARY

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Lincoln National Tife Insurance Company Fort Wayne, Indiana

Gentlemen:

I have been told that you might be able to give us some help in identifying a poem on Lincoln.

The enclosed poem was turned over to us by a teacher who had asked her children to compose an ogiginal poem on Lincoln, and she had reason to think that the student who turned in the poem could not have written such a creditable selection. We have been unable to identify it in any of our reference books, and have tried several other sources without getting any help. If it is not without the scope of your activities to check for the identy of the author, we would greatly appreciate having you do so.

Thank you.

Yours truly, Mahala Saville

Mahala Saville Meference Librarian



#### LINCOLN

He walked among us and we passed him
by
And thought him but country lawyer, crude
As our red prairies are, and more than rude
Who reveled in his jokes and deviltry.

We could not know the heart within that breast

Until the blood flowed freely from the wound

A madman made; then was it that we found That God had loaned us for a time His Best?

And now the nations, since their kings are gone,

Have taken him across the wide-flung sea To rule their hearts as well as ours; to be The gold of their desires, with breaking down.

### Lincoln's Portrait

Author Unknown

"Not on the eagle golden shall we behold his face Not yet on gleaming silver the honored features trace; But to the common copper, the lowly coin instead, Is given the distinction of bear-ing Lincoln's head. The millionaire may seldom its noble outlines grasp, But childhood's chubby fingers the image oft will clasp; The poor man will esteem it and mothers hold it dear-The plain and common people he loved when he was here!" Sent in by Laurel of

Harmony Hill



#### GREAT CRY BUT LITTLE WOOL.

th dearest Mase your help lask. Though more is but a scurvy task; Yet las a true votary pray. That you will teach me what to say. Hatred and venom here descry. Which many wrongs do histify, To be severe is now but just, Behold the emb elimin, of fust; Here you may be these tractors all. Meeting in transferer's cabal, Which they are tracker nectory? call

Enthroned in obseque Ale Lincoln sits, And with his weighty axe a rail he splits But sets at manger all rights and laws, By the mere opening of of his catfish jaws.

Near him stands Chase that viie old reprobate. Who calls for blood, and whom but blood will sate Chase who says that soon in hopes All Southrons will stretch Northern ropes.

Vext Cameron the monarch's pet arch field, Who cooly on Jeff's shoulder once had leaned; New hear him turn his traitorous breath, and doon that hero to the death; Ou that great day what will be tell his mother, When her stern shade shall say "Simon where is thy brother?"

Then Blair, the ravening, raging wolflike Blair, With looks demands and with frenzied air; Degenerate son of Maryland sits scowling there, Such rage the wolfs wild heart and eyes particles the Robbed ins he deems) unjustly of his prey; Still let him rage and grind his teeth for aye Until the outraged world doth bid him die.

There's Wells, a pettifogger in his trade; Of whom a Secretary has been made, To rule the waters, through the ships; Which Uncle Abe, 'gainst the Southron slips, A man as justly fitted to the station, As Abe, to rule the Southern nation!

Now come we to Interior Smith, but why not Jones?
'Twould rhyme much better with the awful groups Which since this Black Administration, thave spread like wildfire, through the nation

But what comes now : What ghastly image Is this, which imitates the fow! hyena's grimon, rage?

Astonished, horrified, disgusted, soon away wourn,
And from a smiling contraband we learn
That this is Wildcat Seward, of New York the pride,
Whose crimes no perjury could ever hide.

Last Winfield Scott is on our list,
But gont has made him drop his fist:
For fuss and feathers only funious.
He thinks by proxy he can tame us.
Whenever Lincoln's at a loss.
He quickly hies him to the Boss.
For so he calls this prince of leaders.
This deadly foe of all secreders;
A sneaking traitorous hypocrite,
Who 'gainst his native South would fight.
If he from his chair should dare to mo e.
His fact for his feathers might not site of enough prove.

Enough of these we'll let them slide, Though o'er our rights they now do boldly ride Our pen full weary is, but must not stop, Till we these patriots (?) force to shut up shop.

BALTIMOBE, July 2, 1861.

Wayde Chrismer

BOX 371, 219 WEST HALL STREET

BEL AIR, MD. 21014

(301) 838-3288-879-9288

Mr. R. Gerald McMurtry

The Lincoln National Life Foundation

Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Mr. McMurtry -
I am pleased that my information

00/13/69

October 8, 1969

I am pleased that my information about Lincoln's visit to Rockville, Md., in August of 1861 was of interest to you and I thank you for your kind letter of September 2, 1969, about it.

I am enclosing a photocopy of an original broadside in my collection of Civil War memorabilia which may also be of some help, presuming that you may not already possess a copy. I thought little of the item myself until I learned that on September 11, 1969, at Swann Galleries, New York, "a national institution" (which I take to be the Library of Congress) paid \$70.00 for another original copy of it.

Your own Foundation may, of course, have been the "national institution" which bought the copy, in which case I have troubled you unnecessarily, and beg your pardon.

Whose are the initials "N. G. R." appearing on my copy I have no idea. They appear to be in a contemporary print and  $\underline{may}$  be those of the author.

LINCOLN LORE continues to be a source of much interest and I thank you again for sending me my monthly copy.

Yours sincerely:

Wayde Chrismer

P. S. -- I speculate (but cannot know surely) that the cartoon embellishing the broadside is by Adalbert Volk the Baltimore dentist-cartoonist whose work must be familiar to you.

Drawer 27

By ANN LANDERS

© Field Newspapers Inc.

Dear Ann Landers: Every now and then you publish something inspirational written by another. I hope you will find my contribution acceptable. It is a gesture of gratitude for all the words of wisdom, as well as the fun I have received from your column these past 20 years. The source - a United Technologies message as published in the Wall Street Journal. - Corning, N.Y.

Dear Corning: Thank you so much.

Here it is — along with my thank.

This will make you feel better

If you sometimes get discouraged, consider this fellow: He dropped out of grade school. Ran a country store. Went broke. Took 15 years to pay off his bills. Took a wife. Unhappy marriage. Ran for the House. Lost twice. Ran for the Senate. Lost twice. Delivered speech that became a classic. Audience indifferent. Attacked daily by the press and despised

by half the country. Despite all this, imagine how many people all over the world have been inspired by this awkward, rumpled, brooding man who signed his name simply A. Lincoln

Dear Ann Landers: Recently someone heard Cary Grant say, "Old age is when you know all the answers but nobody asks you the questions." Comment, please. -Fred From Fullerton

Dear Fred: When the day comes that no one asks Cary Grant "the questions," cash in your chips, Buster. It's all over for everybody.

CONFIDENTIAL to Had a Bellyful in Montana: I don't blame you. Anyone who is old enough to read should have the privilege of opening his own mail. Parents who want the respect of their children should show THEM respect.

(A no-nonsense approach to how to deal with life's most difficult and most rewarding arrangement. Ann Landers's booklet, "Marriage — What to Expect," will prepare you for better or for worse. Send your request to Ann Landers, in care of The Journal-Gazette, 600 W. Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind. 46802, enclosing 50 cents and a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope.)



