

Patriot--Statesman--Martyr ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A Brief Recital of the Noble Life of the "Rail Splitter" President; The Un- natural Struggle of Brethren-- The Triumph and the End.

WHILE North and South were at death grips, while the nation seemed forever rent asunder, while graft, incompetence, cross purposes and factional strife hampered the Government's movements the storm ever centred about one quaint, picturesque figure—Abraham Lincoln.

A gigantic tall, bony, ungainly body; a wrinkled, rugged face, only redeemed from grotesque hideousness by its luminous, melancholy dark eyes; a slow speech, interlarded with keen rustic wit; an awkward manner and a personality wherein rude strength and infinite gentleness were curiously mingled, such, at a glance, was Abraham Lincoln, emancipator and martyr.

Born in utter poverty in the Kentucky backwoods and working his way up gradually as rail splitter, farm hand, boatman, store clerk and finally lawyer, Lincoln wrote later about his early chance:

"When I came of age I didn't know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher; but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity."

Countless other men, with the same—or better—start remained till death at shop counter or farm work. But the drawbacks which would have strangled the ambitions of most



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

paths only strengthened the young backwoodsman's. Picking up a legal education, he forged his way ahead till in 1846 he was sent to Congress. When the slavery question rose Lincoln enrolled himself heart and soul upon the "no extension" side and became known as one of the anti-slavery movement's staunchest supporters. Avoiding the radical, hysterical methods of the extreme Abolitionists, he was nevertheless a firm champion of liberty, and sprang quickly to prominence in the new Republican party. When at party elected him President in 1860, the South, knowing his strong leanings on the slave question, almost once withdrew from the Union. Lincoln replied to the Secessionists: "You can have no conflict without bringing yourselves the aggressors!"

Then came the Civil War. And for the next four years Lincoln endured the most trying position ever forced upon an American. He had not even George Washington's consolation of nowing, in darkest hours, that his fellow-countrymen loved and believed in him. The South and many northerners regarded him as a tyrannical oppressor. The more rabid, extensible faction at the North fiercely condemned his conservative calm in refusing to be swept off his feet in the general delirium and uproar. Those who mistook hysterics for patriotism doubted his ability and even his loyalty.

For the mistakes of the War Department, for the failures of the military generals, for the humiliating defeats caused by incompetent Jacks-on office, Lincoln received the full blame. Because he worked out his plans with the quiet slowness necessary for their success he was regarded as inefficient and lazy. A large part of the English speaking world sneered at his awkward, countrified manners and mocked his ugly, genial face. His homeliness, his huge, unfigure, the uncouth vulgarisms at he had not been able to shake—these and other defects were the gets for jokes, contempt, denunciation.

Through it all Lincoln pursued his course, unswerving, toward the goal he had set himself—the goal of a free, united American nation. Deaf to abuse and scorn, holding the wild ferals back, urging the timid conservatives forward, guiding the Ship State through hurricanes that surely threatened to swamp it, the president continued along his chosen course. He selected the exact "psychological moment" for freeing the slaves; a moment when the move ment everything to the Union cause, England and France more than once agreed about to take sides with the South. Lincoln's consummate tact

averted these perils and kept the country free from foreign complications.

At last his plans began to work out. Little by little the nation realized all he had done and was doing for it. Europe too commenced, to understand that the despised backwoodsman was a statesman and patriot to whom the whole world might well do reverence. He had carried the country safely through its most terrible crisis. And the country, somewhat late in the day, adored the man it had mocked.

The war was over, the Union preserved, the slaves freed. No praise was high enough for the man who had achieved these miracles. And in the brief moment of his boundless popularity Lincoln preserved the same gentle, strong calm that had marked his days of adversity.

On the night of April 14, 1865, a gala performance was given at a Washington theatre to celebrate the triumphal close of the war. As President Lincoln sat watching the play (his appearance having been greeted with mad applause), a disreputable actor, John Wilkes Booth, member of a gang of conspirators who sought to avenge the defeat of the South, crept behind him and shot him through the brain.

Thus died Abraham Lincoln, hero-martyr; struck down at the moment when unjust hatred and ridicule against him had changed to admiring love—struck down when he had barely tasted the reward of his years of thankless labor. He had saved his country; and he gave his own blameless life in payment.

HOW LINCOLN WORKED.

In Harper's for December W. H. Crook, who was Lincoln's bodyguard, gives a dramatic picture of Lincoln in war-time. He pictures one of the levees at the White House and then:

"The levee was supposed to be over at eleven, but some people remained until nearly twelve. After they had all left, Mr. Lincoln wrapped himself in the rough gray shawl he usually wore out-of-doors, put on his tall beaver hat, and slipped out of the White House through the



back entrance. According to my orders I followed him, and was alone with President Lincoln for the first time. "We crossed the garden, which lay where the executive offices are now. Mr. Lincoln was bent on his nightly visit to Secretary Stanton at the War Department. I stole a glance up at him, at the homely face rising so far above me. The strength of it is not lessened in my memory by what would seem to me now the grotesque setting of rough shawl and silk hat.

"That night," as I said, I was a little nervous. The President noticed it. He seemed to know how I felt, too. I had fallen into line behind him, but he motioned me to walk by his side. The statesman who came to consult him, those who had it in their power to influence the policy of the party which had chosen him, never had the consideration from Mr. Lincoln that he gave the humblest of those who served him.

"A few strides of the President's long legs—a few more of mine—brought us to the old-fashioned turnstile that divided the White House grounds from the enclosure of the War Department. Mr. Lincoln talked, in his soft low voice, chiefly about the reception through which he had just gone.

"I am glad it is over," he said. "I ventured to ask if he was tired. "Yes, it does tire me to shake hands with so many people," he answered. "Especially now when there is so much other work to do. And most of the guests come out of mere curiosity."

"With these words and the half-sigh which followed we entered the east door of the War Department. In those days that was a small, mean, two-story building, just in front of the Navy Department. We went immediately to Mr. Stanton's office, which was on the second floor, on the north front, and overlooked Pennsylvania Avenue and the White House. There, at the door, I waited for him until his conference with Secretary Stanton was over. Then I accompanied him back to the White House. From the moment Mr. Lincoln spoke to me so kindly I felt at home in my new duties. I never lost the feeling which came then that while the President was so great, he was my friend. The White House never awed me again."



"The skies are calm!" he shouted loud.
"The ancient stars are standing yet!"

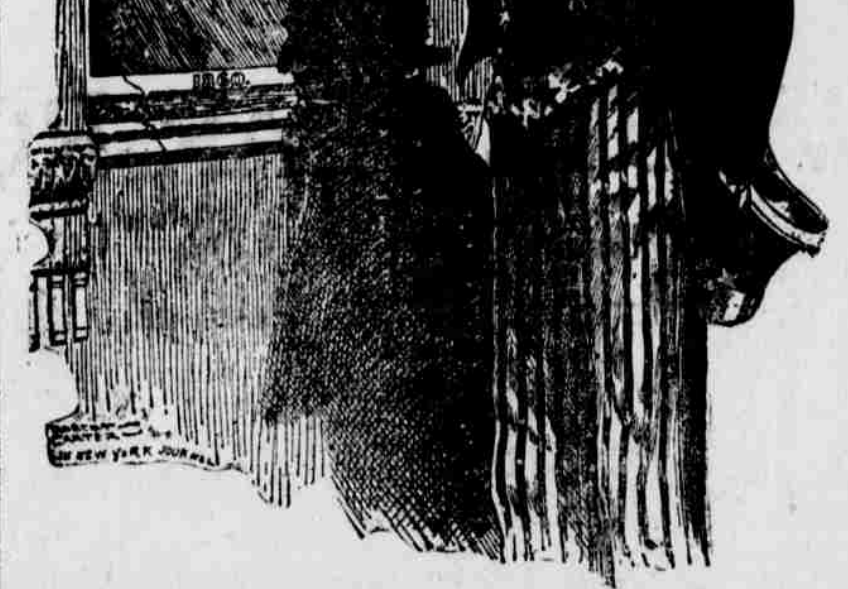
He towered alone. With vision clear
Gray elders round the stable
Like all the scare-blind towns
went mad.
And Lincoln was the only seer.
The years went by. In glory's form
Came service; and the man, great
Till, captain of the sovereign state
He faced a wilder meteor storm.

Men saw the planets sore distressed,
They saw the rival tropics hurled
To combat thro' the stellar world,
But he was taller than the rest.

He scanned the purple height supreme,
With all its endless lights aglow,
And knew the flaming strife below
Was passion's threat and ruin's dream.

He lived to shame the false despair.
The civic firmament was peace;
Its banner spread to every breeze,
And not a star was missing there.

Untaught, but wise, he scorned the fret
That random drove the qualling crowd.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



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

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

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

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

No hero, this, of Roman mold—
Nor like our stately sires of old.
Perhaps he was not great—
But he preserved the state.

O, honest face, which all men know,
O, tender heart, but known to few—
O, wonder of the age,
Cut off by tragic fate.

—By R. H. Stoddard.

LINCOLN'S STORY OF HIS LIFE

Here is Lincoln's Story of His Own Life, Supplied by Him to J. W. Fell. It Was All He Thought Worth While to Say.

I WAS born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon Abraham and the like.

My father at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin' and cipherin'' to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I now have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued until I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois—Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elected, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, I practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses, I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recorded.

THE LINCOLN FARM CELEBRATION

The following is the inscription on the memorial tablet to be unveiled at the Lincoln Farm Celebration on February 12, 1909:

Here, on the twelfth day of February, eighteen hundred and nine, into the cabin home of Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln was born the sixteenth President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln—pioneer, orator, jurist, statesman, pardoner, reconciler, emancipator, lover and protector of all life—beloved of HUMANITY.

Through the bitterness of war he freed the slave and preserved the Union. Through a martyr's death he healed the wounds of the sword and cemented in love the reunited people who dedicate this farm to history, patriotism and peace.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

She lived till he was 10. She taught him to spell and read. She instructed him in various ways. She was a most excellent Christian woman. She read to him every day from the Bible. Little Abe learned to read that he might do this.

THE LINCOLN FARM CELEBRATION

One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Abraham Lincoln to be Observed on Feb. 12

The nation will observe on Feb. 12 the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, the man raised up by Divine Providence to preserve the unity of the American people and leave no slave under their flag.

Recognizing the patriotic significance of this centennial, a group of American citizens two years ago organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York the Lincoln Farm Association, which proposed to make of Lincoln's humble birthplace a national shrine, and on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth to dedicate it to the American people as the abiding symbol of the opportunity with which democracy endows its men.

Through the generosity of one of its directors, the Association, almost at its inception, acquired the full title to the Lincoln birthplace farm and the rude little cabin in which he was born. Thus equipped, the Association began its preparations for an appropriate national celebration on the twelfth day of February, 1909.

That some sort of an enduring memorial should be placed on this historic ground all were agreed.

In the two years' history of the Lincoln Farm Association the programme for the centennial has taken very full and concrete form. It was decided by the Association's Executive Committee to build on the birthplace farm, which is in the geographic centre of the State of Kentucky, a memorial museum, which is to cost about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and which will tell the story of the early yeomanry life out of which Lincoln came. This museum will house, as its central object of interest, the weather-worn little log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born. The farm, a rough little patch of one hundred and ten acres, bisected by the old Louisville and Nashville Pike, will be kept a farm, growing corn and squash, bluegrass and grain, as it has always done since the day that Thomas Lincoln took his little family to venture into the wilderness beyond the broad Ohio. On these broken and uneven acres Lincoln's countrymen will lay their tribute a broad green plaza, with the Memorial Hall at one end and a simple shaft at the other, to mark the ground on which stood the first home of him "whose memory is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds all hearts together now, and holds all States beneath the Nation's flag."

The building will be constructed of Tennessee marble and fireproof material throughout. It will contain a central court, over which will be built a movable roof, and in which the birthplace cabin will be restored.

Around this will be the museum halls, the main room being convertible into an auditorium for the use of any patriotic gatherings that may choose to use it in this way. Once every year at least, on the twelfth day of each February, the nation will hold in this hall the central Lincoln's birthday celebration. Lying, as this birthplace does, almost at the centre of our population, it will be the most accessible national shrine, and in many ways it will be the most significant, if not the most inspiring. It will become the Nation's Commons, the meeting-place of North and South, of East and West, a great national school of peace and unity, where all sectional animosity will forever be buried. President Roosevelt has called it "A National Temple of Patriotic Righteousness."

One hundred years have passed since this rough little patch of Kentucky ground laid claim to the affections of coming generations. In these years the American people have grown to love the man of tender strength who was cradled on that soil. On the twelfth day of February, 1909, the Lincoln Farm Association will open and dedicate to the American people this birthplace farm. President Roosevelt a year ago accepted the invitation from the Association's Board of Directors to deliver the dedicatory address.

