

STORIES OF LINCOLN AND TRIBUTES TO HIS WORK

FEBRUARY 12, 1909

Into the South they come to do him reverence,
That one whose power brought mighty severance
Of chain and shackle to a suffering race
And North and South this day stand face to face.

Into the South they come to do him reverence,
That spirit which to Freedom gave re-birth,
No wounds, no scars, remain on Blue or Gray,
For North and South united stand today.

Into the South they come to do him reverence,
And from that glorious soul beyond the stars
A benediction—not on South or North,
Nor black nor white—doth fall

But upon all.

—Josephine N. S. Callahan, in Louisville
Courier-Journal.

LINCOLN ON CRITICISM

The San Francisco Star prints this letter:
"Sir: For the benefit of a long suffering public
that must be a-wearyed by these everlasting self-
serving messages to congress, will you kindly
print the following incident in the life of Lin-
coln? In regard to an attack made upon him
for an alleged blunder in the southwest, an
officer asked him if it would not be well to set
the matter right in a letter to some paper, stat-
ing the facts as they actually happened.

"Oh, no," replied the president, 'at least not
now. If I were to try to read, much less an-
swer, all the attacks made on me, this shop
might as well be closed for any other business.
I do the very best I know how—the very best
I can; and I mean to keep on doing so until
the end. If the end brings me out all right,
what is said against me won't amount to any-
thing. If the end brings me out wrong, ten
angels swearing I was right would make no
difference.'"

TO THE MOTHER OF FIVE SOLDIERS

Executive Mansion, Washington, November
21, 1864.—Dear Madam: I have been shown
in the files of the war department a statement
of the adjutant general of Massachusetts, that
you are the mother of five sons who have died
gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how
weak and fruitless must be any words of mine
which should attempt to beguile you from the
grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I
can not refrain from tendering to you the con-
solation that may be found in the thanks of
the republic they died to save. I pray that our
Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of
your bereavement, and leave you only the cher-
ished memory of the loved and the lost, and
the solemn pride that must be yours to have
laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of free-
dom. Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.

NEBRASKA'S PROCLAMATION

Governor Shallenberger of Nebraska issued
this beautiful proclamation:

"The name of Lincoln strikes a responsive
chord in the breast of every true patriot, and
inspires to more noble deeds and higher ideals,
the citizenship of the American republic. Lin-
coln, a name which stands out pre-eminently
in a conflict which not only shook the very
foundation of our own country, but was felt
like a mighty earthquake throughout the na-
tions of the earth, Lincoln the man, who, when
the battle for a principle which concerned all
mankind, was on, guided it so wisely to a
triumphant conclusion.

"The life of Abraham Lincoln was dedicated
to humanity, ignoring all selfishness, and labor-
ing against oppression and wrong, a far-seeing
statesman, a man of the common people, close
to the soil, foremost on the nation's banner of
illustrious citizens, a leader of the nation in
her hour of peril, and with whose blood was
sealed the proclamation of universal liberty.

"The name of one who has contributed so
generously to the welfare of his country in the
past, should be an inspiration for the future,
and on this the approaching centennial anni-

versary of his birth, it is but fitting that every
loyal American citizen, in the proper observance
of this national event, should feel it a duty and
a privilege to take some part in such exercises
as will perpetuate his memory.

"To this end that Nebraska may maintain
her patriotic and loyal distinction, I hereby re-
spectfully request that on Friday, the twelfth
day of February, A. D., nineteen hundred and
nine, the citizens of Nebraska display the flag,
and assist all patriotic societies and institutions
in their efforts to venerate the memory of the
lamented Lincoln."

LINCOLN'S VIEW OF WAR

Allen Thorndike Rice, a former editor of the
North American Review, tells some interesting
stories in his "reminiscences" of Abraham Lin-
coln. Referring to the great president Mr. Rice
says:

"He was melancholy without being morbid,
a leading characteristic of men of genuine
humor, and it was this sense of humor that
often enabled him to endure the most cruel
strokes, that called for his sense of pity and
cast a gloom over his official life. On these
occasions he would relieve himself by compar-
ing trifles with great things and great things
with trifles. No story was too trivial or even
too coarse for his purpose, provided that it aptly
illustrated his ideas or served his policy."

To this peculiar tendency of mind we un-
doubtedly owe the many stories and quaint say-
ings which lend a strange and uncommon in-
terest to every recollection of Lincoln.

As an illustration of the peculiar rapidity

LINCOLN'S WARNING

"What constitutes the bulwark of our
own liberty and independence. It is not
our frowning battlements, our bristling
sea coasts, our army and our navy.
These are not our reliance against
tyranny. All of those may be turned
against us without making us weaker
for the struggle. Our reliance is in the
love of liberty which God has planted in
us. Our defense is in the spirit which
prizes liberty as the heritage of all men,
in all lands everywhere. Destroy this
spirit and you have planted the seeds of
despotism at your own doors. Fam-
iliarize yourselves with the chains of
bondage and you prepare your own
limbs to wear them. Accustomed to
trample on the rights of others, you
have lost the genius of your own inde-
pendence and become the fit subjects of
the first cunning tyrant who rises
among you."

with which he would pass from one side of his
nature to the other Mr. Rice cites a story for
which he is indebted to Governor Curtin, of
Pennsylvania.

Summoned from the gory battlefield of Fred-
ricksburg to the White House, Lincoln plied
him with question after question.

"Mr. President," said the governor, "it was
not a battle; it was a butchery."

As Curtin described one harrowing scene after
another Lincoln reached a state of nervous ex-
citement that bordered upon insanity.

Finally, as the governor was preparing to
leave, he grasped the president's hand and said:
"Mr. President, I am deeply touched by your
sorrow and at the distress I have caused you. I
have only answered your questions. No doubt
my impressions have been colored by the suffer-
ings I have seen. I trust matters will look
brighter when the official reports come in. I
would give all I possess to know how to rescue
you from this terrible war."

Lincoln's whole aspect suddenly changed and
he relieved his mind by telling a story.

"This reminds me, governor," he said, "of an
old farmer out in Illinois that I used to know.
He took it into his head to go into hog raising.
He sent to Europe and imported the finest
breed of hogs he could buy. The prize hog
was put in a pen, and the farmer's two mis-
chievous boys, James and John, were told to
be sure not to let him out. But James, the
worst of the two, let the brute out next day.
The hog went straight for the boys and drove

John up a tree. Then the hog went for the
seat of James' trousers, and the only way the
boy could save himself was by holding on to
the hog's tail. The hog would not give up his
hunt nor the boy his hold. After they had
made a good many circles around the tree the
boy's courage began to give out, and he shouted
to his brother, 'I say, John, come down, quick,
and help me let this hog go!' Now, governor,
that is exactly my case. I wish some one would
come and help me let this hog go!"

"LINCOLN AND THE SLEEPING SENTINEL"

Mr. L. E. Chittenden, who was register of
the treasury from 1861 to 1865 and a personal
friend of Abraham Lincoln, now for the first
time tells in full the story of "Lincoln and the
sleeping sentinel" (Harper & Brothers), which
has hitherto been known only in its bare out-
line. He speaks as one having authority, and
with justice, for he bore an important share
in the episode.

It was on a dark September morning in 1861,
he informs us, that he was waited on at his
Washington office by a party of soldiers. They
belonged to the Third Vermont regiment, then
stationed at the Chain bridge, some three miles
above Georgetown. One of their number, a
youth of twenty-one, had fallen asleep at his
post as sentinel. A hardy boy, not as yet in-
ured to military life, he had found it impossible
to keep awake for two nights in succession.
He had been found by the relief sound asleep,
had been convicted by a court martial and sen-
tenced to be shot.

With tears in their eyes, his comrades plead-
ed with Mr. Chittenden to use his influence and
save the boy's life.

"He's as good a boy as there is in the army,"
said their leader, "and he is not to blame."
Scott had never before been up all night in his
life. He had been "all beat out" by his first
experience. The second night he had suc-
cumbed to sheer physical exhaustion.

Mr. Chittenden's heart was touched. He de-
termined to put young Scott in personal touch
with President Lincoln. By using all his influ-
ence he succeeded.

This is how Scott himself told the story of the
interview:

"The president was the kindest man I had
ever seen. I knew him at once by a Lincoln
medal I had long worn. I was scared at first,
for I had never before talked with a great
man. But Mr. Lincoln was so easy with me,
so gentle, that I soon forgot my fright. He
asked me all about the people at home, the
neighbors, the farm and where I went to school,
and who my schoolmates were. Then he asked
me about mother, and how she looked, and I
was glad I could take her photograph from my
bosom and show it to him. He said how thank-
ful I ought to be that my mother still lived,
and how, if he was in my place, he would try
to make her a proud mother and never cause
her a sorrow or a tear. I can not remember it
all, but every word was so kind.

"He had said nothing yet about that dreadful
next morning. I thought it must be that he
was so kind hearted that he didn't like to speak
of it. But why did he say so much about my
mother, and my not causing her a sorrow or a
tear, when I knew that I must die the next
morning? But I supposed that was something
that would have to go unexplained, and so I
determined to brace up and tell him that I did
not feel a bit guilty, and ask him wouldn't he
fix it so that the firing party would not be
from our regiment! That was going to be the
hardest of all—to die by the hands of my
comrades.

"Just as I was going to ask him this favor
he stood up, and he says to me: 'My boy, stand
up here and look me in the face.' I did as he
bade me. 'My boy,' he said, 'you are not going
to be shot tomorrow. I believe you when you
tell me that you could not keep awake. I am
going to trust you and send you back to your
regiment. But I have been put to a great deal
of trouble on your account. I have had to come
up here from Washington, when I have got a
great deal to do, and what I want to know is,
how are you going to pay my bill?"

"There was a big lump in my throat. I could
scarcely speak. I had expected to die, you see,
and had kind of got used to thinking that way.
To have it all changed in a minute! But I got
it crowded down and managed to say:

"I am grateful, Mr. Lincoln. I hope I am as
grateful as ever a man can be to you for sav-
ing my life. But it comes upon me sudden and