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J. Louise Brownlee
WASHINGTON & LINCOLN
ANNIVERSARIES
1906





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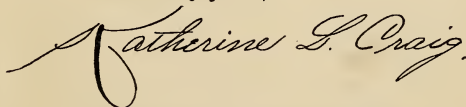
In accordance with well-established custom, your attention is called to the approaching birthdays of Washington and Lincoln.

There is no reason why the celebration of this day should ever grow old. Our second century needs its important lessons even more than our first. As long as we value truthfulness, regard for parents, industry, self-reliance, courage, self-sacrifice, and patriotism,—as long as these are the elements of character we desire for our boys and girls,—we shall find rare profit in leading them to study the embodiment of these virtues in the lives and characters of Washington and Lincoln; the true teacher uses these opportunities to impress lessons which will remain with pupils long after their school days are over.



I trust you will, through your efforts, rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for our country, and awaken a filial veneration for the memory of Washington and Lincoln.

The following suggestions and selections have been prepared for your convenience, and I hope you will find them appropriate and helpful in arranging suitable exercises and programs.

Sincerely yours,



Superintendent of Public Instruction.

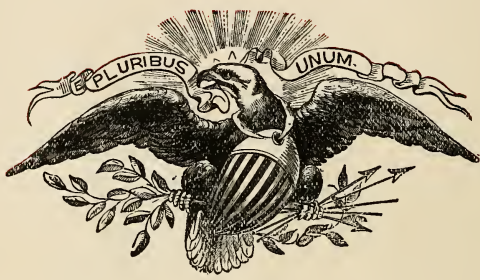


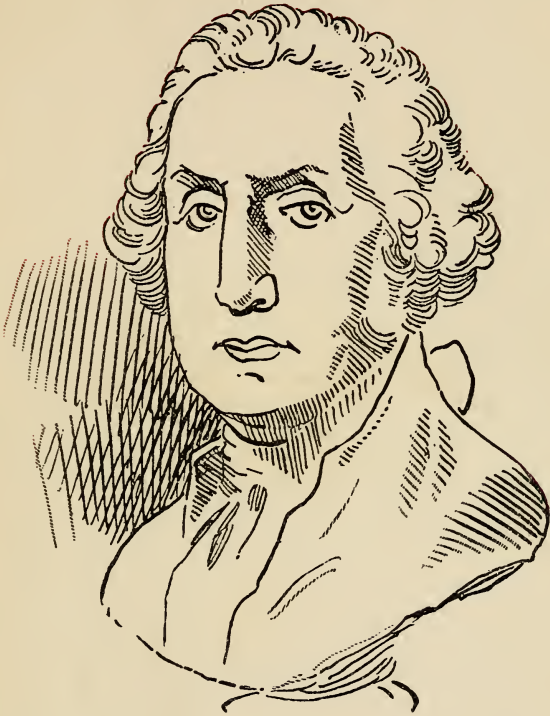




7th and 8th
Grades







WASHINGTON.



To the thoughtful patriot Washington Day is the most sacred of our national anniversaries. It was Washington's undismayed and patient leadership which maintained the independence the Colonial Congress declared;



it was his broad statesmanship that shaped the Constitution; it was his superb spirit that entered into our traditions and has swayed our policy as a people.



Other American generals were as brilliant in battle; but Washington alone could conquer defeat. His strongest foes were not the invader; but hunger, nakedness and desertion within his own army; long periods of inaction more trying than battle; the bitter jealousy of his fellow generals; the weakness of Congress; and the forgetfulness of the people. But when most abandoned in that long war, he stood calm and unmoved, like a massive boulder,—a sign of hope for all who prayed for freedom.

Other statesmen were as learned; but when came the hour to form the Constitution, it was Washington's prophetic wisdom that pleaded for foundations deep enough and broad enough to fit not only the present needs, but the lasting future of the new Republic. It was he, in that historic convention which made our government, who showed how conflicting principles could be welded together in perfect harmony. It was he who made the strongest call for union; others planned for their own states; but Washington rose above sections, and was the architect of a nation, one and indivisible.

Other men of the Revolution were as patriotic and incorruptible. But Washington's patriotism was enlightened by a riper judgment, and his integrity has stood the glare of noonday before the world. He was felt to be the Lord's anointed, called of heaven to stamp his personality upon the nation whose liberty he had won. He led a willing people while he lived; no less willing are Americans to-day to be guided by his unmatched example and words of safety.

Thus Washington was vastly more than the most distinguished leader of the Revolution. He seemed to gather in himself all the best traits that had grown up in the colonies before him. He embodied the spirit of all America. Others were New Englanders, or Southerners; he wore the marks of no section. Like no other man of his





day, he was an *American*—the first American. And it is the conspicuous personal qualities which he impressed upon his country,—courage, justice, love of liberty and enlightenment,—that our nation has embodied in its life, and that we call the true Americanism to-day.

It is fitting that the public schools of America unite year by year to do honor to this First American.

Washington's farewell address to his countrymen was a reminder that a nation governed by public opinion must be, before all, an enlightened nation. America now lifts up her public schools as her response to his appeal, that in this land of equality knowledge should be universal.

On his birthday we joyously recognize that these public schools of ours are the arteries through which flows the very life-blood of the Republic. If our nation is to fulfill her divine mission, our citizens must guard well this priceless birthright, the inheritance of every child over whom floats the American flag.

So, this day, as we wreath our Washington with evergreens and laurel, we understand our duty. To the millions of children like us in the public schools the command of the coming years belongs. As we face the future we promise that Washington's unselfish patriotism shall be our aim and that his loyalty to duty shall be our guide.—*Francis Bellamy.*

PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

(May be selected by the teacher from books at hand, and given by different pupils in their own words, not more than two or three minutes each, and closing with some appropriate quotation or maxim.)

WASHINGTON'S GENERALS.

(The names of his major-generals may be written on the board, and short sketches given of the life and bravery of each.)



NAMING OF STATES.

(In the order of their admission into the Union, mentioning some noted character or event of each.)

THE NATION'S COLORS.

(The entire school.)

“Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the SCHOOL that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all,—
Hail! flag of liberty! all hail!
HAIL, glorious years to come!”



WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.



See the fields of ice rush headlong, grinding now against the shore,
Ghastly gleaming in the twilight piling high with snarl and roar!

Sinewy forms their boats are urging 'gainst the swirling inky tide,
Stoutly wielding oar and pike pole, making for the Jersey side.

As they press their way right lustily with nerve and skill so rare,
You can see that Glover's sailor boys of Marblehead are there.

Thomas Read, our only commodore, has brought up every gun
From his frigate now a-building, to be called George Washington.

Hear them lumbering toward the river over snow, and roots, and rocks!—
High above the storm come ringing orders from the throat of Knox;





Where the thickening sleet and darkness hide both boats and
shores from sight,
His stentorian lungs do service better than a beacon light.

He's the man that dragged the cannons from the Canada
frontier—
All on sleds—to th' siege of Boston—Congress made him
Brigadier.

There is General Hugh Mercer, gallant soldier, Scotchman plain—
Shoulder shattered by a bullet—under Braddock, near Du Quesne.

Old John Stark, who clubbed the Indians and appeared at
Bunker's Hill
Shouting, "Boys, aim at their waistbands," has those rangers
with him still.

General Sullivan and Lord Stirling, lost in the Long Island
fight,
Are exchanged and here among us in the perils of this night.

Strange a British earl should help us in our contest with the
king!
But the House of Lords has wronged him; loss of birthright
leaves a sting.

There's St. Clair, who followed Wolfe across Quebec's illustrious
plain,
And Nathaniel Greene, whose Quaker coat came off for this
campaign;

And the Quakers have expelled him for maintaining that it's
right,
When God's saints are sold in bondage to take sword and fight.

But among these men of battle there is one whose form shall
stand
High above all mighty heroes, first forever in this land.

For his virtue and his valor in the hearts of men have won
Manhood's highest realm; where Freedom breathes he's loved—
George Washington.

All the heavy boats are loaded; horses, cannon, one by one,
The whole army crosses over, losing neither man nor gun.





On to Trenton! thru nine miles of heavy marching, wind, and
sleet—
Suffering, stumbling, hurrying forward,—freezing hands and
bleeding feet.

Cruelly the cold cuts thru us in our tattered, half-clad state;
Only patriot blood could stand it. Onward! morning will not
wait.

In two columns we assail the town from the north and west at
once.
Some charge silently with bayonets fixed—the storm has wet
their guns.

Others rush into the village, having kept their powder dry,
Pouring deadly volleys down the streets; the frightened Hes-
sians fly.

Drums are rolling, bugles wailing, dragoons dashing here and
there,
Muskets rattling, cannon roaring,—shouts of triumph and de-
spair!

See that battery formed against us where the street is deep with
snow,—
Ha! there's Captain William Washington, followed hot by James
Monroe,

Rushing 'gainst the loaded cannon! Both are wounded—on they
run—
Trusty patriots swarm around them—battery's ours! The day
is won!

Near a thousand foreign hirelings ground arms and for quarter
cry,
Freedom's banner, long since drooping, now triumphant sweeps
the sky!

At the death bed of the Hessian, our commander, bending low,
Words of Christian consolation breathes upon his fallen foe.

Never in the breast of warrior grace and grandeur dwelt as one
Till they met in peaceful power in the breast of Washington.

May our banner, bright and stainless, ever o'er Columbia wave,
May her sobs forever cherish memories of the pure and brave!





LINCOLN.



Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinance is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort—unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature,—unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty.

He wore no official robes, either on his body or his soul. He never pretended to be more or less, or other, or different, from what he really was.

He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him men were neither great nor small --they were right or wrong.

Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war, he saw the end.

He was patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphics were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*





THE YOUNG AMERICAN.



Let thy noble motto be,
God—the country—liberty!
Planted on religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock.

Laugh at danger, far or near,
Spurn at baseness, spurn at fear;
Still with persevering might,
Speak the truth and do the right.

So shall peace, a charming guest,
Dove-like in thy bosom rest;
So shall honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days.

—E. H. Everett.



THE PRESIDENT.



The Plan, at nature's advent sung,
Is blazoned on the walls of time—
The stars that panoply the sky
Proclaim it in a strain sublime.



In working out this wondrous plan
The Author, in the hour of need,
Calls forth a man, "sun-crowned and tall,"
Who dwells above the clouds of greed.

From Abraham, who walked with God
Beneath creation's morning dim,
To Abraham, who later strode
Along the centuries' glowing rim.

The greatest crises have been met
And ever for the right control'd
By earnest men, of purpose high,
Who valued honor more than gold.

Their seed remains, the plan unfolds
And lo, another crisis springs!
The hour of need strikes once again—
Hark! on the ear the summons rings.





Who now is equal to the hour?
The nations pause with bated breath—
The shadow, by the dial cast,
Seems freighted with the dew of death.

The scales of justice idly swing—
The clouds of greed hang like a pall,
But far above, where sunlight streams,
Behold the man, "sun-crowned and tall."

A leader of heroic mold,
In faith and manly virtues strong,
He warns the greedy hordes of pelf
No more to perpetrate the wrong.

"Square deal for all, no less, no more,
No favored class shall overawe,
But each, the other's peer, must bow
Before the majesty of law."

On wings of flame his message speeds,
From rock-ribbed east to golden strand
Rouse "scions of a noble stock:"
Your "pict and chosen" leads the van.

From valley fair and fertile plain,
The answer swells to beetling crag:
"No more shall greed and av'rice rule
Where falls a shadow of The Flag."



We'll follow where his guidon waves
Until the sword of justice drawn
Shall rout oppression's host again
And win a bloodless San Juan.

Who wore the blue or who the gray?
Shall rend no more the Nation's heart,
For touching elbows in the fray,
The blue and gray bear each a part.

Nor ever more shall Warren's ghost
Look down in shame from Bunker's Hill:
A triune government still lives,
Exponent of the sov'reign will.

And from the perfume-laden south,
To where Aurora's Arch is bent,
The reunited millions shout:
"All hail the Nation's President!"

—F. A. Freer.





WASHINGTON MONUMENT.



This grand memorial to him who was called "the pride of our land and the glory of our race" was finished in December, 1884, and dedicated February 22, 1885, the 153d anniversary of the birth of Washington. The cost of the monument has been about \$1,200,000.

This monument has been called "the world's greatest cenotaph." It is a plain, obeliskal shaft, rising to a height of 555 feet from the base of the shaft, and 572 feet above the natural surface of surrounding ground. Around the base a mound of earth has been graded, sloping in all directions to meet the natural surface at distances of 350 to 450 feet from the shaft.

The foundation of the shaft is 126 feet square, and is thirty-seven feet below the base of the shaft. The shaft, at the base, is fifty-five feet square, and at its top is about thirty feet square. The lower portion is constructed of blue gneiss, faced with crystal marble, and the upper portion is of similar marble with cut granite backing.

In the interior lining are set numerous blocks of stone presented by the states and cities of the United States, by foreign countries, and by various societies. They are properly inscribed, and are arranged to be plainly seen in ascending the monument.

An elevator, and also a spiral staircase, is used for the ascent, and the interior of the shaft is illuminated by electricity, as the only openings, except the entrance doors, are small windows at the top.

The shaft is the loftiest artificial structure in the world. It rises many feet above the capitol, and above any of the cathedral spires and monuments in Europe and the East. It is fifteen feet higher than the main tower of the new city hall in Philadelphia, thirty feet higher than the great cathedral at Cologne, and ninety-five feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome. The prospect from the top is sublime beyond conception.—*Moore.*





INDEPENDENCE DAY.

†

Hark! Hark! What means that shout?
Why this throng of people?
Those starry banners floating out
From every roof and steeple?

Why all this noise of men and boys,
Fireworks on every hand?
What this song that rolls along
O'er all our peaceful land?

List! List! From Independence Hall
The glorious tidings start;
'Tis echoed back by every tongue
And every loyal heart.

"Independence," shrieks the whistle;
"Independence," peals the bells;
"Independence," booms the cannon;
"Freedom! Freedom!" all things tell.



To the past turn ye a moment,
The darkness of those sad days feel;
See our land all prostrate lying,
Crushed beneath a tyrant's heel.



See! Upon this day, eventful,
E'en Dame Nature holds her breath;
In doubt if 'tis a nation's birthday
Or the day of Freedom's death.

Grave-browed men, in earnest counsel,
Pledge their all—who more can give?
Fortune, life and sacred honor,
That this new-born child may live.

List! Trembling hands from out the belfry
Eagerly the tidings send,
Till strength is given man and woman
To endure unto the end.

Till it reaches starving vet'rans,
Who for right hath fought and bled,
Till 'tis shouted o'er the fallen,
Till the living heart is fed.





Oh, it is our Nation's birthday!
That is why we shout and sing;
That is why, with glad thanksgiving,
We would make the welkin ring.

That is why the drums are beating
On every mount, in every vale;
That is why our starry banner
Floats on every rising gale.

Then hail, all hail, our dear Columbia!
May she live for aye and aye!
No dark cloud in all the ages
Shall blot out Independence Day.



HISTORICAL RECREATIONS.



a. By what coincidence is Georgia linked with Washington?

"The same year in which Washington was born, 1732, Georgia, the last of the famous thirteen colonies, was planned by James Oglethorpe."

b. Why do we celebrate Washington's birthday?



"Because Washington was a good and brave man and did so much for his country."

c. What can you tell of the life of Washington?

"It was full of truth, patriotism, goodness and skill."

d. Relate Washington's exploits in Western Pennsylvania in 1753.

"October 21, 1753, Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent George Washington with a message to the commanders of the forts along the Ohio, asking their removal. The very day he received his credentials he set out on his perilous journey from Williamsburg to Lake Erie, a distance of four hundred miles. The French officers treated him with respect, but refused to discuss



theories, and said they were under orders which they would obey. Washington's return journey was full of peril, but he finally reached home unharmed, and delivered St. Pierre's reply."

e. What part did he take in Braddock's campaign in 1755?

"The first expedition against Ft. Duquesne occurred July 9, 1755. Braddock was commander-in-chief, while Washington was aide-de-camp. The column advanced with beating drums and flying colors. Washington warned his leader of the dangers of savage warfare, but his suggestion was treated with contempt.

The Indians, who were hidden behind trees and bushes, gave the terrible war-whoop. The British regulars were frightened, and fired at random. The colonial troops fought the savages in true Indian style. After a severe battle Braddock was mortally wounded. With the few troops that Washington had left, he prevented the pursuit of the regulars who had fled into the woods."

f. What other event took place in this year?

"Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of all the armies."

g. Tell about Washington at Boston, 1776.

"In order to compel the British to fight or run, Washington ordered his troops to fortify Dorchester Heights. This was done at night. In the morning the English were astonished to see the intrenchments that overlooked the city. Howe, remembering the lesson of Bunker Hill, decided to leave, taking with him his troops, fleet and many loyalists. The next day, amid great rejoicing, Washington entered the city."

h. Give an account of the Battle of Long Island and Washington's Retreat up the Hudson.

"After evacuating Boston, General Howe went to Halifax, but soon set sail for New York. He was joined here by his brother, Admiral Howe. The British army



numbered thirty thousand. Washington, divining Howe's plans, gathered his forces at New York. He had only about seven thousand men fit for duty.

August 27 the British army landed on Long Island. General Putnam held the fort at Brooklyn. After a desperate encounter with the British the patriots tried to escape, but it was too late. The Americans lost about one thousand men out of four thousand, while many of the captives were consigned to the Sugar House on Liberty street, and the prison ships in Wallabout Bay. Howe did not attack the fort at Brooklyn immediately, but waited for his brother's fleet, and in the meantime, under cover of a dense fog, the Americans escaped to New York."

i. Give an account of Washington's exploit Christmas night, 1776.

"After the Battle of Long Island, Washington took a rapid march through New Jersey, and, at last reaching the Delaware, crossed into Pennsylvania. Howe was close behind him, but resolved to wait until the river should freeze over, and then capture Philadelphia.

Washington now thought it time to strike a daring blow, so, upon Christmas night, in a driving storm, and amid drifting ice, crossed the Delaware, fell upon the Hessians, taking one thousand prisoners and escaping with only the loss of four men."

j. How did Washington try to save Philadelphia from being taken?

"Washington learned that Howe had entered the Chesapeake, with a force of eighteen thousand men. Hurrying south to meet him with an army of eleven thousand men, he resolved to hazard a battle in the defense of Philadelphia. The Americans took position on the Brandywine, but, being attacked both in front and rear, were completely routed, Philadelphia taken, and the British went into winter quarters at Germantown."



k. Give an account of the winter of 1777-78.

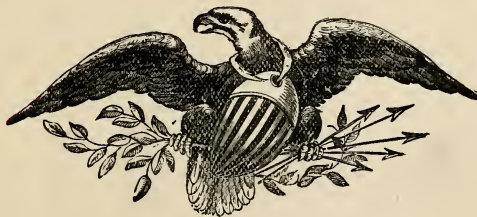
"After the capture of Philadelphia, Washington retired with his army to Valley Forge for winter quarters. This was the gloomiest period of the war. The men were encamped in comfortless huts, with little food and clothing. Many were bare-footed and left on the frozen ground their tracks in blood. Very few had blankets, and straw could not be obtained. The ranks were greatly thinned by death, but during all this terrible time Washington felt his cause was just, and tried to inspire those around him with the same faith."

l. Tell about the surrender at Yorktown, 1781.

"Cornwallis fortified himself at Yorktown. The Americans attacked him by land, the French by sea. After a severe battle Cornwallis surrendered, October 19."

m. What about Washington retiring to private life?

"A treaty of peace was signed 1783, and soon after the army was disbanded. Washington resigned his commission, and retired to his home at Mt. Vernon."





THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.



Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

—*Wm. Cullen Bryant.*





THE HAND OF LINCOLN.



Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold:
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was,—how large of mold
The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

—*E. C. Stedman.*





THOMAS AND NANCY LINCOLN.



“Fit us for humblest service,” prayed
This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
In God’s eternal plan:
Content, by prairie, wood, and stream,
The common lot to share,
Or help a neighbor in his need
Some grievous weight to bear,—
Then trustfully resigned the life
That had fulfilled his prayer.

And she in Indiana’s grave
This many a year who lies—
Mother and wife, whose yearning soul
Looked sadly from her eyes—
Who, dying, called her children close
As the last shadow fell,
And bade them ever worship God
And love each other well—
Then to her forest grave was borne,
The wind her funeral knell!

So drear—so lone—who could have dreamed
The boy her bed beside,
Forth from that cabin door would walk
Among earth’s glorified?
But, lo! his name from sea to sea
Gives patriotism wings;
Upon his brow a crown is set,
Grandeur than any king’s;
And to these fameless graves his fame
Tender remembrance brings.

Ah! still the humble God doth choose
The mighty to confound:
Still them that fear and follow Him
His angel campeth round;
And while by Indiana’s woods
Ohio, murmuring, flows,
And Illinois’ green levels shine
In sunset’s parting glows—
While Lincoln’s name is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.



THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.



In the eastern court of the capitol grounds, fronting the central portico, is a colossal marble statue of Washington by Horatio Greenough. The statue was executed in Italy, and its cost, including the pedestal and transportation, was nearly \$45,000. Congress ordered it in 1832, and ten years later it was placed in the center of the rotunda of the capitol. Subsequently it was removed to its present location.

Greenough was a native of Boston, and died near that city in 1852, after a long residence abroad. In writing of the statue, he said: "It is the birth of my thought, and I have sacrificed to it the flower of my days and the freshness of my strength; its every lineament has been moistened with the sweat of my toil and the tears of my exile. I would not barter away its associations with my name for the proudest fortune avarice ever dreamed of."

Washington is represented seated in a Roman chair adorned with lions' heads and the acanthus leaf. The figure is nude to the waist, with a mantle draped round the lower part and extending over the right shoulder. The right hand points toward heaven, and the left holds a sheathed sword. On the sides of the chair are allegories of Phœbus-Apollo driving the chariot of the sun and Hercules strangling the serpent.

On the back is a Latin inscription, which is freely translated: "This statue is for a great example of liberty, nor without liberty will the example endure." The granite pedestal is inscribed with the famous eulogy on Washington, uttered by Governor Henry Lee of Virginia: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."—*Moore*.





QUOTATIONS FROM LINCOLN FOR USE IN LINCOLN DAY
PROGRAM.

+

The Union must be preserved.

Fellow citizens, *we* can not escape history.

I believe that this government can not permanently endure half slave and half free.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

If our sense of duty forbid slavery, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively.

I hope peace will come soon and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time.

In giving freedom to the slaves we assure freedom to the free, honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve.



Having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

If this country can not be saved without giving up the principle of Liberty, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it.

To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color and for no offense against the laws of war is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy; but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift.





HOW THE NEWS WAS BROUGHT TO PLYMOUTH.

†

'Tis autumn time in Plymouth, October winds are chill,
The waves dash by the Gurnet, day fades o'er Captain's Hill;
And now good Aaron Botsford, with strong and practiced hand,
Brisk stirs the smouldering pine-knots till sparks to flames are
fanned.

Upon his ample hearthstone there stands a stranger guest,
Whose long and mud-stained mantle is folded o'er his breast;
But when the firelight flashes, beneath its hem we see
Of sword and spur the glitter,—no Plymouth man is he.

"My words, sir, may be brief ones—I have but few to say."
The tones are crisp, decisive, as one whom men obey:
Yet on the other's features his glances kindly fall,
As though they would all harshness from tone and word recall.
"Your name is Aaron Botsford, and this the Standish Inn;
Selectman you of Plymouth, of Pilgrim kith and kin.
That you have smelt the powder yon staff will best maintain.
You fought in fifty-five, sir, with Braddock, at Du Quesne?"

"Stay! We'd a man from Plymouth; he grew to be my friend.
He joined our ranks at Medford, stood by us to the end.
The hills of fair New Hampshire could claim no braver son,
At Bunker Hill or Trenton, Quebec or Hubbardton.
He charged with us at Bennington, where 'twas to fight or die,
And but Ticonderoga and Hubbardton to cry,
To fire our hearts to fury, our arms to nerve with steel—
*Then Stark's New Hampshire farmers made Burgoyne their ven-
geance feel.*

"He fought, this youth from Plymouth (for little more was he),
As strong men fight for honor, the brave for liberty.
Why, sir, at Saratoga, 'mid rain of shot and shell,
Where conflict raged the hottest, he was invincible.
Nor British arm nor Hessian could e'er his sabre turn,
He felt the fire of victory through all his pulses burn.
A hero? Yes, and greater—a soldier to the core;
The Continental army, thank God! knew many more.



"For some, alas! the mothers throughout the land will weep,—
The fallen of our country, who in her bosom sleep.
Though 'taps' for them has sounded, there yet will come a day
When He, the God of battles, shall beat their reveille.
The sun of Saratoga has oft been overcast,
But now in fair Virginia it bursts in light at last,
A light, whose rays, far-reaching, will through the ages gleam—
Aye, sir, our dream of freedom is *now* no idle dream.

"In victory's hour of triumph, when men for honors thirst,
With honors thrust upon him, he held his father first;
And swift and far we've ridden, when storms our journey sped;
O'er battle-fields forsaken of all things save the dead;
O'er sun and moon-lit highways our horses' hoofs have rung;
Through forests, swamps and marshes, when hours as ages hung;
Broad streams and floods we've forded, nor rested night or
morn—
From Yorktown to the Hudson the glorious words been borne,
But on to fair New England—to Plymouth by the sea,
For none but Nathan Botsford, the courier there must be.

"Forgive me, I've been hasty, and yet my errand here
Was but to tell you briefly that Nat himself is near.
I'm but a sorry bungler, with whom fine issues jar;
But, sir, you've been a soldier, you know the chance of war.
Eh? What? At Saratoga? 'Twas said that there he fell?
Nay, by our God, he lives, sir, and lives himself to tell
Of honors won and nobly; for braver than your son,
Than Colonel Nathan Botsford, America has none.
And there—the bells are ringing. His step! Now, sir, your will!
Remember fifty-five, sir; you are a soldier still."
'Tis midnight now o'er Plymouth; but hark! those ringing cries
And shouts of wild rejoicing, uprising to the skies,
The heart cry of a nation, from Yorktown to the sea,
"Cornwallis has surrendered—America is free!"

—*Beatrice Harlowe.*









LINCOLN'S METHOD OF STUDY.



Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct; I never went to school more than six months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form. I have been putting the question you ask me to myself, while you have been talking. I can say this, that among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I would repeat it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now when (I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west.) Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before.

Oh, yes! I "read law," as the phrase is—that is, I became a lawyer's clerk in Springfield, and copied tedious documents and picked up what I could of law in the intervals of other work. But your question reminds me of a bit of education I had, which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law reading I constantly came upon the word *demonstrate*. I thought at first that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that





I did not. I said to myself, "What do I mean when I *demonstrate* more than when I *reason* or *prove*? How does *demonstration* differ from any other proof?" I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told of "certain proof," "proof beyond the possibility of doubt;" but I could form no idea what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond a possibility of doubt, without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood "demonstration" to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined *blue* to a blind man. At last I said, "Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what *demonstrate* means;" and I left my situation at Springfield, went home to my father's house and staid there until I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what "demonstrate" means, and went back to my law studies.—
From "Words of Abraham Lincoln," published by the Western Publishing House, Chicago.





PATRIOTISM.



Bereft of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime; its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in



the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new senate-hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Greefs has reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

By the soft blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied Cantons, from the prows hang the banners of the Republic, and as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old poetic land. Then burst forth the glad *Te Deum*, and Heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains, which five centuries since pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through his quiet, noble land.

In that old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar; his image appears in every house; his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people; and when the sun goes down, a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief whose blood has made his native land a sainted spot in Europe.—*T. F. Meagher.*



YORKTOWN.



From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving glance
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war charge yesterday;
Plowed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot down and bladed thick with steel;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath smoke of the gun;
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go:
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop ride bannerless:
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood,
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear:
The New World's chain lies broken here.

—Whittier.





WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.




BY M. A. BRYANT.



AMERICAN HYMN.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in 4/4 time, written in the key of B-flat major. The melody is simple and patriotic. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff has a measure with a cross symbol (x) over the note. The third staff is marked with *cres.* above the first measure. The fourth staff is marked with *f* above the first measure. The eighth staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.





Speed our Republic, O Father on high!

Lead us in pathways of justice and right;
Rulers as well as the ruled, "one and all,"

Girdle with virtue, the armor of might!
Hail! three times hail! to our country and flag!

Rulers as well as the ruled, "one and all,"
Girdle with virtue, the armor of might!
Hail! three times hail! to our country and flag!

Foremost in battle for Freedom to stand,
We rush to arms when aroused by its call,
Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war-cry: We conquer or fall!
Hail! three times hail! to our country and flag!
Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Thunders our war-cry: We conquer or fall!
Hail! three times hail! to our country and flag!

Faithful and honest to friend, and to be
Willing to die in humanity's cause—
Thus we defy all tyrannical power,
While we contend for our Union and laws!
Hail! three times hail! for our country and flag!
Thus we defy all tyrannical power,
While we contend for our Union and laws!
Hail! three times hail! to our country and flag!

Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds,
Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!
Hail! three times hail! to our country and flag!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurled!
Hail! three times hail! to our country and flag!

(NOTE—Let each pupil be provided with a small flag, and wave at the words "Hail! three times hail!" etc.)



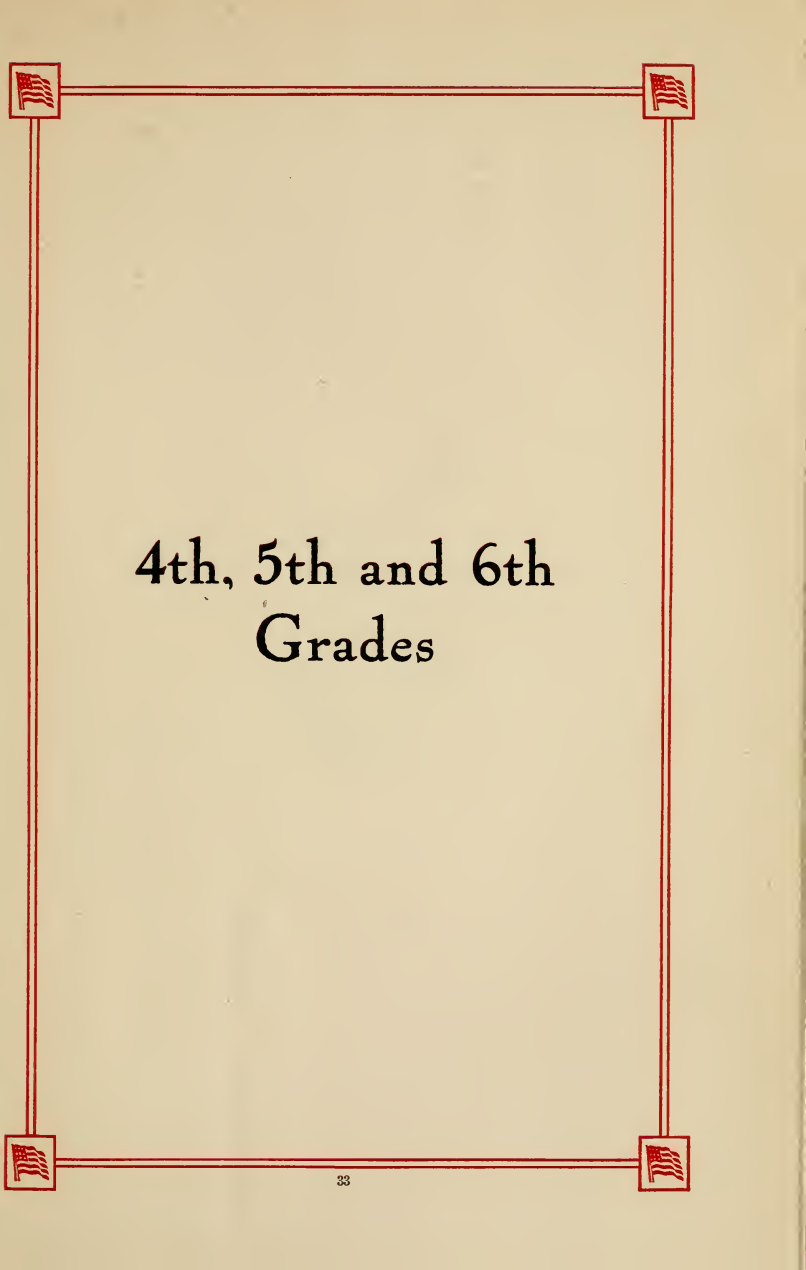
OUR DEBT TO THE NATION'S HEROES.



Every feat of heroism makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it. The whole nation is better, the whole nation is braver, because Farragut, lashed in the rigging of the Hartford, forged past the forts and over the unseen death below, to try his wooden stem against the iron-clad hull of the Confederate ram; because Cushing pushed his little torpedo boat through the darkness, to sink beside the sinking Albemarle. All daring and courage, all iron endurance of misfortune, all devotion to the ideal of honor and the glory of the flag, make for a finer and nobler type of manhood. All of us lift our heads higher, because those of our countrymen whose trade it is to meet danger have met it well and bravely. If ever we had to meet defeat at the hands of a foreign foe, or had to submit tamely to wrong or insult, every man among us worthy of the name of American would feel dishonored and debased. On the other hand, the memory of every triumph won by Americans, by just so much, helps to make each American nobler and better.

Every man among us is more fit to meet the duties and responsibilities of citizenship because of the perils over which, in the past, the nation has triumphed; because of the blood and sweat and tears, the labor and the anguish, through which, in the days that have gone, our forefathers moved on to triumph—*Theodore Roosevelt*, in "*American Ideals*."

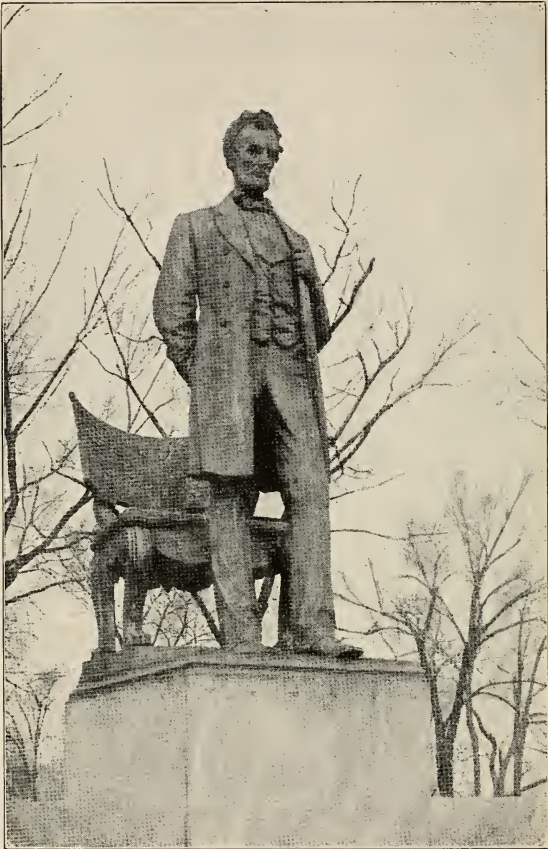




4th, 5th and 6th
Grades



LINCOLN IN BRONZE.



The World's Finest Statue and Best Portrait of the Great
Emancipator.

—*Lincoln Park, Chicago.*



TEN DATES IN THE LIFE OF LINCOLN.



(Each child carries a bright red card, with dates of tinsel pasted upon them. Presents card to view as he recites.)

1809

In eighteen hundred and nine,
One February morn,
In far-away Kentucky,
Abraham Lincoln was born.

1828

In eighteen hundred and twenty-eight,
The brave and active youth
Became a careful flatboatsman,
And pursued his trade with truth.

1831

In eighteen hundred thirty-one,
As a clerk in a country store,
He earned the name of "Honest Abe,"
Which clung to him evermore.

1832

In eighteen hundred thirty-two,
He joined as volunteer,
And as captain in the Black Hawk War,
He was loyal and knew no fear.

1834

In eighteen hundred thirty-four,
He walked one hundred miles
To take his legislative seat—
We read his triumphs with smiles.



1842

In eighteen hundred forty-two,
This true son of the sod,
Won for his own a lady fair—
Miss Mary Todd.

1858

In eighteen hundred fifty-eight,
In memorable debate,
The "Little Giant" was defeated,
So histories relate.

1861

In eighteen hundred sixty-one,
His country needed his care,
And called her trusted friend to fill
The Presidential chair.


1863.

In eighteen hundred sixty-three,
Mr. Lincoln freed the slaves,
And won for himself a crown of glory
Which monuments his grave.

1865.

In eighteen hundred sixty-five,
Amidst the nation's grief,
Our martyr President was laid to rest—
His great joy was brief.





WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.



FRED D. RAZE.

The Hessian mercenaries lay
One thousand strong in Trenton town,
Our ragged soldiers still at bay,
While slowly, slowly, day by day,
The nation's hope went down.

The war cloud which had hung so high
On bloody Bunker Hill,
Now darkening in the winter sky,
Spread out its garments' sable dye
And all grew calm and still.



Like those who doomed to die, but wait
In silence and in dread,
Who know that hours have grown so late
That death but lingers as a fate
Upon life's parting thread.

So waited all those braver men
In fear and deep suspense;
No hope had they for freedom then,
No human power could gain again
Their well-earned recompense.

But stay, one heart, tho' deep oppressed,
Misfortune gave not o'er:
One cause which love of God had blessed
Was foremost in that dauntless breast
As it had been before.

The swollen Delaware swept on
Between him and his foe
With maddened rush from dark till dawn
From dawn till dark still roaring on
In a defiant flow.

And while the Hessians sang and drank
In drunken mirth at Christmas ball,
Our ragged soldiers, rank on rank,
Were forming on the farther bank,
Were silent one and all.





And see, whene'er the wind doth blow
The driving sleet aside,
The dark night 'gainst the drifting snow
Reveals a hundred boats that go
Like shadows on the tide.

The blinding storm, the roaring stream,
The battling ice blocks on their way,
The howling of the night winds seem,
Like warnings of prophetic dream,
To echo one word "stay."

But resolute to do his part
Each plies his oar, the bank is won,
And now for Trenton town they start,
Led by the strong and mighty heart
Of dauntless Washington.

Nine weary miles! The rising sun
Flings back the sable pall of night.
The snow blown army marches on,
The terrors of the storm are gone
And Trenton lies in sight.

Then comes the word, the rush, the rise
Of battle's turmoil; wild and free,
Re-echoes through the morning skies—
The outcome of a night's surprise—
The cheers of victory.

I tell what has been often told
Tho' never told in vain;
Such tales with age will ne'er grow old
But come with blessings manifold
Like drops of summer rain.

I tell it not with battle pride
But as a true and loyal son
Of that blest land where slavery died,
Where Peace and Liberty abide
Because of Washington.





EXERCISE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



(To be spoken by thirteen children, representing the thirteen original colonies.)

First Child—I am Virginia; I have given many noble sons to my country, but to-day I wish to speak only of one, the fairest, the most illustrious—Washington.

Second Child—I am New Jersey, and the elms at Princeton still whisper of his fame.

Third Child—I am Massachusetts, and his name is still as powerful among my people as when his cannon frowned upon Boston from Dorchester Heights.

Fourth Child—I am New York, and in my noblest city the first President took his oath of office.

Fifth Child—I am New Hampshire, and I bring granite from my mountains that his deeds may be written on imperishable tablets.

Sixth Child—I am Maryland, and my Potomac's stream murmurs ever of love as it glides past his tomb.

Seventh Child—I am Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and as a model for our children we hold him up whose title was "An Honest Man."

Eighth Child—I am Rhode Island, and the name of Roger Williams is not more dear to me than the memory of Washington.

Ninth Child—I am Delaware, and when the ice cracks and booms on my noble river it seems to thunder the story of that Christmas night so long ago.





Tenth Child—I am North Carolina, and the shade of Francis Marion bids me join in reverence to his valiant leader.

Eleventh Child—I am South Carolina, and through the storm of war I have kept his memory sacred.

Twelfth Child—I am Pennsylvania, and the old State House at Philadelphia seems to be filled with his invisible presence.

Thirteenth Child—I am Georgia, youngest of all, and I bring palms to celebrate his victories.

Virginia—Let us speak of his truthfulness.

New Jersey—Let us admire his modesty.

Massachusetts—Let us praise his courage.

New York—Let us remember his deeds.

New Hampshire—Let us emulate his piety.

Maryland—Honor the statesman!

Connecticut—The general!

Rhode Island—The truth-teller!

Delaware—The hero!

North Carolina—The Cincinnatus of the West!

South Carolina—The Father of his Country!

Pennsylvania—“Providence left him childless that his country might call him father.”

Georgia—Then let us speak of him still as “First in War (all joining in), First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen.”





THE OLD GRAND ARMY BOYS.



You may talk about the Masons,
And the Odd Fellows, and such;
You may call them so fraternal
As to fairly beat the Dutch;
You may praise them if your choose to,
With their mystic rites and noise,
But they can not hold a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

For a man that has a memory
Can learn about the craft;
He can get degrees aand passwords
That can make a funeral laugh,
And be loaded down with symbols;
But for true fraternal joys
They can not hold a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

You may talk about your badges,
But the one that has the call
Is the star, flag and eagle,
That is far above them all.
It was won when cannon thundered
'Mid the battle's smoke and noise;
So there's nothing holds a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

When they fought and bled together,
And they shared the prison pen,
And they faced the front in battle
With the touch of men,
Then the compact was cemented
'Mid the conflict's crash and noise.
So there's nothing holds a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

They fraternal? Well, I reckon;
And their charity's all right.
Are they loyal? They have proved it,
For they left their homes to fight.
And the nation owes them homage
For the peace it now enjoys;
For there's nothing holds a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

—Selected.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



Let the school room be appropriately decorated with flags. Place a large portrait of Lincoln upon an easel, keeping it covered until time for the children to remove the curtain.

(Enter children, bearing flags and singing. Tune, "Lightly Row." They march across the stage, and finally stop in the center.)

Wintry morn,
Frosty morn,
Telling of a baby born,
Long ago,
Long ago,
'Mid the winter's snow.
He who opened then his eyes
Grew a man both good and wise.
O'er his grave,
O'er his grave,
Banners fair shall wave.

(They stand in line, and one child steps in front of the rest.)

Child—

We've come to tell a story
Of one you ought to know,
Who was born in "Old Kentucky"
Just ninety years ago.

School—Who was he?

Child—

Ask the nation,
That knew and loved him well,
Or let some dusky servitor
His name and lineage tell.

Of all the names historic,
Of men who've done their part,
You'll find his graven deepest
In every human heart.





Born in a lowly cabin,
 Yet, ere from life he went,
 He gained the highest honors,
 A nation's President.

Who was he, do you ask me?
 Go question now of Fame.
 In trumpet tones she'll tell you
 That Lincoln was his name.

(Child steps back into line, and all sing. Tune, "Maryland, My Maryland!")

What name is this that e'er is heard?
 Lincoln's name, 'tis Lincoln's name!
 O'er the land a household word,
 Lincoln's name, 'tis Lincoln's name!
 He safely led through devious ways,
 Through all the nation's darkest days,
 And so to-day we come to praise
 Lincoln's name, our Lincoln's name.

School—What can you tell us about him?

First Child—I can tell you he was born near Hodgenville, Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809.

School—



Ah, then who thought such thorny paths
 His baby feet must tread?
 Who dreamed that Fame's immortal wreath
 Would rest upon his head?

Second Child—His father moved to Indiana in 1816. Young as he then was, he worked early and late helping his father clear the land.

Third Child—When a young man he worked as a boat-man on the Mississippi, going up and down the river to New Orleans. At one time he hired out to a farmer, splitting rails for his fence. For this reason he is sometimes called the "Rail-splitter."

Fourth Child—He had but few books, but he read those over and over, and studied so well that at last he became a great lawyer. Whenever he found anything he couldn't understand, he never rested till he had found its meaning. A good many





years afterwards, while talking with a man who never cared to find out the real meaning of things, he said: "There is one thing I have learned and you haven't,—it is only one word,—thorough."

Fifth Child—In 1832 he was a captain in the Indian war with Black Hawk.

Sixth Child—In 1861 he became the sixteenth President of the United States.

School—

In peril, and doubt, and darkness,
He walked through the paths untried,
And, just as the day was breaking,
A martyr for right he died.

All—He was assassinated April 14, 1865, and died the morning of the fifteenth.

School—What kind of a man do you think he was?

Children—

Tender and kind as a woman,
Gentle, yet firm, was he;
Never again in a century
His like may we hope to see.

Just as a child in trouble
Will call on his father's name,
So to his Heavenly Father
This man in his sorrow came.

School—

Tell us some of his sayings,
Something that once he said,
Some of his words of wisdom
You have somewhere heard or read.

First Child—"I have one vote, and I shall always cast that against wrong."

Second Child—"I don't think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

Third Child—"In every event of life it is right makes might."



School—

What of the men who knew him,
The good, the wise, and great?
What are the words they tell us,
Of him whom you celebrate?

First Child—"By the hand of God he was especially singled out to guide our government in these troublous times."—Bishop Simpson.

Second Child—"He is the gentlest memory of our world."—R. G. Ingersoll.

Third Child—"In his death the nation lost its greatest hero."—U. S. Grant.

All—

Toll, O bells, in your steeples,
Afar let your sad notes swell;
Tell to the world our sorrow,
For him whom we loved so well.

(They range themselves on each side of the easel and draw the curtain from Lincoln's picture.)

Now, as his pictured semblance
Together we show to you,
Once more we will place above it
The flags, red, white and blue.

(Children and school sing as the banner is placed above the portrait. Tune, "Hold the Fort.")

Now for him who saved our country,
Let our banners wave;
Honor him, the hero, lying
In his lonely grave!
And the children of the nation,
May they keep for aye,
Just as now we all are keeping,
Sacred, his birthday.

—Elizabeth Dustin, American Primary Teacher.





THE SHIP'S COLORS.



Oh, sailor, young sailor, with tan on your cheek,
What flag is your schooner to fly at her peak?
Oh, Jack in blue jacket, I pray you, declare
What colors your busy, brown fingers prepare.

"What flag but the grandest?" my sailor-boy said:
"The star-spangled Union, the stripes white and red;
The flower of all ensigns, the pride of the sky:
No flag but 'Old Glory' my beauty shall fly!"

Oh, sailor, my sailor, you've chosen aright!
Thus prize it forever, that banner of light,
Each stripe has a meaning you yet can not guess:
Each star is more sacred than words may express.

O'er desolate ice-fields,—'mid islands of palm,—
It lives through the storm, and it sleeps through the calm,
It guides, through the war-clouds, on perilous ways;
It decks the glad cities on festival days.

In far-away harbors, where many ships meet,
Where dark foreign faces look strange in the street,
The flag flaps a greeting, and kinsmen who roam
All bless the brave colors that tell them of home.

Wherever it flutters, the bride of the breeze,
A message of freedom it flings o'er the seas,
A hope for the world,—and the heart that beats true
Must leap at the sight of the Red, White, and Blue.

—Helen Gray Cone.





THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER.



The mother of a soldier—hats off to her, I say!
The mother of a soldier who has gone to face the fray;
She gave him to her country, with a blessing on his head;
She found his name this morning in the long list of the dead:
“Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
A Bible in his pocket and a portrait on his breast!”

The mother of a soldier—she gave him to her land;
She saw him on the transport as he waved his sunbrowned hand;
She kissed him through the teardrops and she told him to be
brave;
Her prayers went night and morning with her boy upon the wave.

The mother of a soldier—her comfort and her joy,
She gave her dearest treasure when she gave her only boy;
She saw the banners waving, she heard the people cheer;
She slapped her hands, and bravely looked away to hide a tear.

The mother of a soldier—ah! cheer the hero deed
And cheer the brave who battle 'neath the banner of their creed:
But don't forget the mothers through all the lonely years,
That fight the bravest battles on the sunless field of tears.

Nay, don't forget the mothers—the mothers of our men,
Who see them go and never know that they'll come back again;
That give them to their country to battle and to die,
Because the bugles call them and the starry banners fly.

The mother of a soldier—hats off to her, I say!
Whose head is bowed in sorrow with its tender locks of gray.
She gave without regretting, though her old heart sorely bled
When she found his name this morning in the long list of the
dead:

“Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
His dear old mother's portrait clasped upon his hero breast!”

—Folger McKinsey, in *Baltimore News*.



IN BETSY ROSS'S TIME.

A PLAY FOR FEBRUARY.

+

(SARA E. KIRK, Belmont School, Philadelphia.)

CHARACTERS :

BETSY ROSS.

UNCLE SAM.

THIRTEEN LITTLE GIRLS.

(Representing Thirteen Colonies.)

Costumes—Betsy Ross, gray dress, Quaker style, white cap and kerchief; Uncle Sam in regulation dress; Thirteen Girls in white.

ARRANGEMENT.

Table and chair. Work basket for Betsy Ross, with needle, thread, scissors, etc. (Several needles to be threaded to guard against Betsy's nervousness.) Scraps of red, white and blue scattered about on table with work basket. Thirteen scarfs of red and white bunting, each about one yard long. Large flag with stripes and empty blue field. (This is made previously.) The field dotted in thirteen places for Betsy Ross to know where to sew the stars.

Stage to be arranged at one side to allow room for Colonies' Drill.

THE PLAY.

(Songs to be introduced at pleasure of teacher.)

Betsy Ross seated by table with large flag in her lap, sewing. Uncle Sam standing by her side.

Uncle Sam—Good morning, Mistress Betsey Ross, I see you are hard at work.





Betsy Ross—Yes, General Washington has asked me to make a flag for our great country, and I am trying these red and white stripe and this blue field.

Uncle Sam—I think that will be beautiful. (*Soft music, march time, heard.*) But who comes here? I believe it is our thirteen colonies, just the ones we have now when our flag is being made.

(*Enter Thirteen Girls, each carrying a white star. If not all about one size, two largest first, and so on, down to Delaware, who is unaccompanied. March to Uncle Sam and Betsy Ross. First two speak, next two, and so on. As they speak they place stars in Betsy Ross's lap.*)

“PENNSYLVANIA and NEW YORK send these stars to lie
On the blue field, as in the bright sky.”

“NEW HAMPSHIRE and RHODE ISLAND ask if these stars
white
Are not clear, beautiful, and bright?”

“VIRGINIA and MARYLAND say these pointers five,
Will make the flag seem truly alive.”

“These two white ones, CONNECTICUT and MASSACHUSETTS
say,
Will make Old Glory as bright as day.”



“NORTH and SOUTH CAROLINA send these two beautiful
ones
As ordered by brave General Washington.”

“GEORGIA and NEW JERSEY ask if you will permit Uncle
Sam
To add these two—dear little ma'am!”

“DELAWARE, although a little state,
Hopes her star is not too late.”

Betsy Ross—I am sure you have brought me just what I wanted. Now, if you will entertain Uncle Sam awhile, you may each have a piece of our glorious flag.





As colonies finish speaking they retire to position for drill, first four forming line at back, next four in front of these, and so on. Delaware (smallest girl) takes position in front, alone.

THE DRILL (WALTZ TIME).

First Movement—Scarfs held at ends in each hand, swung to right, right hand high, left low; then to left, left hand high, and so on.

Second—Same as first, only diagonally to right and left. (This movement can be prolonged by swinging diagonally back right and left.)



Third—Join hands with girl next, raise joined hands, forming arch of bunting; swing gracefully. (*While the others are doing this, Delaware will hold scarf out in front of her at arm's length, without motion.*)

Fourth—Scarfs thrown around neck, arms crossed lightly and held out from breast, with scarf end held in right hand laid on left arm, and vice versa, while body sways to music.

Fifth—Scarfs still around neck crossed on breast, held with left hand, right foot diagonally to right, and right hand shading eyes, body thrown forward, whole position to indicate looking off in the distance. Same to left, with right hand on chest, left foot pointed, and left hand shading eyes.

Sixth—Scarfs held back of body and down, point right toe diagonally forward to right, and bring end of scarf in right hand around to rest on right knee. Same to left—with left toe pointing and end of scarf in left hand brought around to rest on left knee.

Finale—Colonies form tableau by kneeling sufficiently removed from each side, to clasp ends of flags and thus form one long scarf at the back of each line. Better still, if curtain is used, drop the curtain for a moment, and upon raising—colonies are kneeling as described, with Betsy Ross and Uncle Sam holding finished flag back and above colonies.





A TRUE SOLDIER.

+

Though we never may be soldiers
On the battle field,
Though we may not carry banner,
Bayonet or shield;
Each can be as true and valliant
Till life's work is done,
Each can be as brave a soldier
As George Washington.

There are mighty hosts of evil,
Armies great and strong,
Each can be a little soldier
Fighting all day long.
Let us ever fight them bravely,
Let us valliant be;
Fight the host of falsehood, envy,
Pride and cruelty.

Oh, how valliant are the soldiers
Who to battle go,
Yet more brave are they who struggle
With an unseen foe.
When the battles all are ended
And the victory's won,
Each will be as true a soldier
As George Washington.

—*Alice Jean Cleator, in Normal Instructor.*





OUR FLAG.



As soon as the colonists had fully decided to separate from the British, they resolved to have a flag of their own. Many devices were proposed, and rejected. About a month before the Declaration of Independence a committee was appointed to see about having a flag made. George Washington was one of this committee. A design was drawn, and with this he went to Mrs. John Ross, who was a skillful needle-woman. She agreed to undertake the making of the flag, and must have been successful, for she was employed many years by the government in this branch of needlework.

In 1777 Congress voted that the flag should have thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, to represent the thirteen states, and a blue field with thirteen stars. It was the original design to add a stripe and star for every new state, and this was done when Vermont and Kentucky were admitted. It was finally decided that if this continued the flag would become too large, so they returned to the original thirteen stripes, and new states were to be represented by added stars.



THREE VETERANS.



I saw them pass in the ranks to-day,
Grandsire, father and stalwart son;
Each was a veteran, tried and true,
Had marched in the ranks and borne a gun.

One fought with Scott in Mexico,
Then followed Grant, his son at his side;
The wine of battle was in their blood—
They must follow the Flag, whate'er betide.

The younger—he had tales to tell
Of war afar on Cuban soil,
Of the deadly trench and the thrilling charge,
And the conqueror's joy in battle toil.

We may leave our country to our sons—
They follow, as we did, their sires;
No coward strain the red blood knows,
Once warmed in Freedom's battle-fires.

—*Ninette M. Lowater.*





WASHINGTON OR LINCOLN?

‡

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

‡

Frank—John, who do you count greatest of American heroes?

John—Well, Frank, American history is full of great men; but I think Washington ranks first.

Frank—Washington is great, but why higher than Lincoln?

John—Well, you see, Washington invented this government so to speak.

Frank—Invented? Who ever heard of a government being invented?

John—Well, founded then.

Frank—Why yes, he helped to do it, but Lincoln, in the same sense, kept it from being torn to pieces by secession.

John—It's like this. There must be a foundation, else a building can not be raised.

Frank—Yes, but if after the structure is completed, the foundation is destroyed, the whole thing tumbles.

John—I see. Your plea is good.

Frank—What could be finer than the Emancipation Proclamation?

John—Nothing but the Declaration of Independence, I guess. But look at Washington's character.

Frank—Lincoln's is equally fine. If Washington is called "The man who never told a lie," Lincoln is equally worthy to be called "Honest Abe."

John—You're right. Guess they rank together. No one stands higher than Washington.

Frank—Ha! ha! Now I'm ahead, for Lincoln stood six feet four.

John—Ha! ha! and Washington six feet two. Men in every sense. Three cheers for both!

Both—Hurrah for Washington and Lincoln! Hurrah! Hurrah!



LEND A HAND.



Washington one day came across a small band of soldiers working very hard at raising some military works, under command of a pompous little officer, who was issuing his orders in a peremptory style indeed.

Washington, seeing the very arduous task of the men, dismounted from his horse, lent a helping hand, perspiring freely, till the weight at which they were working was raised.

Then, turning to the officer, he inquired why he, too, had not helped, and received the indignant reply: "Don't you know I'm the corporal?"

"Ah, well," said Washington, "next time your men are raising so heavy a weight, send for your commander-in-chief." And he strode off, leaving the corporal dumb-founded.



OUR COUNTRY AND ITS HERO.



BY LETTIE STERLING.



SONG—*O, Rich and Happy Country.*
Tune—"The Loreley."

O, rich and happy country,
Oh, free and peaceful land,
To sing of all thy glories
Thy people gladly stand.
The noble deeds behind us,
The promises before,
Make patriotic music
Ring out from shore to shore.





We've many songs and poems
That blessings give to thee;
And oft have we recited
Thy brilliant history;
And now, with hearts rejoicing,
We add another lay,
It yields us sweetest pleasure
To thus our tribute pay.

RECITATION—*A Hero's Birthday.*

The birthday of a hero brave
We gladly hail its light,
His deeds upon our minds engrave
A strong desire for right.
We've had his influence since the years
That we could lisp his name,
And Washington unto our ears
A pleasant sound became.

A hero's birthday! Float the flag,
Our sign of liberty;
Till every hill and vale and crag
His leading made us free.
The truthful lad, the dauntless youth,
The man of earnest will,
Made courage, patience, tact, and truth
A mission grand fulfill.

His birthday keep; his deeds recite;
Let all his valor know;
May memory keep them e'er in sight,
May patriotism glow.
O, sacred hold the rights so dear
That loyal men have given!
They e'er the people's hearts shall cheer
If wrongs are backward driven.





A HISTORY STORY FOR LINCOLN DAY.





Lincoln's Rebuke.

Lincoln could be firm and severe when there was occasion for him to be so, and he never allowed disrespect to God or disobedience to his generals. Two anecdotes will illustrate this. A man once came to him with a petition; before long this individual began to swear horribly. Lincoln gently, yet firmly, checked him. Still, in a few minutes the man swore harder than ever. Then Lincoln rose with great dignity, opened the door, and said: "I thought that Senator ——— had sent me a gentleman. I find I am mistaken. There is the door, sir. Good evening."

Many of the Union soldiers had enlisted thinking the war would soon be over, and fancying they would surely be released at the end of three months at the latest. After the battle of Bull Run an officer came to Sherman, and coolly announced that he was going home. Sherman reasoned with him a few moments; but perceiving that he was defiant, and that several of his companions were inclined to follow his example, he said sharply: "Captain, this question of your term of service has been submitted to the rightful authority, and the decision has been published in orders. You are a soldier and must submit to orders till you are properly discharged. If you attempt to leave without orders it will be mutiny, and I will shoot you like a dog! Go back into the fort *now*, instantly, and don't dare to leave without my consent."

There was such a firm look in Sherman's eye that the officer went back to his post until he could find a chance to make a complaint against his superior. Shortly after this, President Lincoln visited the camp, and, meeting Sherman on the way thither, invited him to take a seat in





his carriage. They now exchanged a few remarks, and knowing the President would make a speech, Sherman begged him to encourage the men to do less cheering and boasting, and prepare to be "cool, thoughtful, hard fighting soldiers." When the carriage drew up, Lincoln made one of those simple, touching speeches, which, once heard, were never forgotten. But when the men started to cheer him, he quickly checked them saying: "Don't cheer, boys. I confess I rather like it myself; but Colonel Sherman here says it is not military, and I guess we had better defer to his opinion."

Then, as usual, he went on to explain that as President, and therefore commander-in-chief of the United States army, it was his duty to see that the soldiers were well and happy, and that he was ready to listen to any just complaints. He was scarcely through speaking, when the officer whom Sherman had threatened stepped up to the carriage, saying: "Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to speak to Colonel Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me."

"Threatened to shoot you?" asked the President, looking at the man with his deep, keen eyes.

"Yes, sir; he threatened to shoot me."

Lincoln looked at the man again, then at Sherman, and, bending over, said to the officer in a loud whisper: "Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it."

This answer sent the man back to his post without another word; but later on Sherman explained the facts to Lincoln, who said: "Of course, I didn't know anything about it, but I thought you knew your own business best." Sherman warmly thanked the President for the way in which he had settled the question, and added that it would have a good effect upon his men, some of whom could not realize that a soldier must obey his superior without asking why.—*Story of the Great Republic, American Book Company.*



OUR MEN OF PURPOSE.



What has the country boy to say
Of country boys that "made their way"?
The brown lad, standing at the stile,
Nods toward the homestead with a smile,
Points to the plow, the field, the mill,
The tiny school-house on the hill,
And tells with pride how from the farm
A Lincoln's sturdy voice and arm,
A Garfield's eloquence and might,
A Whittier's prophetic sight,
The faith of Grant and Washington
Our cause upheld, our battles won,
And strengthened in its trial hour
The bulwarks of our country's power.



COMING MEN.



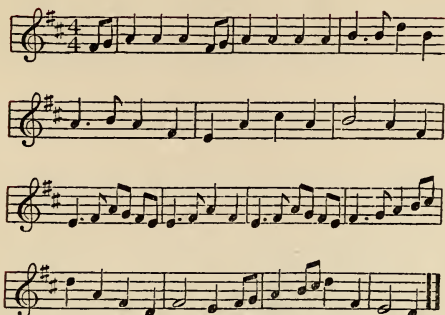
A dreaming school-boy of to-day
Wished Time might turn the other way,
And bring the quaint old-fashioned rule
When wise Ben Franklin went to school,
And find the clever schoolboys, too,
That Franklin, Jay and Adams knew.
He wished his school-days had begun
With Marshall and with Jefferson;
For they were boys, Time heard him say,
Worth making friends of, any day.
Old Father Time looked kindly down,
And smiled away the dreamer's frown.
"How do you know," said he, "that they
Were wiser than the boys to-day?
How do you know, my lad, but you
Already know a boy or two
Of sturdy brain and steady eye,
Who shall be Franklins by-and-by?
Or others, quick to take the lead,
Who may be Adamses, indeed?
How many boys you know and see
Shall Otises and Marshalls be?
Who knows? Your comrade, later on,
May be another Washington.
So fear you not, at school or play,
To greet the boys that live to-day,
As the proud lads you wished to know,
Who lived a hundred years ago."

—Frank Walcott Hutt, in *Youth's Companion*.





BEFORE ALL LANDS IN EAST OR WEST.



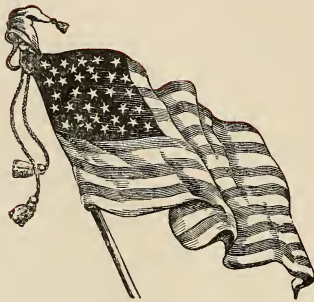
Before all lands in east or west,
 I love my native land the best,
 With God's best gifts 'tis teeming:—
 For gold and jewels here are found,
 And men of noble worth abound,
 ||:And eyes of joy are beaming.:||

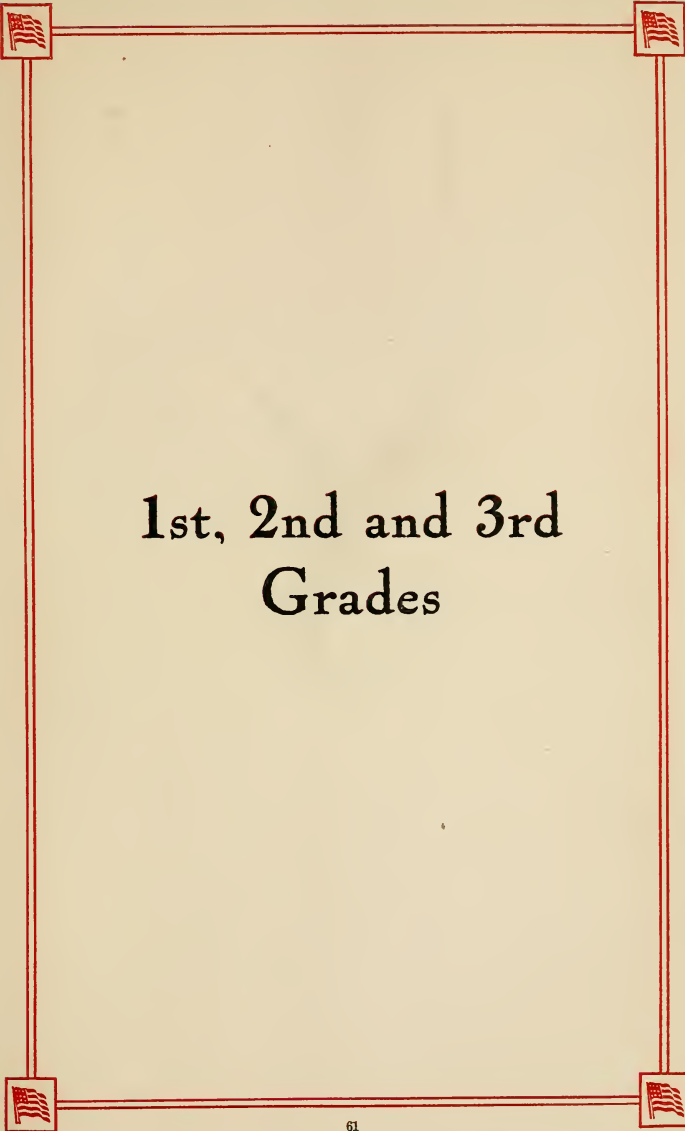
Before all tongues in east or west,
 I love my native tongue the best,
 Tho' not so smoothly spoken:—
 Nor woven with Italian art.
 Yet when it speaks from heart to heart
 ||:The word is never broken.:||

Before all people east or west,
 I love my countrymen the best,
 A race of noble spirit;
 A sober mind, a generous heart,
 To virtue trained, yet free from art,
 ||:They from their sires inherit.:||

To all the world I give my hand;
 My heart I give my native land,
 I seek her good, her glory;
 I honor ev'ry nation's name,
 Respect their fortune and their fame:—
 ||:But *love* the land that bore me.:||

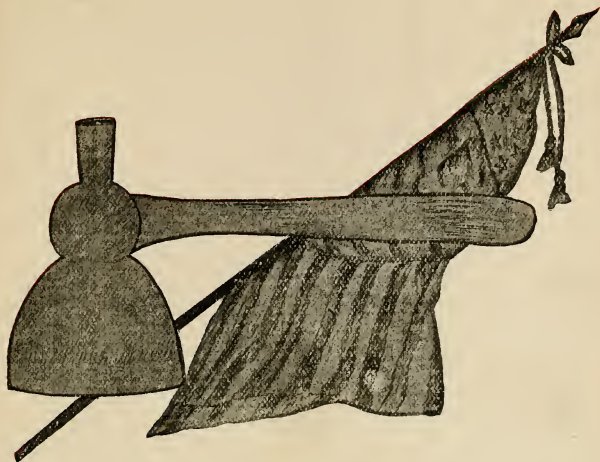






1st, 2nd and 3rd
Grades





FLAG EXERCISE FOR SIX LITTLE GIRLS.



(Each little girl carries a small flag, and the exercise is made prettier with two red tissue caps, two white tissue caps, and two blue ones.)

All—

Six little girls are we,
Six little flags you see,
We have a word to say,
On this glad holiday.

First Little Girl—Be brave like Washington,
Second Little Girl—Be kind to every one.
Third Little Girl—Be true in all you say,
Fourth Little Girl—Be gentle in your play.
Fifth Little Girl—Be pure in act and word,
Sixth Little Girl—Be happy as a bird.





THE HATCHET STORY.



(Seven very small boys come in, bearing wands with paste-board hatchet heads upon them. After a short march the leader calls, "Front, face!" Each boy repeats two lines.)

George Washington, though great was he,
Was once a boy like me.

And when a little lad like me,
They say, he chopped a cherry tree.

But when his father came to see,
He stood erect and brave like me!

And he told the truth about that tree—
He wasn't a coward—oh, no, not he!

Now there are those who smile and say
That of the truth in this story there isn't a ray.

Perhaps they are right, we can not tell;
But the moral's as clear as the ring of a bell.

And we boys all know the moral,
We'll live it if we can:

All—

If you have done a mean thing,
Own up like a man. —Selected.



STORIES OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD DAYS.





Washington's Birthplace.

Washington was born in a little, low, one-story house. There were but four rooms in the house. There was a great chimney at either end. This house was in Virginia. From the house the Potomac river could be seen.

When George Washington was about three years old some brush was burning in the garden one day. Sparks flew upward, settled on the roof, soon the little house was all on fire.

Some colored men tried to put out the fire. Mrs. Washington carried some of the furniture from the house but soon it burned to the ground. After this the Washingtons moved to Fredericksburg.





Washington and the Apple.

A young lady cousin once gave George Washington a fine, large, rosy-cheeked apple. The boy knew he ought to be generous and share it with his brothers and sisters, but he wished it all for himself.



It was a long time before his father could persuade his little boy to divide it. At last he gave a little to the others.



The next fall his father took him out into the orchard, where the trees were loaded with apples, and the ground covered with many that had fallen. "See how generous Mother Nature is with her apples," said his father. Little George remembered that he had not been generous with his apple. He hung his head and said "Well, only forgive me this time and see if I ever be so stingy any more."

The Colt.

The people of Virginia liked fine horses. Mrs. Washington owned a beautiful colt. It was so spirited and wild that no one dared to ride it. One morning, when Washington was ten years old, he and some boy friends were looking at the colt. Suddenly Washington said: "I'm going to ride that colt." The boys did not think he would dare to ride. They caught the animal and Washington sprang up on his back. Oh, how that colt ran! He kicked up his hind feet so high he nearly stood on his head. Then he threw his head up suddenly and stood on his hind feet. He whirled around, plunged forward, then back; he ran around in a circle, shook his head and kicked up his heels again. Faster and faster went the colt, round and round the field he ran, kicking, rearing, plunging, and shaking his back and head, and little George was still holding on tight. At last the colt made a furious plunge, struck his head against the wall, and fell dead upon the ground.

The boys were all frightened. What would Mrs. Washington say? They all went to the house, and George at last said: "Your sorrel colt is dead. I killed him."





Mrs. Washington was deeply grieved, but was glad her boy had told just how it all happened.

Washington's Desire to Go to Sea.

When Washington was fourteen he thought he would go to sea. His trunks were packed and the ship was almost ready to start. He went to say good-bye to his mother. She felt so sorry to have him leave that he gave it up, and the ship went off without him.

Washington and His Playfellows.

When Washington was a boy he was very fond of games. No other boy could throw a stone across the river as far as he could; no other boy could jump so far or so high; no other boy could run so fast or so far.

In every game he played he was always fair. He would always do the right thing. When other boys disputed and quarreled they would ask Washington what he thought was right, and then they would do as he said, for they knew he was always just and fair.—*Helen Deane, "American Primary Teacher."*



RECITATION—"WHEN HE WAS A BOY."



"He went to the war with a General's hat
And feathers and sword—I should like to do that.
He fought and he fought, till the enemy ran—
That's how I shall do it when I am a man.

"The people all shouted the hero to see,—
I hope they'll hurrah when they come to see me.
They made him a President, too. If I can
I'm going to be President when I am a man.

"But, perhaps, I had better be thinking of how
I may be a little like Washington now;
For, they say that his being a hero began
A very long time before he was a man.



"He learned very early to tell what was true,
An excellent thing for a hero to do.
For every small boy it would be a good plan
To learn the same lessons before he's a man.

"How many more things, it would tire me to tell;
We all must be learning, and learning them well,
Before we can fancy, in pride and in joy,
We are like the great hero when he was a boy."

—Selected.



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 his 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."

—Ella Matthews Bangs, in *St. Nicholas*.





WASHINGTON DRILL.



Boys—

We are little soldier boys;
See us stand—*Attention!*
Just a few things that we know,
We would like to mention.

Washington was born, we know,
In seventeen thirty-two, sir;
And a man both good and wise,
We all know that he grew, sir.

Though it happened years ago,
His fame is still undying;
And to be like Washington,
Is what we all are trying.

Leader (sternly)—

Come, sirs, you must mark the time,
Let your footsteps suit it.
See the flag above your heads,
Will you please salute it?

Children—“We give our heads, our hands, and our hearts to
our country; one country, one language, one flag.”

Leader—

Order—Arms! I hope to find
That every one is willing;
Let me see how you would do
If Washington were drilling.





Carry—Arms! In tactics now,
This is an education;
O, should there be another war,
You'd help preserve the nation.

Right About—and then, please *Face*,
Be sure you do it handy;
Now march off unto the tune
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

(They march several times across the stage.)

(Enter several boys wearing for badges tiny hatchets.)

First Boy—

We are only a boy's brigade,
But here's a promise that we have made,—

All—

Whatever we do, till life is done,
We'll tell the truth like our Washington.

Second Boy (pointing to the hatchet)—

This is our badge; it seems to say,
Washington looks on us to-day;
Never, I'm sure, would you or I,
In the face of that hatchet, dare to lie.

Third Boy—

It isn't a bit of use to tell
The story about it, you know it well;
But I think it is pretty strange, don't you?
The good that one little boy can do.

All—

Thanks to the one of long ago,
Hundreds and hundreds of boys we know,
All over the land, you'll find to-day,
Are trying to tell the truth away.





WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.



SONG—Tune, "Marching Thro' Georgia."



We've come to honor Washington
And Lincoln this bright day.
Our flag so proudly floats above,
We pause amid our play,
To sing their praises, for we love
These brave, good men of ours.
Sing then, oh, sing of our heroes!

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Washington so true,
Hurrah! hurrah! for the red, and white, and blue.
And sing hurrah! for Lincoln's name,
On deathless scroll of fame,
Hurrah! hurrah! for our heroes.

Oh, Washington, we sing of you,
Our dear first President.
In peace or war a leader bold,
On battlefield you went.
And Lincoln, how we love to tell
Of slaves that you set free,
We'll sing your praises forever.

(Six boys and six girls march to the front, with crossed flags. The girls, as they recite, place their flags by Washington's picture, the boys place theirs by Lincoln's picture.)

First Girl—

This bonnie flag I hold so dear,
And place beside the picture here.

First Boy—

My flag, to-day, I gladly place
Beside our noble Lincoln's face.

Second Girl—

Oh, Washington, so brave and true,
I place my flag, to-day, by you.

Second Boy—

Oh, Lincoln shall have gay flags, too,
Every one red, white, and blue.

Third Girl—

I bring my flag in memory
Of the boy who chopped the cherry tree.





Third Boy—

“Honest Abe” they called him then,
He was a leader among men.

Fourth Girl—

To Washington my heart is true.
I bring my shining banner, too.

Fourth Boy—

I love the name of Lincoln, dear,
And so I place my gay flag here.

Fifth Girl—

They say he never told a lie,
And to be truthful I will try.

Fifth Boy—

Oh, Lincoln, now we sing of you,
And may we grow as good and true.

Sixth Girl—

Washington, oh, name so dear,
To tell of you we gather here.

Sixth Boy—

Oh, Lincoln, many a boy like me
Will keep your name in memory.

*Girls in concert—*Washington was “first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

*Boys in concert—*Lincoln said: “All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.”

All—

Bring stripes and stars and crimson bars
To honor these brave men of ours;
Three cheers for heroes brave and bold,
Their story never will grow old.

(A girl steps to a picture of Lincoln's home and recites.)

Here is a picture of Lincoln's home,
Oft was the story told
Of a little boy, so long ago,
Who became a leader bold.
Though poor indeed his birthplace was,
He learned to rise above,
With “Charity toward all,” he said
And charity means love.
And so we have his picture here,
For Lincoln's name to us is dear.





A BOY'S PROTEST.



(A recitation for a small boy, holding a pasteboard hatchet.)



Oh dear, what a racket
All about that hatchet!
I wish they would stop all their noise!
Some folks who write papers
Would rub out all capers,
And prosy stuff give to us boys.

It takes all the courage
From boys that are my age
To be told such stories are fibs,
When we have been trying
To keep from all lying
Ever since we were out of bibs.

They would have us receive
All that *they* can believe
As all that is honest and true,
But I know boys to-day
Who do not run away
When mischief they've happened to do.

And I'm still believing
The story's old reading
As the one on which to rely.
And spite of the clamor
My hero I'll honor
As the boy who *could not tell a lie*.

—Ruth Davenport, Boston, Mass.





HATCHET DRILL AND SONG.



(Tune, "Swing, Cradle, Swing.")

Thou art known through the North,¹
 Our Washington;²
 South should set thy glories forth,³
 Our Washington.²

CHORUS.

Brave hero, brave hero, thy name shall live;
 Brave hero, brave hero, praise will we give.⁴

Loved by all who're dwelling West,⁵
 Our Washington;²
 In the East thy name is blessed,⁶
 Our Washington.²

CHORUS.

Monument so high o'erhead,⁷
 Our Washington;²
 Far around thy fame hath spread,⁸
 Our Washington.²

CHORUS.

What would do thy country harm,⁹
 Our Washington,²
 Down we'll cut with strong right arm,⁹
 Our Washington.²

CHORUS.

(This last song might be sung by ten girls, with ten hatchets.)

¹All hatchets pointed north.

²All hatchets resting on shoulder.

³All hatchets pointed south.

⁴All swing, first with right hand, then with left, overhead.

⁵All hatchets pointed west.

⁶All hatchets pointed east.

⁷All held high up.

⁸Held far out and swept around.

⁹Used as if cutting down something stubborn.





ACROSTIC—WASHINGTON.



Worthy, watchful, wise and good.
Who was it? Do you know?
If you can't guess, just wait a bit,
Our letters soon will show.

Able, active, and alert—
For so the British thought,
Was he who led them, when our sires
For independence fought.

Steadfast his purpose, high his aim,
His every act did show,
While through the dark and dreadful years
He fought the sullen foe.

Hope ever filled his loyal heart,
Though hardships oft he knew;
Through distrust and through trials sore
His honor brighter grew.

Independence won at last,
His soldiers home he sent,
But soon they called him forth again,
To be their President.

Needful it was that he should guide
The new-formed ship of state;
And so, for eight more years, he served
As ruler, wise and great.

Grand, gentle, gracious, was his life:
And when at last death came
And bore his spirit to his God,
It could not dim his fame.

Tenderly, tearfully, they laid
Him by Potomac's side;
And all the nation mourned as one
Its hero and its pride.

Over his grave the flowers strew
And tell it once again—
The story of his life and work,
'Twill make us better men.

Nobly as he, then, let us live,
Duty obey, and truth:
Our country thus will serve right well
In manhood or in youth.

All—

Now we show this well loved name
In letters one by one,
Of course you know it—now you read
The name of Washington.



OUR FLAG.



CONCERT RECITATION.



We pledge allegiance to our flag,
To it we will be true,
We will defend it with our lives,
Our own red, white, and blue.

The white, it stands for purity,
For faith and truth the blue,
The red, for courage bold and strong,
There's meaning in each hue.

We love the stars, the many stars
Upon their field of blue.
We love the stripes of red and white,
We know their meaning, too.

"Star Spangled Banner" it is called;
Sometimes "Old Glory," too,
Sometimes "The Banner of the Free,"
Our own red, white, and blue.

We pledge allegiance to our flag,
To it we will be true,
We will defend it with our lives,
Our own red, white, and blue.

(Salute.)





WASHINGTON'S GRAVE.



Disturb not his slumbers, let Washington sleep,
'Neath the bough of the willow that over him weeps.
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
As the stars in the dark vaulted heavens at night.

Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er.
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore,
On the river's green borders, so flowery drest,
With the hearts he loved fondly let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of the freeman, 'tis liberty's mound.
Thy name is immortal, our freedom ye won,
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.

Oh, wake not the hero, his battles are o'er.
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore,
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
O'er a land that can boast of our Washington's grave.

—Selected.





EXERCISE BY THE SCHOOL.



Boys (with flags waving)—

We wave our country's flags on high,
 We're steadfast, each a loyal son,
 We cheer those names that will not die,
 Our Lincoln and our Washington.

Girls (waving handkerchiefs)—

We join our cheers for heroes brave,
 Praise courage firm and faith sublime,
 Each gave his life our land to save,
 We'll praise those names in every clime.

Boys—

No bells e'er pealed such tidings grand
 As those on Independence morn,
 The echoes rolled from strand to strand,
 For Liberty and Washington.

Girls—

Again bells rang for slaves now free,
 For union and for Lincoln true,
 States unite from sea to sea,—
 O, cheer the red and white and blue.

Song (school)—Air, "March from Faust."

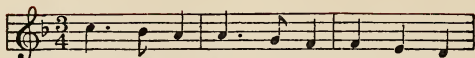
"Glory and love to the men of old;
 Their sons may copy their virtues bold;
 Courage in heart and a sword in hand,
 Yes, ready to fight or ready to die for Fatherland.
 Who needs bidding to dare by a trumpet blown?
 Who lacks pity to spare, when the battle is won?
 Who would fly from a foe, if alone or last?
 And boast he was true, as coward might do,
 When peril is past?"

(Repeat first four lines.)

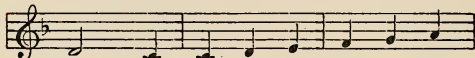




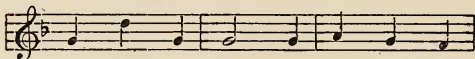
SOLDIER BOY.



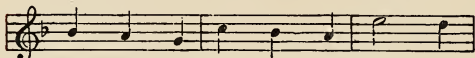
Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy where are you



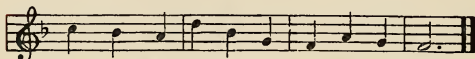
go - ing Bear-ing so proud-ly your



knap - sack and gun; I go where my



coun - try, my du - ty is show - ing



Bear-ing so proudly, My knapsack and gun.

Color boy, color boy, where are you speeding,
Waving your banner of red, white and blue?
I go where my country my service is needing,
Waving my banner of red, white and blue.

Drummer boy, drummer boy, why this loud calling,
Beating your drum as you hurry along?
I go where my comrades in danger are falling,
Beating my drum as I hurry along.

NOTE—A very pretty way to render this song is to have three boys march in from an adjoining hall, one beating a drum, one carrying a flag, and one bearing a gun and knapsack. Cross pieces of yellow paper will greatly add to the martial effect. Hats and plumes of bright colors are also much enjoyed. The school sings the first two lines of each verse. Each soldier sings in turn the response to the question by the school.

—Chas. E. Boyd.





(Flags in left hand, against shoulder.)



DIRECTIONS AND MOTIONS.

(Any patriotic song written in march time.)



Twelve children are needed. Nos. 1, 4, 7 and 10 (counting from right of stage) carry small red flags; Nos. 2, 5, 8, 11, white flags; Nos. 3, 6, 9, 12, blue flags. Costumes may be used corresponding in color to flags, if desired.

Children enter, carrying flags over right shoulder, to music of song, which must be plainly accented, and in march time.

Each chorus consists of four lines of music. Each line, except last, is sung "Tra la la;" last line repeats last line of stanza just preceding. For each chorus, four motions or figures are given, one beginning on first note of each line, which is held or continued till end of line. Figure on last line is always held as tableau (except in last chorus) throughout line, and dropped during short interlude, children taking position 1.

1. Straight line across front of stage; hands at sides. (Sufficient room must be left between children, so that all can take motions easily.)

2. Raise flags; drop at end of line.

3. Rise slowly on tip-toe, lifting arms slowly, until fingers meet above heads; look up.

Lower arms and bodies slowly to position 1.

Repeat rising motion.

Tableau—Hands held above head; look up.

4. Join hands, three and three; lift high above heads; first two threes swing round to right; other two threes swing round to left; in this manner march to rear of stage.

Form at rear, six abreast; march to front.



Those in front line swing round gracefully, taking first position.

Those in back line step forward to first position.

Tableau—All face right; raise both hands to right; look up.

5. Arms extended straight from shoulders; face front.

6. Arms same; face right.

7. Arms same; face back.

8. Arms same; face left.

9. Arms same; face front.

10. Position 6; move arms slowly to sides; back to front, clapping hands lightly. (Twice during line.)

Same; face right.

Same; face back.

Tableau—Face left; hands raised to left; look up.

(During interlude, step back to center of stage.)

11. Hands on hips; odd numbers march four steps forward, back to center; even numbers march four steps backward, back to center.

Arms raised on each side; tips of fingers resting on shoulders; odd numbers march four steps backward, back to center; even numbers four steps forward, back to center.

Arms raised on each side; tips of fingers resting on top of head; all march four steps forward, back to center.

Tableau—Left arm dropped to side; right hand holding flag easily back of head.

12. March backward to rear of stage.

13. While chorus is sung first time—

White step backward; red forward, face white; raise flags in right hands, forming red and white arch; blue face to right.

Blue march out from under arch; turn to left; march in front of and facing red.

Red face blue; blue raise flags, forming red and blue arch; white hold position.

Tableau—All hold.

Second chorus—

Red and blue hold; white drop flags to sides; face to right; march; turn to left.

March under arch; turn to right; march in front of and facing blue.

Blue face white; white raise flags, forming blue and white arch; red hold position.

Tableau—All hold.

Third chorus—

Blue and white hold; red drops flags to sides; face to right; march; turn to left.

March under arch; raise flags above right shoulders; march from stage.

White drop flags to right shoulders; fall into line back of red; pass from stage.

Blue drop flags to right shoulders; fall into line; pass from stage.



