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# ABRAHAM LINCOLN TODAY

A War-Time Tribute



WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Painted from life, 1864-65, by Mr. G. W. F. Travers.  
Owned by Mr. George Prince.

*Abraham Lincoln Today*  
*A War-Time Tribute*



# *Abraham Lincoln Today*

*A War-Time Tribute*

BEING *the* LINCOLN DAY CONVOCATION *of the*  
UNIVERSITY *of* ILLINOIS

1918

*by*

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

*with the Addresses by*

PRESIDENT EDMUND J. JAMES

*of the University of Illinois*

*and*

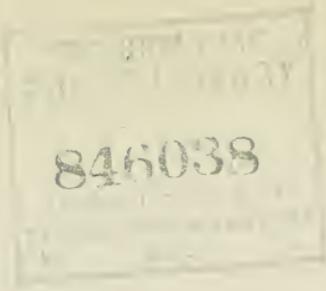
CAPTAIN FERNAND BALDENSPERGER

*of the French Army*

Published by the  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
Urbana, 1918

C. R.





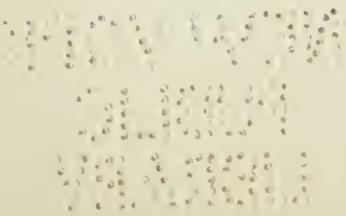
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On Forever, Illinois!

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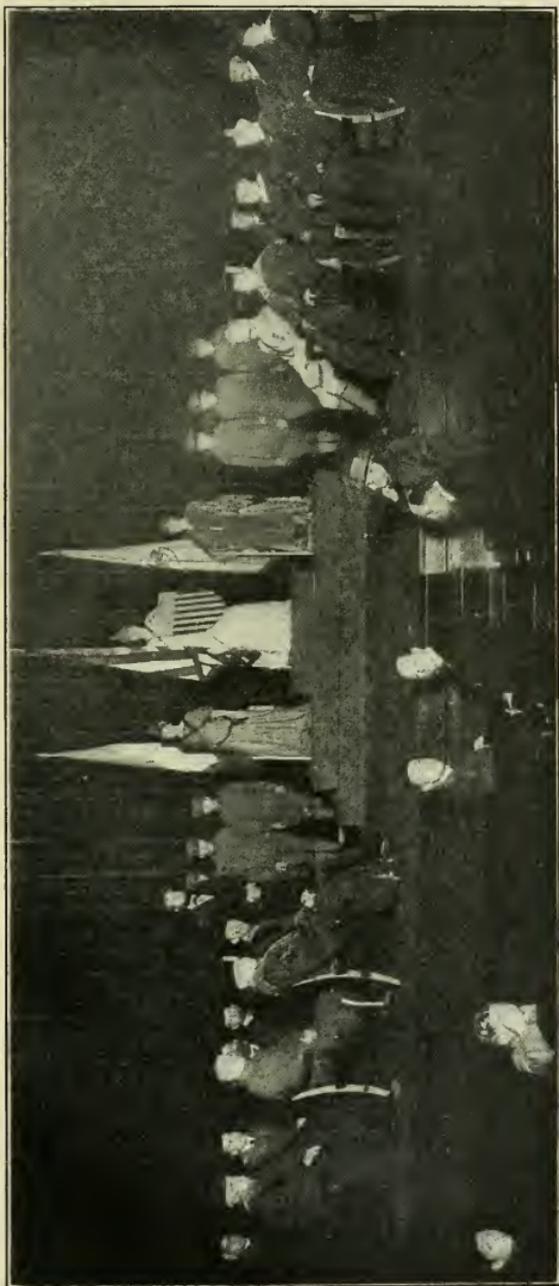


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THE CONVOCATION



*The Persons of the Convocation*

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THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF  
ILLINOIS

THE GUEST OF HONOR  
CAPTAIN FERNAND BALDENSPERGER  
OF THE FRENCH ARMY

THE DEANS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE UNIVERSITY WAR COMMITTEE

THE UNIVERSITY COMMANDANT

THE COMMANDANT OF THE UNITED STATES  
SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS

AMERICA

ILLINOIS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FRANCE

THE FACULTIES AND STUDENTS OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



# *Abraham Lincoln Today*

*A War-Time Tribute*

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*On the platform of the Auditorium of the University of Illinois is raised a dais, on which are three seats. In front at either side are groups of seats.*

*The organ plays the Lincoln Music, composed by John Lawrence Erb. From one side there enter the President of the University of Illinois, the Guest of Honor, and the Deans of the University of Illinois. From the other side there enter the War Committee of the University, the University Commandant, the Commandant of the United States School of Military Aeronautics, and the Lincoln Day Committee. They take seats at the front. The Faculties and the Students of the University are seated in the Auditorium. When the music comes to an end, the President of the University rises.*

PRESIDENT:

Men, Women of the University,  
My fellow-members of the Faculty,  
And Students in these various Colleges:  
This is the day whereon the greatest son  
Of Illinois was born,—that kindly man  
Who in his single-hearted self summed up  
The best of all that—North, and South,  
and East,  
And West—we strive to be; and there-  
fore who  
Has well been called “The First Ameri-  
can.”

On February twelfth, in eighteen nine,  
Near Hodgenville, Kentucky, on a farm,  
Was Abraham Lincoln born.

Wherefore this day  
In all the States by law is duly held  
In honor and in grateful memory,  
And I today as President have called  
The University of Illinois  
In worthy Convocation, fittingly  
To recognize this anniversary.

*As the President returns to his seat,  
all the people join in singing four stanzas  
of the State Song,*

### ILLINOIS

By thy rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois,  
O'er thy prairies verdant growing, Illinois, Illinois  
    Comes an echo on the breeze,  
    Rustling through the leafy trees,  
And its mellow tones are these, Illinois, Illinois!

Thou didst hear thy country calling, Illinois,  
    Illinois,  
Mid the din of war appalling, Illinois, Illinois,  
    Then thy courage and thy will  
    Rose each heart to fire and thrill;  
Brave and loyal! thou are still, Illinois, Illinois!

Not without thy wondrous story, Illinois, Illinois!  
Can be writ the nation's glory, Illinois, Illinois,  
    On the record of thy years  
    Abram Lincoln's name appears,  
Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois, Illinois!

While thy glory we are singing, Illinois, Illinois,  
Loyal homage to thee bringing, Illinois, Illinois,  
    Let us praise His Holy name  
    Through Whose might all good we claim,  
Who has wrought thy wondrous fame, Illinois  
    Illinois!

*During the first stanza the State of  
Illinois comes in attended by a military  
escort. She is robed in a gown of gold,  
with overvesture and cloak of Statehood blue,  
and carries the State Flag of Illinois. She*

*goes up and stands before the right hand of the two lower seats on the dais. At the conclusion of the State Song she reaches forth her hand with devoted pride.*

ILLINOIS:

Ever at sound of his majestic name  
Swiftly I come across the prairies, far  
Golden with corn, or blizzard-swept and  
white

With winter snow. So now my soul is  
here

With you who gratefully remember him,  
My greatest son. Observant, kindly, firm,  
Forgetful of himself and private ends,  
Most jocular when most heart-sunk in  
sadness,

Strong he lifted up the grievous weight,  
The fiery burden of distracted times,  
And on his high, broad shoulders bore it.

What woman does not watch with loving  
pride

The stalwart son of her young mother-  
hood!

With fearful ecstasy she sees him grow,  
Outstrip her fondest hopes, her best laid  
plans,

And stride along, a giant among his  
fellows.

So I.

From out the shelter of my care he went,



AMERICA AND ILLINOIS



Beyond the waving limits of the corn.  
He heard his Country's call; he went; he  
served;  
He wrought for her victoriously; and  
died.

America! Thou Spirit Glorious!  
Mother of all the States! Transcendent  
Soul,

Who everywhere art present, urging us  
To ever nobler heights of sacrifice  
And service, and most present only there  
Where thine ideals most are realized,  
My son was dear to you! At thought of  
him

Thy face, like mine, gleams forth its lov-  
ing pride:

For truly was he thy son, as well as mine!  
Reveal thyself among us, tokening  
Thy love for him whose day we recognize!

*As Illinois stretches forth her hand in  
appeal, the Music plays THE STAR-  
SPANGLED BANNER. Down the central  
aisle comes the figure of America, at-  
tended by a military escort. She is robed  
in white, with a golden girdle and a golden  
Liberty cap. She carries the American  
Flag in her right hand and wears the Shield  
of the United States on her left shoulder.  
She goes up the steps onto the platform and  
on up the steps of the dais, taking her place*

*in front of the center seat. All the people  
of the Convocation join in singing two  
stanzas of*

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last  
gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the  
perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly  
streaming,  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting  
in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was  
still there.  
Oh! say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave?

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and wild war's deso-  
lation;  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven  
rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved  
us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto,—“In God is our trust!”  
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall  
wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave!

*America stands in front of her seat,  
and Illinois remains at the foot of the dais.*

AMERICA:

I come.

For highly do I honor Lincoln's name:  
Through all the States that gather neath  
the Flag,  
Confederate South as well as Federal  
North,  
His name is held in deepest reverence.

But not in mere commemoration now  
I come. The Flag is called across the seas,  
To lead its hosts to fight for Liberty:  
In peril is the Freedom of the World.  
Arise! I call,—America! The Flag  
Advances! See, it summons you to come!  
Yes, every man and woman, every child  
Is needed to redeem the stricken earth,  
Some fighting with our Allies there in  
France.  
Some working to support them here at  
home.

You honor Lincoln. Will you follow him?  
What would his answer be? The world  
cannot  
Endure half slave, half free. Still do his  
words  
Set fire to the deeds of Illinois?  
Still does his spirit lead you all, as then?  
Or does there lurk in Illinois a soul,  
Although but one, that has not caught  
the fire

Of his imperial soul,—one poor, mean soul  
That would not claim a share in sacrifice,  
But fatten safely here in greedy debt  
For life and all he has to British blood,  
To Belgian courage, to Canadian daring  
And the sacrifices France has made?  
Fate had its ruthless way, and Lincoln  
died;  
But does his mighty spirit live here still  
Among the sons and daughters of his  
State?

ILLINOIS:

His spirit lives here still!

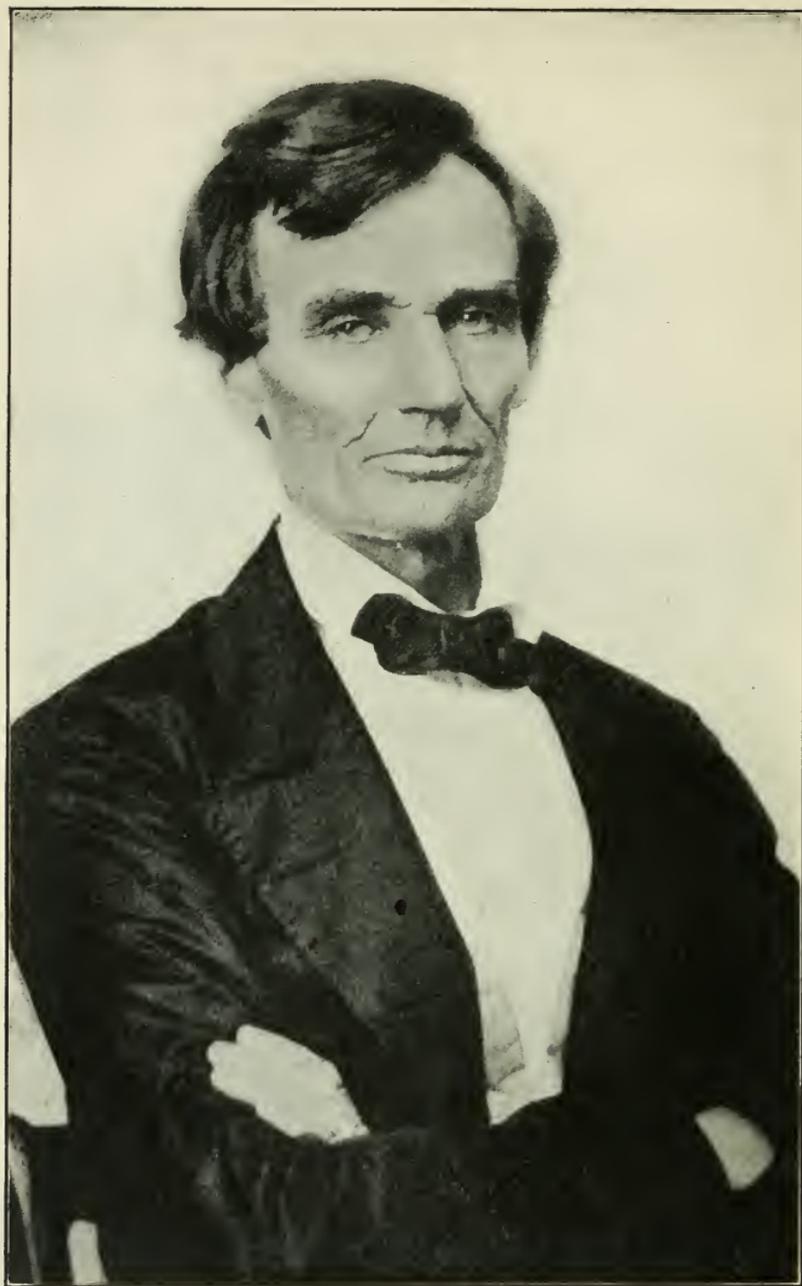
AMERICA:

Choose well your words!  
The accolade of sacrifice straight falls  
On all who claim them heirs of Lincoln's  
name.

ILLINOIS:

We call upon him now to witness that  
We consecrate ourselves, beneath the  
Flag,  
To Liberty and to its rescue!—  
Oh Lincoln, spirit freed from earth's  
strict bonds,  
Speak once again thy words of fire, for us,  
And once again the State of Illinois  
Lead with her Sister States to stake their  
all  
For Freedom and the Rights of all Man-  
kind!





ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE LAMBERT AMBROTYPE, 1860

From the Photograph in the Home of Lincoln, in Springfield,  
by courtesy of Mrs. Albert S. Edwards.

*Again the Organ plays the Lincoln Music. From one side Lincoln enters. Illinois, the first to see him, raises her flag. Lincoln removing his high stove-pipe hat, bows. The people on the platform rise. Lincoln advances a few steps, then turns and bows, paying his tribute to America. He then stands motionless, his hat in his hand, until the music is finished. Then he raises his hand and speaks. Illinois remains standing at the foot of the dais.*

LINCOLN:

I cannot fly from my thoughts; my solicitude for this great country follows me wherever I go.

Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled—the successful *establishing* and the successful *administering* of it. One still remains—its successful *maintenance* against a formidable attempt to overthrow it. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching all the folly of being the beginners of a war.

This is essentially a people's contest, and this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic, or a democracy—a government of the people

by the same people—can or can not maintain its territorial integrity against its foes. It forces us to ask, Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness? Must a government of necessity be too *strong* for the liberties of its own people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?

Fellow-citizens, *we* can not escape history. We will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation. We, even *we here*, hold the power and bear the responsibility. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth.

We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven; we have been preserved these many years in peace and prosperity; we have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown. But we have forgotten God. We have forgotten the gracious hand which preserved us in peace and multiplied and enriched and strengthened us, and we have vainly imagined, in the deceitfulness of our hearts, that all these blessings were produced by some superior wisdom and virtue of our own. Intoxicated with un-

broken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us.

It behooves us then to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness. It is for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that we here highly resolve that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. And 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. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in,

to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

I now leave, not knowing when, or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the aid of that Divine Being who ever attended him, we cannot succeed. With that assistance we cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you, friends and neighbors, an affectionate farewell.

*Lincoln bows in tribute to America and departs. The Organ at once plays and all the people rise and sing*

#### THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

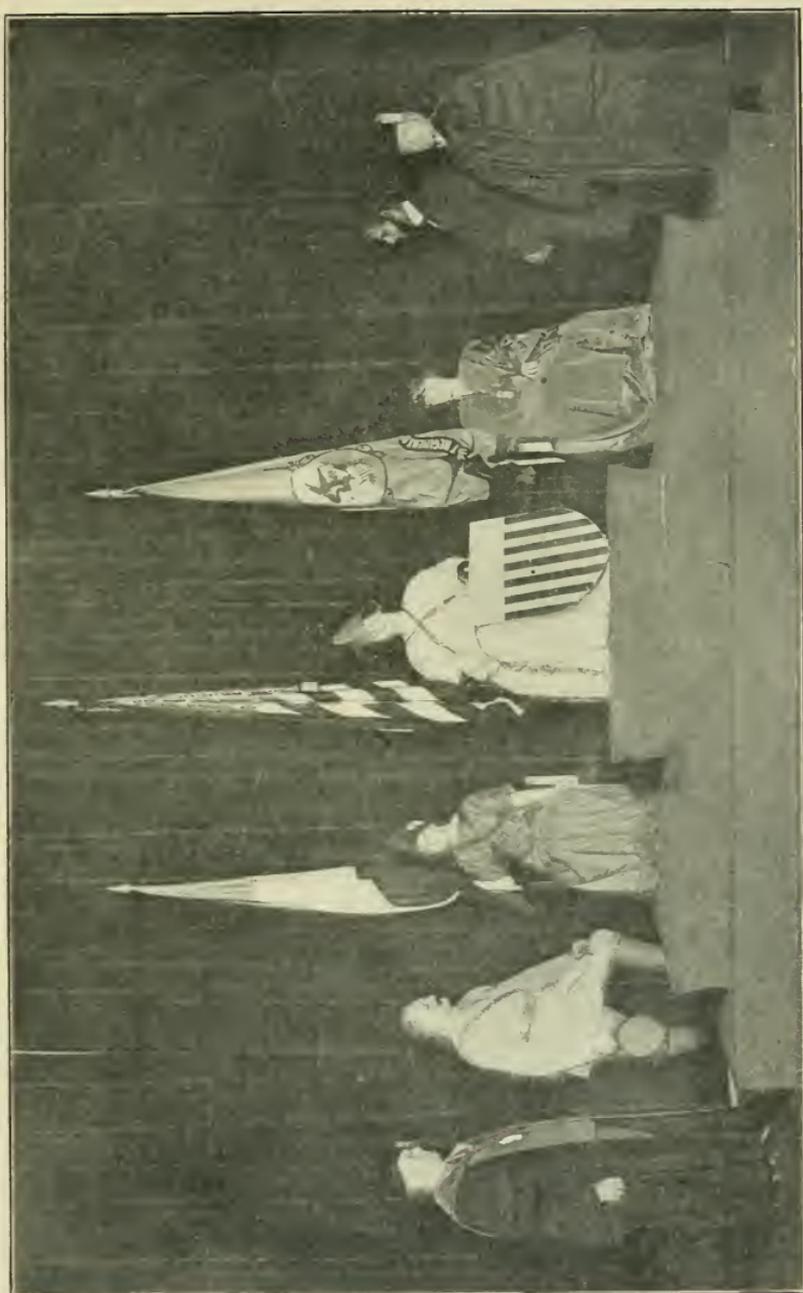
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
of wrath are stored!

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible  
swift sword:

His truth is marching on!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is  
marching on!



THE CENTRAL GROUP



I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred  
    circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening  
    dews and damp;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and  
    flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His day is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
    call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
    judgment seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant,  
    my feet!  
Our God is marching on!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
    the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you  
    and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make  
    men free,  
While God is marching on!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
While God is marching on!

*President Edmund James James of  
the University of Illinois then rises and  
delivers*

## THE LINCOLN DAY ADDRESS

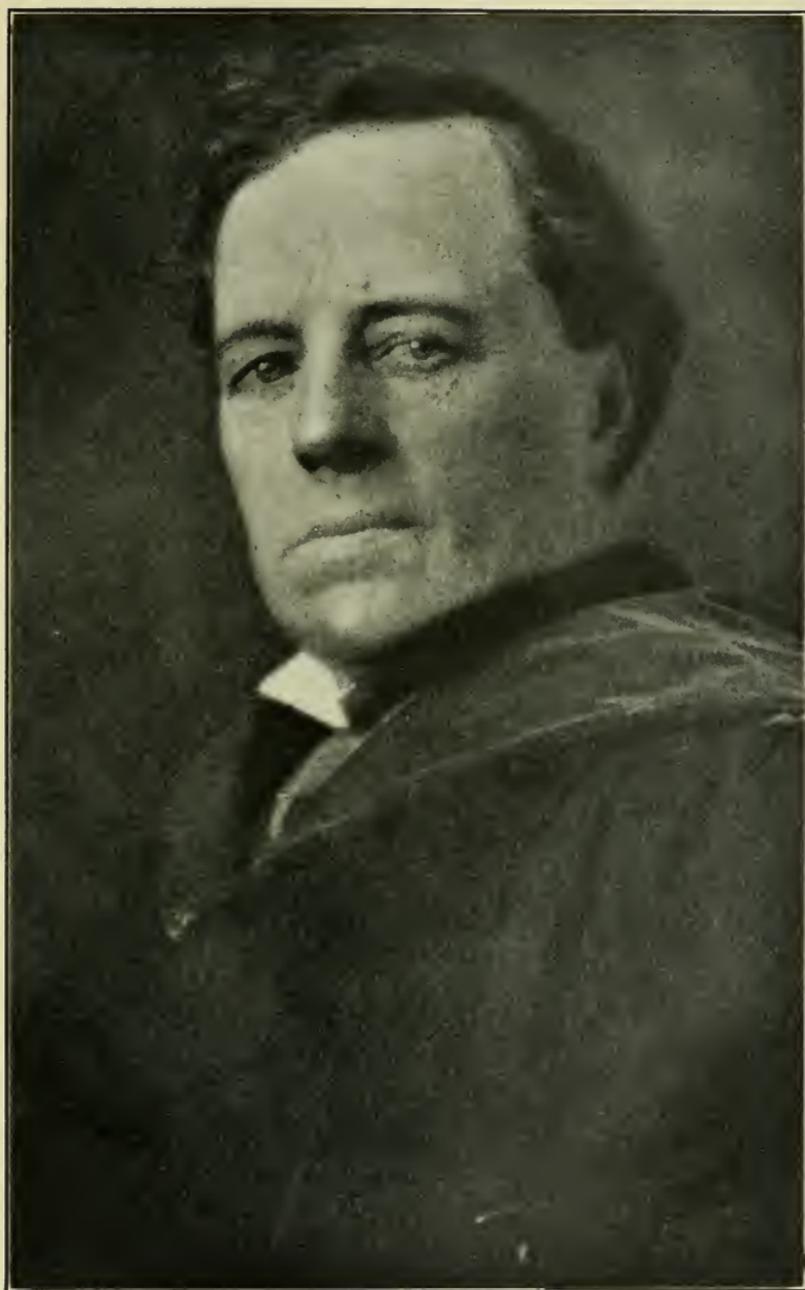
### Men and Women of Illinois:

We are gathered here today to do honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Some one has said that you may judge a nation well by its heroes—the men in whom it sees incarnated its ideas and its ideals.

If this be true, and who will not agree that it contains much truth, we Americans are peculiarly fortunate. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are by common consent enrolled not only among the greatest Americans but among the greatest men of all time and all nations—and we selected them for the greatest honor and the highest office within our gift to confer.

It has been said that in the wide domain of European civilization the birthday of no other man than George Washington has been so long celebrated or by more people. This is a significant fact and one of which we Americans may well be proud.

It is also certain that no name is more widely known or more deeply revered among all lovers of liberty on the face of the earth than that of Abraham Lincoln. Surely this may fill our



PRESIDENT EDMUND JANES JAMES



hearts with pride and joy, for he was of our very household. He rode the circuit of which Urbana was a part. He practiced law in this city. He got his growth, physical, intellectual and moral here in this cornbelt. His career shows how unimportant to the really great man the training of the schools is. He passed much of his youth and early manhood in the smallest and meanest of frontier towns surrounded by the most sordid conditions of life, hardly able to earn, I will not say a decent living, but even enough to keep soul and body together. And yet when he came to stand, I will not say before Kings, but among Kings, he towered in moral majesty head and shoulders above them all.

We have a special love for him here in this institution. As President of the United States he signed the bill out of which this institution grew and his memory will abide with us. The beautiful structure across the way is named in his honor and ranks among the important monuments of this country to his memory.

As a member of the Illinois Legislature he stood for education and the up-building of educational institutions.

But after all his real longing was to aid in the spread of freedom and liberty.

One of his earliest resolutions and vows, made to himself it is true but none the less sacred for that, was that if the chance ever came he would deal the institution of African Slavery in the country a death blow. Before he died he did this and in doing so gave a new meaning among us to the divine doctrine of the Declaration of Independence.

He is ours in a special sense for what he did for this and similar institutions; for what he did for this commonwealth; for what he did for this nation; for what he did for humanity; and we should be lifted into new and higher regions of self-sacrifice and devoted to interests of humanity by the contemplation of his character.

We are fortunate today to have with us as a guest from one of the allied countries a distinguished scholar who is going to tell us how this man, Abraham Lincoln, this rail-splitter, this country lawyer, this member of the lower house of the Illinois Legislature, this son of the cornbelt without the benefit of the schools or colleges or universities, with no social influence, with little social grace—seems to the highly cultivated society of the most highly cultivated of modern nations.

But I can not let this opportunity

pass without expressing our warm feelings of consideration for the country he represents. Such an occasion, Sir, brings with peculiar vividness to the mind of every student of human history the pre-eminent services of the French nation to that common civilization, which is the most precious heritage of us all. For five hundred years France has been the center of Europe in a sense which can be asserted of no other country. She has been the schoolmaster of the world in all that makes for culture and refinement. The debt of the modern world to France is reflected in every aspect of modern life, thought, taste and action.

Every department of human achievement has fallen in turn under her domination, and at times all of them together. No other nation has led on so many different ways. She has entered every road leading to the heights of human effort, and has entered only to lead. Arms, politics, art, literature, science, industry—in all she has been equally pre-eminent—in all she has laid humanity under lasting obligations. We deem it, Sir, a great pleasure to acknowledge thus our debt to this wonderful people and to congratulate you, Sir, as the representative of this nation, upon the long line of generals, statesmen, thinkers, artists, litter-

ateurs, who have worked out these great results. They belong, not merely to France, or to Europe, but to the whole world, and their deeds are a common heritage of which we are all proud, and to which we are all heirs and joint-heirs with you.

But it is not merely as citizens of the world, as joint-heirs in this common heritage to which your people have contributed so much that we gladly welcome you here today. As men, as citizens of sister republics, devoted to the same high ideal of human welfare, we welcome you as the representative of workers and co-workers in a common cause—the cause of ever-advancing, ever-spreading democracy—adherents and devotees of the same principle of human freedom and equality—a principle which, under God, is destined to turn and overturn until humanity is redeemed.

If it was our high privilege to be the first to announce in the immortal Declaration of Independence the principle that all men are born equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it was yours to accept, for the first time in all human history, as a rule of political

action, the doctrine of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity for all men.

By the acceptance of this doctrine at the outbreak of your revolution you converted what might have been a mere incident in internal French politics into an epoch-making event in world development. You made it a turning point in human history—a passageway from darkness into light, toward which all past development seemed to have been converging, and out of which all further advance seems to have issued. On that celebrated August night you made an irreparable breach in the walls of privilege and caste and opened the way for the floodtide of modern liberty and progress. And from that time to this, Sir, amidst storm and stress, in apathy and indifference, against selfishness and reaction, through bitter conflict and weary waiting, decade by decade, with never wearying persistence, our two nations have advanced this solemn and holy standard, calling all men to flock to its banner, to array themselves on our side in this great struggle for equality of opportunity for all human kind.

But, this is not merely an occasion for congratulation on victory thus far achieved, but an opportunity to pledge ourselves anew for the coming conflicts.

We have been up to the time of the Great War in the midst of a certain worldwide reaction. We heard doubts expressed of the feasibility and durability of democracy. Royalty seemed to have taken a new lease of life; privilege and caste were again rearing their hydra-headed forms in even the freest countries. To us, Sir, in a peculiar way to France and America, is committed the ark of the covenant. Ours should be the task to safeguard it and carry it forward to its final resting place in the holy of holies—the everlasting, all-embracing temple of human freedom.

Americans and Frenchmen, wherever they meet, under whatever skies, on whatever occasions, should dedicate themselves anew to the cause for which their fathers and brothers died decades ago and are dying today. We should take up with ever fresh energy the contest for the realization of that government for the people, of the people and by the people—which is the only sure pledge of the reign of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—the reign of equal opportunity, of peace, and of love.

But, Sir, no American could greet a representative of the French people without again uttering that which perhaps, after all, needs no utterance, because it

is ever in his heart and ever on his tongue when the name of France is mentioned. No American can ever forget that it was France which assured the early and successful outcome of that opening struggle in the long drama of human freedom, which began on the heights of Bunker Hill and ended on the plains of Yorktown. We can never forget that noble band of generous Frenchmen who laid down their swords, their services and some of them, alas! their lives, upon the altar of our country, achieving liberty, guaranteeing our independence. How deep, Sir, this sense of obligation has sunk into the national heart, how it has fired our imagination and kindled our gratitude, is best shown by the veneration in which he is held who to us incorporated in his own person the services of his country—the immortal LaFayette! If an American utters the name of Washington in admiration and love—lo, the name of LaFayette trembles on his lips! These two names—one and indivisible—never to be uttered or thought of apart—symbolize in their union the deep-felt love and sympathy of this people for yours, and will carry down to nations yet unborn the high and holy tradition of the time when, hand in hand, we began that struggle for human freedom which may then, God willing, be complete.

In closing, Sir, I may be permitted to voice again a sentiment which has often been expressed here before—viz., that the universities of France and the United States may co-operate in ever-increasing measure to promote that better mutual understanding which is at once the basis and one of the surest guaranties of international sympathy and peace. They would seem to be peculiarly called to this office by their essential function. The higher educational institutions of a country bring together the youth at the time of most generous emotion, when the youth are most capable of understanding and appreciating the character and services of other countries and other races. France has been in a peculiar sense the schoolmaster of this country in all that pertains to art and beauty. It was that we needed most, and that which France gave most ungrudgingly. The treasures of countless generations of toil and effort were ours without money and without price—your only reward being the heartfelt thanks of thousands of grateful students. Of late, again, the universities have opened still wider their doors, have made it still easier for us to enter in and reap where we have not sown, to gather where we have not scattered. Is it too much to hope, Sir, that this new generosity may in its turn

beget a new gratitude which will do its further part in removing misunderstanding and begetting mutual confidence?

But the university in its other great function of advancing human science is especially called to this high office of promoting international peace and unity. We are standing face to face with the greatest problems that have ever confronted the race. With the new century has begun, in a truer sense than ever before, the history of the world as distinct from the history of a country, or a continent, or a civilization. Whether after the winning of this war in the new era which will open before us the advance is to be steady, peaceful and uninterrupted, or whether amidst the fierce conflict of struggling armies the race is again to begin the weary task of Sisyphus, rolling up the ball of civilization only to see it slip back again through the ranks of warring and angry men, who united might have landed it on high, far above the reach of danger; whether, in a word, peace and good-will to men can be made the practical motto of the race is yet to be determined. In this work the universities should have a great part. The university is devoted to science, and science is universal and benefits all men

alike. It is devoted to philosophy and philosophy is universal and draws all men together. In the atmosphere of these institutions, in this great republic of letters and science, stretching through all countries and all climes, international jealousies, and suspicions, and rivalries, and heart-burnings should die away. Our only ambition should be to aid the race; our only rivalry that of generous service. Is it too much to hope that we may thus make a considerable contribution to the better mutual understanding and appreciation from which peace and good-will may flow?

And finally, Sir, permit me to express the gratification of this institution and of this community for one of the great compensations of this war. It has already led to a deeper and larger understanding of France and the French people in this country. It has already spread abroad a larger knowledge of the French language, history, literature, institutions and character. We who love and admire French genius, we who believe in the mission of France to the modern world, are convinced that others will share our love and admiration when they share our knowledge. To know her is to admire and to love. We are happy to be the agents in this effort to extend and deepen

that knowledge which can only increase the hold France has exercised for generations on every other race and country; because a knowledge which will increase our respect for all that is great and good in the French people—a knowledge which will make for peace and harmony, for liberty and freedom; because a knowledge which will sweep away misunderstandings and prejudice and lead to an ever-increasing appreciation and emphasis of the things which bind us together!

Ladies and Gentlemen; permit me to introduce:

CAPTAIN FERNAND BALDENSPERGER

of the

French Army, Professor in the Sorbonne.

*As the Guest of Honor rises to acknowledge the introduction of the President of the University, the Organ strikes up The Marseillaise. All the people of the Convocation rise to their feet in honor of France and in respect for the representative of their Ally present. Down the center aisle comes the figure of France, dressed in blue and wearing the red Liberty Cap with the cockade and carrying the Tricolor of France. America and Illinois come down from the dais to meet her. As France comes up on*

*to the platform America embraces her and then invites her to a seat beside her on the dais. America, France and Illinois go up on to the dais and as The Marseillaise comes to an end take their seats.*

The Guest of Honor, Captain Fernand Baldensperger of the French Army, Professor in the Sorbonne, then delivers his address.

LINCOLN AS REGARDED BY THE  
PEOPLE OF FRANCE

Fellow-citizens of Abraham Lincoln,  
American friends!

My very first knowledge of Lincoln, if I remember well, was conveyed to me, when I was a boy of nine or ten, by a biography given as a prize-book for work at school. It was certainly the spirit of adventure in the history of your great man, the river and the prairie, rather than the democratic spirit which pervades it, that seemed attractive to a young Frenchman about the year 1880. And yet the mere fact that a primary school in a provincial town of France should choose a biography of Abraham Lincoln as suitable reading matter for a boy's summer holiday shows in its way the real im-



avec mon plus  
cordial souvenir  
à l'université  
d'Illinois  
et à tous ceux qui  
firent part au  
Lincoln's Day  
le 1915  
Fernand Baldensperger

CAPTAIN FERNAND BALDENSPERGER

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATION

portance given to your great countryman by Republican France.

The significance and, if I may say so, the legend of Lincoln have indeed been connected from the very beginning with the hopes and the outlooks of democracy in my country. When he died in 1865, the Second Empire in France was doomed, having still, however, an exterior appearance of strength: and part of that strength was due to the fact that with the exception of Switzerland there was no republic in Europe,—as if Western democracies after more or less enduring attempts had given up the ambition of political self-assertion. There was another republic over the sea: but your Federation, to many observers, seemed to have become a mere conglomerate of provinces, ready for dissolution and led astray from the original destinies of the United States.

It was owing to Abraham Lincoln that the belief, the faith in a lasting democracy,—even in a democracy able to wage war without changing its character,—was kept alive in the heart of Liberal France. And so it is not to be wondered at if, directly after your President's shocking death, the praise of France reached its climax in the Liberal circles. Of course the government of

Napoleon the Third worded officially to Washington, on April 28, its official sympathy and grief; both Senate and Chamber of Representatives, through their presidents and by way of their orders of the day, expressed the same general feeling; Empress Eugenie,—at the present hour the only sovereign of those remote times who is still alive,—sent a message to Mrs. Lincoln. But such official declarations amount to nothing substantial, if we think that at the same moment a close confidant of the Napoleonic court, Mérimée, wrote to a friend that all that “fuss,” as he says, showed merely that the government was afraid of America.

Entirely different, genuine and enthusiastic and sincere, were the marks of admiration and sympathy given by the Liberal opposition. The silk weavers of Lyons, those sturdy and independent workmen, cooperated in waving a remembrance flag in honor of the fallen President and sent it to the American Congress. I was specially thinking of that virile and poetic sign a few minutes ago, when I saw my flag, the French Tricolor, coming up this crowded hall and mingling its colors with the Stars and Stripes. A golden medal was cast on behalf of 40,000 small subscribers

from every corner of France, and sent in 1866 to Mrs. Lincoln. "If France," said the address joined to the gift, "had the freedom enjoyed by republican America, not thousands but millions among us would have been counted as admirers of Lincoln and believers in the opinions for which he devoted his life and which his death has consecrated." Victor Hugo, the grand exile, Edgar Quinet, Louis Blanc, Schoelcher, Flocon,—all of them proscribed for their political faith,—Michelet, Littré, expressed their high appreciation and eulogy, as they felt that their cause was in fact the cause of Lincoln's America. The American Minister in Paris, Mr. Bigelow, transmitting to his government other testimonies of the same feeling,—the address of 2,000 students of the College de France, a note signed by the contributors of four Liberal papers,—mentioned frankly "how deep a hold Abraham Lincoln had taken upon the respect and affections of the French people."

Lincoln, the man, the self-made man in the full sense of the word, with his honesty, his candor, his practical idealism, the horrible fatality which made a child of the people meet the end commonly reserved to tyrants,—these features of your President in life and death,

kept before the eyes of the French public, were eagerly accepted by our masses. Two of the first French biographers of Lincoln in fact had seen him personally. Jouault, who happened to be in Washington on the 4th of March, 1865, when the President renewed after his reelection his pledge to the Constitution, described that "strange man," clumsy, meagre, careless in his appearance but with his magnificent black eyes, out of which streamed the love of humanity. Laugel had visited Lincoln in the White House and spent an evening with him in the presidential box in the same Ford Theatre which was to be the scene of his death; and he was specially struck by the kind voice and the everready sensitiveness contrasting in the great man with all the signs of a powerful and concentrated will.

So you see that Lincoln's personality was not at all a mere phantom for France, when the French Academy in 1867 proposed as the subject of a prize poem *The Death of President Lincoln*. A young friend of Lamartine, Edouard Grenier, was the winner of the prize. And indeed we feel that Lamartine himself, our great practical idealist of 1848, the poet who then prevented our democratic Revolution from splintering, would have been the best possible singer of your great leader.



SONS OF FRANCE AND ILLINOIS



Since the days when the pathos of a tragic death was added to the significance of Lincoln's personality, his memory in France has remained what the clearest minds of 1865 had foreseen, "the austere and sacred personification of a great epoch, the truest expression of democracy." In the words of Henri Martin, the historian, "Lincoln's ability to steer a great Republic through a crisis without reverting to laws of exception," showed forever the possibility of a really efficient, even a war-making democracy. And if France has been able, as you mentioned it so beautifully, to play her part in the great struggle for civilization, it is partly because her generous mind had been thrilled to new energies by a fate which had its cradle in the heart of your country.

For the significance of Lincoln for France has not vanished in more recent days. We know the verses by which an American poet celebrated "his Captain." It was a French medallist, Roiné, who made the Lincoln Centennial Medal. And Ambassador Jusserand, when he brought France's greeting to Springfield in 1909, gave a new testimony to the old feeling, when he showed that the belief in an unsplintered American Union had been a part of that democratic faith which, by and by, was bringing my

country so very close to yours that they are sure now to walk hand in hand towards their new destinies.

*At the conclusion of the Addresses, the people of the Convocation sing the Illinois song,*

### ON FOREVER, ILLINOIS!

Illinois! Above the prairie  
High thine eagle wings his flight,  
Watching, vigilant and wary,  
Over human toil and right!  
Eagle-pinioned, on with joy!  
On forever, Illinois!  
Through the storm sweep on with joy!  
On forever, Illinois!

Illinois! The times are calling  
Souls that fear no sacrifice!  
Men for Liberty are falling;  
Will your sons refuse the price?  
Scorning danger, on with joy!  
On forever, Illinois!  
On through death! On, on with joy!  
On forever, Illinois!

Illinois! Thy meed of glory  
That all men, till years are dust,  
Shall thy sons, high famed in story,  
Silent, heaven-borne eagles trust!  
On through death! On, on with joy!  
On forever, Illinois!  
Eagle-pinioned, on with joy!  
On forever, Illinois!

*The Benediction is then pronounced  
by the President of the University.*

PRESIDENT:

Now may He who breathes the  
breath of life into all men breathe His  
Spirit into the State of Illinois, and into  
the United States of America, and into  
All the Peoples of the Earth, inspiring  
them to do His Holy Will under the per-  
fect Law of Liberty. Amen.

*All then join in singing two stanzas of*

#### AMERICA

My Country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet Land of Liberty,  
Of thee I sing!  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let Freedom ring!

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

*To the Lincoln Music, now played as a Recessional March, the President of the University, the Guest of Honor, the Deans of the University, and the Committees descend from the platform in procession and go out by the center aisle, followed by America, France, and Illinois, attended by the escort of University Cadets.*

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NOTE—The Address of Abraham Lincoln herein presented is a compilation from Lincoln's writings. Nothing has been written in to adapt what he said to the present purpose. The only change is in the last paragraph, taken from the Springfield Farewell, in which the pronoun "I" has been changed to "we." The passages used are, in order, from

Letter to J. T. Mills, 1864;

Special Session Message to Congress, 1861;

Second Annual Message to Congress, 1862;

Proclamation for Day of Prayer, 1863;

The Gettysburg Address, 1863;

Special Session Message, 1861;

Cooper Union Address, 1860;

Second Inaugural Address, 1865;

The Springfield Farewell, 1861.

W. C. L.

ON FOREVER, ILLINOIS!

Words by W. C. Langdon

Music by J. Lawrence Erb

Ill-i-nois! A-bove the prai-rie High thine ea-gle wings his flight,

Watch-ing, vig-i-lant and wa - ry, O - ver hum-an toil and right!

Ea-gle pin-ioned, on with joy! On for-ev-er, Ill - i - nois!

Through the storm sweep on with joy! On for - ev - er, Ill-i - nois!

(Copyright, 1918, by W. C. Langdon and J. L. Erb)

Illinois! The times are calling  
 Souls that fear no sacrifice!  
 Men for Liberty are falling;  
 Will your sons refuse the price?  
 Scorning danger, on with joy!  
 On forever, Illinois!  
 On through death! On, on with joy!  
 On forever, Illinois!

Illinois! Thy meed of glory  
 That all men, till years are dust,  
 Shall thy sons, high famed in story,  
 Silent, heaven-borne eagles, trust!  
 On through death! On, on with joy!  
 On forever, Illinois!  
 Eagle-pinioned, on with joy!  
 On forever, Illinois!

THE LINCOLN DAY CONVOCATION  
FOR THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

*was presented in the Auditorium, February  
12, 1918, by the Committee on Con-  
vocations and under the auspices  
of the University War  
Committee.*

THE PERSONS IN THE CONVOCATION

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLI-  
NOIS

THE GUEST OF HONOR, CAPTAIN FERNAND  
BALDENSPERGER OF THE FRENCH ARMY

THE DEANS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

THE UNIVERSITY WAR COMMITTEE

THE UNIVERSITY COMMANDANT

THE COMMANDANT OF THE UNITED STATES  
SCHOOL OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS

THE LINCOLN DAY COMMITTEE

THE FACULTIES AND STUDENTS OF THE UNI-  
VERSITY OF ILLINOIS

AMERICA . . . . . Mildred V. Strong

ILLINOIS . . . . . Lucille Peirson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . . Kenneth McKenzie

FRANCE . . . . . Lois M. Scott

THE MUSIC FOR THE CONVOCATION under the direction of J. Lawrence Erb, F.A.G.O. The Lincoln Music and the song, On Forever, Illinois! were composed by him.

THE COSTUMES of America and Illinois were designed by Mrs. William Chauncy Langdon.

THE UNIVERSITY WAR COMMITTEE: David Kinley, *Chairman*; Eugene Davenport, Stephen Alfred Forbes, Frederick Haynes Newell, Stuart Pratt Sherman, Charles Alton Ellis, Charles Manfred Thompson.

THE COMMITTEE ON LINCOLN DAY CONVOCATION: Daniel Kilham Dodge, *Chairman*; Ernest Bernbaum, Harry Franklin Harrington, William Chauncy Langdon, Rex R. Thompson.









