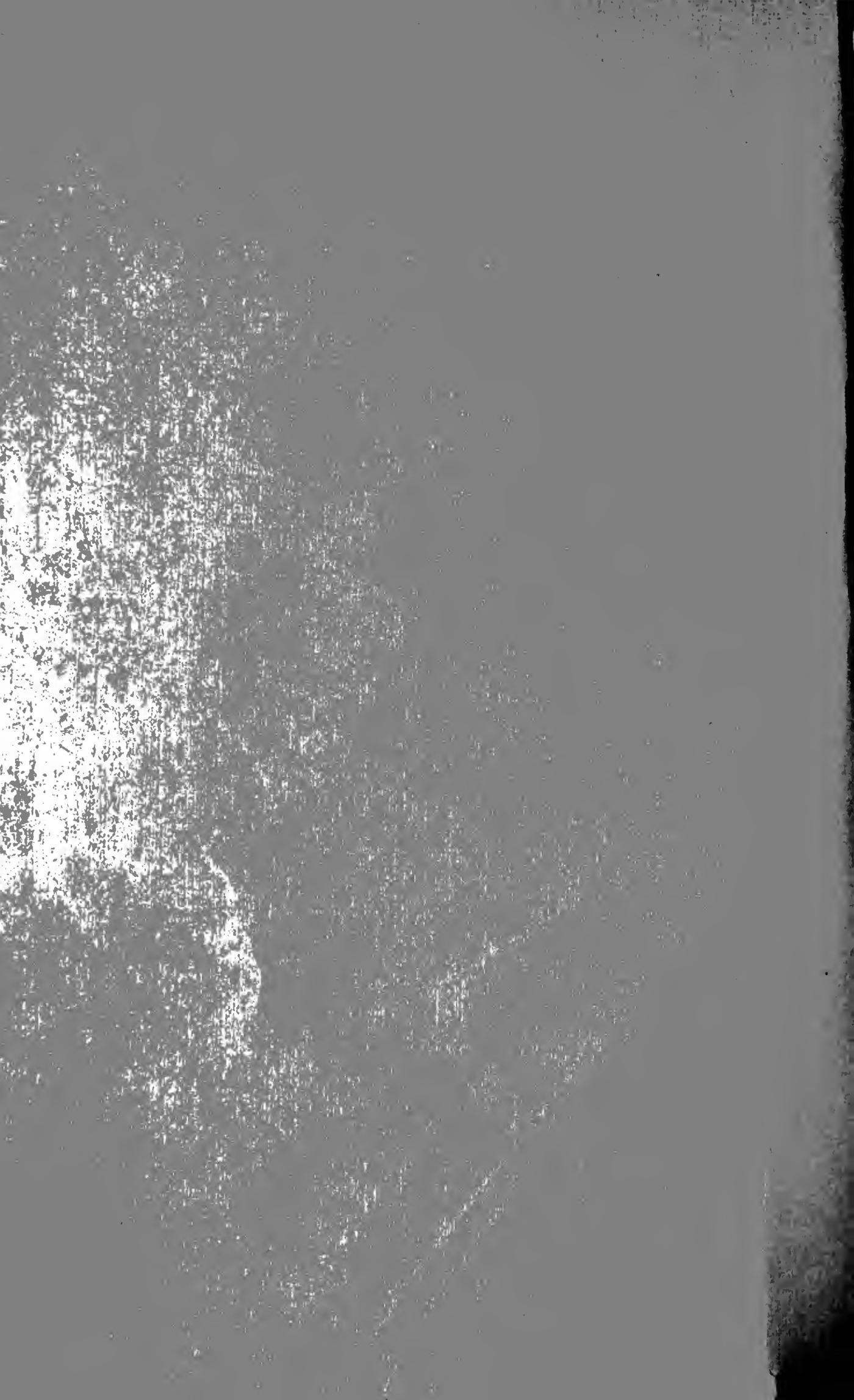


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**DEDICATION
LINCOLN
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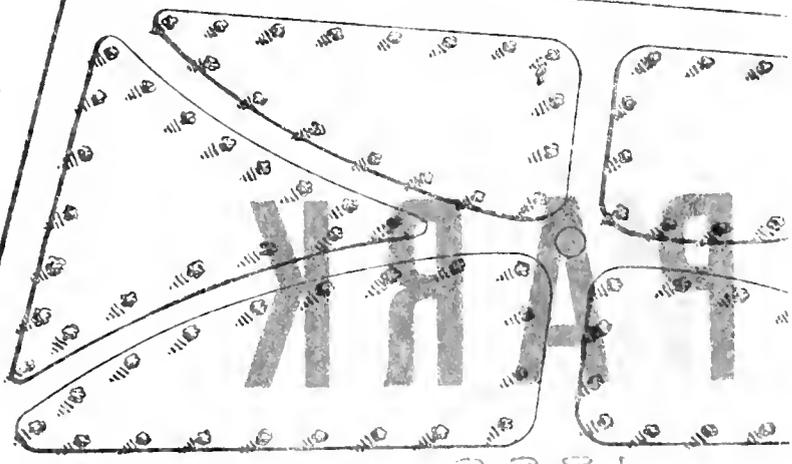
WILSON

CHURCH ST

STREET

STREET

МИЛНАРА



STREET

AND

CHURCH ST

125

ЕЛЕКТРИЧНА
ЗГРАДБА

СКОПЈЕ



CHESTNUT ST.

CITY BUILDING

MYRTLE ST.

CHAPEL ST.

STREET

FAYSON
MEMORIAL
CHURCH

FIRST
BAPTIST
CHURCH

WILMOT ST.

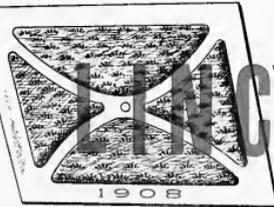
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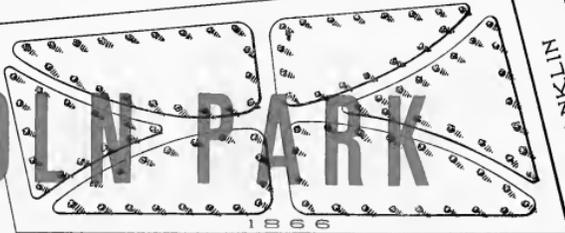
STREET

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CONGRESS



PEARL



FRANKLIN

STREET

FEDERAL

EXCHANGE

MARKET

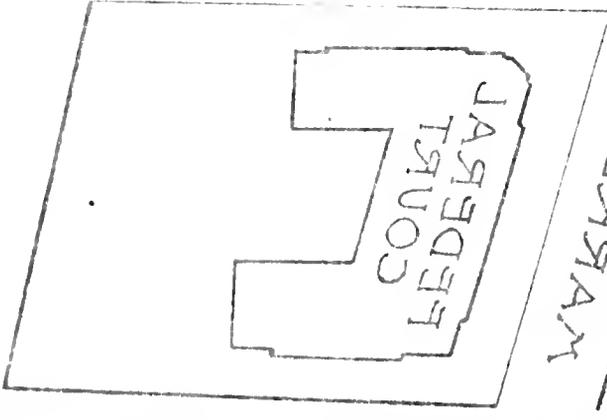
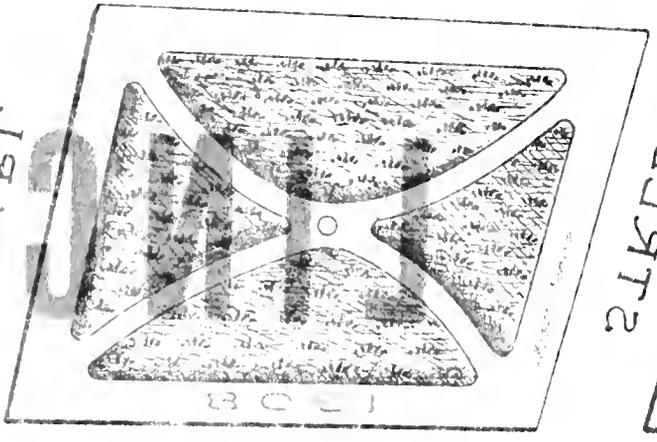
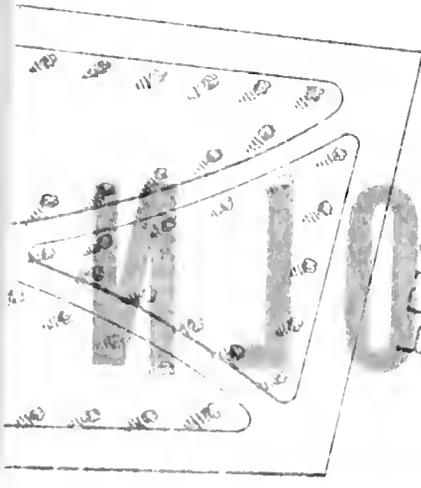
FEDERAL
COURT

STREET

CUMBERLAND
COUNTY
COURT HOUSE

CHURCH ST

FREMONT PLACE
ELECTRICAL
BUILDING



CONGRESS

FEDERAL

T2 JERRY

T2 JERRY

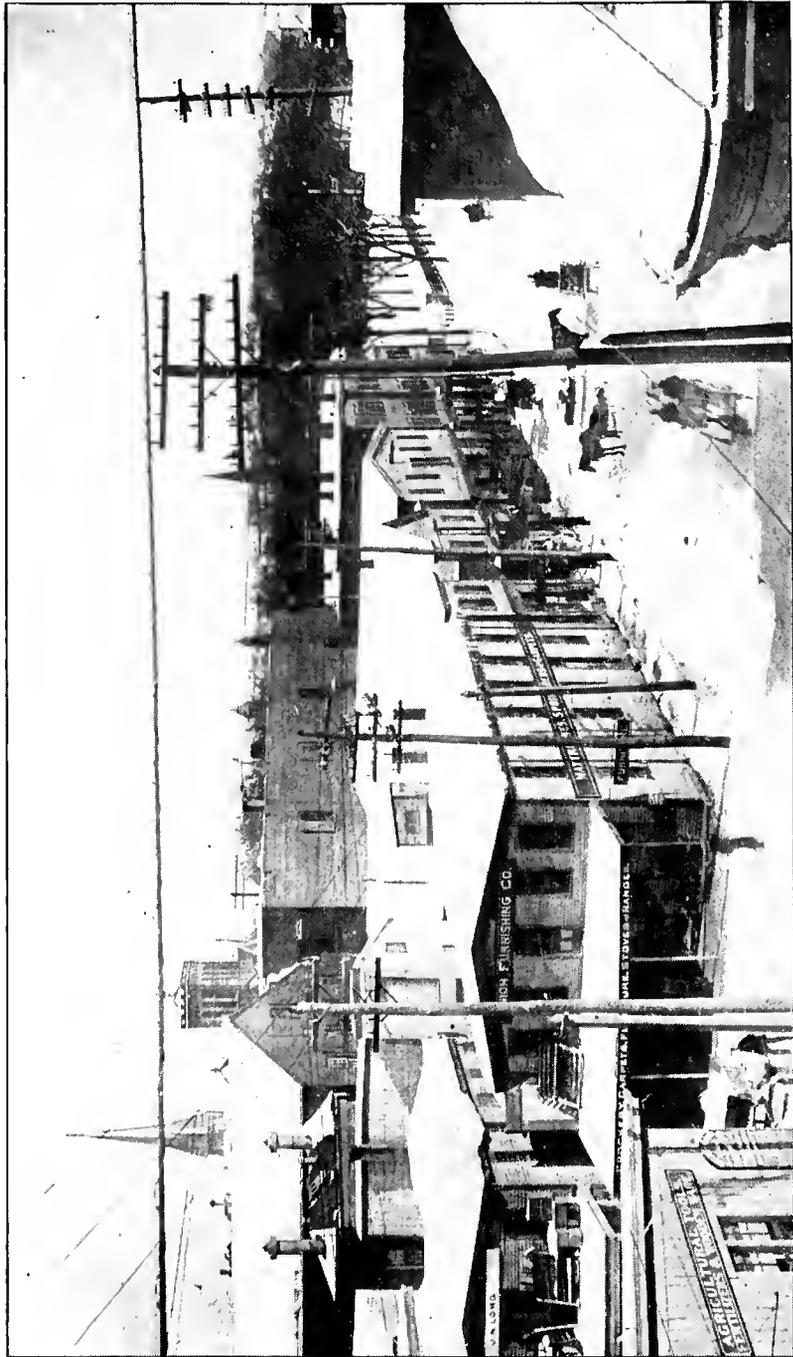
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THE DEDICATION
OF LINCOLN PARK
1909



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PROPERTY TAKEN BY CONDEMNATION PROCEEDINGS 1908 AS
AN EXTENSION TO LINCOLN PARK

CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE,

THE DEDICATION
OF LINCOLN PARK

BEING

THE PUBLIC EXERCISES

HELD IN THE PAYSON MEMORIAL CHURCH AND AT
LINCOLN PARK

FEBRUARY 12, 1909

IN OBSERVANCE OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVER-
SARY OF THE BIRTH OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



PORTLAND, MAINE
SMITH & SALE, PRINTERS
1909

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A. L. T. CUMMINGS, *City Clerk*
1909



CITY OF PORTLAND, ME.

In Board of Mayor and Aldermen.

November 4, 1908.

JOINT ORDER.

Ordered, That a committee consisting of the Mayor, two Aldermen, and three Councilmen of the present City Government and of nine citizens of the City of Portland be appointed by the Mayor, of which committee he shall himself serve as chairman, said committee to make on behalf of the city arrangements for the suitable observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln occurring February 12, 1909.

Read twice, passed and sent down for concurrence, concurred.

Approved November 4, 1908.

ADAM P. LEIGHTON, Mayor.

A true copy of record.

Attest: A. L. T. CUMMINGS,
City Clerk.

COMMITTEE APPOINTED DECEMBER 30, 1908

CITY GOVERNMENT

Mayor ADAM P. LEIGHTON,
Alderman CHARLES F. FLAGG,
Alderman WILLIAM A. HOLLAND,
Councilman ERNEST E. NOBLE,
Councilman THOMAS McBRADY,
Councilman WILLIAM N. TAYLOR.

CITIZENS

HON. JAMES P. BAXTER,
GEN. CHARLES P. MATTOCKS,
HON. JOSEPH B. REED,
HON. WILLIAM M. INGRAHAM,
HON. EDWARD B. WINSLOW,
COL. ARTHUR M. SOULE,
GEORGE W. RICHARDSON, *Commander of Bosworth Post.*
JONATHAN B. LEIGHTON, *Commander of Thatcher Post.*
CLARENCE W. PEABODY, Esq., *Chairman of the Exercises.*

Program of Public Exercises

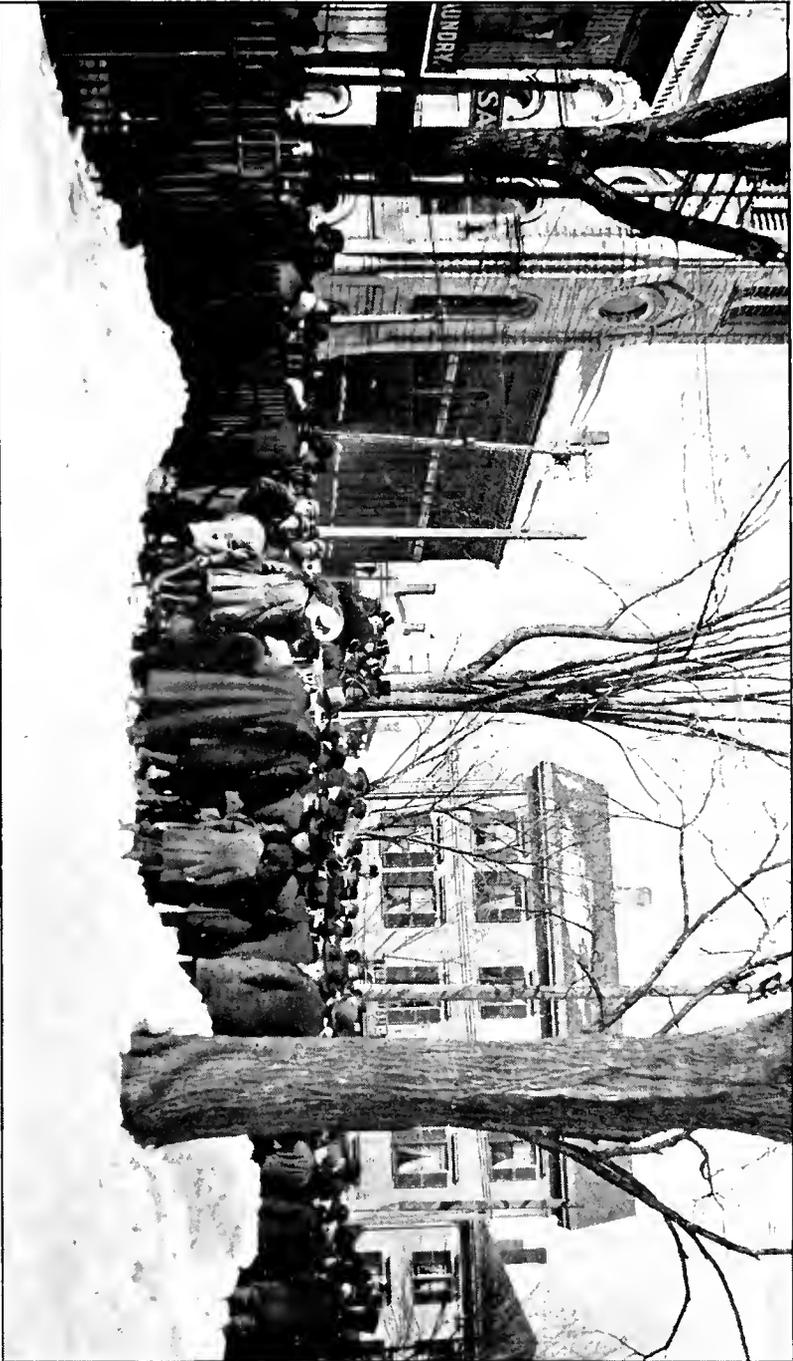
Held in Payson Memorial Church and at Lincoln Park

February 12, 1909

Music—Overture “William Tell” *Rossini*, Chandler’s Band
Invocation, Rev. William F. Slade
Introductory Remarks, Chairman Clarence W. Peabody, Esq.
Oration, Rev. John Carroll Perkins, D.D.
Music—“Pilgrim’s Chorus” from “Tannhauser” *Wagner*, Chandler’s Band
Poem, Hon. James P. Baxter, Litt. D.

This closes the exercises in the church and the audience is respectfully requested to assemble in Lincoln Park where the remaining exercises will be as follows :

Music—“Stars and Stripes Forever” *Sousa*, Chandler’s Band
Dedication of Lincoln Park, Mayor Adam P. Leighton
Response for the Public, General Charles P. Mattocks
Music—“Star Spangled Banner,” Chandler’s Band
Benediction, Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D.



DEDICATION OF LINCOLN PARK
FEBRUARY 12, 1909

Introductory Remarks

By CLARENCE W. PEABODY, Chairman

THE City of Portland wishes to take part to-day in an event of historical significance. It desires to give adequate expression on this occasion to the love, the esteem, the veneration which the people of this community hold for the memory of Abraham Lincoln. It hopes to prove that that love, that esteem, that veneration has not abated with the lapse of time, but burns with renewed ardor in the breast of a generation which knew him not, but which perhaps is the better able at this distance to measure his stature by the shadow he throws across the page of history.

In order to express this we do not resort to noisy demonstrations whose echoes soon die. Instead we are met here to perform an act of simple dignity which connects the memory of Lincoln with the most intimate traditions of our city and promises that his name shall be spoken daily among our people for all time to come.

Though the act is a simple one it is the utmost tribute which the city can offer to the memory of any man. In the Roman Forum are monuments to gods and heroes, but whom among their leaders would the Roman Senate or the Roman populace have chosen to place his name in perpetual remembrance upon the forum itself? We are placing to-day the name of Lincoln upon our forum, the center of our municipal life around which the instinct of popular government is to express itself in monumental art.

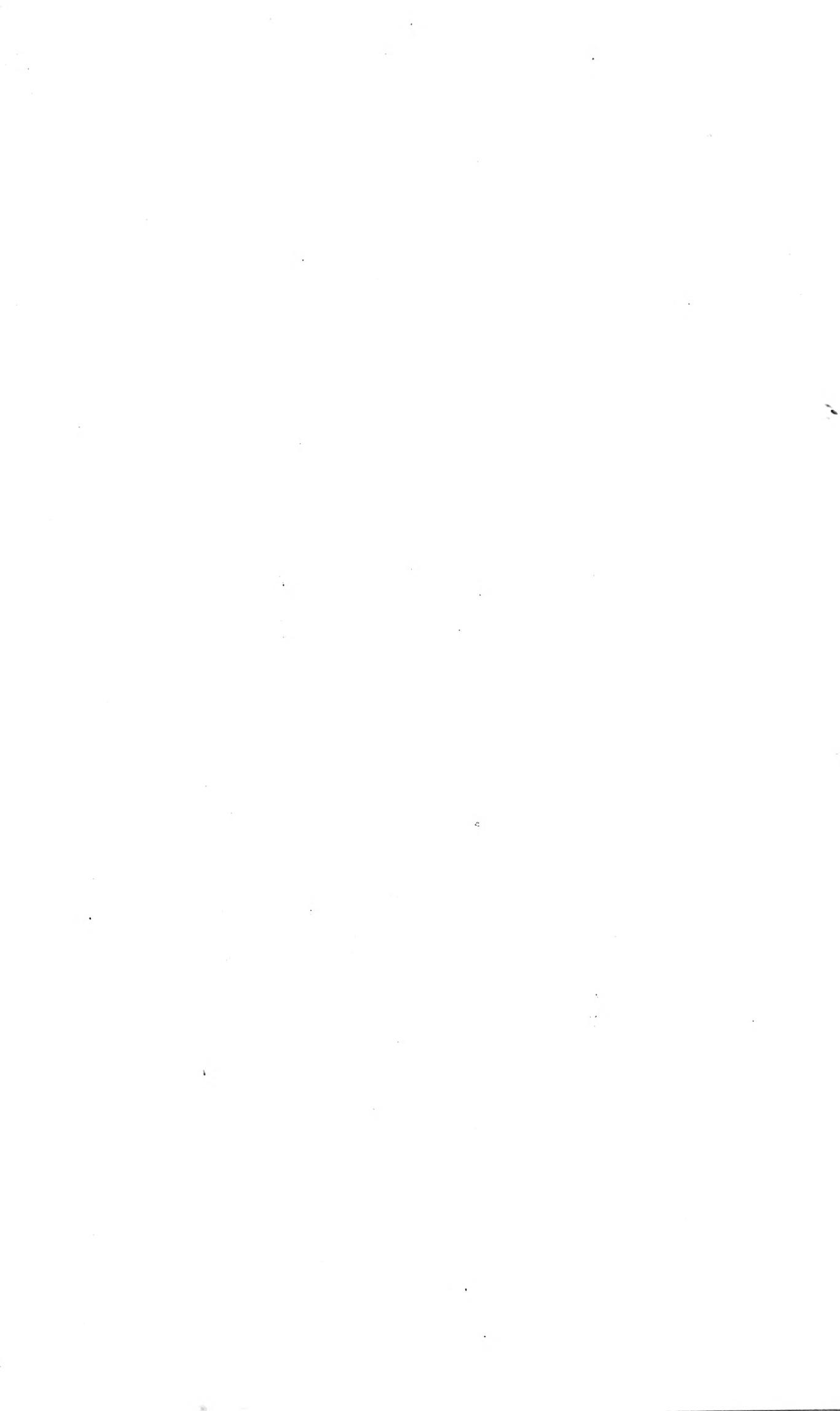
An earlier generation made its memorial to the great President by naming for him the little park which marks the

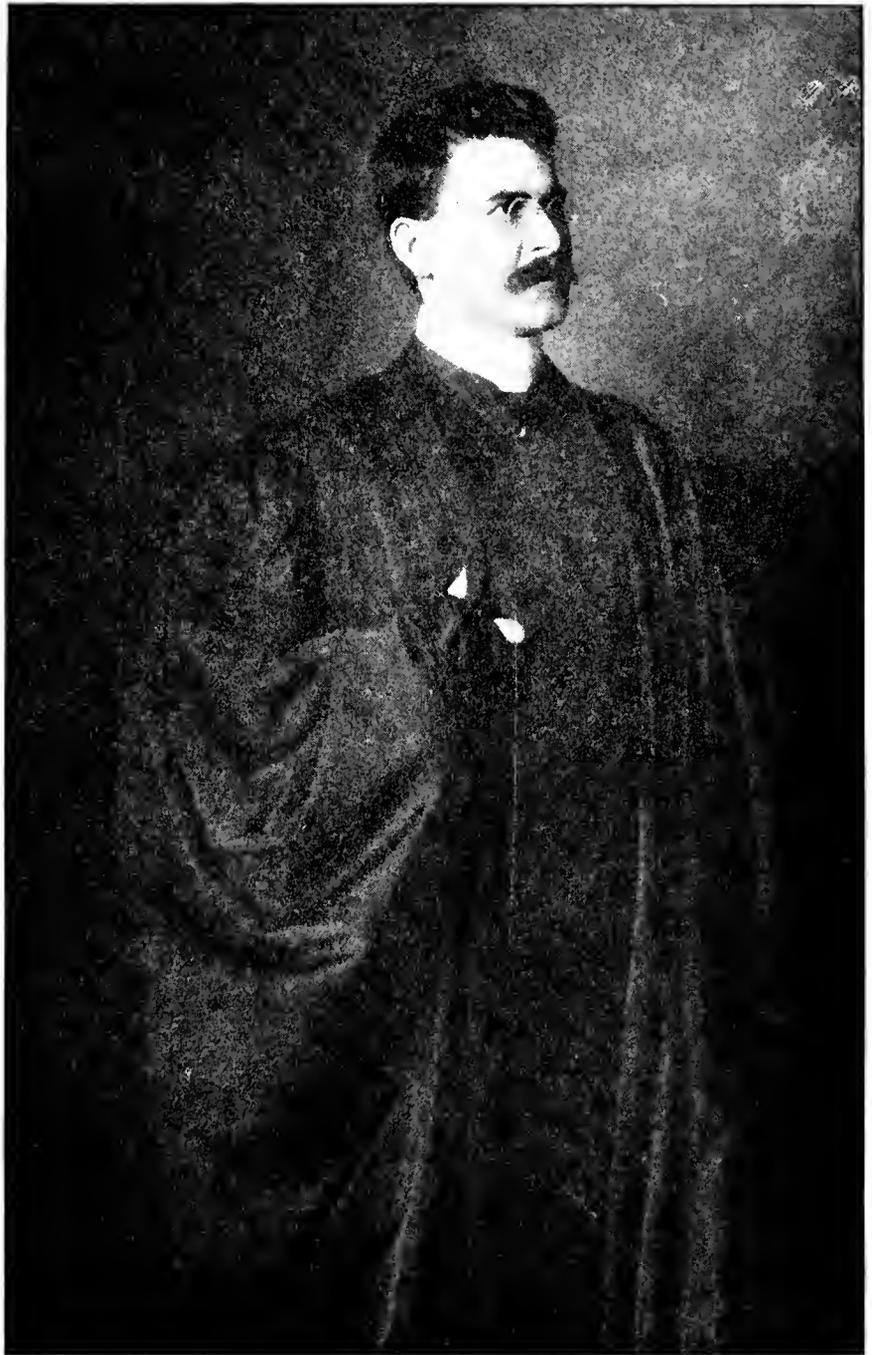
DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

beginning of this enterprise ; but not until now has this been made available as our civic center. A new era is awakened by the extension of Lincoln Park into our midst and the erection at one time of a remarkable group of administrative buildings which will make this in architectural grandeur and civic importance one among the notable squares of America.

It is fitting that we dedicate it to-day while these buildings stand yet unfinished and the new forum itself is still encumbered with unworthy structures. If we waited to complete the memorial when could we say that the finishing touch had been added? The levelling of the ground is not enough, for it is not alone the park which we dedicate. Inseparably associated with it will be the courts of government which, seated here, will dignify it, the monuments to religion, to benevolence, and to education which will grace it, the lofty structures of administrative business which will overshadow it with the cares of daily life, and the embellishments not only of nature but of art, with which it will be endowed from the accumulated riches of a prosperous and enlightened citizenship.

Not knowing when all these prophecies are to be fulfilled, we will dedicate Lincoln Park to-day in the tumult and confusion of the new beginnings that already surround it, and will leave it to other generations in future years to perfect the tribute, and to make this civic center a still more adequate expression to the world of the beauty and the power which can spring from "government of the people, by the people, for the people."





REV. JOHN CARROLL PERKINS, D.D.

The Oration

By REVEREND JOHN CARROLL PERKINS, D.D.

WE are here to dedicate a public park. We are here to set apart new spaces adjacent to the open square already three and forty years enjoyed through the wisdom and foresight of our former city fathers. It is a sacred task. It is for the benefit of all. It is an event that each and every person of our city has part and pride in.

This act of ours finds its consecration not alone in the lovely traditions and cherished hopes that gather round us here. But it becomes more holy still in that we summon up the spirit of one whose life, linked with that of Washington, the establisher of our democracy, is recognized as the preserver of that democracy in the moment of its severest trial. We dedicate Lincoln Park. And thereby we place ourselves forever by the side of that great soul. Whatever were the obligations of democracy as he understood them, as well as the passionate enjoyments of democracy as he understood them, we assume to make our own to-day. To-day, the centennial of his birth, we reach out our hands toward the holy memories of that supreme leader, draw to our hearts the treasures of his life, his teaching, his immortal spirit, and dedicate them for all time in this lovely enclosure of our city's soil.

From many points of view the ideal of a city's life is a public park. Here is the natural center of communal attraction. Here is the symbol of health, of quiet, of peace. Here is the garden of municipal intercourse, whither citizens resort in time of democratic association. And here when

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

civic pride is strong enough and the direction of public interest is wise enough there gather such public buildings and such works of art and nature that the genius of a city is constantly set forth, her finer spirit symbolized in power, her hopes and her intellectual ideals objectified for the generations to come.

In the pages of Holy Writ as the ancient Hebrew has transmitted them to us we find that the first disposal of the surface of the earth, as it emerged from the chaos and clouds of the formless deep above which the spirit of creation brooded, was a lovely garden, the Eden of early tradition.

Milton wrote :

“In this pleasant soil,
His far more pleasant garden God ordained.
Out of the fertile ground He caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight . . .
Flowers worthy of paradise . . .
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers.”

And the Scripture itself in simpler fashion speaks of the “garden eastward in Eden,” where “grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. . . and a river went out of Eden to water the garden,” dividing into four streams to flow out over the lands of the earth.

But in the setting of that ancient Eden, the ideal home of the earth's first people, the hand of the Creator was not shortened that He could no more set gardens in the earth. The streams of Pison, of Gihon, of Hiddekel and the Euphrates encompassed nothing lovelier in their placid flowing than the waters of our streams and bays enclose. It is no common gift that God has placed within the reach of us who live about this Casco Bay.

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

The eagle on poised wing looks nowhere down upon more charming stretches of both land and sea than are familiar to each one of us who gather here. Our Portland is itself a park, laid out by Nature's own fine laws of landscape genius.

Into the sea reaches the peninsula of our older city, in configuration like a strong arm. Its shoulder is the bluffs of Bramhall's Hill. Its clenched hand the slopes of Munjoy's. Its outer arm gives resting place for the wharves that take the traffic of our harbor. Its inner arm encloses with affection a stretch of inland water that ebbs and flows against low-lying shores, which, some day, when we are wise enough, will be transformed into a well guarded basin of beauty such as no other park could match.

The shores and islands seaward make havens here for all them who go down to the great waters in ships. And the lesser streams of the Fore River and the Presumpscot break up the country round into endless stretches of valley, meadow and upland that create unspeakable charm.

As a symbol of all this, as a sign of our recognition that men gain greatest health and strength and wisdom, when they get back to nature we plant here in the midst of our busy life this breathing space for all, fill it with Nature's shade and imitate her simple plans, and say to each other, "Here is the center of our common life! Here each man meets his fellow on an equal plane! Here are consecrated all the eternal dreams and the present benefits of an ideal democracy!"

A wise Providence went back to nature when she would give us the great heart that preserved our national existence. In a wilderness he was given birth. Removed a dozen miles from the nearest friendly village, on a farm his father's hands had cleared out of hitherto unbroken forests, in a region isolated, yet rich with all the opportunities a pure soul ever really needs, the man we name our park for spent his early

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

years. In a rough cabin built of logs his precious spirit first found shelter. The solemn solitude was his favorite teacher. His education came from his own mind and the acquaintance of American pioneers. He knew little else but America and her life filled out his ideal.

“For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the exhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.”

This unexhausted power of nature to provide great souls when the stress of life demands them, we fix as an eternal truth within our hearts by the consecration of this Lincoln Park.

In the immortal Gettysburg address when the nation would consecrate that fearful battlefield to the spirits of the heroic dead, Lincoln said: “But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.”

Though in another fashion, the sentiment of these words has pregnant application to us who gather here to-day. This land in the heart of our city has been most affectionately familiar to them and to their children who planted here our city's life. In the mercy of God spared the tragic fate of war, except the chance of Indian cruelty and the sad bombardment of Mowatt in 1775, this place has been the home of citizens, who planned and strove, who met the terrors of the wilderness and the responsibilities of civil life, created and preserved our democratic institutions and interpreted their meaning to the world.

“Life may be given in many ways
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field.”

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

In a normal world no place is found at last so holy as the place of homes and peaceful toil. We have this park to dedicate at all because brave men and courageous women, longing to make new homes in liberty, came here and cleared the land we now enjoy, built upon it year after year the traditions of common life, — treasure added to treasure, — and prepared for us this priceless possession of our public pride.

The first European to describe our coast and harbor, was one Christopher Leavitt in a book published in London and called "A Voyage into New England, begun in 1623 and ended in 1624." He says the name he found was Quack, but he called it York. And he proceeds to describe the cape, the islands and the harbor, the fish and fowl, and adds, "the main is as good ground as any can desire." He made friends with Cogawesco the Sagamore of Casco and his braves. The imagination loves to picture that first chronicler of our present home, who built also the first house within our borders, — on one of the islands in the harbor. And in fancy our heart is thrilled to read of Leavitt's friendship with the savage people and the stately procession he describes, — the first such that ever crossed our harbor — "The next day the wind came fair and I sailed to Quack, with the king, queen and prince, bow and arrows, dog and kettle in my boat, his noble attendance rowing by us in their canoes."

From the time of Leavitt to the first definite allotment of the actual soil here dedicated to public uses was almost exactly a century. This period was filled with many tales of adventure and its formal history followed the changing course of the English revolution, when Puritan and Cavalier striving for principles that clashed so bitterly with each other brought their lesser eddies of strife into New England, that eddied still in conflicting courses until the stream of history cut for itself the new channel of American Independence.

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It was this stream of history that flowed across New England and out into the new west. And by its banks Lincoln was born. "From the union of these colonies, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he, who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic, — Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost."

By the "runnet of water," as the old deed states, near where Fore and Hancock Streets now come together, but then the beach of Broad Cove, the splash of whose waves fell often against his house, George Cleeves, our first settler on the main land with Richard Tucker, built his house in 1632. The most of Portland, except in swamps, was then covered with dense woods. In time the settlement of Cleeves and Tucker grew into a community, with church and court and school, only to be wholly desolated by the Indian War of King Philip in 1676, — a war which destroyed more than half the settlements of New England.

Our forefathers returned and this second time fixed their village life along Broad Street, now India, protecting it by Fort Loyal at its foot. But again, in 1690, the French and Indians came down upon them, swarmed through the woods that furnished ambush upon the very soil where we are gathered now, ruined their homes and for nearly thirty years the place was a place of terror.

Undaunted, with perils never absent, our forbears came again a third time, reorganized Falmouth, as it was then called, in 1718, adjusted the rights of Old Proprietors, made new assignments of land, that are the basis of our titles to the present day and built their home. India Street became, as

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

before, the chief street of the new town and shared with Fore Street the locations of the earliest stores and dwellings. Along the top of the ridge the people laid out Back Street, which we now call Congress, ran Middle Street between and gave out lots for new homes in the common land.

The land on which this church stands, where we are now, was granted first to one James Doughty, a shoemaker, from the old Fort Casco across the Presumpscot, one of the men Captain Moody brought here with him in 1716, when the fort was abandoned there by government. Across the street the land that since 1866 has been our Lincoln Park was granted to three men, — Benjamin Skillings on the corner of Franklin Street, first known as Fiddle Lane; Thomas Millett next and Joseph Pride on the corner of "the Lane," later called School and now Pearl Street. Skillings and one Zachariah Brackett were the first of the old settlers to return to Falmouth after the terrible destruction of 1690. When in 1727 Thomas Smith the first minister of reorganized Falmouth was ordained, Thomas Millett was appointed with others "to gather and send in what provisions of all sorts that may be had for the purpose as a freewill offering." Joseph Pride was the first immigrant of his name, coming here in 1726.

The land that is to-day formally set apart for public uses was first allotted to two men. John Owen was given the west corner of Pearl street, and Zachariah Brackett next. Owen built his house not here, but on his other land where the post office now is. On this new grant of his was afterwards a wind-mill. One of the mill-stones is known of all set in the corner of the park across the street. Brackett was the man who returned with Skillings in 1715. From these five men and their successors our city buys back the lots that once they granted from the common land and dedicates the same again to common uses and enjoyments.

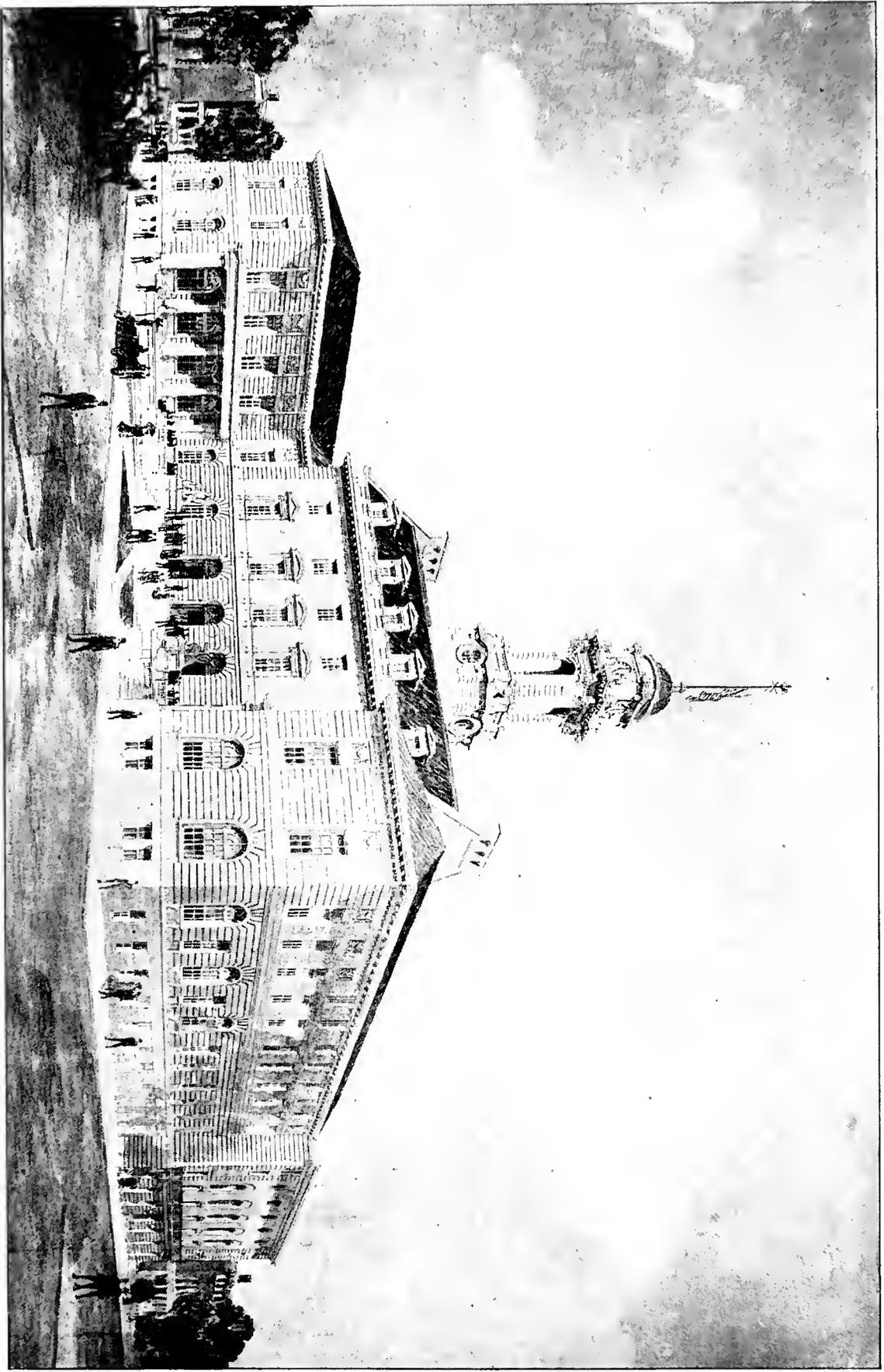
DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

The imagination pictures with deep emotions the wealth of human interests and intercourse, the multiplying experiences of domestic and friendly life, or the natural needs of business life, that through succeeding years was planned for and enjoyed above this soil. It became the place of individual homes, and comes back again to public needs laden with such memories as make up a great record of human hope and joy, that marks our city's loveliest past.

But its coming back thus again has been strangely attended too with tragedy. The fierce fate of fire has ever wrought her fearful suffering and peril and destruction into the history of our town. Whether by cruel, wanton intent, or by the curious chance of accident, there is little of the soil of that ancient settlement of our fathers, "on the Neck," as they called it, that has not repeatedly been purified perforce by fire. And yet like the fabled Phoenix rising from her ashes, upon the burned, baked soil there sprang up again new evidences of courage and of hope, that outstripped all former tasks. So that in the final record it would be hard to say that fate's fierce work is ever lost.

The hostile French leagued with the aboriginal savage, burned the little village in 1690, killed or made captive all and left the dead on the ground, where their bleached bones lay for two silent years unburied. Eighty-five years later, in 1775, our fathers paid the price of independence in a heavy tribute such as war always claims, the bombardment and burning of their homes. Captain Henry Mowatt came on his sad errand the 18th of October, 1775. The night before he startled the people with his cruel message, to the effect that he had come to destroy the town and they might have two hours to escape. On entreaty he agreed to postpone his punishment until the next day, provided the officials would surrender certain cannon in the town.

Bravely our people rejected all his offers, sent away the



PORTLAND CITY HALL

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

cannon in the night and all else they could, and patiently endured an unresisted bombardment from half-past nine in the morning until six in the evening. Bullets, grape-shot and hot cannon balls swept the town and the pierced roofs and walls of houses burst into flames. Hostile parties landed too and set fire to property. The whole water front was destroyed. Practically every building between Pearl and Congress Streets and the harbor was reduced to ashes; 136 dwelling houses, 278 other buildings were ruined for that little town of 1,500 inhabitants. What is now Lincoln Park received its first baptism of fire. The suffering and the deprivations and the loneliness of the winter that followed make our hearts bleed as we review them.

It was a conflagration from another source that brought such desolation to our city in 1866, the details of whose sad story are still fresh in the minds of many with us now. It was the fourth of July, the Nation's holiday, the first with any claim to cheerfulness and rejoicing since the President had been shot down on that fateful April day of 1865. Our people's thoughts were given to amusements. There had been the parade of Fantastics and the Ancient Militia Company, ball games at Ligonía and other sports. Crowds had gathered to a balloon ascension, but its bursting had disappointed them. All minds were turned to the promised fireworks in the evening, a tragic suggestion of what was to follow. Fire somehow caught in shavings before Deguio's boatshop on Commercial Street, at the foot of Maple, and kindled an unsuspected flame that should at last consume so much of our fair city. A strong south wind bore the kindled peril swiftly on, unfurled like a warning pirate's flag the black smoke of the early burning Sugar House, that caught from Deguio's boatshop, and in a few short minutes there had begun a conflagration that no human power could stop. From five o'clock in the afternoon the fire roared and

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

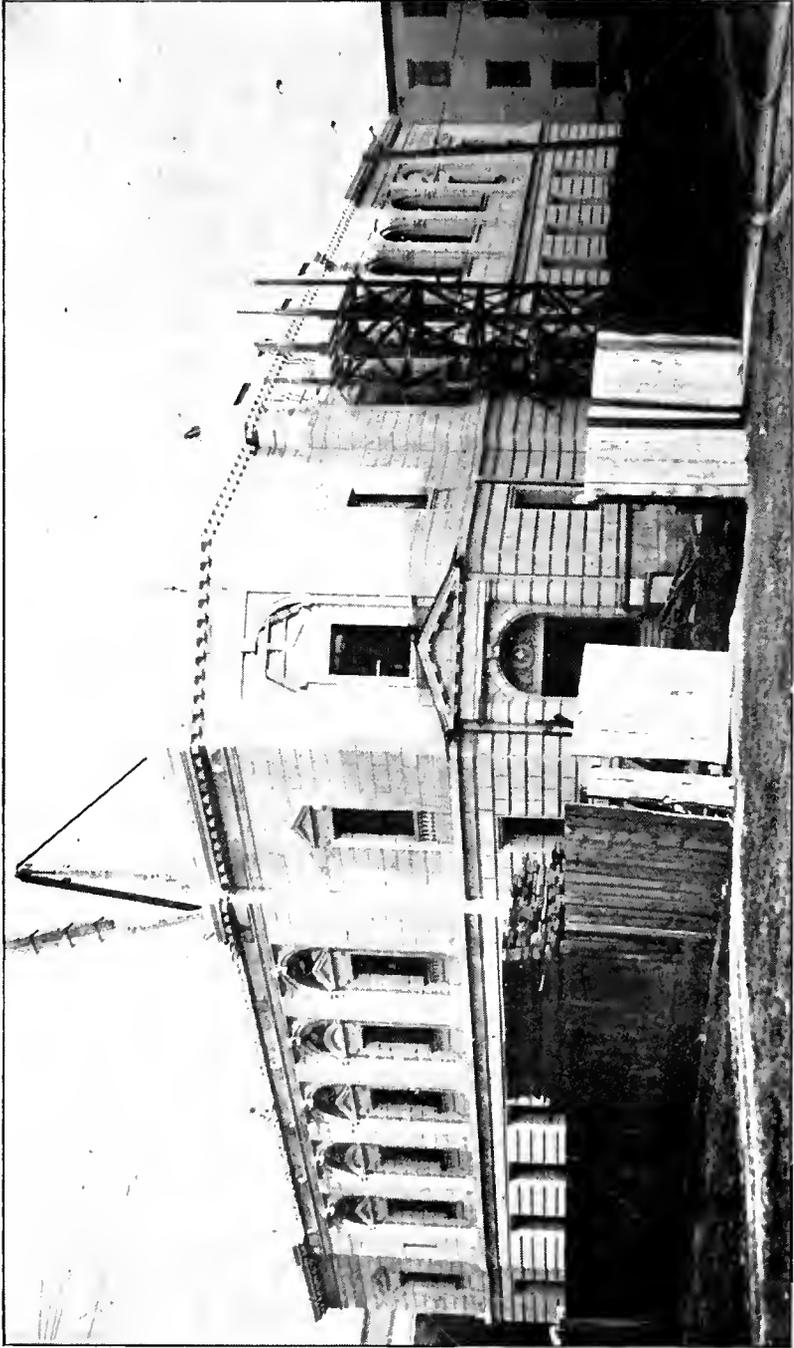
raged through the hours of the night, yielding at last only when there was nothing before it to burn.

From its place of starting it spread out like a fan, and laid upon our city its sheet of flame a half mile wide and a mile in length; fifty-eight streets of stores and offices and homes lost their identity. Fifteen hundred buildings perished, 10,000 people were made homeless, and \$10,000,000 worth of property were destroyed. The few fine houses that had escaped the wantonness of Mowatt now met their sad fate, together with many a mansion on India and Middle Streets, that since the Revolution had been the favorite streets of residence in the town. But of these details he who cares for them may read of them in the many works of our most assiduous local historians.

Then perished that stately house of Dr. Watts, the finest built in Portland before the Revolutionary War, which stood on Lime, now Market Street, just below where the new foundations of the Federal Court are now being laid. It had escaped Mowatt, but its sparks passed north and gave their fire to the closely built wooden houses that had stood peaceably above what is now our Lincoln Park. This whole square, so they tell us who saw it, seemed to break into flame in an instant, and in another instant to be level with the earth, so hot the air, so favorable to fire the wooden walls. The shady vistas on Pearl and Federal and Congress Streets "where the lofty trees formed complete arches," whose beauty gave our city the name of "Forest City," were destroyed never to return, except as we preserve their memory in newly consecrated shade and vista here.

In the face of this second baptism by fire, our city fathers, guided then by the late Augustus E. Stevens, one of that noble breed of American citizens, whose genius seems ever patiently waiting for the exigencies of public need to disclose them natural heroes, were led to set apart this "public square





FEDERAL COURT HOUSE

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

as a protection against the spread of fire and to promote the public health." With the same wisdom and foresight, with a purpose whose meaning will unfold itself with ever enlarging significance as the years go on, and before a task, not without great difficulties to-day, but for which the countless generations of our city's future will rise up to call them blessed, they, whom we elect and trust to guide our public fortunes, have devised this added space to multiply and to complement, the safety and protection, the health, the happiness and peace of our city's common life.

Such are some of the traditions that hover above the confines of our city's soil, which to day we rededicate, or newly dedicate. Such are the memories and records we gather up to lay before the altar of his spirit, whose life and work to-day engage all hearts alike. It is no simple task to take and keep the name of one whose life is recognized by all as the representative life of our American Democracy. For we thereby assume a responsibility that shall forever challenge the intelligence, the integrity, the consecrated idealism of all who love our nation's good. We lift up our traditions toward the level of his great spirit with confidence that there are marks of fidelity and courage there, that may meet his approving smile. With less assurance may we ourselves dare look into that noble face. Yet longing to be worthy of what he gave his life for, and with our hearts pledged thereto, we would so far as in us lies draw strength from him and give it back again in consecrated service for the common weal.

The stock which Lincoln sprang from was planted first in our New England soil; and shoots therefrom have been rooted deep within our State and city. But he, the child of western pioneers, reared close to nature and to God, has come to stand for all that men can think of in the name of freedom, equal rights and union. That he was a great genius, that he was the first American, that he was an ideal

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

President, that he was a perfect citizen, that he personified the spirit of democracy—these and like tributes will be repeated and variously emphasized throughout this land to-day.

The line where common wisdom and honesty shade into genius is a line that no one can draw with exactness. The mariner never knows by the water through which he sails just the instant his course has crossed the equator. Genius rarely finds immediate recognition. The imagination too often assumes for genius a certain extravagance of thought or action. We chase after the intense and glowing peculiarities of individual insistence, as one follows any other *ignis fatuus* and with the same result. But a man that takes things as they are and makes the best of them, adding to them no selfish or peculiar shape or tinge, seems almost too natural to be great. The large mind, the mind in equipoise, in everything symmetrical is one that we cannot grasp at once. We have to study it and test it to realize its perfect genius. It is the experience of all who first look upon the mighty fall of Niagara, that it is far too small to justify their anticipation. But when one lives in its constant presence, examining it from various points of view, looks down upon it, or up into it, listens to its roar and estimates the volume of its flood, there gradually comes an experience like passing into a new world. What failed to fill out the first imagination, now transcends that imagination. It becomes bigger than one can think. He shuts his eyes before it and then opens them upon a spectacle vaster than his mind can comprehend. And he becomes at last a worshipper.

Lincoln does the same for the world. We read the record of his life as the various biographers portray it. And we wonder at the claims they make. But if we live with his spirit, put ourselves with him behind the acts and duties that our people laid upon him, watch the growth and the

DEDICATION LINCOLN PARK

direction of his will, our recognition grows until there is no room for anything but worship.

The flower of his strength did not blossom in a single night. He never greeted the world with the herald of a quick found panacea. He never claimed with selfish pride that he himself could launch a plan to force all men to his chosen solution. His genius was ever humble before the path in which his fellowmen must walk. He never said, "The Nation must accept my plan." Rather in a divine modesty he would quietly remark, "I think conditions now are such, that their conviction must lead men so." He never prayed that God should be on his side, but rather that he might be found at last upon the side of God.

Lincoln's genius was disclosed when the nation was face to face with a double problem, the moral problem of slavery and the political problem of union. In his day certainly, perhaps not altogether in ours, the actual limits or possibilities of that double problem were far from a solution. The moral borders were undefined as well as the political. As Lincoln said of the two great factions, "Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God and each invokes His aid against the other. . . The prayer of both could not be answered." Of the political problem, Lincoln's first belief, confirmed by his maturer thought was "that the government possesses both the authority and the power to maintain its own integrity." But, "the ugly point," he said, "is the necessity of keeping the government together by force, as ours should be a government of fraternity. On the moral aspect of the problem he stood as firm as a chain of steel. For the political aspect of the problem he would not think of war until it was forced upon him, but was rather eager to trust many a detail to the enlarging enlightenment of the progress of popular conviction, confident that in the end justice and right must control all hearts alike.

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He first stated the actual national situation with far-reaching power in that Springfield speech of 1858. "A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall. But I do expect that it will cease to be divided." His whole personality was thus caught in that mighty conflict, which arose when the moral conviction was fixed on the throne of his heart, and the various expedients to preserve the Union marched in tentative, demanding procession before that throne. The moral principle fixed, he could wait in patience, watching the nation struggle to perceive its worth. The buoy in our harbor strains and struggles in its tossing to and fro when storms disturb the surface of the sea. But in the final calm of ocean's quiet it rides firm and still about its controlling anchor.

In moments of public peril greatness always discloses itself, not in the frenzied, eager effort to force one special scheme of action before the unprepared populace, but in the slow, perhaps painful, yet patient teaching through the long twilight, before the day dawns clear. The old world monarch would compel the populace to take his law. The new world democratic leader would count everything a failure that had not brought all hearts to their willing conviction before the face of truth. Had Lincoln sought his own will we should not be worshiping his name to-day. He sought the people's will, and his interpretations of his leadership were that he should guide them to results they might really care for.

Thus it was so many failed to see his purpose. Thus it was so many were impatient. Thus it was a sad, frenzied soul could stoop to take his life, blind claim to remove a tyrant, when he was the very antipode of tyrant.

It is not without the deepest interest that we recall the



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part our citizens of Portland had in the task that Lincoln led this nation through. So far as I know there is but one man now living in Portland who was present at his nomination in Chicago. So far as I know not one of his electors from Maine is left. Lincoln never came to our city. In voting, Portland gave him more than a thousand plurality. But before the war our people at large knew hardly more of him than that he had been an astute, but honest politician in Illinois. In the end our people felt what our noblest political son, Senator Fessenden, wrote to Lincoln, when he resigned as a member of his cabinet in 1865. "Allow me also to congratulate you upon the greatly improved aspect of our national affairs, to which end and to the auspicious result of our prolonged struggle for national life no one can claim to have so largely contributed as the chosen chief magistrate of this great people."

That our citizen, William Pitt Fessenden, was of inestimable service to Lincoln, history records without a shade of question. No higher minded interpreter of statesmanship ever served his fellowmen. Lincoln called him to be his Secretary of the Treasury at a time when that office was under great embarrassment and perplexity. He had just prepared his nomination for the Senate when he was told that Fessenden himself wished to see him. The President said, "Start at once for the Senate and then let Fessenden come in." The senator had come to suggest another man for the very office for which he himself had been selected. The President informed him of his own action. Fessenden sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "You must withdraw it, I cannot accept." "If you decline it," said the President, "you must do it in open day, for I cannot recall it." It took the Senate no more than two minutes to confirm the appointment. It was because of ill health and great fatigue that Fessenden besought his chief to relieve him. But

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Lincoln made appeal to his sense of duty, declared that there was no other man with whom the country could be satisfied; that the crisis was such as to demand a sacrifice, and that the choice was a special proof that Providence would not let the nation's great task fail.

In imagination we review that scene again, and it gives our city's life new prophecy of democratic permanence as we behold that sacrifice of Fessenden. Through his integrity, fidelity and honor we are drawn into that sacred circle of a national glory of which Lincoln was the central star.

The poet Longfellow, whose early life was ours and whose later life we share with the world, had perceived the genius of Lincoln's power. In his journal, after Lincoln was first elected, he records, "This is a great victory; one can hardly overrate its importance. It is the redemption of the country. Freedom is triumphant." And I like to think that that early transliteration of Longfellow,

"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again.
Wisely improve the present; it is thine.
Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly
heart,"

had often fallen under the eye of Lincoln and impressed him. For he ended his first special session message to Congress with those words, "And having 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."

It is not necessary here to recall at length the hundreds, yes thousands, of Portland's soldiers and sailors who defended the principle and at last made possible the issue of the conflict that lay so near to Lincoln's heart. Many of them were under the sod when Lincoln voiced the nation's gratitude at Gettysburg. Many of them, too, walk our streets to-day, and we never look upon their faces but with a sober

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sense of awe before the part they played. Their hours of peril, their sufferings on field or in prison, their persistence, their bravery, their tests of physical or mental strength link us with them to the career of him we passionately love to honor.

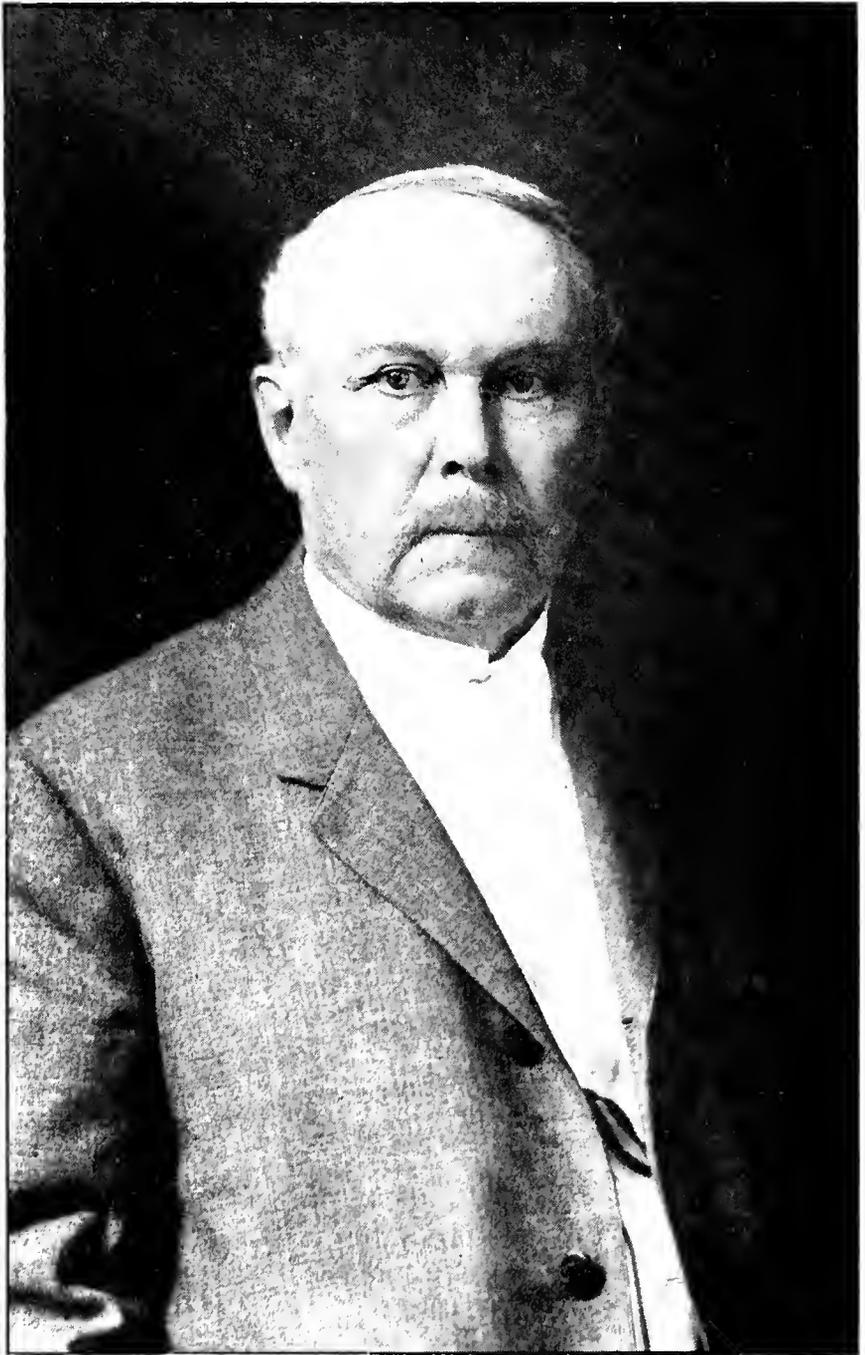
One wavelet only of the ocean of that war was washed into our harbor that June night of 1863. Then the reckless young Lieutenant Read with equally bold companions, having made their way with strange adventures from the coast of Brazil to Portland, entered here in a fishing schooner belonging in Southport, which they had captured the day before. They had in mind to burn our city or do any other harm within their power. At midnight they overpowered the crew and got away with the revenue cutter, *Caleb Cushing*. The morning was one of great excitement here and of ready action too. The New York and the Boston boats were armed and gave pursuit. Certain of being captured, the freebooters set fire to the *Cushing* and took to her small boats. The cutter burned until the fire reached her magazine when she exploded and sank. The mayor, Jacob McLellan, and the collector of customs, Jedediah Jewett, received due recognition from the President for their alacrity and success.

And so it is the dedication of this park takes us out beyond the merely local lines of our individual interests and joins us with the total life of our United States. So it is in the spirit of him whose name we take for our honor we dedicate ourselves to the great cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion.

Often have I stood on Munjoy's Hill, overlooking the harbor, when the weather first promised fair, and have seen the multitude of ships that had gathered here for refuge quietly get under way and sail forth. In stately procession, their white sails set, they pass through the channel and out into their courses of traffic, disappearing one by one into the larger

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ocean of the world's life. So we who meet thus here to-day, confident of the future, gather up the lovely traditions of our past, together with our strong present hopes and send them forth into the great ocean of our democratic ideals; convinced that the life and work of Lincoln has made sure his trust and ours, that "government of the people, by the people and for the people" shall not perish from the earth.



HON. JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER, A.M., LITT. D.

Lincoln

FEBRUARY 12, 1809-1909

By HONORABLE JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER

SON of the Western World! whose heritage
Was the vast prairie and the boundless sky,
Whose callow thoughts with wings untrammelled sought
Free scope for growth denied to Ease and Power;
Nought couldst thou know of place or precedent,
For Freedom's ichor with thy mother's milk
Coursing thy veins, would render thee immune
To Fashion's dictate, or prescriptive creed,
Leaving thy soul unhindered to expand
Like Samuel's in Jehovah's tutelage;
Hail to thy Natal day!

Like all great souls with vision unobscured
Thou wert by Pride unswayed, and so didst tread
The gray and sombre way by Duty marked;
Seeking the springs of Wisdom, unallured
By shallower sources which the witless tempt;
Afar o'er arid plains didst thou behold
An empty sky, and mountains desolate
Barring thy way to fairer scenes beyond;
But faith was thine, and patience measureless,
Making thee equal to thy destiny;
Hail to thy Natal day!

It summons to our vision all thy life
Of strenuous toil; the cabin low and rude;
The meagre fare; the blazing logs whose glow
Illumed the pages of inspired bards —

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Shakespeare and Bunyan ; prophets, priests and seers ;
The darkling forest where thy ringing axe
Chimed with the music of the waterfall ;
The eager flood bearing thy rugged raft
Swift footed through an ever changing world
Unknown to thee save in remembered dreams ;
Hail to thy Natal day !

We see thee in the mart where Selfishness
For Fame ephemeral strives, and sordid gain ;
Thy ill requited toil till thou hadst earned
The right to raise thy potent voice within
A nation's forum, facing all the world ;
And, then, achievement such as few have known,
A mighty people placing in thy hand
A sceptre swaying half a continent,
Making thee peer of kings and potentates ;
Aye ! greater than them all, what e'er their power ;
Hail to thy Natal day !

But, lo ! the martial camp ; the bivouac ;
The rude entrenchment ; — the grim fortalice ;
The tented field ; — the flaming battle line,
And thy great soul amidst it all unmoved
By petty aims, leading with flawless faith
Thy people to a promised land of peace ;
And, then, when thou hadst reached the goal of hope,
And the world stood amazed, the heavy crown
Of martyrdom was pressed upon thy brow
And thy immortal course was consummate ;
Hail to thy Natal day !

In all great souls God sows with generous hand
The seed of martyrdom, for 'twas decreed
In Eden, that alone by sacrifice
Should sons of men the crown immortal win ;

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And thou, who didst the shining heights attain
Of unsurpassed achievement, didst but pay
The impartial toll of souls like thine required;
And we, who on the narrow marge of Time
Stand wondering, shed no tears, but raise to thee
The pæans to a martyred hero due,
 And hail thy Natal day !

Exercises in Lincoln Park

The Chairman, Clarence W. Peabody, read the following order of the City Government as the basis for the dedication exercises :

City of Portland, Me.
In Board of Mayor and Aldermen.
February 1, 1909,

ORDERED, that on and after the twelfth day of February, A. D. 1909, the following described land in the City of Portland, to wit, the land bounded by Congress, Pearl, Federal and Market Streets, also the land adjacent northeasterly thereto between Congress and Federal Streets, within the location of Pearl Street, excepting the rights of the public in and over said Pearl Street, together with the land adjacent northeasterly thereto and bounded by Congress, Franklin, Federal and Pearl Streets, heretofore known as Lincoln Park, shall constitute one public park, and the same shall be known and called by the name of Lincoln Park, in perpetual remembrance of Abraham Lincoln; to take effect upon dedication by the Mayor.

In pursuance hereof the Mayor, acting in conjunction with the joint committee for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, is authorized and directed to dedicate said park.

Read twice and passed.

In Common Council, passed in concurrence.

Approved by Mayor, February 1.

Attest: A. L. T. CUMMINGS, *City Clerk.*



MAYOR ADAM P. LEIGHTON

Address

By HONORABLE ADAM LEIGHTON, Mayor

Fellow Citizens of Portland:— We are assembled here, on this centennial anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, to formally dedicate the square recently acquired by the city as an addition to the beautiful park, which bears his honored name.

The tendency of the present day is to encourage the establishment of public parks and breathing spaces within the business sections of crowded cities. It requires less energy and effort to carry such a project through in these days than it did forty-three years ago when Lincoln Park was created and named.

The city was then in the shadow of a great cloud of depression. Fire had swept from the water front to Back Bay, wiped out a large portion of the city's manufactories, business blocks and public buildings, and rendered hundreds of citizens homeless. Though the project of purchasing land for a public park carried with it the attractive feature of creating a most effective check upon the spread of future fires that might break out in the business centre of the rebuilt city, there was strenuous opposition to the undertaking, and the cry of "extravagance" was heard in the land. To the everlasting credit of the city fathers of '66, they did their duty despite criticism, and gave existence and a name to the two and one-half acre plot whose attractiveness compares favorably with that of any municipal park of its size in New England.

The first recorded movement for the park was made by the City Council, July 9, 1866. At a special meeting, called

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by Mayor Augustus E. Stevens, four days after the great fire, an order was passed, authorizing a special committee to "enquire into the expediency of purchasing land in the central portion of the city, for the purpose of a public square and market."

That committee was composed of Aldermen Edmund Phinney of Ward 5, William L. Southard of Ward 6, and Thomas S. Jack of Ward 1; Councilmen J. J. Gerrish of Ward 1, D. W. Fessenden of Ward 2, Augustus B. Marr of Ward 3, C. A. Gilson of Ward 4, William Gray of Ward 5, Charles Staples, Jr., of Ward 6, F. W. Clark of Ward 7, and President Charles M. Rice of the lower Board.

July 13, the committee made a partial report, favoring the project, and on the 31st of that month an order was passed, authorizing a purchase by the city of the square bounded by Congress, Pearl, Federal and Franklin Streets, — provided it could be purchased "at a reasonable price." August 14, another order was passed, giving Mayor Stevens authority to purchase the land in question, at a price not to exceed \$100,000. He succeeded in making the purchase at seventy-five cents per square foot, the total amount paid being \$81,534.

Not until September 21 was the tract acquired by the city dignified in the official documents, by the use of the word "park." The original order had referred to the proposed reservation as being needed as "a public square and market." In later orders its purpose was mentioned as "Public grounds." Finally, after possession had been obtained, and the question of grading and plotting was under consideration, the City Council declared that the land had been taken "for a public park."

The question of what to name the park appears to have given the city fathers no little trouble. January 7, 1867, the Board of Mayor and Aldermen passed an order giving

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the park the name, "Phoenix Square." The Common Council — sometimes referred to by its defenders, as an ever present check on the Board of Aldermen, — didn't care to dedicate so valuable and beautiful a tract of city land to that wonderful bird of mythology, always pictured as just rising from the ashes of its own funeral pile. The name of the martyred President, for whom the country mourned, was thought by the Common Councilmen to be more fitting, so the order went back to the Aldermanic Board, January 24, amended by a substitution of "Lincoln Park" for "Phoenix Square." The Aldermen wisely concurred in the amendment, and the name "Lincoln Park" has ever since been a matter of local pride to Portlanders, and of appreciation by the thousands of tourists who annually visit our city.

Last year, after our City Hall had been destroyed, and by a vote of the people the old site had been determined as the proper place to rebuild, some of Portland's prominent and public spirited citizens petitioned the municipal officers to increase the Lincoln Park area by acquiring the land between Pearl and Market Streets.

The matter was taken under consideration, public notices served, and the question of expediency was considered at great length, the meetings continuing at intervals through the summer months. Except the attorneys representing individual property owners, no one at these meetings raised a voice against the project, and their objection was based solely on questions of values.

In consideration of the general sentiment in favor, the municipal officers decided that the land in question be taken for park purposes, and they proceeded to acquire the title thereto, in behalf of the city, the entire Board, irrespective of party, signing the document which conveyed the title to the city.

With the erection of a splendid new City Hall, the completion of the Cumberland County Court House, the building

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of the new Federal Court House, and the proposed Masonic Temple, all in the immediate vicinity of the park, will make it especially desirable that the old and unsightly structures on this square be removed, and the area they now occupy become a beautiful park annex.

No greater homage could we to-day pay the memory of the great Lincoln than to dedicate anew, in his name, this enlarged park, wherein Portland's citizens and summer guests for ages to come, may find shade, rest and invigoration.

Response

By GENERAL CHARLES P. MATTOCKS

Mr. Mayor : — In behalf of the citizens of Portland I give you heartfelt thanks. All honor to you and your associates for placing in our keeping this beautiful park which shall bear down to future generations the name of the grandest figure of American history, — Abraham Lincoln, — at whose call for help five thousand of Portland's young men volunteered for the preservation of the Union and defence of the flag. More than fifteen hundred of these noble heroes now lie buried almost within the limits of our city, and, may we not believe that the dead soldiers and sailors look up to us from their silent graves and breathe fervent thanks for what we do to-day. The living will join with the dead in gratitude for these honors and, in after years, hither will come generations of their children and grandchildren, and, beneath the shade of these beautiful elms and at the foot of a noble statue which we must soon erect upon this very spot to the martyred President, recount the noble deeds of one who declared that he "had always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where he thought a flower would grow."

If such a statue shall be erected, as I firmly believe it will be, the looker-on will take in that inspiration which must ever come from a noble life surrendered in a cause which a people hold sacred. Years cannot dim the fame of Lincoln. His life from log cabin to Presidential chair will ever be to the merest school boy an incentive to noble effort and an honest life.

Immortal Lincoln! To your sacred memory we dedicate these grounds as an evidence of our devotion and gratitude.

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These sturdy trees typify the strong elements of your character. The beautiful flowers which will soon open their petals to the summer sun will remind us of the sweetness of your nature while the song birds shall in plaintive tones tell us of your trials, your sufferings, and your sorrows in behalf of your beloved people. Your memory shall remain as green and fresh as the grassy carpet which shall soon succeed to this covering of snow which now envelopes this beautiful spot, and reminds us of the purity of your honored life.





