With the best wishes of the author.

Charles D. White

Brooklyn, N.Y.
April 25, 1930
Lincoln the Athlete
and Other Stories
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A photograph, by Alexander Hesler, Chicago, June, 1860; also known as the Ayres' portrait.
Lincoln the Athlete
and Other Stories

By Charles T. White
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INTRODUCTION

My esteemed collector-friend, Dr. Emanuel Hertz, the well-known Manhattan lawyer, is largely responsible for this volume. He thinks the various articles are worthy of permanent form and possession by Lincoln collectors. They were produced while most of my time was employed as political news writer, with no thought that they would be made into a book. Friend Hertz says they are worth while. Hence the book.

C. T. W.
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Lincoln the Athlete

(New York Herald Tribune, Feb. 9, 1930)

LINCOLN was the great Apostle of Humanity.
In his day and generation he was the finest all-around American athlete.

His physical strength ran even with his mentality and integrity. It was an essential part of the ladder by which he climbed. He never would have reached his great eminence without the exigent exercise of his commanding physical power.

The half-century in which Lincoln lived gave large heed to the physical superman.

Washington equalled Lincoln in many respects, but Lincoln was more versatile, and oftener a victor.

Devoid of pompousness, Lincoln still revealed in his physical endowment a perfectly controlled egoism—a power which strikingly rounded out his measure as a master of men.

He did not try to conceal this egoism. It contributed signally to his success in politics. It was as much a part of his personality as his wisdom, or his humanity, or his humor. He never offensively paraded it, but its possession added to his poise.

His accumulated reserve of energy compensated him for the remembered deprivations of his childhood—for the lean days when he was a woodsman, hired hand, and burden bearer.

At his meridian he fondly recollected that as a young man he could lift half a ton, while bulkier men could not.

Would Have Enjoyed "Tussle" With Washington

A Custis of Virginia, glorying in family tradition, said to Lincoln that Washington in his prime was the strongest man living, and in early life a famous wrestler. Custis said that Washington had never been thrown, although he had tried conclusions with various famous wrestlers. Lincoln in reply said:

"My young friend, that is just about my record. I could outlift any man in Illinois, but there was one man, strong as a Russian bear, who was rather too much for me in wrestling.
I could not put this big fellow on his back, but I took good care that he did not get me on the ground. Do you know that if George (Washington) was loafing around here now, I should not mind having a tussle with him. I think one of the plain men of Illinois would hold his own against the aristocrat of old Virginia."

General James Grant Wilson believed the anecdote was authentic, and gave it permanency.

Lincoln's strength and agility are among the well authenticated things about him. Following his nomination for President in 1860 John Locke Scripps, founder of the Chicago Press and Tribune, came to New York to collaborate with Horace Greeley on a campaign life of Lincoln. It was written by Scripps and whipped into 32 pages of small type and then printed for distribution at $22 a thousand copies. The pamphlet was widely read, and then discarded for more pretentious biographies after Lincoln was elected. But Lincoln read the proof for this pamphlet, and made necessary corrections. As a background for a study of the physical Lincoln the Scripps text is invaluable:

"And thus young Lincoln grew to manhood, constantly engaged in the various kinds of labor incident to the country and the times—felling the forest, clearing the ground of the undergrowth and of logs, splitting rails, pulling the cross-cut and whip-saw, driving the frower (used in splitting shingles) plowing, harrowing, planting, hoeing, harvesting, assisting at house-raisings, log-rollings and corn huskings. * * * It is scarcely necessary to add that he greatly excelled in all these homely feats of strength, agility and endurance practiced by frontier people in his sphere of life. In wrestling, running, jumping, throwing the maul and pitching the crowbar, he always stood first among those of his own age. As in height he loomed above all his associates, so in these customary pastimes he as far surpassed his youthful competitors, and even when pitted against those of maturer years he was almost always victorious."

William H. Herndon, for twenty years his law partner and biographer, says:

"Mr. Lincoln was six feet, four inches high. He was thin, wiry, sinewy, rawboned; thin through the breast to the back, and narrow across the shoulders; standing, he leaned forward—was what may be called stoop-shouldered, inclining to the consumptive by build. His usual weight was 185 pounds. Physically he was a very powerful man."
Happily, the story of Lincoln’s boyhood and beyond is not in the saga class. His fame as War President so impressed biographers that they obtained from Lincoln’s contemporaries, in Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, the striking incidents of his career. Dennis Hanks, Lincoln’s older cousin and playmate, said that almost as soon as little Abe was weaned he was out with him in the woods, fishing, setting traps for rabbits and muskrats, hunting bee trees, and dropping corn for his father.

**The Boy Lincoln and His Axe**

Following close on the heels of the great adventure by Thomas, Nancy and the two children, Sarah and Abraham, in migrating from Kentucky to the unbroken forest in Spencer County, southwestern Indiana, the father of young Abe placed in his hands an axe, suitable for a boy. Little Abe was in his eighth year (1816) and from that time until he was twenty-one he almost daily wielded an axe, becoming at fifteen the best axeman in the countryside. His diet was the plainest—generally corn bread, with now and then wild game, chicken, pork and beef.

Corn bread, an axe, the brook, wild game, singing birds, and at nightfall the open fireplace, the welcome rest, stories of the day’s doings, or reminiscences by father and mother, and at rare intervals a call from a neighbor or traveler—thus grew the Emancipator.

Young Abe began to be talked about soon after he and his sister Sarah were old enough to associate with the children of the back woods near Gentryville, Indiana, the country at that time being covered by forest. After school hours the children of the countryside were sent to mill with corn to be ground. While awaiting their turn they passed their time in frolicking, and sometimes fighting.

**Young Lincoln Surprised ’Em**

"Young Lincoln was, says Alexander Sympson, who tells the tale, "the shyest, most reticent, most uncouth and awkward appearing, homeliest and worst dressed of any in the entire crowd. He was attacked one day, as he stood near a tree, by a larger boy with others at his back. But the very acme of astonishment was experienced by the eagerly expectant crowd. Lincoln soundly thrashed the
first, second and third boy, in succession; and then, placing his back against the tree, he defied the whole crowd, and taunted them with cowardice."

Isaac N. Arnold, who served in the House of Representatives with Lincoln, in his biography, says that five Lincoln and Johnston children in the Indiana cabin all went to school together, when there was a school, walking four or five miles, and taking with them for their dinners cakes made of coarse Indian corn meal, known as "corn dodgers." In these years young Abe wore a cap made from the skin of the coon or squirrel, buckskin breeches, a hunting shirt of deer-skin, or a linsey-woolsey shirt, and coarse cowhide shoes in the winter time.

During the Indiana period and before he was fifteen, young Lincoln became not only the tallest, but the strongest man in the settlement. Richardson, a neighbor, said he could carry a load to which the strength of three ordinary men would scarcely be equal. He saw him pick up and walk away with a chicken house made of poles and pinned together that weighed at least 600 pounds, if not more.

In lifting contests, he would lift as much as the strongest, and then invite his closest competitor to mount the top of the load, and then lift the lot. He could throw a twenty-pound hickory maul twice as far as his nearest competitor.

**Carried Helpless Drunkard**

Abe and Dave Turnham had one day been threshing wheat, and decided to spend the evening at Gentryville. They lingered there until late at night, and on their return they found a man dead drunk and helpless alongside the road. He could not be roused. Abe's companion was disposed to let him alone, and allow him to sleep off his stupor, but as the night was cold it struck young Lincoln that it would be inhuman to do so. Turnham went on alone, and left the drunken neighbor to Abe, who finally got the big man in his arms and carried him to a nearby cabin, where he built a fire and warmed and nursed him through the night.

Wesley Hall, a Gentryville neighbor of the Lincolns, left a reminiscences to his descendants. One bitterly cold night in early winter he was on his way home on horseback, with a sack of corn meal. He
stopped at the Lincoln cabin. Thomas Lincoln answered his halloo. Recognizing his caller, he ordered young Abe to take care of Hall's horse. Abe had split his big toe chopping that day, and was wearing only one shoe, the injured member being tied up. He forthwith walked out into six inches of snow, keeping his injured toe above the snow line as much as possible, and took the sack of meal across one arm, as Tom Lincoln took care of the horse. Later Abe went out to the smoke house and cut a "half moon" from a side of bacon, which was cooked for the traveler. He paid little or no attention to his cut toe, although the night was extremely cold.

Unsportsmanlike Once

The only charge of unsportsmanlike conduct against Lincoln was during the Gentryville period. Young "Bill" Grigsby, a neighbor, nursing a grievance, said to have been over the ownership of a pup, against Abe, challenged him to fight. Lincoln told Grigsby that he could lick him, and that he knew it. Grigsby admitted it, but insisted on a battle. Abe finally said he would pit his foster-brother, John Johnston, against him, the latter being about Grigsby's size. The lads fought, and Johnston was getting the worst of it when Lincoln broke through the ring and grabbed Grigsby by the heels, and literally threw him out of the ring. Picking up an empty whisky bottle he brandished it aloft, declared he was "the big buck of the lick," and that he could whip the whole Grigsby family. That ended the fight.

Night Battle With Gangsters

It was while Lincoln was at Gentryville that he hired out as forward oar on a flatboat bound for New Orleans, ladened with bacon and other produce. Below Baton Rouge the boat was moored for the night. Six negroes, bent on robbery, stole aboard. Lincoln beat them off with a handspike, receiving a blow over the eye which left a lifelong scar. It was a case of six against two. Lincoln never knew whether he killed anyone or not.

One Yard of Jeans—400 Rails

William Dean Howells tells of Lincoln splitting rails for Mrs. William Miller in payment for two and one-half yards of jeans, for
trousers. Lincoln's bargain was that he should have one yard of brown jeans, dyed with walnut bark, for every four hundred rails made, until he should have enough for a pair of trousers. Lincoln split about 1,000 rails for the Millers.

**Downing a Champion**

On his return from a second trip to New Orleans as a flatboatman, Lincoln walked from the Mississippi across to Coles County, where his father lived. He had hardly reached the new home before he was visited by one Daniel Needham, a local wrestling champion, who asked for a bout. After parley, Abe met him at Wabash Point, where he threw Needham twice with such ease that Needham's pride was more hurt than his body. He challenged Lincoln to fight, but Lincoln warned him if he was not satisfied he could throw him, he (Lincoln) would follow it up by thrashing him. Needham decided he had had enough.

**Overcoming Jack Armstrong**

Lincoln, no sooner became store clerk at New Salem than he was singled out for punishment by the Clary's Grove gang, headed by Jack Armstrong, a notorious bully. Armstrong was easily overmatched, but his associates closed in, and by kicking and tripping Lincoln nearly got him down. Lincoln, aroused, shook and choked the helpless Armstrong into submission, and then faced the gang. A fight was imminent, when Armstrong himself interposed, saying that the young stranger was the better man. The incident had a most important bearing on Lincoln's subsequent career. It raised him to local leadership. He never thereafter had to fight gangsters, as Armstrong was ready without summons to battle in his behalf. When Lincoln started his political career he found this rough-and-tumble crowd with him. He was looked up to as one fully capable of taking care of himself.

**Corrective for Bad Language**

It was at the same store in New Salem where another local bully incurred Lincoln's rebuke on account of his bad language in the presence of women. Lincoln warned him. The chap was spoiling for
a fight. Lincoln waited for the women to leave, and then the two went outside. Lincoln made short work with him. He threw him down and rubbed smartweed into his eyes until he bellowed with pain and pleaded for mercy. As soon as the bully began to beg, Lincoln got a basin of water for the smarting eyes, and helped to alleviate his distress. The upshot of the encounter was that Lincoln and his opponent became the best of friends, and the bully became a good citizen.

**Defending an Indian**

Captain Lincoln's nerve was put to the test one day during the Black Hawk War when a solitary, aged and peaceable Indian, carrying a letter vouching for his friendliness to the whites, walked into the company camp asking for something to eat. Favoring the extermination of Indians in general, a dozen excited and aggressive soldiers surrounded the Indian, bent on "stringing him up."

"Fall back, men," said Captain Lincoln. "Let the Injun go. He has not done anything to you. He can't hurt you."

"Let's have him," shouted the leader of the would-be lynchers. "We're not afraid, even if you are a coward."

Lincoln faced the men, rolling up his sleeves as he did so.

"Who says I'm a coward?" he demanded.

"Get out, captain," said the attacker. "You're bigger'n we are, and heavier. Give us a show."

"I'll give you all the show you want," said Lincoln. "I'll tell you what; I'll fight all of you, one after the other just as you come. Take it out of me if you can, but you shan't touch this Injun. When a man comes to me for help he's going to get it, if I have to lick all Sangamon County."

There was no acceptance of the challenge; the men dispersed.

**Riding the Circuit**

The practice of law curtailed to some extent Lincoln's indulgence in athletic contests, but he found time to keep in trim. Soon after his removal from New Salem to Springfield, he began to ride the circuit with the lawyers and judges as they periodically went from county seat to county seat. Horseback riding thus became part
of his life, and it was all that was needed to keep him in good physical condition.

1858 Endurance Test

In the summer of 1858 Lincoln faced one of the greatest tests of physical endurance that came to him after he reached man’s estate. The repeal by Congress, at the instance of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of the Missouri Compromise, a statute which while it remained had stood as a bar to the extension of slavery into new territory north of the southern boundary of Missouri, marked an epoch in the career of Lincoln and the life of the Nation. Lincoln was immersed in the practice of law at the time, but this impelled him to plunge again into politics in opposition to Douglas, and led directly to the seven debates between himself and Douglas in the summer of 1858.

Lincoln was nominated for United States Senator by the Republicans in Springfield on June 17, 1858. His presentation of the issues involved by the passage of the Nebraska bill, sponsored by Douglas, the depth of his reasoning, the choice of his words, the thrust of his charges, marked him as the coming champion of the anti-slavery forces. The implications of his Springfield address carried him farther than he had ventured before. Lincoln virtually charged Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney and Senator Douglas with conspiracy to extend slavery into free states. Lincoln framed a hypothetical indictment against Stephen, Franklin Roger and James—the first names of the chief principals, alleging their completed work in tearing down slavery-extension barriers indicated preconcert. This was a sensational charge at a most critical crisis in the history of the anti-slavery struggle, and the purport of it was understood.

Seven Debates With Douglas

Then followed the seven great debates beginning at Ottawa on August 21, and ending at Alton on October 15. The entire state, north, south, east and west, was traversed in covering the widely-separated points, sometimes by train and sometimes by horse-drawn vehicle. The weather was hot, and the battle was exhausting. Lincoln came out of the controversy, weighing, it was said, fifteen
pounds more than when he went in, while Douglas finished almost a physical wreck. Lincoln adhered to his lifelong principle of total abstinence from intoxicants, while Douglas, on the other hand, felt the need of stimulants to keep himself up to the mark. Douglas was reelected, by carrying the greater number of legislative districts, but Lincoln beat him in the popular vote.

The hard training extending from childhood stood Lincoln in good stead. He finished the battle exuberant in spirits, and plunged into his law practice, preparing for anything the future might have in store. Douglas, four years younger than his defeated rival, died physically exhausted in June, 1861, the first year of the war precipitated as largely by himself as by any other one individual.

The iron-like physique of the rail-splitter enabled him quickly to make up for lost time in the law and to rehabilitate his personal fortune, brought to low ebb by his intense devotion to the anti-slavery cause.

In this period, from 1858 to 1860, Lincoln took time, in addition to plenty of legal work, to play handball with younger Springfield men, and he is said to have been a fine player, his long arms and natural agility enabling him to more than hold his own. Addiction to athletics, however, never was an obsession with him. The little time he gave to handball probably was less than the modern golf player gives to his favorite sport.

**Reserve Powers Put to Test**

The Civil war beginning in the spring of 1861 brought to Lincoln a supreme test of physical endurance. He was ready for the task. He worked unceasingly, with the minimum of rest or sleep. He rose early and went to bed late. He had perhaps five times as many things to attend to as any member of his cabinet, and tackled each heavy task uncomplainingly and cheerfully. The hardest problems were carried to him. Dissension and intrigue by cabinet members aggravated his burden. The Union forces for nearly two years failed to make satisfactory headway in suppressing the rebellion. General after general was drafted to bring about a Union victory, but to little avail, until Grant began to emerge as a victorious commander at Vicksburg.
A somewhat typical incident will illustrate the complexity of Lincoln's work at this time.

**Judging 303 Indians—Night Work**

General Henry H. Sibley suppressed an uprising of Indians and half-breeds in Northern Minnesota, following a horrible massacre of scores of white settlers. A military commission, with headquarters at St. Paul, tried the captured leaders and found 303 guilty of murder, and sentenced them to be hanged. An insistent cry for vengeance against the Indians swept over the country. The findings of the commission scarcely satisfied the demand for drastic and summary punishment. The findings were sent to Lincoln for his official approval. The life and death cases went to the President.

Lincoln was not stampeded into hasty action by the cry for vengeance. He questioned the justice of the commission's report, and bent to the task of sifting the evidence.

The condemned savages were held in close confinement while the man at the White House took up their cases, one by one. He burned midnight oil for a week or two, for other things also demanded attention. Finally, he sent over the telegraph wires one of the most striking documents he ever penned. He adjudged 39 of the 303 guilty and paroled the others. The original document, all in Lincoln's handwriting, is in the possession of the Minnesota Historical Society in St. Paul. Following are two sample entries:

"Hay-pee-dow—or Wamne-omni-he-tai," No. 70 by the record.

"Wa-She-Choon," or "Toow-Kan-Shkan-shkan-mene-hay," No. 318 by the record.

And so on through the odd list of hyphenated names.

His painstaking entries are like copper-plate script, precise to the last degree, indicating that he paid careful attention to every name on the list, sifting the evidence recorded by the court martial.

Emerson said of him that he was a good and easy workman.

**Once Again the Axe**

Despite the drafts on his physical endurance, Lincoln carried the consciousness of ability to outdo the other fellow. One day
at the City Point hospital, after he had shaken hands with hundreds of the sick and wounded soldiers, when those with him expressed fears that he might be disabled by the exertion, he is said to have answered, "The hardships of my early life gave me strong muscles." Then stepping through the open doorway, he took up a large heavy axe that lay near a log, and chopping vigorously, sent the chips flying in all directions. Presently he stopped, and with arm extended at full length, held out the axe horizontally by the extreme end of the handle. Strong men who looked on, says the narrator,—men accustomed to manual labor—could not hold the axe in that position for even a few seconds. At another time some officers and newspaper correspondents were returning with him from the Navy Yard, where they had gone to view the testing of certain new artillery inventions. As they sat on the steamer discussing what they had seen, the President caught sight of some axes hanging outside the cabin. Walking to where they were, he said: "You may talk about your Raphael repeaters and your eleven-inch Dahlgrens, but I guess I understand these tools as well as anything else. There was a time when I could hold out one of these things at arm's length." Whereupon, he took down one of the axes and held it as has been described. Several of the party tried to imitate him but none succeeded. "When I was eighteen years of age I could do this," said Lincoln, on a similar occasion to General Egbert L. Viele, "and I have never seen the day since when I could not do it." The axe feat seemed to be a favorite with him. He seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of those who made unsuccessful efforts to equal it no less than the admiration it never failed to excite in the beholders.

Weakened by War Work

Steadily Lincoln drew upon the reserves of his vitality, and as steadily drew them down. His shoulders became more and more stooped as the awful struggle lengthened into years. But there was no flinching, and no complaining. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, later editor of the New York Sun, who saw Lincoln day by day, said that Lincoln, despite the burdens he carried, kept happy. To use Mr. Dana's own words:

"He was most calm, equable, uncomplaining, and to my mind, one of the happiest men I have ever known. He always had a
pleasant word for everybody. What he said showed the profoundest thought, even when he was joking. He seemed to see every side of every question. He never was impatient, he never was in a hurry, and he never tried to hurry anybody else. To everyone he was pleasant and cordial; yet they all felt that it was his word that went at last, and until he had decided the case had not been decided, and the final orders not issued yet."

Toward the end of the war he expressed the belief that he would not long survive its termination. Apparently he felt his physical endurance ebbing. In the cabinet meeting on the last day of his life he was the happiest one in the room. In the afternoon he talked with his wife about returning to Springfield after he had finished his term, and he said he wanted to visit the Holy Land.

The physical stamina built up from the time when as a child of seven he swung an axe like a man, and at twelve did more than a man's work with the axe—the steel-like endurance of the and sinew toughened by manual toil and by friendly contest as a wrestler, runner, swimmer and maul-thrower and the like—these carried him through to the final triumph of the cause he was providentially called upon to uphold.
Lincoln Drolleries

WITHOUT his drolleries—his broad and kindly humor running into jocular talk—there would have been left out of Lincoln a sunny segment, and he would have lacked the quality that makes the world more and more love him.

Charles A Dana once said of him that everything he said was the result of the profoundest thought, even when he was joking.

In the light of history his humor is revealed as a lubricant of the crises which while they lasted kept the fate of the Nation trembling in the balance.

When the clouds were the darkest there would now and then come, during a conversation or perhaps in a written order, a flash of drollery, evincing an enduring sweet sanity.

Lincoln's jokes "stand up" better than the quips of any of his contemporaries, and are more often quoted. A Lincoln phrase will go farther in clinching an argument than the best maxim, and there is a perdurableness to many of his sayings that enrich the language. Many of his jokes were sheer verbal conscripts—coined on the instant, serving admirably, but with no apparent design to make them worth remembering.

That Lincoln quarried these nuggets while the blood-stained months lengthened into years of anguish during the Civil War is testimony to his mental resiliency.

Midnight Dissertation on Canes

A Washington correspondent got him out of bed at midnight on something emergent. Down came the tall man in his night shirt, and his long lank hirsute limbs as he sat down inclined the scribe to laughter. Much to the surprise of the caller, Lincoln manifested a desire to talk. So he reached for the cane the reporter carried and conversed in this manner:

"I carried a cane when I was a boy. It was a freak of mine. My favorite one was a knotted beech stick, and I carved the head myself. There's a mighty amount of character in sticks. Dogwood sticks were favorite ones with the boys. Hickory is too heavy unless you get it from a young sapling. Have you ever
noticed how a stick in one’s hand will change his appearance? Old women and witches wouldn’t look so without sticks. Meg Merrilies understands that.”

And in this fashion the midnight caller heard Lincoln talk for an hour.

**Could “Lick Salt Off Top”**

Feats of strength greatly interested Lincoln. In 1859 Governor John Wesley Hoyt of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society invited Lincoln to make an address at the state fair, and afterward escorted him around. He tarried long in a tent where a professional “strong man” tossed large cannon balls around. Unconsciously Lincoln compared his own physical ability to that of the professional, who was squatty and broad. Lincoln marveled at the man’s ability to toss the iron globes around, and finally looking at him, remarked, “I could lick salt off the top of your hat.”

**Julius Caesar’s Hair**

Red tape and “passing the buck” wearied him, and now and then he used a short cut to his objective. To Secretary of War Stanton on November 11, 1863, he sent the following:

Hon. Secretary of War.

Dear Sir: I personally wish Jacob Freese, of New Jersey, to be appointed colonel for a colored regiment, and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact shade of Julius Caesar’s hair.”

**Disposing of An Old Lady**

And this is the order sent to Major General Dodge at St. Louis in January, 1865:

“It is said an old lady in Clay County, Missouri, by name Mrs. Winifred E. Price, is about being sent South. If she is not misbehaving, let her remain.”

**Capitol and Hell Mile Apart**

Senator Benjamin Wade, of Ohio, a hot-tempered statesman, and usually “on the outs” with the President, one day stormed into
the President’s office on the second floor of the White House, and lost no time in getting started:

“Mr. President,” he bellowed, “This administration, sir, is on the way to hell—on the way to hell, sir—it’s only a mile away from it!”

“Why, Wade,” said the patient man, “that’s the exact distance from here to the Capitol.”

“Emetic” Letter to President Corning

Vallandigham, the Ohio Copperhead Congressman, made speeches in and out of the House bitterly anti-Union. At Dayton in the summer of 1863, he went so far in arraigning the government that General Burnside arrested him and locked him up. Northern Democrats in many instances were furious, and an Albany mass meeting directed by Erastus Corning, president of the New York Central Railroad, sent President Lincoln resolutions deploring the arrest of Vallandigham and the suspension of habeas corpus in his case. Lincoln reviewed the entire subject, and in commenting on Corning’s contention that there had been a gross violation of the Constitution in the suspension of habeas corpus had this to say:

“I can no more be persuaded that the government can constitutionally take no strong measures in time of rebellion, because it can be shown that the same could not be lawfully taken in time of peace, than I can be persuaded that a particular drug is not good medicine for a sick man because it can be shown to not be good food for a well one. Nor am I able to appreciate the danger apprehended by the meeting, that the American people will by means of military arrests during the rebellion lose the right of public discussion, the liberty of speech and the press, the law of evidence, trial by jury and habeas corpus throughout the indefinite peaceful future which I trust lies before them, any more than I am able to believe that a man could contract so strong an appetite for emetics during temporary illness as to persist in feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life.”

The “emetic” letter just about settled the controversy.

Nothing for the End in View

Ward Hill Lamon, the war-time United States Marshal of Washington, during Lincoln’s circuit riding days took charge of
Lincoln's law cases in Vermillion County, and in that sense they were partners. Lamon was something of a giant and athlete and in Bloomington one day while Lincoln and other lawyers were present, he engaged in a wrestling bout with a local champion, coming out of the tussle with a large rent in the rear of his trousers. Before he had time to make a change he was called into court, being the prosecuting attorney. His coat was short and his damaged apparel was only too apparent. One of the lawyers for a joke started a subscription paper for the purchase of a pair of new pants for the young prosecutor, and the paper was passed along the line of lawyers as they sat fronting the judge's bench. Ludicrous entries were put down, and finally the paper was laid before Lincoln, he being engaged in writing at the time. He quietly glanced over the paper, and, immediately taking up his pen, wrote after his name, "I can contribute nothing to the end in view."

To the same Lamon, who was on the platform when he reached the conclusion of his immortal speech at Gettysburg, he said. "Lamon, that speech won't scour! It is a flat failure, and the people are disappointed."

Lincoln often used the word scour in expressing the conviction that a thing lacked enduring merit, or would not stand the test of time.

Stationary "Buggy Ride"

Lincoln regularly every day went to the War Department to read the dispatches from the front, and he got into the habit of reclining on an old hair-cloth lounge. One evening he got up hurriedly, and, with the cipher operators for an audience, turned to the light and flicked from his coat lapel a bed bug, and then remarked, "Well, boys, I have been very fond of that old lounge, but as it has become a little buggy I fear I must stop using it."

Darky Minister's Doubtful Text

Lincoln told the telegram operators in the War Department a story of an old slave whose master had chided him many times for taking up so much of his time preaching. His master threatened to whip him the next time he caught him at it. The negro said: 'Well, Marsa, I jus' can't help it—when the Bible texs come in my mind
I has to speak out.” The master was interested to know whether his slave really knew the Bible well, so he asked him, “Sam, there is one text in the Bible I never could understand—that is this—that the ass snuffeth up the east wind. Now what do you make of that text?” Well, Marsa,” said the old man, “I reckon that ass would sho’ have to snuff a long time befo’ she got fat.”

To Grant—“Chew and Choke”

Lincoln’s ability to say a lot in a few words was fitly illustrated when he sent the following dispatch to General Grant at City Point in August, 1864:

“I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip and chew and choke as much as possible.”

Big Shuck, Little Ear

Lincoln was quick to note physical characteristics. Alexander Stephens of Georgia toward the close of the war was one of the Confederate Peace Commissioners delegated to talk over terms for bringing the war to an end. Stephens was a very small man. After the Confederate Commissioners left, Lincoln, turning to General Grant, asked him if he had watched Stephens take off his great coat. Grant said that he had, and Lincoln said: “Well, didn’t you think it was the biggest shuck and the littlest ear you ever did see?”

“Hunkered” Out of His Seat

“We always set apart a large chair for the President for daily use when he came to the War Telegraph office,” said William B. Wilson, one of the regular telegraphers. “One day he came in alone and walked over to the instrument table and began to write. Almost immediately there was a call at that table, and operator Flesher, in answering it, leaned over Mr. Lincoln’s shoulder. Turning and smiling, the President said, “Have I hunkered you out of your chair?”

Avoiding Collisions

Secretary Seward said that a short time before he related the
incident Lincoln had been seen to turn out in the mud to give a colored woman a chance to pass. When asked about it, the President said: "Yes, it has been a rule of my life that if people would not turn out for me I would turn out for them. Then you avoid collisions."

"Five Feet Four" in a Pinch

Lincoln, himself a mounted officer in the Black Hawk War, and thoroughly at home in the saddle, gave a warm greeting to General Sheridan shortly after one of "Little Phil's" cavalry exploits in the Shenandoah. "I used to think," said Lincoln, as he grasped the general's hand, "that the right size for a cavalryman was six feet four (his own height) but since I have seen you operate I have concluded that five feet four will do in a pinch."

Wanted Action in Oratory

The average "cut-and-dried" sermon did not appeal to Lincoln. He went to Chicago on the suggestion of Leonard Volk, the sculptor, to sit for a fife mask in plaster of his head and hands. The engagement carried him over one Sunday, and he remarked to Volk as he entered his studio that a friend at the Tremont House had invited him to go to church, but that he preferred to keep his appointment with the sculptor. "The fact is, said Lincoln, "I don't like to hear cut-and-dried sermons. When I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees."

Lincoln's Last Quip

Charles Tinker, cipher operator in the War Telegraph office, related what perhaps was the last joke, or story, by Lincoln. On April 14, the day he was shot, Lincoln paid his usual visit to the telegraph office. Tinker was transmitting a cipher dispatch couched in very laconic terms. Lincoln read the dispatch, and after taking in the meaning of the terse phrases, he turned to Tinker and said: Mr. Tinker, that reminds me of the old story of the Scotch lassie on her way to market with a basket of eggs for sale. She had just forded a small stream with her skirts well drawn up, when a waggoner on the opposite side of the stream called out, "Good morning, my lassie;
how deep's the brook, and what's the price of eggs?' She answered, without turning her head, 'Knee deep and a saxpence.'" Then Lincoln, with a smile, lifted his coattails in imitation of the maiden and passed into Secretary Stanton's room adjoining.
Lincoln's Estate

(New York Tribune, Feb. 12, 1923)

Lincoln biographers have made virtually a clean sweep in covering the life and acts of the great man. From time to time an interesting reminiscence, or an unpublished letter comes to the front, is eagerly read, and then joins the Lincoln bibliography family, now probably the largest in American literature. No standard life of Lincoln, at least none coming under the observation of the writer, gives detailed information with reference to his estate and its disposition. The student of history was not similarly slighted by Washington biographers, as nearly all of the lives of the Father of His Country contain his interesting will, which amply serves as an inventory of his considerable estate.

The lack of published information concerning the estate of Lincoln leaves many readers with the presumption that he left no estate, and this impression becomes almost a conviction and fact when occasionally reference is made to the widow of Lincoln, who, following his assassination had much to say about her poverty.

Judge Davis's Report

Lincoln left an estate of $110,294.62, which went in three equal parts to Mary Todd Lincoln, the widow, and the sons, Robert T. Lincoln, who later became Ambassador to England, and Thomas ("Tad") Lincoln, giving each $36,765.60. These aggregated sums slightly exceed the net amount of the estate, but they are the figures set down in his report by David Davis, of the United States Supreme Court, who administered the estate. Judge Davis was a very large man physically, well educated and inclined to be somewhat domineering. As judge of the circuit in Illinois, he was thrown into close contact with Lincoln, who was his senior by several years. Lincoln appointed Judge Davis to the United States Supreme Court bench. The inventory filed by Judge Davis follows:

"Inventory of the Estate of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, so far as the same has come to my knowledge."
Lincoln's Estate

—David Davis, Administrator.

In registered bonds bearing 7 per cent interest payable in coin ........................................... $57,000.00
In temporary loan bearing 6 per cent interest in currency ...................................................... 2,781.04
In Treasury warrants issued to him for salary and not paid: No. 584 ........................................... 1,981.67
No. 826 ..................................................... 1,981.67
No. 990 ..................................................... 1,976.22
No. 1,217 .................................................... 1,981.67
Draft of National Bank of Springfield ........................................... 133.00
Balance of salary received from Treasurer, United States ......................................................... 847.83
Claim against Robert Irwin, of Springfield, which Mr. Condell paid ........................................... 9,044.41
Balance in hands of Riggs, banker, at Washington ................................................................. 1,373.53
Balance in hands of First National Bank of Washington ......................................................... 381.66
This sum is all invested in United States securities bearing interest.
N. B. Judd's note dated September 1, 1859, bearing 10 per cent interest, for .................................... 3,000.00
Thomas J. Turner (Freeport), July, 1853, due November 1, 1858, interest 10 per cent ................... 400.00
A. & J. Hains (Pekin), two notes for $200 each, one due October 18, 1858, the other January 1, 1859 .......................................................................................................................... 400.00

Following credits:
February 16, 1859 ........................................... $50
May 2, 1859 ..................................................... 50
July 14, 1859 .................................................... 100
September 12, 1859 ........................................... 50
August 13, 1860 ................................................ 50
M. B. Church (Springfield) worthless, November 5, 1864, at five months, given at Washington ................................................................. 260.00
James H. and James S. McDaniel (Sangamon Co.), April 23, 1863, one day, 10 per cent interest ................................................................. 250.00
Lincoln's Estate

Golden Patterson (Vermillion Co.), April 25, 1859, due one year after date .................. 60.00
Milton Davis (Vermillion Co.), November 7, 1857, due December 25, 1857, 10 per cent interest. Credit $30, March 28, 1859 ........... 50.00
John P. Mercer (Shelbyville) worthless, May 25, 1852 ........................................ 7.69
Real Estate in Illinois—Mr. Lincoln's homestead in Springfield on Lot 8 and part of Lot 7, in Block 10, E. Iles addition to Springfield.
Lot 3 in Block 19, Town of Lincoln, Logan County, Illinois.
Crawford County, Iowa—120 acres E.1/2 N. E. & N. W. N. E., Section 13, Town 34, Range 39, Tama County.
Forty acres, description not recollected. Certificate of entry in hands of C. H. Moore, of Clinton, Dewitt County, Ill.  DAVID DAVIS, Admr.

Marked on back: Filed November 23, 1866, N. W. Matheny, Clerk. Recorded in Book 4 of Inventories, page 70.

Judge Davis, as administrator, filed three distinct accountings, not varying materially in substance, but tending to supplement each other.

When Lincoln went to Washington from Springfield he probably was worth about $15,000. Judge Davis's inventory indicates that the great bulk of his savings from his salary of $25,000 a year, during his four years incumbency (from March 4, 1861, to April 15, 1865), was turned back to the government in exchange for government bonds.

The Norman B. Judd note for $3,000, is interesting on account of the fact that Mr. Judd was one of the organizers of the Republican party in Illinois, helped Lincoln to manage his campaign against Douglas in 1858 and was chairman of the Illinois delegation in the Chicago Republican National Convention when Lincoln was nominated. Lincoln appointed Judd Ambassador to Prussia. Norman B. Judd was the grandfather of Representative Norman Judd Gould, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., now a member of Congress.

The note given by M. B. Church, doubtless tells the story of a longtime friend in financial distress, who went all the way to Washington to borrow money from Lincoln in 1864. Some of the other
notes indicate that where he practiced law around the circuit, he accepted a promissory note for his fee. There is little doubt that Judge Davis, who was a sharp business man, collected on all of these notes where there was anything to collect. It is doubtful if Lincoln would have collected any of them. He was notoriously modest in his charges for legal services, and reluctantly pressed a debtor.

In a letter to George P. Floyd, of Quincy, Ill., under date of February 21, 1856, he writes: "Dear Sir: I have just received yours of 16th, with check on Flagg & Savage for $25. You must think I am a high-priced man. You are too liberal with your money. Fifteen dollars is enough for the job. I send you a receipt for $15, and return to you a $10 bill."

At another time Ward Hill Lamon, a local partner of Lincoln's at Bloomington, was retained by a man named Scott, and Lamon had agreed with Scott in advance that the fee should be $250. Scott was acting as conservator for a demented sister, who possessed property amounting to $10,000. This ready money had excited the cupidity of an adventurer who sought to marry the unfortunate girl, and, as an essential preliminary to that step, a motion had been made to remove Scott as conservator.

Scott insisted upon knowing in advance what the fee should be, and eagerly agreed to pay $250, as he anticipated a long litigation. Lincoln argued the case and won a complete victory for Scott inside twenty minutes. Scott joyfully paid over the $250 fee. Lincoln saw the money transferred and said to Lamon: "What did you charge that man?" When the amount was stated, he exclaimed: "Lamon, that is all wrong. The service was not worth that sum. Give him back at least half of it."

Judge Davis, who was presiding, had watched the transaction and took Lincoln to task: "Lincoln," said he, "I have been watching you and Lamon. You are impoverishing this bar by your picayune charges of fees, and the lawyers have reason to complain of you. You are now almost as poor as Lazarus, and if you don't make people pay you more for your services you will die as poor as Job's turkey."

The rebuke was warmly applauded by the lawyers, but it made no impression on the man to whom it was directed.

"That money," said he, "comes out of the pocket of a poor, demented girl, and I would rather starve than swindle her in this manner."
Lincoln and Ellsworth

(New York Herald Tribune, Feb. 10, 1929)

COLONEL Elmer Ephraim Ellsworth, of the 11th New York Infantry, known as the Fire Zouaves, military idol of the Nation, associate of Abraham Lincoln in his Springfield law office, the Colonel Lindberg at the beginning of the Civil War, was the first officer of equal rank to die for the Union.

Immediately following President Lincoln’s call for 75,000 volunteers for the defence of Washington, after Fort Sumter was fired upon, and nearly two months and a half before the first battle of Bull Run, Colonel Ellsworth was shot at Alexandria, Va., by James S. Jackson, proprietor of the Marshall House, a few minutes after, with his own hands, he had torn down a Confederate flag from the top of the hotel.

Shot Without Warning

Ellsworth with his regiment the night before had moved into the vicinity of Alexandria, occupying it almost without opposition. On the early morning of May 24, Colonel Ellsworth, noticing the Confederate flag, which could be seen from Washington, with three companions went to the roof, cut the halyards, and started down stairs. Jackson sprang from a place of concealment, and at short range shot the Colonel through the heart. With his double barreled gun in his hand, Jackson was shot dead by Ellsworth’s friend, Private Francis E. Brownell.

Colonel Ellsworth’s body was taken to the East Room of the White House and lay in state. This was on the direction of President Lincoln himself. The news of the tragedy as it was flashed over the country produced a profound sensation. Ellsworth, as the most expert drill-master in the country, which he toured with a company of Zouaves giving exhibition drills, already had achieved a reputation as an officer of great promise. His feat in raising within four days a full regiment of infantry from among the volunteer firemen of New York had been heralded far and wide. The leading newspapers gave great prominence to Ellsworth’s death, invariably accompanied by tributes to the excellence of his character.
COLONEL ELMER E. ELLSWORTH
The first officer of equal rank to fall in the Civil War.
Lincoln's Letter to Parents

Lincoln immortalized the young colonel by writing to his parents at Mechanicville, a classic which in itself is a monument to Ellsworth. The original manuscript is in the Huntington Library in Los Angeles. This is what Lincoln wrote to the father and mother of his gallant young friend:

"In the untimely loss of your noble son, our affliction here is scarcely less than your own. So much of promised usefulness to one's country and of bright hopes for one's self and friends have rarely been so suddenly darkened as in his fall. In size, in years, and in youthful appearance, a boy only, his power to command men was surprisingly great. This power, combined with a fine intellect, and indomitable energy, and a taste altogether military, constituted in him, as seemed to me, the best natural talent, in that department, I ever knew. And yet he was singularly modest and deferential in social intercourse. My acquaintance with him began less than two years ago; yet through the latter half of the intervening period, it was as intimate as the disparity of our ages, and my engrossing engagements, would permit. To me he appeared to have no indulgences or pastimes; and I never heard him utter a profane or intemperate word. What was conclusive of his good heart, he never forgot his parents. The honors he labored for so laudably, and, in the sad end, so gallantly gave his life, he meant for them no less than for himself.

In the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured to address you this tribute to the memory of my young friend, and your brave and early fallen child.

May God give you the consolation which is beyond all earthly power.

Sincerely your friend in common affliction,

A. LINCOLN.

This letter remains as perhaps the most notable personal tribute Lincoln paid to anyone. The original letter to Mrs. Bixby, concerning the death in service of her sons, with reference to whom the President depended on the data handed him from the War Department, and which in the light of subsequent investigation was inaccurate, is not extant. The Bixby letter, perhaps, has a more extended appeal, but the letter to Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth was about his personal friend, a gallant youth who had been a law student in his office in Springfield, and who accompanied him to Washington when he came East to be inaugurated.
Lincoln and Ellsworth

John Hay’s Tribute to Ellsworth

Matching Lincoln’s tribute, is this one by John Hay in McClure’s, March, 1896:

“The world can never compute, can hardly even guess, what was lost in his untimely end. He was one of the dearest of the friends of my early youth; I cannot hope to enable the readers of this article to see him as I saw him. No words can express the vivid brilliancy of his look and his speech, the swift and graceful energy of his bearing. He was not a scholar, but his words were like martial music. His entire aspect breathed high ambition and daring. His jet-black curls, his open, candid brow, his dark eyes, at once fiery and tender, his eagle profile, his mouth, just shaded by the youthful growth that hid none of its powerful and delicate lines—the whole face, which seemed made for nothing less than the command of men, whether as general or orator, comes before me as I write.”

In an earlier tribute, in the Atlantic, July, 1861, Secretary Hay wrote:

“What would have killed an ordinary man did not injure Ellsworth. His iron frame seemed incapable of dissolution or waste. His sense of honor, which was sometimes even fantastic in its delicacy, freed him from the very temptation to wrong. No one ever possessed greater power of enforcing the respect and fastening the affections of men.”

Ellsworth’s Rise to Fame

Colonel Ellsworth was born on April 11, 1837, in the little village of Malta, Saratoga county, New York. His father, Ephraim D. Ellsworth, gained a scanty living as a tailor in Malta. His mother, Phoebe Denton, was of English stock, her mother being a “Scotch Presbyterian.” She was a woman of deep piety, and she seems to have implanted deep religious convictions in her boy.

Young Elmer loved the out of doors, and as Saratoga Lake was only two miles distant he kept a skiff there. He early became a leader of the boys of his set. After leaving the Malta district school, Elmer “clerked it” for Mr. DeGroff in his general store, but after a year accompanied his family to Mechanicville. Here he resumed study and soon announced his ambition to enter West Point. In a short time we find him organizing and commanding a military company, “The Black Plumed Riflemen,” of Stillwater.
His father continued poor, peddling oysters "on the side" in order to make a living. One day a youth of his own age sneered at the poverty of the elder Ellsworth, and received a severe trouncing from young Ellsworth. The lad sold newspapers on trains, and made considerable money by it. Seized with a modified wanderlust, in 1852, with his parents' permission, he went to work for Corliss & House, in Troy, where he remained for about a year.

**Knocking About**

For the next six years, young Ellsworth saw a good bit of the country. He was for a time at Kenosha, Wis., and later at Muskegon, Mich., where it was said, he lived for a short time with the Ottawa Indians. Returning East, he drifted to New York City, and worked as a dry goods clerk. While here he worked with a party of engineers deepening the channel at Hell Gate, and later accompanied the engineers to Chicago. While in New York he attended the drills of the Seventh Regiment.

In Chicago he became a partner with Arthur F. Devereaux, a patent solicitor, and he was enjoying prosperity when through the defalcation of a trusted employe everything was lost, and Elmer found himself without a dollar, struggling for the bare necessities of life. During his stay of three years in Chicago, he organized classes in athletics, and made the acquaintance of Charles A. DeVilliers, formerly a surgeon in the French army in Algiers, and an accomplished swordsman, having served with a French Zouave regiment in the Crimean War. The chance meeting with DeVilliers was destined to be the turning point in Ellsworth's life, for it revived in him ardent martial spirit. He put all his mind on a study of the French military system, and especially the picturesque Zouaves, with a view to introducing them into the military practices of this country.

**Origin of Zouaves**

The name "Zouave" and the system by that name had its beginning with the French, in 1830, when a mountain tribe of Algeria, arrayed in oriental costume, wide trousers, fez and loose jacket, were, in their rapidity of movement and ferocity of courage, famed as fighters. Ellsworth fell in love with the idea, and bought French books so as to become proficient. In the meantime with Scott's
and Hardee's tactics before him, he perfected himself in the manual of arms, not hesitating to introduce movements of his own where they seemed desirable. His aim was to bring ease, grace and celerity into every movement. Under DeVilliers he became the best fencer in Chicago.

He was called to drill the Rockford City Grays in that Illinois town, and became a major on the staff of General Swift of the Illinois state militia. Ellsworth refused compensation for drilling the Rockford Grays, but he accepted from the company a handsome inscribed gold watch, "as a token of their regard for him as a gentleman and a soldier."

**Betrothal to Miss Spafford**

In Rockford he met Miss Carrie M. Spafford, daughter of the leading banker, and they became engaged before he left the city. Ellsworth went from Rockford to Madison, Wis., to drill the Governor's Guard. Returning to Chicago early in 1859, he went to Rockford to see his sweetheart, and made preparation to study law.

On April 29, 1859, Ellsworth was chosen captain of the National Guard Cadets of Chicago, a moribund organization at the time, but which Ellsworth soon converted into a highly drilled machine. Ellsworth introduced discipline—real discipline. He prohibited the use of liquor by any member of the company. He would have in his company only those of the mettle of Cromwell's "Ironsides." And his men responded. The muskets moved as one. The men obeyed, toiled, denied and perfected themselves at the behest of their indefatigable commander.

George Harris Fergus, a member of the Cadets, who served afterward with the New York Fire Zouaves, thus describes the complete uniform:

A bright red chasseur cap, with gold braid; light blue shirt with moire antique facings; dark blue jacket with orange and red trimmings; brass bell buttons, placed as close together as possible; a red sash and loose red trousers; russet leather leggings buttoned over the trousers, reaching from ankle halfway to the knee; and white waist belt. The jacket did not button, was cut low in the neck, without collar. Easy-fitting high-laced shoes, with thick broad soles.
What a Zouave Could Do

A humorous description of the uniform appearing in the Sunday Mercury, follows:

“A fellow with a red bag having sleeves to it, for a coat; with two red bags without sleeves to them for trousers; with an embroidered and braided bag for a vest; with a cap like a red woolen saucepan; with yellow boots like the fourth robber in a stage play; with a mustache like two half-pound paint brushes, and with a sort of sword-gun, or gun-sword for a weapon, that looks like a cross between a broadsword and musket—that is a Zouave. A fellow who can put up a 110-pound dumbbell; who can climb an 80-foot rope, hand over hand, with a barrel of flour hanging to his heels; who can do the 'Giant swings' on a horizontal bar with a 56-pound weight tied to each ankle; who can walk up four flights of stairs holding a heavy man in each hand at arms length, and who can climb a greased pole feet first, carrying a barrel of pork in his teeth—that is a Zouave. A fellow who can jump 17 feet 4 inches high without a springboard; who can tie his legs in a double-bow knot around his neck without previously softening his shin bones in a steam bath; who can set a 40-foot ladder on end, balance himself from the top of it, shoot wild pigeons on the wing, one at a time, just behind the eye, with a single-barreled Minie rifle, 300 yards distant and never miss a shot; who can take a five-shooting revolver in each hand and knock the spots out of the ten of diamonds at 80 paces, turning somersaults all the time and firing every shot in the air—that is a Zouave.”

Ellsworth planned a road tour with his Zouave Cadets. So great was the interest in Chicago that at a competitive drill for a prize of $500 at the Fair Grounds with the Highland Guards as opponents, nearly 70,000 people turned out in a drizzle to witness the contest, which was won by Ellsworth’s men. Governor Bissell of Illinois appointed young Ellsworth Assistant Adjutant General and Paymaster General of the State, and followed it up by appointing the company as the Governor’s Guard.

Zouaves Tour Country

The Zouaves made a grand tour of the States in the summer of 1860. Ellsworth challenged all comers in competition. His company consisted of 41 men and seven officers, Ellsworth commanding. The Cadets visited Adrian, Detroit, Cleveland, Niagara Falls, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Troy, Albany, reaching New York City on Saturday,
July 14, and when approaching the pier were honored by a salute of artillery, while a detachment of the Sixth Regiment waited to escort them. Breakfast at the Astor House, a parade up Broadway to Union Square and down the Bowery to the Armory of the Sixth Regiment at Center Market; at 2:30 o'clock an exhibition drill in City Hall Park. There was another drill at Madison Square on Monday, the 16th. From New York to Boston, to Salem, to West Point, which they visited by special request, escorted by the 2nd company of the Seventh Regiment, the finest company of the most distinguished regiment of the country; then to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Springfield, and then back home to Chicago. Everywhere it was the same—an ovation from delighted huge crowds who applauded and cheered the finest drilling ever seen in the United States.

**Studying Law in Lincoln’s Office**

Meanwhile the clouds of war were lowering. Ellsworth recruited a regiment of Illinois men, installed as its officers members of his disbanded Cadets, and tendered its services to the governor. There being no immediate signs of hostilities, the offer was not accepted. Then Ellsworth went to Springfield and began studying law in Lincoln’s office. The presidential campaign was in full swing. Into it Ellsworth plunged with enthusiasm, helping to the extent of his ability, constantly gaining in the personal esteem of Lincoln. Following Lincoln’s election, Ellsworth prepared a bill for the reform of the militia organization of the State of Illinois into three classes—active, militia of the reserve, and the exempt militia. The measure filled some nineteen pages, and among its provisions was one prohibiting the use of liquor either by officers or men, except for medicinal purposes. The Illinois lower House adopted the measure by a vote of 39 to 36, but on the recommendation of the Senate Military Affairs Committee it was defeated in the Upper House by a vote of 14 to 10.

**To Washington With Lincoln**

While Ellsworth’s militia reorganization bill was under discussion Ellsworth was on his way to Washington with Abraham Lincoln, on the personal invitation of the President-elect. Allan G. Pinkerton, the leading detective of the country, had devised plans
for the protection of Lincoln while enroute to Washington, and Ellsworth was intrusted with the duty of carrying out the details, especially in handling the crowds along the route.

While waiting for an army appointment of some kind, Ellsworth was in correspondence with General Simon B. Buckner, commandant of the Kentucky State Guard. Buckner recommended his appointment as second lieutenant, and this he finally obtained, anything higher being objected to by the West Point Army officers. Lincoln meanwhile designed to have Ellsworth appointed head of the militia system, and wrote an order to this effect. Again the "professional" military contingent objected, and Lincoln did not sign the order, which contained a recommendation for pay equal to that given a major of cavalry.

Ellsworth came and went at the White House as a privileged and loved companion to the President's secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay. He contracted the measles from the Lincoln children.

Organizing His Regiment

General Beauregard's subjugation of Fort Sumter marked the opening of the war. Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers. Ellsworth hastily resigned his commission as second lieutenant, and on April 17, 1861, left Washington for New York City. He called on Horace Greeley the day of his arrival here and explained his plan for raising a regiment from among the New York firemen.

"I want," he said to Greeley, "the New York firemen, for there are no more effective men in the country, and none with whom I can do so much. They are sleeping on a volcano in Washington, and I want men who can go into a fight now."

While in Chicago he had aided in the formation of a paid fire department. Thus he knew something about firemen. Within two days 1,200 firemen had enlisted, and the next two days brought the number of enlistments up to 2,300—two full companies for each letter of the regiment. The patriotic people of the city raised $60,000 for equipment, with which Sharp's rifles were purchased. Uniforms of the Zouave type were furnished by subscription, and the regiment was cut to 1,100 men.

Frank Leslie's Weekly carried a large picture of the Zouaves leaving New York on April 29, 1861. They took with them a crimson
flag presented to Colonel Ellsworth by Mrs. Augusta Astor, the society leader. The banner is among the archives at Albany. Laura Keene, the actress who pillowed Lincoln's head in her lap after he was shot in Ford's Theatre four years later, also gave the Zouaves a flag. In Washington the Zouaves occupied the new hall of the House of Representatives.

Zouaves Show Their Real Mettle

Like boys out of school, the Zouaves began to "paint Washington red." Colonel Ellsworth had to pay numerous small damage bills and mollify tavern keepers who had been to some extent despoiled by the turbulent New Yorkers. Ellsworth as yet had had no time to enforce real discipline. The regiment had been in Washington but a week when a fire broke out next door to Willard's hotel on the early morning of May 9. The fire got beyond control of the local firemen. General Mansfield, commanding the troops in Washington, summoned Colonel Ellsworth and his Fire Zouaves for immediate service. Ceremonies were thrown to the wind as the New Yorkers broke into engine houses and seized fire-fighting apparatus. Ellsworth was soon in supreme command at the fire. The Zouaves put out the fire and saved Willard's Hotel. Having been breakfasted by Mr. Willard, the Zouaves sang "Dixie," and proceeded in marching order to their quarters at the Capitol. They had redeemed their reputation!

The murder of Ellsworth by Jackson, the funeral at the White House, the shock to the Nation, the awakening consciousness that the most sanguinary of all struggles was on, is part of Civil War History. In the Southland the name of Ellsworth's assassin was taken up as that of a hero—the defender of a great cause.

Lying in State in New York

A special train carried the body of Ellsworth north, after it had been escorted through Pennsylvania Avenue by cavalry and carriages containing President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and others. In New York the parents of Ellsworth met the funeral party, and after private services at the Astor House, the body was carried across the park to the City Hall, where the casket was placed the same as President Lincoln's four years later. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, though thousands yet waited to view the body in the Governor's Room, the
doors were closed and the cortege moved out with muffled drums and reversed arms toward the steamer that was to carry the party to Albany. At the latter place the Governor and his staff paid their respects and the body lay in state at the capitol for a few hours before a special train carried the party to Saratoga to the end of the journey.

Thousands gathered at Mechanicville—firemen from near and far, military companies, including the Black Plumed Riflemen, which Ellsworth as a boy had drilled. An outpouring to pay tribute to a fallen hero. For three generations the people of Northern New York have been repeating the story of Ellsworth, ranking him as one of the great triad of martyrs—John Brown, Elmer E. Ellsworth, Abraham Lincoln.
Washington D.C.
May 25, 1861

To the Father and Mother of Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth:

My dear Sir and Madam,

In the untimely loss of your noble son, our affliction here, is scarcely less than your own. So much of promise and usefulness to one's country, and of bright hope for one's self and friends, have so suddenly been so suddenly dashed as in his fall. In size, in years, and in youthfu appearance, a boy only, his power to command men was surpassingly great. This power, combined with a fine intellect, an indomitable energy, and a taste all together military, constituted in him, as seemed to me, the best natural talent, in that department, I ever knew.
And yet he was singularly modest and deferential in social intercourse. My acquaintance with him began less than two years ago; yet through the latter half of the intervening period, it was as intimate as the disparity of our ages, and my engrossing engagements, would permit. To me, he appeared to have no indulgence or patience; and I never heard him utter a profanity or an intemperate word. What was conclusive of his good heart, he never forgot his friends. The honors he labor for so laboriously, and, in the same snow, so gallantly gave his life, he meant for them, no less than for himself.

In the hope that it may be no intrusion upon the sacredness of your sorrow, I have ventured.
to address you this tribute to the memory of my young friends, and your brave and early fallen chieft.

May God give you that consolation which is beyond all earthly power.

Sincerely yours,

in a common grief,

A. Lincoln
BRAHAM LINCOLN'S unshakable regard for Horace Greeley because of the publisher's support of the Lincoln administration during the Civil War, is set forth in a new and strong light by what seems to be dependable evidence that Lincoln planned to make Greeley Postmaster General in 1865, and doubtless would have announced it on the Saturday following his assassination in Ford's Theatre on April 14, 1865.

Lincoln's letter of November 21, 1861, to Governor Walker said that having Greeley with him "will be as helpful to me as an army of 100,000 men" * * * "He and I should stand together and let no minor differences come between us; for we both seek one end, which is the saving of our country."

This statement alone is sufficient to show Lincoln's regard for the Tribune editor. New evidence of Lincoln's esteem for Uncle Horace is found in a letter dated March 24, 1862, from Lincoln to Greeley, in the possession of the Morgan Library, published for the first time, in which Lincoln outlines his emancipation policy. This letter antedates the first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, which was promulgated September 22, 1862.

Lincoln in this letter to Greeley enunciates three main features of his emancipation policy—"gradual—compensation—and vote of the people."

There is a suggestion in this that even with the war under way Lincoln hoped the enunciation of his policy might bring about a cessation of hostilities.

The letter to Greeley is marked "Private," and is in itself proof of Lincoln's confidence in Greeley, inasmuch as Lincoln had not at this time, so far as known, confided to this extent in any of his cabinet. The letter follows:

*Private.*

Executive Mansion, Washington, March 24, 1862.

**Hon. Horace Greeley:**

*My Dear Sir:*

*Your very kind letter of the 16th to Mr. Colfax, has been*
shown me by him. I am grateful for the generous sentiments and purposes expressed toward the administration. Of course I am anxious to see the policy proposed in the late special message go forward, but you have advocated it from the first, so that I need to say little to you on the subject. If I were to suggest anything it would be that as the North are already for the measure, we should urge it persuasively, and not menacingly, upon the South. I am a little uneasy about the abolition of slavery in the District, not but I would be glad to see it abolished, but as to the time and manner of doing it. If some one or more of the border states would move first, I should greatly prefer it, but if this cannot be in a reasonable time, I would like the bill to have three main features—gradual—compensation—and vote of the people. I do not talk to members of Congress on the subject, except when they ask me. I am not prepared to make any suggestion about confiscation. I may drop you a line hereafter.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Greeley Slated for Cabinet

The evidence that Lincoln contemplated making Greeley a member of his cabinet in 1865 travels down the years through George C. Hoskins, speaker of the New York Assembly in 1865, and later a member of the 44th Congress, (1875-77) “Uncle Joe” Cannon, and D. S. Alexander, former New York congressman. Mr. Alexander is really the sponsor for the story.

Uncle Joe Cannon sat next to Congressman Alexander at a dinner given by Senator Depew at the Corcoran home in Washington, and during the dinner asked Mr. Alexander if he knew of a man named Hoskins of New York, who served in the 44th Congress. Mr. Alexander replied in the affirmative, and added that Hoskins while in politics was better known as patronage dispenser for Congressman Reuben E. Fenton, when the latter, supported by Horace Greeley was quietly building up an organization that eventually made him Governor and United States Senator. Subsequently Hoskins was elected to the 43d and 44th Congresses. Mr. Cannon said that Hoskins interested him, on account of a reminiscence he narrated about calling on Lincoln in August, 1864, as the representative of Horace Greeley.

As outlined by Mr. Cannon to Mr. Alexander, the condition of
the Republican campaign in New York at that time was most disturbing. Lincoln had been renominated while the country, aroused to fresh enthusiasm by General Grant's exhilarating declaration that he would "fight it out on that line if it took all summer," believed the end of hostilities was not far away. For a time, therefore, things seemed to favor the Republicans. But in July and August, a period known in history from the North's point of view as the darkest hours of the Civil War, a sharp reaction set in. Grant's heavy losses had filled the land with mourners; the Confederate General, Early, marched through the Shenandoah Valley and camped on the heights of Washington, in full view of the Capitol; gold had jumped to 285, the highest point reached during the war; and the Democratic National Convention had declared the war a failure; while the President refused to receive overtures of peace from the Confederacy unless they included the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery. There could be no doubt of the critical condition of affairs within the party. Henry J. Raymond, then chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee, reported to the President that if the election were then to occur, New York State would go Democratic by 50,000 majority.

**Greeley Balks**

To the dismay of Lincoln, Greeley indorsed a movement for calling a second National Convention in Cincinnati in September, and the nomination of Lucius Robinson, or some one who could swing the wavering war Democrats back into line for an administration that would in some way bring about the termination of the war.

Reuben E. Fenton was deeply concerned as to what Greeley would do and through Hoskins he kept in close touch with Greeley. But at each visit Hoskins found Greeley apparently indifferent to the situation. One day, however, when Hoskins dropped in to chat with Uncle Horace, the latter tossed him a letter. Hoskins took it from its torn envelope and read a personal message from Lincoln to Greeley saying that if he, Lincoln, could spare the time he should call upon him in New York, and expressing the hope that Greeley would be able to visit him.

Hoskins suggested that he was going to see the President. Greeley tartly replied that he neither would go to see him nor even
Lincoln and Greeley

answer the letter. Hoskins insisted on going as his representative. Greeley did not demur to the suggestion. Hoskins took a night train to Washington, and went early to the White House. He was told he could not see the President before 10 o’clock.

Opening the letter to Greeley he affixed his card, and told the Porter to say to the President that he was there representing Mr. Greeley, and asking for an early appointment.

The doorkeeper took the letter and asked Hoskins to take a seat, disappearing in quest of the President. He soon reappeared saying the President was shaving himself, “but he says if you will excuse his appearance you should come up at once,” said the doorkeeper. Thereupon he led the way to the second floor and pointed to a half open door. A slight rap brought the response, “Come in.”

As Hoskins entered the room, Lincoln, clad in undershirt, trousers and slippers, put down his razor and extended his hand saying, “Mr. Hoskins, I am very glad to see you. Take that chair,” pointing to one near the entrance. The President, continuing to stand, began to express his lifelong admiration for Greeley, asserting that he had been a constant reader of the Tribune since its establishment, and that he regarded him the ablest editor in the United States, if not in the world, and believed he exerted more influence in the country than any other man, not excepting the President of the United States. He declared him the equal, if not the superior, of Benjamin Franklin.

“You know, Mr. Hoskins,” said Lincoln, “that Benjamin Franklin was the first Postmaster General, and I have always regretted that I could not in 1861 appoint Greeley to that office. But I am determined, Mr. Hoskins, if I am reelected and reinaugurated to appoint him Postmaster General. Seward wants to go to England, and that will give me the opportunity. But in any event, Mr. Hoskins, I shall appoint him. He is worthy of it, and my mind is made up.”

Hoskins asked if he were at liberty to tell Mr. Greeley of his intentions. “Certainly,” said Lincoln, “this is what I intended to tell him if he had come himself. I shall not fail, if God spares my life, to keep this solemn promise.”

Greeley Skeptical

Hoskins reached New York the same evening, and going di-
rectly to Greeley’s office conveyed the result of his interview. When he had finished, Greeley, in his high-keyed voice asked: “Hoskins, do you believe that lie?”

The latter replied that he believed Lincoln would do exactly as he promised.

“I don’t,” retorted Greeley.

“I’ll stake my life on it,” replied the up-state congressman.

Thereafter Greeley became silent, his eyes fixed on the floor apparently in deep thought, and Hoskins retired. The next morning the Tribune blew the long wished-for blast that ended its languishing campaign. An editorial, nearly two columns in length closed as follows:

“Henceforth we fly the banner of ABRAHAM LINCOLN for the next President. Let the country shake off its apathy, let it realize what is the price of defeat—a price neither we nor the world can afford; let it be understood how near we are to the end of the rebellion, and that no choice is left us now but the instrument put into our hands, and that we CAN and MUST finish it * * * Mr. Lincoln has done seven-eighths of the work after his fashion; there must be vigor and virtue enough left in him to do the other fraction. The work is in his hands. We MUST reelect him, and God helping us, we will.

“After this,” continued Mr. Alexander, “the secret second convention scheme quickly collapsed, while John C. Fremont, whom discontented Republicans and War Democrats had nominated for President at Cleveland in the preceding May, hurriedly withdrew. Then came General Sheridan’s victories in the Shenandoah Valley, followed by the reelection and later the reinauguration of the President.

Hoskins frequently called on Greeley, but the subject of the cabinet position was not discussed until the 14th of April, when Hoskins dropped in to see the Tribune editor.

Greeley fixed his eyes on Hoskins, and suddenly blazed forth, “Hoskins, didn’t I tell you it was a lie?”

Hoskins replied that the great events pending since the close of the war had given the President no time to make cabinet changes.
“However, since you are impatient, I will run over to Washington on the night train,” said he.

He arrived at 7 a.m., April 15, and as he stepped from the car he heard the cry of a newsboy—“The President is assassinated—the President is dead!”
A Tribune Life of Lincoln

(Herald-Tribune, June 30, 1925)

Written Principally by John Locke Scripps—Greeley Collaborating

It is a notable and rather extraordinary fact that the most widely circulated life of Abraham Lincoln was written in the old Tribune office, at Nassau and Spruce streets, by John Locke Scripps, sixty-five years ago this summer, soon after Lincoln was nominated at the Chicago convention in June, 1860.

Mr. Scripps was founder of “The Chicago Democratic Press,” in 1851. In 1858 “The Chicago Press” and “The Chicago Tribune” were consolidated, with Mr. Scripps as chief editor.

Horace Greeley and John Locke Scripps were about equally potential in bringing about the 1860 nomination of Lincoln—Locke by his propaganda in “The Chicago Press and Tribune” and Greeley in the convention in smashing the Seward-Weed slate.

Scripps came on from Chicago, temporarily dropping his very important editorial work, in order to have Greeley’s help in writing this first authentic life.

Writing to his brother, the late George W. Scripps, of Detroit, in the summer of 1860, John Locke Scripps says:

“I have been getting out a campaign life of Lincoln for the million, which is published simultaneously by us and by The New York Tribune establishment. I presume a very large edition will be sold. I will send you a copy by this day’s mail. We sell them at the very low rate of $20 per thousand.”

Grace Locke Scripps Dyche, of Evanston, in 1900, when she wrote a memorial of her father, John Locke Scripps, had great difficulty in obtaining a copy of this 32-page pamphlet life of Lincoln, printed literally “for the million,” and sold at 2 cents apiece.

Joseph Medill, partner of Mr. Scripps, wrote Mrs. Dyche in 1895 that he had not seen a copy of the pamphlet since the 1871 Chicago fire, which consumed those owned by “The Chicago Tribune.”

Whitelaw Reid informed Mrs. Dyche: “Answering your recent
inquiry concerning the pamphlet life of Lincoln, by your father, I regret to say that no trace of it can be found here. The fact that forty years have elapsed and that The Tribune counting room has undergone two removals during the construction of the new building, one riot and some small fires in the interval, will serve to explain why papers that have served their purposes are not apt to be found on file.

This pamphlet life, "printed for the million," is very rarely found outside of Lincoln collections. One with the Chicago imprint sells for close to $150.

Lincoln scrutinized every word of the Scripps pamphlet. Scripps wrote that Lincoln in his youth had read Plutarch's Lives, it being a well known work in the middle West even at that time. When the advance sheets of the book reached Mr. Lincoln he sent for Mr. Scripps (who went to Springfield on the call) and said gravely: "That paragraph wherein you said I read Plutarch's Lives was not true when you wrote it, for up to that moment in my life I had never see that early contribution to human history, but I want your book, even if it is nothing more than a campaign sketch, to be faithfully to the facts, and in order that that statement might be literally true I secured the book a few days ago and have just read it through."

Incidentally, this was no slight task, as Lincoln was busy day and night following the nominating convention meeting delegations, politicians and officeseekers.

This pamphlet life by Scripps is the only one that can be considered as undeniably authentic. The other early lives by William Dean Howells, J. H. Barrett, J. Q. Howard, D. W. Bartlett, and one or two others, doubtless had the sanction of Lincoln, but there is no record that he read and revised them in advance, as he did the one written almost wholly in the old Tribune office. In view of this, Scripps' description of Lincoln's characteristics is interesting:

"In his personal habits Mr. Lincoln is as simple as a child. He loves a good dinner and eats with the appetite which goes with a great brain, but his food is plain and nutritious. He never drinks intoxicating liquors of any sort. He is not addicted to tobacco in any of its shapes. He was never accused of a licentious act in life. He never uses profane language. He never gambles. He is particu-
larly cautious about incurring pecuniary obligations for any purpose whatever, and in debt he is never content until the score is discharged. We presume he owes no man a dollar. He never speculates. The rage for the sudden acquisition of wealth never took hold of him. His gains from his profession have been moderate, but sufficient for his purposes. While others have dreamed of gold, he has been in pursuit of knowledge. In all his dealings he has the reputation of being generous but exact, and, above all, religiously honest. He would be a bold man who would say that Abraham Lincoln ever wronged a man out of a cent, or even spent a dollar that he had not honestly earned. His struggles in early life have made him careful of money, but his generosity with his own is proverbial. He is a regular attendant upon religious worship, and, though not a communicant, is a pewholder and liberal supporter of the Presbyterian Church in Springfield, to which Mrs. Lincoln belongs. He is a scrupulous teller of the truth—too exact in his notions to suit the atmosphere of Washington as it now is. His enemies may say that he tells black Republican lies; but no man ever charged that, in a professional capacity or as a citizen dealing with his neighbors, he would depart from the Scriptural command. At home he lives like a gentleman of modest means and simple tastes. A good sized house of wood, simply but tastefully furnished, surrounded by trees and flowers, is his own; there he lives at peace with himself, the idol of his family, and for his honesty, ability and patriotism the admiration of his countrymen.”
Abraham Lincoln’s Four Loves
(New York World, Feb. 10, 1929)

A Braham Lincoln and the women he loved present a composite strongly appealing to Americans even a century after the near-drama, near-epic, began to unfold at New Salem, on the Sangamon Bottom in the Prairie State, when all the buildings were of log, and all their inhabitants humble.

The main features of Lincoln’s love affairs—the man himself and three of the four women—are definite and capable of appraisal. The detritus of the years will not greatly obscure or change them. But when it comes to Ann Rutledge, Lincoln’s first love—Ann of the Titian hair—the historians have as yet failed definitely to picture her. Her outline is still dim.

Historians, with growing intensity, dispute about Ann. Herndon, who wrote a notable biography of his long-time law partner, says that Lincoln truly and passionately loved her, that his love was returned, and that Ann’s death nearly drove Lincoln insane with grief. Other writers say that Ann’s passing caused Lincoln only temporary grief, and point to the record showing that he soon loved three other women, finally marrying Mary Todd.

Proposes Marriage To Four Women

The latest “light” on the love of Abraham and Ann is furnished by the Atlantic Monthly, in a series on Lincoln at New Salem. But the Atlantic’s articles, by Lincoln manuscript experts, are denounced as worthless, and the letters purporting to be written by Lincoln as spurious and devoid of credibility.

Counting Ann Rutledge the first to awaken in Lincoln the tender passion, he declared his love for and proposed marriage to four, namely: Ann Rutledge, Mary S. Owens, Mary Todd and Sarah Rickard.

Lincoln undoubtedly would have made Ann Rutledge his wife. Mary Owens jilted him.

Sarah Rickard doubtless could have had him for a mate, but she chilled his advances.
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Mary Todd of Lexington, Ky., handsome, dashing, talented, and amazingly far-sighted and ambitious, saw the coming statesman and ruler in the gangling young Springfield attorney, and married him, after a somewhat weird and tempestuous courtship.

In 1931 it will be a full hundred years since Lincoln appeared in New Salem, Ill., a village hamlet of scarce 100 inhabitants. He arrived on a flatboat loaded with farm produce, and was headed ultimately for New Orleans.

New Salem 100 years ago had prospects of permanency, but the tide of growth and immigration passed by, leaving it to die, so that in a few years only one dwelling remained to mark the spot where Lincoln began his career as storekeeper, surveyor, law student and legislator. The present village of Petersburg, county seat of Menard, is nearest to what was once New Salem. The State of Illinois has begun at New Salem the replacement of log cabin dwellings as a Lincoln memorial and shrine, making the hamlet look as it did 100 years ago.

Lincoln Arrived At New Salem

On the spring day in 1831 when Lincoln, his fosterbrother, John Johnston, and his cousin, John Hanks, guided their flatboat into the Rutledge-Cameron millpond and stranded it on the lip of the dam on account of low water, there was no thought that the rude figure who, with rolled up trousers, struggled to get his boat over the dam would in thirty years be President of the United States, directing from the White House both the political and military battles of the Nation. There was nothing on that spring day even remotely to suggest that last month in Philadelphia a three-page letter written by Lincoln would sell for $11,750.

Doubtless Ann Rutledge was one of those who hurried to the bluff overlooking the millpond to watch the boatmen get their craft over the dam. Ann probably waited on Lincoln at dinner in the Rutledge tavern that day, and perhaps laughed with others at Lincoln's drollery. Within four years the two were all the world to each other!

But as for love on that spring day at the Rutledge tavern, there couldn't have been any, for Ann Rutledge already had a suitor, young John McNeil, the richest man of the countryside, who de-
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termined to have Ann Rutledge, the handsomest girl in the settlement, for his bride. McNeil at the time was a storekeeper, with one Samuel Hill as partner.

Ann Shocked by McNeil’s Duplicity

Ann Rutledge was golden-red haired, blue eyes, average height, with a well rounded figure, and vivacious. She was an expert in spinning and weaving, as well educated as the average, and was dreaming of going to Jacksonville Female Seminary for advanced schooling. Both McNeil and his store partner, Hill, were in love with her, but McNeil won first place, and they were betrothed. McNeil’s triumph ended his partnership with Hill, who started a rival store.

On Lincoln’s return from New Orleans, where he took his flatboat and sold his cargo for Denton Offut, he returned to New Salem and went to work for Offut in his store. He made friends rapidly. Physical prowess meant much in the new prairie settlements, and Lincoln soon became known as best runner, best swimmer, best jumper, and best wrestler.

There was an election in August of the first year Lincoln was in New Salem, and the polls were late in opening, as there was no clerk. Lincoln volunteered, and surprised every one with the ease and exactness with which he discharged his duties.

By early fall of 1831 he was started on his career as a country merchant, and a little later he took up surveying, became Postmaster, and then began the study of law.

John McNeil went along by that name until on a certain occasion he asked Lincoln to draw a deed. James Rutledge, Ann’s father, was financially embarrassed, and had to sell his farm to McNeil, who as usual in such deals, got the property “dirt cheap.”

McNeil told Lincoln his real name was McNamar, not McNeil, and explained to Lincoln how a few years before he left his home in Western New York he had changed his name from McNamar to McNeil, so that he wouldn’t be bothered by his home folk. McNamar, following this transaction, announced that he was going back to York State to get his aged parents and bring them to New Salem to live.

The revelation of McNamar’s duplicity was a shock to the New
Salem people and it especially embarrassed Ann Rutledge after McNamar left town. Gossippers soon had it that McNamar had deserted his wife in the East, that he had a criminal record, and that he was getting out because the Rutledges had gone bankrupt. At this time he was rated the richest man in New Salem, and worth close to $10,000.

The days, weeks and months slipped by, and Ann Rutledge began to worry about her absent lover. He did not write. She grew wan waiting for the letter that never came. Lincoln had been appointed Postmaster. He noted Ann’s growing dejection from time to time as she asked for mail, and he was obliged to say that there was no letter for her. Lincoln’s sympathy grew into admiration, and developed into something even stronger when Lincoln discovered that with McNamar gone Samuel Hill began to hint that Ann was partial to him.

McNamar loved money. He now owned James Rutledge’s mill, tavern and farm, and Ann would at the utmost have been an undowered bride. Whoever represented McNamar in his prolonged absence following the bankruptcy of James Rutledge and John Cameron, permitted the Rutledges and Camerons to occupy the old Cameron log house at Sand Ridge, owned by McNamar.

Won His Second Race for the Legislature

This was the situation in 1834 when Lincoln for the second time was a candidate for the Legislature. He had failed two years before because he was so little known. This time he won handsomely. In November Lincoln walked 100 miles to Vandalia, the State Capital. He wore a new suit of clothes bought with borrowed money. His pay was $3 a day for the session. The Legislature convened Dec. 1 and was in session until Feb. 13, 1835. If Lincoln wrote to Ann during this period the Rutledge family did not preserve the letters. When Lincoln returned to New Salem at the end of February and resumed his duties as Postmaster and surveyor, the Rutledges were living seven miles away. According to New Salem tradition, Ann Rutledge “worked out” that winter for “Uncle Jimmie” Short, Lincoln’s warm friend.

Ann Rutledge, worried sick over the disappearance of McNamar and her father’s bankruptcy and physical weakness, fell a
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victim to typhoid malaria in the summer of 1835, and died on Aug. 25. She was buried in the old Concord Cemetery, a mile away from the Cameron home. Her father at the time was fatally sick.

McGrady Rutledge, Ann's cousin, said he went to New Salem and told Lincoln of Ann's serious illness two weeks before her death, and that Lincoln rode out and visited her.

Accounts differ with reference to the effect of Ann's death on Lincoln. The New Salem historians accept as truth the statement by Mary Berry Sears, whose brother, William Berry, was Lincoln's store partner. Mary Berry was thirteen years old at Ann's death.

"Ann Rutledge," said Mrs. Sears, "was Lincoln's sweetheart. One evening shortly before her death a terrible storm was raging. Some one at our gate called, 'Hello!' Father went to the door, and looking out into the gathering darkness and rain, said:

"'Is that you Abe?'

"'Yes,' answered Lincoln.

"'Come in out of the storm.'

"'No, I'm on my way to see Ann. Have you heard whether she is better?'

"'We have not heard, but you cannot go on in this storm. Bring your saddlebags in and stop till morning.'"

"Finally," said Mrs. Sears, "he was prevailed upon to stay. However, he did not go to bed, but walked the floor all night, and very early in the morning, the storm having subsided, he started on his way to Concord, the home of Ann Rutledge, a few miles north of Petersburg."

Well supported and accredited testimony of contemporaries in New Salem confirmed the general belief that Lincoln was terribly shaken by Ann's death. He could neither eat nor sleep, and he took to wandering in quiet places. His friends feared he would go insane.

One night at William G. Green's house during a storm Lincoln, showing deep grief, wept. Green quietly urged him to control himself. He replied:

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Acknowledged Love When in White House

"Bill, I can't. I'm overcome when I think of the storm and sleet and rain beating on Ann's grave."

Years afterwards, at the White House, to a long time friend, Lincoln said of Ann: "I truly loved the girl," and then added, "and I have loved the name of Rutledge ever since."

Lincoln's second love affair was in 1836, a year after the death of Ann Rutledge. Mrs. Bennett Able of New Salem, a woman of matchmaking propensities, made up her mind that Lincoln needed a wife and she set about providing him one. Her unmarried sister, Mary S. Owens, living in Kentucky, was a year older than Lincoln, but Mrs. Able judged that Lincoln needed just such a mate. She banteringly told Lincoln that she was going to send for her sister, Mary, and that after she came to New Salem he, Lincoln, was to marry her. Mary's cousin, Mrs. Hardin Bale, described Miss Owens:

"She was blue-eyed, dark haired, handsome—not pretty—was rather large and tall, and truly handsome, over ordinary height and weight and matronly looking." Miss Owens came of a good Kentucky family.

Lincoln was attracted to her and asked her to marry him. The course of their love did not run smoothly. Mary was obstinate, and did not like Lincoln's somewhat uncouth ways. He was not attentive in little courtesies.

Proposed by Letter and Was Rejected

While Lincoln was attending the Legislature in Vandalia in 1836-37 he wrote to Mary Owens. During this session it was decided to make Springfield the new State capital. Lincoln soon thereafter moved from New Salem to Springfield and took up a residence over the store run by his close friend, Joshua F. Speed.

Lincoln wrote Miss Owens two or three letters, none of them lover-like or ardent. In one missive he told her that if she married him and came to Springfield to live it would not be possible for her to ride around in a carriage, like her friends, and after painting the future as drab as possible he ended his letter by asking her to marry him.
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She flatly refused him, to his intense surprise and chagrin, and then Lincoln found that after all he really did care for her. But that was the end of the courtship.

Later, Miss Owens, giving her reason for jilting Lincoln, said: "Mr. Lincoln was deficient in those little links which make up the path of a woman's happiness."

It was in December, 1839, when Mary Todd, who was to become the wife of Lincoln and the mistress of the White House during the most perilous period of the Nation's history, met Lincoln. Mary was the daughter of Robert Todd of Lexington, Ky., and was born on Dec. 13, 1818. This made her more than nine years younger than Lincoln. Her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards of Springfield, was the mistress of a handsome home in the new State capital, and the first session of the Legislature in Springfield, with Lincoln and Ninian Edwards members, was ushered in with a cotillion party at the American House. Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. O. H. Browning had much to do with the ball. Mary Todd was well educated, handsome, vivacious, and disposed to assert herself.

**Mary Todd Attended the State Ball**

Mary Todd was at the ball, dressed "within an inch of her life." Mme. Mentelle's School in Lexington had taught all the dances, and Mary knew all of them. She was the best dancer, the best dressed woman, and the belle of the ball that night in the American House when Abraham Lincoln first saw her.

Major John Todd Stuart, Lincoln's first law partner, also was there, and Mary Todd was a cousin of Major Stuart. When Mary asked who the very tall man telling stories to a group of men was, Major Stuart told her, and she requested that Stuart bring Lincoln over and introduce him. This was done. When they shook hands the tall man looked straight into the eyes of the sprightly and winsome Mary, and his matrimonial fate was settled from that minute, although their courtship was to be almost shattered by Lincoln's inept ways in keeping his troth.

Of course Mary Todd had other suitors. Only one other need be mentioned—Stephen A. Douglas, already far advanced in law and politics, brilliant, polished, eloquent and persuasive. Mary no doubt, after doubts and fears, chose the gaunt Lincoln. She said
later that from the first she had believed that some day he would be President.

“That was why I married him for you know he is not handsome,” she said.

**Wedding Delayed**

Between December, 1839, when they first met, and Jan. 1, 1841, they had met, courted, plighted their troth, quarreled, been reconciled, quarreled again, and parted almost violently.

According to Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, Abraham and Mary were to have been married early in January, 1841. There doubtless always will be controversy over whether the wedding date was definitely set. Herndon says it was. Katherine Helm, who wrote a book about her aunt, says Herndon was in gross error.

Just what happened between the lovers in January, 1841, is a good deal of a mystery. But there is no doubt about the distracted condition of Lincoln's mind. On Jan. 23, Lincoln wrote to Major John T. Stuart, then a member of Congress, as follows:

“I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be any better I cannot tell; I awfully forbode that I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or get better, it seems to me.”

In the interim between January, 1841, when his quarrel with Mary Todd made him miserable and automatically postponed any thought of their wedding, and November, 1842, when Abraham and Mary were married, Lincoln's troubled mind was saved from possible wreckage by hard work. He was a member of the Legislature, and as a practicing lawyer he “rode the circuit” to various county seats.

He seemed also to yearn for the companionship of women, for he soon formed an attachment for and paid attention to Miss Sarah Rickard, a Springfield girl.

**“Filled In” During Break With Mary**

Sarah Rickard seemed to “fill in” during the period when Lincoln’s heartstrings were overwrought with his unfulfilled troth with
Mary Todd. She was bright, winsome, and at first welcomed Lincoln’s attention. Despite Abraham’s resolution expressed in his letter to Mrs. Browning, “never again to think of marrying,” and his misery provoking break with Miss Todd, he soon found more or less solace in the companionship of young Miss Rickard. Few knew of this affair until Jesse W. Weik, who assisted William H. Herndon in writing the Herndon-Weik life of Lincoln, published in 1889, recorded the main incidents in his book “The Real Lincoln” (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1922.

Whether the Rickards threw cold water on the warm friendship between Lincoln and the younger Rickard sister may never be known. One thing is known, however, and that is that Mary Todd all this time kept watch on her former lover. Her affection for him, despite the break, had not abated, and in writing to friends Lincoln spoke in most tender terms of Mary. Lincoln went on with his law practice and other interests, including politics, meeting Mary Todd often when he was home from the circuit work. Mary meanwhile had regained her exuberant spirits. She and Julia Jayne were bosom friends. Both were political partisans, and quite frequently contributed to the columns of the Sangamon Journal, edited by Lincoln’s friend Simeon Francis. In fact Lincoln wrote editorials for this journal whenever occasion prompted.

It was a controversy begun in Francis’s paper that led to the reuniting of Abraham and Mary, and, incidentally, also led to Lincoln’s being challenged to a duel by Gen. James Shields, at the time State Auditor of Illinois and a leading Democrat. Shields was Irish, fiery, stout-hearted, and not to be trifled with. He had a good record as an officer in the Mexican War and in Illinois politics was regarded as a man to be reckoned with.

State scrip currency was much depreciated. Gen. Shields and other State officials brought about the issuance of an order making the State currency non-legal tender for the payment of taxes. Thus Shields was in the position of refusing to accept in payment of his own salary the depreciated scrip he was issuing. Lincoln wrote a letter purporting to be from “Aunt Rebecca” of the “Lost Townships,” ridiculing Gen. Shields. The article excited much mirth. Doubtless Shields’ wrath would have cooled but for the appearance in the same paper of a second letter, written by Miss Jayne and Miss
Abraham Lincoln’s Four Loves

Todd, and like the first letter written by Lincoln, the second was signed “Aunt Rebecca.” The satire was carried to the extreme, “Aunt Rebecca” offering to accept Gen. Shields’s hand in marriage if that would assuage his injured feelings. Gen. Shields was infuriated by the second letter. He sent a friend to Francis demanding the name of the author of the two letters. Lincoln was out of town and could not be consulted. Francis felt impelled to reply, and wishing to shield the girls, said that Lincoln was the author. Shields accompanied by a friend, followed Lincoln to Tremont, where Lincoln was attending court, and challenged him to a duel. Lincoln, after futile efforts to smooth the matter out, finally accepted the challenge. The combat, which was to have taken place at Alton, opposite St. Louis, finally was called off, after Gen. Shields became satisfied that Lincoln had had nothing to do with the second letter.

Mrs. Francis, who was a warm friend of Mary Todd, saw an opportunity to bring the estranged lovers together. They had a number of secret meetings at Mrs. Francis’ house, and reached a quick agreement to be married at once. The next day was Friday. It was not a day which Lincoln or Mary would have chosen for their wedding, but each feared delay. Lincoln took out a marriage license, and they were married the same day by the Rev. Charles Dresser of the Episcopal Church. The Sangamon Journal on Nov. 11, 1842, carried the following marriage notice:

“MARRIED: In this city, on the 4th instant, at the home of Ninian W. Edwards, Esq., by the Rev. Charles Dresser, ABRAHAM LINCOLN to MISS MARY TODD, daughter of Robert S. Todd, Esq., of Lexington, Ky.”

Could Not Have Home of Their Own

Informal as the wedding was, Mary had as her bridesmaid Julia Jayne, afterward the wife of Lyman Trumbull, United States Senator, and Annie Rodney, sister-in-law of William L. Day. Lincoln had as his attendants James H. Matheney and Beverley Powell. About forty people were present at the wedding. Springfield people were happy over it, although some of them expressed wonder how such a strangely mated couple would get on together.

The newlyweds were in no position to have a home of their own at once. They went to live at the Globe Tavern, where they
had to pay $2 a week each for room and board. Here they lived until after the birth of their first child, Robert, Aug. 1, 1843. So far as known Lincoln's only written allusion to his wedding was in a note to Sam Marshall, one week after the wedding:

"Nothing new here except my marriage, which to me is a matter of profound wonder."

Lincoln was elected to Congress in the fall of 1846, and Mrs. Lincoln was very happy over the prospect of going to Washington. She predicted to her friends that Mr. Lincoln would go on from one position of honor to another, hinting that he would reach the top.

His Wife Had a Quick Temper

Mary Todd Lincoln had a quick temper, and more than once, to the embarrassment of her husband, she made "scenes," which no doubt she regretted. But she was a good housekeeper, economical, loving to her children, and gradually, but not very tactfully "spruced up" her husband.

On Feb. 1, 1850, the Lincolns lost their little son, Edward, four years old. The Episcopal rector being out of town, they called in the Rev. James Smith of the Presbyterian Church, and thereafter Mrs. Lincoln attended his Church. Their third child, William Wallace, was born on Dec. 21, 1850. Robert was now a lad of seven, attending school in Springfield, and she had to care for him as well as the new baby.

As wife of President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln had her hands and heart full while at the White House, especially after the death of Willie, a crushing blow to both father and mother. Mrs. Lincoln seemed driven almost to insanity over the loss. Three of her brothers were in the Confederate Army, and died in battle. She was not permitted, on account of her position, to shed a tear for them in public. She was devoted to the cause so nobly upheld by her husband-President. This narrative is not intended to cover all her troubles at the White House, or her mental breakdown following the assassination of her husband.
Lincoln’s Gift to a College

(New York Herald-Tribune)

Abraham Lincoln in February, 1864, gave $100 to Baker University at Baldwin, Kan. So far as known this was his sole outright money donation to education.

In the “Annals” of Baker University, under date of February, 1864, is the entry which gives this modest Methodist institution a unique distinction:

“Donation of $100.00 by Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, to apply on the new college building on the Campus.”

Baker University is a Methodist school, named for Osman C. Baker, the president of the first session of the Kansas-Nebraska Conference, and was founded in 1857.

Lincoln profoundly believed in advanced education, as shown by his sending his son, Robert Todd, to Exeter, and then to Harvard. Other young colleges and schools had a warm spot in his heart, but he never gave them any money. The seminary at Jacksonville, Ill., was near to his early activities and was where Ann Rutledge, his first sweetheart, planned to go and where he himself wanted to go while she was there. Like other budding institutions of learning in the Middle West in that period, Baker was in need of money, and the struggle for growth was long and hard.

Lincoln historians have puzzled over Lincoln’s exceptional treatment of Baker, and the inside story may never be known. The name Baker certainly appealed to Lincoln, for his dear friend, Colonel Edward Baker, was killed at Ball’s Bluff early in the Civil War. But Colonel Baker, so far as known, was not related to Bishop Baker.

The most plausible theory is that Kansas was dear to Lincoln, and he saw in the pioneer college at Baldwin the beginning of a culture that should give that state a notable place in the Union. Kansas was most bitterly fought for by the anti-slavery and slavery advocates on the passage of Senator Stephen A. Douglas’ Kansas-Nebraska bill, which in effect let down the barriers against the ex-
tension of slavery into the new territories and set the entire country aflame.

Dr. O. G. Markham, one of the publishing agents of the Methodist Book Concern, says the record seems clear that the gift was obtained by the personal solicitation of William H. Scholfield, financial agent of Baker University, who came east to solicit funds.

The probability is that Bishop Matthew Simpson, of the Methodist Church, who was close to Lincoln, spoke to the President about Scholfield and Baker University, and that Lincoln was convinced of the merit of the enterprise and gave the $100, possibly at some inconvenience to himself.

Lincoln's estate, when administered by Judge David Davis, disclosed the fact that Lincoln while President had very little ready money. He did not take gold in payment of his salary. The Treasury Department would have extended this courtesy, but Lincoln said he would take the government's bonds, at that time greatly depreciated, in lieu of the cash.

Lincoln told Auguste Laugel, a French gentleman of letters, who printed a book about Lincoln and the War, that on account of lack of money he entertained very little at the White House.

It is understood that the building on the campus at Baker University which Lincoln's $100 helped to build is still in use, although not in the best condition. Among Baker's better known graduates was the late Bishop William A. Quayle, orator and poet, and the Rev. Dr. Merton N. Rice, of Detroit.
Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation--
How the Spiders Helped

(N. Y. Herald-Tribune, 1926)

Lincoln wrote the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation a little at a time on the desk of the late Major Thomas T. Eckert, of New York, in the Cipher Room of the War Department Telegraph Office, on the second floor of the old War Department Building in Washington during the summer of 1862.

He had the daily “help” of a small colony of spiders, the inhabitants of a spacious nest, or series of webs, housed between the double window sashes at the end of Eckert’s desk.

For two weeks or more he watched these spiders as in his spare time he secretly framed the paragraphs of the history-making document.

David Homer Bates, manager of the War Department Telegraph Office during the war, says that Lincoln seemed to take a real pleasure in watching the spiders, which Bates, Eckert, Chandler and Tinker, the cipher operators, jealously protected after they noticed that Lincoln paid special attention to them.

Mr. Bates* is the sole survivor of the cipher room. Last night at the Hotel Ansonia, where he and Mrs. Bates live, he told how Lincoln came to write the proclamation in the cipher room, and of his unaffected interest in the spiders, which seemed to reciprocate his attention, for they “performed” for him from time to time as he settled himself at Eckert’s desk. Said Mr. Bates:

“He dubbed them ‘Eckert’s lieutenants,’ and that’s what we got to calling them. There seemed to be two or three families between the sashes, and they usually had some kind of doings that engrossed the President. Lincoln naturally was a secretive man. He took people into his confidence only to the extent to which their cooperation would be available for good, and no further.

First Draft of Emancipation Proclamation

“He exercised extreme caution with the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. He seemed to feel entirely at ease in

[65]
the cipher room, and he came to us usually three times a day, morning, noon and night. When battles were in progress, or the army was doing anything vitally important, he frequently would stay pretty much all night, either to get the latest news or to issue orders.

"He didn't let Stanton, or Seward, or in fact any of his Cabinet know when he began the first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. He had saved 'Tom' Eckert from dismissal by Secretary Stanton and Eckert deeply appreciated it, and couldn't do enough to show his gratitude. Perhaps that is why Lincoln chose Captain Eckert's desk in the cipher room to work at.

"Lincoln would come into the office from the White House, which was nearby, every morning after breakfast, and he'd greet the first one he caught sight of as a father would speak to his boy. 'Well, Homer, what's the news this morning?' he'd say. Once, after a mustard plaster had left a red band running up my neck into the hair, he spotted it and said, looking straight at me, with a smile at all of us: 'Here, you young man with the sore neck, what's the latest from Grant?'

"That's the way he was—he'd lighten the gloom, every time, if there was any gloom.

"To go back to the Emancipation Proclamation, he would drop into a chair at Eckert's desk, lean over for a look at 'Eckert's lieutenants,' that is, the spiders, comment on changes in the webs, or the acquisition of flies or insects, and then he'd take out of a private drawer the uncompleted proclamation, whose promulgation a few months later marked a high spot in American history.

"Scanning what he already had written, he would sit stock still for a minute or two as he buckled his mind to what he wanted to write next. Another glance at the spiders, a hitch to the chair, a glance out of the window, and then, with the right words in mind he'd write a few lines, pausing to read over the documents as far as he'd got.

**Lincoln a Slow Writer**

"He didn't write much at a time and he didn't write rapidly, but what he did write was beautifully done, with no interlineations or erasures. After the first day or two of this kind of work all four
cipher men knew what he was doing, as he made no secret about it with Eckert, who was the guardian of the draft.

"That's the way the Emancipation Proclamation grew, a little at a time, with a new paragraph every day or two. As I said in the beginning, the spiders intermittently had his attention. What they were doing, especially as they threw out filaments and found anchorages for them, like a general establishing new lines of communication—all such marvellous little things challenged Lincoln's thought. What the spiders were doing seemed to lubricate the big man's mental machinery, much as a jest or pertinent anecdote would do at other times.

**Lincoln and Eckert**

"The bond between Lincoln and Eckert was strong. Secretary Stanton one day in an especially black mood had Eckert 'on the carpet.' In the presence of General Sanford and others he charged him with neglect of duty, unfitness, and with 'leaking' information to the newspaper correspondents, Eckert hotly denied every charge and inuendo, and under suppressed excitement demanded immediate acceptance of his resignation, which he wrote out on the spot.

"Before the colloquy was over the President slipped into the room and stood immediately behind Captain Eckert. Eckert felt a hand on his shoulder, and supposed it was General Sanford. He discovered it was Lincoln.

"There was the stillness of death as we awaited the climax of the tense drama.

"'Mr. Secretary,' said Lincoln, addressing his War Secretary with great dignity, 'I heard your charge against Captain Eckert. To my personal knowledge Captain Eckert is faithful to duty, competent in every way, and worthy of the highest trust.'

"Instantly," continued Mr. Bates, "the atmosphere in the room changed. Eyes were glued on the embarrassed Secretary of War. There was only one thing for Stanton to do, and he did it.

"Picking up Eckert's resignation he tore it to shreds. Reaching for the order of dismissal which he already had signed, he destroyed that also. Facing Eckert and Lincoln he said:

"'I apologize to Captain Eckert for acting on insufficient in-
form. Captain Eckert, you are no longer a captain. I shall appoint you a major as soon as the commission can be made out.'

"This promise he made good the next day.

"That," continued Mr. Bates, "explained the bond between Lincoln and Eckert. The President deputized Major Eckert to personally act for him in the notable Hampton Roads Peace Parley in February, 1865, at which Jefferson Davis was represented by Alexander H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter and John A. Campbell. Major Eckert did his work with the maximum of skill and ability. As is generally known here in New York, Major Eckert not long after the close of the war became president of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

"To-night, more than 60 years afterward," continued Mr. Bates, "I can see the thrilling dama in the telegraph office of the War Department, with Lincoln as the commanding figure. The flood of years has obliterated many things, but it has left Lincoln grander than ever. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, and later editor of the Sun, said that Lincoln in his judgments was the least faulty of any man he ever knew. I agree with him. He was the wisest, most humane, most lovable man I ever met. I do not wonder that Stanton on that dreadful 15th of April morning in the Peterson house across from Ford's Theatre, as Lincoln breathed his last, exclaimed, 'Now he belongs to the ages!' There is no bounding of the spiritual depths of the First American."

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*Footnote—David Homer Bates died June 15, 1926.—C. T. W.*
Lincoln-Grant Whisky Myth

(N. Y. Herald-Tribune, Feb. 12, 1928)

The most famous Lincoln myth—a beloved vagabond in Lincoln literature—the one about the Emancipator upon a notable occasion declaring he would like to know Grant’s brand of whisky, so that he could send a barrel to each of his generals, waxes stronger with the years.

It is paraded at every Lincoln dinner by some popular speaker not sure of other anecdotes serving, but confident that this one will, and it is used to crush the extreme dry by the anti-prohibitionist not sure of his economic ground or of his facts and figures.

“You will recall,” says our wet friend, “that it was Lincoln himself who, when told by the drys that Grant’s liquor drinking would bring ruin to the Union arms, said that he wished he could learn the name of the particular brand of whisky Grant used so that he might send a barrel to each of his generals.”

Usually Given Credence

That usually does its devastating work—the dry himself not being sure that Lincoln did not say it, but forced to admit that it sounds as if Lincoln might have coined the phrase on the spur of the moment to silence Grant’s attackers.

Lincoln students for many years have been aware of the apochryphal character of the story when attributed to Lincoln, but inasmuch as Lincoln himself laughed at the patness of it it seems somewhat like a waste of time to apprehend the vagabond and attach an identification tag.

The credit of the origin of the quip, which has outlived the fame of its author, belongs to General Charles G. Halpine, of New York, who, as Miles O’Reilly, a correspondent of “The New York Herald,” first gave currency to it in a dispatch to “The Herald” on November 26, 1863, from Washington, Halpine, or “O’Reilly,” as he signed his contributions in “The Herald,” being at the time on the staff of General Halleck, in command of the Union armies, with headquarters in Washington.
Lincoln-Grant Whisky Myth

Slapstick in Vogue

In order to account for Halpine's vogue it is useful to recall the standard of American humor at the period. At the time of the Civil War, and for some years before, humor was invested with a slapstick quality since nearly outgrown. "Josh Billings," "Artemus Ward," "Petroleum V. Nasby," "Miles O'Reilly" and others were the humor currency of the period. What they wrote, or spoke from the lecture platform, was quoted generally.

General Halpine perhaps was the most brilliant, or at least the best educated, of the humorists of his time. "The Life and Adventures of Private Miles O'Reilly" was a best seller for a considerable period during the war.

In the latter part of November, 1863, General Halpine wrote for "The New York Herald" a five-column narrative, wholly fictitious, captioned "Miles O'Reilly at the White House," wherein he made himself the guest of honor at a large function, with notables, from President Lincoln and Lord Lyons down, attending to him.

It was in this narrative, which, when it appeared in "The Herald," occupied a place of honor equal to that given the victory of the Union army at Chattanooga, that Halpine sprang his quip—or the germ of it—about Lincoln and Grant's drinking. Halpine was an artist in painting with words a fictitious banquet, with plenty of drinking. Here is part of his dispatch describing the festivities in the White House:

"Colonel Hay, please touch the bell," said Mr. Lincoln, "and let Burgdorff, my messenger send us up the decanters and things. I have some French wines sent me from Paris by Secretary of Legation Pennington, whose tongue is so completely occupied in the business of tasting vintages that he has never had time to teach it French, though a resident in Paris many years. If you prefer whisky, I have some that can be relied upon—a present from Mr. Leslie Combs. I call it 'Grant's Particular,' and Halleck is about issuing an order that all his generals shall use it."

"To Health of Grant"

"With the news we have to-day from Chattanooga," said General Halleck gayly, "I think the country will indorse the order to
which Mr. Lincoln has referred. For my own part, I'll take some of that whisky—just enough to drown a mosquito, Kelton—and, with the President's permission, our first toast will be the health of Ulysses Grant, the river-horse of the Mississippi."

The narrative goes on to say: "Secretary Stanton seconded the toast in a neat and spirited address, Mr. Lincoln frequently applauding. The health was received with all the honors, every one present standing up while the liquor went down, and the company giving three cheers for General Grant, and then three more after that to top it off with."

The story of Miles O'Reilly at the White House, with details and colorful trimmings, was wholly imaginary. But the story "caught on" with a vengeance all over the country. The victory at Chattanooga put the North in good humor, and General Halpine's rollicking narrative added zest to it.

**Circulated as Lincoln's**

Thereafter the story of Grant's liquor drinking and Lincoln's alleged comment on it drifted into common use. Soon it became divested of Halpine's (O'Reilly's) authorship and circulated as Lincoln's own.

Friends of General Grant, and they were legion, when he began winning victories, brushed aside troublesome rumors about his overindulgence with the alleged Lincoln comment. Lincoln disclaimed authorship of the quip, but did so with such manifest appreciation of the quality of the humor it carried that even his disclaimer increased the popularity of the jest.

The War Department telegraphers were among the first to ask the President about the origin of the story. These men were his "boys," young fellows seeing him every day at the War Department telegraph office, where Lincoln called regularly to get the latest news.

**Refuted by Chandler**

The late Albert B. Chandler, president of the Postal Telegraph Company, one of the War Department telegraph operators, in 1895 went on record in refuting the myth in question. He wrote:
“Major Eckert asked Mr. Lincoln if the story of his interview with the complainants against General Grant was true, viz., that he had inquired solicitously where the general got his liquor, and, on being told that the information could not be given, the President replied that he would very much like to find out, so that he might get enough to send a barrel to each of his generals. Mr. Lincoln said that he had heard the story before and that it would have been very good if he had said it, but that he didn’t. He supposed it was ‘charged to him’ to give it currency.

Attributed to King George

“He then said the original of the story was in King George’s time. Bitter complaints were made to the King against his General Wolfe, in which it was charged that he was mad. The King replied angrily, ‘I wish he would bite some of my other generals, then.’ He then mentioned a bright saying which he had recently heard during the draft riots in New York, in which the Irish figured most conspicuously—‘It is said that General Kilpatrick is going to New York to quell the riot; but his name has nothing to do with it.’ ”

The late David Homer Bates in his book, “Lincoln Stories,” gives testimony similar to Colonel Chandler’s, and the late Chaplain James B. Merwin, commissioned by Lincoln to talk temperance to the soldiers, said in a formal statement that Lincoln told him that the joke was a hundred years old when he first heard it attributed to him (Lincoln).

Brevet Brigadier General Halpine was born in County Meath, Ireland, in 1829, the son of an Episcopal rector of the Established Church. He was graduated from Trinity and spent several years in London before coming to this country.

Wrote to Papers

He did editorial work on “The Boston Post,” “The New York Tribune” and “The New York Times” under Raymond. He was a poet, and his verse is in American anthologies. He enlisted in the 69th New York Regiment under Colonel Corcoran, and later joined the staff of General Hunter. His last duty in the service was under General John A. Dix in New York. He organized the Democratic Union, and opposed Boss Tweed in his own paper, “The
Citizen." He ran on an independent Democratic ticket for County Register and was elected, overcoming an adverse majority of 50,000. He died here at the age of thirty-nine from an overdose of morphine to induce sleep.

The late Robert B. Roosevelt, uncle of the President, who edited a volume of his poems, said his death was "a national calamity."

His forte was writing stories of imaginary banquets, with speeches, songs, repartee, etc., all of his own invention. He was a warm admirer of President Lincoln, whom he knew personally, but this fact did not prevent him from taking liberties with him in his fictitious narratives.
Lincoln at the Astor House

(New York Herald Tribune, 1926)

The old Astor House at Broadway and Barclay streets, whose smoke-stained granite blocks are being pried apart by the razors and builders could, if animate, tell engrossing tales of pomp and circumstance, and perhaps the most gripping of all would be a narrative with Abraham Lincoln as the central figure.

Lincoln, on his way to his inauguration at Washington spent the afternoon of the 19th of February, 1861, at the Astor House, where for a short time he confronted a throng of close to 30,000 people who did not give him a cheer or a handclap.

That assemblage, pressing in and around the Astor House and packing the spaces around St. Paul's church, over toward Ann street, and northward toward the City Hall (there being no Postoffice building at that time) was largely composed of men who voted against him in the fall of 1860, the county of New York going to Douglas by a vote of 62,293 to 33,290 for Lincoln. But the crowd was more than passively against Lincoln, for it consisted of unidentifiable thousands who in most unaccountable partisan hatred had vowed that Lincoln never should be sworn in as President, and who like the mobs at Baltimore stood for force and violence.

This mighty throng was tip-toe in its eagerness to see the tall rail-splitter President, leader of the new party which had defeated the Democrats and who had assigned himself the task of stopping those who wanted a free hand in the extension of slavery.

All along the route from Springfield to Albany, Lincoln's train had been met by cheering crowds. There were cheers a-plenty for him as he and his escort alighted from the Hudson River Railroad train on the lower West Side and in open barouches started for the Astor House by the way of Canal street and Broadway.

The party of the President-elect consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, their three sons, Robert T., William and Thomas, Lockwood Todd, Dr. William B. Wallace, John G. Nicolay, John Hay, Norman B. Judd, Lincoln's political adviser; Judge David Davis, Colonel E. V. Sumner, Major David Hunter, Captain George R.
Lincoln at the Astor House


The day was warm as mid-summer, and there was no lack of cordiality along the route as far as City Hall Park. There it was different. Whether by secret understanding or by accident, the crowd in and around the Astor House was sullen, unresponsive, and ready to take part in a hostile demonstration—even riot and bloodshed.

Its temper was demonstrated two years later in the draft riots when more than 1,000 people were killed and the Colored Orphan Asylum at Forty-Second street and Fifth avenue was burned.

Perhaps the most graphic description of the great throng that would not cheer the newly elected President or let his supporters cheer him in front of the Astor House on the warm, spring-like afternoon of February 19, 1861, is that by Walt Whitman, the poet, obscure at that time but now more fully recognized. Whitman is known chiefly on account of his verse, but he was equally master of prose, for he had long been a newspaper writer in Brooklyn and elsewhere.

"It was rather a pleasant afternoon in New York City as Lincoln arrived here from the West to remain a few hours and then pass on to Washington, to prepare for the inauguration," said Whitman, as reported years afterward in the New York Tribune. "I saw him on Broadway, near the site of the present postoffice. He came down, I think, from Canal street to stop at the Astor House.

"The broad spaces, streets and sidewalks in the neighborhood and for some distance, were crowded with solid masses of people—many thousands. The omnibuses and other vehicles had all been turned off, leaving an unusual hush in that busy part of the city.

Presently two or three shabby hack barouches made their way with some difficulty through the crowds, and drew up at the Astor House entrance.

"A tall figure slipped out of the centre of these barouches, paused leisurely on the sidewalk, looked up at the dark granite walls and looming architecture of the grand old hotel—then, after a relieving stretch of the arms and legs, turned round for over a min-
ute to scan slowly and good humoredly the appearance of the vast and silent crowds.

"There were no speeches—no compliments—no welcoming—so far as I could hear, not a word said. Still, much anxiety was concealed in that quiet. Cautious persons had feared some marked insult or indignity to the President-elect—for he possessed no personal popularity at all in New York City, and very little political.

"It was evidently tacitly agreed that the new political supporters of Mr. Lincoln present would entirely abstain from any demonstration on their side, if the immense majority, who were anything but supporters, would abstain on their side also. The result was a sulky, unbroken silence, such as certainly never before characterized so great a New York crowd.

"Almost in the same neighborhood I distinctly remembered seeing Lafayette, on his visit to America in 1825. I had also personally seen and heard how Andrew Jackson, Clay, Webster, Hungarian Kossuth, Filibuster Walker, the Prince of Wales on his visit, and other celebrities, native and foreign, had been welcomed there, at various times—all that indescribable human roar and magnetism, unlike any other sound in the universe, the glad, exulting, thunder-shouts of countless unloosed throats of men! But on this occasion not a voice, not a sound!

"From the top of an omnibus, drawn up on one side, close by, and blocked by the curbstone and crowds, I had, I say, a capital view of it all, and especially of Mr. Lincoln—his look and gait, his perfect composure and coolness—his unusual and uncouth height, his dress of complete black; stove-pipe hat pushed back on the head; his dark brown complexion, seamed and wrinkled, yet canny looking face; his black bushy head of hair, disproportionately long neck, and his hands held behind as he stood observing the people.

"He looked with curiosity upon that immense sea of faces, and the sea of faces returned the look with similar curiosity. In both there was a dash of comedy, almost farce, such as Shakespeare puts in his blackest tragedies. The crowd that hemmed around consisted, I should think, of thirty or forty thousand men, and not a single one his personal friend—while I have no doubt, so frenzied were the ferments of the time, many an assassin's knife and pistol
lurked in hip or breast pocket there, ready, soon as a break and riot came.

"But no break or riot came. The tall figure gave another relieving stretch or two of arms and legs; then with moderate pace, and accompanied by a few unknown looking persons, ascended the portico steps of the Astor House, disappeared through the broad entrance—and then the dumb show ended."

The next day at the Astor House was totally different. The newspapers on the morning of the 20th were cordial and the spirit of hospitality toward the new President asserted itself. Mayor Fernando Wood and the city officials carried through an impressive programme of welcome and Lincoln made an address at the City Hall outlining his firm purpose to keep the Union intact.

"There is nothing," said Lincoln at the City Hall, "that could ever bring me willingly to consent to the destruction of this Union, under which not only the great commercial city of New York, but the whole country, acquired its greatness, except it be for the purpose for which the Union itself was formed. I understand the ship to be made for the carrying and the preservation of the cargo, and so long as the ship can be saved with the cargo, it should never be abandoned, unless there appears no possibility of its preservation and it must cease to exist except at the risk of throwing overboard both freight and passengers."
Death of Robert T. Lincoln

(N. Y. Herald-Tribune, July 27, 1926)

The passing of Robert T. Lincoln leaves, so far as students of Lincoln have been able to discover, only one man, Henry B. Rankin, a retired banker of Springfield, Ill., who had personal relations with the Emancipator covering any considerable period. Mr. Rankin studied law for two years in Lincoln's Springfield office just prior to the election in 1860, and as a young man had close-range contact with Lincoln.

The death last month at the Hotel Ansonia of David Homer Bates, cipher code operator in the military telegraph office under Secretary Stanton, leaves the aged banker of Springfield with unique distinction as being the only one who can say he had extended day-by-day association with the historic Lincoln.

Corporal James Tanner, register of wills of the city of Washington, stood with Robert T. Lincoln on the morning of April 15, 1865, when the son saw his father breathe his last and heard Secretary Stanton say: "Now he belongs to the ages," and it doubtless is true that the famous Civil War soldier is the last survivor of the death bed scene.

One Speech About His Father

In the judgment of close students of Lincoln, Robert T. Lincoln did not really appreciate his father during their association. He knew of his unvarying gentleness and solicitude, but the strange reserve which prevented anyone from sharing with him the secrets of his soul kept even Robert beyond a barrier.

Despite the fact that his father sent him to Exeter and Harvard and paved the way to his being appointed captain on the staff of General Grant, and the further fact that later hundreds of letters came to him asking him to speak on or write about his father on recurring Lincoln Days, so far as the biographers have been able to discover he never made but one address on his father, and that was at Galesburg, Ill., on October 7, 1896, the thirty-eighth anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas joint debate at Galesburg. John
H. Finley, president of Knox College, presided. Ex-Senator Depew and S. S. McClure also were speakers.

Breaking his rule of refraining from eulogy of his father, Robert T. Lincoln said on that occasion:

"On an occasion of this peculiar significance it would suit me far better to be a listener or to give you hearty assurance of the grateful emotions that overcome me on witnessing this demonstration of respect for my father.

The Issue of "Right and Wrong"

"He knew that here he had many sympathizing friends, but what would have been his feelings could he have known that after nearly forty years, after his work was done over thirty years, there would come together such a multitude as this to do him honor! It is for others and not for me to say. I will give expression to but few thoughts.

"The issues of 1858 have long been settled. My father called the struggle one between right and wrong. In spite of the great odds against him he battled on, sustained by conscience and supported by the idea that when the fogs cleared away the people would be found on the side of right.

"He was right, and today not a man could be found who would not resist the evil against which he protested. This should give us confidence in our battle against the evils of our own time. Now, as then, there can be but one supreme issue, that between right and wrong.

"In our country there are no ruling classes. The right to direct public affairs according to his might and influence and conscience belongs to the humblest as well as to the greatest. The elections represent the judgments of individual voters. Perhaps at times one vote can destroy or make the country's prosperity for thirty years. The power of the people, by their judgments expressed through the ballot box, to shape their own destinies, sometimes make one tremble. But, it is times of danger, critical moments which bring into action the high moral quality of the citizenship of America. The people are always true. They are always right, and I have an abiding faith they will remain so."
Death of Robert T. Lincoln

Reticent About His Mother

Robert T. Lincoln would talk at length with his friends about his father, and during his latter years it delighted him to hear his father extolled. But he would not discuss his mother with any one outside his own immediate family circle. The terrible shock of her husband’s assassination temporarily unhinged the reasoning powers of Mrs. Lincoln, permitting her to do and say things which as mistress of the White House would never have come to the surface.

Henry B. Rankin in his volume of personal recollections of Lincoln tried to induce Robert T. Lincoln to assist him in writing a chapter about his mother that would set her in the most favorable light, but the son decided it would be better for him not to do so.

But he was valiant and jealous about anything directly or indirectly reflecting on his father. When William H. Herndon, Lincoln’s law partner for about twenty years, in 1889 published his “Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life,” he handled the paternity of Abraham Lincoln, and especially the paternity of Nancy Hanks, in a manner to incense Robert T., who construed it as an act of malice, for he wrote of Herndon and his work: “I became convinced that he was actuated by an intense malice, and was possessed of a most ingenious imagination. The malice arose, I am quite sure, from the fact that my father could not see his way, in view of Herndon’s personal character, to give him some lucrative employment during the War of the Rebellion.”

Robert’s Education Father’s Concern

Mr. Lincoln’s love and veneration for his father, especially during the closing years of his life, was most marked. While he would not accept invitations to Lincoln dinners and speak, he frequently wrote brief appreciative letters to be read.

Lincoln’s regard for his son Robert was deep-seated. Himself deprived of high educational advantages, he early determined that his oldest son should have the best. He sent him to Exeter, N. H., and later to Harvard, and to show his interest in the boy he went to Exeter on Saturday, March 3, 1860, and there made an address, covering the principal features of his Cooper Institute address in this city on the preceding February 27. He spent Sunday, March 4, with Robert, speaking at Hartford the next night.

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Historians agree that the Cooper Institute address together with those which followed in New England contributed mightily toward his nomination at Chicago the same year.

That Robert T. Lincoln was a vigorous fighter when aroused was shown by his success in rallying friends on both sides of the sea to prevent the installation of replicas in London and Paris of the George Gray Barnard Lincoln statue, the original of which is in Cincinnati. He enlisted former President Taft, Joseph H. Choate and others in this campaign. To former President Taft he wrote:

"When I first learned through the newspapers that your brother, Charles P. Taft, had caused to be made a large statue of my father for presentation to the city of Cincinnati I very naturally most gratefully appreciated the sentiment which moved him to do this. When however, the statute was exhibited early in this winter (letter dated March 22, 1917) I was deeply grieved by the result of the commission which Mr. Taft had given to Mr. Barnard. I could not understand and still do not understand any rational basis for such a work as he has produced. I have seen some of the newspaper publications inspired by him, one of which, printed in "The North American" of Philadelphia in November and another in "The Literary Digest" for January 6 last, attempt to make explanations which are anything but satisfactory, to me at least. He indicates, if I can understand him, that he scorned the use of the many existing photographs of President Lincoln and took as a model for his figure a man so chosen by him for the curious artistic reasons that he was 6 feet 4½ inches in height, was born on a farm fifteen miles from where Lincoln was born, was about forty years of age and had been splitting rails all his life.

"The result is a monstrous figure which is grotesque as a likeness of President Lincoln and defamatory as an effigy.

"I should, of course, have filial pride in having a good statue of my father in London and in Paris, of a character like the two great statues of him made by Augustus St. Gaudens and that which I have good reason to expect in the Lincoln Memorial now being modeled by Daniel Chester French. That my father should be represented in those two great cities by such a work as that of which I am writing to you would be a cause of sorrow to me personally, the greatness of which I will not attempt to describe."
Death of Robert T. Lincoln

Proud of Washington Memorial

The Lincoln Memorial in Washington was a crowning joy to Robert T. Lincoln. A resident of Washington during cold weather, he watched each step of the progress in the building of the memorial. Former Representative John Dwight, of Tompkins County, New York, was the Republican House whip while the enabling legislation was under way. When the appropriation finally was passed under the energetic management of Mr. Dwight, Mr. Lincoln called on him one day and, handing him a manuscript, said that it was the original of President Lincoln's address to the great throng which greeted him on the night of his second election in 1864.

"I know of no one more entitled to some memento of my father than yourself," he said. Mr. Dwight was taken utterly by surprise. He since has kept the manuscript in a safe deposit box.

It is understood that Mr. Lincoln's large collection of manuscripts, documents and letters written by his father ultimately will reach the Congressional Library. Many Lincoln biographers have asked for access to them but Mr. Lincoln was averse to revealing them.

Put Stone at Grandfather's Grave

His sense of respect for his own was shown when he caused a headstone to be erected over the grave of his grandfather, Thomas Lincoln, a mile and a half west of the village of Farmington, Ill.

When the citizens of Springfield moved to make the Lincoln house in Springfield a national shrine Robert T. Lincoln aided in every way he could.

He had an easier start in life than his illustrious father, who left an estate of about $110,000 to be divided among Robert, his mother, Mary Todd Lincoln, and his younger brother, Tad.

President Lincoln gave his son Robert a sharp lesson in political amenities. Colonel H. C. Huidekoper, who was in Harvard during the early part of the Civil War and who knew Robert Lincoln while a student there, tells of a fight for the Cambridge postoffice in which the friends of a particular candidate succeeded in interesting more or less the President's son. At the earnest solicitation of these friends Robert wrote a letter to his father, who replied:

[82]
"If you do not attend to your studies and let matters such as you write about alone I will take you away from college."

**Preserved Admonition**

Robert wisely preserved this letter and made good use of it. When after that anyone attempted to secure his influence in favor of any candidate Robert produced the letter and it proved to be an effective protection.

Somewhat frail physically at the time, Mr. Lincoln in October, 1923, went out of his way to pay Lloyd George, touring the United States, a graceful compliment. Learning that the British statesman wanted to see him, he was at the Manchester, Vt., railway station when the special train arrived. No sooner had the train stopped than the distinguished visitor, eager as a boy, strode forward to grasp the hand of Mr. Lincoln.

**Lloyd George's Admiration**

"Come," said the War Premier to his wife and daughter, as he presented them to Mr. Lincoln, "This is Abraham Lincoln's son. You two know how I worship his father."

Turning to the newspaper correspondents:

"I am thrilled with meeting the son of Abraham Lincoln. There is no man in all the history of the world that I place higher than Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln had to endure the burden of the Civil War for something like five years. The World War lasted about that long. But Lincoln's lot was immeasurably harder than was that of the statesman entrusted with the conduct of the World War. That was a war with foreign nations. A civil war is much more wearing. You are killing your own people. As I look at the picture of Lincoln I can glimpse the shadows of sorrow deepening on his wonderful face as the great struggle lengthened into years."
The Books that Lincoln Read

(Boston Evening Transcript, February 12, 1930)

LINCOLN studied and critically read about one hundred books, and this round number included the more important works in his law library in Springfield.

The range of his reading, circumscribed as it may seem, was sufficient to aid him in becoming a well educated man and a master of English, although in the modern sense it did not provide a broad culture, such as is made available in this century through easy access to public libraries.

Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun, Assistant Secretary of War in the Lincoln administration, in an analysis of Lincoln’s traits, wrote: “What he said showed the profoundest thought, even when he was joking.” If this be true of Lincoln’s spoken word, it is even more true of what he wrote.

* * *

One hundred volumes is a small library as libraries go, but included in Lincoln’s hundred were single volumes, or works, which in themselves were small libraries, such, for instance, as the Bible, Shakspeare, Webster’s Dictionary, Cruden’s Concordance, Franklin’s Autobiography, Bacon’s Essays, Àesop’s Fables, Elliot’s Debates on the Constitution, Lanman’s Dictionary of Congress, and Channing’s Sermons and Writings.

Herndon, Lincoln’s partner, said that Lincoln read less and thought more than any political leader of the period. But Lincoln had an unusually retentive memory, making the fullest use of whatever he read.

With Lincoln the Bible was first and foremost as a book. He and his sister Sarah began with it at their mother’s knee in the Kentucky log cabin. The Book of Books crossed the Ohio River with Tom and Nancy and the children, and regular reading of it was resumed in the forest home at what was later Gentryville, in Spencer County, southwestern Indiana.

Like a vein of free gold, the Bible outcrops in Lincoln’s utterances and writings from the beginning to the end of his career.

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While investigation reveals unevenness in the use of Biblical quotations, in his more representative addresses Lincoln was prone to work into the mosaic fragments from the Old and New Testaments.

In five speeches between 1839 and 1852 there are six quotations from the Bible, four of them in the 1842 temperance lecture.

In his reply in 1854 to Stephen A. Douglas, two quotations from the Old, and one reference to the New Testament, are found. In the 1856 so-called "lost speech" are four passages from the Old and two from the New Testament. There was only one Biblical reference in the Cooper Institute address.

* * *

In the first inaugural there is one reference, in the Gettysburg address none, but in the second inaugural there are four.

Perhaps next in importance as a book accompanying Lincoln's development can be placed the "Life of Washington," by Weems, supplemented while in his teens by David Ramsay's biography of Washington. Weems stressed Washington's love of truth, his patriotism, his excellence as an athlete, success as a surveyor, and his overshadowing eminence as President. Lincoln followed in the footsteps of the Father of his Country in a most significant way. Dr. David Ramsay's fuller and better balanced life of Washington gave young Lincoln a better groundwork for historical reading, and incidentally it doubtless led his youthful mind unconsciously to a first lesson in the law, for the Ramsay life carries in full Washington's long and interesting will, revealing an estate of $500,000, and along with it in the appendix is the text of his farewell address.

With the Bible and life of Washington as a starter, young Lincoln, who at twelve could chop like a man, began his self-education, reading everything he could lay hands on, and using every available means to increase his rapidly expanding store of knowledge.

Beginning early, as already stated, on the way up he read "Æsop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Life of Marion," and Franklin's autobiography, all apparently while he was in southern Indiana.

* * *

Interspersed with the foregoing were the text books available at that period in southwestern Indiana, and there were more of them
than is generally supposed. He early studied Webster’s and Dilworth’s Spelling Books and Murray’s English Reader and Pike’s Arithmetic. His reading quickly widened after he began his Illinois career at New Salem on the Sangamon River about twenty miles from Springfield. His association with Mentor Graham, Jack Kelso and others soon got him into touch with good books. His development was symmetrical, for he was a fine penman and average bookkeeper at the outbreak of the Black Hawk War, as shown by the muster roll of his company in his own handwriting in 1832, when he was twenty-three.

A dependable chronology of the books Lincoln read after attaining manhood is not available, and perhaps never will be. Careful perusal of biographies and pamphlets warrants listing a hundred books which he read and studied.

He early devoted time to Shakspeare, especially after he was admitted to the bar. At the White House he talked discriminatingly with the Shakspearean actor Hackett and with Murdock, the elocutionist. He loved Burns, and despite colloquialisms committed to memory sections of “Address to the Diel,” “Highland Mary,” “Death and Doctor Hornbook,” “Tam o’ Shanter” and “I Love My Jean.”


During the war period Lincoln read Whiting’s “War Powers,”

* * *

Lincoln, for diversion during the terrific labor and strain of the war found time casually to read "Quinn's Jests," "Joe Miller's Joke Book," Halpine's "Myles O'Reilly," "Orpheus C. Kerr," Marvel's "Fudge Doings," Artemus Ward, and Baldwin's "Flush Times in Alabama."


In addition to the foregoing, he kept up on contemporaneous writers, including Lowell, Dickens, Hawthorne, Bryant, and Whittier, and the editorials in the New York Tribune, Louisville Journal, Richmond Enquirer, Charleston Courier, William Lloyd Garrison's "Liberator," the New York Independent, and various other publications, especially the county papers in Illinois up to the time of his leaving Springfield for Washington.

* * *

In the evolution of Lincoln's literary style it may be difficult to discover what books had a determinative influence. He continued the reading of the Bible throughout the Civil War, finding comfort and inspiration in the parables of Jesus, in the Psalms, and Job. In his formal addresses there was, during the latter period of his life, almost a complete absence of humor or drollery. In conversation he was jolly and humorous, but facetiousness was laid aside like a working garment when he put his pen to paper. The Cooper Institute address, which had so large a bearing on his nomination in 1860, was distilled reason and comprehensive history of the formation of the Government as touching slavery, and it was delivered with sober earnestness.

If to Lincoln shall be ascribed a distinctive literary style, per-
haps the best basic studies are the familiar Gettysburg Address, the Second Inaugural, the letter to the parents of Colonel Elmer Ellsworth on the death of that brilliant young officer and personal friend, and the letter to Mrs. Bixby. All of these are profoundly appealing.

[In the preparation of this article my task was lightened by reading M. L. Houser's "The Books That Lincoln Read," and Dr. Daniel Kilham Dodge's "Abraham Lincoln: The Evolution of His Literary Style." —C. T. W.]
The Bear Hunt
(Atlantic Monthly, February, 1925)
An Original Ballad Never Before Printed
By ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[ABRAHAM LINCOLN] neither wrote, nor attempted to write, much verse. What little he did write was perhaps the product of a sort of mental exercise—to gratify an impulse to see what he could do.

Writing from Springfield, Illinois, on September 6, 1846, to his former Springfield neighbor, Andrew Johnston, then living in Richmond, Lincoln refers to a promise once made Johnston to 'bore' him with another 'little canto of what I called poetry.' The 1846 message to Johnston fulfilled this promise, the subject of the poem being Matthew Gentry, the insane son of the leading citizen of Gentryville, Indiana, where Lincoln had lived for some thirteen years, from young boyhood on. In 1844 Lincoln was campaigning in Southern Indiana, and it was at this time that the sad condition of his former schoolmate was revealed to him. The first verse of the Matthew Gentry poem, which may be found in the complete works of Lincoln, reads as follows:—

But here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains—
A human form with reason fled
While wretched life remains.

In the letter sent to Johnston enclosing the verse, Lincoln says: "'If I should ever send another (poem), the subject will be a "Bear Hunt."'"

Some time later Lincoln wrote 'The Bear Hunt,' and sent it to his friend. Whether he retained a copy is doubtful, but Johnston apparently kept the manuscript until 1869, when he passed it on to Thomas H. Wynne, of Richmond. The latter bequeathed it to R. A. Brock, of Richmond, by whom it was sold in 1905 to George S. Hellman, of New York, who in turn disposed of it to J. P. Morgan. The original manuscript, in perfect condition, is now in the Morgan Library in New York. —CHARLES T. WHITE.

[89]
A wild bear chase didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night
With fear
And bears preyed on the swine.

A sound of danger strikes his ear;
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled rough.

But woe for bruin's short-lived fun
When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun
For vengeance at him fly.

A wild bear chase didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.
The Bear Hunt

On press his foes, and reach the ground,
Where's left his half-munched meal?
The dogs, in circles, scent around,
And find his fresh made trail.

With instant cry away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
On logs they leap, through water splash,
And shout the brisk halloo.

Now to elude the eager pack,
Bear shuns the open ground;
Though matted vines he shapes his track,
And runs it, round and round.

The tall, fleet cur, with deep-mouthed voice
Now speeds him, as the wind;
While half-grown pup, and short-legged fiend
Are yelping far behind.

1 A small dog of nondescript breed.  Local, U. S. A.—The Editor.
The Bear Hunt

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell, a mingled din—
The woods are in a roar—

And round, and round the chase now goes,
The world's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse his rider throws,
And Mose Hill drops his gun.

Now, sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue,
When as, to force him from his track
An ambush on him sprung.

Across the glade he sweeps for flight
And fully is in view—
The dogs, new fired by the sight
Their cry and speed renew.
The foremost ones now reach his rear;
He turns, they dash away,
And circling now the wrathful bear
They have him full at bay.

At top of speed the horsemen come,
All screaming in a raw—
"Whoop! Take him, Tiger! Seize him, Drum!"
Bang—bang! the rifles go!

And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire—
Wheels right and left, and upward rears,
With eyes of burning fire.

But leaden death is at his heart—
Vain all the strength he plies,
And, spouting blood from every part,
The reels, and sinks, and dies!
And now a dinsome clamor rose,—
But who should have his skin?
Who first draws blood, each hunter knows,
This prize must always win.

But who did this, and how to trace
What's true from what's a lie,—
Like lawyers in a murder case
They stoutly argufy.

Aforesaid face, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood
Arrives upon the spot,

With grinning teeth, and up-turned hair
Brim full of spunk and wrath,
He growls, and seizes on dead bear
And shakes for life and death—
And swells, as if his skin would tear,
And growls, and shakes again;
And swear, as plain as dog can swear,
That he has won the skin...

Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee,
Nor mind that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be,
Conceited quite as you.

And swells, as if his skin would tear,
And growls, and shakes again,
And swears, as plain as dog can swear
That he has won the skin!
[The following letters are of significance to those interested in historical accuracy as establishing effectually the genuineness of the ballad.—The Editor.]

Richmond, Va.,
11 August, 1869

THOMAS H. WYNNE, ESQ.,
Richmond, Va.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

... Some time since, Dr. Barney asked me if I could give him an autograph of Mr. Lincoln. Having a few letters, and one or two copies of verses, I selected one of the latter, with which he was much pleased; and, about a month ago, he published it in the Evening News, where it attracted the attention of some others, an original composition of Mr. Lincoln being something of a novelty. The subject was a return to his native place in Kentucky, and his reflections thereon.

It has occurred to me that you might like to have something similar, and I therefore inclose you the only other paper in my possession, the subject being, 'The Bear Hunt.' It is the composition of Mr. Lincoln himself, and wholly written by him—the indorsement on the back only excepted—and it was sent to me by him, though I do not find the accompanying letter. Possibly, that may have related also to some matter of business.

I am very truly yours,

ANDREW JOHNSTON.

Richmond, Va..
March 28, 1905

THE NEW YORK CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, N. Y. City.

GENTLEMEN:

I have deferred acknowledgement of yours of the 22d inst. pending a search among my numerous autographs and MSS. for the original poem by and in the autograph of Abraham Lincoln. I have not as yet put my hand upon it.

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I have owned it for thirty years, having received it by a bequest of a friend, the late Hon. Thomas H. Wynne. It was presented to Mr. Wynne by the late Andrew Johnston, a lawyer of this city, at one time a resident of Springfield, Ill., and a friend of Mr. Lincoln. I have the letter of Mr. Johnston to Mr. Wynne stating these facts. When I may find the poem I will express you. I beg to remain,

Respectfully yours,

R. A. Brock.

Richmond, Va.,
Nov. 7, 1905

GEORGE S. HELLMAN, Esq.,
N. Y. City.

Dear Sir:

I send by registered mail, as instructed by you, the Lincoln poem, 'The Bear Hunt,' and Mr. Johnston's letter. Neither original has been out of my personal keeping and you need have no fear of unauthorized publication. When I may be able to duly subscribe other desiderata I will be glad to do so, and will appreciate any definite hint from you as to wants.

Faithfully yours,

R. A. Brock.