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**Abraham Lincoln : the story of his life printed for the children of
New England and their parents, 100 years after his birth**

Boston Sunday Globe

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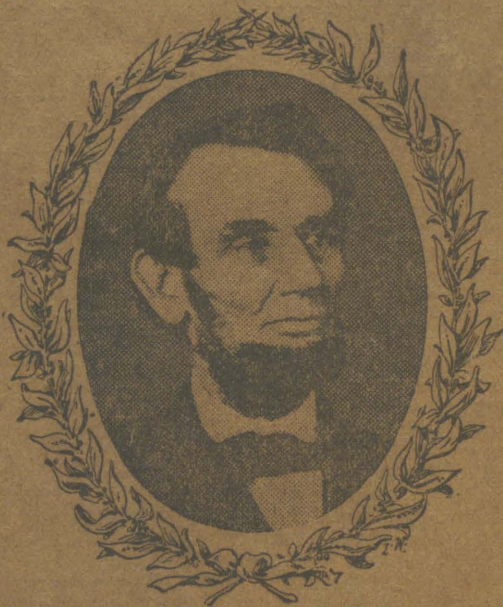
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE



*Printed for the
Children of New England and their
Parents, 100 years after his birth.*

by the
BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

A BRAHAM LINCOLN was born Feb 12, 1809, in a log cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky.

No dainty white dresses, no bonnets trimmed with laces, no little kid shoes with fancy buttons had been prepared for the coming of the baby boy, for his parents were very poor.

He was wrapped in a cheap yellow flannel petticoat as a protection against the wintry breezes that blew in through the glassless windows and drove up the chimney most of the heat from the blazing stumps in the open fireplace.

His only cradle was his mother's arms.

Nobody visiting that rude hut then and looking at the long-armed and long-legged child of Tom and Nancy Lincoln would have dared to venture the prediction that some day he would become President of the United States, commander-in-chief of the armies that saved the union from destruction, and the author of the proclamation which freed millions of black men from slavery.

But all those things happened.

Little Abe, as a baby, had no rattle to play with, no ark full of animals, no toy choo-choo train or tin soldiers. He found amusement for himself, however, in chasing the sunbeams that danced through the big cracks of the cabin walls. Many a friendship he formed with the faces which the fire made upon the hearthstone.

He ceased to creep and learned to walk.

Then the happy day came when he was allowed to roam the farm alone. The very first thing Abe did was to go out into the cleared field, pucker up his lips, and whistle for all the other boys of the neighborhood to come over and have some fun. But the call was unanswered, for the homes of the Kentucky pioneers were widely scattered. There were no other boys for Abe. His sole comrade was a sister, who was only a girl.

Thrown upon his own resources, he sought the company of the wild birds and the beasts of the for-

ests. He fished in the creek, and followed the flight of bees to the bee trees to get their honey.

Free schools had not as yet been opened in the Blue Grass state, and Thomas Lincoln, the father, was glad of it. An ignorant man himself, although good-natured and honest, he thought that time devoted to study was wasted. He desired that his son, young as he was, should be set at work, helping to scratch a living for the family from the unfertile soil. The mother did not agree with the father. She was a woman of some education, and she was determined that her boy should acquire all the knowledge he could. She used to take the little lad upon her knee and tell him Bible stories, fairy tales and country legends. When a wandering teacher, a wise person who could read, write and figure, came that way, the mother insisted that her son should go to school, and he went. Somehow the poverty-stricken parents managed to pay the bill. This term of instruction was very brief. A few weeks later the strolling teacher folded his tent and stole away to pastures new. The school was broken up and a long vacation began.

Perhaps you think you can see little Abe throwing his hat in the air and hurrahing at the sound of the "all-out" signal. But not so! A vacation never meant to him that he was free to play baseball and ride a bicycle, as it does to the children of today. He had to go to work. His tiny hands had to do their share toward providing food to eat and clothing to wear.

He was 7 years old when his father decided to pack up the household goods and move out of Kentucky. Thomas Lincoln thought the change might shift his luck at making a living. At any rate, he could hardly be worse off anywhere than where he was. All the possessions of the family were tied on the backs of two borrowed horses and the journey into the wilderness of southern Indiana began. There were no roads, and even the foot-trails were few. The father was obliged to march on ahead and cut a way for the little procession through the forests. Abe and his



Off to Indiana

sister trudged along at the rear. Game was shot and cooked over campfires, and at night they lay down to sleep with no roof overhead except the starlit sky. For three days after leaving the Ohio river they traveled thus before reaching their destination on Little Pigeon creek, a mile and a half east of Gentryville.

No cozy cottage nor steam-heated flat with hot and cold water awaited them there. Without shelter were parents and children until a sort of shed was built of poles with one side wide open to the weather. When it was finished they called it home.

Big trees covered the land, and the next work was to clear a field and raise foodstuff to feed four hungry mouths. Abe lent a hand. He chopped the underbrush, dropped the seed among the stumps and planted potatoes.

The Lincoln family lived in that open-faced pole camp through the storms of a long, cold winter and didn't freeze to death simply because they were tough and healthy.

The next year a log cabin was erected. It was a palace compared with the old quarters, even though the cracks between the logs were so large that Abe could poke a rifle barrel through them and shoot at the wild turkeys. There were no windows, and the entrance was a mere hole, unprotected by any door. The floor was the bare ground, which often turned to mud. In one corner of the only room two saplings stuck into the sides of the cabin made a bedstead. The boy slept on a heap of loose leaves in the loft up under the roof, and pegs driven into the wall were the stairs by which he reached his airy chamber.

Meals were served on tin dishes or gourds. There was no crockery in the house. Frequently the family had nothing to eat but potatoes, and sometimes they ate them raw. Having no matches, it was not always easy to start a fire in the fireplace.

Not long after the new cabin was built, Mrs Lincoln fell ill of a fever. No doctor could be summoned, for the nearest one lived 35 miles away. Within a week young Abe knelt sobbing beside his dying mother, while she laid her hand upon his head and gave him her last message. She told him to be good to his father and sister, to love his kindred and to worship God.

The 9-year-old boy was an orphan, and desolate indeed was his home in the wilderness.

Thomas Lincoln, widower, needed a housekeeper. Instead of hiring one, he took unto himself a second wife in the shape of a widow with three children and some property.

When this good woman reached Pigeon creek and became the mistress of the log cabin she found Abe neglected and forlorn. At once she took him to her motherly heart. She scrubbed him clean and gave him a linsy-woolsey shirt to take the place of his deerskin shirt. Thereafter he slept upon a feather bed instead of a pile of leaves, and had a pillow under his head.

The new Mrs Lincoln stirred up her husband until he got ambitious enough to lay a floor in their humble home, cut windows in the walls and hang a door. The windows were covered with greased paper, which let in the light and kept out the wind.

Abe, at the age of 10, had so far forgotten what he had learned in Kentucky that he could not write. He had been kept hard at work ever since he had trudged across the line into Indiana with his little sister. Now his stepmother thought it was time for him to go to school again. The father objected, as usual, but his objections were overruled.

Eager for an education, the boy welcomed a chance to walk nine miles a day through the lonely woods, that he might sit at the feet of another one of those roaming wise men who taught reading, writing and arithmetic. He carried in his pocket for lunch a corndodger made of coarse indian meal.

He lost no time at home. When he was not doing his chores he was at his books. He kept up his studies on Sunday, there being no church in the neighborhood to call him away.

He had no slate, no lead pencil, and paper was scarce, so he did problems in arithmetic on an old wooden shovel with a bit of charcoal. When the shovel was covered with figures he scraped them off until he had a clean surface on which to continue his mathematical work. He scrawled all over the boards and logs of the cabin.

He became so good a "speller" that he was barred from all the spelling matches, for everybody knew that the side he was on was sure to win.



His Stepmother

He acquired the ability to write a clear hand, and proudly wrote letters for his parents and the neighbors.

He wanted books to read. There were none on the shelf at home, and public libraries were then unknown. Whenever he heard of a man who had a book, he traveled afoot, no matter how great the distance, to see the owner and borrow it.

Lying in bed up in the loft of the cabin at night, by the dim, flickering light of a candle, he devoured the contents of "Æsop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," a history of America and a life of Washington. A dictionary fell into his hands and he read that; also the statutes of Indiana, the constitution of the United States and the declaration of independence.

Abe didn't go to school 40 weeks in the year, as children do nowadays. He went only occasionally for a week or a month. Between times he toiled hard in the fields and the forests, helping to save the Lincoln family from starvation. All the schooling he ever had in his life amounted to less than a year.

His wonderful advance from ignorance into knowledge was due to the fact that he was always busy educating himself.

At the age of 19 he had grown to be a big, strapping, healthy fellow, standing 6 feet 4 inches high. He wore a coon-skin cap and buckskin breeches. Between his breeches and his shoes were gaps which showed his blue, bony shins. The boys nicknamed him "Longshanks."

He was so strong that when somebody asked him to move a chicken coop, weighing 600 pounds, he picked the thing up and carried it to its new location.



Splitting Rails

Abe hired out to the neighbors at every opportunity. He hoed and mowed and chopped from sunrise to sunset for 25 cents a day and gave the money to his father. He always did his duty as a laborer, but he didn't love his job. Because he never let a leisure moment pass in the field or elsewhere without pulling a book from his pocket and reading, folks said he was lazy.

But he was not. He was the most industrious youth in all the wilderness of Indiana.

He often walked to the county court house, 15 miles away, to listen to the arguments of lawyers. Returning to the farm where he happened to be employed he would mount a stump and make speeches to the other hired men.

Thomas Lincoln, the father, was just as poor after he had lived 14 years in Indiana as he was when he left Kentucky. He now decided to move with his family to the prairies of Illinois. The household goods were thrown into a wagon, the wheels of which were round blocks, oxen were attached, and the son drove the team to the timber country on the Sangamon river.

There Abe chopped down trees and built a cabin for another new home, plowed the stumpy field, split walnut rails for a fence, planted, and harvested the first crop. Then came a cold, dreary winter.

HIS YOUNG MANHOOD

The next spring he shouldered his ax and left his father's humble roof forever. His age was 22 and his time was his own.

He worked in the neighborhood for a while doing anything that he could find to do. Incidentally, he split 1000 rails to get homespun cloth enough to make a pair of brown jean trousers to cover his very long legs.

He accepted a job at 50 cents a day poking and steering a flatboat down the rivers to New Orleans. Rambling through that far southern town he beheld a sight which he never forgot. It was a slave auction. A pretty mulatto girl was trotted up and down the market place, like a horse, while the dealers in human flesh looked her over to see if she were sound and kind. When she had been sold to the highest bidder, Abe turned to his companions and said:

"Boys, let's get away from here. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing (meaning slavery) I'll hit it hard."

New Salem in Illinois had 20 log houses and 100 inhabitants when Lincoln went there in 1831 to become a clerk. Soon after his arrival he was put in charge of a store and given the management of a mill.

A lot of young rowdies, known as the "Clary's Grove Boys," lived in the village, whose custom it

was to welcome strangers with a thrashing. Sometimes they took newcomers, nailed them up in hog-heads and rolled them down hill. But for some reason or other, possibly out of respect to his size and



Abe and Jack

weight, the "gang" didn't trouble Abe until his talkative employer went around boasting that his clerk could beat any man in the country, running, jumping or "wrestling."

The clerk was immediately challenged to a wrestling match, and the rowdies selected Jack Armstrong, their chief bully, to represent them on the field of combat. Lincoln, modest, and as peaceable as he was strong, knew that he must prove his courage or get out of town. He accepted the challenge.

When the two men met, inside a ring of excited spectators, Abe reached out those long arms of his, seized Jack by the neck and beat the air with him. Seeing that their champion was doomed to defeat, the Clary Grove ruffians crept up close to the contestants and tried to kick and trip the winning stranger. A general fight seemed certain. Lincoln stopped wrestling, backed up against a wall and coolly defied the whole crowd. No one dared to attack him. Right then and there he gained a place in the hearts of the rough people of New Salem.

And his best friend was Jack Armstrong.

Lincoln was always doing little deeds of kindness. If a wagon got stalled in the muddy street he was among the first to go to the aid of the driver. He cut firewood for widows and watched at the bedside of the sick.

He was as honest as he was kind.

On one occasion a woman came into the store and bought goods, amounting in value, by the reckoning, to \$2.20. He received the money and the woman went away. On adding the items of the bill again to make himself sure of correctness, he found that he had taken 6½ cents too much. It was night. Closing and locking the store, he started out on foot, a distance of three miles, for the house of his defrauded customer. He paid back to her the 6½ cents, the possession of which had so much troubled him, and then went home satisfied.

Inside of a year the owner of the store in New Salem closed its doors and went out of business because he wasn't making money enough to pay his bills. The clerk found himself left suddenly without a job.

With nothing else to do, Lincoln welcomed an opportunity to enlist as a volunteer soldier in the war against Black Hawk, a bad Indian, who was just then raising a rumpus in Illinois. He joined a company of his neighbors and was elected captain on account of his popularity, and regardless of the fact that he had no knowledge of military tactics.

The captain didn't slay any Indians while he was a soldier. He saved the life of the only redskin he met (happened to be a good one) at the risk of his own. Martial glory he didn't win because the war ended before he was given any chance to smell the smoke of battle.

Without a dollar in his pocket Lincoln returned to New Salem. He heard that a representative to the legislature was soon to be elected, and he announced himself as a candidate for the office. Very frankly and freely his opinions on public questions were given to the voters. On election day 277 of his near neighbors, who knew him well, cast their ballots for him, only seven refusing to do so. But he failed to secure sufficient support in the distant parts of the district, where he was unknown, and was defeated.

Lincoln went back to business again. With a partner he bought the goods and good will of a storekeeper who was willing to accept the written promise of the buyers that they would pay for the same at some time in the future. Not a cent of cash changed hands. Soon after two other stores were purchased in a similar way, and all the trade of New Salem was then under the control of Lincoln & Co.

The new merchant prince wore tan brogans and blue yarn socks, a broad-brimmed straw hat without a band, and his trousers were usually held up by only one suspender. He lived at the tavern, built of logs, where all the men lodgers were obliged to occupy one room.

Storekeeping, by the way, never interested him. He was still a square peg in a round hole. He didn't fit. He lapsed into dreams when he was waiting on customers.

Digging down into a barrelful of old stuff which the firm had bought of a man who was moving out of town, he fished up a copy of Blackstone's "Com-

mentaries." Immediately he began to study law. Hour after hour, day after day, he lay on the ground out under the shade of a big tree, reading.



A Lucky Barrel

Meanwhile his business suffered from lack of proper attention. Instead of making money, he lost money. The store was sold to a stranger, not for cash, but under an agreement that the new owner should pay all the debts of Lincoln and his partner. This stranger turned out to be a rascal. He ran away from the village without keeping his promises. Abe, his former partner having died, was left alone to settle with all the creditors.

He owed \$1100, a sum which seemed so large that he called it the "national debt."

Lincoln did not go to his creditors and offer to give them

10 cents on the dollar, as some men would have done under such circumstances. He went and told them that if they would wait patiently he would pay them dollar for dollar if it took him his whole lifetime to do it.

He split rails, worked in the fields, helped at the store and the tavern. All the money he earned above the bare cost of living was used to wipe out a part of his indebtedness.

He walked to Springfield, 20 miles, and borrowed law books, which he read as he tramped homeward through the woods and across the fields. He spent his evenings studying by the light of a fire in the shop of a friendly cooper. He began to write legal papers for his neighbors, and to argue their cases at trials before a justice of the peace.

Lincoln was appointed postmaster of New Salem. The postoffice was in his hat, where he carried the letters, which he distributed at the various cabins while on his way to do farm work.

Then he had an opportunity to learn surveying, and he accepted it eagerly. Absolutely ignorant of the subject, he mastered it in six weeks, and became the best surveyor in Sangamon county. His pay was \$3 a day, more than he had ever earned before. He bought a horse and traveled widely, settling boundary line disputes and making friends.

When he announced himself as a candidate for a seat in the legislature for the second time, he was known by almost every voter in the district. He was elected. Borrowing money enough to get some new clothes (his payments to his old creditors having emptied his pockets), this son of the backwoods, who had never seen the inside of a church or a college, started for the state capital. There he joined the new political party, then without a name, which later was called the whig party. Throughout that first term in the house of representatives he sat in modest silence, but with his eyes and ears wide open, watching and listening.

He was reelected at a time when the cry of freedom for all men, be they white or black, first uttered in Faneuil hall in Boston, was spreading through the country and causing a disturbance.

Although Lincoln thought that the congress at Washington had no power to drive slavery out of the states where it already existed, yet he publicly declared that slavery was wrong and harmful to the nation. It took courage to talk that way at that time.

Four terms in all he served in the legislature, ending his career there as the leader of the whig party in the house of representatives.

Lincoln's first sweetheart was the daughter of the tavern keeper at New Salem. After a courtship which was long and full of trouble, the happy day was set for the wedding, but it turned out to be a day of sorrow. Ann Rutledge fell ill. The red roses faded from her cheeks, the twinkles from her eyes, and finally she died. Her lover wept and grieved for weeks and weeks, until his friends feared that he might go crazy.

LAWYER IN SPRINGFIELD

New Salem was no longer a place of joy, but a graveyard. He decided to say goodby to it. With everything he owned packed in saddlebags, he rode away on a borrowed horse to be a lawyer in Springfield.

He was 29 years old, and still poor.

When he reached Springfield he went into a store and asked if he could get trusted for a bed and bedding until he could earn money enough to pay for them. The proprietor, a kindly man, told Lincoln that he had a bed with all the fixings in a room above the store which he would gladly share with

him. That was luck for the penniless stranger. Lincoln rushed upstairs and unpacked his saddlebags. Within a minute or two he was back down in the store, saying, "Well, I've moved."

There he lodged while he was struggling to build up a good paying law practice.

Evenings, Lincoln used to join the group of bright, ambitious young men that gathered about the blazing wood fire in the store and discuss all sorts of questions. Among those with whom he argued was Stephen A. Douglas, who in later life was to be his antagonist in the most famous debates ever held in the United States.

He never liked to go to balls and parties and receptions, but occasionally he accepted an invitation, jumped into his best clothes, and went. One night in a mansion of the town his eye caught sight of Mary Todd, a pretty girl from Kentucky to whom he had previously been introduced. He approached her in his rather awkward fashion and remarked: "I should like to dance with you in the worst way." She couldn't refuse, so she got up and hobbled around the room with him. When she returned to her seat, a companion asked mischievously: "Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?" and Miss Todd replied, "Yes—the very worst."

It looked like a bad beginning for a courtship.

But when this well-educated young woman, who had been brought up in good society, came to know Lincoln better, she discovered that he had many admirable qualities to offset his clumsy dancing. She believed that he was bound to rise to a high place in the world. Before she realized it, she was in love with the former woodchopper. They were very chummy for a few weeks and then suddenly they met no more. Lincoln was miserable; couldn't eat and couldn't sleep. After a while he went to a physician seeking a cure for his ills, but the doctor had no medicines that would heal a wound made by a shaft shot from the bow of the little god Cupid.

The courtship was begun over again later, however, and ended happily. Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln were married. They went to a tavern to live, paying \$4 a week for room and board. The wife shared the simple lot of her struggling husband, content to dream of future fame and fortune. She said of him at that time that his heart was as large as his arms were long.

His law business increased and he was already a leader in politics.

Lincoln was elected a representative from Illinois to the congress of the United States in 1846, at the age of 37. Going to Washington, he found himself a stranger in a strange land. But he quickly made many friends, among whom was the great Daniel Webster, a senator from Massachusetts.

He hadn't been in the national capital long before he found his way into the congressional library and the library of the supreme court. He had never seen so many books before and they fascinated him. He wanted to take them all home to the house where he lodged and read them all in a bunch. But he had to be satisfied with a few at a time. The library clerks were very much amused to watch the raw westerner as day after day he tied up a lot of big volumes in a bandanna handkerchief, stuck a cane through the knot, and went away with the bundle over his shoulder.

During the next presidential campaign he was called into Massachusetts to make stump speeches in behalf of Gen Taylor, the whig candidate for President. There he met and talked with members of the free soil party and came to the conclusion that the politicians of the country at large had dodged the slavery question quite long enough. It must be considered seriously.

When congress met again he tried to make it unlawful for anybody to buy or sell slaves in the District of Columbia which, not being a state, was directly under the control of the national government. But he failed. The traffic in black men and women continued within sight of the capitol.

At the end of two years he returned to his dingy, dusty office in Springfield, gave up politics, and went to practicing law again.

In those days the judge of the court traveled from county to county at the head of a little procession of lawyers, some on horseback, others afoot. The roads were poor, and there were no bridges. Lincoln, with his carpet sack and green umbrella, his suspenders often fastened to his trousers with a stick, but always cleanly shaven, rode in a rude buggy which had been built for him by a blacksmith.



Load of Books

He was popular with his companions because he was so kindly and helpful. If there was a river of unknown depth to be crossed, he would pull off his boots, roll up his pantaloons, and wade out into the water to see if there was a safe passageway for the party. He picked up baby birds that had fallen from their nests and restored them to their mothers. Said he couldn't have slept if he hadn't done it. His funny stories amused the folks at the farmhouses, and a crowd never failed to gather in the lounging rooms of the taverns when he tilted back in a chair and began to spin yarns.

Lincoln as a lawyer didn't try to increase his business by stirring up unnecessary lawsuits. He refused to fight in court the legal battles of men whom he believed to be in the wrong. Once, when he had been fooled, he stopped in the midst of a trial, turned to the attorney who was helping him in the case and exclaimed, "The fellow is guilty; you defend him; I can't." Enlisted on the side of right and justice, his appeals to juries were so eloquent and convincing that they were compelled to render verdicts in his favor. He was ever at the service of the worthy poor without pay.

The last time he appeared in a murder case, he defended Armstrong, the son of the champion of the Clary's Grove gang whom he had thrashed years before in New Salem. He saved Jack's boy from the gallows.

Lincoln had become the leading lawyer of Springfield and vicinity, with an income of \$2000 or \$3000 a year, which he might have increased largely had he cared much for money. He lived in a plain house, milked the cow, bedded the horse, and went to market with a basket on his arm. When callers rang the bell, without waiting for the hired girl, he would rush to the front door in his shirtsleeves to give them a hearty welcome, unknowingly displeasing his proud wife, to whom he was very devoted.

His boys were the joy of his life. Their noise never disturbed him. They could go down to the office, scatter the law books all over the place and bend the pens so they wouldn't write, without ruffling his temper. He delighted to load them on his back and give them a ride through the streets of the town.

Under the leadership of Stephen A. Douglas, senator from Illinois, who wished to please the slaveholders of the south and thus secure the democratic nomination for President, the Missouri com-

promise was repealed in the year 1854. That compromise, or agreement, had kept slavery out of the great plains lying west of the Mississippi river for 30 odd years, and it had been supposed that it would do so forever. Now the territories of Kansas and Nebraska were to be created in that region, and the settlers of those territories were to be allowed to decide whether slavery should be permitted or prohibited therein. The people of the north angrily objected to this change.

Lincoln's heart and conscience called him back into politics, to fight for freedom.

He became a candidate for senator, and although he was not elected, he had the satisfaction of knowing that Illinois had sent a zealous opponent of the extension of slavery to sit in the senate alongside of Douglas.

He joined the republican party, which rose from the ruins of the old whig party, and at its first national convention in 1856, which named Fremont for President, received 110 votes for vice president, not enough to nominate him, but enough to introduce him to the nation.

DEBATES WITH DOUGLAS

Two years later Stephen A. Douglas asked Illinois for a third term in the United States senate. So skilfully had this brilliant politician thrown dust in the eyes of the people that nobody knew exactly where he stood on slavery. As a matter of fact, he didn't care whether it went up or went down, so long as it did not interfere with his own political success. His eye was still on the White House as the goal of his ambition.

The supreme court at Washington had recently decided that slavery could not be kept out of the new territories of the west, and that the constitution of the nation guaranteed forever the right to buy and sell slaves in all the territory of the United States.

Lincoln thought the decision was a wicked one, for under it the negro in bondage might soon be seen toiling in the fields of the free state of Illinois. He refused to accept it as final, believing that it would be changed. At the republican convention which named him as a candidate for senator to run against Douglas, he made a thrilling speech in which he declared:

"A house divided against itself cannot stand. I

believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other.”



Douglas

Lincoln, the country lawyer, still struggling to make a living, boldly challenged Douglas, the man of fame and wealth, to meet him face to face and discuss the issues of the senatorial campaign. The challenge was accepted, and there were seven famous debates. Thousands of people, horseback and afoot,

flocked to the towns where the meetings were held, and cooked their meals over camp fires. Newspaper writers came from as far away as New York to report the speeches, for the whole nation was interested in the oratorical combat.

When the rival candidates appeared on the platform together they made an odd pair. Douglas, “the little giant,” as he was called, was short, with a big head above his broad shoulders. He was dressed in fine clothes and was perfectly at ease. He had a voice that could roar like a bull. Abe, “the giant killer,” 6 feet 4 inches tall, his hair flying in the wind, wore a suit that was ill-fitting and wrinkled. He had no studied stage manners. His words were uttered in tones that were sharp and shrill.

Lincoln stuck to the one great truth that slavery was wrong, and, being wrong, ought not to be extended.

Late one night he showed his friends a question which he intended to put to his opponent in debate on the following day. They told him that if he did so he would lose the senatorship.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “I am killing larger game; if Douglas answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this.”

Against the advice of his supporters, he asked “the little giant” the next afternoon if in his opinion the people of a territory could any longer lawfully keep out slavery; in other words, was there anything left of his boasted plan to let the settlers decide for themselves whether or not their soil should be free.

Douglas, between the devil and the deep sea, re-

plied that a territorial legislature could keep slavery out of a territory by passing "unfriendly laws," regardless of the recent decision of the supreme court. The answer reelected him to the senate, but angered the men of the south and lost him the presidency of the United States.

Lincoln after his defeat said he felt like the boy that stumped his toe—it hurt too bad to laugh and he was too big to cry. Having spent every cent of ready money that he had, he went back to work as a lawyer.

His speeches were printed and scattered throughout the country. Accepting urgent invitations to visit the eastern states, he went to New York city and delivered a notable address on slavery, which the newspapers published in full. He passed on into New England. Everywhere people listened to him most respectfully after they had done laughing at his awkward western manners and his queer old valise. At New Haven he told his audience that he himself, 25 years before, had been a hired laborer, chopping wood and working on a flatboat, and that he wished every laborer, black as well as white, to have the same chance to rise that he had enjoyed.

He returned to his home and his law practice.

ELECTED PRESIDENT

When the Illinois republican state convention was in session in 1860, two men marched into the convention hall carrying two old rails which Lincoln had split as a youth, when fencing his father's farm on the Sangamon river. The delegates went wild over these symbols of their leader's humble toil. Then and there they declared the former railsplitter to be their choice for President of the United States.

When the republican national convention met in Chicago, a week later, it was generally supposed that Seward, whose host of distinguished supporters had swept into the city from the east with banners flying and bands playing, would easily capture the chief prize. But he was beaten. Lincoln was nominated for President.

Many good republicans thought that their party had made a sad mistake in choosing such a leader. Not knowing him, they imagined that he was not fit to occupy the White House. Newspapers, particularly those in the eastern states, poked fun at him and called him a cheap village politician.

The campaign was fought, and Lincoln, who de-

clared it to be the right and duty of congress to forbid slavery in the territories, was elected President, defeating Douglas and Breckenridge.

Then the black ugly clouds of a possible civil war began to gather over the country. Southern states announced that they had left the union and were no longer a part of the United States. Should they be allowed to go their own way or should they be brought back into the republic by giving the slave owners some of the things they wanted? A financial panic threatened. The merchants and manufacturers of the north, who loved freedom, when freedom didn't hurt their business, thought it was time to stop talking about the rights of the black man. There was a mob in Boston, and Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist, was guarded by 100 policemen as he walked the streets of that city.

Meanwhile the President-elect, silent and calm, sat in a room over a store in Springfield writing his inaugural address. He was determined, come what might, to save the union of states from destruction and stop the spread of slavery. Plainly he penned his purpose on paper and put the paper in his pocket.

Then turning to his wife he said: "Well, Mary, there is one thing likely to come out of this scrape, anyhow—we are going to have some new clothes." He went shopping with her while she bought her first silk dress.

He took the time to go and say goodby to his stepmother, whom he was supporting in her old age, the stepmother who had put a pillow under his head in boyhood and given him a chance to go to school.

Lincoln left Springfield for Washington with a feeling that he never was to return. On the way east he stopped in the large cities and made speeches. Being warned of a plot laid in Baltimore to kill him, the train was rushed through that place in the night and he reached the national capital unexpectedly and unwelcomed.

When he rode along Pennsylvania av on inauguration day, soldiers guarded his carriage, and riflemen stood on the roofs of houses ready to shoot if necessary to protect him. The journey to the capitol was made safely, and the new President took the oath of his office on the capitol steps.

Lincoln in his inaugural address declared that no state could lawfully leave the union. To the southern slaveholders who were trying to destroy the union he said: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not

be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."

And he added:

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war."

As he worked with all his might to prevent a war, the hungry seekers for office flocked around him. They wanted to be postmasters and collectors of customs. He remarked, with a sad smile, that he was like a man who was busy letting rooms in one end of his house while the other end was afire.

AND THE WAR CAME

Then at the dawn of an April morning in 1861, a cannon boomed and the southern secessionists sent a shot flying into fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. The bloody conflict, so long threatening, had actually begun. There was no more talk of peace; the north sprang to arms.

Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteer soldiers. He staid in Washington at his post of duty amid the wild rumors that the enemy were likely to capture the city at any moment. At last Massachusetts soldiers came and the national capital was safe.

The north was not prepared for war. The President had to organize a great army, furnish it with rifles, big guns, uniforms, horses and food. All this cost money, and money was hard to get. He had to find

capable generals to command the troops, no easy job, for many of the best military officers of the country were already in the service of the south.

The cry was, "On to Richmond!"

Weeks passed and then the union force began its march toward the capital of the confederacy with high hopes. The battle of Bull Run was fought and lost. Union men were downcast by the defeat, many of them being ready to give up the struggle.

McClellan was made commander of the routed army of the Potomac.

The red-hot abolitionists of Boston kept asking



Soldiers of '61

Lincoln to abolish slavery in the land by a stroke of his pen, and called him a coward because he wouldn't do it. If he had done at that time as they demanded, he would have driven into the ranks of the enemy five slave states with 3,000,000 inhabitants, which finally decided to give their great strength to the support of the union cause.

McClellan in time got his troops into splendid shape, but he seemed content to hang around Washington with them. As he paraded before the ladies of the capital, he became so puffed up with pride that he thought he was a bigger man than the President. He insulted him once by refusing to obey a summons to a conference. But the President only laughed and said: "Never mind; I would hold McClellan's horse if he would only bring us success."

The war was costing \$2,000,000 a day, the nation was growling, and everybody was blaming Lincoln because no battles had been won.

An unknown general—Grant—was the first to send the thrill of the joy of victory into the hearts of the people, when he demanded the "unconditional surrender" of fort Donelson and got it.

McClellan, after months spent in idleness, advanced on Richmond with his magnificent army, fought the disastrous Peninsular campaign, and then retreated without having accomplished anything. He was removed from command and the President called for 300,000 more volunteer soldiers to save the union from destruction.

The second battle of Bull Run was fought and lost.

Lincoln, already overburdened with the duties and cares of his office, was driven to the study of military science, and he acquired a knowledge of the subject which was very useful to him thereafter in directing his generals.

A union victory at Antietam in September, 1862, won by the Army of the Potomac, once more under McClellan, stopped Lee's invasion of the North and calmed the terrified northerners. Then the President, fulfilling a promise made to God in prayer, issued the emancipation proclamation which set free all the slaves in the Confederate states. McClellan allowed Lee's army to escape into Virginia unpursued, and again he was removed from command.

Dark days followed. The people ever cried for changes of generals, for changes of plans, for anything they thought might bring the slaughter of war to a speedy end. Some of them even suggested that

the sad-faced man in the White House whose heart was broken by their own woes, ought to resign his office.

Lincoln did not permit the furious criticisms to turn him from his course. He told one of his humorous stories, and went on with his work.

His only pleasure was playing with his little sons, William and Thomas, or "Willie" and "Tad," as they were called. He helped them harness their goat and attended their shows in the attic. Sometimes he was seen engaged in a ball game with the boys on the White House grounds, running bases with those long legs of his, much to the amazement of very dignified folks. "Willie" died and the father loved "Tad" all the more. He had another son, Robert, who was away from home, studying at Harvard college.

Things went from bad to worse in the war, until Meade whipped Lee at the famous battle of Gettysburg in July, 1863, and Vicksburg surrendered to Grant, turning the glorious Fourth of that year into a thanksgiving day throughout the north.

Four months later the President went to Gettysburg to dedicate the burial place of 3500 soldiers who fell on that field. He spoke only three minutes, and those who heard him said his speech was a flat failure. But the world woke up the next morning, read it in print, and recognized it as a masterpiece of English writing. Today almost every schoolboy and girl in the land can recite that address from memory.

Lincoln in the White House was the same plain man that he had been as a country lawyer in Springfield. He put on no airs. He wore slippers and a dressing gown at home when he wasn't expecting callers, and sometimes walked the streets of Washington in a faded linen duster. He made his old backwoods friends feel easy when they came to see him; asked them to stay to lunch, saying that he guessed Mary (his wife) would have something for them to eat. Yet this simple man knew how to dress up and preside properly at a fine dinner given to senators, judges and diplomats.

Every day at certain hours he threw open the



Tad and Goat

doors of his office and anybody who desired could enter. In rushed office-seekers, crippled soldiers, widows and orphans of those who had been killed in battle. Talking with them freely, he kept in close touch with the thoughts and feelings of all the people.

He wiped away the tears of the weeping woman, who had been refused permission to visit the army and show her first-born son to her husband by telegraphing an order that the father should be allowed to come to Washington and see the baby.

In the cases of many deserters under sentence of death, appeals for mercy resulted in his sending messages like this to military commanders: "If you have not yet shot So-and So—don't," adding "if God Almighty gives a man a pair of cowardly legs, how can he help running away with them?"

Grant became general-in-chief of the northern armies early in 1864, and Lincoln, who had spent night after night walking the floor, was able for the first time during the war to go to bed and sleep soundly. He knew that Grant was fighting, fighting, ever advancing and never retreating.

But there was still trouble enough left. The President had to begin a campaign for reelection to the presidency. The republican politicians were against him because he was ruled by his conscience, and not by them. Chase, a member of his cabinet, became a rival in the political race. The President, however, was renominated. Modestly he remarked that he guessed he was named by the convention because folks didn't think it best to swap horses when crossing the river.

Grant had been hammering at Lee in the wilderness. In 40 days he had lost 50,000 men. All through the summer the fighting continued and the sick and wounded soldiers poured into Washington. The sad sights made Lincoln sick at heart. He visited the hospitals day after day to do what he could to cheer up the poor fellows who lay on beds of pain. There was another business panic in the north, discouragement and gloom everywhere.

"I shan't last long when this is all over," said the President.

His best friends told him he couldn't win at the fall election against McClellan, the democrat, who



Gen. Grant

was declaring that after four years the war was a failure; that it was time to cease fighting and try to restore the union in some peaceable way.

But the war was not a failure. The north was roused out of its despair by the capture of Atlanta and Sheridan's victory at the battle of Winchester.

Lincoln was reelected and Sherman marched to the sea.

The end of the bloody conflict came the next spring, when Lee surrendered his army to Grant at Appomattox. The union was saved. Freedom for all men, black or white, was made sure forever by the adoption of the 13th amendment to the constitution of the United States.

Then Lincoln, with malice toward none and charity for all, took up his last great task, the winning of the southern people back to their old love for the stars and stripes. He didn't live long enough to finish it. A bullet from a pistol in the hands of John Wilkes Booth, a half-crazy actor, crashed into his brain as he sat in a box at Ford's theatre on the night of April 14, 1865, and the next morning he was dead.

The bells of the nation tolled mournfully, and the whole world wept for the good man who had gone, as his body was borne tenderly to a grave in Springfield, out on the prairies of Illinois.

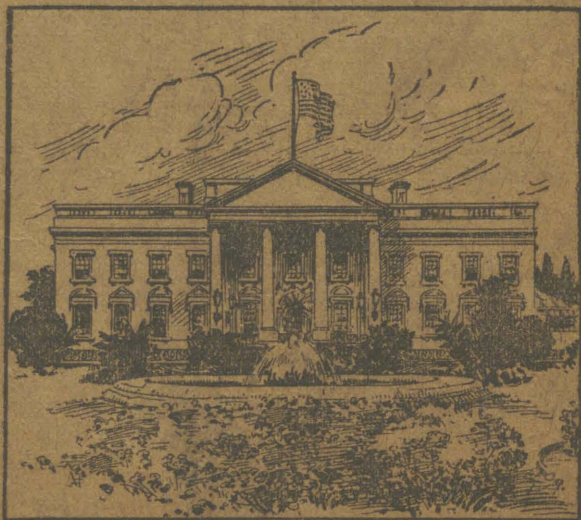


Assassination





LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE IN KENTUCKY.



THE WHITE HOUSE ... WASHINGTON..